

MOM'S BRIDAL LINGERIE CH. 10

rmDEXter

Stacked mom Nicole has a change of heart. Mitch is thrilled.

Incest/Taboo

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Dearest Nicole,

I thought you might like to know the latest news—Richard and Sherri got married this past weekend! I know this may come as a surprise to you, but the two of them are so much in love, I almost can't believe it hasn't happened before this.

"What a fucking bitch," Nicole thought, feeling herself flushing with anger and jealousy already.

It was a quiet affair, out by the pool, with a justice of the peace and a few friends. It was a beautiful day, and the bride and groom looked simply radiant. It's not hard to see how much in love the two of them are. I've never seen Richard look happier in his life.

Nicole felt herself fuming, and her eyes were welling with tears as she continued to read.

It was a much more casual wedding than you and Richard had, of course, and I think Sherri looked absolutely stunning in the little dress she chose. I'm sure you'll agree once you see the pictures I've attached. It's wonderful to see how fantastic these young women can look in these tiny dresses they all seem to wear nowadays.

"Another arrow aimed straight at my heart," Nicole thought—this one about her age.

The two of them are off for a quick one-week honeymoon in Costa Rica, but they'll be taking a longer one in Europe in another month or so. The two of them are going to be living with me here in the house until they find a place of their own, but I don't mind, I've got plenty of room. As far as I'm concerned, the two of them can stay as long as they like. Sherri is such a sweet young thing, and we get along like sisters. It's such a pleasure to have her around.

There it was again, another dig at Nicole, the old bag knowing just as well as Nicole did that the two of them were so much alike that it was hard for them to get along for even a few hours at a time. Nicole could never imagine her and Rick living with Brenda for more than a night or two—and here Brenda was, telling Nicole she hoped Rick and his new bride could stay as long as they wanted. "You really love to rub it in, don't you, you fucking skank," Nicole thought, continuing to read.

The only thing I'm sad about is that poor Mitchell wasn't here for this joyous occasion. I miss my grandson very much, and my thoughts often go to him when I look at Richard, remembering how he was at Mitchell's age. I know Richard is not quite ready to face either one of you just yet, but I am encouraging him to let his feelings towards his son heal, so the two of them can once again be father and son.

Nicole noticed the old cow didn't say anything about Rick's feelings towards her. Although she was shocked that Rick had gotten married so quickly, she also felt bad that Mitch hadn't been there. Once again, she blamed herself for the wedge she'd driven between father and son.

Anyways, I hope this e-mail finds the two of you doing well. I've attached a number of photos from the wedding and the little party we had afterwards. It's a shame that handsome young grandson of mine couldn't be here. Perhaps you could show these to him? I'm sure after seeing how happy his father looks in these pictures, it might encourage Mitchell to ask if he could come and meet his new mother.

As always, your loving mother-in-law,

Brenda

"Come and meet his new mother?" Nicole said to herself as she re-read the last line once more. "Fuck that! That little twat isn't his mother—and she never will be—not if I have anything to say about it!" She knew her mother-in-law was just pushing her buttons, but she also knew it was working—the old bag had definitely gotten under her skin with that comment. Anxious to see what was in the photos, she clicked on the first attachment.

She recognized the happy couple from the previous pictures Brenda had sent some time back, once again these pictures had been taken out by the same pool in Brenda's backyard. In this first shot, Rick was standing with Sherri by his side, his arm around the SHB's back as they posed, both of them smiling happily for the camera. A twinge of jealousy shot through Nicole as she looked at the photo, jealous at how happy both of them looked, and jealous at how young and vibrant the girl appeared.

Sherri was wearing a white minidress, and Nicole could see that the dress was covered with delicate lace, which looked wonderfully feminine and pretty—perfect for a wedding dress. The dress formed to Sherri's spectacular figure attractively, emphasizing her shapely hourglass figure. The sleeveless dress had a deeply scooped neckline, showing off the upper swells of her large breasts. Nicole knew that any man's eyes would be immediately drawn to the deep alluring line of her cleavage, looking a mile long between the two sumptuous orbs. Her large breasts cast devastatingly deep shadows on her trim waist, with the lacy white dress flowing smoothly over her hips before ending teasingly high on her sexy thighs, mere inches below her pussy. It made Nicole wince, knowing that no one over the age of 30 could get away with wearing a dress that provocatively short.

