

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 03

rmDEXter

Stacked mom shows off her wedding dress to her obsessed son.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

15k words

"KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Huh...wha...?" Mitch mumbled, woken out of a deep sleep by the knocking at his door.

"Wake up, lazybones." Without even being asked this time, his mother opened his bedroom door and stepped into the room. "I don't want you sleeping the day away." As Mitch rolled over onto his back and rubbed the sleep from his eyes, his mother strode across the room and opened his blinds, the early morning sunshine streaming into the room. The last thing he remembered was having another one of those dreams about his mother, this one where she was riding him to one orgasm after another while dressed in a black leather corset and thigh-high boots. As his eyes quickly got accustomed to the light, he looked at her, hoping he'd see her wearing the outfit she'd worn in his dream. No such luck—as she stood at the window adjusting the blinds, he could see she was wearing her usual fluffy white robe, not even the sexy blue one she'd been wearing the night before.

"Wha...what time is it?" Mitch asked, still squinting.

"It's almost nine. I knew if I let you sleep, you'd be there until noon." Mitch knew she was right—he often slept in until close to that time on weekends. His mother walked over to his bed and sat on the edge, just like she'd done last night. She leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead, and then reached forward, tousling his mop of hair. His eyes immediately went to her chest, where her mouthwatering 36Es were swelling out from the front of her gaping robe. He could tell she was wearing nothing beneath, and as she settled down, her boobs quivered delightfully, the huge mounds making him salivate. He was happy to see she made no move to pull the sides of the gaping robe closer together.

"Did you have a good sleep?" Nicole asked, her fingers tenderly smoothing out his disheveled hair.

"Yeah, it was really good," Mitch replied, knowing he'd slept like a log after jerking out multiple loads last night after seeing her in her new clothes.

"Good, then you'll have lots of energy to do what I want you to do today." Nicole smiled down at her son, knowing exactly how she planned on making use of that seemingly endless teenage energy. She'd been up for an hour, but was getting restless, wanting to put her plan in motion, and she definitely didn't want to leave her son to wake up on his own and start jerking off. She knew a thing about teenage boys, and after all, she was used to washing his spunk-stained sheets. So she'd woken him up, wanting to make sure his first load of the day was going to be hers.

"Is Dad gone?" Mitch asked, his eyes surreptitiously flicking down to his mother's partially-exposed breasts.

"Yes, he's gone. I never even heard him leave. Now, it's going to get hot up in the attic, so I figured we should get a fairly early start."

"How long do you think it will take?" It had been awhile since Mitch had been up in the attic. They'd had this big old house for as long as he could remember. His parents had renovated a lot of the interior to provide for all mod cons, but the attic remained, a huge storage space accessed by one of those old pull-down hatches with a ship's ladder stair attached. There were a couple of dormer windows up there that provided a decent degree of filtered light, but Mitch knew that even if they opened the windows, it would get hot up there in a hurry. He wasn't looking forward to spending most of the day up there.

"About two hours should do it. There's not as much to do as your father thinks. Now, I've already got breakfast going so we won't have to waste any more time." Mitch had definitely noticed the alluring scent of bacon warmly filtering into his room. "It's going to be ready in just a few minutes, so why don't you grab a shower and then come right down?" Nicole got up from the bed and strode to the door, turning towards him with a wry smile on her face. "And no dawdling in the shower." Mitch noticed her gaze flick down to his crotch, so his eyes instinctively followed hers, where he noticed his morning hard-on was tenting up his covers. He'd been so sleepy, he'd never even noticed the pronounced mound. He felt himself flushing with embarrassment as he looked back at her. "Now hurry up. I don't want my pancakes to burn." With that knowing smile on her face, his mother left his room.

Mitch would have loved to whip off a load, but he didn't want to have his mother upset with him, especially today. It was funny the way his mother had looked at his crotch when she'd made that comment about 'dawdling in the shower'. Mitch remembered the first time he'd masturbated. He'd been in the shower after a baseball game when he was much younger, rinsing off the sweat and dirt. He started washing his penis, his soapy hands rubbing over his loins. All of sudden, it started to feel really good and he felt his dink getting hard. His curiosity piqued by the intriguing new sensation, he'd kept rubbing his stiffening member, his lathered-up hands sliding briskly back and forth. And then those tingling sensations started. He wondered what was happening, and then for a couple of seconds there, he thought he was going to pass out. But he couldn't stop, and the next thing he knew, white strands of fluid were shooting from the end of his prick, and he was overwhelmed by the most exquisite sensations imaginable. Suffice it to say, Mitch started taking a lot of long hot showers after that. But today he'd have to put that adolescent hobby aside and get ready quickly.

Mitch dried himself thoroughly, brushing his teeth to get rid of his 'morning breath', and running a comb through his unruly hair. Heeding his mother's advice about what to expect in the attic, he pulled on a pair of white fitted boxers and his favorite old pair of jeans. He grabbed an old red t-shirt as well, one of the ones he usually wore when cutting the grass or doing other chores around the house. He hurried downstairs, the alluring scent of bacon and pancakes drawing him like iron filings to a magnet.

"Here you go," Nicole said, handing him a steaming mug of coffee. "There's orange juice on the table and the rest of this is almost ready."

Mitch sipped his coffee as he looked at her standing at the stove, spatula in hand. Man, how could any woman look so fucking hot, even in a plain old bathrobe. Her beautiful tits looked fantastic in profile, the front of the robe pushed out dramatically, enticing shadows falling on the underside of the massive guns, the dark shades shifting teasingly on the soft terrycloth as she flipped one of the pancakes. He hopped up on the counter so could have a better look at his mother's gorgeous MILFish body, his legs dangling over the edge of the counter. He used to do that all the time when he was little, watching his mother cook. He couldn't think of a better time to resurrect that old move, taking a sip from the hot mug as he looked at her. From his perch slightly above and right

next to her, he could look right down onto those magnificent swells, which again, she seemed in no hurry to cover up as the front of her robe gaped open. As she flipped another pancake and her boobs jiggled teasingly, he could have sworn he saw a little bit of her darker areola beneath the edge of the loose robe. "Mmmm, so good," Mitch said, talking about the coffee but thinking of the fantastic view he had of his mother's sumptuous chest.

"I'm glad you like it," Nicole replied. "I think we're going to have a good day today, you and me."

There it was again, that sly little twinkle in her eye that had Mitch reeling already. "I hope so. I'm glad you think it won't take that long. I think you're right—it's going to get hot up there. I wouldn't want to be up there all afternoon."

"Don't worry," she said as she turned off the burners and started loading the last of the pancakes onto the platter next to her. "Even if it gets too hot, we can always go for a swim. I got a couple of new bathing suits yesterday too."

"You did?" Mitch asked, that nervous lump in his throat again as he thought about how he'd felt looking at the other new things she'd bought.

"Yes. I think you'll like them too. One's a white bikini, but I'm not sure if I'm a little too old to wear it. You would tell me if you think it wasn't appropriate, right?"

"S...sure," Mitch mumbled, the hand holding his coffee cup starting to shake as he thought about his stacked mother in a white bikini. He actually had to reach out and take hold of the cup with both hands in order to stop himself from spilling it all over the counter.

"Good," Nicole said as she saw her son's nervous reaction. "Let's eat." She stepped over to the breakfast table, setting down the two big plates of pancakes and bacon. They both dug in, and Mitch didn't realize how ravenous he was until he started eating. Coated in the warm butter and maple syrup, the pancakes tasted heavenly. The salty bacon cut the sweetness perfectly, and washing everything down with the orange juice and strong hot coffee was just perfect. He ate twice as much as his mother, and wolfed down the final strip of bacon and the last pancake that she offered him.

Nicole sat watching her son eat, her mug of coffee in front of her, the warm fragrant scent wafting into her senses. She loved the way he watched her, especially the way his eyes zeroed in on the front of her robe whenever she moved. She'd purposely not worn anything beneath, anxious to have her handsome young son get in the mood for what she knew was to come—'to come', she thought, and smiled to herself at what that was going to mean in just a short time from now. She remembered looking at those pictures he had on his computer of him jerking off all over pictures of her, and how deliciously surprised she'd been by the size of his cock. Ever since she'd first seen it, she couldn't stop thinking about it—how it would feel in her hands, in her mouth, to feel the intense heat of it as she rolled her tongue over the massive head, what his silvery precum would taste like as it oozed out from his drooling piss-slit onto her tongue, and then how luxurious it would feel when he finally shot, filling her mouth with his thick sperm-laden teenage cum. She thought about how glorious it would feel to have that long hard horse-like cock stretching and filling her mature pussy like it had never been filled before, making her squirm and squeal over and over as she came time and again. She shivered with excitement as she thought about it.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Mitch asked, seeing his mother tremble as she brought her hand up and fanned her pretty face.

