

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 06

rmDEXter

Busty Nicole rewards her son with a special dinner.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

13.3k words

I apologize for the delay in getting this chapter posted. Sometimes real life stuff just gets in the way. Once again, if you are looking for male and female characters of average size endowment, please look elsewhere.

Also, I am asking for help from my readers. In the next chapter, mother Nicole will be wearing another sexy lingerie outfit for her son. I'm asking readers to submit photos from websites with outfits they'd like to see this gorgeous stacked MILF wearing.

Thanks for reading...rmDEXter

Mitch gripped his mother's ankles in his hands and pinned her legs back almost to her shoulders, tilting her hips upwards so her hot juicy cunt was in the perfect position for him to drill her deep into the mattress. He flexed back and slammed his hips forward, the bed squeaking in protest as he drove over 10" of thick hard cock all the way to the bottom of his mother's velvety love pocket, the overheated pink tissues inside her gripping his rigid erection like a hot buttery fist.

"OH FUCK! NOT AGAINNNNNN..." Nicole wailed as she climaxed, the exquisite sensations flashing like a million fireflies throughout her lush mature body. Her son had been fucking her almost continually for over two hours now, and she'd lost track ages ago of how many times she'd come. It seemed like she'd just start to come down from one delicious orgasm when his gorgeous hard cock and firm muscular body would take her to the brink of another scintillating climax. Her body felt almost numb at this point from the heavenly torture he was putting her through—but she loved it, and didn't want it to ever stop. She was realizing in a hurry she'd finally found the perfect partner to meet her own insatiable sexual appetite—and that person was her very own son. Mitch had the stamina and endurance to match her unquenchable ravenous desires. As he drew back and jackhammered his hips forward, crucifying her sinfully as the rigid stake between his legs nailed her deep into the bed, she knew that the 18-year old hung stud living in the room right next to her was the perfect lover to quench her voracious hunger for cock—big rock-hard cock that could turn you inside out and make your eyes roll back in your head. Yes, there was nothing like a permanently hard teenage cock to satisfy a lusty 39-year old MILF's itchy needs.

"OH JESUS, MOM...SO HOT..." Mitch moaned as he kept slamming his engorged erection deep into his mother's welcoming cunt. With his hands wrapped around her slender ankles holding her body spread out like a wishbone, she was in the perfect position for a relentless assault on her hot mature pussy. And as Mitch levered back and thrust his hips forward, he was giving that needy cunt all it could take...and more.

When they'd come up from the kitchen, they'd torn the clothes off each other and tumbled into her king-size bed, their mouths meeting in a searing kiss as their hands eagerly explored each other's bodies. He'd gotten hard surprisingly quick after his previous climax, her talented hands and

succulent mouth working to bring his boiling blood to where it was needed most. He'd turned her over and fucked her doggy style, his bloated balls slapping noisily against her shiny labia as he'd hammered away. After she'd come a couple of times, he rolled over, pulling her with him. She quickly took charge, riding him in reverse cowgirl fashion as he held onto her wide motherly hips, letting her set the pace. She climaxed again, and another time after that before he spun her around, his cock still impaled deep inside her. She continued to ride, sitting deep in the saddle as his cock plundered the hot oily tissues high up inside her velvety snatch. His eyes feasted on her mouth-watering tits as she bounced, the massive orbs wobbling and jiggling invitingly. Mitch then turned her back over onto her stomach and slammed her into the bed from behind, plundering the depths of her steaming box over and over again as she lay totally prone beneath him with her legs spread out to each side, her hands clutching the sheets tightly.

After what seemed like an hour of continuous fucking, Mitch finally came, flooding her succulent pussy with another load of thick creamy teenage cum. His mother climaxed at the same time, screeching like a banshee as the tingling sensations overwhelmed her. But she wasn't done with him—not by any means.

Mitch had barely regained his breath before his mother was sucking on him again, her soft pouty lips licking his spent prick clean of their warm fragrant juices. She looked into his eyes sluttishly as she ran her broad flat tongue all over his groin, licking and sucking up the wads of milky semen clinging to his body. As he started to get hard again, the smile on her face was bewitchingly sinful as she sucked even harder, her lips stretching further open to encompass his swelling prick. When he was fully hard, she pulled him back on top of her, and they started again.

Mitch was in heaven, fucking his mother's hot mature pussy for all he was worth—and it never seemed to be enough for her. He loved the intensity of her lovemaking. It was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. He'd had his fair share of girls, nearly all of them unable to take more than half of his massive cock. But even the ones he thought were really good in bed couldn't hold a candle to his mother. No—she was something quite spectacular. He'd jerked off to his mother for years now, pumping out thousands of loads while fantasizing about her. But everything today had been beyond his wildest dreams. He knew that even an experienced porn star would be no comparison to the scintillating delights his mother was providing for him.

Now they'd been fucking for well over an hour again, the bed constantly creaking and shaking as he'd had her in every position he could think of. The room reeked of sex, both of them covered in a glistening sheen of perspiration from their exertions. His pistoning cock was coated in a frothy foam of cunt-juice and semen. The previous loads he'd deposited deep inside her were being forced out of her overflowing twat by his invading member, the huge dick filling the hot void like it had never been filled before, gobs of spunk being forced back out of her to coat his heavy nuts and stain the sheets.

The sheets were a total mess. In fits of rapturous ecstasy while climaxing, she'd pulled at the sheets viciously, the corners of the mattress now exposed as the sheets came loose in her shrieking death grip. There were wet spots and glistening gobs of white cum everywhere, plus an overall dampness from their sweaty bodies moving constantly from one part of the bed to another as they tried a new position. The headboard was beating a drum-like tattoo on the wall as Mitch pounded away, splitting his mother in two with his stallion-like cock, the sound nothing more than a repetitive din compared to her wailing shrieks of ecstasy when she came...time and time again.

"I'm getting close. Where do you want this one, Mom?" Mitch asked, feeling his balls drawing up close to his body.

"All over my tits, baby," she gasped back at him, her body folded up like a pretzel beneath him, her talented cunt gripping his engorged prick possessively.

As the semen started to speed up the shaft of his rearing prick, Mitch released his mother's bent-up legs and hastily withdrew from her clutching vagina, his throbbing dick coming out with a nasty wet sucking sound. Nicole quickly shifted backwards until she was leaning up against the headboard, making her voluminous tits a perfect target for her eager son. She cupped her massive breasts in her hands, presenting them to him temptingly. Mitch scrambled over her supine form and straddled her midsection, his cannon-like prick pointed right at her inviting tits and ready to fire. He wrapped his big hand around his throbbing member and started to pump, just as the first thick white rope jettisoned forth.

"HERE IT COMES!" he warned, watching the streaking ribbon of white plaster itself against his mother's sumptuous tits.

"Come on, baby," Nicole cooed warmly as she looked down at the enflamed head of her son's massive cock. "Give Mommy every drop of that sweet cum."

Mitch didn't have to be asked twice as he jacked vigorously, milky wads and pearly strands of thick teenage semen spewing forth as he absolutely flooded his mother's big heavy tits with his cum. He pumped and pumped as the tingling contractions continued in his midsection, totally unloading all over her perfect 36Es. Nicole smiled as she looked down at her chest, watching her breasts quickly getting covered with a shimmering coating of whiteness. Shot after shot of thick teenage semen rained down on her, the warm seed feeling deliciously erotic as it landed on her huge tits.

Mitch eventually stopped as the last tingling shiver tripped down his spine. He flicked off the final few drops of cum, and then looked down at his handiwork. The stuff was everywhere, almost totally covering her chest with thick rivulets running into her deep cleavage. Gobs of jizz clung to the soft skin alluringly, the longer strands crisscrossing the huge mounds in a bizarre mosaic. He smiled to himself as he looked down at her bullet-like nipples, a big gob of milky semen dangling lewdly downwards from each rubbery button.

