

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 05

rmDEXter

Mom Nicole serves son Mitch a tasty lunch.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

8k words

Note to readers: Work has taken me away from my computer for a week, but in order to keep to my "unofficial" schedule of posting a chapter every two weeks, I am submitting Chapter 5. With that in mind, this chapter is somewhat shorter than my usual submissions. I hope you will understand. Now, to get to work on Chapter 6...

"Baby, why don't go in and get the shower started for us?" Nicole said, running her fingertips teasingly all around her cum-covered face. "I'll join you in a minute."

Still in shock, Mitch nodded compliantly, rising from the bed and making his way into his parents' big en-suite bathroom, his heavy spent member swinging majestically between his legs. When his parents had renovated, they'd had a large marble and glass-walled shower installed, big enough for two, with dual shower heads. Mitch had fantasized many times about using the double shower with his mother, and wondered how often his parents used it together. He reached into the big glass-walled shower and turned on the taps for both shower heads, waiting for the water to warm up before he stepped in. Once inside, he leaned forward against the marble-lined wall, letting the stinging pellets from one nozzle pound down on his skull, his head absolutely spinning from what had happened that morning...

He'd started off helping his mother clean up the old junk in the attic, and then she'd come across the box with her wedding dress in it. Much to his delight, it also contained her wedding lingerie: a teasingly sexy white lace corset, a tiny g-string, and sheer white gossamer stockings with intricate lace bands at the top. The box also carried a pair of white high-heeled slingbacks, the perfect shoes to go with the perfect outfit. When she had it all on, she looked just like something out of the folders he kept on his computer. He had numerous folders that contained pictures of his stacked mom that he'd Photoshopped, putting her face on sexy pictures he'd taken off the internet, his favorite being shots of her in wedding dresses and bridal lingerie. The combination of alluring innocence and the promise of steaming sensuality that came across to him from those images of his mother in wedding attire never failed to give him a hardon—a hardon so stiff that a cat wouldn't have been able to scratch it.

He'd talked his mother into trying her old wedding dress on, and it made him shake with excitement when she readily agreed. She looked incredible in it, better than any pictures he'd created himself on his machine. Her lush MILFish form looked spectacular in the dress, and his mouth with salivating with desire as he took picture after picture of her in the gorgeous dress.

She wanted to dance to 'their song', 'Faithfully', by Journey, that she'd been singing to him since he was a baby. Holding her close, he'd been unbelievably hard when they danced, his huge cock rising up between their pressed bodies. But she hadn't minded, and it made his heart swell with desire when she gazed deep into his eyes with a look of understanding, letting him know she knew what he was feeling. He'd kissed her, deeply, passionately, her mouth open and willing as she kissed him

back. She'd slid her hand down between their bodies, touching his surging prick, and then from there it had been magical, like something out of a dream. She made it clear she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her, telling him she wanted him to fuck her all day long.

Seeing he was so aroused that he was about to burst, she'd jerked a load off all over her pretty face, and when that didn't take the initial edge off, she'd sucked another load out of him, swallowing his massive load while her face was still covered with the first one. She'd then asked him to help her out of her wedding dress, letting his hungry eyes feast on her curvy MILFish body clad spectacularly in her wedding lingerie, her huge tits almost pouring out of the sexy merry widow. He'd repaid her by eating her through consecutive orgasms, and then he couldn't wait any longer—he needed to fuck her more than he'd wanted anything in his life.

He'd tossed her on top of her dressing table and savagely tore off her panties, his lustful desire overwhelming him. He held her legs spread wide apart as he powered his horse-like cock deep into her needy pussy, eventually going inches further than any man had ever been before, tearing open the depths of her virgin-like cunt. She'd screamed in ecstasy when he touched bottom, the broad flared head of his thrusting erection pressing against the gates of her womb. He fucked her right there on the table-top, slamming his rigid prick high up into her velvety love-pocket, making her cum again until those delightful sensations took control of him and he blasted a huge load deep inside her, filling her clutching birth canal with wad after wad of thick teenage semen.

With both of them blissfully spent, he'd taken her to her bed, where she let him grope and suck on her mouthwatering tits. He'd fingered her at the same time, bringing her to another set of multiple orgasms. Wanting to repay him, she'd rolled him over onto his back, using her big heavy tits and talented mouth to pleasure his resurgent cock. Overcome by desire to fulfill one of his ongoing fantasies, Mitch had forced her onto her back, straddling her body in order to tit-fuck her. She let him know she wanted it as much as he did, her sultry eyes glistening with lust as she told him to pump his load out all over her face. Turned on more by her sluttish behaviour, Mitch had blown what had to be the biggest load in his life, absolutely covering her pretty face with a shimmering coating of white viscous cum. He'd watched in awe as she slavishly pushed the heavy wads of semen into her mouth, lapping up his potent teenage seed. And now she'd suggested they take a shower together, so they could both be ready for what she called "round 2."

