

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 02

rmddexter

Busty mom can't resist teasing her well-hung son.

Incest/Taboo

4.67

13.1k words

Note to readers: this story is developing a little slower than some of my others, but I hope you'll stick with it and find it as enjoyable reading it as I've had writing it.

Mitch strolled back to his seat, the presentation he and Justin did complete and in the books. His friend took his seat beside him and they shared a fist bump, acknowledging that it had gone well.

"Who's the man?" Justin whispered under his breath.

"You're the man," Mitch whispered back, both of them smiling.

Expecting his friend to say something like, "No, you're the man," Mitch was surprised when Justin responded with, "That's right—I'm the man. And you're just the sorry bitch that's sailing through this course on my coattails."

"Fuck you, assclown," Mitch said quietly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Fuck you, and the whore you rode in on." Justin was smiling just as much.

"MITCH! JUSTIN! Keep it down back there," the teacher said, shaking his head in dismay.

"Yes, sir," the two boys chimed in, slouching down in their seats as the next pair of students started to get underway with their presentation.

With the pressure off, Mitch sat back in his chair and let his mind wonder, the topic being discussed of no interest to him. His thoughts turned to his mother, and the way she'd been playful the last couple of days, almost as she knew what he thought of her. That kiss in the kitchen last night, the way she'd called him 'Mr. Big Eyes' as she shoved him out the door this morning—he didn't know what to think, especially since she had a big smile on her face when she said it. He felt himself starting to get hard as he thought about her, and the glimpses he'd had of her gorgeous tits when her robe had come loose this morning. He figured he might have to go the washroom at some point soon and whip off a load, knowing he had some pictures of his mom on his phone he could look at when he did. It obviously wasn't as much fun as looking at all those pics he had of her on his computer, but he'd used the ones on his phone many times before to relieve himself.

"Oh fuck...did I turn my computer off?" he thought to himself with a rush of panic as those thoughts of the pictures he had on his machine ran through his head. He was diligent about shutting everything down when he was going to leave, never wanting his parents to discover what he had on his computer. He had made sure to set it up with password protection, which would kick in after the computer had been left untouched for ten minutes. Having fallen back to sleep the way he had, he wasn't sure if he'd shut it down or not. He'd jerked off one load, and then thought about going for a second, but had he shut it down at that time, or left it running? He wasn't 100% sure. Oh well,

either way, with the password protection, it should be fine. With the initial jolt of panic subsiding, he sat lower in his seat as he watched the presentation going on, slipping his hand deep into his pocket and caressing his swelling cock, his thoughts drifting back to his mother's pretty face and lush mature body.

Nicole spent a long time at the lingerie store, concentrating mostly on the white bridal lingerie. She loved the feel of the sexy garments as she ran her fingertips over the satin and silky material, wondering how her son's hands would feel when he ran his hands over them, with her warm curvy body beneath his roaming fingertips. She selected a few wickedly alluring items from the bridal area, and then a few others of various colors that she thought he'd like. From all those photos he had of her in the various folders, he seemed to like all types of lingerie, although the shots of her in bridal lingerie outnumbered the others by a fair margin. With her arms loaded with packages, she made a trip to her car and dumped everything in the trunk before returning to the mall, heading to various women's clothing and shoe stores. Having looked through the numerous folders of pictures Mitch had Photoshopped her face onto, she knew just the type of things he liked. She'd even taken her phone and snapped a number of shots of the computer screens with various Photoshopped pictures displayed. She was hoping to pick up some outfits just like the ones he'd placed her in. She knew that couldn't help but get him aroused. With this in mind, she set about shopping. She ended up being at the mall for over two hours before she had everything she needed to put her little plan into effect. Well...almost everything. There was one place she knew of located in a strip plaza not far away that would have just what she wanted. Within just a few minutes, she pulled into the parking lot and entered the crappy little 'Personal Security' store.

"Do you have any of those 'Nanny cam' things?" she asked the salesman. Twenty minutes later, with a quick tutorial under her belt, she was ready to go.

She hurried home and carried the multitude of packages into her room. Her first item of business was to take the tiny 'nanny cam' into Mitch's room and find a suitable location. She looked around, wanting a view of both his bed and his computer desk area. She spotted a decorative wall scone in the perfect location. It was at just the right height so she could see both the bed and desk area from basically eye level, just as she'd hoped. "That'll do it," she said with smile on her face as she set the camera in place, just as the salesman had instructed. She rushed back to the computer she had in her own room. As a real estate agent who worked mostly out of her own home, Nicole had a corner of their large master bedroom set up as her home office. She even had a large decorative screen set up, making it somewhat private from the rest of the room. She often worked late at night, and the screen both allowed her to work in peace, and let Rick sleep without having her disturb him.

Nicole loaded in the software for the tiny camera, following the instructions and the advice given to her by the guy in the store. "Okay, let's try this out," she said to herself as she opened the program that operated the camera. Mitch's room instantly came into view, and she was amazed at the clarity of the picture. It almost felt like she was right in the room. She tried a couple of the features, moving the viewing angle slightly from both side to side and up and down, and then she tried the zoom feature, closing in first on her son's bed, and then on his computer screen.

"They certainly seem to make these things better than they used to," she said out loud, surprised at how clear the picture was. She'd only seen old videos on the internet that people had posted. This was nothing like those old grainy shots. Remembering the microphone feature, she went back to Mitch's room and turned on his clock radio. Back in her own room, she checked the sound coming through the speakers next to her computer—perfect. "Technology—I love it."

With the camera in good working order, Nicole turned to the numerous packages on her bed. She started sorting things out and cutting off sales tags before making a trip up to the attic with a number of items in her hands. She returned empty-handed a few minutes later, a satisfied smile on her face. As she continued to sort through the rest of the sexy lingerie and clothes she'd bought, she started to get aroused, wondering how her son would like them. Hopefully, if her plan worked out the way she hoped, he'd be seeing her in the various outfits soon enough. It set her mind to thinking about what she'd seen on his computer, and like a moth to a flame, she was drawn back to his room, her hand reaching for the power button of his computer. She'd shut everything down, sure that Mitch would think he'd done it himself before school. But she had to look one more time, to make sure what she'd seen early that morning wasn't just a figment of her imagination.

"B-A-N-D-I-T," she typed in again, and the computer responded, the screen filling with numerous icons. Nicole knew her way around a computer—she wasn't that old. It didn't take her long to find her son's Photoshop program, bringing that up and then opening the main picture file containing the numerous folders. Again, she was amazed at how many there were, all of them featuring her. She opened a number of folders and picked out some photos at random, setting them side by side on the two monitors like she'd discovered Mitch had done. This time she covered one screen with pictures from the 'CS—Cumshot' folder, so she could see that gorgeous huge cock of her son's. She opened his internet connection and checked his list of favorites, her brain swirling at the number of sites listed there that dealt with mother/son incest. She found the erotica story site he'd been on before, having taken note of it before closing the program. It went right into his account, and she perused his favorite stories, once again noting that nearly all of them dealt with mother/son incest. Mitch obviously favored one particular author, 'rmdexter', whose stories appeared in great number on her son's preferred list. Intrigued by what she'd read in 'Educating Mom', she selected another chapter from a different story of his, 'Road Trip with Mom'. Just as Mitch had done, she sized the window down to about 4" wide, moving the panel of text to fit right over one of the pictures. She leaned forward and began reading, her breathing quickly becoming ragged as her level of excitement rose...