The SHB's shapely legs were bare, and glistened invitingly. It looked to Nicole like they were covered with a thin layer of oil, making them look incredibly sexy. She knew because she'd done the same thing to her legs the day they'd gone to the party at Heather Bradshaw's, the silky leg cream giving off that teasingly sexy look that seemed to make men drool.

Nicole gulped as she looked down at the young woman's feet, sexily clad in pointy white slingbacks with towering 5" stiletto heels. She thought about Mitch, and how much he loved her in her white slingbacks, and knew she'd never be showing these pictures to him.

Sherri was holding a small bouquet of beautiful yellow flowers, the arrangement a gorgeous mix of vibrant lemon-colored lilies combined with delicate baby's breath. It looked perfect with the abbreviated and tantalizingly sexy wedding dress.

Nicole looked up at the girl's face, once again reminded of how beautiful the young woman was as she looked into her gorgeous green eyes, the enchanting orbs glittering like jewels. Her face was beautifully made up, and she looked like the successful model that she was. Her silky black hair framed her lovely features attractively, the shimmering locks pulled up in a loose bun in the back, wispy tendrils of hair trailing teasingly down to lick at her long regal neck. Nicole's eyes focussed on her matching necklace and earrings, the jewels glittering back at her. They looked gorgeous, and Nicole could tell by how understated and sophisticated they looked, that they had to be real

diamonds. These weren't some gaudy rhinestones—no, these were the real thing. She felt her heart sink, knowing that in all likelihood, these had been a gift from Rick to his new bride.

She clicked on the second picture, this one a close-up of the happy couple. Brenda was right—Nicole couldn't remember the last she'd seen Rick look this happy either. As she looked at the girl's face, Nicole had to admit the young woman was stunningly beautiful, and remembering how spectacular the girl's body was from those lingerie photos Brenda had sent last time, she let out a long sigh, feeling crushed.

She clicked on the next photo, and this shot included Brenda, with the two women standing on either side of Rick. As much as she hated the old bitch, Nicole had to admit Brenda looked fantastic in the cream-colored dress she was wearing. The dress fit the older woman's body attractively, tight enough to emphasize her mouth-watering curves, but not too tight to look trampy. Brenda's massive chest and big curvy rear end were the older woman's most attractive features; and the dress made every full curve and deep valley look fantastic. Like many of Brenda's dresses, this one was very low-cut, diving down into a V over her huge tits, her cleavage looking temptingly inviting. Deep shadows fell on Brenda's midsection from the imposing shelf of her tits, and Nicole was impressed by how trim and flat the older woman's stomach was. The cream-colored fabric hugged teasingly to her full rear end, her wide child-bearing hips looking like they were made for bouncing on a bed all night long. The hem of the slim-fitting pencil skirt ended a few inches above her knees, looking fantastic. She had on a pair of bone-colored high-heeled pumps, her smooth legs left bare, and Nicole couldn't believe how great her legs looked for a woman past 55. Nicole was impressed by her mother-in-law's hair, the deep chestnut-red locks falling attractively onto her shoulders as it framed her regal face, the woman being blessed with perfect facial bone structure. For jewelry, she had chosen a set of earrings that matched a chunky necklace made of some kind of dark stone, which offset the cream-colored dress attractively. She had to admit, the woman could still turn heads, that's for sure.

As Nicole looked at that picture of the three of them, her eyebrows went up questioningly. Both women were leaning on Rick from each side, and whereas Sherri had her hand on Rick's chest, Brenda had her hand on her son's upper thigh. All of them had a sly grin on their faces, and Nicole sensed something mischievous in their eyes—as if they all knew something nobody else did. She looked back at that hand of her mother-in-law's on Rick's leg...and she wondered.

There were more pictures, with Brenda in some of those as well. Nicole couldn't help notice how in most of the photos where she was with Rick, she always seemed to be touching him—his arm, his shoulder, the side of his face—in a way that looked oddly different that you would expect to see a mother touching a son. There was one of her giving her son a congratulatory kiss, and as Nicole stared at their two mouths pressed together, she thought that kiss might not be so innocent as most people thought.