"I'm fine, sweetheart, just a little warm from drinking this coffee too fast. This robe is kind of warm too." She set down her coffee cup and grabbed one of the lapels of the robe in her hand and started fanning herself with it, knowing she was giving her son an even better glimpse of her round heavy breasts.

"Oh sweet Jesus," Mitch said to himself as his gaze went instinctively to his mother's chest, the mounds jiggling softly as she fanned herself with the turned up lapel, the delicious swells of tit-flesh seeming to just be calling out for his itchy hands.

Nicole had tilted her head up and closed her eyes as she tried to cool herself, giving her son free rein to feast his eyes on her voluptuous breasts. Through slitted eyes she watched him, his warm brown eyes as big as crop circles as he blatantly stared into the deep dark valley of her mile-long cleavage. She saw his hand slip beneath the table, and knew he was adjusting the growing bulge in his jeans. Yes, things were coming along just perfectly.

"Well, that attic isn't going to clean itself," she said as she pulled her robe tight around her and stood up. "You put the stuff in the dishwasher while I go and get changed. And can you open the attic hatch? I always have trouble with that. The step ladder is already up there. You better put some shoes on too. I don't know what we're going to find up there."

"Sure, Mom," Mitch replied, trying to will his stiffening cock to calm down. He hoped with his mother out of his sight for a couple of minutes, he'd be able to get himself under control. He knew it wasn't likely, but he hoped he wasn't going to be walking around with a hard-on all morning either. He wished he'd had time to whip off a load when he got up, to take the edge off, at least for a little while. "Baseball, think about baseball," he said to himself as he filled the dishwasher, remembering a line from an old Woody Allen movie. But thinking about balls and long hard bats wasn't really doing the trick, and his rearing pecker was still causing problems as he grabbed a pair of tennis shoes and made his way upstairs, adjusting the swollen member as he went, visions of his mother's big soft tits still swirling around his teenage brain.

At the end of the upstairs hallway, he found the stepladder and put it beneath the ceiling hatch. He climbed up and opened the hatch, the folding stair coming down easily until it settled on the floor of the hallway. Mitch made his way up the rickety old stair, seeing the soft morning light filtering in from the dormer windows across the front of the house. He also turned on the lights, which were nothing more than a couple of bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling. He looked around at the numerous boxes and pieces of old junk everywhere, most of them covered with a thin film of dust. He hoped his mother knew what his father wanted done, because he had no idea where to start.

"How hot is it up here already?" he heard his mother ask as she reached the top of the ladder.

"It's not too bad right—," Mitch stopped in midsentence as he turned to respond to his mother. He found himself unable to speak, and just stared as she took a couple of steps towards him and stood with her hands on her hips, looking around the room as she surveyed what they were up against. His mouth was salivating as he looked at her lush curvy body, looking absolutely incredible in what she was wearing. Her curvy rear end was covered by a pair of stretchy red shorts that fit her like a second skin and finished high on her thighs, the brevity of the shorts causing his eyes to linger on the creamy expanse of her toned thighs and long shapely legs. He took all that in in a split second, as his eyes immediately shifted to her upper half, and his heart started racing in his chest, causing his break in speech. She was wearing a brilliant white singlet, what some people call a 'wife-beater', the tight fabric of the singlet molding itself alluringly to her full hourglass figure. Beneath it he could see the outline of a lacy white bra, and he just knew from the way her breasts were standing

up proudly from her chest that the bra was heavily reinforced with underwire, absolutely necessary to carry the immense weight of her 36Es. Her nipples were visible, even through the two layers of both the singlet and her bra. They stood out boldly against the tight-fitting apparel, the dark shadows beneath the protruding buds hinting at their size. He found his mouth watering as he thought what it would be like to run his hands up the front of her body and cup those magnificent breasts, and then let his fingertips toy with those stiffening nipples.

The singlet was so tight that he could clearly see the delicate pattern of the lace around the substantial cups, and the neck of the singlet scooped deeply, giving him another tantalizing view of her cleavage, the deep dark line drawing his eyes like a magnet. He couldn't believe it—he had a picture like this on his computer that he'd Photoshopped her into, but she looked far better than the original model ever could. His mother's breasts were far bigger, even though the original model had a pretty impressive set. No, the way his mother looked in that singlet was simply outstanding, and he gave up right then and there trying to keep his cock under control. As he felt it push against the front of his confining boxers, he knew there was no way he was going to stop himself from getting a hard-on.

Nicole took her time looking around the room, keeping her eyes averted from her son so he could look at her. She'd noticed he hadn't been able to even answer her question, but realized he had other things on his mind right now, much more important things than talking about the temperature—her tits. Once she figured he'd had enough of a free show, she turned to him and stepped forward, closing the gap between them. She flicked her eyes down, noticing a definite pulsing in that bulge in his jeans. When she brought her eyes back up, she noticed he was still staring openly at her chest, his face flushed. "We haven't even started and you're already sweating. It doesn't seem that bad up here," she said, giving him another one of her quirky smiles.

"Oh...uh...yeah," Mitch mumbled out a reply, not even sure of what he was saying.

"But it is going to get hot in a hurry. I guess it's a good thing I wore this outfit." Nicole did a little pirouette, giving Mitch a view from all sides of her spectacular mommy body. He almost gasped out loud as he looked at her full curvy bottom, the tight stretchy shorts looking like they had two small beach balls inside them. He couldn't see any panty lines and all, and found himself gulping as she completed the turn, giving him a glimpse of her pouting mound, the cleft down the middle of it teasingly visible beneath the tight red fabric.

"Is...is that the other outfit you said you wanted to show me?" Mitch asked, barely able to keep his eyes from bugging out of his head as he stared at his sexy mother's gorgeous body.

"Oh no," Nicole replied, turning her chest from side to side, making her 36Es wobble teasingly within the tightly-stretched singlet. She noticed he couldn't take his eyes off the heavy round orbs, and knew her substantial nipples were thrusting boldly against the front of the singlet. She'd purposely worn one of her 'smooth-front' bras for just that reason, to make sure her nipples were clearly visible. "This little outfit? No, although it is one of the new things I bought yesterday, this is just so I can stay cool doing chores."

As Mitch let his hungry eyes roam blatantly over her buxom form, he prayed that from now on his mom would have a lot of chores to do, especially if she dressed like this to do them. Nicole looked directly at him and she had that mischievous twinkle in her eye again as she spoke, "The outfit I mentioned is kind of dressy. Not super-dressy, but kind of 'fun-dressy'. Something you'd wear to go out in." She paused, and then tilted her head kittenishly to one side. "I know, since your father's

away, how about you and I go out for dinner? I could kind of be your date. That would be a perfect reason to wear that new outfit. What do you think?"

"I...I'd love that," Mitch gushed, feeling even more excited about the possibility of both seeing his mother in another one of her sexy new outfits, and of having her as his date.

"You'll have to get dressed up you know," Nicole said, teasingly tracing one red-tipped fingernail down over the muscular plates of his chest as she looked at the old t-shirt and jeans he was wearing. "You can't take me out dressed like this." She put the flat of her hand on his chest, and then slowly slid it down, her fingertips feeling the pronounced definition of his six-pack abs. She could feel her pussy twitching with need already. "Yes, if you expect a goodnight kiss from your date, you're going to have to put on a shirt and tie." She looked up at him, almost pursing her lips in a beckoning gesture. "Do you think you can do that?"

"Y...yes!" Mitch gushed out, feeling his prick lurch in his jeans as his mother's hand on his stomach was driving him crazy.

"That's my boy," Nicole said, pleased with his exuberant reply. "I like to see you all dressed up. Are you sure you're okay? You look a little flushed." She removed her hand from his flat stomach and took a step back.

"I...I'm fine," Mitch said, trying to compose himself, which was difficult with his prick feeling like an iron bar in his pants. "I guess it's hotter up here than I thought."

"You might be right. I'm really glad I wore this." Mitch watched as his mother looked him up and down, her lips turning up in a pleased smile. "Why don't you take your shirt off so you'll be cooler?"

Something about the look in her eyes told Mitch she wanted to get a look at his body. "Okay," he said, peeling off his t-shirt and tossing it aside. He saw his mother's gaze roam over his body, her eyes taking in his broad shoulders and defined shape. Besides his photography and computer obsessions, Mitch also worked out the little gym they had in the basement, and he knew the hours spent on the weight machine there had paid off.

