

# MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 09

*rm Dexter*

*Nicole and Mitch face the consequences of their actions.*

Incest/Taboo

4.39

22k words

Sitting there stunned and with her head absolutely spinning, Nicole looked at what she held in her hand, a photo that took her breath away. It was of her and Mitch, the picture taken of the two of them out by the pool Sunday morning. In the picture you could clearly see that Mitch's cock was buried deep in her ass, her head turned as she looked back over her shoulder at him, a look of pure rapture on her face.

"Oh Jesus," she muttered, setting the picture down and looking at the next one. It had been taken a short time later, with her squatting over Mitch's face, a drooling mass of his milky cum slithering out of her bumhole and drizzling into his eagerly waiting mouth. She looked at the next picture after that, this one of him sitting between her legs as she jerked him off all over her pussy, her face a mask of lust once more.

"That fuck-head Ted Jamieson," she thought to herself, realizing from the perspective of the shots that they must have been taken from their neighbour's backyard. She remembered Mitch saying the Jamiesons were supposed to be in Europe, but he must have been wrong. She flipped through a few more similar shots of the two of them by the pool, and then came to a different one, this one making her gasp once more. It was of her in her son's room, dressed in the vivid red teddy she'd changed into on the night Rick had come home, after he'd taken the sleeping pill and gone to bed. This picture she was looking at was of her on her back in her son's bed, his arms holding her legs high in the air and spread well apart, his glistening cock showing clearly between her stretched pussy lips as she pulled tightly onto his sheets, her eyes closed in bliss as he fucked her.

"Oh shit," she muttered under her breath, knowing now that these pictures could only have been taken by one person—her husband, Rick. Beneath that picture were a few others taken at the same time, including one of her on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed, her lips wrapped around her son's rigid prick, his hands gripping her head tightly as he face-fucked her. Once again, the look of blissful contentment on her face said it all.

She flipped through the remainder of the pictures quickly, seeing a piece of stationery at the back of the stack. It was a typed letter, addressed to her, very formally, almost like a legal document, stating her full name and address, even down to the zip code. She realized she would have expected nothing less from her husband. Her eyes skimmed over the name and address to the salutation and main body of the letter. She began to read:

*Nicole,*

*After seeing the attached photographs, the reason for this letter has become obvious to you. I've had to rein in my disgust for you in order to put this in words, without resorting to tawdry comments and disparaging name calling—although you deserve it. I won't lower myself to your level, for the sake of all the members of this family—even you, who I can't bear to look at right now.*

*The night before the fishing trip, you gave me a sleeping pill. I awoke some time later and noticed you working at your computer station. When I got up to use the bathroom, I was surprised at what I saw as I walked towards you. I could see you looking at your computer with your hand between your legs. I figured you were just looking at some porn, and when I got closer, I was able to see your computer, and saw that you were looking at a clip of a young man masturbating. I was about to make a joke and say something to you right there on the spot, but I decided not to embarrass you. I think we both know that there are times when all of us need some private release time, so I quietly went back to bed, leaving you to do as you wished.*

*I left with Ed early the next morning, but something kept nagging at the back of my mind about what I'd seen on your screen. I couldn't put my finger on it, but there was something there that was troubling me. In the middle of the night, it came to me—I recognized the distinctive light on the bedside table next to the young man in the video. I remember clearly the day we picked that out for Mitch's room, and how much you wanted it, the heavy base looking like it was covered with chainmail, and how perfect that would be for a boy's room. I realized right then that you hadn't been watching a porn video, you'd been watching a close-circuit feed of our son, Mitch, obviously taken with a hidden camera.*

*I woke Ed up before daylight and told him I needed to get home—that you'd texted me that someone had tried to break into the house. I picked up my car from his place and came home. As I got closer to the house, I had a strange nagging feeling running down my spine—that something was off, that my world was tilting, and I had no idea why. I parked on the street and entered the house, something telling me that things were not quite right. I made my way quietly upstairs and saw our bedroom door open a few inches. When I looked inside, I was shocked to see you sucking on our son's cock, both of you oblivious to anything else but each other. I felt like I had turned to stone as I stood there and watched as he came in your mouth, and you swallowed it willingly. Hearing you moan in pleasure seemed to break me out of my trance, and I staggered back, wondering if my eyes were deceiving me. Gathering myself, I quietly stepped forward and looked in again, just in time to hear you say, "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?"*

*Repulsed by both of you, I made my way downstairs, trying to give myself time to think. From what you'd just said, and the look on both of your faces, I knew that this wasn't just a one-time thing—and I realized right then that our marriage was over.*

*Wanting to have some evidence of what I'd seen, I grabbed my camera out of my desk drawer, but by the time I got back upstairs, I could hear the two of you in the shower. I waited in the hallway, eventually hearing you tell Mitch you wanted to lay out by the pool.*

*Knowing the Jamieson's were away, I pulled my car into their driveway and made my way into their backyard, taking my camera with me. Since you've seen the pictures, I don't think I need to tell you anything more.*

*During the day, I threw some hints out that I might have to work a little more at the new office in Dillon. Both of you didn't hesitate to try and convince me to go. After what I'd seen, I wasn't surprised by what either one of you were saying. When I went to bed, I asked you for another sleeping pill that night, but never took it—palming it in my hand before I drank that glass of water. As I expected, you were quick to go into our son's room once you thought I was asleep.*

*I followed you a few minutes later, still not wanting to believe that what I'd seen earlier was true. You can see from the pictures that it was obvious that my eyes hadn't been deceiving me—you were acting*

*like more of a slut than I even imagined, and with our very own son. Looking at the two of you, I made my decision right there on the spot.*

*We are done, Nicole. Our marriage is over. I considered filing an order claiming you were an unfit mother in order to get custody of Mitch and take him away from you—but I'm not going to do that. At first I thought that you had taken advantage of him—but from watching the two of you together, I knew in my heart that wasn't the case—Mitch wanted it as much as you did. I know what I'd have to prove in order to get custody, and unlike you, I've got the moral integrity not to put this family through that. So, he's yours, and the two of you can do whatever the fuck you want, as far as I care. And from the looks of things, a lot of fucking is what you'll be doing.*

*I talked to Griff and I'm taking the job of running the new office in Dillon. I'm starting next Monday. I want both you and Mitch out of the house Saturday morning. I've made arrangements for movers to come that day and if there's one thing you can do for me, it's that you be away from the house while I'm there. Trust me, with the mood I'm in, you don't want to be around. Right now, I can't bear to look at either one of you. I packed a bag before I left this morning and will be staying in a hotel until Saturday.*

*This is making me sick just writing this, so I'll get to the point. In the second envelope you will find divorce papers I've had drawn up. You and Mitch will get to stay in the house at this time and you'll retain possession of the Lexus. I'm going to take the Mercedes and my personal items from the house. Frankly, I want nothing that's going to remind me of you.*

*I don't want to drag this out, so I am telling you right now, Nicole: sign the papers. You know as well as I do that I could use these pictures to ruin you—you would never sell another house or likely have another client in this town again. Not to mention what all your friends would think of you if the truth came out. I know that's not something you want to face. I know we've been drifting apart the last couple of years, so in the end, this is probably best. I just pray that Mitch comes out of this okay.*

*So sign the papers, Nicole, and then call the number of the courier company listed on the post-it note. I will expect the signed documents on my desk by noon tomorrow. May God help you.*

*Richard*

With tears streaming down her face, Nicole set down the letter. "Oh my god, what am I going to do?" she asked herself, her mind numbed by what she'd read. She had to admit she admired that Rick had taken the high road, and not resorted to gutter sniping. She tried to put herself in his place, wondering what she would have done if the roles had been reversed. She knew she would have been driven into a fit of rage, with screams, tears and the gnashing of teeth. But Rick had always been the calmer one, always taking the time to think things through before acting. Maybe that had been part of the problem—he'd lost the passion and spontaneity that he'd once had. He was right, they had been drifting apart for some time now, and it had taken her son's wickedly illicit obsession with her to awaken the dormant sexual being that had slumbered inside her for so many years now. She thought of those articles she'd read about boys reaching their sexual prime as teenagers, and women reaching theirs much later. And now she knew firsthand how true that was. Although she deeply regretted the way she had hurt her husband, she knew there was no turning back—her desire for her son was just too strong.

She opened the second envelope and pulled out the legal documents it contained. Setting aside the post-it note with the courier's contact number that Rick had mentioned, she scanned the divorce papers, skimming over the legal mumbo-jumbo and getting down to the listed terms. It

stated that she would retain residency in the house, with a potential future sale to be negotiated to the approval of both parties, the sale of the house to be discussed no less than one year from now.

That was typical of Rick. Being a lawyer, he was in no rush to make any rash decisions, and waiting a year to decide what to do with the house made sense. She knew she'd be fine—they owned the house free and clear, and a recent appraisal had come in higher than expected. Yes, even if they did sell the house at a later date, they'd each make out all right.

As he said in his letter, the documents indicated she would retain ownership of the Lexus, with him keeping his Mercedes. She zeroed in on the text when she spotted the name "Mitchell", the clause specifying that she was to retain sole custody of their son, with the situation to be reopened for discussion in no less than one year as well.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Nicole read over the rest of the documents. Rick had been more than fair, and it was obvious that he wanted to put this unfortunate circumstance behind him, and start a new life. She couldn't blame him—she knew she would want the same if she were in his place.

"Mom, I'm home!" Mitch's cheerful voice reached her as she heard the usual sound of his knapsack being plunked on the floor as the front door slammed shut. She looked up as he entered the kitchen.

"Mom, I—" He stopped in the doorway, his face turning white as he looked at his mother's ashen expression, the remnants of dried tears streaking her face. "Wha...what's wrong?"

"He knows," was all she could say, trying to give her son a forced smile.

"He...you mean...Dad?" Mitch asked, now seeing the photos dropped onto the tabletop.

"Yes."

Mitch walked slowly over to the table, his legs feeling like they were pulling lead weights. He picked up one of the pictures of his mother and him by the pool, and then looked at her. "How...when?"

"It doesn't really matter. All that matters is that he knows, and he's going to be leaving."

"Leaving?" Mitch gasped out, still trying to wrap his head around everything, but not doing a very good job of it.

"Yes. He's going to be taking over that new office in Dillon, and he's going to be moving out this weekend."

"This weekend?" Like a punch-drunk boxer, Mitch seemed to stagger as he dropped into a chair next to his mother, his eyes scanning the incriminating photos strewn across the table.

"Yes. He's going to be staying in a hotel until the weekend, and then moving on Saturday. He's asked us not to be here when he comes Saturday morning."

Mitch felt himself tearing up, and the lump in his throat had all of a sudden gotten huge. He looked up at his mother, struggling to keep in the tears. "He...he really knows?"

"Yes," Nicole said solemnly, nodding towards the numerous photographs.

"What...what does it all mean? Is he just going there for a little while?"

"No." Nicole shook her head slowly from side to side. "He's asked for a divorce. These are the official papers right here."

Mitch looked at the documents she held in her hand, trying to comprehend everything. "Are we going to have to sell the house? Where will we live? Will I have to go and live with Dad?" The questions spilled out, and Nicole wondered how many other children of parents that were getting a divorce asked the same things.

"No, you and I will be staying right here. Your father has been kind enough to let us stay in the house. So don't worry about that. Plus, you're going to be staying right here with me—you won't have to go and live with your father. We might discuss that in another year or so, but for right now, you're staying here."

Mitch nodded, a wave of relief coming over him. He looked at his mother intently as she watched him, her eyes sincere with concern for his well-being. "And...and what about us?" He emphasized the word 'us', leaving no question what he was really asking about.

Nicole paused before answering, looking deep into her heart to see what she really wanted. She was a swirling mess of emotions, and knew she was in no shape to make any kind of rational decision, especially when it came to the sexual relationship she was having with her son. She was thankful for Rick's thoughtful assessment of the situation, the impact the truth would have on all of them if it was made known, and his choice not to expose her. She knew if it came out, she'd probably lose everything—her life would be in ruins—as he'd said in his letter. She thought about the repercussions of her behaviour, even to the point that she thought of the possibility of going to prison, of becoming some dyke's bitch, the thought of being raped by prison guards in the shower making her shudder. Her husband of twenty years was leaving her, leaving her and her son, for something she'd done, something she'd willingly chosen to do—to seduce her own 18-year old son. Too much had happened, way too fast. And now, Mitch was asking, "What about us?"

