

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 08

rmDEXter

What do Nicole and Mitch do once Dad gets home?

Incest/Taboo

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Mitch awoke to the luxurious feeling of a hot wet mouth making sweet oral love to his cock. His thoughts immediately went to visions of his mother—like he always woke up to—only this time, he wasn't reaching for his jar of Vaseline. He felt like pinching himself to make sure it was real, but as he looked down at his mother's full pouty lips wrapped around his morning hard on, he knew this was no dream.

He smiled to himself as he remembered the events of the day before, and how they had fucked long into the night. And now she had her hair pulled back and secured in a ponytail—the way she'd told him she liked it when she wanted to do some serious cocksucking. He watched her head bob up and down rhythmically, glistening rivulets of her saliva running lewdly down his upright shaft. Her cheeks were hollowing in and out like a bellows, the slick tissues inside her mouth pressing against his turgid prick in a blisteringly sheath of hot buttery flesh.

He wondered how long she'd been sucking him off, because he could feel himself ready to blow already. "Oh fuck, Mom, you are such an amazing cocksucker. I've never felt a mouth anywhere near as good as yours." She didn't skip a beat, her tongue circling his prick hotly as her face bobbed obscenely up and down. "It's not gonna be much longer and you'll get a nice big mouthful." His words seemed to inspire her even more as she sucked slavishly at his throbbing pecker. Surrendering himself to the delightful sensations of the tell-tale contractions starting in his midsection, he lifted his head up and watched her succulent lips slide back and forth along his pulsating dick as he started to go off, her cheeks caved in lewdly as she sucked like a wanton slut.

"Oh yeah, here it comes," Mitch warned, feeling the semen speeding up the shaft of his cock.

"Mmmppffff," Nicole gave off a muffled groan of pleasure as the first thick rope of semen rocketed into her mouth, totally filling her oral cavity. Once the deliciously sinful taste of her son's teenage cum hit her taste buds, there was no stopping her. She sucked slavishly, wanting more. Her son's spitting cock enthusiastically complied with her wishes, firing off shot after shot of thick creamy goo into her ravenously sucking mouth. She swallowed, loving the feel of the viscous masculine seed sliding silkily down her throat. She kept her lips clamped tight around his bucking prick, sucking for all she was worth, not wanting to lose a drop.

"Oh fuck, Mom, get it all." Mitch groaned as his muscular teenage body twisted against the sheets in pleasure, his big hands slipping into her soft blonde hair and holding her head in place as his spurting prick shot copious amounts of thick white semen deep into her mouth. Finally, the last tingling twinges of his glorious release coursed through his body and he collapsed back into the pillows, wallowing in the delicious afterglow.

"Oh man, what a way to wake up," he said softly, smiling from ear to ear as his mother continued to nurse at his slowly deflating cock, making sure she got every drop of his teenage goodness.

She slowly pulled off his spent prick and looked up at him with that mischievous look in her eye, rubbing the warm shiny head of his cock all around her pretty face. "How about I wake you up like this every day?"

"Wh...what?" Mitch asked, his eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"Your dad leaves for work nice and early. I could come into your room and wake you up with a blow job like that every day. Would you like that, sweetie?" she asked, licking up the last drooling wad of slime from the leaking tip.

"Oh fuck, yeah!" Mitch instantly responded, excited beyond belief at the thought of getting a morning blow job from his mother every day.

"There's nothing I'd like better than starting my day with a nice protein smoothie," Nicole said with a smile, her tongue rolling sluttishly over his pebbly glans.

"Mom, seriously," Mitch said, thoughts of his father coming home hitting him like a punch in the gut. "What are we gonna do when Dad gets home?"

"Don't worry about that, sweetie. Everything's going to be fine. We'll find a way, you can be sure of that. You don't think I'm going to stop playing with my favorite new toy already, do you?" she asked, provocatively rubbing his semi-hard cock all over her face.

"Fuck, no. I hope not," Mitch replied, sitting up in bed and wrestling her into his arms. "Just like I'm never going to stop wanting this gorgeous body of yours." He nipped playfully at her breasts as he grabbed her big round bum, making her giggle.

"Now behave yourself," she said, a big grin on her face as she pushed him away. "C'mon, let's take a shower. That's something I think we can do together every morning as well."

Mitch eagerly followed her into the bathroom, wrapping her up in his arms once they were beneath the pelting hot spray from the dual shower heads. They kissed long and passionately, like the new lovers they had become. They soaped each other up lovingly, their hands sensually exploring each other's attractive form. It didn't take long for each of their bodies to respond to the other's lustful touch.

"I can't believe how big and hard this gets," Nicole said, her soapy hands working in a teasing corkscrew motion up and down her son's massive horse-cock, his hot teenage blood pouring back into it already.

"And I can't believe how easily you get me that way," Mitch replied, reaching beneath her and picking her up, his big hands cupping her lush round ass cheeks. He backed her up against the wall, her arms sliding around his neck at the same time she crossed her heels behind his back. He angled the head of his surging prick upwards, finding her dripping labia hot and beckoning. He gazed into her loving eyes as he levered his hips slowly forward, the massive knob of his cock stretching her insides to the tearing point as he slid his hard dick all the way home.

"Yessssssss," Nicole hissed, tipping her head back and closing her eyes as the blissful sensation of being totally filled by her son's rock-hard cock shot through her. They kissed hotly as they fucked, the stinging pellets of steaming water raining down on them as Mitch hammered her against the shower wall. She came, and then came a second time before he climaxed, basting her hot oily cunt with his viscous seed. He kept his cock totally buried as they gasped for air, slowly recovering from

the intense sensations of their mutual release. The slimy goo slowly oozed out around the connection of their joined bodies, sliding down his low-hanging nuts and dropping in milky gobs to the shower floor, the pearly fluid slithering snake-like into the drain.

"C'mon, baby," Nicole said, nipping teasingly at his full bottom lip. "I'm starving. Let's have some breakfast". The two lovers reluctantly separated, Mitch's spent prick sliding out of his mother in a slippery rush as gobs of semen spewed forth from her overflowing cunt, the whitish goo dropping in obscene clumps onto the slick tile floor. They finished washing up, each taking a shower head in the big double shower. His mother left the shower first, leaving her son to stand beneath the pelting spray, the hot hard pellets beating down blissfully on his skull.

After towelling off, Mitch went to his room and donned a pair of boxers before heading downstairs, the alluring scent of fresh coffee and sausages hitting him as he came down the stairs. "Mom, that smells fantastic," he said, entering the kitchen. She stood by the stove, slowly stirring some scrambled eggs in a pan. Her lush curvy body was nicely displayed in a clinging silk robe, the shiny navy fabric doing nothing to hide the impressive size of her generous breasts.

"Mmmm, that food smells wonderful, but you look good enough to eat," Mitch said, sidling up behind her and slipping his hands around her waist, his hands coming up to cup her mouth-watering tits.

"Well, maybe if you're a good boy, you can eat Mommy later," she responded playfully, turning around and giving him a hot searing kiss, her full breasts pressed warmly against his broad chest. She ended the kiss, turning her attention back to the stove.

"Here, baby," she said, handing him a steaming mug of coffee. He took the cup and sipped slowly, loving the bold aroma as it hit his nostrils, the hot liquid feeling exhilarating on his taste buds. "Get the plates and cutlery out. This stuff is almost ready."

Mitch did as asked, and within a minute or two they were sitting at the kitchen table, both of them more ravenous than they thought.

"It looks like we both worked up quite an appetite," Nicole said, winking at him lasciviously as she took a bite of toast.

"I don't think I've ever had a better breakfast than this."

"Me too. There's something about great sex that makes everything taste better," Nicole replied, leaning slightly forward to give her son an unimpeded view of her ample breasts, the neck of her robe gaping open provocatively.

Mitch stared, his eyes feasting on the deep dark line of her enticing cleavage, and felt his young teenage prick start to stir again. "How much longer until Dad gets home?" They both looked at the clock. After their nearly all-night fuck session, they had ended up sleeping in later than they'd anticipated.

"Probably a couple of hours. He'll phone first though—he always does. Don't worry about him walking in on us."

"Good." He paused for a few seconds, his eyes roaming over her gorgeous body. "Do you have any more new outfits for me to see?"

"Oh, I've still got a few new things you haven't seen yet," she replied teasingly, shifting her body slightly, letting her big heavy tits sway provocatively from side to side. "It's getting pretty warm already. Why don't we go and sit out by the pool? That way I can show you one of my new bathing suits."

"That sounds perfect to me."

"Good. You load up the dishwasher while I go up and get changed. I'll see you outside." When she got to the door of the kitchen, she turned and looked back teasingly over her shoulder. "Oh yeah, when you go outside, could you take the bottle of baby oil that's in the downstairs bathroom? I think I'd like to work on my tan." She paused and looked at Mitch with that lusty glint in her eye. "And bring that cum towel of yours with you—I think we're going to need it." With another lascivious wink, she turned and strode away.

Mitch felt his heart racing with excitement as he watched her go. He shook himself back to reality and stood up from the table, feeling his prick twitching beneath his boxers. He got the dishes and pans into the dishwasher in world record time, and then raced upstairs, his heart pounding in his chest as he slipped on a pair of loose swim trunks. He strode to his closet and grabbed the old gym bag he kept there, the one that held his jerk-off supplies: Vaseline (Baby-fresh scent, of course), his mother's hairbands that he used for cock-rings, and the now heavy, spunk-laden cum towel that he used to clean up with after jerking off. With a smile on his face, he pulled out the stained matted towel. He grabbed his sunglasses and phone and left his room, grabbing a beach towel from the linen closet and the big bottle of baby oil from the downstairs bathroom.

Once outside, he positioned a couple of big loungers in the late-morning sun, making sure the angle was just right for the brilliant sunshine to attractively light his gorgeous mother. He looked around, happy that their pool was totally secluded by the high fence and plentiful landscaping that went around their whole property. Their neighbours had equally big properties, with the houses spaced well apart, and even the Jamieson's right behind them were away in Europe on holiday. "Yes", he thought to himself, they would have all the privacy they wanted.

Mitch went to the small cabana they had adjacent to the pool and turned on some background music, the soft sounds making the pool-side setting a little more cozy. Satisfied, he donned his sunglasses and sat in one of the loungers as he checked his phone for messages, wondering if there was anything from Justin. There was nothing. Somewhat surprised, he put the phone down on the little table next to him, where he'd put the baby oil, the cum-towel on the pool deck right next to him. He lay back and closed his eyes beneath his sunglasses, loving the feel of the warm sun beating down on him.

"Got everything?"

His mother's voice caused him to look up, and he watched her as she walked across the pool deck towards him, her wide motherly hips shifting seductively from side to side. Her hair was pulled up in a loose bun, exposing her long regal neck. She had on sexy aviator-style sunglasses, the lenses a nifty dark green. She was wearing a colorful bathing suit cover-up, one of those big one-piece jobs that could be wrapped around the body and tied up in different ways. This one was mostly a brilliant royal blue, with pictures of tiny colorful parrots all over it, the funny-looking birds a riot of color in everything from red, to yellow, to orange. She had the cover-up swirled around her lush curvy body, and then wrapped around her throat and tied at the back of her neck, covering her from her head almost to her knees. The material was so bright and cheery, he smiled just looking at

it. The trouble was, it was covering up far too much of what he really wanted to see—the new bathing suit he knew she was wearing beneath.