"Oh God, yessssssss," Erica hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the incredible size of her teenage son's magnificent cock stretching her. She instinctively dug her high heels into the mattress, trying to open herself up even more for the onslaught she knew was coming. She couldn't believe how thick it was, and how exquisitely hard. 'The power of youth is a wonderful thing', she thought to herself as Josh continued to slowly, insistently, force himself deeper into her. She could feel the clinging pink flesh inside her vagina parting, bathing his huge cock with oily fuck-juice as he drove inch after thick hard inch into her. She could feel her body breaking out in a sweat as the massive intruder probed deep, deeper than she'd ever had before.

"Easy baby," she said softly, her hands coming to rest on his powerful hips. Josh instinctively stopped and raised himself up slightly. They both looked down between their joined bodies, 3" of hard thick cock still outside of her stretched labia, the hot pink flesh of her pussy-lips circling his rigid shaft obscenely. "Just stay still for minute, sweetie. Let me work it and get used to it."

Nicole could feel her pussy creaming as she read, her stiff nipples feeling itchy with need as they pushed against the front of her constraining bra. She pushed her skirt up and quickly pulled her panties down, kicking them to the side as her fingers once more delved into her juicing cunt. She looked at the pictures of herself in the sexy outfits, and then at the ones of her son shooting off all over her, her beautiful hard cock making her mouth water. Her fingers had her climbing the walls, but she wanted to see what happened next in the story...

Josh felt his mother's cunt start to pull at him. She was flexing the muscles inside her, the tight pink channel feeling like a hot buttery fist as she clenched down, pulling at his engorged cock. It felt like a rippling massage running the length of his cock, like slick fingers jerking him off inside her. It felt incredible, and Josh had to suppress the urges within him, knowing he was close to dumping his load right then and there. He realized that his mother was right—there was nothing like a mature woman to teach him the ways of making love.

"Do you like that, baby?" Erica asked, rolling her hips in slow tantalizing circle as she used the muscles inside her talented mature cunt to pull at him with that rippling sensation once more.

"Mom, it feels amazing. I can't believe what you're doing to me. I...I'm getting pretty close though," he warned her.

"Okay, baby. Let's try and get you all the way in before you do. I want to feel you buried all the way inside me before you shoot that load." With her hands on his hips, she pulled him towards her, letting him know she was ready.

"Oh fuck, is that ever hot," Nicole thought, obscene wet noises filling the room as her fingers slid vigorously back and forth in her steaming trench. She knew the mother and son couple were close, and she wanted to time her own climax with theirs.

Josh flexed back slightly, and then slowly drove forward. He could feel the tightness inside her, the strained tissues inside her almost tearing the skin right off the head of his cock. And then, he felt them yield, the hot flesh parting to allow him all the way in, her slippery cunt bathing his rampant cock with oily juices.

"Yessssssss," Erica hissed loudly as her son drove the final few inches all the way inside her, touching spots deep inside her that had never been touched before. She was gasping and shaking with the intensity of being stretched to the tearing point, but when the enflamed head of his cock bumped up against her cervix at the same time his shaved groin pressed up against hers, she lost it right then and there.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she wailed, her body thrashing about like a ragdoll as she started to come. An epic climax burst from deep within her like a fireball and shot through every delicious nerve ending of her body. Her fingernails dug into her teenage son's back as she bucked and shook through her intense orgasm, her body trembling and convulsing in paroxysms of blissful pleasure. She came and came, sweat seeping out of every pore on her lush mature body as her tingling release overwhelmed her.

Nicole couldn't take it any longer, and when the heroine of the story climaxed, she found herself going right over the edge as well. "OHHHNNNNNN," she moaned loudly, her mature body twitching spastically as she came, her fingers rubbing intently over the roof of her vagina, delicious sensations of ecstasy blossoming out from the underside of her throbbing clit. As she shook and spasmed with delight, she looked at the pictures of her son's cock through hooded eyes, knowing that long hard cylinder of flesh would be buried deep inside her own needy pussy within twenty-four hours. She'd teach her son to make her scream, just like Erica had taught Josh.

"MOM, I'M HOME," Mitch called out as he came in and dumped his knapsack on the floor, happy that another school-week was over.

"I'll be right down," his mother responded, her voice coming from her upstairs bedroom. Mitch headed for the kitchen. He could hear her footsteps on the stairs now as he opened the fridge and

leaned forwards to look inside, searching for something to drink. As he reached for a can of Pepsi, he heard his mother right behind him. "So how did your presentation go?"

He pulled back from the fridge, closing the door as he turned around and spoke. "It went pretty good —." Mitch stopped in midstream as he turned to look at his mother, the can of Pepsi slipping out of his hand and making a tinny 'clunk' as it hit the floor. Nicole looked down at the dented can rolling beneath their feet as Mitch just stood there dumbfounded, his eyes focussed hypnotically on his mother.

"Uh...," Nicole muttered, pointing down to the Pepsi can rolling across the kitchen floor. Her words seemed to finally break Mitch out of his trance.

"Oh shit!" Mitch said as he reached down and picked up the can, his hands shaking as he quickly looked back at his mother.

"I was hoping you'd like my new outfit," his mother said, a kittenish grin on her face. "But that was a little more than I expected."

Mitch was aghast at what he was seeing. His mother looked like she had just stepped off the screen of his computer! She was wearing an outfit that was almost identical to a picture he'd Photoshopped her into. She had on a bubble-gum pink short-sleeved cardigan that molded itself to her curvy hourglass figure. She had left open a couple of the buttons at both the top and bottom of the sweater. Whereas the bottom ones allowed the cardigan to flare out smoothly over her wide matronly hips, the two she'd left unfastened at the top gave him a spectacular view of the upper swells of her full plump 36E breasts. His eyes were drawn to the generous display of sumptuous tit-flesh, and then his gaze went right to where those two massive guns were pushed together by her power-bra, his eyes following the spellbinding line of cleavage downwards, where he caught just a glimpse of the top of her white lacy bra, the sexy garment peeking out at him teasingly just above the first button that was done up, the sweater stretched tightly by the voluminous breasts it was holding. He looked further down past her slender waist, the cardigan seeming to caress her sexy flared hips. Beneath that she had on a white miniskirt, which looked like bleached denim, the hem of the skirt ending just above mid-thigh, her tanned legs looking fantastic against the brilliant white of the skirt. Her legs were bare all the way down to her tiny feet, which were clad in little white flat strappy sandals, which looked perfect with her casual, but incredibly sexy outfit.

"Y...y...you look beautiful, Mom," Mitch stuttered, feeling his face turning red with embarrassment. "I...I've never seen you in something like that." In real life he hadn't, but on his computer, he'd seen her in almost the exact same outfit.

"I went and did a little shopping today. I figured it was time to add a few new things to the wardrobe. Do you really think it looks okay? I'm not as young as I once was, and I want to make sure people don't think it's inappropriate for someone my age."

"Trust me, Mom," Mitch replied as his eyes roamed hungrily over his mother's buxom form. "It looks absolutely fantastic on you."

"Are you really sure, sweetie?" Nicole asked, slowly doing a little pirouette so her son could see her from all sides.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself as he got a perfect view of his mother's lush body from all angles as she turned around, the tight sweater and abbreviated skirt putting every gorgeous hill

and enticing valley on perfect display. "Yeah, Mom—I'm sure. It looks amazing. Everybody knows you're the prettiest mom on the street—an outfit like that just puts all the other women to shame."