"I don't know what's going to become of us, Mitchell," she replied, shaking her head in confusion. "I need time to think. We all do—you, me, your father. This is a very serious matter, and our lives are never going to be the same. So for now, I'm asking you to just let me get through this." Even with a heavy heart, she smiled softly, the simple gesture drifting down over both of them like a warm comforting cloak. "We're both going to be fine, sweetheart. I promise you. But right now, I think we both need a little time to think about things—about what we've done."

Mitch nodded, a somber expression on his face as the reality of their actions set in. "You're right. There's so many things running around in my head, I don't know what to think." He paused, deep in thought. "Is...uh...is it okay if I just go to my room for a while?"

Nicole nodded, knowing that time alone was what both of them needed right now. "I think that's a good idea. I'll make something for a dinner a little later, all right?"

"Thanks, Mom," Mitch replied, kissing his mother tenderly on the forehead as he stood up. "And Mom, I...I really hate seeing you sad like this. I don't ever want you to feel this way with me. If you do, please tell me what the problem is, okay?"

Nicole felt herself tearing up once more as she looked at her son, her love for him overwhelming her. "I don't think you could ever make me sad, baby. I love you too much."

"I love you too, Mom," Mitch said, giving her another soft kiss on the forehead before heading to his room.

Nicole wiped away a tear as she picked up a pen and flipped to the final pages of the document in her hand. Through misty eyes she reached forward and signed the divorce papers—her trembling hand barely able to form the letters of her signature.

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The next few days were trying for both Nicole and Mitch. They had their meals together and talked mostly about school, Nicole's work, and other superficial matters. For most of the time, both of them were lost in their thoughts about Rick leaving, and what they had done to bring about that life-changing decision. They each spent hours in their respective rooms, wallowing in guilt and self-loathing.

Mitch couldn't help but think of how good his father had been to him over the years, playing toy trucks with him when he was a toddler, teaching him to throw a spiral when he joined pee-wee football, even trying to turn him into a fisherman, something Mitch appreciated even if it wasn't his thing. And those 'birds and the bees' talks his father had tried to have with him. Mitch smiled as he remembered his father trying to explain things, his words a humorous mix of technical terminology and street slang. Mitch had listened closely while trying to hide a smile, knowing he'd already experienced more than his father ever imagined.

Yes, his father was a good man, always providing for their family and giving them the best of everything. Mitch realized that when it came to his father, he could find nothing to complain about. And now, what had they done to him? What had his father done to deserve this? The answer was simple—nothing. He'd done nothing to deserve this. And as Mitch lay in his bed remembering how his father had shown him how to hold that football in his little hands and toss that long bomb, he felt ashamed. Ashamed of himself for what he had done. He felt ashamed of himself for putting his father through this, after his father had done nothing to be treated with such a lack of respect. He'd let his lustful desires take control of him, and he felt ashamed for being so weak. He could only hope that some day, his father would find it in his heart to forgive him.

Nicole was wracked with guilt as well, overcome with a constant feeling of dread, almost to the point where she was sick to her stomach when she thought about what she had done. Rick had been a near-perfect husband. Sure, the passion they'd felt for each other in their youth had waned, but that happened to everyone. As he'd said in his letter, they had been drifting apart over the last couple of years, but he had remained a good man and steadfast provider for both her and Mitch, and she had basically spit in his eye by acting the way she had.

She lay in bed thinking about what a wonderful lover he had been, teaching her so much when she was so young and naive. He'd taught her so many things about her own body she never knew existed, and her confidence flourished as her sexual experience with him grew. He had always been able to satisfy her, his big cock always able to make her come like crazy, and god—could he eat pussy. She thought about how he slowly initiated her to pleasures of anal sex, and to this day, he had been the only man to ever be inside her back there—besides Mitch.

How could she have forgotten all of that...forgotten how good it had been...how good it could be again? She thought about going to him, to try and convince him to come back, to forgive her so they could start over—but she knew that was impossible. She knew that Rick had seen the looks on their faces as she and Mitch fucked, the look in their eyes as he'd buried his cock deep in her ass showing nothing but pure wanton lust for each other. She knew Rick would never be able to forget that. How could he ever look her in the eye and not remember the way she had looked at his son?

It was clear to anyone who looked at her face in those pictures he'd taken, her blue eyes burning with sluttish desire as she looked at her 18-year-old boy.

Nicole knew their life had changed in the blink of an eye because of what she'd done, what she'd chosen to do, what she'd wanted to do. She felt bad for Mitch, for causing him to lose his father this way, the father who had always treated his son with respect and pride. She knew she could never regain her husband's respect after what she'd done—but she hoped Mitch could. He deserved to have his father in his life, and she hoped that after some time passed, Rick would reach out to his son, and let him back into his life, where Mitch belonged. For now, she knew Rick needed time as well, and she was more than willing to give him as much time and space as he needed.

The next few days went by in similar fashion, with little interaction between mother and son, other than eating their evening meal together and politely sharing the events of the day, before retiring to their rooms. They both continued to feel guilty and tormented by what they had done, but they both knew that if they could go back a week in time, they wouldn't have changed anything, their desire for each other had been too strong for either one to resist. After the startling repercussions of the erotic weekend they'd spent together, they both knew they were to blame for their actions, and for that, they needed each other more than they ever thought possible. Even if all it was from now on was just living in the same house together and being mother and son like they had been up until a week ago, that would be enough. The man who had been their loving husband and father was going to be gone, maybe forever, and they knew they would need each other in order to stay strong.

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Saturday morning arrived and they both were up and dressed early. They had talked the day before and agreed that under the circumstances, it was best for each of them to spend the time away from the house alone. Mitch donned his biking gear and set off for a town over two hours away, while Nicole had made an appointment to spend a number of hours at a spa. She needed something to help her relax, to take her mind off her worries, if only for a few hours.

They both arrived home around mid-afternoon, Nicole getting there only about fifteen minutes before Mitch. He found her in the family room, looking solemn and shaken. Mitch stood next to her and looked around the room to see what his father had taken, his eyes alighting on the vacant spot where his father's favourite recliner had been. How many games had they watched together with his father sitting in that chair? Mitch even remembered all those times his father shifted over to give him space next to him when he was very small, Mitch squeezing in next to his dad as they cheered on their favourite teams.

His eyes instinctively went to the mantle, where his father always kept his treasured possession—a football signed by every member of the Super Bowl winning 1993 Dallas Cowboys football team. As Mitch raised his eyes to the mantel top, he felt that lump in his throat coming back—the football was gone.

"He uh...he didn't take any pictures," Nicole said as she stepped over to a small table they had that was adorned with numerous family photos in various frames. Mitch could see the tears welling in her eyes as she reached out and traced a finger along the frame of one of the pictures, a picture of the three of them smiling happily.

It was obvious that Rick wanted nothing that would remind him of the two of them, and what they had done to destroy their family unit, like it was nothing more than a used-up tissue to be tossed

aside. It was awful to think that his father had taken nothing to remind him of them, and Mitch felt horrible about it, and he could see his mother felt the same. He felt himself trembling, and knew he was on the verge of tears.

"I uh...I think I'm gonna take a shower," he said, gesturing over his shoulder towards the stair.

His mother simply nodded, and he saw a single tear run down her cheek and drop onto the table of pictures as her hand lifted another, this one taken of the three of them at a Cowboys' game, their faces glowing with happiness. He saw her bottom lip quivering, as another tear joined the first, and then another.

Unable to control himself as well, Mitch took her in his arms and held her, as a normal boy would for his distraught mother. She was trembling as she put her head on his shoulder and cried, his own tears soon joining hers as they realized Rick was gone for good.

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Over the days that followed, Mitch gradually calmed down from the initial shock he'd received when he came home from school that fateful day. Ever since he'd seen his mother sitting at the table, the incriminating pictures strewn about, and their lives changed forever, he hadn't been able to think straight. Wallowing in self-loathing constantly as a million thoughts raced through his head like bumper cars, he hadn't even thought about jerking off, which up until now had been his daily ritual, usually happening numerous times each and every day. Being the teenager that he was, it didn't take long for his body to require satisfaction.

Coming home from school a couple of days after his father moved out, he was feeling a little antsy, and he knew exactly what the problem was—he hadn't gotten off since his mother had sucked him off first thing that Tuesday morning almost a week ago. He knew he wanted his mother again, but he also knew the time for them to rekindle their romance was going to be her decision. She'd asked for time, and he'd quietly gone about his business, trying to put everything back to the way it had been before that fateful weekend. But now, he couldn't deny that lustful feeling building in his teenage loins, a feeling he knew he could no longer deny.

He resumed his routine of daily JO sessions, and as hard as he tried, he couldn't help but pull up those sexy pictures of his mother that he had on his computer. He started pumping out loads of cum as he looked at her, dreaming that someday things might once again be like they'd been on that magical weekend. He knew things had changed drastically in his mother's mind, and that anything further to happen between them was unlikely to happen, but some tiny part of his brain was unwilling to let go of that remote possibility.

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The days turned into weeks, and the weeks into months, with little change to their daily routine. They never once spoke about that weekend they'd spent together, both of them skirting around the issue whenever some reference to that time came close to entering the conversation.

The end of the school year was rapidly approaching, and Mitch was preparing to graduate with Justin and the rest of his friends. Justin's mother, Heather, had already sent out invitations to his friends and their families for a year-end graduation party she was going to host for the senior class. Of course, Nicole and Mitch were on that list, the two boys having been in school together since kindergarten, and Nicole had been good friends with Heather since they ran into each other on the boy's very first day of school all those years ago.



Mitch had brought home the invitation that Justin had handed him at school, and Nicole read it over, seeing the date was on an upcoming Saturday. Heather had made a joking comment about the choice of attire, making note that all attendees were expected to show up in something worthy of a graduating class. Nicole knew of her friend's love of nice clothes and she smiled to herself, knowing that anyone who knew Heather would know you better look good for one of her parties, or it was likely she wouldn't even let you in.

Nicole thought it was the perfect thing they needed. She and Mitch had barely been out of the house together since Rick had left, and she knew eventually it would be time to face the music, one way or another. The party seemed perfect, and she knew most of their friends would be in attendance. It would be good to show that she and Mitch were doing fine, even if Rick was no longer in their lives. They could put up a good front, and hopefully this appearance would keep their inquisitive friends at bay for some time to come.

As Nicole stood in front of her closet looking at her clothes and thinking about what she might wear to the party, she heard her computer chirp, indicating she'd received an e-mail. She casually walked over and sat down, calling up her mail. There was the new e-mail shown in bold, the sender listed as "Stevens, Brenda".

"Rick's mom, sending me an e-mail? That's strange," Nicole said to herself, curiously opening the message.

*Nicole, I hope this message finds you and Mitchell doing well. I'm sure things have changed significantly for both of you since Richard has moved here. I hope you've found that you are still able to enjoy the occasional outing in order to partake in some retail therapy, which I know you enjoy. You know how much we girls need that every now and then.*

"There it is," thought Nicole, the first dig. She and her mother-in-law, Brenda, had never really gotten along very well—shit, she admitted to herself, they could barely tolerate each other anymore. Everyone who knew them said it was because they were so much alike, and not just their personalities—most people were quick to point out that they even looked quite similar, with Brenda being an older version of Nicole, albeit with dark red hair.

Nicole knew that Brenda Stevens had given birth to Rick when she was very young, when she and her husband were still in their teens. Against all statistical odds, the two of them made it, raising their son and enjoying a prosperous life together, until cancer had come to claim Rick's father.

Nicole thought about her mother-in-law, and as much as she hated to admit it, the woman still looked fantastic, even though she had recently passed her mid-50's. When people had first mentioned how much they looked alike, Nicole had been flattered, envious of how voluptuous and sexy the older woman looked. That sensuous appeal never waned as Brenda got older, and to this day, Nicole knew Rick's mother could easily turn heads at any kind of gathering. They were both well-built women with curvy hourglass figures, and on more than one occasion Rick had been the butt of jokes about him marrying a woman just like his mother. It never ceased to piss Nicole off, especially as time went by and her mother-in-law seemed to constantly be looking down her nose at her, as if she was never good enough for her son. And here she was already—barely two sentences into her message and she already had the knives out. Shaking her head irritably, Nicole continued reading...