"Yes, I got the baby oil, just like you wanted," Mitch replied, nodding to the big clear bottle of greasy oil sitting next to him.

"Good, I think I can work on my tan at this time of day, before it gets too hot." She had a phone in her hand and set it on the little table next to the pair of recliners. "I brought the phone, just in case your father calls earlier than I expect him to." She turned and stretched, her huge breasts thrusting up teasingly against the colorful cover-up.

"You're going to take that cover-up off, aren't you?" Mitch asked, leaving no doubt what he was interested in.

"Of course, silly," Nicole replied, a sly grin on her face as she reached behind her neck and undid the knotted material. With a theatrical gesture, her arms moved, and like a matador's cape, the cover-up came away from her body.

"Fuck me!" Mitch muttered under his breath as he gazed in awe at his mother. She was wearing a white bikini, the likes of which he'd only seen in the many pictures he had of her on his computer. The tiny strips and triangles of material barely covered any of her incredible body, her generous tits opulently on display. He could see a tiny white string that led from each side of the bikini top and disappeared behind her back, a small bit of the same string visible at the center of her chest between the two triangular panels that worked as the bikini top. Her huge tits almost overflowed the confining cups, her nipples already easily visible beneath the soft white fabric. A similar string rose from the top of each of the two triangular panels, and he could see that those were tied together at the back of her neck. Those two strings were stretched taut by the imposing weight they were carrying, almost to the point he thought they might give way, visualizing the enticing top dropping down and totally exposing her massive breasts. The deep line of her cleavage was mesmerizing, and he felt like he could just stare at that enticing valley between the sumptuous swells all day long.

He let his gaze finally drift down, taking in the delightful view of her tanned body, her slender waist, her wide flared fuck-me hips, and then his eyes alighted on the bikini bottom, a perfect match for the top. The low-riding front triangular panel disappeared between her legs enticingly, as if forming a perfect white arrow pointing right down to the treasures he knew lay beneath the mound-cupping material. The top of the panel fit tantalizingly low on her smooth flat abdomen, with the same white strings of material coming from each of the top corners and tied in teasing little bows over each hip. The way the tiny strings sat high on her hips made her shapely legs look even longer and more toned than usual, the deep bronze of her tan looking spectacular against the brilliant white of the bikini.

"Well, sweetie, do you like Mommy's new bathing suit?" Nicole asked, doing a little pirouette in her bare feet.

Mitch's eyes were instantly drawn to her full shapely rear, the bikini cupping those big round cheeks attractively. It wasn't trappy and inappropriate-looking like a thong bikini would be on someone of her age—no—the white fabric cupped and molded itself to those beach-ball like ass-cheeks perfectly. "Mom, you look so fucking hot in that. It looks amazing."

"Thanks, baby. I was hoping you'd like it," Nicole replied, taking the towel she'd brought out with her and spreading it out over her lounge, her massive tits jiggling and wobbling delightfully as she

leaned over. She turned and looked at the direction of the sun, and angled her lounge slightly, wanting to get maximum exposure before the day turned too hot. She lay down on her stomach, turning her head towards Mitch as she rested it on her hands. "Sweetie, do you think you could put some of that baby oil on me?"

"Sure," Mitch eagerly replied, quickly grabbing the big plastic bottle. All of a sudden he was unsure of where to start or what to do. "Uh...?"

"Why don't you start with my legs, baby, and work your way up? Mommy's just gonna lie here and relax while you're doing that for her." She turned her head to the other side, away from Mitch, shifting her body as she settled down into the lounge, almost as if she was going to sleep.

Mitch smiled to himself as he poured a generous amount of the slippery oil into his open palm, and then rubbed his hands together as he eyed up his mother's gorgeous backside, her big curvy bum looking fantastic in the snow-white bikini. He started with one foot, rubbing the oil into her soft skin, slowly making his way higher to her full calves, loving the feel of the slick oil getting warmer as he ran his hands back and forth over her smooth skin.

"Mmmm, that's nice, sweetie," Nicole said, shifting her legs slightly apart. "Don't worry about using lots of oil. Use as much as you want."

Mitch took the bottle and drizzled some right onto the backs of her shapely legs, and then started rubbing it in with both hands, his fingers slowly moving higher, now smoothing the oily fluid into her thighs.

"Yeah, that's the way Mommy likes it, nice and slippery," Nicole cooed in a soft breathy voice, at the same time moving her legs further to each side, giving her son easy access to her inner thighs.

"Fucking gorgeous," Mitch said to himself, his eyes feasting on the opening between her legs as he kneeled next to the lounge. As his slippery hands moved higher up the insides of her velvety-soft inner thighs, she spread her legs even more, her toes pointing to the bottom corners of the lounge, the gap leading to the apex of her separated legs getting even bigger. His gaze was drawn magnetically to her bikini bottom as it disappeared from view between her legs, and he felt his heart racing in his chest as he looked at the strip of material cupping the warm mound of her sex. He got his hands nice and slick before placing his fingers back on her upper thighs, his rubbing fingers getting closer and closer to that enticingly pouting mound, the warm cleft of her vulva visible right through the material of her bikini. He brought his fingertips even closer to her treasure cove as he rubbed the warm oil into the incredibly soft skin of her inner thighs. Feeling himself getting more excited, he got bolder, his fingertips tracing right along the edge of the leg opening of her bikini.

"Mmmm, that feels really good, baby. Maybe you should rub some of that oil onto the sides of my bum now," she said teasingly, wriggling her big curvy bum as his fingers rubbed tantalizingly over her supple skin.

"Okay." Mitch re-oiled his hands and started on the outsides of those lush curvy cheeks, the oil glistening lewdly on the big soft spheres. His hands got closer to the leg openings of her bottom, the triangular panel covering her shapely rear end attractively.

"Uh, I'm not sure if I'm doing a very good job," Mitch said, an exaggerated note of concern in his voice. "I want to make sure you have nice even coverage, but it's a little difficult when my fingers keep bumping into the edge of your bikini bottom."

"Hmm, you might be right. And I do want to make sure my tan is nice and even. This might help," Nicole said, reaching down to each hip and undoing the tiny bows holding her bikini bottom together. "There, that should make it easier."

Mitch smiled to himself as he watched her untie the bows. He reached down and slowly lifted the bikini bottom away from her rear end, the undone strings trailing against her hips as he drew it backwards, totally exposing her big round bum. He pulled it all the way back until he laid it down on the lounge between her spread legs, the warm gusset now facing up towards him. He could smell her warm scent, and it took all his willpower to stop himself from plunging his face right into the fragrant material of her bikini bottom—just like he'd done many times while raiding her laundry hamper.

"Yes, that helps a lot," he said, a smile on his face as he drizzled a generous amount of the shimmering oil onto her bum cheeks. He slowly rubbed it in, the big round globes shining in the brilliant sunlight. His fingertips soon found her inviting crevice, and he rubbed the slick fluid deeper into the warm trench, his hands moving continuously as he methodically moved closer to the core of her sex.

"Mmmm, so nice," she purred, wriggling her hips against his working hands. He took that as an invitation to continue, and moved his fingertips deeper, tracing his long middle finger right over the deepest part of her crevice until he came in contact with the hot little pucker of her anus. He rolled his oily fingertip in a teasing circle over the tight little starfish, causing her to moan softly.

"Mmmm, that's it. Make sure you get some oil all around that spot. I want to make sure that skin is nice and soft.

Mitch felt his prick stiffening and lengthening inside his swim trunks as he worked over her tight little hole. He poured some oil right into her hot crevice and let it run all over his working fingers, slowly circling and probing around that delightfully tight orifice. He felt her relaxing and he pushed slowly with his fingertip, feeling her initial resistance giving way, allowing his slick digit to slip up inside her.

"Aaaahh, yes...that's it, baby, Mommy likes the way that feels." She rolled her hips against his working hand, his finger slowly spiralling all around the hot moist tissues inside her.

Mitch couldn't believe how hot and tight she was back there, his finger now sliding back and forth slowly, back and forth, back and forth, working in a nice rolling motion with his fingertip as he worked it in and out. He could feel that he was now rock hard, and looked down to see his surging prick tenting out the front of his trunks obscenely. He knew what he wanted to do, but wasn't sure if his mother would go for it. "Mom, I think it'll be better if I get some of this oil deeper inside you." He left it at that, leaving the decision up to her.

"You might be right, sweetie. It really feels like I need a nice coating of something way up inside there. The problem is, I think we might need some form of special tool to get the oil nice and deep. Can you think of anything that would work?"

Mitch felt his heart racing furiously as he listened to her suggestive words. "I know just the thing. Trust me, Mom, this is gonna work out perfectly. And when I'm done, I'm sure you'll have a nice coating of something hot and creamy way up inside you."

"Okay, baby. Just make sure that tool is covered with lots of oil to make it easier to go nice and deep." As Mitch quickly shucked off his trunks, she shifted back on the lounge, keeping her head

down as she moved backwards. She took off her sunglasses and dropped them on the floor next to her as she positioned herself with her ass perched high over the bottom edge of the recliner. As she continued to lean forward, she arched her back, making her bum sit even higher, and with her knees near the corners of the lounge, her sinfully hot crevice opened enticingly wider.

Mitch was beside himself with anticipation as he watched her position herself for him, his big hand thoroughly lathering up his thrusting erection with the slippery oil, totally coating his engorged prick until the slick lubricant was dripping off it. As he looked at her smooth pink rosebud winking up at him alluringly, he was tempted to keep fisting his beefy dong and blow a load off all over her. But he fought the urge, knowing that what was coming next was going to be even better.

He wiped his greasy hands on his cum-towel and dropped it on the patio right at the end of the lounge, placed just right for him to kneel on. He dropped to his knees between her mother's spread legs, his thrusting erection soaring upwards towards her oily hole. With the surface of the lounge only being about eight inches off the ground, it put her beckoning bum-hole at the perfect height for his anal assault. "Just bring that pretty bum down an inch or two, Mom, and we'll see if we can fit this oily tool where you need it most," he said, reaching forward and placing his hands on her wide hips, guiding her back ever so slightly. As she lowered her hind quarters, her steaming crease opened wider still. "Oh yeah, that's perfect." His hands held her still, and he eased his rampant prick forward, nuzzling the enflamed crown right up against her slick little hole. He rolled his hips, rubbing the searing tip all around the puckered opening.

"Mmmmm, so nice and hot," his mother moaned, her face still planted down against the lounge. She wriggled her hips back against him, letting him know how much she wanted it. "C'mon, baby, give it to Mommy nice and slow. I've never had anything near to your size back there—but I can tell I'm gonna love it."

"I can't fucking believe this," Mitch said to himself, excited beyond belief. He'd dreamed about fucking his mother's full round ass—and now it was actually going to happen. He gripped her hips firmly as he pressed forward, watching the crimson crown of his fuck-stick start to force its way inside her slick little hole. The wrinkled tissues of the tiny opening were stretched taut by the invading knob, and then he watched them start to relax, letting the broad flared head slowly slip inside.

"OHHHHHHNNNNN," his mother moaned deep in her throat, like an animal being impaled by a spear. Despite her low groan, Mitch felt her pushing back against him, wanting more. He held firmly onto her wide hips and flexed forward, forcing more of himself into her. He watched as the massive knob stretched her opening almost to the tearing point, the smooth opening stretching and stretching as the rope-like corona pressed against it.