Mitch had shivered with arousal, his heart pounding with excitement in his chest as he thought about what had brought them to this point, and wondering what the rest of the day was going to have in store for him.

Wondering if it was all just a dream, and he was going to wake with a handful of hard cock that needed attending to, he knocked his head against the marble shower wall, forcing himself to wake up from his vivid fantasy. However, all he got for his efforts was a sore head, but he didn't care, at least it was all real. And if it was going to end, and his mother told him they had to go back to the way things were before, he wanted to take advantage of the present situation as much as he could, and strike while the iron is hot, as the saying goes—but more like "while the pussy is hot" in this case. And how luxuriously hot that tight wet pussy of his mother's was.

Mitch tipped his face up into the stinging spray from the shower, loving the feel of the hot steamy pellets raining down on his skin, washing away the sweat from their sexual exertions. He was about to reach for the big bar of soap sitting in one of the little shelves in the shower wall when he heard the glass door open behind him. He turned, just as his mother stepped into the big stall and closed the door behind her, the steam from the hot water wafting about her sensually.

"Fuck me," Mitch muttered under his breath as he looked at his mother standing before him. She had doffed all of her sexy bridal lingerie, of course, but to his surprise, she had replaced it with something equally tantalizing, and perfect for the shower—the 'wife-beater' t-shirt she'd been wearing when they cleaned the attic. It looked even more fabulous than it had when she'd been wearing it earlier, because now, she had nothing on underneath. The sexy garment clung to her huge tits alluringly, the round knockers causing the tight cotton fabric to stretch provocatively, her 36Es had the soft white material drawn taut over the protruding mounds. They looked perfect in their natural state, sitting nice and full as they spread out over the full breadth of her chest, wobbling teasingly as she closed the door behind her and turned to face him. Her nipples stood out like bullets, causing tiny dark shadows to fall below them on the brilliant white fabric. He was reminded again of the many pictures like this he had on his computer, pictures of busty models in wife-beaters that he'd Photoshopped his mom's face onto.

"I thought this would be nice to wear for you in the shower," his mother said, reaching up with both hands to fluff her hair out behind her. She rolled her head slowly from side to side as she held her hair up off her neck, her eyes closed as she tried to release some stiffness in her neck.

Mitch shuddered with excitement as his eyes zeroed in on her magnificent tits, the huge orbs lifting up and thrusting out towards him as her arms came up behind her head. He blatantly stared at the tremendous guns, his mouth salivating for them once more.

Nicole smiled to herself, watching her son through narrowly-slitted eyes, happy to see the mesmerized look on his face as she lifted her arms up, knowing the motion would draw his attention to her breasts even more. She'd seen him trying to surreptitiously look at her boobs for years now, and figured that, like most teenage boys, he was jerking off thinking about them, even though she was his mother. But until she'd come across the stash of illicit photos he had of her on his computer, she had no idea what lengths her son's obsession with her had gone to. And now that she knew, she loved it—absolutely loved it. The fact that he had also been blessed with just about the world's most perfect cock didn't hurt matters either—a cock she planned on making use of as much as she could from now on. Their life was certainly going to change, and for the better, as far as she was concerned. They'd have to be careful around her husband, but once she'd had that gorgeous prick in her hands and mouth, and then especially to feel it plundering the depths of her hot needy pussy, she knew she was hooked—no, worse than that—she knew she was addicted to her own 18-year old son's magnificent cock. And she definitely had no intention of denying her new addiction. Like most junkies, she just wanted more and more.

"I guess you like this top more than I thought," Nicole said provocatively as she stepped closer, her son struck dumb by the sight of her tremendous tits lusciously encased in the tiny white undershirt. She had that playful look on her face again. "Maybe I should see how water resistant it is." She stepped beneath the second shower head, still holding her hair up with her hands behind her neck, thrusting the protruding shelf of her tits right into the pelting spray.

"Oh my God," Mitch moaned under his breath, watching the front of her undershirt get wet. As the stinging pellets rained down on her, the white material became translucent, making her large round breasts clearly visible, but teasingly so. The soft cotton fabric quickly became soaked, the material adhering to her body like a second skin. She turned slowly from side to side, the upper swells of her breasts glistening wetly as the water splashed down upon her, shiny rivulets running teasingly into her dark cleavage.

"Hmmm, I guess it isn't as water resistant as I hoped," Nicole said playfully, letting her hair drop down onto her shoulders as she brought her hands forward, cupping her heavy knockers. Mitch

stood and watched as her thumbs came up and toyed with her nipples, the rubbery buds getting stiffer right before his eyes. "Maybe I shouldn't have worn this. What do you think, sweetie?"