"I can't believe how much cum you can still shoot, even after all those loads you've already gotten rid of today," Nicole said, her face still flushed with desire as she teasingly traced her fingertips through the layer of cum covering her tits.

"It's pretty much always that much," Mitch said. "Sorry about that. I guess I kind of made a mess."

"Oh, there's nothing to be sorry about," Nicole said, looking up at him with that teasing look in her eyes. "I love it. Don't ever stop." She reached both hands beneath one breast and lifted it upwards as she tipped her head forwards, her eyes still locked on his.

Mitch watched, totally enthralled, as his mother's tongue slid out from between her lips and lapped at one breast, the tip of her tongue flicking upwards as she drew a long slimy trail of semen into her mouth. Her neck muscles contracted provocatively as she swallowed, the silky ribbon of cum sliding right down her throat.

"Mmmm..." She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm milk as she lifted her breast higher, pursing her lips into a sexy 'O' before latching on to her own cum-covered nipple. She purred again and closed her eyes in bliss as she sucked on the strawberry-like button, her tongue slurping noisily as she sucked up her son's warm tasty seed.

Mitch thought it was just about the hottest thing he'd ever seen, and just stared open-mouthed as his mother continued to suck and lick at her own big tits, drawing as much of his thick viscous semen into her mouth as she could. Her hair was matted with sweat and was a total mess, but Mitch thought she looked beautiful. Strands of hair clung damply to her cheeks, and he reached down lovingly and pushed it back, giving him an even better view of her pretty face as she finally finished, swallowing lustily as she took the final warm gobs of cum deep into her welcoming stomach.

"C'mere, baby," Nicole said as she pulled him down next to her and pulled the disarrayed sheets over them. "I think we both need to rest for a few minutes."

Mitch snuggled up behind her, pressing his spent dick against her round curvy bum. His mother reached behind and took his hand, placing it beneath her breast as she wiggled back into him. Deliciously spent, both of them fell asleep in less than a minute...

"BZZZZT!...BZZZZT!..."

The soft buzzing of Mitch's cell phone woke both of them out of a deep and well-deserved slumber. As Mitch reached for the phone he'd placed on the bedside table, Nicole looked at her alarm clock next to her. They'd been asleep for over two hours, both of them dead to the world after their marathon fuck session.

"It's only Justin," Mitch said, picking up the phone and looking at the caller I.D.

He was about to ignore the call when his mother spoke, "Answer it, sweetie. Put him on speaker phone so we can both hear what he has to say." She rolled over and snuggled into Mitch's side, her hand tracing tenderly over his washboard stomach.

"All right," Mitch said, touching the appropriate buttons on his phone. "Hey dipshit, what's up?"

"Not much, dickwad. Did your mom tell you I called?" Justin's voice rang out clear throughout the room.

As Nicole snuggled in closer, Mitch slipped his arm around her. "Yeah, she told me you called right after lunch." He reached further around with his other hand and cupped one of her breasts, hefting it in the palm of his hand. "Sorry I didn't call you back; I've kind of had my hands full all afternoon." Nicole looked up at him, both of them smiling as his thumb rolled playfully over one thick nipple.

"Yeah, it sounded from what your mom said that she was going to be working you pretty hard today."

"Yeah, it was pretty hard most of the time, but it felt good when it was finally over."

"I'll bet. What the hell was she talking about anyways—laying pipe and filling in a trench or something?"

"Is that what she said?" Mitch asked, he and his mother continuing to share a smile.

"Yeah, some kind of plumbing problem or something? She mentioned there was some kind of discharge overflow. Was it really messy?"

Mitch slid his hand down his mother's body and slipped a finger into her swollen pussy, spinning it around as he played in the mixture of semen and cunt-juice within her moist hole. "Yeah, it was bubbling up like crazy for a while there. I ended up spending most of the afternoon laying pipe deep in the trench, just like my mom told me to."

Nicole winked at her son, her hand circling the root of his dormant cock and squeezing affectionately.

"So did you get it all fixed?"

"Yeah, once I had the pipe laid nice and deep, we tested it to make sure there was good flow. Once we saw that it was working just the way my mom wanted it, she told me it was okay to fill in the trench." Mitch withdrew his gooey finger and held it up, his fingers glistening lewdly with her creamy nectar and a couple of strands of milky semen. His mother eagerly slipped her lips over his cummy digit, licking it clean. "Now that my mom's shown me once, if that discharge overflow problem happens again, I know just what to do to help her."

Nicole smiled as she listened to the boys talking, while her hand kept busy, stroking teasingly back and forth along her son's prodigious member, the sleeping monster slowly awakening within her warm grasp.

"Jesus, laying pipe, filling in a trench—that sounds like brutal work. How's a wuss like you doing after that? I figured a little priss like you would be whining and complaining all day."

"Screw you, Nancy-boy." Mitch looked down at his mother's hand tugging in a teasing corkscrew motion as his prick started to harden and extend in her hand. "Actually, I'm okay. But I imagine I'll be stiffening up soon." Nicole almost burst out laughing.

"Okay, enough of that shit. I've had to do my share of chores I hated too." Justin paused for a second before shifting to a new topic of conversation. "Man, you should have been at the mall around noon. I was there with Luke and we spotted these two MILFs that were shopping together. Fucking gorgeous, man."

"Oh yeah. So what did you do, perv, follow them around like you always do?"

"Like you've never done that?" As Nicole looked up at Mitch with a feigned look of surprise on her face, he blushed, having been caught out by his own mistaken question. Justin continued, "They ended up going into the La Perla lingerie store, so Luke and I went in pretending to look for stuff for our girlfriends."

"Oh no, please tell me you didn't do that?"

"Of course we did. I think those two liked the fact that we were eyeing them up. They seemed to make quite a show of it when they were holding up corsets in front of themselves. I've never seen either of them before, but they both looked fantastic. One was brunette and the other was blonde, and both of them had huge racks. You would have loved the blonde. I know how much you love blondes with big tits." Nicole smiled up at Mitch when Justin said that, her own blonde hair spread out over his shoulder as she lay against him.

"Yeah, well, I'm glad you pervs had a good time," Mitch said, anxious to end the call before he got himself into any more hot water.

"Speaking of having a good time, do you feel like going out and getting a bite to eat? Ashley called and her cousin Jeri got into town a couple of hours ago. The four of us could make a night of it."

"Nah, I think I'll pass." Mitch squeezed his mother's breast gently while leaning over and placing a tender kiss on the top of her head.

"C'mon, Stevens. It'll be fun. I know Jeri's not built quite the way you like—"

"She's built like a little boy," Mitch interrupted, happily filling his hands with his mother's heavy boobs.

"Well, yeah, but she is pretty. You could probably get her to give you either a blow job or a hand job anyways." Nicole softly sniggered as she kept her hand busy, her fingers teasingly tracing up and down her son's stiffening prick.

"No, thanks for the invite, but I don't think so. My mom said she'd take me out for doing this work today, and I promised I'd go."

"Hey, your choice, buddy. Just know that if you can't make it, I'll ask Luke. But just think, while you're out dining all prim and proper with Mommy, me and Luke will most likely be down in the basement at my place watching TV and getting our dicks sucked. Like I said, it could be you instead of Luke."

"Yeah...yeah, whatever."

"Okay, Momma's boy, your loss."

"Yeah, I'll probably just have an early night. Go to bed early." Mitch gave his mother's generous bosom another affectionate squeeze as he winked at her.

"All right. Oh yeah, thanks for sending me the link to that MILF website the other day. There are definitely some hot ones on there." Nicole gave Mitch a scolding look, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face as she continued to stroke his stiff cock.

"Uh yeah," Mitch said, embarrassed once more. "Look, I gotta go. You guys have a good time tonight, okay?"

"Sure. I'll call you tomorrow."

"See ya."

Mitch pressed the button on his phone, ending the call.

"So, MILF websites, eh?" she asked teasingly, her hand still stroking up and down his now rigid cock.

"Well, uh...yeah," Mitch confessed, not seeing the use in trying to deny anything.