*Within days of coming home, one evening after dinner, Richard finally confided in me, letting me know the truth about what had happened. I can't say I'm surprised—I told him what you were like*

*years ago. But no, he wouldn't listen to me and married you anyways. Well, I believe a person's true nature will eventually make itself known—yours just took longer to come out than I thought.*

There it was, the second knife. Nicole knew there was more coming, and wondered what the bitch would have to say next.

*He needed to tell me, to get it off his chest, to help clear his mind of your inexcusable behaviour in order to move forwards, and I'm glad he moved back into the house so I could be there for him, whenever he needs me.*

*I listened to him, to every nasty wicked detail of what you had done. He even showed me the pictures he'd taken of the two of you. As disgusted as I was, I was equally happy that he was able to see the truth about you, even at the same time that I worried about young Mitchell's well-being. I can only hope you are getting the help you so desperately need, and if not for yourself, for poor Mitchell. Frankly, I don't care what happens to you, as long as my son and grandson are well taken care of. If anything happens to that boy...trust me, Nicole—you don't want me as an enemy. When it comes to what you need to do to help yourself, I'll say no more, you know what you've done.*

*The first few weeks here were difficult for Richard, but he has managed to come out the other side. He has started to enjoy life again. He finds his job here challenging and rewarding, and I'm happy to let you know that he is overjoyed with his personal life away from you too.*

*I was so pleased that I had the opportunity to introduce him to the daughter of a friend of mine. The young woman's name is Sherri, and she's just a delight, as Richard was quick to find out. She's quite a pretty young thing, her mother telling me that she's had a number of suitors over the years, but never finding one quite to her liking. I'm more than happy to tell you that she and Richard are getting along splendidly, the two of them seeing each other daily at this point.*

*I'm so pleased to see that sweet smile on my son's face again, the smile that you so carelessly chose to take away. I can see how much he is in love with Sherri, and I've even included a few pictures with this message to show you how happy the two of them are together. I hope you don't mind that I've included these attachments?*

"What a fucking bitch," Nicole said to herself, feeling herself fuming as she read the message.

*Oh yes, I've also included a couple of other pictures of Sherri at her job. I just noticed that I forgot to mention that she is a model, much-coveted by lingerie designers. I think you can see for yourself why she's been quite successful.*

*Anyways, I wanted to let you know that Richard is once again enjoying his life, despite your efforts to ruin it. I think you can clearly see from the photos that he isn't missing you at all. Isn't that a shame?*

*Take care, my dear.*

*Your loving mother-in-law,*

*Brenda*

With her face flushed with anger, and feeling like she had steam coming out of her ears, Nicole opened the first attachment. Her eyes opened wide as she looked at a picture of Rick and a gorgeous woman smiling into the camera. The picture was of the two of them standing side by side, with the girl's head leaning against the side of Rick's face. Nicole immediately focussed in on the woman, taking in every detail she could.

The woman looked very young, probably somewhere around 25 or 27. The skin-tight black leather pants and sequined low-cut gold top, combined with sky-high heels were testament to her youth—Nicole couldn't picture anyone past the age of 30 getting away with wearing an outfit like that. The girl had jet-black hair that shone in the light like a pool of deep blue ink, the shimmering black tresses looking breathtakingly beautiful as it framed her lovely features. Her face was exquisite, with sharp angular features and a slim regal nose set between prominent cheekbones. Nicole looked at her face appreciatively, taking in the full pouty lips of the girl's heart-shaped mouth, and the spectacular green eyes that seemed to reach out and draw her in. Those green eyes were mesmerizing, and Nicole felt almost hypnotized by their enticing beauty as she gazed into them, wondering how much more riveting they would be in person.

She drew her eyes down to the tight sequined top the young woman was wearing in the picture, and she almost gasped out loud—the woman's knockers were huge, just as big as her own! No wonder Rick has a big smile on his face. "Who wouldn't, snuggling up to a set of tits like that?" she thought to herself.

She anxiously opened the second attachment, this photo of the two of them standing next to a swimming pool that she recognized as being the one at Rick's parent's house. Again, the woman looked dazzlingly beautiful in a sexy pink bikini that was just about the tiniest Nicole had ever seen, her shapely curvy body looking sizzingly erotic in the tiny pieces of material. She was definitely a smoking hot babe, and in her head, Nicole was already thinking of her by the acronym, SHB.

She opened the next picture, and her eyes immediately spotted the name and logo of a famous lingerie company. This picture was of the girl alone, and obviously taken from the lingerie company's website. She was wearing an emerald green bra and panty set, with black thigh-high stockings and killer pointy-toed high-heeled pumps, her huge tits filling the beautiful bra almost to the bursting point, ample swells of luxuriously soft-looking tit-flesh all but overflowing the top of the lacy green bra cups. The SBH was looking teasingly into the camera, her heart-shaped lips formed into a provocative pout.

Nicole opened the last attachment. "Oh, my god," she gasped out, the screen filling with a spectacular photo of the raven-haired beauty all in brilliant white, her lush curvy body poured into tight-fitting bridal lingerie.

"There's no way Mitch can see this," Nicole said to herself, feeling jealous of the girl's youthful beauty as she looked sensually into the camera, her young face the face of a seductive enchantress, about to make every man's deepest most lurid wish come true. Nicole was finally able to tear her eyes away from the girl's hot young face and look at what she was wearing, the lacy merry widow emphasizing her mammoth breasts spectacularly as the structured cups pushed the huge mounds together and up provocatively. Shiny garters held up sheer white stockings, the young woman's legs looking fantastic as she lay on her side, the slender 4" heel of one pointy-toed white pump digging into the mattress as she had one leg angled up slightly, as if she was just waiting to open her legs further. The cameraman had done a perfect job, giving the viewer a teasing glimpse of the warm mound of her sex, her pouting vulva enticingly covered by tiny lace panties. "Yes, Mitch definitely doesn't need to see these."

Fuming, Nicole closed the picture and the e-mail from her mother-in-law, sitting there steaming. Her heart was racing as she thought about the young girl her husband was now with, and she realized she was overwhelmed by jealousy as she pictured him with the smoking hot babe. Her jealousy was almost on the same level as the anger she felt towards Brenda, the old cow rubbing

the SHB right into her face. She wanted to punch the fucking old bitch right in that smug face of hers.

Not being able to help herself, she reopened the e-mail and called up the pictures. She looked at Rick with the young woman—fuck, she was barely more than a girl. She couldn't deny how happy he looked in the pictures, and it reminded her of how he'd looked in pictures when she was the girl's age. She felt herself seething with jealousy as she looked at the sexy young woman, the woman she just knew was fucking her husband.

"So, you like 'em young now, eh Rick?" she said as she looked at the pictures of the new lovers. She heard the front door of the house open and close and checked the time—yes, Mitch was just getting home from school. She turned back to the pictures on her screen, a devilish smile on her face. "Well, I know where there's a young stud that'll be perfect for me."

Mitch figured his mother was working quietly at the work station she had in her bedroom when he spotted her closed door, so like he did most days, he closed the door to his own room and fired up his computer, stripping off his clothes and tossing them aside. He went to his closet and pulled out his old gym bag, setting out his jar of Baby-fresh Vaseline and his heavy spunk-laden cum towel. He slipped one of his mother's hairbands around his cock and beneath his swollen nuts, getting ready for a nice leisurely JO session.

He opened his picture file and scanned the numerous folders, this time choosing one of his mother in bikinis. He pulled up numerous hot pics, filling his two monitors with about ten of the edited photos, the sexy face of his mother looking back at him from all of them. With a smile on his face, he scooped out a generous gob of the viscous lube and started stroking his stiffening prick, the initial delightful sensations reminding him of how much he wished he could be with his mother. He knew that if jacking off was the only way he could be with her, it was still better than being with someone else.

Nicole heard Mitch quietly close the door to his room, and found herself smiling as she thought about what he was going to do. Things had been so draining for both of them since Rick had sent that envelope all those months ago. Most of the time since, she didn't seem to even know if she was coming or going from one moment to the next, feeling like she was trapped inside a pinball machine gone haywire. But after reading that e-mail from her mother-in-law, and seeing the pictures of Rick with that hot young woman, she knew exactly what she wanted. But she wanted it to be perfect, not rushed—perfect.

She took a deep breath to calm herself and looked at the picture of her son she had next to her on her desk, and looking at his handsome young face made her smile. She thought of those days they'd had together when she'd first seduced him—remembered how he'd had her screeching in ecstasy and climbing the walls in blissful rapture as he'd fucked her, over and over again, that beautiful huge cock of his stretching and filling her like never before. She felt herself flushing with desire as she thought about it, and wondered if Mitch was thinking about it too. She hadn't done this in months, but she couldn't help herself as she looked at the little icon on her screen—she clicked the mouse to activate the nanny cam she'd hidden in his room.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so beautiful," were the first words to reach Nicole's ears as the hidden camera and microphone came to life. She could clearly see Mitch sitting at his desk, his glistening Vaseline-covered hand sliding skilfully up and down his massive erection. She took control of the camera and zoomed in on his side-by-side monitors, pictures of her in sexy bikinis filling the screen.

She panned back, wanting to watch as he continued to jerk off, the slick slapping sound of his gooey stroking hand coming clearly through the sensitive mic.

"Mom, I want you so fucking bad," he muttered, his pumping fist jacking more rapidly now.

Nicole watched, her eyes focussed on her son's beautiful hard cock, the broad flared crown a dark crimson, almost as if it had become so engorged with his boiling blood that it was about to explode. She thought of those time that gorgeous prick had exploded deep inside her, filling her with his warm creamy teenage seed. Her pussy throbbed, and she could feel the wetness starting to ooze between her legs as she watched, that nasty itch starting deep inside her needy cunt once more. As if hypnotized, her hand slid down inside her yoga pants, her fingers slipping between her dripping petals. "C'mon, baby," she muttered under her breath, almost as if he could hear her, "Pump it out...pump it all out for Mommy."

Moments later, it was like he'd actually been listening to her. "Oh fuck, Mom, you're gonna make me come!" Mitch said under his breath as he started to ejaculate, his eyes glued to his computer screens, his hungry gaze feasting on the numerous erotic images of his mother dressed in skimpy bikinis. The first rope of cum shot high into the air, the jettisoned ribbon of spunk almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and dropping onto his taut abs with a resounding "SPLAT!"

Nicole watched in awe as he shot a second time, and then a third, the huge wads of milky teenage semen geysering high into the air. They continued to splash down upon his exposed body, his stomach and pumping hand becoming covered with the stuff as he went off, shooting high into the air like a fountain. He wasn't halfway through coming when the tingling sensations started within her own throbbing cunt as her fingers pistoned in and out, a powerful orgasm blossoming from the depths of her pussy and shooting to every nerve-ending of her body.

"Ohhhhhnnnnnn," she groaned, watching in awe as wad after wad of her son's pearly teenage spunk flew high into the air. She came as long as he did, until finally, they both sat back in front of their respective computer screens, breathing raggedly as they slowly recovered from their euphoric climaxes.

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During dinner that night, they continued their usual small talk, Mitch knowing that if anything was to happen between the two of them, it would have to be his mother's decision, and he didn't want to press her, giving her the time he knew she had asked for.

Like the dutiful son, he helped with the dishes, helping to make sure the kitchen was clean and in order, even making his lunch for the next school day before retiring to his room.

Nicole smile as he kissed her politely on the cheek before he went to his room, her mind wondering already if he was going to jack off again. After finishing tidying up and turning off the downstairs lights, she went to her own room, not hesitating for a second before turning on the nanny cam once again. She smiled to herself as she watched him take out his masturbation paraphernalia once more, slipping the makeshift cock-ring of her hairband into place before he scooped out some Vaseline and went to work.

She slipped off her yoga pants totally this time and slipped into a silky robe, the satin material feeling teasingly cool against her skin. She sat down and watched and listened as her son called up more pictures of her onto his computer screens, this time of her in a variety of bandage dresses. It made her think of the sexy yellow one she'd worn when they'd gone to Francesco's the week

before, and spying a shot on his screen that Mitch had done up of her in a similar yellow dress, she knew he was remembering it too as his slick hand slid rhythmically up and down his huge cock.

Once again, she climaxed when he did, her fingers bringing her to a tantalizingly delicious orgasm at the same time he spewed more of his milky semen high into the air.