"Oh, Mitch, you're such a sweetheart," Nicole said as she stepped up to her son and gave him peck on the cheek, subtly letting her huge breasts push gently against his arm. She also knew the perfume she'd put on would waft teasingly into his senses.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch thought, his brain swirling with lascivious thoughts as he breathed in his mother's sexy fragrance at the same time as he felt the soft warmth of her breasts pressing against his side. His cock had already started to stand to attention when he'd seen her in the hot new outfit—now, after her little kiss, his boiling blood was just pulsing into it. He could feel it straining against the front of his jeans.

Nicole stepped back, and as she did, she took a surreptitious glance down, noticing the substantial bulge in her son's crotch. "You know, I bought a few other new things that I'm not too sure of either." She turned and looked at the time. "We've still got a couple hours until your father gets home from work. Do you think I could try on some of those other things and show you? Maybe you could give me your opinion on those too?"

"Sure, I'd love to," Mitch replied excitedly.

Nicole smiled broadly. "Great—this'll be fun." She decided to cast a little bait out there, and then see if Mitch would bite. "It'll be just like having our own little fashion show." She turned and started to leave the room.

A thought immediately occurred to Mitch when she said that. "Hey, Mom." Nicole stopped and turned. "Since it's going to be like a fashion show, how about I grab my camera and I'll be the photographer. Then we'll have something to remember it by."

Nicole smiled to herself. He'd taken her suggestion, hook, line, and sinker. "That's a great idea. This will be so much fun. You get your camera while I get changed. I'll see you in the family room."

She was just about at the stairs when Mitch's voice stopped her. "Oh Mom!" Nicole turned and looked, happy to see her son's face flushed with excitement. "Uh, since we kind of already started the fashion show, how about I take a few shots of you in that outfit?"

"Okay, great."

"Let me just grab my camera." He hurried to his knapsack and took out his camera, which he always carried with him. Within seconds he had it ready to go.

"Well, Mr. Photographer," Nicole said with a teasing kittenish look in her eyes. "What would you like me to do? Just walk back and forth?" She started towards the family room, which would give them plenty of room.

"That's good, for a start," Mitch said excitedly, bringing his camera up and starting to snap away. Nicole turned, looking at him over her shoulder, her lustrous blonde locks falling teasingly over one eye.

"Oh geez," Mitch mumbled under his breath as he looked at his sexy mother through the viewfinder. She stepped across the room as he turned, the camera following her as he clicked away. Even in the casual-looking outfit, she looked incredibly sexy, the tight pink cardigan and white skirt putting every lush curve on mouth-watering display.

"Any special way you'd like me to pose?" Nicole said, stopping and putting her hands on her hips. She pulled her elbows back and cocked her head questioningly. She knew pulling her elbows back would make her substantial chest stand out, but she had stood and looked at her son unknowingly, the most innocent Bambi-like look on her face. She remembered a part from that story he'd had on his computer, 'Educating Mom,' that the son had taken pictures of his mother in the clothes he'd bought her. Nicole knew that the idea of being allowed to do the same thing to her must be driving Mitch crazy.

Nicole wasn't wrong on that score. Mitch was beside himself with excitement—his stacked sexy mother had actually asked him how he wanted her to pose. This was like a dream come true. His heart was racing and he could feel the blood flowing to his surging dick. Thank goodness his underwear and jeans were able to help stifle the growing stiffness. "Why don't you kind of turn sidewise with your hands on your hips like that," Mitch said, remembering the way Andy had posed his mother in the story. "And then you can look back over your shoulder into the camera. That should be a really nice shot."

Nicole remembered that part of the story too, and turned slightly, so her backside was pointed towards her son, and then looked back over her shoulder, which she knew would cause her sumptuous breasts to be viewed perfectly in profile. Without even being asked, she gave Mitch a smolderingly seductive look, and as her eyes flicked down, she noticed the substantial bulge in his jeans had gotten even bigger. Perfect, things were working out just perfect.

"Oh fuck," Mitch gasped under his breath as he looked at his mother through the camera, his knees trembling. His mother had looked sexy many times previously, but that teasingly erotic look she had on her face almost made him collapse with excitement. Her eyes seemed to hinting at the wanton sexual hunger he dreamed lurked inside her. She looked like a woman who knew exactly what to do with a hard cock, and was used to getting her way, wherever and whenever she wanted. And that look on her face was that she wanted that hard cock right now. He took a deep breath in order just to calm himself enough to speak. "That's fantastic, Mom. Just hold that." Mitch started snapping shots, moving from one side of her to the other as he got pictures of her full curvy body from every alluring angle. By the time he was done with the one pose, he could feel himself sweating, his face covered with a fine sheen of perspiration. Nicole noticed it too, along with the sizable protrusion in the front of his jeans. Her son definitely looked like he was in need of relief.

"Okay, I want to show you the next outfit," she said as she coyly walked up to her son, her broad flared hips shifting provocatively from side to side. She reached up and gave him another quick peck on the cheek, her fragrant perfume wafting teasingly into his nostrils. "Thanks for doing this, sweetie. I'm having fun."

"Me too, Mom."

"So I'll be about ten minutes changing into the next one," she paused, noticing his eyes were glued to her massive chest, as if mesmerized. "So you've got a few minutes, in case you need to go to the bathroom, or anything like that."

With his cock feeling like an iron bar in his pants, Mitch knew exactly what he needed to do. "Uh, I think I'll just take my stuff up to my room while you get changed. About ten minutes, you said?"

"Yes. Will that give you enough time?" Nicole asked, a look of pure innocence on her face.

"Oh fuck, yes," Mitch thought to himself, knowing he'd have this load jerked off within just a minute or two. Instead, he just shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. "Uh, yeah. That'll be plenty of time."

"Okay, I'll see you back down here in ten minutes." With a smile on her face, Nicole headed upstairs. Mitch hurriedly grabbed his knapsack and followed, his eyes on her mother's sumptuous rear end as it shifted provocatively from side to side as she went up the stairs, periodically catching a teasing glimpse of the backs of her creamy thighs above the shifting hem of the tight white skirt. The tempting view only caused his turgid cock to throb even harder.

When Nicole got to her room, she stopped with her hand on the door, knowing that with Mitch behind her, he'd be arriving at the door to his room at the same time. She turned so she was facing him in profile, one hand on the door knob while the other was poised over the front of the tight pink cardigan, her slender fingers toying with the top button that was straining over the front of her large heavy breasts. "This is fun, isn't it, sweetie?" As Mitch looked up at her, she flicked open the button, the taut sweater popping to each side as the strain was put on the next button by those huge 36Es.

"Y...yes," Mitch muttered, almost going off in his pants as he stared wide-eyed at his mother's huge chest, the sweater seeming to want to just keep opening more and more.

"I think you're going to like this next outfit even more," Nicole said coyly, looking at her son through hooded eyes as she opened the next button just before entering her room, the taut sweater popping even further to each side, giving him a wickedly teasing view of her white satin bra before she disappeared into her room.

"Ohhhnnn," Mitch almost groaned aloud as he stood transfixed for a few seconds, dazed by his mother's provocative behaviour. Shaking his head to snap himself out of it, he rushed into his room, closing the door firmly behind him. He couldn't believe the way his mother had looked in her new clothes—just like one of the shots he'd used to Photoshop her into on his computer. And she had looked so much better than the original model. His mother's fantastic body was made for clothes like that, and that's why he'd taken to "dressing her"—as he called it—in the clothes, lingerie and bikinis that he dreamed of seeing her in. Seeing her like that had made him harder than he could believe, and that teasing look she'd given him as she'd opened those buttons on her sweater had him right on the verge. He'd loved the way her sweater had jerked to each side as she'd opened the buttons, the tremendous strain on the tight garment amplified by her tremendous tits. Tits he had dreamed of time and time again. Tits he was thinking about right now as he hurried across his room and pulled open his closet door.