"Uh...uh...uh...," she groaned continuously, until the tight pink ring finally surrendered and let him inside, the stretched circle of flesh snapping closed around the thick veiny shaft, the engorged cock-head now trapped inside her.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly, her body quivering and spasming from the monstrous thing filling her tightly-stretched hole. She was gasping as she tried to get accustomed to the wickedly sinful sensation, wriggling around for a minute or two before her ragged breathing calmed down as the muscles inside her slowly relaxed.

Mitch knew to hold still and let her get used to it, or he knew he would absolutely split her in two. None of his girlfriends had ever allowed him near their bums, and he was thrilled that his mother

seemed as eager to try it as he was. When she started to slowly roll her hips, Mitch knew the worst was over.

"Oh yeah, that fucker certainly is big, isn't it?" his mother said, looking back at him over her shoulder, a look of pure desire in her eyes. Not even waiting for him to answer, she continued, "C'mon, baby, let Mommy feel every last inch of it, nice and slow—make me love it."

As she turned away and buried her face in her hands, Mitch gripped her hips tightly and flexed forward, watching his enormous rod slide into her hungry ass, inch after thick hard inch disappearing into her searing depths.

"Oh fuck, yessssssssss," his mother hissed as he went deeper and deeper, the tight tissues inside her ass feeling hot as a furnace. They gripped him tightly, molding themselves perfectly to his probing cock, pulling at him like a tightening fist.

"Yes...yes...yes...," she gasped continuously as he went deeper and deeper, until finally, the stretched ring of her tight little hole was pressed flush up against his shaven groin, his surging cock totally impaled within her steaming guts. As soon as he touched bottom, she started to shake spastically.

"OH FUCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she wailed, her body convulsing and shaking as a massive orgasm rocketed from deep inside her and blossomed in a hot rush to her extremities. She was quivering and trembling like crazy as she came, as if her son's cock had become a cattle prod sending a massive jolt of pleasure to every electrified nerve-ending of her body.

Mitch held on for dear life as her big curvy backside thrashed about wildly, the tight gripping chute inside her pulling at his buried prick possessively. He'd never felt anything so hot and tight in his life, and he loved it. She rolled her hips against him as she continued to gasp and moan, her intense orgasm roaring through her trembling body, the rush of heat making her sweat.

"Oh Jesus, that was so fucking good," his mother finally was able to eke out as her spine-tingling climax slowly subsided. Once she had control of herself, she turned and looked at him over her shoulder again. "That was amazing, sweetheart. How about you see if you can give Mommy another one of those?"

"One? Is that all?" Mitch asked mischievously as he slowly withdrew, watching the pink tissues inside her grip his retreating prick as if they never wanted to let go. He backed out until just the flared knob was trapped inside the constricting ring, and then slid it slowly forward, burying himself mercilessly deep into her ass once more.

"Oh fuck, yesssssss," his mother hissed again as he went balls deep, ground his loins against her upturned bum, and then started to really fuck her.

"So fucking big," she gasped as he pounded her succulent round ass, totally impaling her with each thrust of his rigid erection. He worked in some tantalizing hip-rolls, stirring her hot oily depths like a batch of wet cement. Their oily bodies slammed noisily together, the lewd sound music to his ears.

"Ungh...ungh...ungh...fuck me, baby...fuck Mommy's ass," she moaned, just before he took her to another shattering climax.

Mitch brought her to three more blisteringly hot orgasms, using every bit of his willpower to suppress his own lustful urges. Finally, he couldn't take the incredible sensations any longer,

slamming his throbbing prick deep into her clutching guts as his cock bucked and spat, sending a massive load of cum high up into her clenching bowels.

"Filling you up, Mom. Filling up that hot fucking ass of yours," he moaned, totally flooding her guts with thick teenage semen. He could feel her working the muscles in her ass, her talented rectum pulling at him like a fist, trying to milk out every drop. "Fuck yeah, get it all...get it all."

"That's it, baby, blow every drop of that cum way up inside Mommy. Let me have it, get all that nasty stuff out of you," Nicole encouraged, the tight ring of her sphincter flexing down to squeeze hungrily around the base of his twitching prick. Finally, he'd given her all he had and he stopped moving, keeping his dick buried inside her, the last drops of slippery cum oozing out of him. They were both breathing raggedly, their chests heaving as they drew in big gulps of air, their bodies slowly recovering.

"Just back out nice and slow, baby. I want to keep all of that nice warm cum way up inside me."

Mitch slowly retreated, until finally, his mother's clenching sphincter expelled him, closing up nice and tight, a tiny trickle of white slime winking at him from her closed-up hole. She quickly sat back and pulled her bikini bottom back into place, tying the little straps over each hip once again. She turned and lay on her back, smiling up at him as she reached down beside her and put her sunglasses back on.

"Wow, I've never been filled like that in my entire life. It felt amazing, but trust me, with the size of that big fucker between your legs, that's not something we're going to do every day." She paused, tenderly rubbing her stomach. "Now, where were we? Oh yes, you were putting oil on me. Maybe it's time to start on my front." She wiggled her cute little toes, letting Mitch know where she wanted him to resume his oil-boy duties.

With his spent member hanging heavy between his legs, Mitch stayed on his knees and drizzled more of the oil onto her delicate feet. He started to rub the slippery oil into her skin, loving the feel of her mature body beneath his warm slick hands.

"Mmmm, that's my boy. Get Mommy all nice and oiled up," Nicole said in that mesmerizing lulling voice of hers, settling into the slightly raised back of the lounge. She shifted up slightly, almost looking down on her son as he continued to service her, his oil-covered hands moving slowly up her legs. "That's it. Use as much oil as you need."

Mitch needed no encouragement, drizzling more and more oil onto her lush body as he went higher. Once her full meaty thighs were glistening, he started on her flat toned stomach, loving the feel of her silky smooth skin beneath his fingertips. He slid his fingers along her sides, feeling her ribcage beneath her skin as his hands crept further northwards, his fingertips now brushing against the underside of her massive breasts, looking incredibly round and heavy in the enticing bikini top. Like he'd done with her bikini bottom, he was about to ask if she could remove her top.

"Do my arms and shoulders next," his mother said teasingly, as if reading his thoughts. She reached her arm out, wiggling her red-tipped fingers, just like she'd done with her toes. Temporarily miffed, but not wanting to disappoint her in any way, Mitch drizzled some more of the slick lubricant onto his hands and went back to work on her slender arms, making them shine in the brilliant late-morning sun. Her shoulders were next, and he loved the feel of the fluid sinews and relaxed muscles beneath her skin. His slick fingers moved slowly onto her upper chest as she lay back with a knowing smile on her face, her eyes hidden beneath the dark green lenses of her sunglasses. His slick hands moved further downwards, almost touching the upper swells of her massive tits.

"Mmmm, that's good, baby. Maybe we should stop."

Mitch was aghast, his fingertips within inches of his goal of oiling up his mother's mouth-watering tits, and now, she was suggesting they stop. "But...but Mom, I...I thought you wanted to work on your all-over tan. If you just took off your bikini top for a few minutes..."

The pleading tone in his voice could not be mistaken, and Nicole smiled to herself. "But what if the neighbours saw? I'm not sure what they'd do if they saw something like that."

"I know exactly what they'd do," Mitch said to himself—the men would whip out their cocks and beat themselves silly, while the women would all look on enviously, most of them probably shoving their fingers deep into their itchy quims. "But nobody can see, Mom. The Jamiesons are away, and with all the trees, none of the others can see either."

"Well, I don't know..." Nicole dragged out her reply, purposely letting her horny son stew in his own pre-seminal juices.

"Please, Mom...please." Mitch was all but begging now. "Just for a little while. And then, as soon as I'm done putting the oil on, you can put your top back on."

"Oh, all right," Nicole finally conceded, reaching behind her neck and undoing the tiny white straps. As she released the top panels, her massive tits relaxed slightly downward, their natural heaviness causing them to spread out and totally cover the breadth of her chest. She reached behind her back and undid that strap as well, pulling her top totally off and dropping it beside her before settling back against the recliner. "There, that's better. Go ahead, sweetie, they're all yours."

Mitch gulped as he looked at her perfect tits, gloriously displayed in the brilliant sunshine. "Fuck, they're big," he thought to himself as he looked at the deliciously rounded spheres, so full and heavy-looking. Her areolae were perfectly sized—not too big, and not too small. The pebbly texture and warm pink color was making him salivate—and then he focussed on her nipples. The red rubbery buds tilted up pertly, as if beckoning for a warm wet mouth to swoop down and latch onto them. They were already nice and big, and his fingers itched just thinking about running his hands over them. Not wanting to wait any longer, he picked up the bottle of baby oil and drizzled a copious amount of the slippery fluid all over the upper swells of her breasts, the glistening trails sparkling in the sunlight as he moved the bottle from side to side. He set it down and eagerly brought his hands forward, starting to slowly rub the shiny oil into the lush upper swells.

"Mmmm, that's the way, make sure you cover every square inch," Nicole cooed softly, a contented smile on her face as she looked at her son through slitted eyes, her eyes totally obscured to him by the dark lenses of her sunglasses. As he kneeled at the side of the lounge, she flicked her eyes down, happy to see his recently spent dick on the rise once more. She smiled, taking a deep breath, her huge breasts pushing out even further towards his working hands.

"Fuck me," Mitch mumbled under his breath as he watched his mother's back arch as she took a deep breath and stretched. Her tits looked even more gigantic, the big round globes seeming to lift right up towards his waiting hands. Unable to resist, he let his greasy hands slide down around the sides of the two huge spheres, finally cupping one in each hand. He rubbed his fingers all around the undersides of them, totally covering them in the warm slippery oil.

"Mmmm, that feels so nice, baby. Just keep doing that until you've got Mommy totally covered."

"I know what I'd like to cover you with," Mitch thought to himself as he felt his cock continue to stiffen and lengthen. He knew it wouldn't take much for him to blow another huge load all over her, and those big shiny tits seemed to just be begging for it. With his heart pounding, he ran his thumbs up the front of each breast, the oil forming a slippery runway right the tips of her nipples. He rubbed his slick thumbs over the pebbly buds, feeling them instantly respond.

"Mmmm, that's the spot," his mother cooed softly as he worked on her nipples. He could feel them stiffen and expand beneath his slick thumbs, and then he brought his forefingers into the act, rolling the two cherry-like bullets between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Aaaahh...yes...that's it...so good," Nicole groaned, letting her head loll slowly from side to side as he worked over her magnificent tits. He let his greasy hands roam freely over the tremendous guns, squeezing, hefting, groping, and rubbing continuously, but always coming back to tease her sensitive stiff nipples, now totally engorged and hot to the touch, the vivid red color looking even more erotic with the glistening coating of baby oil. She felt like she could almost go off just by letting him play with her sensitive mounds, but she had something else in mind—something she knew they'd both like.

"Okay, baby, I think that's good for now," she said, knocking his hands away as she sat slightly forward, bringing her splayed legs down as she put her feet flat on the deck on either side of her chair.

Mitch was beside himself. His cock was hard as a rock, and his heart was beating furiously, expecting something more to happen. When his mother stopped his oily groping of her tits, he was mortified, wondering what he'd done wrong.

"C'mere, baby," Nicole said, patting the spot on the lounge right in front of her, the spot right between her spread legs. "I think it's time for me to put some of that baby oil on you for a change. Do you think you'd like that?" She had that mischievous look in her eyes that set Mitch right on fire.