She was delightfully surprised when he didn't stop, but kept stroking his still-hard prick. She smiled to herself, remembering his endless stamina as he'd gotten hard time and time again over that fateful weekend.

He came twice more after that, and then she watched as he did some homework for about half an hour before switching back to his Photoshop folders. She watched as he filled the screen this time with sexy shots of her in erotic bridal lingerie, and then jerked off once more, making that five times in total since he'd come home from school—every time while looking at pictures of her on his computer.

Her own fingers were almost wrinkled from being immersed in her soaking-wet twat for most of the evening, her busy fingers bringing her to a climax each time her son did. As she watched his fingers tracing teasingly through the mass of milky semen on his stomach, she found herself salivating, wanting that warm teenage cum for herself. She knew then what she had to do.

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Mitch arrived home from school the next day, dropped his knapsack by the door as usual and trudged up the stairs. As he got to the top, he noticed the doorway to his mother's room was open a few inches. It caught his attention because these last few months, whenever his mother was in her room working, the door was always closed. And if she wasn't in there, she left the door wide open.

"Mitch, could you come in here for a minute, sweetie?" he heard his mother say.

"Sure, Mom." He stepped forward and pushed her door open as he walked in. "What—"

He stopped dead in his tracks as he spotted his mother reclining on her king-sized bed, posing seductively as she lay on her side facing him, one leg draped provocatively over the other. As soon as he looked at her, he felt his heart start to pound in his chest. She looked incredible!

His eyes immediately went to her body, clad enticingly in a form-fitting strapless white bodysuit, just like the picture he had of her on his computer from the Galandoo website. The heavily-structured bra cups formed spectacularly to her massive breasts, gorgeous soft warm mounds of tit-flesh oozing teasingly from the top edge of the overflowing cups. The stretchy material of the abbreviated bodysuit fit tightly to her shapely figure like a second skin, nipping in deliciously at her slender waist before flowing out over her broad motherly hips—hips made for fucking.

The white bodysuit was cut tantalizingly high on her hips, with transparent lacy panels at the edge of the leg openings, the intricate lace forming an inviting V that pointed downwards towards the warm mound of her vulva before disappearing between her shapely legs. With the leg openings cut so scintillatingly high, her broad hips and thighs were bare, her creamy tanned skin looking exquisite against the brilliant bridal white of the bodysuit. Her legs were clad in white thigh-high stockings, the delicate lacy pattern at the top of each stocking hugging her succulent thighs alluringly.

Mitch let his gaze run down slowly over her shapely legs, taking in every delicious detail. Her dimpled knees gave way to her full calves, which in turn drew his eyes to her slender ankles and delicate feet, breathtakingly encased in white stilettos. Although Mitch loved the white slingbacks she'd worn that day she tried on her wedding dress, he was happy to see that these shoes were just as sexy. They were like pumps, but with a broad white strap that circled her leg just above her trim ankle and fastened with a gold clasp, the strap giving the shoes a wickedly kinky look. The pointy toe cap looked nasty, and he couldn't help it as the blood started to flow to his midsection as his eyes travelled to the rapier-like 5" heels, looking so out of place—and yet so cock-hardeningly perfect—on someone lying on a bed.

His eyes came back up her body, his lustful gaze raking over her tremendous tits once again, the massive orbs drawing him in like magnets. His view shifted to the rest of her upper body, past the voluminous swells of her breasts to her bare shoulders, the smooth skin looking incredibly soft and touchable. Her slender arms were clad in white shoulder-length gloves, which made him tremble at the thought of her sexy gloved hands roaming over his body. His gaze followed those seductive gloves down her slim arms all the way to her gloved fingertips, and then his eyes went back up. He looked further up, past those enticing breasts once more, spotting a wide rhinestone choker circling her neck, the glittering jewels almost taking his breath away as he saw how sexy they made her look.

Tearing his eyes away from the bewitching rhinestone choker, he looked at her face. "Ohhhnn," he groaned under his breath, never having seen his mother look so sexy and beautiful. Her makeup was done up fairly heavily, but looked amazing. Her eyes were cast in smoky tones of deep pinks and bronzes that looked fantastically sexy. Her eyelashes looked incredibly long and thick, and as he saw her blink, the simple gesture of those fluttering lashes sent a jolt right to his cock. She had on some blush and toner that accentuated her eye makeup perfectly, and then his hungry gaze fixed on her mouth. It was perfect. Her cherry-red lipstick glistened wetly, her lips coated superbly with the lustrous red paint. He'd never seen her lips look so full and pouty, so soft-looking, so luxuriously enticing—perfect cock-sucking lips.

Her honey-blond hair looked enchantingly sultry, the lustrous tresses framing her lovely features attractively. She'd had it done up in soft flowing curls, which fell teasingly against her bare shoulders, the wispy locks looking like ribbons of flowing gold silk.

Mitch felt himself breathing raggedly as he stood in the doorway of his mother's room and looked at her. He felt his cock getting stiffer and stiffer as it rose and pressed against the front of his jeans, seeking freedom. In all those pictures he had of her on his computer in bridal lingerie, this outfit was one of his favorites, and she looked a million times better in it in real life than in any of the pictures he'd made. Never in his life had he seen her look so glamorous and sexy—not even on that weekend so many months ago. As he looked at her lying there on her side facing him, she seemed to just ooze "SEX" from every pore of her lush MILFish body. His eyes slowly ran over her mouthwatering body once again, roaming hungrily over her exquisite form from head to toe. There was no doubt in his mind that his mother was built for one thing—and he knew from personal experience all those months ago that she was better at it than anyone.

"I spent some time at the mall today. Do you like this new outfit I picked out, sweetie?" Nicole asked, fluttering her long lashes at Mitch as her gaze drifted down to his swollen groin.

"Mom...it...it's amazing," Mitch gushed out, his eyes continuing to roam up and down her mature sexy body. He remained standing in the doorway, totally awestruck by the dizzying display of pulchritude before him.

Nicole could see that engorged cylinder of flesh continue to rise, the stiffening column now pushing sideways and up against the waistband of his jeans. She smiled, knowing all those hours she'd spent at the spa and hairdresser's today had been worth it. "I went back to the lingerie store and picked out something from the bridal boutique I thought you'd like." She sat up slightly, supporting herself on one straightened arm as she tucked one leg sensually beneath her. Mitch's eyes immediately went to her chest, where her huge breasts were almost spilling over the front of the strapless bodysuit, her big nipples standing out boldly beneath the tight stretchy material. She teasingly flicked her gaze down to her chest before looking back into his eyes, and then raised her hand, one gloved fingertip tracing teasingly along her deep dark line of cleavage. "You don't think it's too tight, do you?"

"Ohhhnn," Mitch groaned out loud as he looked at her sumptuous tits, his cock now brick-hard. His heart was racing in his chest like a runaway freight train, and he felt dizzy with excitement, unable to even answer his mother's question.

Nicole smiled to herself, seeing her son's obvious state of arousal, and yet she could see him still waiting for her to give him her consent, letting her set the rules. When it came to their relationship, she could see he was quite willing to surrender himself to whatever she desired—which was exactly what she wanted. "I picked this outfit from the bridal section for a special reason. Do you know what that reason is, Mitchell?"

Mitch could only shake his head as he stood and stared, a glowing film of perspiration now covering his flushed face.

"I figured if we're going to consummate our relationship properly, it would be nice for me to wear something for you to remember this night by, don't you?" She lay back down on her side, keeping her head propped up provocatively with one hand, while her other gloved hand reached forward and she crooked her finger, beckoning him to come closer.

Mitch couldn't believe his ears—his mother had said they were going to consummate their relationship! As her words registered in his lust-filled brain, it seemed to break him out of the trance-like state he'd been in since stepping into her room. With his heart soaring euphorically, he stepped across the room towards the huge bed, where his mother waited, summoning him to be her lover.

Four hours later, Nicole lay back on a stack of pillows, Mitch lying between her widely-spread legs, his tongue delving deep into her cum-filled pussy. Her bodysuit was in tatters, having been torn by Mitch in a frenzy of savage rapture, wanting to get his hands on that exquisite body of hers. But she didn't care that it was hanging off her obscenely, torn and stained, spackled with gobs of her son's semen—it had been worth it. She'd lost track of the number of times she'd come as he'd fucked her, driving that massive cock of his into her steaming cunt time and time again, his rampant teenage prick never seeming to lose its steely rigidity for more than a minute or two. Her lips were swollen and puffy from the workout he'd given her hot wet mouth between fucks, and there were little bite marks on her tits where he'd gotten carried away while sucking her big hard nipples.

"Mmmm, that's it, baby, get it all. Get all of that nasty cum of yours out of Mommy," Nicole said as she lay back contentedly, her gloved hands running through her son's curly hair as he continued to feed from her oozing twat. She moved his head just where she wanted it, until he had taken her to two more tingling climaxes, and then she tilted her hips up, pushing his mouth further down, his tongue instinctively seeking out her tight little rosebud. "That's the way. Do a good job there, sweetie. You don't want to disappoint Mommy, do you?"



He definitely didn't disappoint, and when she was done, she let him fuck her again. The bed creaked and shook as they went long into the night before both of them collapsed, completely drained. They woke up cuddled together, the morning sun drifting in lazily around the curtains.

"I guess I better contact the school and let them know you're not feeling well today," Nicole said, snuggling up to her son as her fingers traced teasingly over his washboard stomach.

"Really?" Mitch replied, excited by the idea of getting to stay home.

"Well, if you're going to be moving into this room permanently, I think you're going to need some time to bring your stuff in."

"Move in?" Mitch couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"You do want to share Mommy's bed from now on, don't you?"

"Yes." She'd hardly finished with her question before he answered.

"And have Mommy show you all the lovely things you can do to please her?" Her slender fingers were tracing over the length of his stiffening cock now.

"Yes," Mitch replied again, the eagerness apparent in his voice.

"You know, this day off school will be perfect, especially since it's Friday. I don't think we should get out of this bed all weekend, do you?" Her fingers circled his rising cock and started to pump slowly up and down.

"No, that would be incredible." Mitch's head was swimming, the idea of spending the next three days in bed with his mother another of his dreams about to come true.

"Good. I bought a few new outfits today I think you'll like. How do you feel about leather?" She looked up at him, the devilish twinkle in her eye once more.

"I...I love it," Mitch stammered, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Yes, I got some things I think we're both going to love," Nicole said as she started slide lower in the bed. "Now, how did I say I wanted to wake you up every morning? Oh yes, now I remember."

As her lips closed down over his throbbing cockhead, Mitch lay back and threw his arm over his eyes, enjoying the delicious sensations as his mother started to slowly bob her head up and down, taking more and more of him into her hot sucking mouth.

Five minutes later, he gave her a nice creamy breakfast. She kept sucking, and when he was ready again, she climbed aboard and started riding. She came three times before he went off again, and then she shifted forwards as she grabbed the headboard and sat on his face, giving him his breakfast.

They barely got out of bed for the next three days, just long enough to eat. They ordered in. By Sunday night the bedroom was littered with various kinds of empty takeout containers. Mitch did manage to find the time to move his clothes in, taking the empty space in the dresser and closet vacated by his father.

He'd fucked all three of his mother's holes repeatedly, happily cleaning up the mess he'd left each time, loving the new sensation of his mother snowballing his load back into his own mouth after

she'd blown him. He'd lost track of the number of times he'd come long ago, his mother's hot sexy body bringing him back to hardness and orgasm over and over.

By the end of the weekend, Nicole felt luxuriously numb. Her pussy was swollen and puffy, as were her nipples, all of her body having been deliciously ravaged by her handsome young son for hours and hours on end. She loved how insatiable he was, never seeming to get enough of her—and oh so willing to please. Those few times he needed to recharge, he was only too happy to use his mouth and fingers to pleasure her, obeying her instructions as she told him just what she wanted.

His stamina had been unbelievable. He fucked her for hours on end, his enormous cock bringing her to climax after tingling climax, making her climb the walls with ecstasy, each time making sure she got her pleasure before he'd pump her full, and then bring her more delights as he cleaned her up afterwards.

Monday morning, she sent him off to school, sad to see him go, but knowing her throbbing pussy would thank her for the brief respite before he got home and they started up all over again.