As soon as Nicole closed the door to her room, she headed over to her computer, her fingers continuing to take off her sweater. She had loved the look on her son's face as she'd teasingly opened the two buttons, his eyes going as big as saucers as he'd blatantly stared at her chest. She leaned over her desk and moved the mouse, activating her computer. She'd turned on the nanny cam and microphone earlier, hoping things would get to this stage. As she undid the zipper at the back of her skirt, she saw Mitch come into the camera's scope of view as he all but ran to his closet. While he opened the door and appeared to be rummaging around on the floor for something, she shimmied her wide matronly hips as she stepped out of the tight white skirt, setting it aside along with the sweater as she sat in front of her computer.

"There you are," she heard Mitch's voice come over her speakers as he pulled back from the closet, something white clutched in one hand with his old gym bag in the other. He tossed them both on top of his desk as he reached down and started to pull his polo shirt over his head. Nicole zoomed in, wondering what the white object was that he'd placed on the desk. She looked intently at the object, and then realized what it was.

"That little bastard," she said as she shook her head in surprise, smiling to herself at the lengths her son was going to in order to fuel his lurid obsession with her. When she'd zoomed in, she saw that it was one of her bras. It was a beautiful white satin one as well, similar to the one she was wearing, and it was delicately feminine with a myriad of lace trimming the bra cups. But how she identified it so clearly was that it had a tiny pink satin bow between the two bra cups, and she could see that bow clearly facing her. One of the adjustable metal clasps on a shoulder strap had broken, and it was irritating to wear. She called the lingerie store where she regularly shopped, and the owner, who Nicole knew quite well from all the business she did with them, told her to just throw it out and she'd replace it. She told Nicole the supplier would just want to see the faulty clasp, so Nicole had taken a picture of it with her phone and forwarded it to her friend. Nicole had tossed the bra into the small garbage basket in her bathroom about a year ago. She realized Mitch must have seen it and kept it while doing his weekly chores of collecting and taking the garbage out. Yes, her handsome son was quite the little perv.

She smiled as she zoomed back, anxious to see what he was going to do next. With his polo shirt tossed aside, she watched as he zipped open his gym bag and pulled out a towel, and then reached inside and set a big jar of Vaseline on his desk. He reached into a side pocket and she saw him set out a black circular ring, which looked to her like one of the stretchy elastic bands she used to pull her hair back into a pony tail. He then reached to his midsection, his hands furiously working to open his jeans.

"Now, this is what I want to see," Nicole said as she focussed on her son's crotch, her own hand slipping down into her panties as she watched. Mitch tore open the button of his jeans and hurriedly slid down the zipper, and then pushed both his pants and underwear down to the floor and off, kicking them aside as he stood back up.

"Oh my," Nicole gasped as she looked at the immense cylinder of flesh projecting from her son's groin. "It's so beautiful." His circumcised cock was rock-hard, and she could see it bobbing up and down with each powerful beat of his heart. His groin was shaven, like her own, and she loved the way the magnificent lance thrust out from his smooth abdomen. It was so huge that the tremendous weight of it when full of blood barely allowed it to get past horizontal. While most cocks snapped to attention and pointed skyward, this one was so big that she knew that was impossible. She was totally fine with that—the size alone made it one of the most beautiful things she'd ever seen, let alone knowing what she could do with such a gorgeous powerful thing.

"Oh fuck, I've got to definitely measure that thing sometime," she said to herself as she stared at it. It had to easily be over 10" long, maybe even 11", and as big around as a beer can, with the throbbing veiny shaft leading into a huge mushroom head that was almost scarlet in color. Her mouth watered as she looked at the pronounced rope-like coronal ridge separating the pulsing shaft from the blood-engorged crown, knowing the purple ridge would bring the most luxuriously exquisite sensations to the inside of her itchy pussy. 'Virgin-wrecker', 'cunt-stretcher'—she could think of many perfect names for that beautiful cock of her son's. And she planned on making it all hers tomorrow. If only her husband was going away tonight, she could get her hot little hands on it sooner, but she'd just have to make do, making sure she literally got her fill of it tomorrow...again and again.

Nicole watched as her son slipped the black elastic ring over his cock and brought it beneath his huge pendulous balls, making them pull up close to his body, the skin of his bag drawn tight as a snare drum. His swollen nuts looked like they were full of cum, and she found her mouth watering as she thought about all of the sperm-laden semen lying inside, just waiting to be pumped out into a hot wet receptacle, like her hungry mouth or steaming pussy. Mitch reached into the jar of

Vaseline and scooped out a generous amount of the viscous lube, and then wrapped his hand around his rampantly pulsating cock.

"Oh Mom, you are so fucking hot," Nicole heard Mitch mumble under his breath, the microphone picking up his words perfectly. His greasy hand was sliding back and forth along his throbbing pole, the thick lubricant becoming warm and slippery. His cock looked incredible, the whole length now glistening with the slick greasy coating. She watched as a drop of precum pulsed to the surface, filling the wet red eye at the tip. As he continued to stroke, the shiny drop started to distend, dangling lewdly from the yawning tip and swaying back and forth obscenely as his big hand pumped back and forth. Nicole watched, mesmerized by the magnificence of her son's turgid pecker as he worked to bring himself off, her own fingers now buried deep inside her dripping cunt.

"Fuck, Mom, those tits...I...I love them," Mitch groaned quietly as he reached over and grabbed her bra from his desk top, holding it mere inches away from the enflamed crimson crown as he jacked feverishly. "Not long...not long..."

Nicole watched wide-eyed as Mitch got closer and closer, the wet slick sound of his stroking hand coming clearly through the speakers.

"Oh yeah, Mom. Here you go," Mitch moaned softly as he started to come, "It's all for you." Nicole watched, spellbound, as the first white rope of cum jettisoned forth, pasting itself against one of the shimmering satin cups of her bra. He kept pumping, and a second glistening ribbon rocketed forth, the milky strand landing all over the other bra cup as he moved his stroking hand from side to side.

"Oh God, that's so hot," Nicole moaned as she felt herself start to climax. As she watched her well-hung son spew his potent seed all over the lacy bra, her own fingers took her right over the edge. A wet squelching sound emanated from between her legs as she started to twitch and shake, a tingling orgasm rolling in exquisite waves over her lush mature body as her fingers rubbed furiously over the hot wet tissues inside her. Even with her body trembling and convulsing, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the erotically delicious sight of her own son jerking off all over her bra.

"Yeah, Mom, right on those gorgeous tits of yours," she heard Mitch say as he continued to unload, wad upon wad of thick white cum raining down on her stolen bra. She kept quivering and shaking as heavenly waves of ecstasy coursed through her, both of their climaxes happening at the same time. As the tingling sensations started to wane, she saw that Mitch was finishing too. His hand slowed to a stop, and he brought the cummy bra to his cockhead and wiped the remaining vestiges of his discharge onto the sexy garment. He tossed it aside and grabbed the towel he'd taken out of his gym bag, wiping the greasy lube off his hands and slowly deflating cock.