"Yes," he barely gasped out as he slung his leg over the lounge and sat down, his stallion-like cock rearing up between them, precum already drooling from the engorged tip. His mother was sitting up and slightly forward, her huge tits hanging pendulously mere inches from his throbbing prick, the stiff veiny cock bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of his heart.

"Hmm, I wonder where I should start," she said teasingly, taking off her sunglasses before reaching down and picking up the bottle of baby oil. "Oh, I think I know." She held the bottle right over his throbbing cock-head and squeezed, a shiny ribbon of glistening oil drizzling onto his massive knob and sliding down the upright shaft. She poured out a generous amount, and then set the bottle down as she reached forward with both hands. "Yes, I think this is exactly where you need it." Her hands closed down on his surging prick, her fingers circling the immense shaft in a warm loving corridor. Once again, she was amazed at the incredible size, her fingertips not even coming close to touching the base of her palms. She gave the big fuck-stick a gentle squeeze, and then started to move her hands up and down, working the slippery oil into his skin.

"Oh fuck...yeah," Mitch gasped, his mother's expert mature hands feeling incredible on his pulsing dong. She pumped slowly up and down, using a tortuous cork-screwing motion that had him climbing the walls within seconds. She had one hand over the other, with still a few inches of blisteringly hard cock visible above her stroking hands. His steely-hard prick felt like a branding iron in her hands, the heat emanating from the throbbing shaft blissfully intense. The heated baby oil let her gripping hands slide easily over his rigid prick, the slippery fluid glistening nastily.

"Oh Jesus...so fucking hard," Nicole moaned under her breath as she let her slippery hands work over his rearing fucker, one hand now turned and cupped downwards over the sensitive glans as she rolled her palm in a slow circle over the slick pebbly surface.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that's so good," Mitch groaned, feeling the precum pulsing up against her hand as her soft palm rubbed lovingly over the flared crown. She rubbed her palm gently over the big mushroom head for a couple of minutes, making him squirm and moan as the precum continued to ooze out of him. Her other hand kept pumping up and down, and now the hand she had covering the head dropped down to join the other one once more, the precum combined with the baby oil turning frothy as her slick mommy-hands moved provocatively up and down. He looked at her tits, watching them wobble and sway as she continued to jerk him off, wondering if she was going to pump his load out all over the voluminous mounds. She spoke, almost as if she could read his mind once again.

"Why don't you feel them, baby? I know you want to. Go ahead. They're all yours...anytime you want."

Mitch eagerly reached forward, filling his hands with the glistening orbs, loving the feel of her soft oily skin beneath his fingertips. He hefted them in his hands, his libido soaring in awe at the immense weight. He felt his prick twitch and buck in her hands, and knew she felt it too.

"Are you close, baby? Are you ready to give Mommy all of that sweet cum of yours?"

"Yes...", he said breathlessly, barely able to speak.

"That's good, baby, that's real good. Mommy wants you to blow that big fucking load all over her. Would you like to do that for Mommy?"

"Oh God, yes!" Mitch gasped out, feeling the delightful pre-orgasmic contractions begin in his midsection.

"That's my baby boy, let it out...shoot every sweet creamy drop all over Mommy."

Mitch was just about there as he saw her quickly reach down and pull open the tied straps at each hip, her bikini bottom falling away to expose her glistening pink vulva.

"Come on, baby, come for Mommy," Nicole purred wantonly as she put both hands back on his shining prick and pumped vigorously, the engorged head now pointed right at her steaming cunt.

Her nasty words were all it took, and Mitch started coming, the first thick rope of semen speeding up the shaft of his cock. "HERE IT COMES!" he warned, just as a brilliant white slash of spunk rocketed forth, plastering itself against her shaven loins in a hot gooey mess.

"Yeah, baby, give Mommy all of that hot cum, cover me with the stuff," Nicole encouraged, her slick oily hands pumping vigorously back and forth. She was rewarded as rope after rope of sperm-laden teenage cum rained down on her hot pink pussy, covering her exposed flesh.

"OH FUCK...YEAHHHHH," Mitch roared, the exquisite sensations of a hot oily hand job having him shaking and twitching through a mind-numbing release. "PUMP IT OUT, SLUT, PUMP IT ALL OUT!"

Nicole smiled as she listened to him, her talented mature hands working their magic on his huge 18-year old cock. She kept her hands sliding luxuriously on his oil-covered shaft, ribbons and strands of thick pearly semen spewing from the yawning tip of his cock to coat her smooth mature

flesh. She pumped and pumped, getting every last drop of warm seed out of him that she could. Finally, he had no more, but she took the drooling tip of his prick and wiped it right over the protruding nodule of her clit, barely visible beneath the glistening white layer of cum coating her midsection.

"Mmmmmm, that was a big load, wasn't it?" she said, her breathy voice dripping with sensuality.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Mitch gasped out, slowly starting to recover, "I've never had a hand job like that in my life."

"Not even any of the ones you've given yourself?" she asked teasingly, smiling at him wickedly as she slid one hand down and cradled his heavy nuts, temporarily drained of his life-giving seed.

"Oh God, no. That was absolutely incredible." He looked into her sultry blue eyes, that wicked slutty look in them once more. "Mom, you are so hot. I...I can't believe this is happening."

"Oh, it's happening, baby, and it's going to keep happening for a long long time." Mitch's heart soared at her response, and then she gave him another lascivious wink. "You can come on Mommy like that anytime you want." She paused and sat back, his eyes naturally following hers as she looked down at her cum-coated body. "But you have made quite a mess there. I think you need to clean that up." She shifted back to lie against the back of the recliner, her midsection sliding forward as he instinctively moved backwards out of her way. He looked down between her spread legs as she tilted her wide hips up towards him, as if offering up her glazed loins as his dinner. He felt her looking right at him, the feeling drawing his eyes up to meet hers, where he saw her looking at him intently, the look of a wanton slut burning in her sultry blue eyes. She reached forward towards his face, one red-tipped fingernail toying provocatively with his bottom lip. "And I think you know just how I want you to clean up all of that thick creamy cum."

She moved her hand back and slowly crooked her finger at him, hypnotically beckoning him closer. As if in a trance, Mitch got to his knees between her spread legs, following her mesmerizing finger all the way down to her glistening white loins. She took her fingertip and rubbed it slowly around the erect spire of her clit, the red beacon shining up through the milky coating of fluid surrounding it. "C'mon, baby, I think you know just what to do."

Mitch leaned forward, pursing his lips and letting his tongue slither forward, the tip probing right into the puddled mass of goo covering her vulva.

"Mmmm, that's it. Take your time. Mommy wants to watch her baby boy feed." Mitch slowly licked, his tongue rolling sensually through the puddles and strands of his own warm semen.

"Mmmmm..." It was him purring now, knowing he was pleasuring his mother just the way she wanted. He could see her looking down at him, a smile of blissful contentment on her face as he serviced her.

"Suck it up, baby. Let Mommy watch you suck up that gooey slime." He did as she asked, pursing his lips and noisily sucking up a massive gob. She reached forward and he felt her hand on his throat. "Okay, baby. Swallow for Mommy." He did, the gob of warm spunk sliding luxuriously down his throat. He saw her smile, her fingers lovingly stroking his throat as she watched it contract as he swallowed.

"Again, get it all," she encouraged, keeping her fingertips pressed gently against his throat. He licked at her glazed body, sucking and licking up every drop he could find. Every time he swallowed,

she smiled and gave him words of praise, letting him know how much he was pleasing her. Finally, with all of his cum nestled deep in his stomach and only a glistening coating of his saliva covering her exposed pussy, he sat back, wondering if she'd let him use his mouth to pleasure her throbbing red clit.

"Can I keep eating you, Mom?" he asked, taking a long slow swipe with his tongue all the way up the front of her leaking trench.

"Mmmm, that does feel nice, but there is something else I want first. I've been saving a treat for you."

"A treat?" Mitch asked, totally confused.

"Yes. Sit on the floor at the foot of the lounge and lay your head back here," she instructed, tapping the spot where he was sitting right now. He obediently did as she asked, turning around before sitting down on the pool deck floor and leaning back until his head was in the middle of the recliner.

"That's my good boy. Now Mommy's gonna give you a nice warm treat." She turned around, tossing her bikini bottom to the side before straddling his face and sitting backwards. Her knees were positioned at the sides of the recliner as she reached forward and grabbed the back of the chair, steadying herself. With her spread thighs on either side of his face, she shifted back slightly, bringing her bright pink bumhole right over his mouth.

"Open wide, baby, time for your treat." Looking down between her legs, she saw her son's mouth open wide in eager anticipation. She pushed down with the muscles inside her, a nasty little smile on her face.

Beneath her, Mitch watched as the tiny wrinkled hole eased open, a pearly-white gob of fluid filling the enticing void. He instinctively slid his tongue forward, positioning it to catch the milky prize he knew was coming. The hole flexed inward for a split second before easing open even more, and the viscous wad of thick white fluid drooled obscenely forth. It slithered like an awakening snake downwards, the tip of the distending wad finding the flat of his tongue.

"That's my baby boy, get it all," his mother said in her soft lulling voice as she watched the glistening ribbon of semen slide into her son's eagerly-waiting mouth. She pushed down with the muscles inside her again, loving the sight of her boy's thick teenage cum drooling into his open mouth. She pushed again, and the massive wad came sliding out in a rush, plopping hotly onto his waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," he purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as he instinctively closed his mouth, letting the warm masculine flavor of his own seed combined with her ass juices roll succulently over his taste buds. He swallowed, the heavenly silky texture sliding deliciously down his throat.

Nicole could tell he wanted more, so she sat right down on his face, feeling his tongue quickly probing against her tight little hole. "That's it. Get inside there and get it, baby. Mommy's been keeping that nice and warm for you." She rolled her hips as she relaxed her sphincter, feeling his tongue slip deeper inside her. He swirled his tongue all around the hot slick tissues lining her bum, pulling out every drop of manly cream that he'd dumped inside her.

"That's my boy, work for it. Work for all of that thick creamy cum of yours," she encouraged, pushing down to give him just what he wanted. She held on tightly to the back of the recliner,

tilting her head up and closing her eyes as she surrendered herself to the luxurious sensations of her 18-year old son slavishly worshipping her ass.

She let him do as he pleased for the next ten minutes or so, long after he'd lapped up every drop of his teenage seed. He kept licking and sucking her ass, trying to get his tongue as far into her as possible. She was getting more and more turned on, and as good as this was feeling, her throbbing clit was not to be denied.

"C'mere, baby, this is where I need your mouth right now," she said, shifting her hips backwards, dropping the twitching red nodule of her clit right onto his mouth.

"Mmmm," Mitch groaned as his lips closed around the pulsing little pea, the intense heat of the sensitive button almost searing his lips. He rolled his tongue all around the stiff bullet, feeling it throb between his sucking lips.

"Oh fuck, yeah...that's perfect...that's so fucking per...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH," Nicole moaned as a shattering climax started at the base of her clit and exploded like an atomic bomb throughout her body. She was convulsing and shaking fiercely, holding onto the back of the chair tightly to steady herself, grinding her pulsing flesh down onto her son's working mouth as she came.

"YESSSSSSS," she hissed again, basting her son's face with a lathery coating of cunt-cream as she gushed like a bursting dam. Mitch kept sucking and licking at the throbbing clit between his lips as she rocked back and forth, her warm juices spurting all over his face.