As Mitch pulled his top off, Nicole let her eyes feast on the inverted triangle of his muscular torso. She loved the way the sinews seemed to flow powerfully beneath the skin of his broad shoulders and arms, her gaze following the enticing muscles of his body down to the pronounced plates of his broad chest, and then further down to the rippling abs straddling his midsection. The waistband of his white fitted boxers was teasingly visible above the waistband of his jeans, hinting provocatively at what was lying further south of the wide elastic waistband. She wanted to slide her hand right down over her son's pronounced abs and feel her fingers push that waistband aside, her fingertips searching lower for the enormous cock she now knew was lying in wait like a giant anaconda. She could almost picture how hot it would feel as she got closer and closer, her fingertips finally circling around the massive girth. She had to shake herself out of the trance she found herself in, her own face flushing, just like her son's. Her needy pussy started to feel itchy again, and she hoped she wasn't leaking into her red shorts. "Okay, we should get started," she said, finally able to compose herself enough to address the situation at hand.

"Where should we start?" Mitch asked, happy to see the pink tinge coming into his mother's face as well as she looked at him.

"Those boxes of old clothes over there need to go down. It's stuff we're giving away to charity. I've already sorted them out." Mitch picked up the first box and Nicole watched, the muscles in his

broad back rippling as he bent over and lifted, his firm buttocks looking fantastic in his jeans.

They worked for about half an hour, with Nicole directing Mitch here and there. He made numerous trips up and down the attic's ship's ladder, piling the boxes to be disposed of on the second floor landing. It was starting to get hot, and he could feel himself sweating.

Nicole loved the look of her son as he worked, his body moving fluidly as he labored, his defined muscles looking even better with the fine sheen of perspiration coating his toned body, his skin glistening attractively. She felt her heart racing with excitement as she looked at him, and couldn't wait to put her plan into effect any longer. She moved over to the other side of the room from where Mitch was working, and lifted a couple of small boxes off a bigger flat box lying beneath. "Oh my," she said, drawing Mitch's attention. "I'd almost forgotten this was up here." She set the box down on top of an old table in the middle of the room.

"What is it?" Mitch asked curiously, coming over to stand next to her.

"It's the box with my wedding dress," Nicole replied, lifting the top off the big box. She drew back the clear plastic covering inside the box and drew out the dress, holding it in front of her. "I'd forgotten how beautiful this dress is."

Mitch stared, dumbstruck. He could feel himself shaking with excitement as he looked at his mother holding the dress. If she only knew how many pictures he'd Photoshopped her onto where she was wearing wedding dresses, or bridal lingerie. He didn't know what it was, but seeing her in those types of clothing always made him hard as a rock. Was it just the look of the brilliant white material, or was it the lurking promise of sexual innocence you always associated with a bride, or maybe both—he didn't care, he loved to see her in all sorts of wedding attire, and his cum towel was heavy with the numerous loads he'd jerked off picturing her this way. And now here she was, holding up her own wedding dress against her gorgeous body mere inches away from him. As she pulled it against the front of her, he felt his semi-hard prick lurch in his pants.

"I wonder if it would still fit me?" Nicole said, holding the strapless dress to her lush curvy body. "I'm not sure if the top will fit the same. I think I've gained a little weight up top, if you know what I mean." She gave Mitch a little conspiratorial look as she nodded towards her chest.

"Ohhnnn," Mitch groaned, thinking about what his mother had said about the 'little weight up top' that she'd gained.

"Are you alright, sweetie?" Nicole asked, noticing how flushed Mitch's face had become as he looked at her holding the dress against her buxom mature body.

Mitch coughed, trying to clear his throat. "Yes, I'm fine. Uh...just a little tickle in my throat, I guess."

Smiling to herself, Nicole turned back to the open box as she laid the dress down on the table. "Oh, and all the other things I wore are in here too." She reached inside and pulled out her veil, a delicate piece of sheer lace that she set aside. Below that she lifted out an intricately detailed white merry widow, the heavily structured corset covered with delicate white lace. Like the dress, it was strapless too, with ribbon-like satin garters dangling from the bottom edge. It was so heavily structured to support the tremendous weight of her heavy 36Es that the garment could almost stand on its own, the reinforced panels and bra cups forming to the perfect shape of her lush hourglass figure. She noticed Mitch staring at it, his mouth gaping open and his eyes big as saucers. Holding onto it with one hand, she reached into the box and pulled out a pair of tiny white silk

panties, actually not much more than a wickedly daring G-string. She dangled the tiny piece of shiny fabric from the tip of her index finger, letting it sway from side to side.

"I'm sorry," she said, watching Mitch's eyes follow the swaying pair of panties hypnotically, "I'm sure you're not interested in these kinds of things." As he focused on her hand, she let her own eyes flick down to his crotch. There it was; his immense cock was outlined clearly, wrenched almost totally sideways beneath the confinement of his fitted boxers. She saw a pulsing throb, and saw the bulge shift upwards, as if straining to gain the freedom it knew lay above the constricting waistband.

Mitch felt a shudder of excitement trip down his spine as he looked at the sexy lingerie she was holding. The merry widow was amazingly sexy, and the way she was holding those tiny panties, the shiny silky fabric swaying mesmerizingly before his eyes—he felt close to going off in his pants. It was exactly the kind of thing he'd pictured his mother in, time and time again. If he had a dollar for every time he'd jerked off while looking at pictures of her in lingerie like that, he'd be driving a Ferrari right now.

"Oh, and these are here too," Nicole said, setting down the pieces of lingerie and picking up a pair of sheer white stockings. The gossamer hose glistened as she draped them over one hand and ran her slender fingers along the flowing length, letting Mitch see them in all their glory. They were exquisitely sheer, with intricate lacy stocking tops that would match the merry widow perfectly—after all, she'd bought everything except the wedding dress just the day before. The old lingerie she had when she'd gotten married twenty years ago was nowhere near as nice as this, and that stuff was now stashed away in the bottom of her closet. These things...yes, these things—she'd bought especially for Mitch.

"I'd almost forgotten how sheer these are. Here, feel," Nicole said, casually tossing one stocking over Mitch's lower arm and drawing it slowly across his hand. She could see him tremble with excitement as she teasingly drew the feather-light garment over his hand, the sheer material feeling like a million butterfly kisses against his skin. Mitch could only stand there in awe as she slowly drew in the stocking, the final end dropping from his fingertips into her hand. She turned and laid them back in the box. "I remember how much I loved the way these stockings looked with these shoes," she said, turning back towards him as she held up the pair of shoes that were in the box as well. Like the lingerie, the shoes had been put there by her just the afternoon before.

Mitch looked down at her hands and felt his brain swirling with lascivious thoughts as he looked at the shoes. They were so fucking hot he couldn't believe it. They were white slingbacks, with a sinfully pointy toe and a daringly slender 4" heel. He loved high-heeled slingbacks, the way they made a woman look incredibly hot as they cradled their slender feet within the teasingly sexy shoe itself, the pointy toe looking provocatively sinful, and the sky-high heel made the musculature in their calves and thighs even more defined. Like the other items she had here, he had many pictures of his mother dressed in lingerie while wearing shoes just like that. Fuck, how he loved slingbacks. For some reason, to him, there wasn't a sexier shoe in the world.

"Gosh, how I loved these shoes," Nicole said, holding the brilliant white shoes up to her son and turning them so he could see them from every angle, as if she was a game show model showing off a prize. And to Mitch, it felt just like he had won this week's showcase. All those things in that box were better than any prize he could have picked out—except maybe seeing his mother wearing them.

"Uh...Mom, you mentioned that you wondered if the dress still fit, so...uh..., why don't you try it on and see?" Mitch suggested encouragingly.

Nicole smiled to herself—he'd said exactly what she'd hoped. "Oh, I don't know," she replied with slow shake of her head, as if she wasn't sure of the whole idea. "Like I said, I've gained a few pounds in some places that might not look so great in that dress." She softly patted her own behind and then gestured towards her chest, watching her son's eyes taking in every one of her lush curves.

"Mom, that's nonsense. You look fantastic and I'm sure the wedding dress will still look great," Mitch said, almost pleading with her now.

Nicole looked at her son, loving the hopeful look on his flushed face, his eyes full of longing. She pretended to be fretting with the idea, knitting her brows together and setting her mouth in a bit of a grimace as she looked back at the dress. She could see him breathing rapidly, the possibility of perhaps seeing her in the wedding dress overwhelming him.