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It was two Saturdays later, the night of the party at Justin's house. Nicole didn't want to disappoint Justin's mother, Heather, so she'd picked out a nice dress to wear. It was a form-fitting sheath, with a high mandarin-type collar. The dress ended just past mid-thigh and she left her shapely legs bare, applying a thin layer of cream that made them glisten enticingly. The dress was a stunning electric blue, which made her blue eyes stand out even more. The mandarin collar was trimmed with a bead of white, accentuating her slender neck. She wore strappy high-heeled sandals the same color as the dress, and carried a little blue clutch purse that matched perfectly.

Nicole figured the dress would work well for the occasion. It was a party for Mitch and Justin's graduating class, and Heather had invited a number of their classmates and their families. Nicole wanted to make sure she wore something appropriate, still somewhat leery of what people were thinking of her following Rick's departure. The dress was not too short, and she had specifically chosen something that wasn't low-cut. There was nothing she could do about the generous proportions of her bustline, but the high-collared dress still fit her body attractively, without looking trappy or inappropriate—the last thing she wanted was a bunch of high school boys leering at her openly in front of their parents.

Satisfied with her choice, she swept her hands through her honey-blond hair one more time before picking up her purse and leaving her room.

"Wow, Mom, you're going to be the hit of the party." As she came down the stairs, it was obvious from Mitch's comment that he approved.

"I think I'm not going to be the only one," Nicole replied as she reached the bottom and looked at her son. "The way you look, you're going to have to beat the girls off."

Mitch smiled as he listened to her words of praise. He had to admit, he did clean up pretty well. At his mother's prodding, he'd gotten a haircut earlier in the day, and made sure he was cleanly shaved. She'd bought him a crisp white shirt that he wore open-collared beneath his navy suit, perfect for a somewhat fancy—but casual at the same time—party. Word had spread amongst the gang and their parents that Heather Bradshaw would expect nothing less than their best efforts when it came their attire, and some humorous teases were thrown Justin's way, but everyone knew they would do their best not to disappoint their hostess.

Nicole tossed Mitch the keys and they headed to the party. It was just a few streets over, and they were barely out of the driveway when Nicole spoke. "How are Justin's parents getting along these days?" she asked, knowing things weren't perfect in the Bradshaw household.

"His dad's a dick," Mitch replied, making a dismissive gesture with his hand.

"Anything specific, or is that just your general opinion?"

"I don't think there's anything specific. He's just away for work a lot, and when he's home, Justin says he hardly gives his mother any attention at all."

That's kind of what Nicole had surmised, listening to bits of her son's conversations with his friend, and from bits of neighbourhood rumors. She hadn't talked to Heather since the divorce, and felt bad for not reaching out to her friend. She thought back to that night at the restaurant, and how Justin had looked at her, and how he'd ended up coming in his pants.

"Do you think Justin thinks of his mother...you know...like you thought of me?"

Mitch's eyes flicked over, his gaze roaming over the prominent shelf of her tits before looking her in the eye and smiling, letting her know he knew exactly what she was talking about. He focussed back on the road before responding. "Although it's something guys never really talk about with each other, I definitely think so. I've seen the way he looks at her, and I can see it's the same way I looked at you. You have to admit, Mrs. Bradshaw is a good-looking woman."

Nicole knew that for a fact—Heather was a knockout. She always had been, ever since Nicole had first met her. She was about the same height as Nicole, with a nice curvy build as well. Nicole estimated her at either a D-cup, or at least a generous C. Heather had gorgeous brunette hair that fell in flowing waves down her back, her hair being her pride and joy, and Nicole knew all of their friends were envious of Heather's lustrous flowing curls. She had that 'girl-next-door' cuteness about her, and between her curvy body and pretty face, Nicole could easily see why Justin would desire her.

"So where does she fit on your gang's 'MILF list'?" Nicole asked, a smile on her face.

Mitch laughed out loud. "Oh, I think most of the guys have her at number 2 on that list."

"And who's number 1?"

Mitch looked over, his eyes raking lustily over his mother's gorgeous body. "I don't think I really need to answer that, do you?"

"Listen, I've got an idea," Nicole said, a smile on her face as she talked for the next few minutes as Mitch drove and listened intently, finishing just as Mitch pulled the car into the long laneway of the Bradshaw's house. The laneway was already packed with cars, and Mitch found a spot at the end of the row.

"You're finally here," Heather said as she answered the doorbell, wrapping her arms around Nicole and squeezing her tight. Nicole hugged her back, realizing she'd missed her friend more than she thought.

"Come in," Heather said, taking Nicole by the hand and leading her inside. "We have so much to talk about."

Nicole gave Mitch a smiling glance over her shoulder as she followed her friend, seeing her son head off to join his friends as well.

"Here, have a drink of this," Heather said, handing Nicole a Margarita. Nicole took a sip, loving the sharp citric taste. She looked over the rim of the glass at her friend smiling from ear to ear. Heather had on a red floral sleeveless dress, similar in style to the one Nicole was wearing in the way it fit, but with a squared-off neckline, a teasing hint of her cleavage visible above the top edge of the dress. She had on killer high-heeled strappy red sandals, the sky-high heels making her legs look great.

"I love your dress. That color looks fabulous on you," Heather said, looking Nicole up and down.

"Yours looks great, too. And I love those shoes," Nicole replied, happy to be with her good friend once again. "I've missed you, Heather."

"I've missed you too." Heather reached out and touched her friend's arm affectionately, letting her know everything was all right. "So how—"

DING DONG!

The sound of the doorbell stopped Heather in mid-sentence. "Ah, it looks like my work is never done. We'll catch up later." She held a finger up pointedly, like a parent about to scold their child. "And don't you even think about leaving here before you've told me every lurid detail."

The smile on Heather's face made Nicole smile in return. "Okay, I promise I won't leave. Now go answer your door."

Heather whisked away while Nicole took another sip of her drink. She surveyed the room, seeing many old friends and their children, now nearly all grown up. Mitch was talking with a group of his friends. Justin was there, along with Luke and a number of girls Nicole knew had grown up with the boys. The girls all looked so much older and sophisticated than she remembered, and the boys had outgrown their gangly adolescent awkwardness and had become handsome young men. Some of the girls were knockouts, and she saw a couple of them eyeing up Mitch as he and Justin shared a joke of some form.

"Nicole, how are you?" A familiar voice made Nicole turn.

"Judy, it's been a long time," she replied, giving Luke's mother a hug. Judy made idle chit-chat, not asking once about Rick. It made Nicole feel comfortable, and they talked easily. Other parents came and went, speaking with Nicole as if nothing had happened in her marriage. There was plenty of delicious food to snack on, and she gladly accepted a second Margarita, handed to her by Jim Bradshaw, Heather's husband. Nicole was having a good time, re-connecting with many people who she hadn't seen in quite some time. She'd been a little tentative about coming, but as the time went by, her worries seemed to just wash away.

"Finally," Heather said, grabbing Nicole's hand and pulling her down beside her on one of the couches. "So, tell me, how are you getting by without Rick?"

There it was—the question she'd been expecting from everyone all night. She paused before answering, looking her good friend right in the eye. "I'm doing okay. It was hard at first, but with Mitch and I taking care of each other...yeah...we're doing okay."

"I'm so glad to hear it," Heather said, reaching out and patting Nicole's arm. "I was so worried about you. I wanted to see you, but I figured you needed some time, and you'd call when the time was right."

"I'm sorry, Heather. I should have called you earlier. Can you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive. We women have to stick together." Nicole saw her shoot a glance in the direction of her husband, and the look she gave him spoke volumes.

"How are things with you and Jim?"

Heather waved her hand dismissively, shaking her head at the same time. "I wish he loved me as much as he loves his job, or those fucking golf clubs of his."

Her comment made both women laugh. "It can't be that bad," Nicole replied. "It doesn't seem to be bothering you too much—you look great."

"Sixty minutes a day on the elliptical is what does it. A poor substitute for sex, but I've got to work off the energy somehow."

The women smiled again as Heather flipped her husband the bird, hidden from view, except to the two of them.

"I know exactly what you mean—"

"Uh...excuse me." The two women stopped talking and looked up, seeing Mitch standing a few feet away. Once he had their attention, he continued, reaching up to tap his cheek at the same time. "Can I see you for a minute, Mom?" He nodded behind him, towards the corridor leading to the back of the house.

"Sure, sweetie," Nicole replied, setting her drink down and getting up as Mitch walked away. She reached into her little clutch purse and pulled out a hairband. "I'll be right back, Heather. We need to talk more."

Heather watched as Nicole walked towards the hallway, whipping her hair up into a ponytail. As her friend had been getting up, Heather was sure from her peripheral vision she'd seen Mitch go into the washroom just down the hall. She was surprised when Nicole entered the room as well. "That's strange, maybe he went out the back door and she's just going pee first," Heather said to herself, getting up and pouring herself another Margarita. Still wondering if her eyes had deceived her, she sat back down and sipped her drink, her eyes looking down the hallway.

About five minutes later, the door to the washroom opened and Mitch stepped out, closing the door behind him as he walked away, tucking his shirt into his pants. Heather continued to watch intently, and less than a minute later, Nicole came out the same door, shaking her hair into place as she pulled out the hairband Heather had seen her put in place just moments ago. Heather watched as her friend came towards her, reaching up to attend to a small pearly gob of some form of cream or lotion at the corner of her mouth. She was surprised, when rather than rub the lotion into her skin, Nicole slipped her finger between her lips and licked it clean.

"What the fuck?" Heather said to herself, her eyes flicking over to Mitch, now standing on the other side of the room talking to Justin, a shit-eating grin on his face. Nicole sat back down beside her, and as she leaned forward to pick up her drink, Heather could have sworn she smelt something familiar on her friend's breath—cum.

"Wha...what the hell happened in there?" Heather asked, her head absolutely spinning.

"Oh that," Nicole replied matter-of-factly. "Mitch was feeling horny, so he gave me the signal we'd arranged earlier."

"What...signal...what...?" Heather stammered, her mind reeling.

"Yes, if he wanted a blowjob, I told him to tap his cheek. If he wanted to fuck, he'd tap his belt."

Heather's eyes opened wide and her heart started racing. As she looked at her friend, she felt dizzy, wondering if she was hearing her correctly. "You mean...you mean you're fucking your very own son?"

"Um...isn't everybody?" Nicole responded as she put her hands in the air questioningly, wanting to see Heather's reaction. After the conversation she and Mitch had had in the car, she thought it wouldn't hurt do a little favor for her son's best friend, Justin.

"But I...I mean...you...you," Heather gasped out, totally flummoxed.

"Relax, Heather, it's all right. Take a deep breath. Nobody else saw." Nicole reached out and took her friend's hand, calming her. "Trust me, if you haven't tried it, you have no idea what you're missing."

With her racing heartrate somewhat subsided, Heather was finally able to think straight. "So you and Mitch, you...?" Nicole simply nodded.

"Is...Rick...is that what caused...?"

Again, Nicole nodded.

"Will...will you tell me how it happened?" Nicole could see from the look on her friend's face that her curiosity was getting the better of her, now that she had calmed down from the initial shock.

"Well," Nicole said, launching into her story. She felt relieved to finally be able to share it with someone—and she knew Heather was someone she could trust. The woman listened intently as she talked for the next half hour, riveted to every word Nicole had to say. It became a real catharsis for Nicole as she continued to talk, telling her friend 'every lurid detail', as Heather had asked to hear when they'd first arrived. She felt like an immense weight had been taken off her shoulders, for the first time in months.

"Mom, can I talk to you again?" Mitch's voice interrupted them again and the two women looked over to see him standing in approximately the same place as before, this time with his hand by his side, his fingers tapping his belt.

"Sure, honey, just give me a second," Nicole said, nodding to him before he moved off down the hallway once more.

"Are you...are you...was that the other signal?" Heather said, her eyes opening wide once more.

"Yes. Now just make sure nobody wants to use that bathroom, okay?" Nicole said, getting up and smoothing down her dress.

"Uh...uh...okay," Heather said, feeling a rush of excitement go through her, knowing she had instantly become a conspirator to her friend's illicit incestuous affair. Nicole gave her a little wink as

she closed the bathroom door.

Heather was on alert, now knowing exactly what was going on behind that bathroom door. She felt a tingling throb in her own pussy, realizing how turned on she was by the lewdly taboo act taking place such a short distance away. From the corner of her eye, she spotted one of the women heading for the bathroom.