"Naaah...I must just be imagining it," Nicole thought, but she couldn't stop her mind from wondering as she looked at all of the photos again, feeling her blood pressure climbing—knowing for sure that her husband was gone for good. She was angry and jealous, the emotions seething within her. She knew exactly who she was going to take her anger out on—the same person who had been the victim of her wrath for months now—Mitch.

She shut her computer off and went to her dressing room, knowing Mitch would be home shortly. She donned her black leather outfit, complete with stiletto-heeled thigh boots. She opened the package that had been delivered earlier that day—the strapon she'd had made from the mold of Mitch's very own cock. She'd told him she was going to make a dildo out of it for her own use, but

she'd known right from the start that this is what she'd wanted it for, to make strapon to use on him—to fuck him with the perfect likeness of his own huge cock. She fastened it in place, the huge rubber phallus projecting from her midsection like an enormous bludgeon, complete with bulging veins and a huge flaring cock-head, as lifelike as the real thing.

She sat at her dressing table and reached for her makeup brush, selecting a dark smoky tone for her eye shadow, wanting to look as menacing as possible for when her son came home. But when she looked up at the face staring back at her in the mirror, she stopped, shocked by the morbid smile on the woman's face before her. She sat stock still, staring at the woman, her mind swirling. Was...was that woman really her? She barely recognized the woman as herself. Who had she become these last number of months? What had happened to her? She felt herself trembling as she looked at herself, thinking of all the things she'd done. It was too late for her and Rick, she knew that. But Mitch, what about Mitch? He had been obsessed with her, fallen in love with her, worshipped her—and once she had him, she'd taken advantage of that. All the things she'd done to the boy who only wanted to love her hit her like a ton of bricks, and she felt ashamed, ashamed of how she'd treated him. She dropped her makeup brush and wept, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she buried her face in hands, her body wracked by sobs of misery, hoping it wasn't too late.

"Mom, I'm home," Mitch called out his usual greeting as he came through the door.

"I'm in here, sweetie." His mother's voice came from the kitchen, making him pause. Usually when he got home from his summer job at the lumberyard, he'd go straight to his mother's room, where he'd usually find her spread out with her bum perched high in the air, waiting for him to use his mouth to pleasure her bumhole and pussy before the two of them had dinner. It had been a long time since she'd been in the kitchen when he got home—something had to be up.

The mouth-watering scent of warm garlicky spaghetti sauce hit Mitch's nostrils as soon as he walked into the kitchen. His mother was standing before the stove, spooning a plateful of spaghetti into a deep-dished pasta bowl.

"Hi, sweetie. I made your favorite," she said cheerfully, ladling a couple of scoopfuls of the aromatic sauce on top of the pasta.

Mitch saw the tiny meatballs in the thick red sauce, and felt himself salivating in anticipation. His mother's homemade spaghetti sauce with tiny meatballs had always been his favorite, ever since he was a child. It had been a long time since his mother had made it—he couldn't remember her making it since his father had left.

"I had some of this sauce in the freezer, but I think it's still good. Does it smell okay?" she asked as Mitch watched her sprinkle some fresh parmesan on top of it.

"It smells amazing," Mitch said, totally bewildered by his mother's behavior. He looked at her as she held her fingers over his plate, sprinkling a handful of the finely grated cheese onto the steaming pasta. She wore a powder blue blouse with little capped sleeves, a number of the buttons undone at the top of the blouse to give him a glimpse of her inviting cleavage. The blouse strained around her generous bustline, the light blue color looking perfect with her blue eyes. Below that she had on a white cotton miniskirt that fit her curvy behind enticingly and ended teasingly high on her full creamy thighs. Her tanned legs were bare, and on her feet she wore a pair of flat strappy white sandals. Her outfit looked casual, but still stunningly attractive.

Mitch looked up to her face. She had just a touch of makeup on, a hint of pink for her eyeshadow, and soft pink lip gloss that made her lips shine invitingly. Her honey-blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, showing off her lovely features, beautiful even without makeup. With her hair up she looked younger and her face seemed to be glowing with a hint of playfulness. Mitch felt himself smiling as he looked at her. He found himself thinking that she looked...that she looked happy.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked, having been a long time since he'd seen his mother look like this.