"No!" Mitch gasped out loudly, so excited that he was unsure of what he was saying. "No...I mean yes. I mean I'm glad you wore it. It looks amazing."

"I'm glad you like," his mother said as she sidled up to him, that sexy look in her eyes again. "Give me a kiss, and use those hands to show me how much you like it."

Mitch took her in his arms as they kissed passionately beneath the pelting spray of the shower, the swirling steam enveloping the two lovers in a halo of sensuality. As their tongues rolled against each other's in a loving dance, he slid his hand up the front of her body and cupped her big round tits, his fingers circling possessively beneath the mammoth orbs. He hefted the enormous guns, amazed at the substantial weight of them, and absolutely loving the feel of them in his young hands. He brought his fingers up to her nipples, feeling them thrusting against the front of the wet top, begging for attention.

"Mmmm," his mother purred into his mouth as he rolled the rubbery buds between his thumb and forefinger, feeling them swell and stiffen even more beneath his teasing fingertips.

Mitch pulled his mouth back from hers as he reached for the bar of soap, quickly lathering up his hands. "This undershirt feels a bit dirty to me," he said, "I better wash it to make sure it's nice and clean." He brought his soapy hands back to her breasts as he kissed her again, her arms circling his neck as she pulled his mouth down to hers, a playful smile on her face. He rubbed his foamy hands all over the front of her body, soapy lather bubbling up under his moving hands.

"Don't forget to wash the inside of my undershirt too," his mother said coyly as she gazed mischievously into his eyes.

"I never thought you'd ask," Mitch replied, having fun with their little game. He re-lathered his hands, turning the big bar of soap this way and that until they were covered in bubbling froth. He placed the soap back on the shelf and then slid one hand beneath the bottom edge of her top, sliding his hand up her warm body until he encountered the massive shelf of her tits. "Yes, I think this top is pretty dirty under here. I'm going to have to give you a thorough cleaning."

"You're such a considerate son," Nicole replied, smiling coyly as she pulled his mouth down to hers for another hot kiss. She loved the feel of his big masculine hands on her breasts, his soapy fingers sliding luxuriously all over the massive globes, his fingertips paying just the right amount of attention to her thick rubbery nipples. She finally broke the kiss, reaching over for the soap as he continued to manhandle her big tits.

"Now what kind of mother would I be if I didn't make sure my son was nice and clean as well?" Nicole asked teasingly as she brought her soapy hands to his broad muscular chest. She slid his fingers all over the firm plates, her slippery fingers roaming over his sculpted torso. She ran her slick fingers over his broad shoulders, feeling the powerful sinews beneath her lathered-up hands. She smiled to herself, knowing she'd be having her hands on her son's gorgeous body from now on.

"I think there are other parts of me that are kind of dirty too," Mitch said softly, nodding playfully towards his shaven groin.

"Alright, sweetheart. Let Mommy take care of that for you." His mother re-lathered her hands, and when they were absolutely covered with bubbly foam, she reached between them, her palms sliding

down over his six-pack abs until she encountered the broad root of his prodigious member. She let her soapy fingers encircle the immense girth and then she lifted, as impressed by the weight of his limber penis as he was with the heft of her large breasts. Once again, she was amazed at the size of her son's cock, how long and how big around it was, even in its mostly flaccid state. Her hand could barely fit around it, her fingertips not even touching the palm of her hand. She slid her soapy hand the full length of the thick shaft, smiling to herself as the front of her hand slid over the speed bump of his pronounced corona.

"I hope we have enough soap there to take care of this gorgeous monster," Nicole said playfully as she drew her hand back after reaching the tip, spinning her hand in a slow torturous corkscrew motion. She reached down with her other hand, cupping his heavy nuts. "I better make sure these are in good working order too. I want them to make sure you keep me nice and full of cum from now on."

Mitch moaned as he continued to fill his slippery hands with his mother's massive tits, her words turning him on once more. Her slender fingers and loving hands felt exquisite as she worked on him, one hand sliding luxuriously along the length of his slowly stirring prick, while her other soapy hand massaged his heavy balls, her gentle touch tantalizingly exciting as she manipulated them all over his silky bag. He felt like he could just stay there all day and let her hands work him over, but he knew after coming four times in such a short time, even he had to let his batteries recharge. His mother seemed to know it too, finally releasing his soapy dong and giving him another teasingly hot kiss.

"C'mon, sweetheart, let's finish getting cleaned up. I want to wash this spunk of yours out of my hair, especially since I'm sure you're going to be spraying more into it later." She gave Mitch a playfully stern smile, as if she was scolding him for his behaviour. "When we're done, I'll make you some lunch. I want to get some fuel back into that tank of yours, especially for what I have in store for the rest of the day," she said provocatively, pulling her soaked wife-beater over her head and tossing it aside.