"Unghh...ungh...ungh," she moaned, her body glistening with oil and sweat as she continued to climax, the insides of her thighs quivering from the exquisite sensations flowing through her. Finally, a tingling shiver tripped down her spine and she collapsed, sitting right down on her son's upturned face.

"RING...RING..." the sound of the phone on the little table next to them drew their attention.

"Hmm, it looks like that's your father," Nicole said, spying the name and number displayed on her phone. She reached over and picked it up, wriggling her hips to let her son know she wanted him to keep going.

"Hello."

"Hi Honey, it's me," Rick said.

"Hi. I didn't expect your call for another hour or so." She continued rolling her hips as Mitch's long thick tongue lapped at her drooling trench.

"Yeah, well, the fish weren't biting worth a damn, so we decided to head home. What have you guys been up to?"

"Well, we got the attic cleaned out like you wanted. The stuff's in the hallway upstairs right now. You wanted to take one final look before we got rid of it, right?"

"Yeah. I'll take a quick look and then Mitch can help me get the boxes down to the garage so we can get rid of them. Is he at home?"

"Yes, he's here," Nicole said, smiling down at her son, his mouth busy between her legs. "He's just having a little snack right now." Mitch looked up past her huge hanging breasts, her eyes smiling devilishly as she looked down at him.

"Good, make sure he doesn't take off before I get home. I don't want that stuff cluttering up the hall any longer than it has to."

"All right. I'll make sure he doesn't go anywhere." Nicole rolled her curvy rump down on her son's face. With her warm round bum keeping in place, there was no way he was going anywhere, but with the way he kept licking at her clammy gash, she could tell he would be willing to stay there and feed from her dripping cunt all day long anyways.

"Okay, good. We just went past Middlesburgh, so I'll be home in about an hour. What are you guys doing right now?"

"Oh, we're just sitting out by the pool, taking in some rays."

"All right. I'm gonna go. Be home soon. Bye."

"Bye." Nicole put down the phone and reluctantly lifted herself off her son's avidly working mouth. "Your dad's gonna be home in less than an hour. We better go shower up and wash this oil off us, or he'll wonder what's going on."

"Can we shower together?" Mitch asked eagerly, gathering up his discarded swim trunks, along with the baby oil and towels.

"I guess we've got time for that," Nicole replied, her eyes drawn magnetically to her son's heavy member dangling majestically between his legs. "But no funny stuff, buster!"

"Sure, Mom, whatever you say," Mitch lied, knowing that once he got his hands on those big tits of hers again, all bets were off when it came to his behaviour.

He was right—ten minutes later, as they stood in the big double shower with his soapy hands full of her lathered-up tits, he was hard as a rock again.

"Are you kidding me? Not again?" Nicole asked, once again astounded by her son's insatiable sexual appetite and never-ending stamina. She smiled to herself, loving every illicit second of it as she wrapped her own soapy hand around his veiny dong and stroked slowly up and down.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I can't help it when I'm around you." His hands continued to grope her big round tits as her hand slid luxuriously along the lathered-up surface of his stiff prick. "And...oh fuck...your hand feels so good. Do you think we have time for one more?"

"Mommy's still a little sore down there, especially after that last one when you fucked me in the ass. How about if I take this shot right in the mouth? I could do with another mouthful of that hot thick cum of yours."

"That would be perfect," Mitch replied, his mother already slipping to her knees in front of him.

Five minutes later she was swallowing ravenously as he flooded her mouth with rope after rope of warm milky semen, splashing her tonsils with his viscous seed. She purred contentedly, savouring every creamy morsel of the thick masculine seed, chockfull of potent teenage sperm. With a last lick across the dripping red eye, she got to her feet.

"All right, that's going to have to keep you for a while. Let's finish up before your dad gets home."

A short time later, they met up in the kitchen. Mitch was wearing an old t-shirt and a pair of shorts, while Nicole had chosen a powder-blue sleeveless turtleneck and a flouncy white skirt that ended high on her thighs. The vertical ribs of the sweater flowed out and around her generous breasts invitingly, drawing her son's eyes like a magnet. The outfit looked fantastic on her, but not as risqué as some of the things she'd worn at other times over the last couple of days. Mitch knew it was because his father was due home shortly. Still unable to help himself, he immediately reached for her, but she swatted his hands away playfully, "Behave yourself, or Mommy won't come and tuck you in at bedtime," she said teasingly. "Now get the plates out of the cupboard. Your dad is going to want lunch when he gets home."

They were standing side by side at the counter getting lunch together when they heard the garage door open, and then a few seconds later, Rick walked in, dropping his duffel bag near the door.

"Hey guys, did you miss me?" he asked, going over to his wife and giving her a peck on the cheek, patting his son on the shoulder at the same time.

"Of course we did, dear," Nicole said, smiling at her husband. "Things just weren't the same at all around here without you—were they, Mitch?"

Mitch couldn't help noticing the mischievous look in his mother's eye as she turned to him for a response. Listening to the provocative nature of her words, he felt himself turning red and feeling flustered. "Uh no...I mean yes...I mean...uh...it's good to have you home, Dad."

"Where's the fish?" Nicole quickly asked, bailing out her son, who looked totally flummoxed.

"Didn't catch a thing," Rick said emphatically. "That so-called 'hot fishing spot' of Ed's turned out to be totally useless. My time would have better spent here, helping you guys with that attic."

"Oh, honey, don't worry about it. You need your time away like that to relax. With the hours you work at that law office, you need a break like that—time away from the usual grind."

"Ah, I guess you're right."

"You should do it more often. Mitch and I would be fine here taking care of things, wouldn't we, sweetheart?" As Mitch leaned back against the counter, his mother turned towards him, reaching into the cupboard behind him to lift down some plates. As she did, he felt her purposely press the side of one big breast against his arm. As she withdrew the plates, she turned, rubbing her tits even more firmly against his arm. He couldn't help but notice the sly smile on her face.

"Uh, yeah, we'd be fine." Again Mitch muttered out his reply, caught off guard by his mother's risky behaviour.

"Oh, I'm sure you two would be just fine." They both looked at Rick in surprise, the tone of his voice insinuating something more than they expected. Seeing the shocked look on their faces, he continued, "What's up? You took care of that attic chore pretty easily, and with Mitch basically a man now, it's almost like he's ready to take my place around here."

"Don't be silly, honey," Nicole quickly responded, her head spinning. "It's just nice for you to relax and get away every once in a while. We know how busy you are at work."

Rick sat down at the table, looking from his wife, to his son, and then back to his wife again, the smile of concern on his wife's face looking somewhat forced and peculiar. "You might be right. With all the work required to open the new office in Dillon, there's a lot of pressure on all of us. Griff's asked me to take on a lot of that," he said, referring to the law firm's senior partner.

"Well, you know, if they really need you to take the lead on that, I can't help but think that would be a good thing," Nicole said, jumping on the opportunity that had just presented itself. "Even if you had to go to Dillon every now and then, it wouldn't be so bad—your mother's still there, and you could spend some time visiting her. I'm sure she'd like that." Even though Nicole never really saw eye-to-eye with her mother-in-law, she knew Rick cared very much for her, especially after his father passed away from cancer about five years back.

Rick paused again, looking back and forth between his wife and his son as she kept busy, putting the sandwiches on the plates and setting them on the table. "Yeah, well, I'm not sure what's going to happen with all that just yet, but, we'll see. Anyways, this looks good. After lunch, Mitch and I can see to those boxes you guys brought down from the attic."

Things seemed more relaxed as they sat at the kitchen table and had their lunch, both Mitch and Nicole feeling more at ease the more Rick talked. Nicole asked questions about the fishing trip, which Rick answered by saying the expected 'hot spot' turned out to be a dud. Ed hadn't caught anything either, and they both came home empty-handed.

After lunch, father and son attacked the stack of boxes Mitch had brought down from the attic—Rick finding nothing there worth keeping. The two of them moved the boxes downstairs and loaded up their SUV.

"Let's take these to that charity place right now. I know they're open Sundays."

"Uh, are you sure?" Mitch asked, still feeling a little weirded out. He couldn't help but look at his father in a different light after what had transpired over the last twenty-four hours between his mother and him.

"Yeah. Let's just get it done."

They piled into the vehicle and headed out, Mitch feeling pretty uncomfortable as his father manoeuvred the car through traffic.

"I want to thank you for helping your mother with that," his dad said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Uh, that's okay, Dad. I know it needed to be done, and I was just glad I could help."

"Well, your mother and I both appreciate it. Did she reward you in any way?"

His dad's eyes flicked over to his for a second, before returning to the road. Mitch felt his heart starting to race, unsure of what to say. "Uh...reward me?" he asked, trying to buy himself some time to think.

"Yeah, you know; did she do anything special for you? Anything she knew you'd like?"

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself, you wouldn't believe what she did for me. "Uh, I don't know. She thanked me, and then we went out and got something to eat. That was nice."

"Oh yeah, where'd you go?"

"Francesco's."

"Francesco's? Did you guys grab a pizza?"

"Uh...no. We ate in the dining room part."

"It's pretty nice in there. Did your mom make you get all dressed up?"

"Uh, yeah. It was okay though. I didn't mind."

"What about your mom? I'm sure she would have taken the opportunity to wear something nice. You know how much she loves clothes."

"Do I ever", Mitch thought to himself, remembering all the gorgeous outfits he'd seen his mom in over the last few days. "Umm, she wore a dress, I think," he said, shrugging his shoulders as if he'd never really paid any attention to what she'd been wearing.

"Which one? Do you remember the color?"

"I think it was yellow."

"Yellow? I can't remember her having a yellow dress. It must have been new. Did she say it was new?"

"You know, now that you mention it, I think she did say it was new."

"Did she look nice in it?" His father's gaze flicked over to him again, the laser-like stare seeming to look right through him—or maybe it just felt like that to Mitch.

"I...uh...I guess so. I never really noticed. The food was great though," he said, trying to change the subject. "The chicken parmesan was fantastic. You would have loved it, Dad."

"I'm sure it would have been nice to be there with you two, but I hope your mom made sure you had a good time." Although it was a statement, the lilt of his father's voice made it more a question.

"Uh yeah, it was okay."

"Good, good. I'm glad your mom did something nice for you after having you slug those boxes around all morning."

"It was no trouble, really."

"Okay, here we are," Rick said as they pulled up to the second-hand store. They donated their boxes of stuff, and the staff were just as happy to receive it as they were to get rid of it. With car emptied out, they headed for home.

"That stuff I was talking to your mom about, about the new office the firm is opening in Dillon. I may have to go there occasionally to make sure things are running smoothly. How would you feel about that?"

"I'd feel fucking great!" Mitch wanted to shout out, but instead he quietly replied, "I guess that would be okay. You know, I'm sure it's good for your career. It shows how much your boss values you if he wants to give you that much responsibility."

"Yeah, I guess. But I'd have to go down there and stay sometimes. It's only about 200 miles away, but that's a little too far to commute back and forth."

"I understand, Dad. That's okay. Like you said, I'm 18 now. I think Mom and I would be okay if you had to go every now and then." We'd be fucking great—and great fucking—Mitch wanted to say, but kept that under his hat.

"You'd be willing to help me out by taking care of your mom? She can be quite a handful sometimes."