"You and your friends are interested in MILFs?"

"All guys are interested in MILFs, Mom. Even old guys—they think about how much they loved them when they were younger."

"Do you think I'm a MILF?"

"Oh Jesus, Mom. You're so gorgeous, you're beyond a MILF. If anything, you'd be Queen of the MILFS."

"Do your friends think of me as a MILF?"

Mitch paused, unsure of what to say, but realized that based on what had happened with his mother today, honesty had to be the best policy. "Y...yes."

"I kind of like that," she replied, her smile easing his temporary anxiety. "It's nice to be thought of as attractive by younger men. You're not just saying that to make me feel better, are you?"

"Gosh, no. All of my friends think you're the hottest mom around. They don't say much right to my face, but I know they talk about you all the time."

Nicole felt her pussy give a little twitch at the thought of all those hung young studs thinking about her. She gave Mitch's cock a testing squeeze, feeling the incredible stiffness against her circling hand. "Well, it seems like my little boy likes what this MILF is doing to him. I can't believe how hard you are again after what we've already done today."

"As far as you're concerned, Mom, I'm pretty sure I can be hard 24/7."

"That's fine with me, baby. And I'm constantly amazed at how big you are. I'm sure you take after my side of the family when it comes to that. I absolutely love it." She gave his hard cock a slow squeezing pump, her eyes gleaming with delight as a shiny gob of precum oozed from the yawning red eye at the tip. She flicked her index finger across the shimmering wad, gathering it up and bringing the slimy wad of cock-sap to her mouth. "Mmmmm. You can walk around with a hardon all day as far as I'm concerned. And Mommy will be here to help you take care of it as much as you want."

Mitch was in heaven listening to his mother's words. He looked down at his hands mauling her giant tits, and felt another surging pulse go through his massive dong. "Mom, can I...can I fuck you again?"

Nicole sat up, her huge tits looming over Mitch's face. She smiled as she looked down at him, his eyes immediately drawn to her heavy swaying boobs. "Not right now, sweetie. I'm afraid to admit that Mommy's a little sore after that pounding you gave me this afternoon. But there is something I'd like to do for you." She paused and looked down at his horse-like cock, standing up rigidly from his groin, throbbing hotly beneath her circling hand. "How about if I give you a nice relaxing hand job?"

"I'd love that," Mitch eagerly replied, knowing another one of his dreams was about to come true.

"Okay, baby. You just sit up a little against the headboard while I get between your legs. Yes...that's it. Now, I think we just need a couple more things to make this perfect. Aahh...yes," she said, opening the drawer of her bedside table and reaching inside. Mitch's eyes opened in shock as she drew out a jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and a black elastic hairband—the same things he used when he jerked off!

"Mom, wh...wh...," Mitch stammered as his mother moved between his spread legs, her supplies in hand.

"I know a few things about my son," Nicole replied, a wry smile on her face. "When I've had to take your sheets off your bed to do laundry, there've been a couple of times you've left the drawer on

your bedside table a little bit open. I couldn't help but notice how much of this Vaseline you go through. My, my—you are prolific, aren't you?"

"Well, I...," Mitch mumbled, unsure of how to respond.

"Now seriously, baby, how many times a day do you jack off?"

Mitch was surprised by his mother's blatant question, and even after what they'd just been through, he felt himself blushing. Once again, he figured honesty was the best way to go. "Uh, usually five or six—sometimes more."

"Mmm, that's perfect," his mother said, a wicked little smile on her face. "And would you like Mommy to help you get rid of all those loads from now on?"

"Oh god, yes!" Mitch replied emphatically.

"Then let's start right now," she said, moving closer between his spread legs.

"The...the hairband?"

"Don't think I haven't noticed these missing off my dressing table either," she said with a smile as she twirled the black ring around her index finger teasingly. "I saw a couple of them in your drawer too, and I bet I know just what you use them for." Having said that, she stretched the elasticized band as she slid it down over his rearing tool and positioned it around the root on top, and beneath his massive nut-sack beneath, making his fearsome cock look even more engorged and menacing with the cock-ring around it. "There, how does that feel?" Nicole asked the question, even though she knew from spying on her son that this was exactly the way he positioned it himself.

"It feels great," Mitch said, feeling the anxiety he'd felt washing away.

"Good. Now Mommy wants to have her way with her baby boy's beautiful hard cock. So you just sit back and let me take care of you." Nicole opened the jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline she'd bought the day before and scooped out a generous amount of the greasy lube. Sitting cross-legged between her son's legs, she rubbed her hands slowly together, warming the viscous gel until her hands glistened hotly.

Mitch loved seeing his mother getting ready to give him a nice slippery hand-job. Sitting upright between his legs, her voluminous breasts wobbled and jiggled enticingly as she rubbed her hands together, her big nipples looking like succulent cherries adorning the tips of those huge round guns. He watched as she reached out and brought one hand to his throbbing dick, her slick fingers circling it in a warm loving corridor as she wrapped it around the base. She brought her other gooey hand forward and slipped it around right on top of the first one, with still a number of inches of rock-hard cock showing above both gripping hands. Once she had them in place, she slowly slid them upwards, leaving behind a shining layer of the slippery lubricant.

"Oh Jesus, that is so good," Mitch moaned as he lay back against the pillows, surrendering himself to the delicious sensations flowing through him.

"Mmmmmm, so nice and hard," his mother cooed softly, her hands quickly warmed by his pulsating cock. When she reached the top, she gave it a tender squeeze, and then started to slowly let her gripping hands descent the towering stalk, adding a teasing corkscrew motion. When the heel of

her lower hand touched his shaven groin, she pumped upwards, her slick hands rotating back and forth along his throbbing pole.

"Oh fuckkkkkk." Mitch was thrilled beyond his wildest dreams, loving the feel of his mother's hot talented hands working on his blood-engorged fuck-stick. He looked down through hooded eyes as he leaned back against the headboard, a sluttishly contented look on his mother's face as she slowly pumped away, her glistening hands sliding lewdly up and down his throbbing cock.

"I love this cock," Nicole mumbled, almost as if speaking to herself. "I can't believe how big it is, how hard it is." With the cock-ring keeping it throbbingly engorged, it was a thing of beauty, the pulsing veins standing out boldly against the glistening shaft. She started stroking her hands slowly right off the tip of his cock as she drew it towards her, one hand following the other in a teasing rope-pulling motion, as if she was drawing a boat to shore. Her pulling motion drew even more of his flowing precum from the tip, the slimy discharge almost flowing out of him like a river now, the sticky cock-sap dropping nastily onto her lap. She paused and pumped some out into the palm of one hand, and then licked it up, her eyes closing in rapture as the warm goo slid down her throat.

"Mmmmm," she purred, opening her eyes as she slipped both hands back around his throbbing erection and started pumping up and down once more, her hot slippery hands driving him crazy. "Oh god, what a gorgeous cock. I plan on making use of this beautiful thing as much as I can from now on." She gave Mitch a sinfully teasing wink, letting him know she had no intention of stopping the illicit incestuous affair they'd just started.

Mitch could only moan as she kept working him over, her skilful mature hands working mercilessly on his throbbing prick. The precum continued to flow out of him, joining the slippery lubricant covering her stroking hands. She continued slowly, savoring the luxurious feeling of the hot rigid stiffness filling her hands. She brought him to the brink of orgasm a few times, stopping her deliciously perfect stroking just in time for his impending climax to subside. And then she'd start again, a luridly sinful smile on her face as she stroked all the way from the taut base to the enflamed crown, her slender fingers and circling hands twisting teasingly in torturous circles at the same time.

"Oh fuck, Mom, please...let me...let me come," Mitch pleaded, beside himself with anguish as he lay there squirming before her, his body tensing and twisting with the need to release another massive load.