"I'm fine, Mitch," she said, walking over and giving him a quick peck on the cheek before setting his plate down in front of him. She gave him a smile as she pushed him into his chair. "Now eat." She had a playful tone to her voice as she went back to the sink and washed her hands while Mitch picked up his knife and fork and dug in.

"Oh Mom, this is fantastic," Mitch said, the rich savory flavor of his mother's homemade sauce tasting like heaven on his tongue.

"I'm so glad you like it," Nicole said, taking her seat next to his and patting his arm.

"You're not eating?" Mitch asked, shoving the second forkful into his mouth.

"I'm going to have something to eat a little later." Nicole paused, and Mitch saw a serious look come over her face. "Mitchell, I...I want to apologize to you."

"Uh...why?"

"These last months, I don't think I've been myself. I was so angry with what I did to our family that I took it out on you, without even realizing it."

Mitch could see her eyes misting up, and he felt horrible for her. "But Mom, I'm just as much to blame as anybody."

"No, Mitchell—as the adult, I should have known better. Don't you ever think this is your fault." She paused, stroking Mitch's arm as she gathered herself. "I took a good hard look at myself today, and I felt ashamed of the way I've been treating you. You only wanted to love me, and I took advantage of that—taking my anger at the world out on you. You don't deserve that, and I'm truly sorry."

Mitch could see her fighting back the tears, but he could tell she wasn't going to lose it. He sensed that she'd come to some sort of conclusion, and was just working up to telling him. "That's okay, Mom. I know it's been a hard time for all of us. I have to admit, I liked making you happy, no matter what you asked me to do. And I do still love you, Mom—no matter what. I always have, and I always will."

Mitch could see her misty eyes light up as she beamed with happiness. She squeezed his arm tightly as she smiled. "I know, Mitchell. I love you so much too. I want us to go back—to go back to the way we felt about each other that first weekend. You were so happy that weekend, and I miss seeing that happiness in your eyes. I want that back for you—and for me. I want you in my bed as my lover each and every night—and I'll do whatever I can to make that up to you."

Mitch felt his heart swell. This was exactly what he'd always dreamed of. "Oh Mom, I love you so much."

Nicole leaned forward and they kissed passionately, tenderly—the kiss of lovers. They kissed for a long time before they slowly parted, their foreheads leaning against each other's tenderly for a

moment before they parted.

"Mom, you are so beautiful." Mitch's face shone with joy as he looked at his mother, but even as she leaned forward in her chair, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift down to her deep dark line of cleavage visible in the opening at the throat of her blouse.

Nicole saw where he was looking, and couldn't help but smile. She was hoping her choice of this blouse and the white power bra she wore beneath would please her son, and it looked like it was. She reached up, her fingers toying with the next button on her blouse. "Would this help your appetite?" she asked, plucking open the button to allow the straining shirt to open wider. Mitch could only nod, mesmerized by the sight of the upper swells of her huge tits coming into view as the tightly-stretched blouse drew further apart.

"Hmmm, maybe another?" Nicole asked teasingly as she opened the next button, most of her bra coming into view as she opened that button, and the next one after that.

"Ohhhnnn..." Mitch couldn't help but groan as his mother opened her blouse right up and let it slip from her shoulders, her massive 36E breasts alluringly encased in a beautiful white lace bra, the structured cups barely covering her nipples. The voluminous orbs almost spilled over the huge bra cups, the reinforcing pushing her breasts together and up spectacularly.

"That should help make you hungrier. Now, I did say I was going to have something to eat too, didn't I?" Nicole said as she slipped to her knees beneath the table. "I think a bellyful of thick teenage cum is just what I need." Mitch watched, totally shell-shocked, as she reached for his belt and pulled off his jeans and underwear, his already stiff prick lurching skyward as soon as she had it free.

"So beautiful," she cooed warmly as she extended her tongue and licked it from base to tip, before kissing the broad flared head tenderly. "Remember I said someday I wanted to spend the whole night sucking on this thing, just to see how many loads I could get out of it?"

"Yes," Mitch nodded in agreement as she paused to slide her long pink tongue over the drooling opening at tip of his cock.

"Well, I think that night should be tonight. So you just sit back and enjoy your dinner while Mommy gets started. You eat your dinner, 'cause I want you to have lots of energy to fill my tummy too."