Nicole turned towards one shower head as she reached for the shampoo. Mitch did the same with the other, washing himself thoroughly, but still stealing surreptitious glances at his mother's lush curvy form as she reached up with her hands to wash her hair, her spectacular tits jiggling and wobbling deliciously as she moved. With him busy gawking, his mother finished first, and Mitch saw her drying off through the glass walls as he turned into the pelting spray to rinse off, feeling better than he ever had in his entire life.

"I'll see you downstairs in a few minutes, sweetheart," his mother said just as he turned off the water. He watched her disappear into her walk-in closet, her lush body wrapped in one towel while she dried her hair with another.

Mitch took his cue from her and knew it was time to go to his own room. He quickly towelled off and walked through her bedroom, gathering up the clothes he'd discarded earlier. Once inside his own room, he tossed them into the laundry basket and made his way into his own bathroom. As he looked in the mirror, he couldn't wipe the smile off his face. He'd actually fucked his mother, his own gorgeous mother. Not to mention the exquisite hand-job, blow-job, and tit-fuck. He'd actually dumped four massive loads either on her or into her—four hot loads of thick teenage cum—and she seemed in no mood to stop now.

With that shit-eating grin on his face, he ran a comb through his wet hair, brushed his teeth, and proceeded to get dressed. Still having no idea what his mother had in mind, he pulled on a clean

pair of jeans and a white polo shirt, one he knew that fit nicely over his sculpted torso. Just in case, he decided to go commando, leaving even the idea of donning underwear stuffed away in his dresser drawer. With a final satisfied look in the mirror, he grabbed his phone and headed downstairs, hungrier than he'd thought. Setting his phone on the kitchen table, he started rummaging around in the fridge, anxious to help out. He pulled out some cold meat, cheese, and lettuce, figuring that would be a good start.

"Well, well, look at little Susie Homemaker there," his mother's voice caused him to look up. She stood at the entrance to the kitchen, a big smile on her face.

"Holy shit," Mitch said to himself, looking at her gorgeous form, nicely displayed in a bright floral sundress. He was shocked by the dress, never having seen it on his mother before, but knowing he had seen it—on a picture of one of the busty models in his Photoshop collection that he'd edited his mother's face onto. The dress was nearly identical, and it sent his head reeling as he gazed at it.

"I take it by the stunned look on your face that you like this new dress too," Nicole said as she stepped across the room and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Is...is that the outfit you were talking about yesterday that you still had to show me?" he asked, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down his mother's shapely figure.

"This little thing," his mother replied, waving dismissively at her dress. "No, that one I was talking about is the one I'll wear out for dinner tonight. But yes, this one is new too, but it's just a fun little sundress to wear around the house. Do you like it?" She did a pirouette, giving him the full meal deal.

Mitch stood there and simply stared, taking in the delicious sight of his mother in her new 'house dress'. The fabric was dazzlingly bright, the floral design a playful mix of brilliant colors, mostly reds, blues, white and yellows. The dress itself could brighten up a dull room on a cloudy day. But the way it fit was what made it so enticing. The bodice fit alluringly tight, especially on his mother's busty frame. It had little cap sleeves, with a deeply scooped round neck, nicely displaying her deep line of cleavage. It was tight all the way down to her nipped-in waist, with about six or seven tiny buttons that did up in the middle of the front. He saw that his mother had left about three of the buttons undone, drawing his attention even more to her spectacular breasts as they absolutely filled the front of the tight-fitting bodice, the unfastened buttons even providing him with a teasing glimpse of a lacy pink bra she wore beneath.

Mitch felt that lump in his throat again as he let his eyes look lower, taking in the flounce of the skirt part of the dress as it flowed out playfully from her slender waist over her wide hips. It kind of flipped loosely out to the sides—very different from the form-fitting pencil skirts she'd worn the day before—leaving her long tanned legs free, the hem of the dress ending at about mid-thigh. He loved the way the dress fit so tightly up top, but so playfully free once it got past her trim waist. Her legs were bare and her tan looked great, her small feet encased in strappy white flat sandals, a perfect complement for the casual, yet stunningly sexy, sundress.

"So, stop staring and tell me if you like it or not?" Nicole said, tapping her foot impatiently, a pleased smile still on her face.

"Y...yes, it looks fantastic," Mitch replied, finally able to tear his eyes off her gorgeous body and look her in the eye. Her hair was still damp, the golden locks of her ash-blonde hair falling attractively about her shoulders. She'd touched up her makeup, her eyes in soft pinks, with lip gloss to match, the look matching her sundress perfectly. She looked beautifully radiant, the smile on her face

warming him to the cockles of his...well, to the cockles of his cock, which he felt give a needy pulse beneath his jeans.