"She certainly can," Mitch thought, thinking about what a handful those huge tits of hers had been when he'd cupped them in his hands. "I'm sure we'd be fine. Mom's pretty easy to get along with."

"Especially when her hot juicy quim is stuffed full of hard cock," Mitch thought, memories of the last twenty-four hours popping into his head.

"All right then. I'm not sure what's going to happen at work, but that might be a possibility."

"Do what's best for you, Dad. I'm here to help Mom in any way she needs." Mitch pictured being down between her spread thighs, servicing that dripping pussy and tight little bumhole of hers, knowing that the more his father was away from home, the better things would be for the two new lovers.

"Okay, I'll keep that in mind."

They arrived home and Mitch headed to his room for a quick shower, having gotten sweaty lugging the boxes down the stairs and out. Rick headed to his own room, where he found Nicole putting clean sheets on the bed.

"Ah, clean sheets. Nice," he said, pulling off his clothes to head to the shower himself.

"Yes, I thought you'd like that," Nicole replied, remembering the cum-stained and sweat-matted sheets she'd thrown in the laundry earlier in the day, along with the towels. She was careful to make sure all incriminating evidence had been removed from their room.

The three family members spent the rest of the day doing their own thing; Nicole did some work at her computer, working on a new layout for a client's house they were putting up for sale, while Rick spent the time at his desk off the family room attending to some files he'd brought home in his brief case. Mitch spent the afternoon in his room working on his computer, sorting out all the new pictures he'd taken of his mother over the weekend, his eyes constantly returning to the numerous pictures he'd taken of her in her sexy wedding dress and the even-more-enticing bridal lingerie. "She's so fucking hot," Mitch said to himself, wanting to whack off another batch or two, but calling on his reserves of willpower to make himself stop. He was hoping to save it for when his mother came and 'tucked him in', as she'd promised to do.

"MITCH! CAN YOU COME DOWN AND GIVE US A HAND HERE?" His mother's voice interrupted his salacious thoughts as he looked at a picture of her sitting in that chair by her makeup table, her legs spread lewdly while she cupped her enormous breasts towards him. His cock had been stirring for the last few hours, and it had taken all he had to stop himself from pounding the shit out of it.

"COMING!" he yelled back, wondering what his mom was thinking when she heard him call out that word.

"What do you think, bud? Does a steak on the Q sound good to you?" his father asked when Mitch loped into the kitchen.

"Sounds great."

"Good, I'll go fire it up."

As soon as Rick slid the patio door closed behind him, Nicole looked at her son, that telltale twinkle in her eye. "Coming, eh?" she said, giving her head a knowing shake.

"Well, almost," Mitch replied, a shit-eating grin on his face. "I spent the afternoon looking at pictures of you on my computer. It was all I could do not to white-wash the screen."

"Ssshh, watch what you're saying," Nicole warned, her eyes flicking to the patio door, her husband fiddling with the barbecue out on the deck.

"You know he can't hear anything out there with the door closed. With the air conditioner going, Dad would never leave the door open. He's too cheap to waste the energy."

"I know," Nicole replied, she and Mitch sharing a smile as they'd both experienced Rick's near fanaticism when it came to the home heating and air-conditioning system. They'd each been scolded for going near the thermostat settings. She flicked her eyes down to the crotch of Mitch's shorts, taking in the noticeable bulge. "So, you were looking at some pictures of me again, were you?"

"I couldn't help myself, Mom. You looked so fucking hot in that bridal lingerie. I loved it."

"But you never did anything about it?" Her tongue slid out and purposely licked her lips, her eyes drifting down to the enticing protrusion tenting out his shorts.

"Does it look like I did anything about it?" Mitch asked, holding up his hands in dismay as they both looked down to his swollen groin.

Nicole's eyes flicked outside to look at her husband, and then back to her son, eyeing up the bulge of that massive cock she knew was lurking beneath his shorts. Just looking at the outline of that throbbing monster made her pussy itch. "Hmmm, that looks painful, actually. I think Mommy better make that all better for you." She turned and grabbed the platter of steaks, covered in a spicy rub. "Here, take this out to your father. That grill should be just about ready now. And when you're out there, take a look back at the patio door and see how well you can see inside."

Mitch hurriedly adjusted the lump in his shorts and carried the platter outside, covering his crotch with the big plate. "Here you go, Dad."

"Great, it's just ready to nicely sear these babies," Rick replied, taking the platter and setting it on one of the barbecue's side trays.

"Okay, Mom and I will be inside getting the other stuff ready. Shout out if you need anything."

"Will do," Rick replied, carefully placing the first steak on the grill.

Mitch turned back towards the house and paused as he judged the view, and then strode purposely back inside, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well?" his mother asked, hurriedly tossing the salad she'd taken out earlier.

"You can't see a thing. The sun is reflecting off the glass like crazy."

"Good. That's what I thought. Now c'mere, baby—let Mommy see that favorite new toy of hers."

Mitch walked over to his mother and she kissed him hotly, her tongue slipping deep into his mouth as her hand quickly found his swollen prick. She squeezed his stiff member, and then her fingertips gripped his zipper and drew it downwards.

"We don't have much time," she said, fishing her hand into the opening of his shorts and drawing out his raging hardon. Both she and Mitch were glad he'd chosen to go commando. "Get behind me so we can both keep an eye on your father."

As Mitch moved behind his mother, she leaned forward against the island countertop, her full round bum perched high in the air. She wiggled her curvy ass playfully from side to side as she looked back at her son over her shoulder. "Don't let that skirt get in your way, baby—fill Mommy up."

Mitch quickly flicked his eyes up to see his father watching the steaks sizzling on the grill, and then he looked down as he reached forward, flipping up the back of his mother's flouncy little skirt, exposing a pair of white silk French-cut panties, the leg openings cut wickedly high on her hips. His cock throbbed as he looked at her succulent rear end, and knew that this wasn't going to take long, especially after all those sexy pictures of her he'd been looking at all afternoon.

He reached down and pulled her panties to the side as she leaned even further over the counter, both of them facing the patio door in order to keep an eye on the man outside. With his rigid cock sticking out of the front of his shorts, Mitch moved in close behind his mother, nudging the broad flared crown up between her pouting labia. Her pussy-lips were sinfully hot, and already nice and wet. He flexed forward as he grabbed her hips, sending the massive knob all the way home with one slow merciless stroke.

"Yessssss," Nicole hissed, feeling her pussy stretching delightfully, her son's huge boner sliding high up inside her, finding a nice tight fit. "C'mon, baby. Give it to Mommy. Slam that big fucker into me." She reached across the counter and held onto the front edge as Mitch started to really pound her, their slick loins slamming together lewdly.

Mitch gripped her wide hips tightly as he looked down at his throbbing pole going back and forth, the thick veiny shaft glistening with her womanly nectar. He glanced out the window and saw his father flipping the steaks, and then the older man turned and looked right towards them. Mitch's heart skipped a beat as he watched his father squint, and then the older man turned back to the grill, his attention back on the steaks.

Almost sighing with relief, Mitch redoubled his efforts, vigorously thrusting his rock-hard erection balls deep with every cunt-stretching stroke.

"Yessss...yessss...OH FUCKKKKK," Nicole moaned as she started to come, a tingling orgasm shooting from deep in her stretched pussy to every nerve-ending of her body. She'd come really fast, and she knew the taboo riskiness of what they were doing made it all the more exciting.

Mitch felt his mother's quivering pussy clamp down on him as she came, and that was all it took to send him over the edge as well.

"OH FUCK, MOM...GONNA COME!" he gasped out as he slammed his twitching cock to the hilt, just as the first thick rope of cum rifled forth, plastering itself forcefully against the gates of her womb.

"Unh...unh...unh..." Nicole moaned continuously as she continued to climax, her body shaking and spasming deliciously as her son continued to fill her up with his seed, wad after wad of thick teenage cum sluicing its way deep into her clutching birth canal.

"FUCK YESSSSS," Mitch groaned, wrapping himself over his mother's back, his hands sliding between her and the countertop to cup her huge tits, his cock spitting out the last drops of his warm viscous seed as he totally unloaded. Blissfully satisfied, they stayed coupled together, both of them fighting to regain their breath.

"Oh shit! I think he's about to come back in," Nicole gasped out.

Mitch quickly looked up, seeing his father put the last of the steaks on the platter and close the lid of the grill.

"Hurry," Nicole said, reaching back to push Mitch off her. He pulled his spent prick out of her slick pussy, his wet member coming out in a slippery rush. As he stuffed his prick back into his shorts, he saw his mother pull her panties back into place and pull her skirt down. She hurriedly turned around and brushed her hair into place, looking down at the noticeable bulge still visible beneath Mitch's shorts.

"Oh fuck, you've got pussy juice all over the front of your shorts. Quick, sit down at the table," she said, her eyes flicking back to the patio door as she stepped to the stove.

Mitch slid into his chair with the damp stained front of his shorts hidden from view, just as his father slid the patio door open and stepped inside, the delicious smell of the barbecued steaks entering the room with him.

"Just in time," Nicole said breathlessly, pushing a stray lock of hair off her face as she quickly composed herself. She took a deep breath to settle herself before lifting the pot of rice pilaf off the stove and stepped over to the table. She was spooning out a portion onto each of their plates as Rick set the platter down and took his seat.

"Are you okay, honey?" he asked. "You look all flushed."

"Oh, do I? Maybe it's just a middle-aged hot flash," she responded, flipping the serving spoon up in the air in an attempt to make light of his comment.

"Well, as long as you're fine, that's what's important." Nicole waved her hand, as if it was nothing to be concerned about. Rick nodded. "Okay then, let's eat. This looks great."

Mitch and his mother exchanged a knowing smile as they dug into their food, their sexual exertions once again firing up their appetites. About halfway through the meal, Mitch felt his mother gently kicking his foot. When he looked over, she caught his eye and carefully nodded for him to look down. With a quick glance to make sure his dad wasn't watching him, he let his gaze run down her body, where he saw her hand had disappeared beneath the table. She continued to eat with her fork in one hand, while he watched the muscles in her other arm move languidly beneath the skin.

of the part of her arm he could see. She withdrew her hand from beneath the table, and shielding it from her husband's view, she showed it to her son.

"Holy fuck," Mitch said to himself, his eyes opening wide as he saw his mother's fingers aligned and cupped together, all of her digits coated with a glistening white coating of his semen.

"Sweetheart," she said, addressing her husband, "could you get me a glass of wine, please? I should have thought of it earlier. There's an open bottle of red on the counter there."

"Sure, hon," Rick replied, getting up and grabbing a wine glass from the cupboard. As soon as his back was turned, Nicole salaciously faced her son and brought her dripping hand to her mouth, opening her lips into an inviting oval as she slipped her fingers inside. Her eyes were hooded in bliss as she sucked the warm goo off her fingers, her tongue slithering all around her cummy fingers to gather up all of son's thick teenage seed. Mitch's eyes opened wide as he watched his mother feasting on his cum, his father standing right behind her!

"Mmmm," she inadvertently let out a purr of contentment, not even realizing what she'd done.

"What's that?" Rick asked, turning and putting the glass of wine down in front of her.

"Oh, it's just that these steaks are really good," Nicole replied, quickly covering up.

"Yeah, they turned out not too bad."

Nicole winked at her son, tracing her fingers delicately down the smooth skin of her throat, letting him know where that cum of his had ended up.