Having said that, Nicole leaned forward and slipped her soft pouty lips over his enflamed cock-head and started sucking. Mitch was too excited to even think about eating, but after taking the first load out of him, she made him eat while she slowly nursed at his spent prick, quickly bringing that immense cylinder of flesh back to full salute once more.

She took two loads out of him as he sat at the table, and then a further two while he was watching the game on TV. She then changed into a sexy red teddy as she made him go on his computer and bring up some of his Photoshopped pictures.

Mitch was in heaven, having his mother suck him non-stop as he looked at many of the pictures he had of her in his collection. She took another two loads out him there, and then took him by the hand and dragged him into her bed. She kept him waiting while she went into her dressing room and changed again, this time into an alluring black mesh bodysuit that ran from the tips of her toes to her neck, and down to her wrists, the scintillating black mesh covering nearly her whole body. She paired this tantalizing outfit with a pair of black spike-heeled pumps.

Mitch's cock was on the rise as soon as he saw his mother in the sexy outfit. "Oh god, Mom. Can I fuck you?" he asked as he reached for her.

"Not tonight, sweetheart. Tonight I'm sucking every last load out of you. Tomorrow's Friday, so once you get home from work, you can fuck me as much as you want, for as long as you want—but tonight, I want that beautiful cock of yours right here," she said, pointing to her sexy ovalled lips before crawling between his legs and slipping her mouth back over his stiffening prick.

She worked him over with her mouth for the rest of the night. Mitch felt himself drifting off to sleep at times, but could feel his mother's talented mouth working its magic even as slumber overtook him. He woke up numerous times during the night, just before he'd go off, flooding his mother's hot sucking mouth over and over as she ravenously sucked for more.

The beeping of the alarm woke him, and he sat up on his elbows, looking down to see his mother bobbing her head up and down. He could feel his cock was hard as rock, and now she was scratching teasingly around the taut skin of the base with her talon-like nails. The feeling of that tantalizing scratching was all it took to send him over the edge one more time.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk," he moaned, collapsing back into the pillows and throwing his arm over his face as he flooded her mouth with another big load, splashing her tonsils with hot thick cum. His mother kept sucking for a long time, making sure she got every warm silky drop inside her.

"Mmmm. I don't think I'm gonna need breakfast after all that," she said, kissing the tip of his spent cock tenderly.

"How many is that?" Mitch asked, propping himself up on his elbows once more.

"That's an even dozen since we started," Nicole said, rubbing his semi-hard dick lovingly against her face. "Shall we go for one more?" She teasingly slipped her lips back over the tip and looked down at Mitch as she started to bob her head, a devilish glint in her eye.

"Fuck me," Mitch said, collapsing back into the sheets in surrender.

Twenty minutes later, his mother got her thirteenth dose of medicine, and then ushered Mitch into the shower.

He got through his day's work like a zombie, having gotten some sleep, but having no idea how much. As the day went on, he seemed to come alive, thinking about the weekend ahead with his mother. He planned on fucking her all weekend long, and he hoped she took the opportunity to get some sleep during the day while he was at work—she was definitely going to need it.

When he got home, he called and she answered from her bedroom. When he got to the door, he stood stock-still as he looked inside. His mother stood before him, wearing her wedding dress—just like she'd worn it that first time they made love all those months ago.

"I put this on just for you," Nicole said, beckoning Mitch to come to her.

Mitch rushed to her and swept her up in his arms, his lips pressing hotly to hers. The wedding dress stayed on for awhile, but not too long. He wanted to see the bewitchingly enchanting lingerie he knew she had on underneath, and once he got the dress off, his hands roamed hungrily over her spectacular body.

They fell onto the bed, and put it to the test over the rest of the weekend, the springs squeaking and complaining in protest as they fucked in every position imaginable. When they weren't fucking, they were holding each other, talking and laughing like the lovers they had become, both of them gloriously happy.

MANY MILES AWAY, ON SHERRI AND RICK'S WEDDING NIGHT...

Rick withdrew until only the head of his cock remained inside Sherri's steaming cunt, the pink lips of her pussy circling his prick possessively. He had her folded up like a pretzel, her nylon-clad legs and stiletto-heeled feet pointing skyward.

