

# MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 01

*rmDEXter*

*A busty mother discovers her son's lurid obsessions with her.*

Incest/Taboo

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9.4k words

"Mitchell! Look what you did. You shot it all over me!"

Mitch Stevens knew he was in trouble. His mother only used his full name when she was angry with him. He looked at his mother sitting on the edge of the bed in front of him, her face a mess of white milky goo, a huge strand of the creamy fluid dangling from her chin. "I'm sorry, Mom. I had no idea it was going to shoot that far." He held his hand out towards his mother, as if showing her that he had no control over what his hand had caused.

"You were pumping it so hard, I'm not surprised," Nicole Stevens said, shaking her head in dismay. "Look at me. You even got it all over my sweater."

Mitch looked down at his mother's voluptuous chest, her huge mouth-watering tits gorgeously displayed in a black ribbed turtleneck that seemed adhered to her lush body like a second layer of skin. The vertical ribs of the sweater followed the swelling contours of her big round breasts, flowing out to the sides enticingly before being drawn back in as the tight fabric formed to her shapely hourglass figure. He could see gobs of the pearly white fluid had landed on the upper swells of her tits, looking obscenely erotic against the black material of her sweater. He could even see her nipples thrusting provocatively as they poked against the soft fabric, the protruding buds visible right through the black bra she was wearing beneath. "I didn't think it was going to shoot all over you like that. Once it started, it just kept coming. I was as surprised as you that there was so much of the stuff."

"What am I going to do?" Nicole said as she looked down at her spattered chest, the dangling wad of thick fluid dropping off her chin and onto her right breast, the heavy gob sliding slowly towards her stiff nipple. "I'm supposed to be going out to dinner with your father soon. Now I'm going to have to change. He can't see me with this all over me."

Both mother and son looked down at the guilty culprit still clutched in the teenager's circling hand, another milky strand drooling from the opening at the tip. Nicole gave a resigned shrug, knowing she had been just as responsible for what had happened as her son. It had been her suggestion to start with.

"Hey you two, what are you doing in here? It looks like you're making a porno," Rick Stevens said as he walked into the master bedroom, stood at the end of the bed and adjusted his tie, a smile on his face as he looked at his wife and son.

"You men are such pigs," Nicole said as she shook her head in disgust. "Mitch came in as I was getting ready to put my shoes on and asked what he should use on some dry skin on his elbow. I had a jar of hand lotion in the bedside table and figured that would do the job, but I hadn't used it in a while and I guess the nozzle had gotten clogged from sitting for so long. Anyways, while I was sitting here putting my shoes on, our boy genius here starts pumping at it like there's no tomorrow."

Next thing I know, the lotion is shooting all over the place." She held her hands up in a gesture of futility, pointing to the pearly gobs of lotion that her son had sprayed all over her.

Rick looked over at his 18-year old son, the boy's face red with embarrassment as he looked at his mother, the plastic bottle of offending hand lotion still in his hand. "Relax, sweetheart. Accidents happen," Rick said. He gave his son a conspiratorial wink before continuing, a sly grin on his face. "Besides, it reminds me of a movie I saw on pay-per-view awhile back—only the woman wasn't wearing any clothes at the time."

"You're both pigs. Honestly, I don't know which of you is worse," Nicole said as she got up and headed towards the en-suite bathroom. "I've got to clean myself up and get changed now before we can go out."

"It's fine, honey," Rick said, checking the time on his watch. "We've got lots of time to get to the restaurant before our reservation." He turned to his son as his wife disappeared into the bathroom. "So, what happened to your elbow?"

"I don't know, I've just got this dry patch of skin on this one arm," Mitch said as he put the bottle of lotion down on the bedside table and carefully depressed the pump, the lotion now flowing smoothly into the cupped hand he held beneath the nozzle. "This thing was clogged like you wouldn't believe. I was pushing on it and pumping it, trying to loosen the clog, and then all of a sudden, the thing lets go and the stuff starts shooting everywhere." He took his hand and smoothed the lotion over his elbow, slowly rubbing it into his skin.

"Yeah, that happens when they sit there and you don't use them. No big deal," Mitch's father said as he pulled on his sports jacket. "Your mother will just have to get changed into something else. Although I did like that black turtleneck, didn't you?"

Mitch was somewhat shaken, his father never having asked his opinion on his mother's choice of clothing before. The young man was unsure of what to say. He'd absolutely loved the way his mother looked in the tightly stretched turtleneck, loving the way the flowing ribs of the sweater adhered to her spectacular figure. He had a number of pictures in his collection of her wearing that sweater, pictures that he often pulled up on his computer screen when he jerked off. And now, his dad was asking what he thought of it. "I...I guess it looked okay," Mitch mumbled, shrugging his shoulders as if he'd never really given it any notice.

"Ah, she'll find something just as nice in all those clothes she has," Rick said, waving his hand in a futile gesture as both of them nodded, knowing Nicole was a clothes horse who had no end of things to choose from. "Which reminds me—when I'm away this weekend, I want you to help your mother. She promised to clean some of those boxes of old clothes out of the attic, and she'll probably need your help. Will you do that for me, son?"

Mitch knew that his father was going away on an overnight fishing trip with his good friend, Ed, early Saturday morning. Mitch knew he'd be only too happy to help his mother in any way he could. He relished the idea of being alone in the house with just her, whether it just be doing chores, or whatever she wanted, just as long as he could be close to her, and that spectacular MILFish body of hers. "Sure, Dad, I can do that. I've got no major plans."