"Oh shit, I better get dressed," Nicole said to herself, finally able to pull her eyes away from the screen. She hurried into her own bathroom and washed herself, soaping her hands and rinsing the coating of warm cunt-honey from her hands. She definitely didn't want Mitch getting a whiff of that and knowing what she'd been doing, at least not until tomorrow. Checking herself in the mirror, she hurried back to her bed, glad that she'd set out the next set of clothes in advance.

Mitch couldn't believe how fast he had climaxed—no, he wasn't surprised—his mom was unbelievably hot and he'd been incredibly turned on by her sensually provocative behaviour. His mom had said it would probably take her about ten minutes to change into the new outfit, and he knew it had only taken him about two or three minutes to pump out that load of cum, he'd been so aroused. Using his cum towel, he cleaned himself up, and then washed his hands thoroughly in the bathroom. He checked the time and found he still had about four or five minutes. He wondered

whether he should put on something else, but then he figured he should put on the same thing he'd been wearing, so his mother wouldn't be alerted that he'd taken his clothes off. He dressed again, took a big breath to calm himself and then headed back downstairs. Anxious to see what she'd be wearing next, he made his way into the large family room, checking the camera to make sure everything was ready to go. Satisfied that everything was in working order with the camera, yet excited to see what his mother had in store for him next, he started pacing back and forth, like an expectant father in the waiting room.

"I figured this outfit would be good for work. What do you think?" His mother's voice made him look up as she stepped into the room.

"Fuck me," Mitch said to himself as he looked at the sexy vision standing before him. Again, his mother was wearing an outfit almost identical to one he'd had on his computer. He loved women in sexy business attire, and what his mother was wearing was cock-hardeningly perfect. She had on a white long-sleeved blouse with pronounced lapels, a number of buttons open at the throat that gave him another teasing glimpse at the upper swells of those tremendous tits of hers, his eyes instinctively zeroing in on the dark line of cleavage visible at the opening. On her bottom, she wore a deep red pencil skirt that he could tell had a waistband that fit high, circling her slender waspish waist. The slim-fitting skirt hugged her curvy behind and full thighs deliciously before ending a few inches above her dimpled knees. Her legs were clad in sheer black nylons, the shimmering hose looking wickedly erotic as he thought about running his fingers over those gorgeous legs. He looked down to see her delicate feet encased in black leather pumps, the shoes having a slightly pointy but rounded toe, and slender 3" high heels that looked perfect for business purposes. The thing that really made the outfit incredibly sexy though, and one reason the original picture he'd found on the internet had compelled him to download it instantly, was the matching vest she was wearing. It was the same scarlet red as the skirt, but the vest hugged her shapely body perfectly, the bodice of the vest cupping her generous tits and presenting them to the viewer provocatively. To Mitch, the way the vest fit was almost like someone reaching around from behind her and sliding their hands beneath those heavy round orbs, and then lifting them up as a sensual offering. Below her huge tits, the vest nipped in lusciously as it fit to her tempting hourglass figure, the bottom of the vest ending just as it flowed over the tight-fitting waistband of the matching skirt. "Yeah, that vest is so fucking hot," Mitch thought to himself. Somehow it made her huge breasts look even bigger than they already were.

"Mom, you...you look amazing," Mitch muttered, feeling himself getting turned on again already.

"You really think so?" Nicole asked, turning in a circle again to give her son a view of her spectacular body from all sides.

"Oh fuck, yes!" Mitch felt like screaming out, but instead, he could only stare in awe at her tremendous body, alluringly displayed in the sexy business attire. Choking down on the lump in his throat, he finally found himself able to respond. "I love it, Mom. It's perfect for work."

"I'm not sure about these new shoes I bought though." Mitch had been so busy gaping at her luscious form that he hadn't noticed the second pair of shoes she held in her hand. "I bought these other ones today too, but I'm not sure if they'll work with this outfit." They were black pumps too, but he could see a slender band of leather that he assumed would wind around her ankle. "I'll try them on," Nicole continued, "and you tell me what you think."

"Okay," Mitch muttered as his mother took a seat on an ottoman facing him and set the second pair of shoes on the floor.

Nicole leaned forward and slipped her shoes off, and then started putting on the new ones. She'd purposely chosen this spot because she knew that from his vantage point across the room, her son could see right down the front of her white blouse as she leaned forward, giving him a perfect view of her inviting cleavage. "I love these shoes, and I hope they're okay," she said as she looked up, and just as she'd expected, she found her son's eyes looking right down her top. She quickly dropped her eyes from his as she looked back down, a smile on her face as she took longer than necessary to fasten the new shoes, making sure she leaned well forward to let her blouse gape open. When she finally had the new shoes fastened, she stood up and walked in a short circle, and then turned to face her son once again. "Well, what do you think?"

"Fuck me," Mitch said to himself as he looked at the sexy shoes. "Is she trying to kill me, or what?" The shoes were incredible. They were basically black pumps like the other ones she'd been wearing, but the similarity stopped there. These ones were beautiful, and wickedly sexy. The triangular toe cap was sinfully pointy, and her slender foot looked beautiful where it rose from the toe area, his eyes following her shimmering black nylons upward to where a slender black leather band circled her trim ankle and was fastened in a little buckle at the side, a triangular piece of leather cupping the back of her heel. The heels of the shoes were incredible. They were about 4" high and weren't just slender, they were more dangerously rapier-like in design. The sharpness of them was setting Mitch's teeth on edge just looking at them. Plus, the little bit of additional height gave her well-toned calves some added definition that had the blood pumping back into his groin already. He couldn't look at the sexy shoes without picturing her on her back, the heels of the cum-fuck-me shoes digging into the sheets as he lay on top of her, his rock-hard cock driving her deep into the mattress with every pounding stroke. With an effort, he found himself swallowing once more, finally able to speak. "Those shoes are gorgeous, Mom, and they definitely work with that outfit."

"Are you sure? Are you sure they're not a little too racy?" she asked again, then turned around and extended one foot out backwards, flexing her foot to show off the sexy shoes and her legs to their best advantage.

"They're fantastic. Definitely—you should definitely wear them," Mitch gushed, following the alluring line of her shapely legs from the tip of her heel all the way up to her waist, her shapely legs and curvy behind looking amazing in the tight-fitting pencil skirt. He allowed his eyes to roam over her whole spectacular body up to her pretty face, and then all the way back down. Man, those shoes were perfect.

"Okay then—I'll keep them on, if you say so," Nicole agreed, a smile on her face. Mitch was standing before her, staring as if struck dumb. As she could see his hungry eyes all but devouring her body, she let her eyes flick down, noticing a pulsing movement in his groin once more. She smiled to herself, happy to see the reaction she was causing in her son. "Uh, were you going to take some pictures?"

"Oh, yeah. Right," Mitch replied, his mother's words snapping him out of his trance. He brought the camera up and started taking some pictures, his mother posing for him with very few instructions required.

Nicole was loving it, knowing her son would be using these pictures he was taking of her to jerk off to. She'd noticed those shoes she'd picked out in a number of pictures of her on his computer, from the folder labelled 'Business Attire'. He had a thing for glamorous women in business clothes and sexy high heels, and shoes like the ones she'd bought had figured prominently in a number of shots. After she'd stepped from one side of the family room to the other, giving him a variety of shots in which she usually gave him a smolderingly hot 'come-hither' look, she stopped and turned

to him. "Since this is supposed to be the type of thing I wear to work, how about we take some shots where I'm sitting at the desk," Nicole said, pointing to a desk on one side of the family room that her husband usually used.

"Sure, let's try it," Mitch responded, eager for as many shots of his mother as he could get.