"Come on, lover, give it to me. Fuck me hard," she said, reaching down and gripping the sheets tightly as Rick slammed it into her, driving her deep into the mattress.

Rick looked down at his new bride, thrilled by the scintillatingly sexy outfit she was wearing. Her corset was the color of brilliant emerald green, covered with lacy black embroidery—the emerald color looking sensational with her compelling green eyes. The black shoulder straps and garters contrasted boldly with her alabaster skin and inky black hair to make her look bewitchingly enchanting. He felt his cock surge as he looked down at her huge breasts, the massive swells of tit-flesh jiggling and wobbling enticingly within the alluring bra cups as his hips slammed back and forth. She was wearing her diamond necklace and earrings, and they looked sinfully exciting with the erotic lingerie.

The bed was squeaking like crazy, and Rick kept going, jackhammering his thrusting erection to the bottom of her hot cunt with each full-length stroke, the slick oily tissues inside her pulling at his hard prick like a velvety fist. She shook her ass and bucked her hips up to him as they worked together in a blistering rhythm, fucking like animals.

They'd been going at it now for close to twenty minutes, and Rick had been on the verge a couple of times, slowing down just in time to suppress the swelling urges within him, wanting to prolong this delicious fuck. Sherri had already come twice, and the ease with which she could climax never ceased to amaze him. She was insatiable as anything, always wanting more, craving his cock like a nympho.

He looked at her lush red mouth, her lips parted as she gasped wantonly. Her mouth was almost as good as her cunt—which was outstanding. Her pussy was hot and tight, and always bubbling with slick oily nectar. It could grip a cock like it never wanted to let go, and she proved that by working his prick over and over with her talented cunt, the muscles inside her bringing him back to erection faster than he ever thought possible. And that mouth—yes—that gorgeous heart-shaped mouth—a mouth just made for sucking cock. And man, did she love to suck cock—just as much as she loved to fuck. She sucked like a vacuum cleaner, her cheeks hollowing in invitingly to press teasingly against his rigid shaft, her lips pursed provocatively forward as her head bobbed incessantly up and down every time she sucked him off. She'd moan continuously as she sucked, her soft purrs and lustful moans like the lurid sound of an animal in heat, wanting more and more. He thought about all of her hot wet orifices. When his cock wasn't inside one of her holes, she always had another hole eagerly willing to be of service.

Rick smiled as he continued to feed his turgid erection into the depths of her incendiary cunt, watching her shake and thrash about as she pulled him deeper into her, wanting to feel every hard

thick inch of his cock stretching and filling her weeping little box. He pulled back and slammed it home, bottoming out once more.

"Oh fuck...yes...yes...YESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Sherri groaned loudly as she came again, a powerful orgasm blossoming from the depths of her squeezing snatch and shooting to every tingling nerve ending of her body.

When she started to come, it sent Rick over the edge as well. He drew back one last time and hammered his cock to the bottom of her cunt, just as the first rope of semen spewed from the tip of his cock.

"UHHHHGGGGNNNN," he groaned, pressing his loins flush up against her shaven pussy as he came, flooding her juicy trench with cum.

Sherri was thrashing about like a wildcat, her hips bucking and twisting as she climaxed, her gripping twat squeezing his cock, milking out every last drop of his masculine seed. She could feel Rick filling her right up, and loved it. Loved knowing his thick creamy cum was deep inside her.

Their mutual orgasms finally waned, and they held tight to each other, gasping as they fought to regain their breath.

"Well, that looked like fun," Rick's mother's voice reached them from across the room. They both looked over to see the matriarch rising from the easy chair she'd been watching from, her buxom form looming over them imposingly as she approached the bed.

Brenda was dressed in full leather, something her son loved to see her in. Her black leather corset fit her voluptuous figure spectacularly, the heavily-structured bra cups beautifully encasing her voluminous breasts. The massive swells jiggled enticingly as she strode across the room, her thigh-high black leather boots giving her an ominously erotic look. The boots were fetishily perverse, with wickedly pointy toes and sky-high heels that looked like they could pierce steel. She knew her son had always loved her in boots like that.