"Great. Thanks, son. It'll be nice to get some of that stuff in the attic cleaned up and out of the way."

"How come you guys aren't going out for dinner tomorrow night before you go? Isn't that what you usually do?" Mitch asked, somewhat surprised when he'd come home from school to hear that

his parents were going out for dinner on a Thursday.

"Yeah, we usually have our 'date night' on Fridays, but this place Ed and I are going is further than usual, so we're heading out at 4:00 in the morning."

"4:00am...ouch!"

"Yeah...I know, I know. But Ed says there are great rainbow trout in this river, so we'll give it a try. So anyways, I want to hit the sack real early tomorrow night so I'm not a zombie all day Saturday."

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"This should do it," Nicole's voice made them both turn as she strode back into the room. "Thank goodness none of it got on my skirt or tights. I just had to change my top."

"You look great, honey," Rick said. "Don't you think so, Mitch?"

Again Mitch was flummoxed by being put on the spot. As soon as he'd looked up at his mother, his mind had gone into overdrive again. Nonetheless, he did manage to spit out a somewhat coherent response. "Yeah. Uh....you look great, Mom."

"Thanks, sweetheart. We shouldn't be too late," Nicole said as she picked up her purse, stepped close to her son, and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before taking her husband's arm as he escorted her out of the room. The scent of his mother's perfume had wafted sensuously into Mitch's nostrils, setting his teenage libido afire. He had dreamed so often of pulling her close and kissing her deeply, before taking her to bed and ravishing her all night long, pumping load after load of hot teenage cum into his mother's scintillatingly sexy body. But she had only given him a quick peck on the cheek, leaving him aroused yet unsatisfied.

Mitch stood in the middle of their room and watched them leave, his heart racing. When he'd looked at his mother come out of the bathroom, the blood had started pounding in his veins. As usual, she looked so fucking hot he could barely stand it. He'd looked at her as she strode confidently into the room, sexier than any MILF he'd seen in his numerous hours of scouring the internet. Nicole Stevens was 39 years of age, 5'-7" tall and a succulent 125 pounds. As far as Mitch was concerned, she had a body built for one thing—SEX. She had a voluptuous hourglass figure, with all the curves in just the right places. Nice full calves and creamy thighs were sensually complimented by her slender ankles and dimpled knees. Her full motherly hips and beach-ball-like bum were teasingly accentuated by her trim waist that nipped in waspishly. But her most outstanding attribute was her absolutely stunning breasts—a full generous set of round, heavy, mouth-watering 36Es. Mitch had seen many men stop dead in their tracks when his mother had walked by, their eyes drawn like magnets to her spectacular tits. Those tremendous breasts were traffic stoppers, for sure.

She was also blessed with gorgeous frosty blonde hair that fell attractively about her shoulders and framed her exquisite features. She had compelling blue eyes that could melt a man's soul, her eyes made even more alluring by naturally long eyelashes that gave her a smoldering sultry look. Her slim nose and high cheekbones gave her the look of a runway model, and her full petulant lips, red and soft as satin, looked like they were made for sucking cock. And tonight, as Mitch looked her up and down, she had every gorgeous attribute provocatively on display.

She was wearing a slim-fitting charcoal-gray pencil skirt, the material fitting smoothly over her wide matronly hips and clinging to her full creamy thighs teasingly before ending a few inches above her

knees, a small vent in the back of the skirt allowing her to walk freely. Her shapely legs were clad in opaque black tights that Mitch just loved. His eyes had followed the line of the scintillating tights down over her calves to her trim ankles, where her feet were encased in black high-heeled pumps with a 4" heel and a strap that crossed erotically over the top of her foot. The shoes had a nicely-defined toe that was slightly pointy, but not wickedly so. The heel was solid and tapered down perfectly. To Mitch, they looked like an adult version of 'Mary Janes'—shoes that school girls wore. But these shoes were sexy as hell, and looked very alluring without being trampy, and Mitch loved them.

Mitch had noticed when he'd come in earlier to borrow the hand lotion that her black turtleneck had looked fantastic with the rest of the outfit—the gray of the skirt and the black tones of the tights and sweater looking gorgeous on her. Now that he had temporarily ruined her plans to wear that top, she'd replaced it with a stunning white sleeveless cowl-neck sweater instead. The white fabric was somewhat nubby, but it still clung to her curvy body alluringly, the cowl neck exposing a hint of deep dark cleavage before it settled teasingly between her sumptuous breasts. The bodice of the sweater molded itself to her spectacular tits, the nubby material cupping her shelf-like breasts invitingly, the tightness of the sweater causing deep dark shadows to fall below the protruding shelf of her tits onto her trim midsection. The bottom of the sweater was tucked into the waistband of her skirt, and a wide black leather belt circled her wasp-like waist, accentuating her lush hourglass figure provocatively. Her hair was slightly fluffed up and looked wild and sexy. Her makeup was stunning, her eyes made up in a combination of smoky grays and alluring deep pinks that complimented her outfit perfectly. Her mouth was a brilliant red gash, her bee-stung lips covered with a glistening coating of cherry-red lipstick. As usual when his mother got dressed up, she was a dizzying display of pulchritude that had Mitch's blood pounding in his veins and flowing to his teenage cock.