"Please, Mom. I'd love to see you in it," he said, almost begging now.

Figuring she'd toyed with him long enough, she let a big smile come over her face. "Well, how can I say no to that? Okay, I'll see if it still fits."

Mitch gestured to the lingerie, stockings and shoes. "Make sure you don't forget those other things. You'll probably have to put on the whole outfit to make sure."

"Good idea." Nicole paused, seeing the relief wash over her son as she agreed to his proposal. "You know, this might be fun."

"Maybe we could have a fashion show, like yesterday, and I could take some pictures." Mitch finally had control of himself again and was already thinking how he could best take advantage of the situation.

"I'd love that," Nicole said. She paused and looked around at what else she'd promised Rick to do in the room. She knew that once she set her plan into effect, there was no way she wanted to come back and finish this job, and that included Mitch. No, he was going to be hers for the rest of the weekend. By the time her husband came home tomorrow, she expected to have drained Mitch of so much cum that his balls would be as dry as stones baking under the desert sun. "Let's get this job finished up before we do that. You know, looking around, there's not really all that much left to do. I think maybe another forty-five minutes, tops."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?" Mitch asked, raring to go.

Twenty minutes later, they were done. Nicole had never seen her son work so hard or move so fast in his life. She lost track of the number of times he carried boxes down those precarious stairs, moving as if a ticking bomb was about to go off if he didn't hurry. Little did she know that ticking bomb was a pipe bomb over 10" long that was stuffed down inside his jeans.

"I think that's it," Nicole said after Mitch came back up the stairs. When he'd gone down with the final box, she'd rubbed her fingertips across her nipples, making them stiffen up. She stood facing him as he wiped his sweaty brow, her hands on her hips with her elbows pulled back as she looked around the room, making sure they had completed their work. From the corner of her eye, she could see him staring at her full breasts, her thick rubbery nipples standing out boldly against the tight white singlet. She took her time as she looked around, making sure he got a good look. "Yeah, I think that's the last one. Your dad should have nothing to complain about now." She looked at

him as she spoke, noticing the massive bulge in his crotch, his muscular body glistening enticingly from his physical labor. "God, he looks hot," she said to herself, feeling herself salivating as she thought about getting her hands on that gorgeous teenage body.

"Can you carry this box down for me, sweetie?" Nicole asked, pointing to the big flat box that carried her wedding dress. She'd put everything back into it while they'd been cleaning up.

"Sure," Mitch replied, eagerly scooping up the box.

Nicole went down the steps first as Mitch stood at the opening in the floor, waiting for the way to clear. Nicole turned and looked back up when she was most of the way down, knowing Mitch would have a bird's eye view right down into her scoop-necked top. "Be careful, sweetie. Make sure you don't fall."

"Oh Jesus," Mitch mumbled to himself as he looked down, his eyes almost bugging out of his head as they came up against the huge swells of tit-flesh exposed in her tantalizing singlet. Man, they were big. "Sure, Mom," he replied, taking a deep breath to calm himself before he followed her down. "Where do you want it?"

"Just put it on my bed for now," Nicole replied, gesturing towards her room.

Mitch took the box to her room and quickly returned to the hallway where she was waiting, looking at the piles of stacked boxes. "What now?" Mitch asked, disheartened as he thought he was now going to have to move the boxes into the garage.

"We'll just leave these here for now. I want your father to take one last look at what's here to make sure we didn't get rid of anything he really wanted to keep." Nicole turned to her son and tenderly stroked his arm, feeling the muscular tendons beneath as her fingers traced over his skin. "Thanks, Mitch. You worked really hard. I think you deserve that dinner out tonight." She winked at him teasingly. "And I'll definitely wear that new outfit I was telling you about...just for you."

There was something about the way she said that last part, 'just for you,' that sent an electric jolt right through him. Her delicate hand felt wickedly sinful on his skin as she traced her fingers over his pronounced bicep, and he felt another tingling shiver run down his spine. "Th...thanks, Mom," Mitch gasped out, his body pulsing with excitement.

Nicole quickly flicked her eyes down to his crotch, seeing the massive bulge still straining against the front of his jeans. "My God," she thought, "that thing has been like that the whole time we've been working." How she loved the stamina of youth. She was eagerly anticipating the idea of having her way with that long stiff monster for hours on end, of having load after load of creamy teenage cum entering her body through one orifice or another. She also realized when she felt that shiver go through him that she better be careful—she'd been teasing him mercilessly since they'd started their little chore and she didn't want him to go off before she had a chance to get her hands on that huge cock of his. She took a step back, reluctantly removing her hand from his strong arm. "Okay, now that we're done with that, I'll see if that wedding dress still fits." Nicole looked at Mitch's sweat-covered body, and as hot as he looked, she knew that when she put on that sexy lingerie and her wedding dress, she wanted things a little different. "You're kind of a mess from working so hard, sweetie. Why don't you go and take a quick shower and put on something nice. After all, I think my photographer should try and look good on my wedding day too."

"Sure," Mitch replied, giving his mother a warm smile. He turned to hurry off when his mother's voice stopped him.

"Don't be too long," Nicole said, wanting to make sure he didn't jerk off that load in the shower that she was waiting for so badly. She gave him a smolderingly seductive look as she reached for the door to her room. "I may need some help getting dressed, and there's nobody else around to help me. So please, don't take too long." With that devilish glint in her eye, she entered her room, closing the door behind her.

Mitch was beside himself, wanting to get a load off so badly but not wanting to keep his mother waiting either. His cock had been pretty much rock-hard all the time they'd been in the attic. Every time it started to subside, he'd just have to look over at her in that tight singlet and stretchy red shorts and his prodigious member would be at full salute within seconds. He hurried to his bedroom and tore off his sweaty clothes, tossing them into the laundry basket and heading for the shower. He purposely got in before the water had thoroughly warmed up, letting the icy pellets drive down his soaring temperature. He wouldn't have believed it, but it did work, his long limber cock now standing only at about half mast. "You can get through this, buddy, there'll be plenty of time to jerk off later," he said to himself as the water warmed up and he grabbed the soap. He scrubbed the slimy sweat off his body and washed his hair, not wasting any time as he thought about the possibilities when it came to helping his mother get dressed. He towel-dried his hair and ran a comb through his unruly locks, making himself presentable. He pulled on a clean pair of fitted boxers, making sure his half-hard dick was tucked firmly into place so it hopefully wouldn't get into any trouble, although 'trouble' with his mother was what he had always dreamed of. He went to his closet and picked out a pair of black dress pants and a nicely-fitted white shirt, one that he knew showed off his trim body nicely.

"Looking good, pal," he said to himself as he looked at the well-dressed guy looking back at him from the mirror over his bathroom sink. He pulled on a pair of black lace-up dress shoes that he kept for special occasions and grabbed his camera, making sure everything was in working order. He took a deep breath to try and calm his racing heart, and then strode to his mother's door, stopping outside and knocking.

As soon as Nicole had entered her room, she turned on her computer and activated the nanny cam. She'd seen her son peel off his dirty clothes and head to the shower, his heavy stiff cock bouncing menacing with each rapid step, the long thick shaft bobbing out at about ninety degrees to his body. She hoped her little ploy about needing his help getting dressed would stop him from stroking that beautiful monster to relieve the pressure she knew must be building in his heavy swollen balls.

Once he disappeared from view in the bathroom, she dealt with her own situation. It hadn't gotten nearly as hot up in the attic as she'd talked about, and since Mitch had done all the heavy lifting under her direction, she hadn't even broken a sweat—which was great, it was going to save her some time. She took off everything she was wearing and went to her dressing table, sitting in front of the mirror and doing her makeup. She started with her eyes, applying smoky eye shadow in an alluring bronzy-pink tone that made them look exotic and sensually alluring. She added some mascara to her already long lashes, making them stand out even more than usual. She brushed a little blush over her prominent cheekbones and then turned to her wide sensuous mouth, applying a thick coating of brilliant red lipstick to her full pouty lips. "Perfect for wrapping around a nice hard cock," she said to herself, forming her bright red lips into an inviting oval before puckering them in a kissing motion.