Nicole stepped over to the desk and pulled out the rolling chair, and then stopped. "Before I sit down, maybe we should take a few shots where I'm standing at the desk, as if I'm looking down at some important papers. What do you think?"

"Yeah, good idea."

Nicole stood facing the desk, with Mitch at the side looking at her in profile, camera up and ready. She leaned well over the desk, reaching out with the hand on the opposite side of her body from where Mitch was and put her fingertips on a piece of paper. She kept her other hand on her hip and her elbow well back, giving her son a perfect view of her ample tits in profile as she leaned over.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch mumbled as he surveyed his stacked mother's gorgeous curvy body from the side. Her bum was nice and round, beautifully displayed in the sexy pencil skirt, her nylon clad legs looking shapely and alluring in the shimmering black hose, all the way down to those teasingly sinful shoes, the one nearest him tilted up provocatively as she leaned over. His eyes followed the tempting lines of her body back up to her midsection, where the tight vest formed smoothly to her slender waist, and then flared out in a cupping fashion around her spectacular breasts, huge teasing shadows falling on the underside of the massive orbs as she leaned over. For a few seconds, Mitch stood spellbound, the only part of him that was moving was the slab of meat inside his pants getting bigger.

"Is this pose okay?" Nicole asked, turning to look at Mitch, a lock of her frosty blonde hair falling teasingly over one vivid blue eye, her lashes long and inviting.

"Y...yes...that's perfect," Mitch stammered as he finally got his wits about him and started snapping pictures. He took a number from that side, and he even zoomed in for a few shots of his mother's magnificent chest, knowing he'd make use of those shots, and more, in his daily jackoff sessions. He then moved all around her, snapping pictures as she varied the pose slightly, occasionally looking right into the camera with a teasing look that was hot enough to melt steel. It didn't take long before Mitch was hard as a rock again, his face gleaming with a fine sheen of sweat as his heart beat rapidly in his chest.

"Okay, why don't I sit down for a few shots?" Nicole slid into the chair, which was turned sideways from the desk at this point. As she faced Mitch straight on, she shifted forward in the chair, as if trying to get more comfortable. She didn't look down, but she could feel her skirt sliding higher on her thighs, which was exactly what she'd intended. She hunched forward in the chair at the same time as she turned it slightly towards the desk, once more causing the skirt to shift even higher. In her peripheral vision, she could see Mitch looking down at her, his eyes focussed on her legs. She took the outside leg closest to him and drew it up and over the other, crossing her legs teasingly. Although she didn't move her head, she looked down from the corner of her eye and saw just what she'd hoped.

"Oh my God," Mitch thought to himself as he looked down at his mother. When she'd sat down in the chair and shifted around to get comfortable, he'd noticed her skirt slide higher on her gorgeous thighs. And now, when she'd crossed her legs, he got a teasing glimpse of her stocking tops and

just a hint of her creamy thigh above. The band at the tops of her nylons were a myriad of delicate black lace, and looked deliciously sexy as they gripped her thighs tightly. He could see that with the way they fit, they had to be thigh-highs, just like he loved in so many pictures of her he'd Photoshopped. He wasn't keen on pantyhose, and those thigh-highs looked fantastic. It made him dream of seeing more. His mother seemed focussed on the top of the desk before her, and it appeared that she didn't even notice that her skirt had ridden up revealingly. He hoped she wouldn't notice before he got a few shots in. "That's perfect, Mom," he said hurriedly, trying to keep her distracted. "Why don't you just keep your chair a little bit sideways like that, but reach forward and do a little writing, as if you're working on a report or something."

"Alright." Nicole grabbed a pen off the desk and shifted forward, the upper part of her body over the front of the desk while still sitting slightly sideways in the chair. When she'd moved, she'd felt her skirt move just a little higher, just as she wanted. She knew that would make even more of her stocking tops come into view. She peered down at the paper in front of her, her perverted mind going into overdrive as she teased her horny teenage son.

"Fuck me," Mitch muttered to himself as he started snapping away, almost all of his mother's stocking top visible on the one leg she had provocatively crossed over the other. He took a number of shots as he moved from side to side in front of her, again he surreptitiously zoomed in for a few shots of those tantalizing legs of hers.

Nicole was really getting into it, teasing her son mercilessly as he took picture after picture of her in the sexy business clothes. At one point, she held the back end of the pen up and teasingly took it between her ovalled lips, and then moved it teasingly back and forth as she looked at the meaningless words on the page in front of her.

Mitch noticed what his mother was doing, zooming in on her pretty face as she pursed her lipstick-painted lips and then moved the pen back and forth between them, as if she was sucking a little cock. Mitch felt his turgid prick lurch in his pants, and hoped he wouldn't go off right then and there. His mother then leaned forward and pretended to be writing something, and as she did, her huge breasts sat right on the desktop, spreading out slightly to each side as she continued to pretend writing. Mitch snapped a number of shots of the big heavy mounds, teasingly pressed onto the desktop. He thought about how good it would be to be that desktop right now, to feel the impressive weight of those massive guns pressing down on him, incredibly soft and deliciously warm.

"RING!...RING!"

Mitch stepped back, surprised by the ringing of the phone. Equally startled, Nicole picked up the phone on the desk. "Hello." Mitch watched, wondering who it was, upset that their photo session had been interrupted.

"Oh hi, honey. Where are you?" Nicole flicked her eyes to Mitch's, letting him know it was his father.

"Uh...okay, sure. I wasn't expecting you for another hour or so." Mitch could tell by the look on his mother's face that she didn't seem too happy about their photo session being cut short either.

"Yes, he's home." Her eyes flicked back to Mitch as her husband continued to talk on the other end. "So you're on your way for the pizza right now?" Mitch watched her eyebrows furrow and her mouth turn down in a bit of a grimace as she listened. "Okay, I guess we'll see you in about ten minutes then. Bye."

Nicole hung up the phone, pissed off that her plan had been cut short. She still had another killer outfit she wanted to show her son—now, that was going to have to wait. "Your father left work early. He wants to get everything he needs to do finished and then get to bed early for that stupid fishing trip tomorrow." Mitch could hear the irritation in her voice, and although he was upset about their photo shoot being cut short, it made him just as happy to see that his mother was upset about it as well. "He's picking up a pizza and he'll be home in about ten minutes. I guess I should get changed, I don't want to get these new clothes messed up. Sweetie, since he's going to be here soon, could you set the table?" As Nicole said that, she looked down at herself, seeing that her skirt was hiked up over her crossed legs. "Oh dear, was my skirt like that the whole time?" she asked, making sure Mitch's gaze followed hers down to her shapely thighs before standing up and smoothing down her skirt.

"Uh...no. I don't think so. I never really noticed," Mitch lied with a dismissive shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh good," Nicole said as she stepped up to Mitch and gave him another peck on the cheek. "Thanks so much for taking those pictures, sweetie. That was fun."

"Yes, it was," Mitch replied, feeling himself flushing as his mother's warm fragrant scent overwhelmed him.

Nicole stopped at the foot of the stairs, one hand on the bannister as she turned to him, a coquettish look in her eyes. "I was hoping to show you one more outfit before your father got home." She paused for a second as Mitch looked at her expectantly, and then she tilted her head slightly and gave him another smolderingly hot look. "I think you'll like this one even better than the other two. Maybe sometime tomorrow...when your father's gone. Would you like that, baby?"