Mitch heard the door to the garage close and hurried to the front window, where he watched his parents leave, their car disappearing down the street. Being an only child, and knowing he now had the house to himself for at least a couple of hours, he hurried back to his parents room and headed through the door that led to his mother's walk-in closet and the en-suite bathroom, knowing exactly what he was looking for. When she was wearing the black turtleneck, Mitch knew his mother would have worn one of her black bras beneath. But now that she had switched to the white top, he knew there was no way she would wear a black bra with it, and as usual, when he'd looked at his mother's gorgeous breasts, he'd noticed the outline of one of her power bras beneath the sexy white sweater. And the bra had definitely been white.

Hurrying to her closet, he spotted what he was looking for—his mother's laundry basket on the floor of the room. And there, right on top, was the stained black turtleneck. He spotted a bra strap sticking out beneath it and pushed the sweater to the side, exposing her black bra. He picked it up, his fingertips feeling that it was still warm, having held her magnificent tits just moments ago. He grabbed the sweater as well and raced to his room with both treasures in his hand. He turned his computer on before tossing the garments on the desk beside his monitor and then tore off his t-shirt and jeans. He opened the door to his closet and pulled out his old gym bag, pulling out his cum-towel and reaching inside for a big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline, his lubricant of choice. He reached into a side pocket of the gym bag and pulled out one of his mother's elasticized hair bands, one that she had used to tie her long blonde locks back into a ponytail. He slipped it over his surging cock and beneath his balls, using it as cock-ring. He loved the way it pulled his balls up close to his body, and it seemed to make every jerkoff session just that much better.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch said to himself as he popped open the lid of the Vaseline jar and scooped out a generous amount of the greasy lube. Being left-handed in the age of internet porn was a blessing, and Mitch loved that he could freely stroke his cock with that hand while manipulating the computer mouse with his right hand. He sat at his desk and started opening files as his left hand circled his rampant prick in a warm loving corridor before slowly moving up and down the stiffening shaft. He opened his favorite picture file simply labelled 'M' for 'Mom', and then amongst the numerous folders within that one, he selected one called 'Black T-Neck' which opened up a series of thumbnails of his mother wearing the same black turtleneck.

Four years previously, when he'd started to become aware of his mother's womanly charms, he'd asked for a digital camera for his fourteenth birthday. His parents had given him the present he wanted, and since then, his mother had become the main subject of his two favorite new hobbies—photography and jerking off. She was only too happy to help out her budding young photographer, but little did she know the main reason he wanted so many pictures of her was for fuel for his illicit perverted desires. For his fifteenth birthday, he'd asked for a second monitor, explaining that it was important for his photography work to be able to work on two screens at times. Again, his parents had provided him with two large monitors, and Mitch had been thrilled. And now he was calling up numerous pictures he'd taken of her in that same black turtleneck that he'd splattered with the hand lotion, filling both of the screens with about ten images that ran from the bottom of the screen to the top.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you look so hot in that," he said as he set down the mouse and reached over to pick up the turtleneck. He noticed that she had quickly wiped the gobs of hand lotion off the sweater, but hadn't done a thorough job. The sweater would still need to be laundered. He swept his eyes back to his computer screens, and as he looked at the various pictures, he brought the turtleneck to his face and breathed deeply, his mother's alluring womanly scent filtering onto his taste buds and filling his senses luxuriously. It fired his burning libido even more and he felt a surging twinge in his prick. He looked down at the veiny shaft with the burgeoning cockhead and smiled as he reached full erection, his Vaseline --covered hand stroking smoothly up and down over his rock-hard cock.

"Now, this is what I really want," Mitch said to himself as he set the sweater down and picked up his mother's bra. Like he'd done many times before, he flipped it over until he saw the tag on the inside: 36E. How he loved to see that label. He smiled to himself, knowing how much he loved those tremendous tits, if only in his dreams. The bra was a beautifully designed piece of engineering, with the substantial amount of underwire required to carry the heavy load of his mother's tits artfully hidden in the seams of the delicate lacy garment. It was beautifully feminine and yet cock-hardeningly sexy at the same time—a combination of smooth black satin with intricate lace trimming that had his prick surging in his hand. He let his hands run over the massive cups, wondering how amazing they must feel with his mother's huge breasts filling them. He brought the bra to his face and breathed deeply, letting the alluring scent of his mother's exquisite body filter into his senses and tease his brain erotically. His prick throbbed with need and his stroking hand moved more vigorously up and down, the wet sticky slapping sound of the Vaseline filling the room. With his parents away, he knew he didn't have to keep his jerkoff session quiet, and was free to stroke his cock as vigorously as he wanted.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so beautiful," Mitch said as he pressed his face right into one of the bra cups, feeling the warmth of his mother's breasts still lingering within the soft silky fabric. The touch of the inside of the bra cup against his face was all it took to send him over the edge.

"OH FUCK.....YEAAAAHHHHH," he moaned out loud as he felt the delicious contractions begin in his midsection as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock. At the last second he dropped the bra back on top of his desk and picked up the stained black turtleneck, turning it so the front of the sweater was right in front of him. He pointed the head of his pulsating cock at the sweater just in time. A long white rope of cum spewed forth, blasting powerfully against the soft black fabric. He kept stroking as a second milky ribbon shot forth, hitting the sweater in the middle and rising up to the turtleneck. Mitch smiled, knowing that part of that shot would have gotten on his mother's face as well. He kept jerking his throbbing prick, sending wad after wad of hot teenage spunk onto his mother's sweater. It was a huge load, and he continued to twitch and shake as gobs and ribbons of pearly-white cum crisscrossed the front of her sweater obscenely. Finally, as a tingly shiver tripped down his spine and his orgasm waned, he shook out the final drops of semen onto the black fabric, the front of his mother's sweater now an obscene mess of glistening teenage cum.