Nicole squeezed his throbbing prick firmly and then started that base-to-tip stroking motion again, her hands cockscrewing all over the massive girth of his horse-like cock as she started to bring him off. "Okay, baby, let it go. Give Mommy all of that hot cum." She watched her son's muscular abs flexing, and knew the delicious contractions from his impending release were starting to course through his body. She smiled and her tongue subconsciously ran out to wet her lips as the shiny red eye at the yawned open before filling with pearly fluid for a split second before his climax overwhelmed him.

"Ah...ahhh...OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKK," Mitch moaned loudly as his body started to convulse, the first long white rope of cum rocketing high into the air, the milky strand almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and dropping back onto his muscular stomach with a resounding "SPLAT!"

Nicole's hands kept stroking smoothly as a second, and then a third white ribbon streaked skyward. Her son's cock kept bucking in her pumping hands, like a giant python fighting to get free. She held tightly as she jacked away, wad upon wad of thick teenage jizz spewing into the air like a geyser.

She couldn't believe how much cum he had in him, gobs and strands of semen fountaining lewdly upwards before falling back down all over his body and her pumping hands. He came for a long time, until his stomach and midsection were almost totally covered with a mass of thick white spunk.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch groaned softly as the last tingling vestiges of his intense climax flowed through him, his body still twitching and spasming as the nerve-jangling sensations slowly waned. "That was so good. Oh fuck, Mom—that was better than good, it was incredible."

"I'm glad you liked it, baby. I'm sure I'll be doing that for you a lot from now on." Nicole sat still for a minute or so as he recovered, her cum-covered hands holding his slowly deflating cock lovingly, both of them looking at the massive puddle of cum covering his midsection. "Now it's time for Mommy to get her reward." Mitch looked down as his chest continued to heave, drawing big gulps of cool air into his lungs as he slowly recovered. He watched as his mother brought her cummy hands to her mouth and sluttishly licked them clean, keeping her eyes locked on his so he could see how much she loved it. When she was done lapping up every creamy drop from her hands, she leaned forwards as she got on her hands and knees and leaned over his midsection, her pendulous breasts grazing his crotch. She slowly swayed from side to side, drawing her bullet-like nipples through the puddles of cum on his stomach. He could see the slimy goo clinging to her skin, the pearly semen shining lewdly against her cherry-red nipples.

"Oh Mom, that is so hot," Mitch said breathlessly, loving the feel of his mother's stiff rubbery nipples dragging over his skin.

"How does this look?" his mother asked as she slid slightly back and lowered her mouth to his cum-covered stomach, turning her warm blue eyes up to his as she pursed her lips and set them right down into a massive puddle of thick white semen. With her lips pursed forwards and her eyes locked on his, she sucked inwards, drawing the viscous clump of pearly spunk into her mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch mumbled, totally enthralled by his mother's lewd behaviour.

Nicole loved the taste of cum, and she'd never had any that she loved more than her son's. Not only was there plenty of it, but it tasted tantalizingly delicious. It was so thick and white that she knew it was absolutely chock-full of potent teenage sperm. She moved to another big clump on his taut abs and sucked that up as well, loving the feel of the thick silky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. She gave him a teasing wink as she kept going, her tongue and lips licking up every warm creamy drop. Finally, all that was left on his midsection was the glistening residue of her drying saliva, the copious amount of semen safely stored in the pit of her stomach.

"Okay, buster, I think both of us are going to need some real food pretty soon," Nicole said, licking her lips to get every savory morsel. "So I'm kicking you out while I get ready. Throw these sheets in the wash on your way." She looked at him teasingly as they pulled the already dishevelled sheets off the bed. "I want to put some new ones on so we can make them nice and nasty later." She tossed the sheets at him and gave him a playful shove towards the door. "I'll see you in a little while, sweetie. Make sure you look your best for our date, after all, you'd like Mommy to give you a nice goodnight kiss, wouldn't you?" With a sultry look in her eyes, she ushered him out of her room, closing the door behind him.

Mitch felt like he was walking on air as he made his way to the laundry room, his spent member swinging heavily between his legs once he pulled off the constricting cock-ring. He clutched the sheets in his arms, the intoxicating scent of pure sex rising from them to his nostrils. He smiled as

he breathed in the heady fragrance, thinking of all the delightful ways he was hoping to have sex with his super-hot mother. He tossed the sweaty cum-stained sheets in the washing machine, setting it going before heading to his own bathroom, his sweat-covered body badly in need of a shower.

Forty-five minutes later, Mitch made his way downstairs, camera in hand. If his mother was going to be wearing the new outfit she'd mentioned, he definitely didn't want to miss his chance to get some shots of her in it. He caught his own reflection in the hall mirror near the front door, and smiled at the handsome figure looking back at him.

His mother had told him to look good, so he'd chosen his new slim-fitting navy suit, the trim-fitting lines making his body look great, especially combined with the crisp white shirt and tan-colored lace-up shoes he was wearing. A short time back his mother had shown him pictures from an Italian fashion magazine of guys in trim navy suits and medium-tone brown shoes. She'd insisted on buying an outfit like that for him, and this would be the first chance he'd had to wear it. Even he had to admit how good the gorgeous suit made him look and feel. "When you look good, you feel good," he said to himself as he looked in the mirror, his hair nicely groomed and his face clean-shaven. He smiled as he looked at himself again, thinking that based on what had already happened today, he definitely did feel good, and the suit itself didn't have a lot to do with that. Getting rid of numerous loads of cum was bound to put a smile on anybody's face, especially when those loads were taken out of you by a hot sexy MILF that happened to be your mom.

"Are you all set, sweetie?" His mother's voice behind him broke him out of his reverie. He turned to see her standing at the top of the stairs. As she started to come down, he stepped back as if in a trance, his eyes glued to her descending form. He felt his heart start to pound in his chest, and he simply stared in awe. Once again, his mother was wearing an outfit exactly like one he'd Photoshopped her face onto in pictures he had of her on his computer!

She was wearing what had to be the sexiest dress he had ever seen. It was a lemon-yellow bandage dress, with numerous bands of material forming to her voluptuous body like a second skin, almost like a mummy swathed in bandages. Each band seemed to be about 3" wide, with a slender contrasting strip where they came together, the strip where the bands met being a slightly lighter yellow in color to give it an eye-catching contrast. The dress was incredibly low-cut, the V-shaped front diving to the base of her deep line of cleavage, the swells of her tremendous breasts filling the opening between the two straps that went over her shoulders. It fit so snugly to her massive tits that there was no denying their incredible size, the fabric molding itself to the mouth-watering mounds enticingly.

Mitch gulped as he let his eyes travel downwards, taking in the alluring lines of the dress as it followed the contours of her curvy body, nipping in waspishly at her trim waist, and then flowing out provocatively over her wide fuckable hips. The dress ended high on her thighs, and as she descended the stairs, he loved the look of her shapely legs as the hem clung teasingly to her full creamy thighs. Her bare legs looked fantastic, gleaming as if covered with a thin sheen of oil. His eyes followed her shapely legs even further down, past her dimpled knees and full calves to her delicate feet, gorgeously encased in high-heeled yellow slingbacks.

"Oh fuck...slingbacks!" Mitch groaned inwardly as he looked at the incredibly sexy shoes. The yellow color matched her dress perfectly, the shoes also matching the little yellow purse she had clutched

in her hand. The slingbacks had cock-hardeningly pointy toes, and rapier-like 4" heels that had Mitch's head spinning with excitement.

"Well, what do you think?" his mother asked as she reached the bottom of the stair and posed for him, slowly turning in a circle so he could get the full effect of the gorgeous dress and spectacularly sexy shoes from every angle.

Mitch gasped as he looked at the back of the dress, the material plunging provocatively almost to the base of her spine, the smooth skin of her back clearly visible from her neck all the way down to just above the upper swells of her round curvy bum. The bands of material cupped and formed around her sumptuous rear end provocatively, making him swallow hungrily as he looked at the way the fabric molded itself to those perfect beach-ball like mounds, not one panty line in sight.