Her arms were clad in shoulder-length gloves of black kid, the leather sinfully soft. Around her neck she wore a choker made of black jewels, the wide band looking erotically sexy. She wore matching drop earrings, the black stones dangling teasingly. Her chestnut red hair was fluffy and wild-looking, falling about her shoulders sensually as it framed her attractive mature face, her makeup done up in heavy smoky tones that looked wickedly erotic.

"Our sweet boy's been very good, hasn't he, Sherri?" Brenda said, running her gloved hands over Rick's firm buttocks.

"Mmmm, yes," Sherri purred, rolling her hips suggestively. "He's been as good as you promised."

"I knew he would be, just like he was as a teenager. He was always so willing to please—and so good at it." She paused, running her gloved fingertips up along his back. "Okay, Richard dear, time to clean up that sweet pussy of your wife's," Brenda said, tapping her son on his shoulder.

Rick withdrew from his young wife's gripping cunt, his spent cock coming out in a slippery rush. Not wanting to disappoint his mother or his gorgeous young wife, he swooped down on her drooling gash, licking up the warm creamy cum oozing out of her.

"I do like the look of that. I could go for some of that myself," Brenda said, climbing onto the bed and slinging her leg over her new daughter-in-law's body, bringing her mature cunt right down on

the young girl's mouth as she faced the bottom of the bed, eager to see her son pleasure his new wife. Brenda settled right down in the saddle, her sumptuous rear end covering Sherri's face as the girl sent her tongue between the older woman's fleshy pink labia.

"Mmmm, that's the way, Sherri. Let me feel that tongue go nice and deep." Brenda rocked her wide matronly hips back and forth as she rode the girl's face, feeling her pleasure level escalate in a hurry. She'd gotten turned on watching the two of them fuck, and now it was her turn to get some pleasure.

As Rick sucked all of his cum out of his wife's juicy cunt, he flicked his eyes up, his gaze feasting on the spellbinding sight of his mother dressed so erotically. Seeing his mother dressed in leather like this never ceased to give him a hardon, the sight of her spectacular breasts teasingly encased in the structured leather cups sending the blood pulsing to his groin every time.

"You like these, eh baby?" Brenda said, slipping her gloved hands beneath her overflowing bra cups and hefting the sumptuous mounds towards her son. She'd seen him looking at her, and knew how much he loved her tits. They'd spent many a night together with him groping and sucking on those massive breasts all night long.

"Yes," Rick said, feeling himself salivating even more as he looked up at his mother's huge tits looming over him. He never missed a beat though, his tongue probing deep into his young wife's seeping pussy as he continued to service her.

"If you're a good boy, you might get to see them later," Brenda said with a sly smile on her face, her gloved hands sliding sensually down over the leather bodice of her alluring corset. She knew her son loved this little bit of teasing, just as she knew she'd be feeling his sweet lips on her nipples soon enough.

Rick watched mesmerized as her hand slid lower, her slender fingers going to her labia and pulling the gooey petals apart. With her mature pussy being totally clean-shaven, he could see the erect spire of her clit throbbing with need, still the biggest clit he had ever seen in his life.

"Bring that pretty little mouth of yours right here, Richard," his mother said, purposely putting a commanding tone in her voice, knowing Rick loved to play this way. As she watched him stare hungrily, she brought her gloved finger down and rubbed the tip of her clit suggestively. Beneath her hand, Rick could see his wife's tongue slithering hungrily in and out of his mother's pussy, and he felt a rush of excitement. He leaned forward and brought his mouth to his mother's throbbing mound, his lips closing around her pulsing clit.

"Oh yeah, that's what I like—two sweet mouths working on me at the same time." Brenda closed her eyes in rapture as the two mouths worked her over, quickly taking her to the brink. She rocked back and forth on Sherri's upturned face, her gloved hands fisted into her son's hair as she pulled him harder against the fiery bud of her tingling clit.

"That's it...that's it...OH FUCCCCCKKKK," she moaned, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she climaxed. Her cunt was gushing like crazy, spewing warm nectar all over their two faces as she rocked back and forth, surrendering herself to the luxurious sensations flowing through her. Her wide hips rolled all over Sherri's pretty face as she came, basting the girl's soft smooth skin with cunt-honey. Finally, the delicious sensations dwindled, and she eased herself off, smiling as she looked down at the girl's sticky face.