"Beautiful," Mitch said to himself as he picked up his cum towel and wiped off his greasy hand. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out his camera, taking a couple of shots of the semen-glazed sweater. He hooked up the cable from the camera to his computer and uploaded the photos, filling the two screens with the new shots. "Nice," he thought to himself before saving them in the appropriate folder.

Mitch came twice more as he sat in front of his computer and pulled up various pictures of his mom, both times spewing his load all over the front of her black sweater, the heavy wads of milky semen glistening lewdly as they sat heavy and wet on the soft black fabric.

As she always did, his mother phoned him to check in and let him know they were on their way home. They had started doing this when he was younger and being left on his own for the first few times, calling home to make sure he was okay and to let him know they were on their way. His mother had just kept doing it, even though he'd grown older and no longer needed their supervision. Mitch loved it, knowing it gave him time to clean up from his numerous JO sessions. This time, his mother had called just after he'd pasted her sweater for the third time. Once he hung up the phone, Mitch used his cum towel and wiped off the front of the sweater, returning it to close to the shape he'd found it in when he'd first pilfered it from her laundry basket.

"Hmmm, it might be time to replace you, buddy," he muttered to himself as he looked at his cum-laden towel and stuffed it back into his gym bag. Wiping up the numerous loads of cum daily, plus wiping the greasy Vaseline off his hands resulted in him having to replace his cum-towel about every two months. His mother had started to notice her towel supply had started to slowly deplete, so Mitch took it upon himself to go a crappy store that dealt in liquidated merchandise and bought himself two or three dark-colored towels a couple of times a year, stashing the unused ones away in the back of his closet until he needed them. The one he'd been using was getting pretty heavy, almost overdue to be thrown out.

Mitch returned his mother's sweater and bra to her laundry basket, placing them one over the other, just as he'd found them. It was only a couple of minutes later before he heard the garage door opening and he got to the kitchen just as his parents stepped into the house. While his father picked up his briefcase and started sorting through some papers, Mitch's eyes immediately zeroed in on his mother's huge tits, the heavy round orbs looking fantastic in the nubby white cowl-neck sweater.

"How was your evening, sweetie?" Nicole said as she stepped up to her son, raised herself up on tiptoes and kissed him tenderly on the cheek, tracing one long red fingernail along his jaw-line as she stepped back. Mitch had grown into a handsome young man, his awkward teenage body filling

out nicely in the last couple of years. The gangly youth had been replaced by the well-toned young man now standing before her, 175 pounds nicely displayed on his 6'-1" frame. He was taller, and bigger all around than her husband, and she realized he'd taken after her side of the family. His wavy brown hair and handsome features would make him a real catch for some girl, one day.

"My evening was fine, Mom," Mitch replied as his mother's sensual fragrance wafted into his senses. He could smell her alluring perfume combined with the scent of the red wine she'd consumed, giving her a teasingly inviting appeal that flicked at his libido, sending a jolt right to his groin. Feeling his cock start to stir, he stuffed his hands into his pockets in order to try and keep it under control. "How was dinner?"

"It was fantastic. I always love the filet mignon at Rubio's. That steak and a nice glass of Bordeaux can't be beat. What did you do, having the house all to yourself for a couple of hours?" Mitch was surprised at the provocative look his mother gave him, as if she knew exactly what he'd been up to. She reached out and traced her talon-like nail across the front of his t-shirt teasingly, making him shiver.

"N....nothing," he said hurriedly with a shake of his head. "I just slogged away at my homework. Justin and I have a presentation in Communications class tomorrow and I needed to get some stuff done for that."

"You work too hard," Nicole said with a coquettish smile on her face as she continued to trace her fingertips back and forth across her son's broad muscular chest. She thought she'd toy with him a bit, to see how he'd react. She lowered her voice, almost to a breathy whisper. "All work and no play makes Mitch a dull boy."

"Oh fuck....." Mitch thought to himself, his mother's stroking finger driving him crazy. He pushed his hands further into his pants pockets, his fingertips pushing his rising cock down.

"Time to hit the sack," his father said as he strode across the kitchen, unknowingly interrupting the strange mother and son scenario taking place. "I've got a lot of stuff to get done at work tomorrow before heading out Saturday morning. Are you coming to bed, dear?"

"I'll be right there," Nicole said as she and Mitch watched Rick head towards the master bedroom. She turned back to her son, reaching up and fixing a stray lock of Mitch's hair that had fallen forward, that alluring fragrance enveloping her son once more. "Seriously, Mitch, I know how important your studies are to you, but you need to relax and get out more—all you do with your free time is stay around the house and work with your photography and your computer."

Mitch shrugged, knowing she was right—he spent all his free time working on his collection of pictures of her, the fuel for his numerous daily jack-off sessions.

"Really," Nicole continued, "a handsome young man like you, you should ask a girl out sometime. I'm sure they're lining up just hoping you'll ask."

"Ah, no. I don't think so, Mom."