Her legs looked amazing from behind, the sky-high heels making them look incredibly toned and muscular, the gleaming coating making him just want to reach out and run his hands up the shiny smoothness of the gorgeous gams. She continued her turn, letting him see her breasts in profile, the soft yellow fabric stretched taut over the massive globes. He gulped again as he looked at her stupendous tits. After seeing that the dress was backless, he knew that it must have built-in bra supports in order to support her magnificent breasts. Looking closer, he could barely detect the outline of the built-in wired bra cups, absolutely necessary in order to support the tremendous weight they were carrying.

"Stop daydreaming, sweetie, and tell me if you think it looks okay?"

Mitch awoke as if from a dream, her voice jolting him back to reality from the jerk-off fantasy world his eyes had sent him to. "It...it looks amazing!" he gushed out, his hungry eyes roaming freely over her gorgeous body, the figure-fitting bandage dress setting his already torched libido on fire once more. "Mom, you...you look absolutely stunning."

"Thank you, dear," she said with a smile as she leaned in and gave him a peck on the cheek, her alluring perfume wafting over him like an intoxicating mist.

As she stepped back, Mitch finally tore his eyes away from her gorgeous body and gazed at her face. She looked even more beautiful and radiant than he had ever seen her before. Her warm blue eyes were done up with eye shadow in bronze tones that looked sultry and exotic, the soft shades looking surprisingly perfect with the yellow dress. Some mascara made her already long eyelashes look even more seductive, the lengthy lashes sending a jolt of excitement through him when she simply blinked. Her lips were adorned in a glossy coating of brilliant cherry-red lipstick, making her full pouty lips look like they were made for one thing only—sucking cock. Her lustrous honey-blond hair was fluffed out and framed her lovely features attractively before falling to her shoulders, the golden tresses gleaming in the light. Glittering earrings dangled from each ear, matched by a necklace that twinkled with a big shiny stone that fell just above her deep line of cleavage. Mitch surveyed the whole package once more, and knew he'd never seen anyone hotter than his mother. "Mom...you look...you look...," he gasped out, not even able to find the words to say how fantastic she looked.

"You can put your eyes back in your head, sweetie," Nicole said as she flicked her eyes down to his crotch with that mischievous twinkle in her eye. "That swelling in your pants tells me all I need to know." She paused as she looked him up and down, an appraising smile coming over her face as she nodded. "And aren't you the handsome young man? I knew that suit would look good on you,

and it looks even better than I thought. I like it when my date looks good. And who knows, with you looking that good, you might even get lucky tonight."

The teasing look in her eye sent another jolt of excitement right through Mitch, causing him to shiver as she gave him a smolderingly hot look. She nodded towards his hand. "I see you've got your camera. Would you like to take a few shots of Mommy before we go out?" she asked, turning in profile and looking back at him lustily over her shoulder, tossing her hair sensually with a shake of her head.

"Oh god, yes," Mitch replied hurriedly, bringing the camera up and snapping pictures like a kid who was afraid his candy was going to be taken away from him. For the next ten minutes or so, Nicole posed for her son, letting him freely take pictures of her lush MILFish body from every angle imaginable. He even asked if it was okay to lie on the ground beneath her, taking pictures looking up at her. Nicole readily agreed, giving her son the photographer the thrill of his life as she stepped across his supine form, her sky-high heels positioned on either side of his body as he looked up between her spread legs, and past that to the imposing shelf of her prodigious breasts looming even higher, the heavy mounds casting delightfully teasing shadows beneath them.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself as he looked up between her spread legs, the long alabaster columns funneling his view towards the world of delights he knew lay at the apex. Looking into the shadows high up beneath her dress, he glimpsed a little piece of yellow fabric covering her pouting mound, the front panel of her thong tightly cupping her vulva. He quickly snapped some shots looking straight up, and then did the same as she turned around and faced the other way, the curves of her full behind pushing teasingly against the material of the tight dress. He got up and finished with a number of shots of her spectacular chest, her massive 36Es looking more mouth-watering than ever in the sexy bandage dress.

"Okay, Buster, that's enough for now. I'm getting hungry. Let's go. You can leave your camera here." Nicole took her son by the arm and led him to the garage, where she tossed him the keys to their Lexus. Mitch escorted his mother to the passenger side and held her door open for her, getting a terrific view of her long legs as she slid sensually into the car, drawing in one gorgeous leg after the other, the pointy yellow slingbacks sending a pulsing throb to his prick as he looked down at the sexy shoes. With a shake of his head to make himself focus, he closed her door and got in himself, backing the car carefully out of the garage.

"Where are we going, Mom?"

"I feel like Francesco's. How does that sound to you?"

"That sounds great. I love that place," Mitch replied, backing onto the street and heading towards Francesco's, a wonderful Italian restaurant. The restaurant had two sides to it; a more formal dining side, and a casual side with a bar-like atmosphere. Mitch had often been to the casual side, which specialized in the best pizza in town. He'd only been in the formal side a couple of times, but knew it was one of his mother's favorites. On either side, the food was spectacular.

They arrived a short time later, Mitch having to use all his willpower to keep his eyes on the road, and not on his mother's gorgeous body. He loved the way the shoulder strap on her seat belt crossed down over her body right between her sumptuous tits, making them look even more pronounced.

"Table for two, madam?" the maitre d' asked after greeting them. Mitch couldn't help but notice the appreciative glance the middle-aged man gave his mother as he'd stepped towards them, his eyes

hungrily roaming up and down over her lush curves.

"Yes, thank you. Could we have one of the circular booths near the back, please?" Nicole asked, giving the man a beaming smile as she fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"Whatever you'd like," the man replied eagerly. Mitch could see the man was willing to give his mother whatever she asked for, and he knew the man in his dreams was hoping it was his hard cock that she'd be asking for.

"Thank you," Nicole said, slipping her arm through Mitch's and pulling him close, the side of her big round breast pushing softly against his arm. "My son and I would like a little privacy tonight."

"Of course." Mitch could see the maitre d' look at them quizzically, trying to size up the couple before him. He didn't know if the man thought it was to his advantage that this gorgeous woman was here with her son, or having watched the way she snuggled up against him, was the man wondering what their relationship was all about. It was hard to tell from the look on his face, but one way or the other, he definitely was curious. "Right this way."

He led them deeper into the restaurant, which was doing a brisk business. Mitch flicked his eyes through the double French doors that led into the casual section, seeing it was busy as well. With the titillating sound of his mother's high heels click-clacking enticingly on the restaurant floor, Mitch noticed the numerous heads turning in their direction as they made their way through the restaurant, the women looking at his mother enviously while he knew exactly what the men had on their minds. They finally arrived at the booth, one with a semi-circular table with a seat that ran from one side to the other behind it, the patrons all being served from the front. Their table could have served up to six, but the two of them slid into the back and sat side by side in the deepest part as the maitre d' passed them the menus and the wine list. "Michaela will be your waitress tonight," the man said before turning his attention to Nicole. "Don't hesitate to ask if there's anything I can do for you?" There was a definite emphasis on the 'anything'.

"Thank you, but I think right now I have everything I need right here," Nicole replied, nodding towards the menus at the same time her hand slid up her son's thigh and caressed his cock.

"Yes, madam. But if there's anything, anything at all, I'm happy to be of assistance."

"Thanks so much," Nicole replied with a dismissive nod of her head. "We're fine for now."

With a disappointed look on his face, the man retreated, leaving them to look over the menus. Mitch felt himself flushing, his mother's hand still busy under the table. "Mom, what are you doing?"

"Relax, sweetheart, nobody can see anything. The tablecloth goes right down to the floor." Mitch had to admit she was right, but as much as he tried to keep himself under control, he could feel his prick swelling under her tracing fingertips.

"Hi, I'm Michaela. I'll be your waitress tonight." Mitch and Nicole looked up to see a pert young thing in a white shirt, black pants and a slim black tie standing before them. The girl was cute as a button, with silky black hair pulled back in a ponytail, her pretty face smiling at them welcomingly. She looked to be a few years older than Mitch, and likely took this job to help pay her way through college. As soon as they looked up from their menus, Mitch noticed her eyes shift magnetically to his mother's impressive chest, the girl's eyes opening wide as she caught sight of the older woman's prominent breasts.