She started to get dressed, turning the sexy merry widow around in order to do up the hook and eye fasteners in the back. She'd managed it alright in the lingerie store yesterday, and things went even faster today. With each of the tiny hook and eyes in place, she turned it around, her hands

reaching up to position her big girls into the substantial bra cups. It fit perfectly, the strapless merry widow forcing her big heavy tits together and up until they all but spilled over the confining cups. She pulled on the tiny pair of panties, fitting the tiny triangle of material at the front until it cupped the warm mound of her sex nicely. She pulled the slender waistband into place, watching it disappear beneath the bottom edge of the lacy white corset. Nicole then turned and sat on the edge of her bed, pulling the sheer gossamer hose up one long leg at a time, loving the exquisite feel of the wickedly sheer material against her skin. She grabbed the ribbon-like garters from the corset and fastened the intricate lacy tops of the nylons in place, the clasps of the garters biting teasingly into the sexy hose. She slid her feet into the sky-high white slingbacks and looked at herself in the mirror. A contented smile came over her face as she reached up and fluffed out her frosty blonde hair, pleased with the look of the ravishing mature woman looking back at her. It had been a long time since she'd gone to this point in dressing up for a man, but as she remembered looking at the size of her son's gigantic cock, she knew it would be worth it.

"Let's see what my new man is up to?" she said to herself as she stepped over to her computer and looked at the view into her son's room. He was just finishing dressing himself, and was pulling on his shoes as she watched. Satisfied, she turned off the nanny cam and put on some soft background music, but not before also cueing up one specific song that she planned on making use of shortly. She gently took the delicate veil and set it on her bed before lifting the final item out of the box, the wedding dress itself. She put the box in her closet and returned to the bed, taking the strapless wedding dress in hand and carefully stepping into it, her legs looking fabulous in the scintillatingly sheer white hose and the sexy slingback shoes. She pulled the tight-fitting dress over the curvy swells of her backside, feeling the dress settle nicely into place. She positioned the front of the dress over her ample breasts, and smiled to herself as she looked in the mirror. Yes, she had gained a little 'up top' as she'd said, but she could feel the rest of the dress still fit perfectly, and if her breasts swelled over the top of the dress a little more than they had originally, well...she didn't think her son would mind.

"KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Perfect timing," Nicole thought as she stood next to the bed, still holding the dress in place against her. "Come in."

"Are you all set, M—," Mitch stopped speaking in midstream as he entered the room, his eyes feasting on the tantalizing sight of his mother dressed in pure white. She looked amazing, and he could see that she wasn't even finished dressing. The dress looked absolutely gorgeous. He could see the bodice was tight-fitting while the bottom flowed down smoothly over her sumptuous rear end and wide motherly hips before giving way to a small train, which went all the way down to the floor and flowed out beautifully around her.

Nicole looked at her son and smiled at his predicament. She knew he so much wanted to be the confident big man, but his lustful instincts were overwhelming him and giving him away. He was still the horny teenage boy obsessed with his mother—which was totally fine with her, especially when the teenage boy had a man-size cock like her son did. "I do need your help like I thought," she said, turning slightly sideways and coyly looking back over her shoulder at him. "Could you help me do the dress up in the back, please?" Nicole reached up and lifted her hair up, provocatively showing off her long regal neck.

"S...sure," Mitch stammered out, setting his camera down and stepping close behind her, his hungry eyes roaming over her. He could see the back of the alluring merry widow beneath the dress, the mesmerizing hook and eye clasps drawing his eyes magnetically, the delicate lace pattern of the

brilliant white corset looking devilishly innocent against his mother's smooth tanned skin. Shaking his head to address the task at hand, he looked at the myriad of tiny pearl buttons running up the back, unsure of what to do. "Uh..."

"You'll see little loops on one side of the dress. Just slip them over the pearl buttons, starting at the bottom."

With trembling hands, Mitch reached down to the small of his mother's back, where the first button awaited him. He found the tiny loop of material and pulled it towards the first pearl button, slipping it over the top, his large masculine fingers finding the meticulous work challenging. He got the next one a little easier, and then he got the hang of it. He loved the delicacy of the whole beautiful dress, right down to the little securing loops and shimmering pearl buttons. He thought the buttons looked like congealed cum, the milky surface of the beads appearing to have a swirling milkiness, like he was used to wiping up off his hands and stomach after his whack-off sessions. As he kept going higher up his mother's back, the dress was pulled tighter and tighter as it formed to her spectacular body. The final few buttons were a tight fit, and as he looked over his mother's shoulder, he saw her huge breasts swelling slightly over the top of the strapless dress. It looked fantastic—not lewd and trumpy, but absolutely perfect. He felt his stiffening pecker twitch again as another surge of blood sped to his groin.

"There, that's the last one," Mitch said, stepping back as his mother turned around.

Nicole looked at herself in the mirror, pleased with what she was seeing. "Will you help me with my veil?" she asked, picking the shimmering piece of sheer fabric off the bed and passing it to her son.

"You need me to help you put this on?" Mitch asked, surprised that his mother couldn't do this herself.

"I think it would be romantic to have the man I'm going to marry place the veil on my head," Nicole said, looking at him with that bewitchingly enchanting look again.

Mitch felt his cock twitch again and his heart was pounding in his chest as his sexy stacked mother looked up at him expectantly. Her words had absolutely torched his already flaming libido, and he felt like he was on fire with arousal. He took the offered veil and placed it on her head as she directed, and then slowly brought the one half forward, covering her face.

"Oh, my God," Mitch said to himself as he stepped back and simply stared, totally struck dumb by his mother's beauty. He'd seen her look great in many of her outfits, from bathing suits to work clothes to jeans, but this was something else entirely. All the pictures he'd Photoshopped of her in wedding dresses like this paled in comparison to the real thing. The rising heart rate he'd tried to slow was back with a vengeance, and he could feel the blood pounding in his veins and heading right to his midsection as he looked at the dizzying display of pulchritude before him. With the veil falling innocently over her pretty face onto her shoulders, she looked the epitome of pristine innocence. But the strapless gown beneath showed off her magnificent body to perfection, every delicious curve and alluring valley on sublime display. Mitch knew that this dichotomy of emotions was what made beautiful women in wedding attire so alluring to him—the chaste allure of virginal innocence combined with the sensual enticement of what a wedding night promised. As he looked at his mother exhibiting those diverse qualities in her gorgeous outfit, he felt an immense rush of arousal, his stiffening prick becoming almost uncontrollable in his pants.

"Do you think it looks okay?" Nicole finally asked, watching her son's eyes roam over her hungrily as she gave him time to take everything in. She swayed from side to side as she looked at him from

beneath the veil, letting him see her from every side.

"Mom...you...you look...you look so beautiful," Mitch gasped out, his heart pounding like a runaway freight train.

"Thanks, baby," Nicole replied, seeing him give a little gasp as she called him 'baby' again. "Why don't you take a few pictures so we have something to remember this day by?"

The mention of the pictures snapped Mitch out of his trance. "Uh, yeah, that's a great idea." Taking another deep breath to stop his hands from shaking, he picked up his camera and started taking pictures, not wanting to miss this opportunity for anything. He took shot after shot as his mother stood and posed, always giving him steamingly hot looks from beneath the teasing veil. She stepped across the room and put one foot up on the chair in front of her dressing table, partially exposing her legs as she put one hand on her knee and looked at him, her dress gathered up slightly.

"Oh fuck," Mitch moaned under his breath as he got a blisteringly hot look at his mother's legs, the sheer nylons looking fantastic. He was trembling as he continued to snap pictures, his eyes focusing in on the sexy high-heeled slingback she had poised on the chair.

"Let's try a shot they never did twenty years ago," Nicole said as she pulled the little hard-backed chair out from her makeup table. Mitch watched as she stood next to it, gathered up her dress and slung her leg over, straddling the chair as she sat facing the back, pushing her veil back to expose her pretty face before leaning with her elbows crossed over the back of the chair. "This is a fun shot, don't you think?"

Mitch could barely contain himself, his mother looked so hot he was surprised there wasn't steam coming off of her. Her dress was gathered in her lap with her long shapely legs on either side of the chair, her shimmering stockings exposed to mid-thigh. Her legs looked so incredible in the stockings and those cum-fuck-me shoes that Mitch could barely hold the camera. He coughed, trying to dislodge the lump that had appeared in his throat.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Nicole asked innocently, sitting forward and thrusting her chest out as she looked at him.

"Y...yes," Mitch stammered, his eyes looking right down into her mile-deep cleavage. "Just that darn tickle again."

"I know this isn't your typical wedding picture pose, but I think it's kind of fun. What do you think?" She shifted slightly forward as she straddled the chair, the skirt part of the dress shifting even higher as she sat with her legs spread widely apart.

"I...I love it," Mitch said, bringing the camera back up and snapping shot after shot as he moved all around his mother, making sure he got plenty of shots of her exposed legs and her mouthwatering tits, the lush mounds almost spilling over the top of her dress as she leaned forward with her elbows on the back of the chair.