Mitch was beside himself with excitement, his cock like an iron bar in his pants as he looked at his mother standing before him in that incredibly sexy business outfit and those amazing shoes. And now, she'd called him 'Baby', something she hadn't done it years. Something about the way she said it sent a jolt right to his cock, his mind racing with lurid thoughts at what the simple use of that one word seemed to promise. He hoped to find out tomorrow, when his father was gone, just like she'd said. He couldn't wait to see the other outfit she'd mentioned, especially when she'd given him that sultry look when she talked about it.

"Yes, I'd love to see it tomorrow," Mitch replied, loving the teasing smile on his mother's face as she turned and made her way upstairs. He watched her lush backside sway provocatively from side to side as she walked up the stairs, riveted in place by his view of her fantastic body. As she disappeared from view, he finally broke out of his trance, willing his turgid prick to calm down as he made his way into the kitchen and grabbed some plates. He'd just finished setting the table when he heard the garage door open and then his father entered, a big pizza box from Gino's in his hand.

"Hey, son, the weekend is upon us, and I hope the fish are biting," Rick said as he plopped the pizza box down on the table.

"I hope so too, Dad," Mitch replied, setting a pile of napkins down in the middle of the table. After what had just happened with his mother, he wanted to make sure he had the lay of the land confirmed for the next day. "You guys are staying over Saturday night, right?"

"Yeah, Ed booked a cabin up there for the night," Rick said as he pulled off his tie and walked over to the fridge. He tossed Mitch a Pepsi as he cracked open a beer for himself and poured a glass of red wine for his wife.

"So...uh, what time do you think you'll be back Sunday?"

"We'll fish in the morning for awhile before heading back. So...I don't know, we'll probably be back around noon or 1:00. I'll call when we're on our way. Just like with you, your mother likes me to call like that."

Mitch wasn't sure why, but he was happy to hear that he and his mother would have plenty of notice before his father got home.

"You make sure you help your mother clean up that attic," Rick said, nodding to Mitch to let him know he was serious. "I don't want you taking off with Justin and leaving her to do it on her own. Whatever your mother asks you to do, you do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dad. Don't worry, I'll do whatever Mom wants me to do." As Mitch poured his can of Pepsi into a glass he was already dreaming of what he wanted his mother to ask him to do. Obscene thoughts ran through his brain as he thought about her in the two new outfits she'd already shown him. He couldn't wait to see what that next outfit she'd mentioned was like.

"So, you brought pizza?" Nicole said as she strode into the dining room.

"Yeah, I figured that would be a good way to start the weekend." Rick handed Nicole her glass of wine and held up his glass of beer. "To a successful weekend, whether that be fishing or cleaning up the attic?"

"Yes, to a successful weekend," Nicole said as the three of them clinked glasses and drank. Mitch noticed she gave him a sly little smile when she said that, again that look in her eyes setting him to wondering what she was thinking.

"Is that a new outfit? I don't think I've ever seen that before?" Rick said as he sat down and grabbed a big slice out of the pizza box.

"Yes, it is. I picked up a couple of new things today. I'm glad you like it." Nicole turned towards Mitch. "What do you think, sweetie?"

Mitch noticed when his mother turned away from his father, she gave him a conspiratorial little wink as she faced him, turning her lush MILFish body from side to side for him to look at. Again, Mitch was knocked out by what she was wearing. His eyes were once again drawn to her voluptuous breasts, gorgeously displayed by a sleeveless powder-blue ribbed turtleneck. Like the black turtleneck she'd worn last night, the vertical ribs followed the delightful contours of her round heavy breasts as they flowed in and out around the soft pillows of tit-flesh. The light blue material accentuated the immense size of them by casting alluring shadows on her midsection. Below that, she had on a denim miniskirt that fit snugly around her curvy behind, the hem of the mini ending at about mid-thigh, teasingly perfect for someone her age. The blue of both her top and her skirt made her warm blue eyes look even more alluring, her gorgeous blonde hair framing her lovely features enchantingly. Finally able to draw his gaze up from her shapely body to her face, Mitch could see the gleam in her eyes as she turned slightly from side to side, giving him great views of her fantastic body. "It looks very nice, Mom." He returned her sly smile. "Did you buy any other new things?"

"Oh, a couple of other things," Nicole said as she reached for a slice of pizza, giving Mitch another secretive wink.

"I need another beer," Rick said a couple of minutes later as he finished the bottle in front of him.

Nicole looked over her shoulder until he was busy rummaging around in the fridge before turning to Mitch and whispering quietly, "This isn't the outfit I was talking about. I'll show you that one tomorrow." She accompanied this by reaching beneath the table and giving Mitch's leg a little squeeze, her fingers closing around his thigh. Mitch almost groaned out loud, his mother pulling her hand away just as his father sat back down at the table. With the blood once more surging to his prick, Mitch could barely keep his hands from shaking as he picked up his slice of pizza and took a bite, his eyes flicking over to the front of his mother's tight sweater, her nipples now poking against the tight blue fabric. Fortunately for Mitch, she behaved herself for the rest of the meal. He was afraid if she touched his leg again, he'd go off right in his pants.

"Well, I'm going into the garage to get all my gear in order. Ed's going to be here so early, I want to make sure I've got everything ready to go."

As Rick headed to the garage, Mitch helped his mother clean up, which was a breeze, with just the pizza box to throw out and a few dishes to stick in the dishwasher.

"If you want to go to your room, I'm fine here," Nicole said as she finished straightening up.

Mitch could have sworn his mother's eyes had flicked down to his swollen crotch when she'd said that, but maybe it was just wishful thinking on his part. After that second photo session, and then with what had happened at the dinner table, he couldn't wait to get to his room and whip off another load.

"Uh...okay, thanks."

"I'm going up too. I've got some work e-mails I need to catch up on."

"After you then," Mitch said, holding his hand out in the direction of the stairs.

"Such a gentleman, I love it," Nicole replied, teasingly tracing one red-tipped fingernail along her son's handsome jawline. Mitch eagerly followed his mother upstairs, once more taking advantage of the sensational view she gave him of her backside in the denim mini.

Mitch rushed into his room, firmly closing the door behind him. He was so horny, he thought he was going to go crazy if he didn't get a load off soon. He plugged his camera into his computer and started uploading the new pictures, tearing off his clothes at the same time. He strode over to his closet, grabbing his gym bag with his jackoff supplies, and within just a minute or so his Vaseline-covered hand was pumping back and forth along his rigid erection.

In the next room, Nicole watched the scene going on in her son's room, the microphone turned off in case her husband came into the room. With her hand beneath her sweater, her fingertips toying with her stiff rubbery nipples, she watched as Mitch quickly came, strand after strand of thick ropey cum shooting high in the air before falling back on his chest and midsection, his body quickly becoming covered with ribbons and gobs of thick teenage semen. Nicole found her mouth watering for the stuff, thinking about how luxurious it would taste as rolled it around in her mouth, the warm silky goo sliding deliciously down her throat. "What a waste," she thought as eventually Mitch wiped up the thick wads of spunk with his cum-towel.

"I hope I can sleep tonight," Rick said a short time later as he came into the bedroom. It was still early, but Nicole knew he liked to try and get to bed early when he was due to get up in the middle

of the night for these fishing trips. She minimized her computer screen, but not until she'd already watched her horny teenage son jerk off two more times, images of her in her new outfits filling his two computer screens. She stepped out from behind the privacy screen and walked towards her husband.

"If you're worried about sleeping, why don't you take one of those sleeping pills the doctor gave me. You'll fall asleep nice and easy and you'll feel great when you wake up," she offered.