"Uh...uh, can I start you off with something to drink?" she stammered out, finally pulling herself together, her eyes shifting to Mitch and then back to Nicole's pretty mature face.

"Thank you, dear," Nicole said, stretching her neck slightly, the movement pulling her dress even tighter across her massive tits. The girl's gaze hadn't been lost on the older woman, and she was enjoying showing off her charms for the young girl. "I'll have a glass of Pinot Grigio."

"And for you, sir?" Michaela asked, turning to Mitch as she forced her eyes away from Nicole's boobs.

"Oh, my son's not old enough to drink," Nicole interrupted, her hand giving Mitch's cock another teasing squeeze. "Just bring him a Pepsi."

"Oh, your son, I see," the young girl replied, blushing. "All right. I'll be right back with those drinks."

"Mom, did you see the way that girl was looking at your boobs?"

"I did. I think she's just a B-cup at best, and I'm sure from the way she was looking at me that she wished she had more. Are you sure this dress is okay?"

"Trust me, Mom, it's more than okay. Didn't you see the way everyone was looking at you on the way to our table?"

"No, I never really noticed."

"The men were all undressing you with their eyes, and the women were all eyeing you up enviously. I'll bet you anything that a lot of those women are going to get fucked tonight, but their husbands won't be thinking about them while they're doing it."

"You think they'll be thinking about little old me?" Nicole asked, sitting up straight and turning her chest from side to side, her breasts wobbling enticingly in the deeply scooped neckline.

"Jesus, Mom, you are so hot." Mitch felt his dick stiffening even more, his mother's hand never leaving his crotch for an instant.

"All right, dear. Let's see what we're going to have." They both perused the menu, and when Michaela returned with their drinks, Nicole ordered the seafood linguini while Mitch went for the chicken parmesan. As soon as the girl retreated with their order, Mitch felt his mother sliding his zipper down.

"Mom!" he gasped out, instantly alarmed at her boldness.

"Just relax, sweetie, Mommy wants to feel her baby boy's beautiful hard cock. Don't worry, nobody will notice a thing." With his zipper all the way down, she undid the clasp at the top of his pants and fished her hand down inside his fitted boxers, hauling out his thick pole, and then she reached lower, pulling his heavy swollen nuts up over the waistband of his underwear as well, pushing it down beneath his sack so she had unimpeded access to his full package.

"Mom, what—"

"Hey Stevens, I knew that was your car in the parking lot." Mitch and Nicole both looked up to see Justin and three others walking towards them. Mitch felt himself turning red as his mother kept her hand on his surging prick, her circling fingers giving it a testing squeeze.

"Justin, what...what are you doing here?" Mitch gasped out, his eyes flitting from his best friend to the others with him.

"We're just grabbing a pizza over on the other side." Justin gestured over his shoulder, pointing to the casual side of the restaurant beyond the double glass doors. "I saw your mom's car outside and figured we'd just pop over to say hello. Hey, Mrs. S."

As Justin turned towards Nicole, they both saw his eyes open wide as his gaze alighted on her huge tits, the opulent mounds filling the opening at the front of her tight dress.

"Justin," Nicole said softly, giving him a nod of acknowledgement.

"Uh...uh... you look very nice tonight," Justin said, his mouth gaping open as he stared blatantly at his best friend's stacked mother.

"Thanks, Justin. Is that Ashley and Luke with you?"

Mitch was beside himself as his mother never missed a beat, her circling slowly pumping back and forth along his rigid prick beneath the table.

"Uh yeah, you know Luke, and Ashley of course." The three young people stepped forward, Luke being one of Mitch and Justin's classmates, and Ashley being Justin's girlfriend. Justin pointed to the fourth member of their party. "And this is Jeri, Ashley's cousin."

Nicole looked at the young girl Justin had tried to set her son up with, and agreed with Mitch's appraisal—she was built like a boy. She had a pretty enough face, and a nice looking mouth, which she figured the girl would have to get used to making use of since she had almost no tits at all. The girl was a rail, her skinny arms and legs making her look waifishly unattractive. She knew instantly why Mitch had been in no hurry to join them, and for the girl's sake, that was a good thing—Mitch's huge cock would have split her right in two if he tried to fuck her.

"Jeri, nice to meet you," Nicole said, giving the girl a warm smile. "I'm sorry I've kept Mitch all to myself tonight. He worked very hard for me today and I wanted to reward him." She squeezed his cock possessively, her stroking hand driving him crazy.

"That's all right. It must be nice to have a mother who cares so much," the girl replied. "I love your dress. It's gorgeous."

"Thank you, dear," Nicole said, sitting up straighter so her breasts thrust out even more prominently.

"Yeah, it looks amazing," Luke gushed, both his eyes and Justin's as big as saucers.

"Thank you, Luke. That's kind of you to say. It's something new, so I'm happy it's going over well. Mitch likes it too. Don't you, sweetie?" She emphasized her question by rubbing her thumb over his dripping cockhead, spreading the leaking precum back over the enflamed glans.

"Y...yes," Mitch was barely able to stammer out, his mind focussed on her experienced hand teasing him mercilessly beneath the table.

"It looks great, really great." It was Justin talking this time, and Nicole flicked her eyes down to the two young men standing in front of their booth, seeing swelling pulses in each of the boy's crotches.

"Thanks so much. Well, we won't keep you from your dinner," Nicole said, continuing to slowly stroke her son's turgid prick.

"Uh sure," Justin said, getting the point of Nicole's dismissal. "I'll call you tomorrow, Mitch. You guys have a good time. And Mrs. S., that really is a fantastic dress." Ashley took Justin's arm and ushered him away, eager to get him away from the generously endowed Mrs. Stevens. Luke and Jeri followed behind, Mitch noticing that Luke glanced back twice over his shoulder to get another look at his mother.

"Mom, you're driving me crazy. I can't believe you're doing that with your hand."

"Oops, I seem to have dropped my napkin," Nicole said, deftly slipping under the table. Within seconds Mitch felt the head of his cock engulfed in hot wet flesh, his mother slipping her lips over his engorged cock-head.

"Oh fuck," he said to himself, looking around to make sure no one was watching. He was so glad the tablecloth went all the way to the floor, totally shielding his mother from view. He felt her tongue swirl over his enflamed knob, bathing it with her hot gooey saliva. She was pumping the base of his cock with one hand, her other hand cradling his nuts and massaging them tenderly as she sucked. He leaned forward on the table and prayed nobody would come, but luxuriated in the delicious feeling of his mother sucking his cock, the riskiness of it making it even more exciting. She slid her head further forward as she took more of his turgid dick deeper into her mouth, her cheeks caved in, the hot wet tissues on the insides of her cheeks pressing wantonly against his thrusting erection. She sucked and licked sluttishly, her hand pumping methodically as she worked to coax his cum out of him.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch moaned, feeling his balls drawing up close to his body, her cupping hand squeezing his bloated nuts ever so gently as she sucked slavishly. He felt the semen start to speed up the shaft of his cock, and knew she was going to get a big mouthful.

"Here we are, one chicken parmesan and one seafood linguini," the waitress said as she slid the steaming plates of food across the table.

"Uh," Mitch gasped out as he looked up at the young girl, feeling his prick going off inside his mother's sucking mouth.

"Are you all right?" the girl asked, seeing Mitch jerk slightly as he looked up at her, his face flushed.

"Y...yeah...f..fine," Mitch stammered, his cock continuing to unload inside his mother's vacuuming mouth.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah...just...just give me a minute," Mitch gasped, his eyes almost rolling back in his head as his throbbing prick continued to spit, totally flooding his mother's hot wet mouth.

"Would you like me to call the maitre d'?" the girl asked, concern written all over her face.