"Well alright then, lover-boy, let's have something to eat," his mother said, giving his arm an affectionate squeeze as she opened a cupboard and lifted out two plates. They helped each other prepare the lunch, two big sandwiches and tall glasses of iced tea, both of them famished from their sexual exertions. When they had everything ready and sat down at the table, Mitch picked up his phone, quickly scrolling through his messages.

"Anything important?" Nicole asked.

"Nah. Just some stuff from Justin. He said he might call later if he hears from Ashley." Nicole knew Ashley was Justin's girlfriend, a cute little thing with a waif-like body. "He said a cousin of hers might be coming into town and they might go out somewhere."

"I take it this cousin is a girl?"

"Uh, I guess, unless Jeri spelled J-E-R-I is a guy's name all of a sudden."

"I guess not," Nicole replied, both of them smiling. "So, do you think you'd like to go out with this Jeri?"

"Not a chance."

"You're sure you don't want to toss aside your fat old mom and go out with skinny young thing?"

"Jesus, Mom, are you kidding? You're not fat—you're perfect. And like I said before, you're not old. And besides, I've seen a picture of this Jeri. She's built like Ashley, like a twig. Even if I did go out with her—which I don't want to do—she's so skinny I'd probably break my dick off inside her."

"I'd like to see both of you try to explain that one at the hospital," Nicole said, both of them laughing at this point. "But seriously, don't you think your mom's a big old cow with these things." She cupped her immense breasts, holding her 36Es out towards her son.

Mitch adamantly shook his head. "Mom, you are the most beautiful, the most perfect woman I've ever seen. And trust me, any of those guys who say they go for those skinny chicks with no tits are full of shit. If they had a choice between a night with one of those flat bony sticks, or a lush mature woman like you, they'd choose you every time."

"And does that include you, sweetheart?"

"Oh God, yes. I don't even have to think twice. Mom, what's happened this morning is the best thing that's ever happened to me. I have to pinch myself to make sure it's real."

"It's real alright," Nicole replied, "and I can't wait for more. Now, let's eat. I can't believe how hungry I am." They both dug into their sandwiches, both of them eating ravenously for the first few bites, their bodies craving the energy they'd just spent in the bedroom. They talked very little as they ate, smiling at each other before finishing their food in no time flat, both of them anxious to get their hands on each other.

"Would you like some dessert, sweetie?" Nicole asked, taking the plates away and stowing them in the dishwasher.

"Yeah, that would be great, Mom." With her back facing him, Mitch watched as his mother slipped her hands beneath her dress, her wide hips starting to shimmy from side to side. She bent over and slipped her panties off, turning around as she held them teasingly from the tip of her index finger. With a mischievous smile on her face, she drew the tiny pink panties past his face, letting him get a whiff of her warm womanly scent before tossing them onto the countertop. She reached forward and took his glass off the table too. As Mitch watched, totally speechless, his mother slid her curvy rump onto the table top right in front of him. She leaned back, her arms straight out behind her. She lifted her tiny sandal-covered feet up and placed them on the arms of his chair, and then slowly drew her feet back towards her, her knees rolling open at the same time, her dress sliding provocatively up her thighs as her knees came up.

"Come closer, baby boy, Mommy's got a special dessert just for you." She reached down and pulled the rising hem of her sundress even higher, and Mitch watched in awe as her smooth creamy thighs rolled open before him, totally exposing her delectable pussy. He shivered with excitement just looking at the enticing treasure before him. He loved that it was totally shaven, the smooth skin of her vulva seeming to be begging for his hungry mouth. Her inner labia glistened wetly, the hot pink flesh beckoning sinfully. Her hooded clit stood up prominently at the apex of her sex, the fiery little bud seeming to throb and pulse with need. The warm feminine fragrance emanating from between her legs was intoxicatingly erotic, a mixture of soap, perfume, and pure womanly nectar. It seemed to feather its way teasingly into his senses, filling his head with illicitly sinful desires. Mitch felt himself flushing with excitement at his mother's luridly obscene behaviour, and felt a surging twitch as blood pulsed to his groin.

"C'mon, baby, show Mommy what you can do with that sweet mouth of yours," Nicole said softly, her voice taking on that lulling hypnotic tone again as she reached forward, slipping her fingers behind his head as she gently pulled him forwards. Unable to resist, even if he had wanted to, Mitch allowed himself to be pulled forward, lowering his mouth until she pressed his lips right against her steaming pussy. The touch of her hot pink labia against his mouth set him on fire, and he eagerly slid his tongue forwards, plunging it between her wet labial curtains.