"That's a great idea." Nicole stepped into the en-suite washroom, quickly returning with the pills and a glass of water.

"Here you go, honey. For somebody your size, take two of them. That'll do the trick." With a pleased smile on her face, she watched as Rick popped two of the pills into his mouth and downed the glass of water.

"Thanks, dear," Rick said as he pulled on his pajamas and slid into bed, checking to make sure his alarm clock was set. "Sorry I'm such a downer tonight. I don't think I can even stay up to watch a movie or something."

"That's fine. I've got some work I need to do anyway," Nicole replied, nodding towards her office area. She knew what she'd be watching on her computer screen for the rest of the night was going to be better than any movie.

"Okay. I'll make sure I'm quiet when I leave." Rick turned off his light and pulled up the covers as Nicole quietly retreated behind the privacy screen. Within ten minutes, she heard the comforting sounds of Rick snoring peacefully, a pleased smile on her face. Knowing she'd now be undisturbed, she closed her e-mail and pulled up the camera icon, her screen filling with the view of her son's room once more. She could see Mitch at his computer, moving the mouse here and there as he worked. She zoomed in with the camera. On the screen that he wasn't working on, he had five pictures side by side of the outfits she'd been wearing today. On the screen right in front of him, she saw an image of a busty woman in a brilliant white corset, her legs adorned by shimmering white hose as well. The woman looked stunning in the full bridal lingerie ensemble. As Mitch moved the mouse here and there, she watched spellbound as he brought in a picture of her face, resizing and moving it here and there as he continued to edit the various layers until he had it just right. Even through the nanny cam, she could see how realistic it looked—as if she was actually in the original picture. She watched as he edited a couple more photos, placing her in white lingerie in each of those as well, and then when he filled that screen with an additional five new pictures he'd just worked on, he started to jack off again.

"I love the stamina of youth," Nicole said to herself as she watched Mitch's hand stroke back and forth along his huge cock. Checking to hear the Rick was still snoring, she pushed her little denim skirt up and slipped her fingers right down inside her panties. When Mitch ended up coming, she came too, her warm creamy nectar gushing out around her fingers. After Mitch rested for a bit and then wiped up with his cum-towel, he finally shut his computer down. Nicole watched as he pulled on a pair of worn boxers, knowing this was his sleepwear of choice. She sighed as his huge heavy cock disappeared from view as he pulled his boxers on. Even in its flaccid state, it was bigger than her husband's.

Mitch grabbed a book and slid into bed, sitting up against the headboard as he read. Checking to see that Rick was still peacefully asleep, Nicole went into her walk-in closet and changed, putting on one of the new things she'd bought, a sapphire-blue chemise trimmed in delicate white lace around

the hem and bra cups. She adjusted her massive tits, pushing the girls together and up until they all but poured out of the confining satin cups, the lace trim looking perfect against the upper swells of her big tits. The chemise came with a matching robe of the same sapphire-blue. Checking her hair in the mirror, she fluffed it up until it looked wild and sexy. She touched up her lips with some clear gloss, making them look wet and enticing. She walked by her bed, looking at her husband asleep, dead to the world. She quietly closed the bedroom door and tiptoed to her son's room.

"Tap...tap...tap..."

"Uh...yes?" Mitch said, wondering what was going on.

"It's me, sweetie. Is it okay if I come in for a minute?"

"Sure, Mom," Mitch replied. He couldn't remember the last time his mother had come into his room like this.

Nicole entered her son's room and quietly closed the door behind her. She made her way across to his bed where he sat up against the headboard, his handsome young body illuminated in the warm amber glow provided by his bedside lamp, the powerful plates of his muscular chest looking fantastic in the soft light.

Mitch gaped wide-eyed as his mother walked across the room, his hungry young eyes feasting on her buxom form. He'd never seen her in lingerie like this, other than what he'd dressed her in on the pictures he had on his computer. Come to think of it, he had a few shots of her in a blue satin outfit just like this.

"How are you doing, sweetheart?" she asked as she sat down on the side of his bed, turning slightly so she was facing him. His eyes opened wide as he instinctively looked at her chest, the sides of her robe gaping open as she settled down. Her breasts looked amazing, the huge orbs delightfully filling the cups of the chemise, the white lace almost calling for his hands to reach out and trace along the upper edge of the delectable bra cups. He knew he could never get enough of looking at his mother spectacular 36Es.

"I...I'm f...fine," he stammered, unable to draw his gaze away from her gorgeous tits. "Is...is that the other outfit you were talking about?"

"Oh no," Nicole replied, shifting slightly on her perch. When she did, the light satin fabric slid off one of her legs, giving him a view of the inside of one creamy thigh. She pretended as if she never noticed as she continued to talk. "This is one of the new things I bought, but this isn't the outfit I was talking about. I'll definitely show you that one tomorrow. No, I just wanted to stop in and make sure you're okay to help me with that attic tomorrow. I know you've had a tough week at school and the weekend is the time for you to relax too."

"That's fine, Mom, really. I'm more than happy to help. I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Whatever I want?"

There it was—she had that sultry lilt to her voice again as she looked at him with that titillating look in her eyes. Mitch felt his chest tighten with excitement as he looked at his mother, his gaze following her fingertips hypnotically as she traced them along the line of her throat, down to her chest, and along the deep dark line of her cleavage. He could feel his prick starting to tent up the front of his boxers already. "I...uh...yes, I'll do whatever you want me to do, Mom."

His mother reached over and put her hand on top of his covers, her fingers caressing his lower thigh. "Well, don't worry—I won't work you too hard," she said softly, emphasizing the word 'hard'. She moved her hand, her fingers sliding slowly upwards along his thigh. "Unless you want me to..."

Speechless, Mitch felt his cock rapidly stiffening as her hand got closer and closer to his rising prick. Just as he thought she was going to slide her hand over right onto his throbbing erection, she stopped and leaned over, her warm lips kissing his cheek gently before she whispered softly into his ear. "Until tomorrow, baby, and then Mommy'll show you more than one new outfit."

Without waiting for a response, Nicole slid off of his bed and stood up, making her way deftly out of his room, leaving Mitch sitting up against the headboard gasping for air, his heart racing like a runaway freight train in his chest.

Nicole stole silently back into her room, listening to her husband's snoring as she made her way to her computer. She brought up the camera window she'd minimized earlier, just in time to see her son pull open his bedside table drawer and pull out a smaller jar of Vaseline. With the sound still turned off, she watched him throw off the covers and kick off his boxers, his beautiful cock rearing up stallion-like from his crotch. As her own fingers slipped beneath her silky robe and between her legs, her son's slick hand started vigorously pumping up and down along the full turgid length of his rigid erection. It had been sinfully arousing to tease her son like she'd just done, and she could feel her juices running out of her steaming little box as her fingers slid deep inside. She watched her son pumping away, strands of pre-cum flicking this way and that as they glittered like diamonds in the light from his bedside lamp. She watched his stomach muscles flex invitingly and he threw back his head, just before a massive white rope shot skyward, the milky ribbon of potent teenage semen almost reaching the ceiling before falling back onto his stomach in a massive wad. He pumped away as his body continued to flex, totally unloading as his hand flew feverishly back and forth, shot after shot of thick creamy cum spewing into the air.

"Oh fuck," Nicole muttered to herself, her fingers bringing herself off again as well, her cunt-honey coating her whole hand as she slid her fingers in and out of her velvety channel, the hot wet tissues inside her releasing their succulent oily discharge. "Tomorrow, that beautiful cum is going to be all mine."

...to be continued...