"No...no." Mitch gave her a dismissive wave, just as the final twinges of his climax ran through him. He took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to regain control. "Uh...there...I uh, I just had a bit of a dizzy spell there for a second. I'm better now." With his mother nursing on his spent prick beneath the table, he was finally able to give the girl a comforting smile.

"Would you like me to find your mother? Is she in the washroom?"

"Uh yes...I mean no. I mean, she is in the washroom, but you don't have to get her. I'm fine—really."

"Okay. If you need a glass of water or anything, just let me know."

As soon as the girl left, Nicole slipped back up onto her seat from beneath the table, licking her lips.

"Mom, Jesus...," Mitch said, finally regaining his breath as he reached beneath the table and tucked away his spent prick, zipping everything back into place.

"Didn't you like that, sweetie?" Nicole asked, grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

"That's not the point. We almost got caught."

"But that makes it all the more exciting, don't you think?" Nicole asked, taking his hand and putting it on her bare thigh. She moved her hand over his, letting his fingers trace higher along the inside of her thigh.

"Well I...I..." Mitch stuttered, loving the feel of his mother's warm smooth thigh beneath his fingertips.

"I don't know about you, but this food looks wonderful." Nicole picked up her utensils and dug in, spinning tendrils of linguini onto her fork.

Mitch reluctantly withdrew his hand from beneath the table and joined her, the succulent taste of the chicken parmesan tasting heavenly. As soon as the first forkful hit his taste buds, he realized how hungry the afternoon's sexual activities had made him. They talked occasionally as they ate, both of them looking at each other like star-crossed lovers. The waitress took their empty plates away and they ordered a piece of tiramisu to split, and two coffees.

"Will that be regular or decaf?" Michaela asked.

"Oh, regular for sure. I plan on staying up late tonight," Nicole said, reaching over and pulling Mitch's hand onto her thigh again.

"Okay, two decafs and one tiramisu with two forks coming up."

"Thank you, dear." Nicole placed Mitch's hand on the inside of her thigh and gave it a squeeze before releasing it, letting him feel her legs as she spread them further apart.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself, loving the silky feel of the inside of his mother's thigh as she let her legs drift apart, opening the gap between them. His mother gave him a knowing smile as his fingertips traced slowly over the velvety-soft skin. His hand moved almost down to her knee, and then he was moving his fingers well up her thigh again, the back of his hand brushing against the tightly-stretched hem of her dress just below her pussy.

"Here we are," Michaela interrupted, setting the dessert and two coffees down in front of them. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, I've got everything I need," Nicole replied, reaching beneath the table with one hand and pushing Mitch's hand higher between her spread legs. As the waitress smiled and moved away, Mitch let his fingers explore further, the tips tracing even higher along the inside of her deliciously soft inner thigh. Nicole took her fork and sliced off a little piece of the dessert, making a show of

pouting her full red lips before slipping the forkful of sweetness into her mouth. Mitch watched her, a wicked smile on his face as she closed her eyes while savoring the delectable dessert. He took the opportunity and angled his wrist, rubbing the tips of his fingers teasingly over the front of her panties, feeling the heat from her warm vulva beneath.

"Mmmm, that's so good," Nicole said with a soft purr as she wriggled her hips slightly, encouraging Mitch to explore further as she opened her legs even wider.

With her comment, Mitch didn't know if she was talking about the tiramisu, or what he was doing with his fingers, but he had no intention of stopping. As his mother sliced off another piece, he slid his fingertips beneath the leg opening of her panties and right over her sopping-wet mound. She was absolutely soaked, and he smiled to himself as he toyed with the vertical opening between her hot slippery labia, the tips of his fingers running up and down slowly over the pouting wet lips.

His mother fed the second forkful deep into her mouth, her lips closing sensually around the utensil as she slowly drew it out of her mouth. "Mmmm, that's even better," she said, her eyes half closed in blissful delight. She shifted her hips again, giving Mitch better access to her steaming little box. He slid his middle finger right inside her hot buttery hole, burying it to the third knuckle. At the same time, he brought his thumb up and rubbed it teasingly over the protruding nodule of her erect clit. His mother's body tensed as the delicious sensations flowed through her, and her long eyelashes fluttered as she languished in the rapturous feeling of her teenage son fingering her.

"Oh my, this has to be the best dessert I've ever had," she said, giving him a wickedly sinful look as she reached over to his side and grabbed his napkin. She picked it up and held it up between her fingertips for a few seconds, before blatantly dropping it on the floor between them. "Oops...it looks like your napkin got dropped on the floor too." She looked him straight in the eye, her sultry blue eyes alive with desire. "I think you better pick it up, baby."

Mitch gave her an equally provocative smile as he looked around to make sure no one was watching, and then slipped silently beneath the table, his body totally hidden by the floor-length table cloth. In the shadows beneath the table he quickly got to his knees, positioning himself between his mother's widely spread legs.

"So beautiful," he muttered under his breath as he looked at her shaven pussy, almost totally exposed with the front panel of her tiny thong pushed to one side. Her high-heeled slingbacks looked so sexy with her legs spread far apart, the height of the shoes making her legs look spectacularly toned. The gap between her succulent thighs looked wickedly erotic, her minidress pulled well up to her hips as she sat with her legs spread wide open, the brilliant yellow dress framing the hot pink mound of her pussy enticingly. Even in the dim light, he could see her flesh glistening with her flowing cunt-honey, and the alluring scent of her seeping pussy drew him hypnotically closer. He extended his tongue and slowly drew it from the base of her hot slit all the way to the top, his tongue flicking teasingly over the tip of her clitoris on the way.

"Unngghhh." A groan of pleasure from above reached him even beneath the table, and he pushed his face more firmly against her hot flesh, slithering his tongue snake-like right up inside her. She sat back further on the bench seat, pushing her exposed loins forward, giving him even better access to her overheated pussy. Mitch pushed his face flush up against her steaming vulva, his tongue rolling in a teasing circle as the tip pressed firmly against the soft folds of flesh inside her.

"Hey, Mrs. S," Justin's voice from right behind him reached Mitch's ears, and he stopped what he was doing, slowly withdrawing his tongue from his mother's juicy trench.

"Oh, J...Justin," his mother replied. "What is it?"

"I wanted to tell Mitch something. Did he go to the washroom?"

"I think so." Mitch felt his mother's hand on the back of his head, pulling his mouth firmly against her flesh as she wriggled her hips, letting him know she wanted him to continue, even with his best friend right there, mere inches behind him.

"Well, I guess I can go and talk to him in there."

"Uh, no!" Nicole replied hurriedly, realizing her error. "Uh, I mean, he might be gone a little longer. I asked him to pop over to the pharmacy next door when he was done and pick up something for this problem I've been having with muscle spasms."

With his mother's fingers stroking lovingly through his hair, Mitch continued licking softly, his tongue running deep into her seeping cunt. She rolled her hips slightly, trying to get his tongue as deep as possible inside her.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Justin responded. "Did that happen after that work you guys were doing today?"

"Mmmmm," Nicole moaned softly, the luxurious feelings emanating from her pussy flowing delightfully through her whole body.

"Are you okay, Mrs. S?"

"Yes, that was just one of those little spasms there. Yes, I think that work we did today made it worse. I helped Mitch when he was filling in my trench, and I think laying that big pipe was a little more than I could comfortably handle."

"You guys should have called me. I would have been happy to come over and help."

"Thanks, Justin, maybe next time." Nicole smiled to herself as she thought about the idea of having two big teenage cocks at the same time. Even though she knew Mitch was more than enough for her, it still sent a tingling shiver through her as she thought about being filled with rigid young cock at both ends, both of them filling her with load after load of thick creamy cum. She wriggled her hips as Mitch continued to eat her, his tongue rolling in teasing circles all around her dripping snatch, and then she felt him push it high up inside her, concentrating on the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"Aaahh," Nicole gasped out as the exquisite sensations shot through her.