"Mmmm...yeah, that's it...that's my baby boy," Nicole cooed, closing her eyes in bliss as her son's tongue started to work its magic, the extended tip rolling in a provocative circle over the dripping cuntal walls inside her.

"BZZZZZT!...BZZZZZT!..."

Mitch paused for a second, alerted by the buzzing of his phone. Nicole looked down at the call display. With her fingers still entwined in her son's curly locks, she pulled him against her, making sure he kept his mouth glued to her needy cunt. "It's Justin, but I think I can take care of this, you've got to finish your dessert." She reached over and pushed a button on the phone.

"Hello," Nicole said.

"Uh...Mrs. Stevens?" Justin's voice rang through the kitchen—she'd pressed the button to put him on speaker-phone.

"Yes. Hi, Justin."

"Uh, I thought I had called Mitch's cell. Did I call your home number by mistake?" he asked questioningly.

"No. This is Mitch's cell. He just left it on the kitchen table."

"Oh, uh...okay. Is he there?"

"He's kind of busy eating right now," Nicole said playfully, looking down at her son with that mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh gee, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch."

"No, that's okay, we've actually just finished. Mitch is just having his dessert." Mitch swirled his tongue deep as he listened to the conversation, loving the taste of his mother's creamy cunt-honey as it flowed onto his waiting tongue. He flicked his eyes up, seeing that teasing look on her face as she looked down at him. "Yes, I'm looking through a little slit I've got in the curtains, and I can see he's got a nice mouthful of peach pie."

"Peach pie?"

"Yes, Mitch loves peach pie." She looked down at her son, rolling her loins lewdly all around his face. "I can see that he's eating so fast that he's got a mess all over his face." Mitch looked up at his mother, sharing her smile.

"He's outside?"

"Yes, he's getting a close-up view of my trench."

"Your trench?!" Both mother and son could hear the confusion in Justin's voice.

"Well, it's not really my trench, but I like to call it that. We're having a bit of a problem with discharge overflow." Mitch sent his tongue deep, feeling her dripping pussy lather his tongue with warm cunt-honey, his mother's own sinfully delicious discharge overflow.

"Discharge overflow?"

"Yes, the stuff just seems to be flowing out of my trench like crazy."

There was a pause, and they both wondered what Justin was thinking. "Uh, Mitch knows how to fix things like that?"

"Well, we're going to work at it together, and I'm sure he'll be able to help me take care of this nasty discharge problem." Mitch swiped his tongue all over her throbbing pink labia, rolling the tip of his tongue slowly all around her pulsing clit. "Aaaaahh," Nicole gasped out loud, the sound echoing throughout the room.

"Are you okay, Mrs. Stevens?"

"Yes, I'm fine, Justin. Just stubbed my toe there for a second." She looked down at her son, her fingers caressing lovingly through his curly hair.

"How...uh...how is Mitch going to help you with that...that discharge problem? I didn't think he knew anything about plumbing and stuff like that."

"I'm going to have him lay some pipe for me. Yes, I want him to lay some pipe good and deep in my trench." Even Mitch looked up wide-eyed as he listened to what his mother had just said.

Again, there was a pause, and Mitch wondered what his friend was thinking. Justin finally responded, and it was evident that her provocative statement had gone right over his head. "Gee,

that sounds like hard work."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll find it VERY HARD," Nicole responded, emphasizing the final two words. "Laying pipe like this is definitely man's work, but from what I've seen, I think Mitch can handle it. But I'm sure I'll give him a hand, after all, I want to make sure he lays that pipe deep enough to satisfy me. Yes, we have to make sure my trench is completed filled up." She rolled her hips, making sure her son's probing tongue covered every square inch of her needy twat.

"Is that going to take a long time? I was just calling to see if he wanted to go out later."

"Oh, it's going to take quite awhile. I expect Mitch will be laying pipe all afternoon long."

"Hmmm..." She could hear the disappointment in Justin's voice. "Do you still have to do that work in the attic too?"

"Oh no, we finished that this morning just before lunch."

"That's good. Between you and me, Mrs. Stevens, I know Mitch wasn't looking forward to lugging all those boxes around."

"Well, he did a great job, Justin. I was surprised to see how good he was with a box in his hands. By the time he was done, he had me smiling from ear to ear." She paused, but once again Justin seemed in a daze as he listened to her provocative statement. With her pleasure level escalating, Nicole decided it was time to put an end to the call, even though she was having a lot of fun with it. "Listen, I've got to go. There seems to be some more discharge bubbling out of my trench. How about you call him later this afternoon?"

"Sure thing, Mrs. Stevens. Let him know I called."

"I will. Bye." Nicole reached over and pressed the phone, ending the call.