"Oh Diane, I think someone's in there," Heather said, pointing to the big curving stairwell. "Why don't you use the one upstairs?" The woman nodded and turned away, heading towards the stairs.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened again. Mitch stepped out once more, closing the door behind him again. As he walked away, Heather noticed him pulling his jacket back into place. Again, less than a minute later, Nicole came out of the room and walked gingerly towards her, a big smile on her face as she held one hand to her abdomen. As Heather watched, spellbound, Nicole leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Do you have a tampon I could borrow—he really filled me up."

Gasping in surprise, Heather could feel her hand trembling as she pointed to the other side of the house. "Uh...there...there's some under the sink in the en-suite bathroom."

"Thanks. I'll be right back."

Once Nicole walked away, Heather couldn't stop shaking. She definitely needed a drink to steady her nerves. She strode over to the bar and poured herself a vodka, sloshing a few ounces into the heavy glass tumbler. She took a big swig, feeling the burn as the alcohol slid down her throat. She breathed deep and made her way back to the couch, just as Nicole returned.

"Thanks. That should work for a while," Nicole said, picking up her Margarita and taking another sip. "Usually he cleans me up after he comes inside me, but I didn't think we had time for that here."

"Cleans...cleans you up? How?" Heather asked, wanting to know everything.

"With his mouth, of course. Yes, he's quite the little cunt-licker. I've trained him well."

"Trained?"

"Yes. These boys love to be told what to do by an older woman. All of them. They'll do exactly what you want them to do, anytime, anywhere."

"Ex...exactly what you want them to do?"

"Mhmm," Nicole replied, seeing the look of curiosity on her friend's face. "It's just heartwarming to see how eager to please they are. There's nothing like drifting off to sleep every night with your son's face between your legs, especially after he's fucked you silly and filled you up with cum."

"He really...I mean...after he comes inside you?" Heather asked, trying to visualize what she was hearing.

"Yes. He loves it. And I love that he is so willing to clean me up like that. It shows how much he loves and respects his mother. And the best part...once he's done with his clean up duties, just keeps going and going until I tell him I've had enough."

"Wow," Heather said, and Nicole could see the gears in her head working overtime. "You...you look like you're positively glowing. Is it...is it as good as it looks?"

"Even better. Mitch has the most perfect mouth around. And I especially love the way he uses that tongue of his on my little bumhole for hours." Nicole paused as her friend's eyes opened wide, and she could see she was almost trembling with excitement. She decided to punch it up a bit. "And when it comes to fucking, these boys all seem to be so big down there nowadays. It must be something in the water. I used to think Rick was big, but Mitch has got him beat by inches. And he has such endurance. He just keeps coming and coming. I don't know how many times he's pounded that horse-cock of his into me all night long."

"All night long?"

"Oh yeah, and when he's not fucking me, he's using his mouth on me. He knows Mommy needs taking care of, and he never wants to disappoint me."

Heather looked over to Mitch, remembering how he'd summoned his mother while they'd been busy talking. "If things are like that, how come you seemed to just jump when he came over and gave you those...those signals?" Heather asked, tapping her cheek the same way Mitch had earlier.

"Because I told him before we came here that this was a special night for him, what with him being with all of his friends and everything. I told him letting him be in charge while we were here was one of my graduation presents for him." She paused as her friend looked at her, nodding in understanding. "Trust me, when we get home, that tongue of his is gonna be way up inside me for a long time." Again, she paused as her friend took all of this in. "And then if he's done a good job of doing that, I might think about letting him come on my tits—provided he licks it all off, of course."

Heather sat there in stunned silence, her mind reeling. "Well...I...I don't know what to say," she finally said, her face flushing red. She took another gulp of vodka, still needing to calm her nerves, even as her pussy started to throb.

"Like I was saying, Heather," Nicole said, reaching out and stroking her friend's hand tenderly. "You won't believe it until you try it." Nicole nodded across the room, and Heather saw she was looking directly at her own son, Justin.

"You mean...Justin...me and Justin?" Heather's hand flew up to her throat, and she looked back and forth between Justin and Nicole, her mind swirling.

"I think you should definitely give it some thought. You said Jim isn't giving you the attention you need. I've seen the way Justin looks at you—it's exactly the same way Mitch used to look at me.

"Really?" Heather asked. Nicole noticed she couldn't take her eyes off her son as she took another drink.

"That's it", Nicole thought to herself, nothing like a little liquid courage to help her friend along. "Like I said, think about it, Heather. Doesn't that sound a like a lot more fun than spending an hour on the elliptical?" Nicole paused as Heather smiled at her observation. "Like I said, you won't believe how good it can be, at how incredibly big and hard these young boys can get, and how they can absolutely fill you with cum. And if you play your cards right, you'll have Justin eating out of your hand in no time—or eating out of your pussy, which I'm sure you'd love."



Heather's substantial chest was heaving as the devils and angels fought within her, her heart racing as she thought about the forbidden desires flowing through her. She had to admit to herself that she'd been having some lascivious thoughts about Justin lately, especially when he'd taken his shirt off to cut the grass. She found herself looking out at him striding across the lawn purposely, having seen how he'd filled out and matured, his broad shoulders, muscular chest, and taut abs making her shiver with the thought of running her hands over his body. She'd kept her thoughts totally to herself, of course, but it didn't stop her from looking at her boy, and dreaming what it might be like—to feel his hands on her, to kiss him, to touch his cock, to suck it, to feel it driving deep into her needy pussy.

In those rare instances when Jim had fucked her recently, she'd found herself picturing Justin fucking her in place of her husband. She'd close her eyes, seeing her son's handsome face looming over her as he flexed his powerful hips up and down, making her scream in ecstasy as he drove his big hard cock deep into her pussy, bringing her to climax after climax.

And now Nicole was telling her how she was doing it for real with her own son, Mitch, and how glorious it was. Heather couldn't believe how excited she'd gotten when Nicole had told her about Mitch servicing her, worshipping her with his mouth—even after he just came inside her!

She'd found it so luridly exciting when Nicole told her what she and Mitch had done in the bathroom, first with her sucking him off, and then the two of them fucking, while the party carried on just on the other side of the wall. Heather let her mind wonder, thinking about what would happen if she could take Justin into the bathroom like that...

She pictured taking control, surprising him by pushing him up against the wall and kissing him. The way he'd kiss her back would tell her how hot he was for her. As they kissed, she could feel his cock pressing right through her dress against her belly. The desire to see it would overwhelm her. She'd reach for his belt as she dropped to her knees. She'd open his fly and realize Nicole was right about these boys—her son's cock was positively huge! She could barely fit her mouth around it. It was so beautiful, and like Nicole has said, so incredibly hard. She sucked on it like she'd never sucked a cock before. It didn't take long before he started to come, and fuck did he come—there was so much of the stuff, she thought she was gonna drown. When he was finished, he stayed hard as a rock. She smiled, loving it—a man staying hard for her two times in a row was something that hadn't happened in a long time.

"Fuck me," she'd say, and Justin would lift her up and set her on top of the vanity as she pulled her dress up around her waist.

"Tear my panties off," she'd say. Her son would obediently do as she'd said, and once he got a look at that glistening wet pussy of hers, he'd slide that big fucker all the way into her. She imagined herself on the verge of screaming in pleasure, with Justin stuffing her own panties into her mouth to stop her. He'd pull her legs up high and keep driving it deep into her, and within minutes, she'd be coming. She couldn't remember the last time she'd come that hard and that fast. He'd keep going, and she'd climax again, and then one more time before he finally slammed it into her and groaned as he came. She could actually feel his cum spewing into her, and they'd clutch tight to each other as his cock kept shooting.

When they'd finally started to recover, she'd put her hands on his shoulders. "Okay baby, time to clean Mommy up." She'd push down on his broad shoulders and Justin would willingly slip to his knees, his tongue slithering up deep inside her. She'd look down, seeing the milky semen oozing out of her overflowing pussy onto his waiting tongue as he—

"Heather...Heather! Are you all right?"

Nicole's voice broke her out of her trance. "Uh, yeah, I'm fine." Heather said, taking another slug of her drink as her eyes drifted back to her son. As she thought about what she'd just been imagining, she realized she could definitely get into that. Just imagine, all those times when Jim was away on business, or out on the golf course, she could be riding her son's big cock and pretty mouth. Yes, that was definitely something to think about.

Nicole looked at her friend, sitting there looking glassy-eyed with a dreamy look on her face. She smiled, knowing her good friend was already thinking about the wickedly illicit pleasures of sharing a steamy incestuous act with her son. Nicole could feel herself getting turned on, just talking about all this with her friend was making her juices run. "So, do you think you're going to give it some thought?"

"Definitely," Heather replied without hesitation. "Tomorrow morning, Jim's heading out of town on business for a week. I think that might be a good opportunity for Justin and me to spend some quality mother/son bonding time while he's away."

Nicole looked over at Mitch, knowing exactly how her friend was feeling. She turned back to Heather. "If you don't mind, I think Mitch and I will be leaving. After listening to what you just said, I need to get that boy home for some mother/son bonding time of my own."

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They weren't even in the car before Mitch asked, "So, did you have a chance to say anything to Mrs. Bradshaw about Justin? Did that plan of yours work out?"

"Yes. I think she's quite taken by the idea, once I told her about us. It worked out just like I thought. After you gave me the signal the first time, she did notice that we went in the bathroom together. From there, she started to ask the questions I thought she would. The second time you came by and tapped your belt was just icing on the cake."

"Jesus," Mitch said, letting out a long drawn-out whistle as he started the car. "I saw her looking over at Justin just before we left. I'm sure if she started anything, he'd love it."

"She certainly looked happy." Nicole reached over, sliding her hand over the front of Mitch's pants. "Just like you're going to make me once we get home."

"What are you going to want me to do?" Mitch asked, his eyes flicking over to his mother's big tits, hoping at some point she'd let him get his hands and mouth on them. She usually did if she was happy with his efforts in other areas.

"I think I'd like to start with that tongue of yours working deep into a tight little hole we both know very well." She paused, seeing the excitement in her son's eyes. "And since this is kind of a special night for you, I'll wear something a little more formal. How about if I let you make the choice—red leather or black?" Her hand slid along the length of his stiffening member, her teasing fingers making him sweat already.

"Red."

"Red what?" she said sternly, her fingers giving his swelling cock a hard squeeze.

"Red...please?"

"That's better. That's the kind of respect Mommy likes to see from her baby boy." Nicole's fingers released their tight grip on his pecker and traced provocatively along the thickening slab.

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I forgot my manners there for a minute."

"That's all right, precious—just as long as you remember for next time." Nicole sat back and looked out at the road ahead, her hand still moving slowing back and forth over the front of his pants.

"Talking to Heather about her and Justin has gotten me turned on. I'm really going to put that cock and mouth of yours to good use. Mommy feels like an all-nighter."

Mitch smiled, feeling another jolt go right to his groin as he thought about working on his mother all night long.

"Oh yes, there's something I almost forgot about," Nicole said, her hand slipping up beneath her dress.

From the flickering light of the streetlights, Mitch saw her hand come out from between her legs, holding something between her fingers. "What's that?"

"We didn't have time for you to clean me up like usual after that fuck in the bathroom, so I borrowed a tampon from Heather. I know my baby boy wouldn't want me to deny him his reward." As she brought her hand closer, Mitch could see the tampon more clearly now, the wadding covered with a glistening layer of his semen, the dangling string hanging below.

"Here, baby," his mother said, stuffing it between his lips, "suck on this until we get home, and then you can have the rest. I'm just gonna squeeze my legs together to keep it nice and warm for you."

Happy with his treat, Mitch sucked noisily on the cum-soaked tampon, drawing out his masculine seed, loving the flavor he'd quickly come to crave so much. He continued driving, his mouth and tongue working over the swollen tampon, the string dangling lewdly from between his lips.

"That's my boy, that's what I like to see," his mother said, her words lavish with praise.

As soon as they were in the house, she turned to him. "Get rid of that thing in your mouth. You look disgusting." Mitch stepped into the family room and tossed it in a waste basket next to the desk his father had left behind. His mother followed him, setting her purse down on the desk before stepping over to one of the easy chairs. She reached beneath her dress and shimmed her hips, whisking off her panties and throwing them on top of the desk as well. She slid into the easy chair, and crooked her red-tipped index finger at Mitch, beckoning him to come closer. As he stepped towards her, she slowly drew her legs up and draped them over the arms of the chairs, her high-heeled strappy blue shoes dangling teasingly in the air. The hem of her skirt slid high up her thighs as her legs spread further apart, framing her wet pink vulva enticingly.