"Was that another one of those spasms?" Justin asked, his voice dripping with concern.

"Yes. I'm sorry. They just seem to come on when you least expect them to. I'm not sure what causes it," she paused as she wriggled her pussy right up against her son's face, "but they start somewhere deep inside and then just shoot right through me. I never know when it's going to happen." Her fingers continued to play with Mitch's hair, the palm of her hand keeping him pressed against her.

"Geez, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?" Justin asked.

"No, I'll be fine. Mitch will take good care of me." She rolled her hips firmly against her son's face as she looked up at his friend, tilting her head coyly. "Do you really like this dress, Justin?"

Mitch could feel her sit up straighter, and knew his best friend must be getting a terrific view right down into the front of her dress. He smiled to himself as he kept licking, loving that his stacked mother was blatantly teasing his best friend.

"Yes, that dress is gorgeous," Justin said, his eyes drawn once more to her substantial breasts. "If you don't me saying so, Mrs. S, it looks amazing on you."

"I thought it might be a little too risqué for someone my age, but I thought it looked good when I tried it on. You don't think it looks inappropriate for an old girl like me, do you?" With her hand still on her son's head, Nicole turned her upper body slightly from side to side, giving Justin an even better view of her spectacular tits.

"No!" Justin hurriedly replied. "It looks perfect. And Mrs. S, you're not old. I've read that women reach their prime when they reach your age. I think you look better now than I can ever remember. You know Mrs. S, you're the best looking MIL...I mean, you're the best looking mom I've ever seen."

"Well, thank you for saying that, Justin," Nicole replied, pulling Mitch's mouth right onto her throbbing clit. Mitch could tell what she wanted, and he eagerly serviced the stiff red nodule, bathing the tip with his rolling tongue at the same time he sucked on the erect little stalk. "It's so nice to hear something like that from an attractive young man. It makes us older women feel like we can still compete with those pretty young girls."

"Oh, there's no competition, Mrs. S. You've got any of the young girls around here beat—hands down. I don't know any guy who would pick one of them over you." Justin ogled her voluptuous breasts, the tremendous mounds filling the top of her sexy yellow dress hypnotically.

At the same time he listened to Justin's comment, Mitch felt his mother pull him more firmly against her overheated loins. With his lips and tongue working feverishly, he felt her body start to twitch as he bathed her fiery-hot clit with a mouthful of saliva, his lips drawing mercilessly on the enflamed nodule at the same time.

"Well, Justin, that...that's so nice of you—" Nicole gasped out, feeling the tingling sensations of a shattering orgasm starting deep inside her steaming cunt. "I...I...aaaaaaahhhh..." Nicole closed her eyes as her body lurched back against the bench seat, her whole body quivering as her climax shot through her. "Oh dear, another one of those muscle spasms...aaaahhhhhh..."

Justin stared wide-eyed at his best friend's mother, her body twitching and shaking, her face flushing warmly as she gasped for air. Her head was tipped back against the seat and her eyes were closed as if in rapture, her full red lips parted invitingly as she breathed raggedly. To Justin, it almost looked like she was having an orgasm as he watched her convulse and twitch right before him. His eyes moved to the front of her dress, her big nipples protruding stiffly against the yellow fabric, the swollen mounds of her huge tits wobbling and jiggling enticingly beneath the deeply-scooped neckline. He'd been jerking off to thoughts of his best friend's mother for years now, and the sight of her in the gorgeously sexy dress had pulled him back here like a magnet from the other side of the restaurant. He'd made an excuse to his girlfriend that he had to talk to Mitch about something—when in reality, all he wanted was another glimpse of his best friend's busty mom.

He gulped as he looked down at her quivering form, her massive breasts seemingly on the verge of pouring right over the front of the tight dress as they wobbled and jiggled obscenely while she spasmed. The intoxicatingly lewd sight sent a jolt right to his crotch. The vision playing in his mind that this is what the gorgeous Mrs. Stevens must look like when she was climaxing had struck him dumb, and he stood there and watched as the quivering tremors of her muscle spasm coursed

through her, his cock stiff as an iron bar in his pants. He felt himself sweating as he watched, and as she flexed her body upwards as the spasms overtook her, her gorgeous tits thrusting right up towards him, he felt himself go off in his pants, spurt upon spurt of hot teenage cum filling his underwear. He grasped the edge of the table to prevent himself from collapsing, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing sight of Mrs. Stevens quivering and gasping like a porn star climaxing. He felt himself trembling as he held on, his prick pulsing and throbbing as he spewed a massive load into his underwear. His pricked bucked and twitched within the confines of his pants as he gripped the table, his throbbing dick spitting out wad after wad of sizzling cum. He felt the final twinges of his orgasm wane as he watched her, a final shiver seeming to run down her spine before she let out a long breathless gasp and collapsed back against the bench seat, her eyes slowly opening as she looked up at him.

"Oh Justin, that was a good...er...I mean that was a bad one," Nicole said, rolling her neck teasingly in a slow circle as she kept her eyes on her son's best friend. "I can't believe how powerful those spasms are." She brought her hands up and lifted her hair out of the way, bringing her elbows forward and up as she rolled her head, as if trying to relieve the cramped muscles in her neck. She knew it made her breasts look even bigger, the uplifting motion making them look even more prominent. She glanced down and saw that her nipples were stiff as bullets, thrusting boldly against the soft yellow fabric. Through slitted eyes, she looked across the table at Justin, her eyes noticing the damp stain blossoming against the front of his tan khakis as he held onto the edge of the table. From the way that damp stain was spreading, she knew exactly what had happened. She shook her hair teasingly, and then leaned forward across the table, a bewitching smile on her face. "Are you all right, Justin?"

Her question broke him out of his trance, and he stood back, his hands automatically dropping towards his groin to cover himself. "Uh yes. I...uh...I was just worried about you there. I wondered if you were having a fit or something." She could see him turning red with embarrassment, his hands clasped one over the other in front of his crotch.

"Well, I don't think I had a fit," she said as she looked at him teasingly, her eyes alive with mischief. "I guess it was an 'or something', as you said. Those muscle spasms can really take control of you sometimes. But you know, I feel so much better now that it's over."

"That...uh...that's good." Justin mumbled, his lusty gaze still focussed on her thrusting breasts.

Nicole decided she'd give him one last tease. "Okay, Justin," she said, stretching her arms out to each side as she feigned a yawn, pulling the material of her dress even tighter across her chest. "Have a good time with Ashley tonight."

Justin could barely keep his eyes off her chest as his mouth gaped open. Finally, as she sat forward with her arms crossed on the table in front of her, her huge breasts resting heavily on top of them, he snapped back to reality once more. Mrs. Stevens had given him a teasing smile when she'd made that last statement, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking about her. Earlier in the evening Ashley had promised him a blowjob—now he knew exactly what he was going to be thinking about while she sucked him dry. But first, he had to get home and change out of these clothes before anyone noticed, and then he'd be ready to feed Ashley all night long. Maybe he could talk both her and Jeri into staying over, and having both of them work on his cock. It was definitely going to take more than one load to calm him down, and he knew he'd be thinking about Mrs. Stevens the whole time. "Uh...yes, okay. Tell Mitch I'll call him tomorrow. Goodnight, Mrs. Stevens."

"Goodnight, Justin," Nicole replied, a big smile on her face as the young man turned on his heel and strode away, his hands still clasped in front of him.

"Is it safe?" Mitch whispered from beneath the table.

"Yes, sweetie. C'mon up."

Mitch eased himself back into his seat beside her, his face glistening with her warm juices.

"I'd lick all that sweet honey off your face, but there are too many people around," Nicole said, passing him a napkin.

"What happened with Justin?" Mitch asked, wiping his face clean.

"I'll tell you on the way home," Nicole said, reaching for her cup. "Let's drink our coffee and go home. I can't wait to get that big hard cock inside me again." They drank hurriedly as Nicole waved for the waitress to bring the bill, both of them anxious to get home and back into bed.

...to be continued...