"Don't sell yourself short, sweetheart. I know if I was a girl at your school, I'd go out with you anytime." Mitch had a shocked look on his face as his mother stepped closer and kissed him full on the mouth, her soft lips pressing warmly against his. She let the kiss linger longer than usual, and just as she pulled back, Mitch swore he felt her nip ever so gently on his bottom lip, the provocative gesture sending an electric jolt right to his swollen prick. "Good night, dear." She turned and walked

away, leaving Mitch gasping. He watched her lush buttocks sway teasingly beneath her tight skirt, and he almost groaned as he thought about burying his cock deep into her from behind, pounding her deep into the mattress all night long. He waited until he heard the door close to his parent's bedroom and then raced to his own room, his cock in need of immediate attention already. He pushed his computer mouse in order to awake his computer from "sleep mode" and then hurriedly tore off his clothes. Within seconds he had the Vaseline out and his circling hand was stroking his rampant prick once more. It took two more loads before he was able to calm himself enough to sleep, his dreams filled with decadent fantasies of his hot sexy mother.

Mitch's alarm woke him up at the usual hour, but he was dead tired. He'd had a restless night, waking up twice more during the night with a hardon, thoughts of his mother's unexpectedly exciting kiss running through his mind. He'd jerked off each time, but it didn't stop him from waking up with his usual morning boner, his erect prick tenting up the sheets.

"How about some nice white lingerie this morning, Mom?" Mitch muttered to himself as he fired up his computer and started opening his picture files. He pulled up ten pictures of his mom in various outfits of white lingerie and placed them side by side on his two monitors. They were pictures he'd edited using Photoshop, putting his mother's pretty mature face on sexy pictures of busty models. "Oh yeah, now to bring up the story I want to go with these." He then went to his favorite erotica website and pulled up the story, "Educating Mom", by rmdexter, one of his favorite authors. And this was one of his favorites—the story of a young man who lavished his shy busty mother with gifts of sexy clothing and teasing lingerie, drawing her out of her conservative shell to become the sexual wildcat he'd always known lurked beneath her demure exterior. Mitch loved the description of the guy's stacked mother, picturing his own mother in the role of Cynthia every time he read it. It was his "go to" story—never failing to make him cum when he needed to get off in a hurry. He adjusted the size of the window with the story and positioned it over one of the pictures, still leaving nine pictures of his mother visible. He scooped out another generous portion of Vaseline as he started reading, his eyes flicking occasionally to the enticing Photoshopped pics of his mother. It didn't take long before he felt the delicious tingling as the contractions started in his midsection. At the last second, he minimized the window with the story, revealing the hidden picture of his mother beneath, her body clad in a brilliant white merry widow corset with matching opera length gloves, the soft white fabric reaching teasingly almost to her shoulders. He shot another massive load, the ropes of semen spurting high into the air before landing on his chest and midsection.

Mitch sat there breathing heavily as his pounding heartrate slowly returned to normal, his stomach and hand covered with a warm creamy batch of spunk. He closed his eyes for a second, feeling like he could fall asleep right there, his restless night of lurid motherly dreams and an early morning intense orgasm leaving him almost woozy.

"Fuck, that was good," Mitch thought to himself as he reached down for his towel and wiped himself off. He checked the time and, still feeling horny, figured he'd still have time to whip off another load after his shower. He left his computer running, knowing the screensaver would come on in ten minutes, and then it would go into sleep mode after that. He stumbled into the shower, letting the pelting spray rain down on his skull as he leaned forward against the shower wall, the blissful sensation of the steaming pellets tingling luxuriously as they pounded against his tall muscular body. He dried himself and combed his hair, ready for the school day ahead. He pulled on a pair of soft flannel pajama pants and an old t-shirt, getting ready to head downstairs for some breakfast. He looked over at his bed, still feeling groggy, even after his shower.

"Just two minutes," he said to himself as he lay down, closing his eyes as his head hit the pillow.



"MITCH!.....MITCH!"

Mitch's eyes flew open, his mother voice snapping him out of his slumber as she pounded on his door. "Wh....what?" he gasped out as he quickly sat up.

"Justin's here to pick you up. You're going to be late. Hurry up."

"Okay...okay. I'll be right there." Totally disoriented, he tore off what he was wearing and pulled on a pair of jeans and a polo shirt, and then stuffed his school books into his knapsack.

"C'mon, Stevens. Let's go." He heard his friend, Justin, call from beyond his door.

"Alright...alright. Take it easy, dipshit. I'll be right there."

"Mitchell!" His mother chastised him, once again using his full name.

Stuffing his feet into his shoes, he opened the door to see his friend and mother waiting for him.

"Did you forget we agreed to be there early today to get setup for our presentation?" Justin asked.

"Uh, I....uh...kind of fell back to sleep."

"You've got everything we need though, right?"

"Yeah, right here." Mitch patted his knapsack.

"Okay, let's go." Justin started for the stairs, Mitch and his mother right behind him. When they got to bottom of the stairs and turned towards the front door, Justin paused, pointing to his friend's knapsack.

"What are you taking your calculus book for?" Justin asked, noticing the corner of the textbook sticking out of the top of the pack. "We don't have that today."

"Yeah, I was in a hurry." Mitch said, a flustered look on his face as he pulled the book out. "Mom, could you put this back in my room for me?"

"Sure, sweetie. But just hang on a second," his mother said, hurrying into the kitchen as Justin went out the front door. She reached into a cupboard and strode back, her full breasts jiggling nicely beneath her robe. As usual, Mitch's eyes were instantly drawn to the deep dark line of cleavage visible where the two sides of the robe had come somewhat loose when she'd reached up into the cupboard. "Here, you missed breakfast, so take a couple of these." He took the two power bars she offered, stuffing one into a pocket of his knapsack while he tore open the wrapper on the other one.