"Okay, how about a final couple of shots? We better make these ones a little more formal, in case we have to show anybody, like your father," Nicole said, giving Mitch another one of those conspiratorial winks. "Yes, those ones you just took are just for you and me. I don't want you showing those to any of your friends either. I've seen the way Justin and some of your other friends look at me."

"No, I'd never do that," Mitch quickly replied, knowing how much he was savoring the idea of having these newest shots in his own collection. He'd loved what she'd said about having some pictures that she was willing to show his dad, ones that were going to be quite different from the ones she'd allowed him to take. He was sure the ones he'd taken of her yesterday in her other new outfits weren't intended to be shown to his dad either, and he loved that she seemed in agreement with that. She was right about one other thing too—his friends did look at her that way. When they all talked about their obsession with MILFs, his mother was always the one they talked about most. He was sure his friends talked about her more when he wasn't around, but he didn't mind—he loved having the hottest mom in town.

"That's good. I want to be sure all of this is just between you and me," she said as she got up from the chair. When she slung her leg back around from straddling it, Mitch caught a glimpse of one exposed stocking top, his eyes taking in the intricate lacy band and the bottom end of one ribbon-like garter.

"Uh, okay," he responded as his mother brought the front part of the veil back down and stood next to the door, her hands crossed in front of her in a very standard pose. Mitch took a couple of shots from various angles but he could see his mother got bored with that idea very quickly.

"Okay, that should do it. If I choose to show any to your father, he can see some of those ones." Mitch could see from the look on her face that she didn't seem keen on showing any to his dad at all. She walked over to her computer and touched a few buttons, the soft background music she had on shutting down. "Mitch, would you do something for me?"

"Sure, Mom, anything."

"Would you dance the first wedding song with me, like a new husband and wife?"

Mitch felt his heart soar with both love and lust as he listened to her request. He couldn't imagine a more perfect scenario than taking his mother as his own bride, especially when she was dressed like this. The look of longing on her pretty face seemed to match his own, and he knew this was one request he could never deny her, not as long as he was able to take his last dying breath.

"Yes, I'd love that."

Nicole moved her mouse and with a click the music started. Mitch set down his camera as his mother moved towards him, looking wonderfully glamorous and sensually graceful with the train of the wedding dress trailing behind her. She looked up at him from behind the veil with a warm contented smile on her face, the love he could see in her eyes calming him, letting him know this was what both of them wanted. As he took her right hand in his left and slipped his right hand around her back, the warm strains of the Journey song 'Faithfully' reached his ears. He hadn't heard the song in a while, but he knew it was one of his mother's favorites. He clearly remembered that she always sang it to him when he was a small boy and had trouble sleeping. She'd even told him she'd sung it to him on the first day he was born. It made him feel comfortable, and he pulled his mother a little closer, just like she'd held him close when he was a baby.

"Is this the first song you and Dad danced to at your wedding?" he asked as the soothing rhythms of the soft music and the pristine brilliance of Steve Perry's voice had them swaying in unison.

"No, I've never danced to this song with your father," she replied, her gorgeous blue eyes looking up at his from beneath the veil. "This song, this is our song. It's just for you and me—it always has

been, and always will be." She dropped her eyes and nestled into his chest, holding him close as they danced.

As he took in her sincere words, Mitch was overwhelmed with both love and desire for his mother. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling the intense warmth of her lush full body against his as they continued to sway, lost in the music.

"Restless hearts...sleep alone tonight...sending all my love...along the wire..."

Mitch could feel his mother's hands rubbing slowly over his back as they danced, their bodies molding perfectly to each other. Her hands slid lower, to his trim waist. Lost in the moment, he allowed his own hands to slide down her sides, feeling the pronounced indentation of her slim waist as he pulled her close. She didn't resist, and he could feel his already hard cock pressing against her abdomen. There was no way she couldn't notice, but she didn't pull away, didn't resist.

"Circus life...under the big top world..."

Nicole loved this song, Steve Perry's singular brilliant voice had always been able to make her melt, to make her feel the music in her very soul. And this song, 'Faithfully', she'd always shared with her son, for as long as she could remember. She couldn't think of any song that more perfectly suited this moment they were sharing together. The warm lulling tone of Perry's voice washed over her as she held her son close, her head leaning on his shoulder, her hand now pressed flat against his shirt, her fingers feeling the firm plates of his powerful chest beneath his shirt.

"Whoaa, oh-oh-oh, oh-whooooooooa-oh...faithfully...I'm still yours..."

She could feel Mitch pressing close against her, not grinding lewdly, but just getting as close together as they could as the music took them away to another place, a place where they could be one. His cock felt enormous as it pressed into her abdomen, and she felt her already dripping pussy twitch with need as she pressed back against him, letting him know she was feeling the same desire that he was.

"I'm forever yours...ever yours...faithfully..."

As the song ended, their dance slowed, but they held each other close. Nicole finally leaned back, looking up at Mitch, her eyes full of longing. They looked into each other's eyes, and words were no longer necessary, each knew what the other wanted. Mitch reached down and lifted the veil, slowly drawing it in back until it fell onto her shoulders, exposing her lovely face. He reached down and took her face in his hands and he leaned forward, both of their lips parting in anticipation. Everything seemed to move in slow motion as he brought his mouth down to hers, her soft red lips looking deliciously wet and wanting. Her eyes were closing, as were his, and he finally brought his mouth down to hers, their lips pressing together warmly.

"Mmmmmm," Nicole moaned, a shiver of ecstasy running down her spine as she felt her son's lips mesh with hers. His lips were oh so soft, and she slipped her arms around his neck and pulled him close, letting him know she wanted more. Mitch responded instantly, pressing his mouth more firmly to hers as he slid his tongue forward, finding her mouth hot and eager as his tongue slipped inside.

"Mmmnngh," they were both moaning now as they continued to kiss, Mitch holding her face possessively as their tongues rolled over each other's in a dance of ecstasy. He drew his tongue back, and his mother eagerly followed, her tongue exploring within his mouth as she kept her lips

pressed hotly to his. They kissed like lovers, lovers who have just found each other after years of waiting. Their kisses were intensely passionate, yet full of tenderness and longing at the same time. They kissed for a long time, their hands roaming over each other's body as they remained pressed close together, the rigid cylinder of flesh inside Mitch's pants feeling like steel bar between them. They finally broke the kiss, both of them pulling back slightly, their mouths open as they gasped for air. Mitch could see his mother's huge breasts heaving in the strapless gown, her heart racing as much as his. He looked into her eyes, and saw that they were alive with lustful desire that made his cock ache just that much more.

"Mom...I...I...," he said, unsure of exactly what he wanted to say, but knew he needed to say something.

"I know, baby, it's alright," Nicole replied, knowing she'd have to take control of the situation. She looked up at him coyly, that smolderingly hot look in her eyes as she moved closer and slid her hand around his stiff erection, her fingers circling the tremendous girth. "I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought, his torched libido flaming like a bonfire as she turned her face up to his, wanting to be kissed again. With a fierceness he never intended, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him, his lips searching out hers once more. This kiss was even hotter than the last one, evidence of the savage desire burning inside both of them. His hands slid down to cup her lush rear end as he pulled her to him, her hand sliding back and forth along the protruding bulge of his prick. After a couple of minutes of intense kissing, Nicole pulled her mouth back, and then leaned close to him, her lips nuzzling at his neck before she whispered into his ear. "Baby, this cock of yours feels beautiful, and I want you to fuck me with it all day long."

"Ohhnggg," Mitch gasped, his whole body tingling like he'd been hit with a tazer.

"Would you like that?" Nicole whispered, tenderly nipping at his earlobe.

"Y...y...yes!"

"Would you like to fill Mommy up with all that hot teenage cum of yours?" She switched to his other ear, kissing the soft skin of his neck along the way, her hot breath teasing the sensitive inside his ear as she whispered hotly into it.

"Oh God, yes!" Mitch felt like he had no control over his body, he was trembling with excitement so badly.

"But I want you to fuck me for a good long time, and from the feel of this thing, it feels like you're ready to blow right now. Is that right, baby?" she asked as she gave his surging pecker another teasing squeeze before totally letting go.

"Oh...Mom...," he gasped out, the anxious look in his eyes telling her everything she needed to know.