"C'mon, baby, I'm almost there," she said as she arched her back, pulling her son's mouth more firmly against her.

With her cute little sundress bunched up around her waist, Mitch went to town, eating her for all he was worth. He worshipped at her succulent pussy, rolling his tongue all around her cuntal walls, probing mercilessly into her incendiary depths. He was rewarded with a continuous flow of her fragrant womanly nectar, the stuff sluicing out of her onto his waiting tongue. He flicked his eyes up to see her head tilted back, her eyes half-closed in blissful pleasure as she approached orgasm. Her huge tits were heaving beneath the tight-fitting bodice, the upper swells jiggling enticingly. He shifted his attentions higher, sliding his tongue up the full length of her gooey slot and wrapping it around the sensitive nodule of her clit, taking it between his lips and sucking gently as his tongue bathed it with his warm spit.

"OH FUCK...YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," his mother hissed loudly as she started to come. Her hips were shifting and twitching from side to side on the tabletop as her climax overwhelmed her. She kept his head pressed against her fiery loins as she shook and spasmed, spewing hot sticky cunt juice all over his face. Mitch licked and sucked at her clit, driving her crazy. She came and came, gasping and shrieking as wave upon wave of pure ecstasy coursed through her lush body. She thrashed about like a wildcat under his talented tongue and working lips, feeding him a steady supply of warm gooey nectar as she continued to twitch and shake, her body surrendering itself to the blissful sensations coursing through her.

"Oh Jesus, that was so good," she gasped out as the final tingling sensations rolled through her. She released her grip on her son's head and sat back, her loins still spread wide open as he tenderly nursed at her dripping pussy. With a contented smile on her face, she just watched as he slowly licked all around her seeping hole, gathering up the warm juices slithering out from inside her.

"You love that, don't you, sweetheart?" she asked after watching him eat her quietly for a minute or two, her breathing gradually returning to normal.

"I do, Mom. I could do that all day, if you wanted me to."

"Maybe someday, sweetie. But not today—I've got other things in mind," she said as she sat forwards on the edge of the table. "Your face is a mess. Let me clean that up for you." She took her son's head in her hands and tilted his face up to hers, his skin glistening with her sticky juices. Her tongue slithered forward, the soft organ feeling luxurious on his skin as she licked his cheek, gathering up her warm nectar.

"Mmmm," she purred, slowly licking her son's handsome face from ear to ear until all that was left was a shimmering residue of her drying saliva. She sat back slightly, looking down at the enormous bulge straining against the confining material of her son's jeans. With a smile on her face, she reached down and pulled off his polo shirt, tossing it aside as she looked at his muscular torso, her eyes twinkling with lust as she slid her fingers over the powerful sinews beneath his broad shoulders. She leaned forwards, nipping teasingly at his ear.

"Get those pants off, baby," she whispered, her hot tingling breath making him shiver.

Mitch quickly undid his jeans and pushed them down to the floor, kicking them aside as he continued to sit in the chair. They both looked down as his cock thrust upwards, free of the confining jeans. It was hard as a rock, and bobbed menacingly with each powerful beat of his racing heart. A throbbing pulse went through it as they watched, a pulsing blob of precum oozing to the surface and running down the upright shaft erotically.

"Oh yeah, that's just what I need," Nicole said breathlessly as she shifted forward and straddled her son as he sat in the chair, holding her dress up as she positioned the introitus of her vagina right over the throbbing cockhead. With the broad flared head positioned against her dripping labial gates, she took a deep breath and then lowered herself, feeling her hot pink labia stretch as the massive glans started to enter her.

"Oh fuck," she gasped, letting go of her dress. As she reached to put her hands on her son's broad shoulders to steady herself, her dress drifted down to cover their connected loins in a bright floral tent, but the sensations going on beneath weren't shielded by the fabric covering. She let herself slide down the thrusting shaft inch by inch, the massive cock once again stretching and filling her insides like no man had ever done before.

Nicole knew her son was just what she needed—the perfect lover that could keep up with her. She knew that boys reached their sexual peak in their late teens, just the age Mitch was now. And she also knew that women reached their prime later, close to 40. At 39, she knew she was there, and it had been years since her husband Rick had been able to truly satisfy her. What could be better than a virile young stud in his prime, meeting a voluptuous mature woman in her prime? And the fact that the virile young stud was her own son just made it that much more exciting for Nicole.