"Thanks, Mom," he said as she took his arm and turned him towards the front door.

"Have a good day, sweetie. Knock 'em dead in your presentation." As they reached the door, she reached up and gave him another kiss, this time on the cheek, her warm breath tickling the inside of his ear as she slowly drew back. It sent another tingling shiver down his spine, and his eyes immediately flicked to the gaping front of her robe, the upper swells of her substantial breasts filling the teasing opening that she'd yet to close. She noticed where he was looking and pulled her robe tighter, pushing him out the door as she smiled. "Go on now, Mr. Big Eyes. See you after school." Mitch flushed and ran to his friend's car, his prick already stirring in his pants from the glimpse he'd gotten of his mother's big guns.

"That boy's a real tit-man, that's for sure," Nicole said to herself as she made her way back upstairs. She'd noticed the way her son had been looking at her the last few years, and she had to admit, she loved the attention. Like last night when they'd come home from the dinner out, Mitch had definitely been looking at her with more than casual interest in his gaze. His eyes kept going to her chest, which she knew the tight cowl-sweater showed off teasingly. Her husband never seemed to notice anymore, and last night was a perfect example of that as well. She was feeling somewhat amorous after the couple of glasses of wine she'd had, and then seeing the appreciative look in her son's eyes as he'd looked her up and down had made her feel even more aroused. But when she'd gotten to her bedroom, Rick had begged off any chance at intimacy as she'd tried to kiss him, sighting a busy day at the office on Friday in preparation for his fishing trip Saturday. He'd quickly turned off his light and was snoring soundly as she sat there in bed, frustrated once more. At 39, she was in her sexual prime, and was feeling continuously horny, her fingers having to bring her the satisfaction she seemed to need more than ever before. She'd be happy if her husband paid even half of the attention to her that she got from her son.

Nicole entered her son's room and shook her head at the disarray that surrounded her, typical of a teenager's bedroom. She walked across his room and casually tossed his textbook onto his desk, the book nudging the mouse of his computer as it slid further than she thought. His monitors woke up, surprising her, as she knew Mitch always shut everything down when he was finished using his computer. He must have forgotten, having fallen back to sleep and then hurrying out when Justin had arrived. The computer was blinking at her, asking for a password. Never having had this happen before, her curiosity got the better of her.

"I really shouldn't be doing this," she said to herself as she sat down in her son's rolling desk chair and moved the cursor to the password space. She figured if she didn't get the password in a couple of tries, she'd just leave it, and go about her day. "Okay, what would Mitch have for his password?" She thought for a few seconds and then tried his name, typing in M-i-t-c-h. That didn't work. She gave it some more thought. "What is something that's important to him, some name or some thing that he'd use as his password?" He didn't have a girlfriend, and Mitch was too mature to just use the name of some girl that was a passing fancy anyways. No—it would have to be something more long-lasting, something that was special to him. And then an idea popped into her head. At the same time Mitch had gotten his computer, their family pet, a lovable mongrel they'd had since Mitch was about four years old, had died. Mitch had loved that dog, the two of them inseparable, and that dog had meant more to him than anything else. She decided to try it, typing in "B-a-n-d-i-t". As soon as she hit enter, the computer came to life. She smiled, proud of her detective work in guessing "Bandit" as her son's password. The smile quickly disappeared as she looked at the two monitors, her mouth gaping open in astonishment.

"Oh my God," she whispered under her breath as she took in the tableau of obscene pictures before her. She was looking at nine pictures of women wearing incredibly sexy outfits. One monitor had five pictures of women in various forms of sexy white lingerie, most of them in corsets or bras and garter belts. The other monitor had four pictures side by side of women in tight sweaters and miniskirts, with one shot of a busty woman in a tiny white bikini. At the side of this monitor, there was one window that contained text of some form, the lines of script running down the page about 4" in width. But her eyes were glued to the pictures as she gazed back and forth from one wickedly lewd picture to the next. The women all had two things in common: all of them were incredibly busty and.....all of them were HER!

"What the heck....." she mumbled as she leaned closer and looked at the pictures. Up close, she could see that these were not straight-off photos of her, but ones that had been edited in some

fashion to put her face on the background pictures. She then remembered her son saving up his money to buy the Photoshop program, saying it would help with his photography hobby. Now she knew exactly what he was doing with the program. Her initial shock at what she'd seen was quickly replaced by curiosity as she looked at the various pictures. She couldn't believe how beautiful she looked in the sexy outfits. The edited pictures were wonderfully done, she had to admit that. Her son had done an excellent job of altering the photos to make them look extremely realistic, with various shots of her face staring back at her. She remembered Mitch constantly pestering her to let him take pictures of her with his camera, and now she knew why. Most of the head shots of her had her face and hair, and then he had placed a necklace on her long neck, basically as a buffering frame between her face and the main part of the picture.

"That's pretty clever," she said to herself as she looked from one picture to the next, the necklaces on the various pictures providing the perfect means to blend in her head shots realistically. She found herself getting more and more aroused as she looked at the sexy pictures, now knowing that her hunky teenage son was infatuated with her, and used these pictures of her to jerk off to. For some reason, she found it wickedly exciting, knowing her son felt this way about her. After looking at the pictures for a few minutes, her eyes were drawn to the window with the text. She could see that the title of the story was written at the top of the window, "Educating Mom: Andy's Story, Chapter 3...by rmdexter". She started reading:

....."Just lean back and enjoy it, Mom," I said as I stepped back slightly and looked down between her spread thighs. She did exactly as I said, leaning back slightly, her arms straight behind her with her palms face down on the dining table. It gave me a perfect view of those tremendous tits of hers, stretching that cherry-red top almost to the bursting point. As I started to work my fingers in and out of her, I watched her chest heaving up and down as her heart raced; her sweet full lips wet and open as she gasped raggedly.