"Well," Nicole said as she slowly dropped to her knees before him, looking up at her son with a wickedly sinful glimmer in her eyes. She reached for his belt and started to pull it open. "How about if we take the edge off by letting you feed this first load to me? That way, you'll be able to last longer the second time around, and the time after that, and the time after that." Mitch saw the look on her face, and knew she wasn't kidding. She wanted each and every one of those loads. She

looked up him with that intensely smoldering look again as she took hold of his zipper and drew it down. "Besides, I can't wait to feel that thick creamy cum of yours sliding down my throat."

Mitch watched, totally awestruck as his mother kneeled before him, pulled out the waistband of his fitted boxers, and then reached inside and tugged out his turgid cock, her slender fingers circling his rock-hard prick.

"It's beautiful," Nicole said under her breath as she gazed at the stallion-like erection of her son for the first time in real life. It had looked amazing when she'd seen it in the pictures he had on his computer, and when she'd spied on him jacking off through the nanny cam—but nothing compared to how incredible it looked in real life. It was easily over 10" long, and thicker than her wrist. She had her hand wrapped around the thick base, her circling fingers coming nowhere near to touching the palm of her hand. His thrusting erection was ramrod straight. The rigid shaft was pulsing enticingly, the thick bluish veins running up and down the prodigious length forcing more blood into the already engorged head. The enflamed crown drew her eyes like a magnet, the pebbly tissues of his glans filled with blood to the point the skin was almost scarlet in color. The thick rope-like corona at the base of the head was almost purple, and stood out like a speed bump, a speed bump she pictured rubbing tantalizingly over the hot wet tissues deep inside her mature pussy. The mushroom head was massive, about the size of a lemon, and over 2½" long all on its own, that blood-engorged circling ridge separating it delightfully from the thrusting shaft. The piss-slit at the tip was bigger than any she'd ever seen, and it seemed to be yawning open, the opening glistening with wetness. As she stared at it, she watched a pulsing throb go through the rigid prick, and a shimmering gob of precum oozed from the wet red eye, slowly starting to distend downwards in a tantalizing stringy web.

Nicole felt her mouth watering with anticipation as she looked at the mesmerizing web of glistening precum, wanting this load of her son's more than she'd ever wanted anything. From looking at all those cumshot pictures he had on his computer, she knew what he liked, and knew exactly where she wanted this load—all over her face. She also knew after the way she'd been teasing him all morning that he had to be close, so she looked up at him, a lusty pleading look in her eyes. She opened her red bee-stung lips into an inviting oval and brought her mouth within a couple of inches of the drooling head of his engorged prick. "Come on, baby, come all over Mommy's face. Let me feel that hot thick cum all over me," she said, her circling fingers pumping upwards towards her pretty face.

After everything he'd been through, those words were all it took to send Mitch right over the edge. "Oh M...Ma...," was all he could gasp out as the delicious tingling contractions began in his midsection, the boiling semen in his overflowing balls speeding up the shaft of his cock.

As her son groaned, Nicole felt his throbbing prick almost buck in her circling hand. Her eyes were drawn to the gaping red eye, where she saw a milky gob pulse to the surface for a split second before a long white rope of cum jettisoned forth, streaking like a rocket as it caught her full in the face. The massive strand of semen pasted itself against her cheek and rose up over her forehead and right into her hair. A second pearly ribbon spewed forth as she directed the spitting cockhead towards the other side of her face, this massive wad of cum hitting her just above the upper lip and rising up in a big gob that clung to her nose and cheek. She pumped his throbbing cock, strand after ropey strand of thick teenage cum blasting onto her pretty face.

"Oh fuccccckkkkkkk," Mitch groaned, not believing what he was seeing. This was a million times better than all those times he'd jacked off on pictures of his mother. He looked down at her slender fingers pumping lewdly at his spewing prick, rope after rope of milky-white cum raining down on

her lovely face as he totally unloaded. But the look on her face was what made it all so incredible—she had the wickedly illicit look of a cock-hungry slut. He could see the wanton look in her eyes as she pumped his cock feverishly, her face a mask of lust as he flooded it with cum. He came like he'd never come before, shot after shot of potent teenage seed blasting onto his mother's gorgeous face, and she looked like she never wanted it to stop. She moved his cock from one part of her face to another, until nearly every square inch of her soft smooth skin was a glistening mess of whiteness. But he kept coming as the delicious sensations rolled in waves of ecstasy through his body, wad after pearly wad of thick creamy spunk shooting all over her. Finally, the last tingling shiver ran down his spine as his climax waned, the final gobs of pearly semen dripping onto her lips.

"That was beautiful," his mother cooed softly as she looked up at him, her eyes full of desire. She kept looking up at him as she leaned closer and kissed the tip of his cock tenderly, her lips pursed closely together at the very tip. Mitch looked down at her as his chest heaved, trying to catch his breath after his incredible climax. He felt her lips pulling at the tip of his cock, and then he felt her tongue delve into his gaping piss-slit, looking for the last drops of cum. He felt her suck at the same time, trying to draw out the last warm drops of semen. And all the time, she kept her eyes locked on his, her warm blue eyes filled with lust. Mitch couldn't believe how turned on he was, and that look in his mother's eyes had the blood refusing to leave his engorged member.

"Mmmmm," Nicole said, pulling her mouth back as she felt the resurgent pulsing in her son's massive prick already. "It feels like you're going to have to get rid of another one to take the edge off. How about I suck this one right out of you? Would you like that, baby? Would you like me to suck you off while I've still got this first load all over my face?" She teasingly brought her hand up to her face, her slender fingers rubbing a big wad of semen all around her cheek before pushing the clumpy gob right into her waiting mouth. Mitch watched as she looked up at him and swallowed, the muscles in her neck contracting lewdly.

"Oh fuck, Mom. Yes," Mitch replied with a groan.

"Alright, baby. Why don't you take my head in your hands and fuck my face for me? I'd like that."

Barely believing what he was hearing, Mitch reached down and slipped his hands into his mother's lustrous blonde locks, his fingers slipping beneath the band of her veil as he gripped the sides of her head. He could see a couple of strands of his semen had run right up into her hair, and it looked wickedly hot as it clung nastily to her blonde tresses. She continued to look up at him with that steamingly hot look in her eye as he gripped her head, her face still obscenely covered with cum.

"That's it, baby. Now pull me onto that gorgeous cock of yours," Nicole said, provocatively pursing her lips into an inviting oval, her circling hand still pointing his resurgent cock at her face.

With his chest pounding with excitement, Mitch gripped her head firmly and pulled her towards him, until her beautiful lipstick-covered lips pressed against his enflamed knob.

Nicole almost swooned with arousal as her lips touched her son's turgid prick. The heat emanating from the enflamed crown was intense, and it almost felt like it was searing her lips as she pressed them against the sensitive tissues of his glans. She'd thought of this moment continuously for the last couple of days, and as her soft red lips touched that gorgeous cock, she knew she wasn't going to be satisfied without her son's huge prick from now on. She nursed at the very tip, her tongue swirling into the wet red eye, feeling his dick throb with excitement as a slimy load of precum pulsed to the surface and right onto her probing tongue.

"Mmmmm," she moaned warmly, loving the gooey texture of his cock-sap oozing out onto her tongue. She sucked at the tip, and was rewarded as another strand of precum slithered forth, feeling delightfully sinful as it rolled over her taste buds. But she knew this was just an appetizer, and she wanted more, she wanted the full rich creamy load of semen she knew her son's overflowing balls were capable of giving her. She'd had a taste of his sweet cum that he'd shot onto her face, and knew she was already addicted. Like a strung-out addict junkie, right now she had one goal in mind—to get another fix. She opened her lips wider as she felt Mitch pulling her closer, her lips opening wide as they followed the flaring contours of the immense cock-head.

Mitch saw the lustful look in his mother's eyes as she opened her mouth wider, allowing him to pull her further onto his thrusting erection. He had fantasized about this kind of situation forever—and now his dreams were coming through. He pulled her slowly towards him as he looked down, her lips spreading farther and farther apart.