"Say, honey, do you have any more of those sleeping pills you gave me the other night?" Rick asked as he was getting ready for bed that night. "I've got a big meeting early in the morning, and I'd love nothing better than a good night's sleep."

"Of course. I think that's a great idea. Just a second and I'll get you one," Nicole responded. She smiled as she went to the bathroom and got him the pill, remembering how it had totally knocked him out the last time he'd taken one.

"Great, thanks hon," Rick said, taking the glass of water she handed him. He stepped towards his side of the bed and popped the pill, washing it down with the water before sliding into bed.

"I've got a little more work I want to finish up," Nicole said as she gestured towards her work station. "I'll be coming to bed shortly."

"Okay, dear. Good night," Rick said, turning off his light and pulling the covers up.

Twenty minutes later she heard the rhythmic sound of his gentle snoring, and stole quietly into her son's room, wearing a sexy bright red teddy beneath her fluffy terrycloth robe. She found her son lying back in his bed, slowly stroking his turgid prick.

"Is Dad asleep?"

"Yes. He wanted one of those sleeping pills. He's out like a light. Does this little nightie look okay?" Nicole asked, letting her robe slip provocatively off her shoulders and to the floor.

"Oh fuck, yes," Mitch said, his eyes feasting hungrily on his mother's busty form poured into the tight-fitting teddy.

Two hours and numerous orgasms later, Nicole made her way quietly back into her own room. She made her way stealthily into her dressing room and exchanged the cum-spattered teddy for one of her old nightgowns before slipping soundlessly into bed. With the taste of her son's rich teenage cum still in her mouth, and more of it oozing out of her overflowing pussy, she dropped off into a blissful sleep as soon as her head hit the pillow, the gentle sounds of her husband's snoring drifting across the bed from the spot next to her.

"Bye, hon. I gotta go." Nicole awoke to the sound of her husband's voice as he leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"All right, dear. See you tonight," she replied, reaching up to gently stroke her husband's hand as he stepped away. She lay there slowly coming awake as she listened to Rick making his way out of the house, and once she heard the garage door go up and then down again, she slipped out of bed and headed back to her dressing room.

"Hmm, what's a good outfit for waking up a teenage boy?" she said to herself as she looked in her colorful lingerie drawer. Knowing her son's love of bridal lingerie, she selected a stunning white slip which ended just inches below her pussy. The shimmering white slip cupped her huge heavy tits in shiny satin, the pert buds of her nipples standing out proudly through the brilliant white material. Satisfied with the look, she grabbed one of her hair bands and whipped her honey-blonde locks into a ponytail, readying herself for the job before her.

Nicole tip-toed quietly to her son's room and slowly eased his door open, peeking inside. A smile came to her face and she felt that usual nagging itch in her pussy as she looked at his muscular young form as he lay on his back, the sheets tented up enticingly over his groin. "Jesus Christ, look at the size of that thing," she thought to herself as she made her way quietly across the room. That wasn't just a little pup tent over his throbbing loins—no—that was more like the big top tent the circus set up when they rolled into town.

She stood next to the bed and looked at her handsome young son, sleeping peacefully with his arm thrown up by his head, deep in slumber without a care in the world. She knew he had to get up to go to school, and she knew the perfect way to do that.

Nicole reached down and gently drew the sheet down, slowly exposing his hot teenage body lying beneath. Her mouth watered as she looked at his muscular chest and six-pack abs, but what was really making her salivate came into view moments later. She watched, totally enthralled, as the sheet rose up over the protruding pole thrusting up from his groin. She paused with the edge of the sheet just covering the enormous knob, teasing herself, and then drew it further downwards, the sheet dropping quickly once it came clear of his pulsing morning erection.

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking big, and so beautifully hard," Nicole said to herself as she looked at the massive cylinder of flesh, totally erect and pointing upwards, the glorious prick pulsing enticingly with each powerful beat of his heart. Precum glistened in the wet red eye, and a small rivulet of the warm cock-sap was slithering over the pebbly glans and hanging lewdly from the edge of the thick rope-like corona.

"Mmmm, that's all mine," Nicole thought to herself as she quietly crawled onto the bed and worked her way between her son's spread thighs. Settled into position, and with her lustrous blonde hair pulled back into a cock-sucker's ponytail, she wrapped her hand around her son's huge prick and drew it backwards, leaning forwards to slip her hot red lips over the engorged crown.

"Mmmmm," she purred softly out loud this time, overcome with pleasure as the warm slime of her boy's precum hit her taste buds. She slowly pressed her tongue into the oozing tip as she sucked for more, being instantly rewarded as more of the silky juice flowed into her mouth.

"What the...?" Mitch asked in a startled voice, quickly coming awake. Seeing his mother looking at him with her mouth full of cock quickly made him realize what was happening, and he settled back into the pillows, letting her do her work.

Five minutes later he gave her the reward she'd been looking for, his twitching cock spewing a huge load of thick morning cum deep into her sucking mouth. She didn't stop until he was completely drained, and her tummy was full of his warm creamy seed.

"Mom, that was fantastic. How about if we call the school and I can stay home sick today?"

"No," Nicole said, pulling her mouth off his spent dick and giving him a stern look. "We've got to keep everything looking as normal as possible." The look on her face softened. "Besides, I'm still a little sore from the pounding you gave me all weekend, including those ones after your dad went to sleep last night. I swear, you could have gone all night if I let you."

"I didn't hear you complaining when you almost tore the sheets off my bed." Mitch sat up slightly and gently pressed his hand between his mother's legs. "I'm sorry if you're sore down here. I guess you're right about school though, and keeping to our routine. I don't want to go, but I will if you let me do one thing."

"What's that?"

"I want to make that sore pussy of yours feel better. I think I know how to do that," Mitch said, slowly running his tongue around his full lips.

Nicole felt her willpower slipping away as she looked at her son's gorgeous mouth, all the while his fingertips kept tracing gently over her slippery labia. "Oh, all right then. But then off to school as soon as you can. I don't want you to be late."

"I promise," Mitch eagerly replied, getting to his knees as his mother switched places with him, pushing his pillows into a stack and leaning back against the headboard. She drew her legs up, letting her thighs roll open seductively at the same time, the wet slit of her pink quim coming into view, framed beautifully from above by the silky white slip. They were both smiling as he slowly lowered his mouth, sliding the soft flat of his tongue over the hot pink flesh of her vulva.

Half an hour later and with her son well-fed—from both her pussy and the breakfast she quickly made him—she shoved Mitch out the door, pulling his hands off her big breasts as he playfully fought for one final grope. "I'll see you after school," she called after him, that mischievous twinkle in her eye. "And don't be late."

"Oh, I won't," Mitch replied, turning and sprinting off, his knapsack slung over one shoulder.

Nicole showered and got dressed, determined to do some serious work—work she'd neglected over the past few days. Real estate doesn't sell itself, she said to herself. She turned on her computer and as it was booting up, she decided to lie down for just a minute or two.

Three hours later, she woke up, amazed that she'd slept for that long, but feeling deliciously refreshed. She worked for the rest of the afternoon, and then when she saw her son was due home in half an hour, she got changed.

"Mom, I'm home!" Mitch yelled out a short time later, slamming the door closed behind him.

"Up here, sweetie," his mother's warm voice came down to him from upstairs.

He bolted for the stairs, taking them two at time. When he got to the top he instantly stopped, seeing her standing in the doorway of her room.

"Hi, sweetie. I just got back from a meeting with my new clients," Nicole lied. "I was just about to get changed into my sweats. Or do you think I should leave this on for a little while?" The sensual teasing look in her eye was making him tremble beneath her lusty gaze.

Mitch stood and gaped at her as she stood in the doorway, one hand on the front of her blouse where he could see she'd already plucked open a couple of buttons, the swells of her full breasts filling the opening of her shirt.

"Could...could you leave that on, please?" he asked, staring open-mouthed at his gorgeous mother. She was dressed in a cock-hardening business outfit—like many of the pictures he had of her on his computer. Her blouse was a shimmering pearl-gray silk, the supple material clinging attractively to her spectacular tits. It was tucked into a devastatingly sexy jet-black pencil skirt, which looked fantastic on her shapely hourglass figure, the waistband fitting tightly to make her slender waist look waspishly thin, and then the fabric molded itself sensually over her wide flared hips. The tight-fitting skirt ended a few inches above her knees, looking perfect for business use. Her legs were clad in sheer black nylons, making them look delightfully shapely and sultry. She was wearing 4" pumps, with a rakishly pointed toe and slender heel that had him squirming already. The enticing shoes were made of black patent leather, and shone teasingly as the light reflected off them. Altogether, she looked like the professional business slut that he'd dressed her as and jerked off to so many times before.

"Oh, you like this outfit, do you?"

"Fuck, do I ever," Mitch thought to himself, her voice finally drawing his eyes from her gorgeous body up to her pretty face. Her blonde hair looked corn-silk soft as if framed her lovely features, the honey-colored tresses falling in lustrous waves onto her shoulders. Her makeup was perfect. Her eyes were dazzling in smoky grays and warm pinks that accentuated the black and gray colors of her outfit. Her perfect skin seemed to glow with a just a hint of blush, and then he felt his cock twitch as he looked at her mouth, her full pouty lips painted a vivid cherry red. He pictured her forming those sweet lips into an inviting oval, a perfect target for his already stiffening cock. He let his eyes roam hungrily over her entire sexy body once more. "I love that outfit."

"Oh, well, I guess I don't need to get changed then," Nicole said softly, but not before she blatantly popped open one more button of her blouse, her heavy tits causing the opening at the front of the shirt to pull even further apart, exposing more of her big round breasts. "I tried this outfit with my new everyday bra I had on the other night. What do you think?" She put her fists on her hips and

stood with her feet about shoulder-width apart as she faced him, turning her upper body slightly from side to side.

"Oh fuck", Mitch muttered under his breath, now clearly able to see the black band of the cupless bra crossing beneath her breasts, the tiny red satin bow visible at the base of her deep dark line of cleavage. He could see the outline of the sides of the sexy bra beneath the silky gray material, cupping the sides of those massive spheres as they pushed them together and up. But his eyes instinctively went to the front of her chest, where her big thick nipples protruded blatantly through the soft shimmering material, the swollen bullets thrusting hotly against the front of her blouse, alluringly dark shadows falling beneath the stiff buds. Mitch could barely contain himself, and like a damn breaking, his boiling blood was pouring rapidly into his midsection. "Oh my god, Mom. It looks incredible. You look so fucking hot."

"So you're sure I shouldn't get changed into my sweats?" she asked teasingly.

"No!" Mitch blurted out, a little too emphatically.

"Well, all right then. I guess I can leave it on until your father gets home. I think I should change before that, don't you?"

"Yes, that'd probably be a good idea." Mitch couldn't help himself, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down his mother's spectacular body, taking in every luscious hill and tempting valley.

"Well, sweetie, we talked about keeping to our normal daily routine. What do you normally do when you come home from school?" Nicole asked, knowing perfectly well that he put that Vaseline and cum-towel to good use on a daily basis.

"Well, I normally go and do some work on my computer."

"You do some work with that Photoshop program of yours? Making more pictures of Mommy?"

"Yes," he admitted, knowing she knew the full truth anyways.

"Well, then I think you should keep to your regular routine." She calmly sashayed into his room, her wide hips shifting seductively from side to side in the tight-fitting pencil skirt. "C'mon," she said coyly, looking back at him over her shoulder as she disappeared into his room.