She also knew she was a size queen, who craved and desired big cocks, and although Rick was slightly bigger than average, for the last number of years she'd found herself wanting an even

bigger cock more and more. Little did she know until just a day ago that a monstrous stallion-like cock was in the room right next to her—lying in eager anticipation between her son's strong powerful thighs. Yes, that was the cock she needed—the perfect cock to fill her itchy needy hole time and time again. She knew already that she'd be taking advantage of his youthful endurance, having him fuck her and feed her load after load of hot teenage cum until she'd fucked and sucked him dry. And she knew that even then, he'd still have that endless teenage stamina to give her one more, and then one more after that, until she couldn't walk straight. She knew that only then she'd be truly happy.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you've got it all," Mitch said as he felt her settle right down in the saddle, her groin pressed flush up against his, his horse-like cock buried to the hilt inside her.

"Oh God, baby, it's so big. I love it," Nicole cooed as she sat still, her eyes half-closed in pleasure as she got used to the massive stake thrusting high up inside her. She started to work the muscles inside her, gripping and massaging the rigid prick lovingly.

"Oh Mom, that feels amazing," Mitch said, loving the delightful sensations flowing through him as she rolled her hips as well, bathing his buried prick with her hot oily juices.

"It does feel good, doesn't it, baby?" Nicole said as she started to hunch up and down an inch or two. She held firmly onto his shoulders as she placed her feet flat on the floor on either side of him, positioning herself just as she wanted.

"Just sit back and relax, sweetie. It's time for Mommy to ride." With that, she rose up, the steely hard rod easing out of her until just the lemon-sized knob was left inside her, her stretched pink labia circling the engorged head in a possessive kiss. She rolled her hips from side to side, his thrusting erection moving with her.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that feels incredible."

"You might like this too," Nicole replied, letting her weight go as she plunged all the way down on his rigid member, the massive cockhead tearing deep into her guts.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkk," Mitch moaned, throwing his head back at the unbelievable sensations flowing through him. His mother pushed herself up again, until his enflamed glans was still gripped inside her, and then dropped herself down, her groin slamming into his with a nasty wet squelching sound, the head of his prick bumping up against the gates of her womb.

"OH JESUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," his mother moaned as she started to cum already. She leaned forward and gripped his shoulders tightly as she climaxed, her hips thrashing about as the jangling sensations of an intense climax rocketed through her. She kept pumping herself up and down as she came, her juices gushing out of her to run down over his silky bag to pool on the chair beneath him.

"Oh Mom, that is so fucking good," Mitch groaned, holding on for dear life as she rode the hell out of him. She was wriggling and flexing up and down like she was riding a bucking bronco, and that's what she felt like with the huge horse-like cock stretching and filling her birth canal to the max. She slammed herself up and down as his cock plundered the depths of her gripping vagina, the hot wet tissues inside her gliding up and down in a steaming tight sheath along his rigid shaft.

Mitch felt himself getting close, and reached beneath his mother's dress to grip her pistoning hips, holding on for dear life as she fucked the shit out of him. His turgid prick felt like it was on fire, the

steely branding iron tightly encased by her molten snatch. He felt his balls draw up close to his body, and then the luscious contractions started in his midsection, just as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock.

"OH MOM, I'M COMMINGGGGGGG," he gasped as he started to shoot, the first blast of cum feeling like a fire extinguisher trying to put out a grease fire as he went off inside her oily depths.

"YESSSSSSSS," Nicole hissed at the same time as she started to climax as well. She could actually feel the first blast of his cum rocket upwards inside her, pasting itself sinfully against her cervix. She kept bouncing as she came, gripping his shooting prick with the muscles inside her as she tried to pull as much cum out of him as possible.

Mitch kept hunching his hips up as she rode him mercilessly, shot after shot of hot teenage semen spewing deep into her. It felt like a geyser going off between his legs, rope upon rope of thick viscous cum filling her insides. The sound of their slapping loins was lewd and deliciously erotic, the overflow of spunk from her velvety snatch slithering out around their joined bodies.

"OH JESUSSSSSS," Nicole moaned loudly as she threw her head back in ecstasy, another tingling orgasm following right on the heels of the last one. She was gasping and shaking, twitching paroxysms of pleasure coursing through her curvy body. But still, she kept bouncing on his spurting prick, both of them relishing in the blissful rapture of their mutual climaxes. Mitch kept shooting, wad upon wad of thick viscous cum filling his mother's hot wet cunt. Finally, the luxurious tingling sensations coursing through both of them waned at the same time, resulting in her collapsing against him, his drooling prick still buried to the hilt inside her. Neither said a word as she lay with her body slumped against his broad musculature chest, her head resting on his shoulder and they both breathed deeply, letting their bodies recover.

A few minutes later, Nicole sat back, her face glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, a smile of blissful contentment on her face. Mitch looked back at her, equally as pleased. She took his face in her hands and leaned down, giving him a hot passionate kiss that went on and on. She finally pulled back, her warm blue eyes alive with desire. "Let's go upstairs, baby. It's time for you to really start laying that pipe into Mommy."

...to be continued...