Nicole was in heaven, loving being under the control of her son like this. She knew letting him take charge would give him added confidence, something befitting a young man with such an amazing cock. She wanted him to know that he was blessed, that any woman would want to be with him, to worship that spectacular prick of his. And besides that, she loved sucking cock, and having her mouth on one this big was something she'd only dreamed of as well. One lover she'd had for a while in college had a pretty big dick, the biggest she'd ever had—but it was nothing compared to this throbbing monster of her son's. No, this was the most perfect cock imaginable, and she knew it was capable of bringing her endless delights, a cock that could bring her to overwhelming levels of ecstasy that she never thought possible. But right now, she knew he was getting close again already, his cock throbbing with the need to spew into something hot and wet. Already, a river of precum was slithering lewdly into her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmmm," she moaned wantonly as she let her lips slide down the pebbly tissues of his glans until they encountered the thick ridge of his rope-like corona. Her jaw was stretched wide open, and she felt like her lips were going to tear at the corners as she pushed further forwards, wanting more than anything to get the massive knob fully inside her mouth. She flicked her eyes up to her son's as he looked down at her, and gave him a little nod as her eyes flicked for a second to his forearms, letting him know she wanted him to pull her mouth right over that hot thick ridge. She felt his hands grip her head a little tighter, and as he pulled her forward, she relaxed her jaw as much as she could, feeling her pouty lips stretch further and further until, with a final small jerk by him, they slid right over the thick purple ridge, the enflamed knob now trapped inside her hot wet mouth.

"Oh fuck, Mommmmm," Mitch moaned as he tipped his head back, waves of pleasure flowing through him as he felt his mother's gorgeous mouth engulf his throbbing cock-head. It felt like his dick was buried in a furnace of hot melted butter, his mother's mouth incredibly hot and luxuriously soft at the same time. He paused for a second, enjoying the delightful sensation—and then she started to roll her tongue over the sensitive tissues trapped inside her mouth.

"Oh Jesusssss," he groaned again as her tongue did magical things to his cock-head, flicking and rubbing this way and that as she bathed it with her hot wet spit, rolling her tongue all around the intruding monster as she tried to give him as much pleasure as she could.

Nicole was so excited, she almost came herself as her lips slid right over the massive knob, the lemon-sized crown filling her mouth like no cock ever had. It continued to pump out precum as he fed her, the delicious slimy cock-sap drooling lovingly onto her waiting tongue. She swallowed, cooing as the silky fluid slid luxuriously down her throat. She pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing her son's prodigious member with her spit as she made sweet oral love to his

prick. She felt like she could stay there all day and just drink from the drooling tip, but she wanted more—much more. She wanted to feel a full load of her son's thick teenage cum shoot right into her mouth. She pulled back slightly, her lips sliding back just a little over the blood-engorged corona, and then slid her lips forward again, loving the feel as that purple speed-bump slipped back into her mouth. She looked up at Mitch again, her eyes flicking back to his arms, letting him know she wanted him to take control, to fuck her face with that powerful cock of his.

Mitch loved seeing his mother's red painted lips pursed well forward on his thick cock, her lips looking like they never wanted to let it go. Her tongue continued to roll blissfully over his sensitive glans, her mouth sucking at the same time. When she pulled back, he loved seeing part of his cock-head glistening with the remnants of her saliva and flecks of her red lipstick. It looked incredibly hot, something he'd only pictured in his dreams. And then, when she looked back up at him and gestured to his arms, he was almost ready to blow his second load right then and there. He could see the wanton look in her eyes, seeing how badly she wanted it, how badly she wanted to feel that hard long cock fucking her face. "Is this what you want, Mom?" With a knowing smile on his face, he gripped her head firmly and started to move her head back and forth.

"Mhmm," Nicole hummed in agreement as he started to pump her head, pulling her pretty face further down his thrusting shaft. She reached up and put her hands on his hips, letting him know her mouth was his to do with as he pleased.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch moaned as he started to pump his mother's head back and forth, more than half of his massive prick now glistening with her shiny spit. He loved the way her lips were pursed forward and sucking at him possessively. He knew if he pulled her right off, she'd look like a fish out of water, her mouth open and gasping. But he had no intention of pulling her off, not until he'd fed her a full load, which he knew was going to be very soon. His mother was so fucking hot, he knew he'd be able to give her as many loads as she wanted. And right now, he wanted to blow this one right into that hot sucking mouth of hers.

Nicole felt her veil flipping this way and that as Mitch's hands held her head firmly, his fingers locked deep in her blonde tresses. He was really fucking her face now, his hips levering vigorously back and forth as he met his thrusts by pumping her head back and forth. When he'd flex his hips backwards, he'd push her head back, when he levered them forwards, he'd grips the sides of her head tightly and pull her way down on his horse-like cock.

"Mmmmmmm," Nicole groaned, her pussy dripping like crazy as her son fucked her face, loving the feel of that incredibly hard and cunt-stretchingly thick cock filling her mouth. She pushed more saliva to the front of her mouth, watching the drooling spit drip in dangling strands off his pulsing shaft as he pistoned her head back and forth. The shiny spit was flying everywhere, and she could feel his flowing precum back up in her mouth and drizzle form the corners of his mouth. She felt his cock get just a touch stiffer, and knew he was close. She vacuumed in her cheeks as he pumped her head back and forth like a bellows, her caved in cheeks giving him a sheath of liquid velvet to fuck.

"OH FUCK, MOM," Mitch wailed. "HERE IT COMES!"

Nicole felt the main vein on the underside of his surging prick pulse, and then a massive wad of cum spat forcefully into her mouth, almost knocking her head off his spitting cock. She sucked hard as he kept pumping her face, her efforts being rewarded as he totally unloaded, filling her hungry mouth with thick teenage semen.

"Nnnngghghhh," Nicole groaned in pleasure as she experienced a climax of her own as that first massive wad spat into her mouth, waves of ecstasy rolling over her as she continued to suck, not missing a beat as she tried to give her son as much pleasure as possible.

Mitch stared down at his mother, watching her eyes close in lustful pleasure as he fed her his cum, her mouth working enthusiastically on his spewing prick as he absolutely flooded her mouth. He could see her cheeks swelling, and then his cum starting leaking from the corners of her tightly-stretched lips, sliding down her chin in silvery rivulets. But still he kept coming as he held onto her head, moving her sucking mouth back and forth, savoring the luxurious sensation of her hot wet mouth enveloping his cock. He could see her shivering and trembling as she continued to suck, knowing she was having a tingling climax as well. Her hands gripped his hips tightly, pulling him even closer as she sucked feverishly, drawing every last morsel of potent seed out of him. She looked so illicitly sexy doing it, that lustful look in her glazed eyes, her pretty face still glistening with that last load he'd shot all over it. He couldn't believe how turned on he was watching her take it—take every creamy drop of his cum as he continued to shoot the biggest load he had ever shot in his life. Finally, he felt a last tingling shiver trip down his spine, and he held her head still, the last warm drops of semen oozing out onto her tongue, the overflow from his massive load hanging in long strands off her chin.

"Mmmmm," Nicole moaned, still sucking slavishly, her eyes closed in bliss as she drew out the final creamy drops of her son's jizz. She knew she had swallowed about four or five times, the silky goodness sliding luxuriously down her throat, and still, he'd fed her so much that she'd been unable to keep up, and she'd felt the warm sensation of his warm cum trickle from the corners of her stretched mouth and run down her chin. She gripped his hips, her slender fingers pulling him closer as she sucked wantonly, her tongue probing into the dripping red eye to get every delicious drop she could.

Mitch looked down at his mother, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath. He slid his fingers from her hair, releasing her head as she continued nursing tenderly at the tip, her tongue slowly rolling over his spent prick, letting him know how much she had loved sucking him off. She finally released his cock and sat back on her haunches, looking up at him as she took her hands and placed them on her face, her fingertips rubbing the first load of cum all around her face, every trace of exposed skin glistening with his silvery juice. There was so much that she pushed the excess across her face and into her open mouth, all the time keeping her eyes locked on her son's.

"Oh fuck," Mitch muttered to himself as he watched his mother sluttishly eating his spunk. She said not a word, but kept looking at him through lust-crazed eyes as her fingers pushed wad after wad of thick milky cum between her full red lips. Still fully clothed and with his dick hanging out and semi-hard, he watched, totally enraptured as his mother licked up every drop, now gathering up those two dangling strands off her chin and sliding her cum-coated fingers into her mouth, sliding them back and forth lewdly, like she wanted more. With the last creamy drops of semen now safely in the pit of her stomach, his mother got to her feet and stepped over to the bed, standing next to it and looking back at him over her shoulder. She looked incredible, her lush curvy body making his mouth water, her spectacular tits mesmerizingly filling the front of her wedding dress. She reached up, lifting her soft blonde hair and wispy veil up off her shoulders, showing him her long sexy neck once more.

"C'mere, baby. You helped me into this dress—now it's time to help me out of it." Mitch felt his heart start to pound in his chest once more as she gave him a provocatively sultry look that was even hotter than any she'd given him before, her gorgeous face a mask of sluttish desire. "That is, if you want to see what's underneath it..."

...to be continued...