"Dinner is served, baby," Nicole said, reaching down to part the juicy lips of her pussy, showing the milky wad of cum she'd kept inside.

Mitch dropped to his knees and dove forward, pressing the flat of his tongue against her dripping petals, and then slowly licked upwards, the tantalizing flavor of their combined juices making his taste buds tingle.

"Mmmmm...yes. That's the way I taught you," Nicole said, taking his head in her hands and moving his mouth just where she wanted it. He eagerly licked her clean, his tongue slithering deep into her semen-filled cunt to gather in every drop.

"That's the way. That's the way Mommy likes it," she said, pulling his mouth up to work on her clit once he'd sucked out every creamy drop of his potent teenage seed. Nicole relaxed back into the chair and closed her eyes, loving the whole experience of being serviced by her son. She found herself thinking of Rick, and how he'd been a terrific lover for so many years, and how things had slipped away. And now, he was with that stacked bimbo, dipping his wick into her hot young cunt every day. She knew she was jealous, and angry with herself for what she had done, and having her son pleasure her took some of that pain away.

"C'mon, baby," she said, pulling her son's face harder against her throbbing cunt. "Mommy needs to come. Let me feel that tongue of yours right on my clit."

Mitch obediently did as she asked, taking the erect spire between his lips and sucking on it gently, all the while bathing it with his hot spit as his tongue rolled over it again and again.

"Oh fuck yeah...that's it...that's it...UNNGGGGHHHHHH," Nicole moaned as she came, her hips bucking up against his face, her spasming body shaking and twitching as wave after wave of ecstasy coursed through her. She was almost convulsing as she climaxed, spraying his face with her gushing juices, the delicious sensations shooting from the base of her sensitive clit to every nerve ending of her body. Finally, she collapsed back into the chair, her legs still draped obscenely over the arms, her loyal son nursing gently at her throbbing pussy.

"Mmmm, nice," she said, pulling his glistening face away from her steaming loins as she looked him in the eye. "Time to go upstairs—we're just getting started."

Mitch obediently followed her as she made her way upstairs and into the master bedroom.

"Take your clothes off and get into bed," Nicole said, heading towards her dressing room and the en-suite bathroom. When she got to the door, she stopped and turned. "And put on that cock ring I got you. You know Mommy doesn't like to be disappointed."

As his mother disappeared, Mitch stripped off his clothes, and then, from the drawer in the bedside table, he took out the new cock ring she'd gotten him. It was metal, and gleamed with a shiny chrome finish. It circled his cock and fit beneath his big nuts, with a deftly hidden clasp allowing it to fit nice and tight. He'd worn it a few other times since she'd gotten it for him, and although it was somewhat painful, he loved it—knowing how much his mother liked him to wear it. When he got aroused, the way it tightened around him made him harder than he'd ever thought possible. If his cock remained untouched, it could stay hard for hours, and his mother loved to see him like that. His pecker was already swollen with anticipation from the time he'd spent cleaning her weeping little box, and he knew he'd be hard as a rock in no time, especially since she said she was going to be wearing the red leather outfit—which he absolutely loved.

He lay in bed and idly played with his cock, feeling it stiffen quickly beneath his fingers, and then releasing it, watching it pulse and bob between his legs, slowly deflating until he'd play with it again.

"I'm starting to think I should have gotten you that cock ring right from the start."

His mother's voice made Mitch look up. Once again, the dizzying display of sinfully wicked pulchritude before him took his breath away. His mother was wearing her red leather corset, her massive breasts oozing over the tops of the heavily wired bra cups. The cups themselves were barely more than demi-cups, the top edge barely covering her areola. The structured underwire pushed the huge mounds up and together spectacularly, a single glimpse of those gorgeous tits

alone being enough to make any man sweat with desire. The red ribbon-like straps going over her shoulders were drawn taut and seemed to be straining, testament to the incredible weight they were carrying. Looking at her incredible breasts, Mitch could already see the thrusting protrusions of her bullet-like nipples right through the sexy red leather. A myriad crisscrossing of black laces running down the front of the garment had the sexy corset molding itself tightly to her spectacular body. The leather panels of the bodice nipped in waspishly at her slender waist, and then flared out teasingly before ending high on her wide motherly hips. Red garters shot down to where they bit into sheer black hose, her pussy bare of any covering, and framed invitingly by the stunning red corset above and sheer gossamer hose below.

Mitch let his eyes roam further down, his gaze feasting on one of his favorite parts of this outfit—her thigh-high red leather boots. He felt his heart pound with excitement as he looked down at the full length of the incredibly sexy boots, taking in the wickedly pointy toe and the dagger-like 5" stiletto heels. "Those are so fucking hot," he thought to himself, feeling his cock rising as he looked at the tall sexy boots, and then fully up and down his mother's spectacular body.

Pulling his eyes away from her big heavy tits, he forced himself to look up at her face, accented beautifully by a wide red leather choker, adorned with a single glittering stone placed at the heart of her throat. Her face looked exotic and wild, her makeup done in heavier tones than she'd ever worn before. Her hair was fluffed out and looked erotically slutty—like she'd in bed all day, fucking. Her mouth was a brilliant red gash, her lipstick the same deadly red as the sexy leather outfit.

Mitch felt himself shiver as he looked at his mother, his cock now fully erect, the massive head bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of his racing heart. He could feel the cock ring tighten, and knew he'd be hard for a long time.

"Mmmm, that's what I like to see," Nicole said, her eyes alighting on his rigid prick. With a devilish smile on her face, she turned and walked over to her dressing table, taking hold of the back of the chair she'd posed in for him in her wedding dress all those months ago. This time, as she gripped the back of the chair with both hands, she moved her booted feet back, and then spread them past shoulder-width apart. Even the back of her boots made his cock ache with need. Similar to her corset, crisscrossing red laces ran up the back of each tall boot, starting just above her slender ankles and ending in a tiny bow tied at the back of each thigh. He shivered just looking at the incredibly sexy boots. She turned and looked coyly over her shoulder at Mitch, sitting on the bed staring at her in awe, his cock absolutely throbbing.

"C'mere, baby. You know what Mommy wants." She leaned forward and arched her back as she shifted her feet even further apart, allowing the depths of her curvy rear end to open up invitingly.

Mitch didn't have to be asked twice, scurrying out of the bed and dropping to his hands and knees, crawling over to what his mother called "his place"—on his knees behind her, ready to service her hot pink hole. With his mouth watering, Mitch edged closer on his knees, placing his hands on the soft smooth skin of her bum and pulling the lush warm cheeks further apart, his hungry gaze feasting on her bleached anus, his tongue already salivating as he looked at the tight little rosebud. He licked his lips, eager to get started.

"C'mon, baby, Mommy wants to feel that tongue nice and deep. And get comfortable—you're going to be there for a long time."

"Uhhnnn..." With a moan of wanton pleasure, Mitch pressed his face to her bum, his tongue rolling over the wrinkled pink hole, bathing it with his flowing saliva.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Work that hole for Mommy. Get that tongue way up inside there," Nicole said, looking over her shoulder with a wicked smile on her face as she rolled her hips, letting her son know he was doing just what she wanted.

She kept him busy for close to an hour worshipping her bumhole, his tongue slithering deep inside her time and time again. She came on his working mouth, sometimes having him suck at her tingling cunt when she felt her orgasm coming on, other times having him keep his tongue deep in her ass as she instructed him to use his fingers inside her. Finally, after her fourth climax, she pushed him away and turned around, drawing her fingers over his flushed gooey face. She held her hand up in front of his face, her slender fingers gleaming with her slimy juices.

"Eat all of Mommy's cream—don't waste any of it," she said, sticking her fingers lewdly between his lips and making him lap up her warm womanly nectar.

"Stand there and don't move," Nicole said, nodding towards a spot in front of her dressing table as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Mitch stood and waited, having no idea what was coming next. His cock was absolutely throbbing as the cock ring restricted the flow of his pulsing blood, and he hoped she'd allow him some relief. Moments later she returned, carrying what looked like a long canister. As she came closer, she twisted a lid off one end, and Mitch could see some kind of cream-colored substance inside. "What...what's that?" he asked.

"Mommy wants to make a mold of her baby's beautiful big cock, and this is how we start."

"A mold?"

"Yes. Once we make the mold, I can have a dildo made that will be an exact replica of your gorgeous cock. Don't you think that would be nice for me to have?" Nicole asked, running her delicate fingers teasingly over his achingly-hard cock. He watched as his mother opened a small vial of lubricant, letting it run over his thrusting erection before spreading it all over the throbbing monster.

"Oh fuck," Mitch moaned as her slender fingers toyed with him provocatively, his dick feeling like it would explode at any second. "Don't come just yet, sweetheart," Nicole said, withdrawing her hand from her son's pulsating erection once she had it covered with the greasy substance. She knew that even with the cock ring, it was still possible for him to ejaculate. She wanted him to be as hard as possible, but she definitely didn't want him to come until she had the mold safely formed.

"The lubricant will allow your cock to slide out safely once the mold is made, and not ruin it." She brought the canister forward as she pulled his pulsing dick downwards.

"Here, let's just slip this magnificent cock of yours right inside...there...that's the way," she said, sliding the canister all the way to the base of his surging prick until his member was totally covered by the warm gel-like substance. "Now, I just have to hold it like this for two minutes, and then it will be set."

As Mitch looked on in surprise, Nicole reached down and softly cradled his nuts, rolling them around in the palm of her hand, wanting to make sure he stayed as hard as possible. "Do you like that, baby? Does that feel all nice and warm around your cock?"

"Oh god, yes," Mitch groaned out, wanting more than anything to come. His mother kept rolling his balls in her hand, the deliciously erotic sensation making him squirm with the need to come.

"Okay. I think that should do it," his mother said, slowly sliding the canister off his thrusting boner. She looked inside, a smile coming over face as she quickly put the top back on. "Perfect. Now I just have to send it off, and then pretty soon I'll have the perfect toy for those times when my baby's not around."

She looked down at Mitch's cock, seeing it throbbing angrily, the huge mushroom head so engorged and bloated she thought it might go off right there on the spot. God, she loved that cock ring. "Oh dear, my baby really needs to come, doesn't he?" she mocked, pouting out her bottom lip innocently.

"Please...please let me come," Mitch moaned, all but pleading with her to allow him some relief.

"Please what?" His mother's voice had turned stern in a split second.

"Please Mommy. Please let me come, Mommy." Mitch was begging this time, his body quivering with need.

"That's better. You know it's good to show Mommy the respect she deserves." She paused as she ran her fingertip over the engorged head of his cock, the serious look on her face making him wonder if she was going to let him come, or not. "All right. Get up on the bed and lay on your back in the middle."

Mitch quickly did as she asked, his cock pointing skyward, the cock ring making it stand out from his body like a missile about to be launched. He watched as his mother reached into the drawer of her bedside table and took out the big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline, now half empty from constant use. In her sexy leather outfit, she climbed onto the bed, pushing the pillows aside as she sat in front of the headboard, her booted legs tucked beneath her. From his spot on his back in the middle of the bed, Mitch looked up at her, the imposing shelf of her mammoth tits looming over him.

"C'mon, baby, you know what to do," Nicole said, reaching down and tapping his side.

Mitch rolled himself up onto his shoulders, his torso projecting up from the bed. He brought his legs forward on either side of his mother's body, his feet actually resting on the top edge of the headboard, helping to steady himself. In this position, his steely erection was pointing right down towards his face.

"That's it, I know just what my baby needs," Nicole said, a sly smile on her face as she reached into the Vaseline jar and scooped out a generous gob of the viscous lube. She started to rub her hands together, holding them mere inches from her son's face.

"Do you smell that, sweetie? Do you smell that baby-powder fragrance you love so much?" she asked teasingly, the alluring scent of pure innocence permeating the room.

"Yes," Mitch moaned out his reply, the intoxicating scent wafting sensually into his nostrils.

"Oh dear, look how hard you are," Nicole said, reaching for his surging erection. "Hmm, let's see if Mommy can make you feel all better." She circled the immense staff with one hand, and then put her other hand right below that one. With both hands wrapped around his cock, there were still inches left over. With her fingers not even able to touch the palms of her hands, she started to

slowly stroke up and down, her slippery hands leaving behind a glistening coating of the greasy lube.