I used the backs of my hands to push the hem of her little white skirt further up out of the way as my hands really went to work beneath it. I slid my fingers deep inside her, her hot little box bubbling like a geyser as I stroked and probed at the hot folds of pink flesh way up inside her. She gasped and moaned continuously as my talented fingers worked her over, her lush mature body flexing and bucking against my probing fingers. I felt her shake and convulse through four more orgasms before I finally ceased the mercilessly blissful torture I was putting her through with my hands.....

"Oh fuck," Nicole muttered to herself, her heart starting to beat with excitement from what she was reading. She wanted to read more, but she also wanted to see if her son had more pictures of her like the ones presently on the screens. She figured if she just probed around in his files, he'd be none the wiser—she'd just shut everything down at the end, which she was sure he'd meant to do before rushing off and having forgotten.

"Okay 'Educating Mom', let's just minimize you for awhile," she said as she moved the mouse to the underscore and the text window closed and dropped down onto the task bar. She gave a sharp intake of breath as the picture beneath the story window was revealed. This was definitely a picture of her, she recognized her own aqua blue bikini, and the picture was of her lounging out by the pool. The picture ran the full height of the screen, showing her full curvy body and long tanned legs. She remembered Mitch taking a number of pictures of her out by the pool that day, anxious to make use of his new camera. It was a great shot of her, her body looking beautiful in the tiny bikini, her lush tits all but spilling out of the two triangles that made up the top. But what had made her gasp was that she realized a second photo had been taken of the original photo—but only after her son had masturbated all over it. In the picture, she was covered in ribbons and gobs of white cum,

the semen looking incredibly thick, as if it was chock full of sperm. And there was so much of it. "Could this really be just one load?" she thought to herself as she looked closer at the picture. There were strands and gobs of the stuff everywhere covering her body, and she felt a deep tingling in her neglected pussy as she looked at all of that glorious creamy cum. She found herself licking her lips, wondering what that potent milky seed would taste like.

"Stop it, Nicole, he's your own son, for God's sake," she said as she shook her head, trying to knock some sense into herself. But as hard as she tried, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the illicitly sinful picture—her own son's cum pasted all over her body. She felt that itch between her legs again, and as she took the mouse in one hand, her other hand slid down over her midsection, her fingers pushing the sides of her robe to each side, her fingertips slipping down over the warm cleft of her dripping pussy.

"Let's just see what else we've got here," she whispered as she moved the mouse and hit 'File', 'Open'. Her son's picture folders opened up before her, and she scanned the names beneath the little yellow boxes: '#1-Mom', 'Bikinis', 'Minis', 'Sweaters1', 'Sweaters2'. She noticed there were four numbered folders under 'Sweaters'. There were more: 'Gowns', 'Bras', 'Corsets', and then there were six different folders labeled 'BL1', 'BL2', all the way up to 'BL6'. Curious, she clicked on BL1 and the screen filled with thumbnails, as she leaned in and looked closer at them, she could see they were all Photoshopped pics of her wearing bridal lingerie—thus the acronym for the folder name of 'BL'. There were too many shots in the folder to even count, so she closed that one and checked 'BL2'. Again, shot upon shot of her in more sexy white bridal lingerie. It was obvious that this was an obsession of her son's, and she found it wickedly exciting to know he thought about her in that situation—taking her as his bride...as his slut.

"What's this one mean?" Nicole said as she opened the folder labeled 'CS'. As the screen filled with shots similar to the one of her in the bikini, it didn't take her long to realize that 'CS' stood for 'Cum Shot'. All of the pictures, whether they were originals of her, or Photoshopped edited versions, all had been taken after her son had sprayed them with a load of thick teenage semen. There was so much cum all over each pic. She scrolled down, and gasped out loud as she saw a picture that literally took her breath away. She noticed that there were a number of pictures where her son had taken the photo as he was in the process of cumming, shooting ribbons of spunk caught in midflight as they sprayed over the picture beneath his cock. And what a cock! It was absolutely huge!

"Oh fuck....." Nicole felt herself flushing, her heart pounding with excitement in her chest. Her son's prick was a stunningly beautiful weapon of love, there was no doubt about it. It seemed to dwarf her husband's dick, easily outdistancing the older man by a number of inches. She gasped as she looked at the girth—it was so big around, she felt her juicing cooze twinge at the thought of being violated by such a massive cunt-stretcher.

"What a gorgeous cock," she thought as she clicked on a couple of the pictures, the enlarged photos filling the screen from top to bottom. Her son's prick was magnificent, with a huge bulbous cockhead that looked as big as a lemon. She felt her mouth watering as she thought about trying to fit her lips over that massive knob. She could picture it spreading open the gates of her labia, stretching those wet pink lips as the rock-hard stake drove deep into her. Nicole's hand moved forcefully between her legs, her fingers sliding deep inside her gushing twat as her thumb found the enflamed spire of her erect clit. She looked at another photo, her son's hand wrapped around his cock, a long thick white rope of cum connected to the yawning tip of his cock with the far end already splattered on a picture of her face. Looking at that picture sent her right over the edge.