Mitch hurriedly followed, not wanting to miss a thing, even though he had no idea what was going to happen. He watched as she walked over to his desk and turned on his computer, and then she strode purposely to his closet and pulled out the gym bag with all his jerkoff supplies. Mitch's eyes opened wide in surprise as he watched her do that, and then she gave him a sly smile as she walked back, dropping the bag next his desk chair.

"Well, show me what you usually do," Nicole said, leaning one hand on the side of his desk while her other hand was perched rakishly on her jutting hip, the front of her partially opened blouse deliciously filled with her big heavy tits.

With his heart racing, Mitch eased himself into his desk chair, deciding that since his mother knew all about his illicit obsession with her anyways, there was no point in hiding anything. He typed in B-a-n-d-i-t, and with the password in place, the screen came to life.

"There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Nicole said, watching the screen fill with numerous icons. "Why don't you show Mommy how you edit one of those pictures? Do you have any new ones you

haven't done yet?"

"Uh...yeah," Mitch replied, knowing he always liked to have new pics on hand.

"I know how much you like me in bridal lingerie. Do you have any like that?"

"I think so," he said, knowing perfectly well that he did. He opened the Photoshop program and chose a folder labelled "BL6", the sixth folder he had of her in those types of outfits. The page filled with thumbnail pics, most of them already completed with her face edited into them. As she watched over his shoulder, he picked one out that he'd gotten at the Galandoo lingerie website, with a gorgeous brunette wearing what was more like a strapless white bodysuit, cut sinfully high on the hips and with gorgeously-designed reinforced bra cups that fit tightly to the model's substantial breasts, swells of tit-flesh almost oozing over the tops of the nicely-filled cups. The picture ended at mid-thigh, but you could see that below the enticing body-suit, she was wearing thigh-high stockings, the sheer white stockings alluringly topped by intricate lacy white bands, the 4" wide elasticized bands firmly gripping the model's full upper thighs.

"Oh wow, that's gorgeous!" Nicole gushed out, her eyes taking in the sight of the pretty model in the teasingly sexy outfit. "So show me what you do now."

Mitch opened the folder labelled '#1-Mom' and the screen filled with thumbnail pictures of Nicole's face and hair, most of them with her wearing a some form of chunky necklace. Mitch quickly moved the mouse and selected a couple of shots he thought would look good with the picture they'd chosen to edit. "Which of these head shots do you think look better?" he asked, dragging them one after the other onto the original picture for his mother to see.

"This one, I think," Nicole said, picking out a shot of her where her hair framed her face attractively as she smiled directly into the camera. She had no recollection of when that picture had been taken, since Mitch had taken so many of her over the past year or two. If she only then what he was using them for.

"I like that one too," he replied, deleting the other head shot and putting her face in place on the model's shoulders. As Nicole watched, he deftly moved the mouse here and there, first changing the skin tone on the original photo to match hers in the headshot he'd selected, and then moving her face to the bottom of the picture where it would be temporarily out of the way. He then outlined the model's shoulders in order to copy and paste a new layer right on top of the original. He then did the same with a piece of the background, and followed that up by increasing the scale of that background piece, the enlargement showing up behind the layer of the model's upper body and shoulders, masking her face and hair, until all that was left was what looked like the original picture, but headless.

"So that's how you do it," Nicole said as she watched her son skillfully move her headshot back up, basically in place of the original model's. He then adjusted the scale and placement, until it was the appropriate size. She could see that the chunky necklace made for a perfect point of connection between the shot of her head, and the original model's body, visually masking any slight differences in skin tone or texture between the two subjects. He then erased a few rough edges here and there, and then sat back, the finished product looking back at them.

"Oh wow, that looks amazing. And you did it so fast," Nicole said, impressed by her son's skill in working with the program.

"If you've been looking at some of these folders, I guess you can tell I've had lots of practice."

"How about you do another one? I'd like to see more."

"Okay." This time Mitch selected a picture of busty woman in a dazzling emerald-green minidress, the deeply scooped neck emphasizing her sizable chest. The woman had gorgeous long legs, which looked nicely toned as she stood on sky-high strappy heels in a rich green tone that matched the scintillatingly sexy dress perfectly.

"You like those short dresses and sexy shoes, eh baby?" Nicole asked, smiling to herself as she looked at the gorgeous blonde woman in the picture. The woman did look a lot like her, with a bustline almost matching hers.

"Yes, I think she looks really sexy." Mitch started working on the photo, pulling up another headshot of his mother.

"Maybe Mommy should get a dress and shoes just like that. What do you think?"

"I'd love it," Mitch replied, thinking how great his stacked mother would look in the sexy dress for real. He knew the pictures he did up of her on his computer could never compare to the real thing—not with the spectacular body she had.

"So when you're usually here alone after school or at night doing this, do you jerk on that cock of yours at the same time?" she asked, nodding towards his gym bag full of jerkoff supplies.

"Uh...well...yes."

"Hmmm, well, why don't we try something a little different?" Nicole said, pushing her son's rolling chair back slightly as she slipped beneath his desk onto her knees.

"Wha..." Mitch mumbled, not believing what he was seeing as his mother reached for his fly and started unbuttoning his pants.

"Just go back to working on that picture, sweetie. I'm sure you've thought of Mommy sucking you off while you're looking at those pictures."

"You're right about that," Mitch thought to himself. If I had a dollar for every time I pictured my mom blowing me while I was working on these photos, I'd be driving a Lamborghini.

"So you continue doing your thing, while Mommy does hers." Nicole had his throbbing dick out of his pants by now, and leaned forwards, slipping her bright red lips over the enflamed glans, feeling her jaw stretch open as she lowered her hot wet mouth down the upright shaft.

Mitch closed his eyes in pleasure, and then reopened them, just to see if what was happening was real. His mother was purring and mewling like a kitten as she bobbed up and down on his thrusting erection, her hand jerking expertly on the lower part of the shaft. He forced his attention back to the photo on his screen, and went back to work, loving the exquisite sensation of her perfect mouth sucking his cock.

In less than five minutes, the picture was done, his mother looking gorgeous in the sexy green dress. He finished just as he shot, going off like a geyser into her vacuuming mouth. She sucked and swallowed like a little slut, getting every drop of his thick creamy cum. When he was done, she kept sucking, and within just a few minutes, he was hard as a rock again.

"Mmmm, I love the way my baby boy can keep getting hard," Nicole said, easing up from beneath the desk, her lipstick smeared around her pretty mouth, her hair sexily dishevelled. She stood between his spread legs and pulled her skirt up to her waist, exposing her hot wet pussy. Mitch looked down at her hot pink gash, the intricate lacy tops of her sexy thigh-high stockings starting mere inches below her glistening wet labia.

"Oh dear, I seem to have forgotten my panties." With her skirt hiked up, Nicole threw one leg over the side of the chair and then mounted him, bringing the engorged knob of his cock to her dripping pink petals. With the broad flared head nuzzled between her slick labial gates, she let herself drop down. "Yessssssss," she hissed, feeling her teenage son fill her right up.

She rode his stallion-like cock for half an hour, coming time and time again before he finally came, hosing her insides with another massive load. He had opened the rest of the buttons on her blouse, and his hands had cupped and groped those huge tits of hers as they'd fucked, her nipples like burning embers beneath his touch.

"Oh fuck, I love that," Nicole moaned as she squeezed every last drop from his spitting cock and collapsed against him, nuzzling her face against his neck. "I love your cock. I love how hard it gets. I love how much cum you shoot into me." She was blabbering away as she recovered from their intense fuck, never wanting it to end, but knowing they'd have to stop—at least for a while.

"I love it too, Mom. I love you so much."

"I love you too, baby," she replied, bringing her mouth to his and kissing him deeply, surrendering herself to the blissful happiness he'd awakened inside her. They broke the kiss and she came back for another, wanting him more than she'd ever thought possible.

The sound of the garage door going up startled both of them, and they jolted back, staring at each other in surprise.

"He must have left work early," Nicole said, leaping off of her son and racing towards the door. "I'm going to take a shower. Stall him somehow."

Mitch looked down at his crotch, the front of his jeans a mess of their combined juices. He tore them off and pulled on another pair, just as his father entered the house from the garage.

"HELLO. I'M HOME." Mitch heard his father's voice as he strode out of his room and down the stairs.

"Where's your mom?" Rick asked, dumping his briefcase on his desk as he pulled at his tie.

"Oh, gee...I uh... I think she's taking a shower. She just got back from a meeting with some clients," Mitch replied, heading to the fridge and grabbing a can of pop. "Drink?" He tossed one to his father, who had his tie all the way off by this time and had followed Mitch into the kitchen. Mitch figured he still needed to buy his mother some more time. "Hey Dad, how about we shoot a few hoops before dinner?"

"All right. Just let me get changed." He turned to head up the stairs.

"No!" Mitch said, grabbing his dad by the arm. "I mean...uh...I don't think you need to. We'll just take a few casual shots, nothing too intense. We'll only be a few minutes." Mitch had just had something intense with his mother, and she had milked just about all the energy—along with the semen—out of him.

"Okay, fine. Lead the way," Rick said, smiling at his son. "Just remember, buddy, I'm not gonna go easy on you."

With a quick glance up the stairs, a big smile came over Mitch's face as he led his father outside.

Nicole and Mitch behaved themselves during dinner, Nicole coming down in a baggy sweatshirt and a pair of black yoga pants, which Mitch couldn't help admiring the way they molded themselves to her gorgeous ass. Each family member spent the evening working, with Rick staying up late doing paperwork at his desk.

Disappointed at not being able to sneak off to see her son, Nicole went to bed in the hope that her husband would come up and turn in. But it was not to be, Rick working late into the night. Eventually, she put her book down after realizing she'd read the same page over and over, turned off her light, and restlessly went to sleep.

She awoke the next morning with Rick kissing her cheek as usual. "Have a great day, Nicole," he said, which she thought was strange, since he rarely used her name in those circumstances—usually referring to her as 'honey', or 'dear'. She sloughed it off, and once the garage door closed, she slipped into a scarlet-red chemise and woke her son up with another slow perfect blow job. He insisted on feeding again, so she let him eat her out, this time getting off twice herself before she sent him off to school.

She donned another pair of yoga pants and an old t-shirt as she went to her desk and worked, needing to get things ready for an open house she had this coming weekend.

It was midday when the doorbell rang. She made her way downstairs and peeked outside, seeing a courier truck parked at the curb and a uniformed guy on the porch.

"Yes," she said, opening the door.

"Uh, Nicole Stevens?" the young guy asked, looking down at his computerized pad.

"Yes, that's me."

"This is for you," he said, holding out a large envelope. "Sign here." Nicole signed on the tablet, and then took the envelope as he strode off the porch and back to his waiting truck.

"What the heck is this?" she said, closing the door behind her and walking back into the house. She thought it might be some documents from one of her clients. There was always tons of paperwork when it came to a house sale. She took it to the kitchen table and peeled it open. Reaching inside, she drew out two other envelopes, one labelled "OPEN THIS ENVELOPE FIRST".

"That's strange," she said under her breath as she opened the envelope and reached inside, her fingers finding a stack of sheets inside. She pulled them out and turned them around until she could see what they were.

"OH MY GOD!" she gasped out loud, her shaking hand reaching out to steady herself as she collapsed into one of the kitchen chairs.

...to be continued...