"Oh fuckkkk," Mitch moaned, loving the feel of his mother's hot slick hands on his cock. She kept moving them up and down slowly, mercilessly, driving him crazy with pleasure as his cock seemed to get harder and harder.

"I think this is gonna be a big one, isn't it, baby? Are you ready to swallow all of that creamy teenage cum?" she asked as she added a torturous corkscrew motion, her fingers stroking from the thick base to the enflamed tip time and time again.

"Yes," he hissed, his tongue instinctively sliding out to circle his waiting mouth. The precum was flowing like crazy from the oozing tip, a glistening river of slimy cock-sap drizzling all over his face. He tried to lick up as much as he could, but he knew she loved to see it glistening on his handsome young face, and purposely moved his dripping cockhead wherever she wanted it.

"Oh my, you are making a mess, aren't you? I think you better come soon so you don't get any of that nasty cum on my sheets." She gripped his cock tighter, and slowly drew her hands up and down, that twisting corkscrew motion taking him right over the edge. She could feel his cock starting to buck in her hands, and knew exactly what was happening. At the last second, she flicked the latch on the side of the cock ring to loosen it, wanting to feed him as much of his own cum as possible.

"Open wide, baby. You don't want to miss any of it," Nicole said. As Mitch eagerly opened his mouth, she pointed the engorged head of his cock right between his parted lips.

"AAAAAHHHH," Mitch gasped, feeling himself starting to ejaculate. As he looked up, he could see the wet red eye at the tip of his cock yawning open wetly, mere inches from his face. The glistening opening turned milky-white for a split second as it filled with cum, and then a long thick ribbon of semen shot forth, the gooey strand of viscous cum spewing deep into his waiting mouth.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Mommy's gonna milk it all out of you," his mother said, pumping up and down on his hard greasy cock as it kept shooting, rope after rope of potent teenage spunk flooding his mouth. Mitch felt his mouth quickly filling, and he swallowed, loving the feel of the silky jizz sliding smoothly down his throat. He opened his mouth wide again, his mother aiming the spewing tip right between his lips as he totally unloaded. He couldn't remember coming this much in his entire life, and he just kept shooting as she kept pumping, her magical slippery hands pulling out more cum than he thought possible.

Nicole smiled as she looked down at her son, his face a mess of his own milky seed. As much as she tried to get it all into his hungry mouth, his twitching body and throbbing prick had the stuff spraying everywhere. There were gobs of the stuff spackling his face, with one big gob dangling from his ear and another matted in his hair. She loved it—loved seeing her son this way—loved her son being her sex toy, willing to do whatever she wished.

Finally, the last tingling twinges of his incredible climax coursed through Mitch, his mother milking out the final drops of silvery semen onto his tongue.

"That's it, baby. I think you got it all," she said, latching the cock ring back into place before releasing his prick. He quickly brought his legs down and collapsed onto the bed, total spent. As Mitch lay there slowly recovering, Nicole pushed the pillows back into a big stack in front of the headboard. She slipped her legs out from under her, nudging Mitch with the pointy tip of one sexy



boot. "Go on, you're in the way." He quickly moved, getting out of her way as she lay back against the stack of pillows, propped up against the headboard. She looked down at her greasy hands, a disgusted look on her face. "Go and get a nice hot facecloth. I want to clean this stuff off my hands."

Mitch scurried to the washroom and ran the water in the sink, waiting for it to get steaming hot before soaking a facecloth. He squeezed off the excess and hurried back to his mother.

"Good, clean these for me," Nicole said, holding her hands out for him one at a time as he obediently cleaned them, wiping off all of the greasy lubricant. "That's good enough. Now go and clean your cock off and then come back here—you've got more work to do." She drew her legs up slowly and let her knees drift apart, Mitch's eyes immediately going to the glistening petals of her wet pink pussy.

He turned and hurried back to the bathroom, soaking the cloth in hot water again before washing off his cock, his member still full and stiff with the help of the cock ring. Wringing out the cloth and setting it aside, he returned to the bedroom in a rush, not wanting to keep his mother waiting.

"That's good. Now get back where you belong," Nicole said, nodding to the gap between her lewdly spread thighs. Mitch crawled onto the bed and moved closer, already licking his lips as he stared at the succulent treasure awaiting him, his mouth watering as he thought about feeding from her juicy cunt once more.

"You can't have that just yet—you need to show me why I should give it to you first," Nicole said, lifting up one foot and putting the sole of her boot on his shoulder, stopping him. "I think you should show me how much you love these boots." She drew her foot back, turning her ankle teasingly in front of his face, the movement causing the red leather to make that sensual stretching noise that only leather can make. The scintillating sound was wickedly erotic, and it sent a jolt of excitement right to his groin. She stopped moving her foot, the pointy tip of her boot directed right at his face.

"Kiss it," his mother commanded. This was something new she'd never done before, but Mitch was shivering with excitement as he pursed his lips and kissed the tip of her boot, his lips making a soft wet smooching sound.

"That's it," Nicole said, a pleased smile on her face. "Kiss it some more." She moved her foot slightly, and Mitch got the idea, placing kisses all over her foot. She let him continue, until her foot glistened with a thin film of his saliva.

"That's good, baby, but I think this is what you really want." She angled her foot upwards, presenting the rapier-like stiletto heel to him. Unsure of what to do, Mitch flicked his eyes up to hers. The wickedly erotic look in her hooded eyes made him shiver, and then she spoke—"Suck it!"

With his heart pounding with excitement, Mitch slipped his mouth over the tip, his lips closing down upon the slender heel. He rolled his tongue over it, coating it with his warm spit as he pursed his lips forward and sucked.

"That's a good boy," Nicole said, slowly moving her leg back and forth, fucking his mouth with the dagger-like stiletto heel. "Yes...very nice. Keep sucking."

She kept this up for a couple of minutes, and then switched to the other boot, having Mitch kiss and lick that one before sliding the 5" heel deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmm. Mommy liked that." She pulled her heel out of his mouth and put her booted feet back on the bed as she drew her knees further up, her pointy heels digging erotically into the mattress. She brought her fingertip down and rubbed it over the erect spire of her clit as Mitch watched, sweating with excitement. "Now, put your mouth right back on here until I tell you to stop. If you do a good job, you might even get to fuck Mommy."

Mitch eagerly dove forward, plastering his face to her sodden trench, his tongue and lips working feverishly.

"Oh yeah, that's Mommy's good boy," Nicole said, lying back and closing her eyes, her fingers running through her son's hair as he feasted on her hot mature pussy.

She kept him there for close to an hour, coming over and over. Mitch had learned to slow down for just the right amount of time after she peaked, and then he'd slowly build her up again, his mouth driving her into a euphoric frenzy before he'd take her back over the top. She continued to reward him every time she came by filling his mouth with her warm womanly nectar, a taste he could never get enough of.

When she'd had enough of that, she instructed him to get between her legs and fuck her, the cock ring making his cock look like a fiery crimson cannon. He took her booted feet in his hands as he kneeled between her parted thighs, raising her legs and pushing his hands far out to each side, spreading her out as far as possible for his upcoming assault. He slid his cock all the way into her velvety Mommy cunt and started fucking her, her booted feet pointing to the top corners of the headboard as he leaned over her and drove her deep into the mattress. She came, and came again, her body thrashing about like a wild thing beneath him.

"Don't come yet," his mother warned. "Mommy wants at least one more before you're allowed to come."

Using all his willpower to suppress the urge to climax, Mitch kept pounding his steely hard prick deep into her, crucifying her as he nailed to the bed.

The sound of the squeaking bed combined with the beating tattoo of the headboard bumping repeatedly against the wall was like an erotic symphony, melding with the nasty slapping of their sweaty bodies to fill the room with the sounds of pure sex.

"Oh fuck...YESSSSSSSS," Nicole wailed, coming again. Seconds later, she gasped out. "One more baby, one more. Don't you fucking dare come yet."

Mitch cringed, the tight cock ring painful as he willed himself to hold off, even as her sizzling mature cunt gripped and pulled at his achingly hard prick. He flexed upwards, concentrating on the sensitive folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, and she came again, screeching in ecstasy as wave after wave of blissful delight coursed through her. He held still as she thrashed about, knowing one false move on his part would have him coming, and he knew he had to wait for permission.

When the mind-numbing sensations finally subsided within her, Nicole looked up at him, her hooded eyes filled with lust. With a wicked smile on her face, she wrapped her legs around him, hooking the ankles of her booted feet over his back. She rolled her hips salaciously, her talented cunt working over his throbbing dick luxuriously. "Okay, baby, you can take that cock ring off. And then I want you to fill Mommy up. Give me every drop you've got inside you."

Mitch reached down and undid the latch on the side of the cock ring, the device easing open enough for him to pull it around and off the immense girth of his rigid prick. Tossing it aside, he growled deep in his throat as he drew back and slammed forward, her crossed legs pulling him even harder against her. He flexed back and gave one more deep hammering thrust into the deepest recesses of her cunt before he went off, the cum rocketing out of him and pasting itself against the gates of her womb.

"OH FUCCCKKKKK!" he roared, throwing his head back as his cock shot rope after rope of thick white cum into her hot oily depths, the steaming tissues inside her gripping and massaging his rigid erection. He totally flooded her with his milky-white semen, the warm spunk rifling out of him powerfully. He pulled back halfway and slammed it home again, the overflowing cum squelching out from their joined bodies as his engorged cock-head battered against her cervix.

"Oh my god, I can feel it shooting into me," his mother said, a lewd smile on her face as she wrapped her arms around his neck as her crossed legs pulled him closer, her MILFish cunt pulling and squeezing his shooting cock. He continued to unload, gobs of pearly jizz spewing forth, until finally, he had nothing left to give, even as the talented muscles inside her milked him for more.

"Oh fuck," Mitch gasped, collapsing on top of her, his chest pressing down on her massive tits. He lay there, his heart pounding as he slowly recovered, totally drained and blissfully spent.

"Mmmm, that was a good one, wasn't it, baby?" Nicole said, rolling her hips salaciously as her booted feet kept his body pressed close to hers. Mitch was unable to even speak, and just lay there, wallowing in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Well, I think you've got some more cleaning up to do now," Nicole said, grabbing his shoulders and rolling him over onto his back. She slid up off his cock, the stiff member coming out of her in a slippery rush. She crawled up over him and grabbed onto the headboard, sitting right down on flushed upturned face.

She rode his face for over half an hour, making sure he sucked out every drop of his tasty cum while bringing her to a couple of orgasms. She made him put the cock ring back on and told him to fist his prick until he was rock-hard again. Throbbing and stiff once more, she sat back down on the blood-engorged lance and rode it, coming that way a couple of times as well. Like before, she forbid him to come until she gave him permission.

When she was ready, she pulled off his cock and laid down on her back, making him kneel next to her, his unsatisfied cock engorged with blood and throbbing with need.

"You can jerk off on my tits," she said, reaching up between his legs and squeezing his cum-filled balls. She told Mitch to use the Vaseline, which she knew he loved.

On his knees next to her, he started to jerk off as she manipulated his heavy nuts, pulling firmly on his sack. When she felt him right on the verge, she reached up with her other hand and snapped open the cock ring, leaving him free to shoot as much as he could. Mitch loved the feeling of being blissfully free of the restricting cock ring, and he shot another massive load, totally covering her chest with his teenage seed.

"You know what to do," was all she had to say as she nodded towards the massive swells of her cum-covered tits. Mitch eagerly leaned over her, his lips and tongue lapping up every warm drop of his cum, her huge breasts gleaming with his spit by the time he was done. As a reward, this time

she lifted her tits right out of her corset, letting him suck on her sensitive nipples as he fingered her to another orgasm.

It went on like this for most of the night, the two of them finally drifting off to sleep with Mitch curled up between her parted legs, his lips resting against her vivid pink labia, just having finished bringing her to one last blissful climax.

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Their life continued down this path for the next few weeks, until one afternoon when Nicole was working at her computer, it beeped, signifying a new e-mail had arrived. She opened her mailbox, once again seeing the name, "Stevens, Brenda". She wondered what her bitch of a mother-in-law wanted this time. She looked over to the subject line next to the name, her eyes opening wide as she read—"Wedding Pics".

"What?" Nicole muttered to herself, her eyebrows arching up curiously. Quickly, she clicked on the message.

*...to be continued...*