"UNNGGGGHHH," Nicole moaned as her legs shot out straight, the muscles on her inner thighs twitching as she climaxed. Her hips were bucking against her probing fingers as she came, her womanly nectar gushing out of her. She trembled and shook like a ragdoll as her eyes were glued to the wickedly erotic pictures on the computer screens, the noisy wet sound of her probing fingers filling the air. Her orgasm continued for a long time as she obscenely thought about her son's huge prick, thinking about how fantastic it would feel to have her way with a gorgeous hard cock like that—and a young one at that—a hard thick cock that could keep up with her insatiable sexual appetite.

"Oh fuckkkkkk," she moaned as the final tingling vestiges of her climax coursed through her, her fingers slowing their vigorous movement within her dripping cunt. She sat in her son's chair gasping, her big tits heaving up and down beneath her robe, her nipples hard as bullets. She withdrew her hand from her steaming cunt, her fingers shining with a gooey coating of her womanly nectar. She wafted her sticky fingers beneath her nose, revelling in the lurid scent. As she looked at another picture of her son's huge prick shooting another creamy load all over her, she slipped her fingers into her mouth, her tongue slithering all over the sticky digits as she licked them clean.

"Mmmmm," she purred, her whole body deliciously content from the intense orgasm she'd just experienced. With her robe now pushed wide open, she relaxed back in the chair and reached for the mouse with one hand as the other one cupped a big breast, squeezing it gently as her fingertips traced over the pebbly bud of her areola. She looked at the names of the various folders as she moved the cursor around the main screen, stopping on one that intrigued her. The folder was labelled 'M&M'. "M&M? Let's see what this one's all about. I'm sure it's not pictures of candy." She clicked on it, the screen filling with thumbnails once again.

"Oh Jesus," she muttered under her breath as what she saw before her made her sit up and take a closer look. The pictures were all of couples in various pornographic images; from cock-sucking to pussy-eating, with lots that were of pure fucking in many different positions. But again, the images all had something in common: the same two participants—she and her son! It didn't take Nicole long to realize what the 'M&M' stood for: 'Mitch & Mom'. She felt another tingling shiver of arousal run down her spine as she looked from one luridly obscene picture to the next, both her face and her son's edited into the sexy pictures to the point you could barely tell they weren't real.

"Oh fuck, look at that," she said out loud as she enlarged a few shots of her sucking cock, her son's face superimposed on the well-hung porn star she was sucking. She wondered at first how her son had gotten shots of her with her mouth stretched wide open like that. And then she remembered—a number of months ago, he'd suggested the three family members have a hot dog eating contest, like they have at the county fair. Mitch had insisted to the point that she and Rick had caved, agreeing to go along. She remembered Mitch taking photograph after photograph as they all filled their faces, their mouths straining wide as they shoved in the hot dogs. "That sly little bastard." Nicole couldn't help it when a smile came over her face, thinking about how her son had used the clever ruse to get the pictures of her he wanted, ones with her mouth wide open, her lips ovalled around a tubular invader. He'd manipulated the pictures expertly, trimming out the hot dog and positioning her face over long hard cocks until they looked so realistic, she couldn't believe it. And then he'd put his own face on the subject of her lewd affections, smiling back at the camera as she worshipped his cock.

"You love that bridal lingerie, don't you, sweetheart," Nicole said as she opened some more pictures with both of them in the shots, most having her dressed in some form of sexy white lingerie. She squeezed her breasts one more time before her hand slid down her front as she continued to look

at the wildly erotic incestuous pictures, her slender fingers finding their way back into her juicy honeypot. She pulled up one shot of another busty woman, but again, it was her looking back from the computer screen. In this shot, her body was lusciously displayed in a brilliant white merry widow, the model's voluptuous tits pulled out over the bra cups as she lay back against some stacked up pillows. But there was her own face again, a look of serene bliss on her pretty features as she looked at the camera, a portion of the pillow covering the side of her head realistically. Her son was kneeling between her legs, which he was holding in his hands, his fingers circling her nylon-clad ankles as he held her spread wide open, her white pointy-toed pumps with rapier-like 4" heels pointing skyward. With her legs forming a giant V, the huge cock on the male star was imbedded about halfway deep in the woman's tightly-stretched pussy, her glistening labia circling the thick veiny shaft lewdly. She looked at her son's face in the picture, and then her own, and then at what the couple was doing, and felt that delicious tingling deep in her itchy cunt once more.

"Oh fuck yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Nicole gasped hotly as she started to cum again. Her fingers were making a wet squelching noise as she shoved them back and forth between her slick pussy-lips, her pistoning fingers bringing her to the point of ecstasy and beyond. She trembled and shook as she came, her fingertips rubbing over her dripping cuntal walls, a tremendous orgasm blossoming from deep inside her and shooting through every tingling nerve ending of her body. Her lush mature body was glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration as her orgasm rolled over her in wave after luxurious wave. Finally, the sensations dwindled and she sat back, her massive tits heaving wantonly as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

She looked once more at the picture of her son's face in the shot where he was fucking her while holding her legs spread wide open, an illicitly sinful idea running through her head. She looked at the picture of the long hard cock splitting her pussy, and then looked at one of the other pictures, with her son's real cock spurting his hot thick cum all over her, the massive engorged lance looking like a brutal weapon in his hand. It made her pussy itch all over again, just the thought of what that beautiful perfect cock could do to her. "Your father's going away tomorrow, baby boy, so let's just see how much you like some real bridal lingerie."

*...to be continued...*