"Go on, Richard," she said. "You know what to do." She slid off the bed and walked slowly back to the easy chair she'd been sitting in earlier, sitting down and crossing one booted leg provocatively over the other as she sat back and watched them.

Rick eagerly leaned forward and rolled his tongue over Sherri's face, lapping up his mother's warm womanly nectar. He could never get enough of his mother's succulent cunt-honey, and he was thrilled that his new wife was more than willing to share in the strangely intimate relationship he had with his mother. The young girl was purring like a kitten as he cleaned her up, licking up every trace of his mother's scented honey. Soon all that was left on her smooth young skin was a shimmering coating of his drying saliva.

"Okay, Sherri, time to start opening him up. I want you to use The Cobra on him," Brenda instructed.

Sherri climbed out of the bed, her mouth-watering hourglass figure looking absolutely stunning in the emerald-green corset and sheer black hose, her sky-high black pumps making her shapely legs look amazingly toned and incredibly sexy. Going over to the dresser in her mother-in-law's bedroom, she opened the top drawer, seeing the array of numerous strap-ons laid out before her. She selected the one her mother-in-law wanted, The Cobra, a lifelike dick with a fake snakeskin finish measuring about 6" long.

Sherri put it on quickly, knowing exactly how the device fastened. She was intimately familiar with Brenda's myriad of toys, which were much like her own. Sherri was envious of the older women, who had a much bigger collection—not only of toys—but of the fetish wardrobe that went with it. Sherri looked forward to the day her personal collection was as extensive and diverse as Brenda's, and she was grateful to the older woman for allowing her to share in this curious peccadillo they both enjoyed.

One day when her mother had some friends over for one of those sex toy parties, as a lark, Sherri decided to attend, just to see what kinds of things the sales rep, who acted as the party "hostess", had to show. Brenda had been quick to spot Sherri's interest in the strap-ons the hostess had in her case of goodies. As some of the other attendees moved on to something else and left Sherri on her own studying the contents of the case, Brenda sidled over next to her and whispered, "That one's good if you're starting to open him up," she said, pointing to one of the smaller ones. She then moved her hand, reaching over and putting her index finger on the biggest one in the case. "But this one—this is the one I use when I want to drive my point home, if you know what I mean."

Sherri found her heart pounding with excitement as she looked up into the older woman's attractive face, a nasty glint in the woman's eyes. They started talking, and soon found they shared a number of mutual interests, including their proclivity for using strap-ons on men. Brenda invited her to her house to view her collection of sexual paraphernalia, and Sherri was thrilled to find a kindred spirit when it came to her lurid desires. Brenda started mentoring Sherri, taking the younger woman under her wing, advising her when it came to not only her wardrobe, but how to coerce and engage her sexual partners when it came to the lifestyle of dominance and submission. Brenda had been pleased to see what a quick learner and willing student Sherri was when it came to being a part-time dominatrix, and when her son returned home after his breakup with Nicole, she knew they'd be perfect together.

Brenda had taught her son how to worship her since he was a teenager, and he'd often come home even after he was married to Nicole to pleasure her. When Richard had returned home after the breakup, Brenda had eagerly taken him back into her bed, letting him suckle her big heavy tits like a baby, as long as he did his duties and worshipped her needy cunt and hot bumhole whenever she

asked. She knew Richard loved to be submissive and used at times, and they'd had a deep loving relationship with that understanding since he was a teenager, both of them knowing what the other wanted—and needed. Brenda loved her son very much, and in all the role-playing they did, she was always careful to never cause him pain. They both tested the limits sometimes, but they loved each other too much to go beyond what was safe and enjoyable for both. Although Rick preferred being submissive, there were times when they switched roles, with both of them loving Rick taking the dominant role, his mother eager and willing to service her son's beautiful cock with all three of her willing holes. And when it came to straight sex, he was a wonderful lover, with a gorgeous cock and magical tongue, always bringing his mother to orgasm after orgasm with his skillful lovemaking.

Brenda couldn't wait to introduce him to the young woman she'd met, Sherri, knowing the two of them were made for each other. Richard and Sherri had gotten along better than she'd ever anticipated, even to the point of the two of them getting married. Brenda couldn't have been happier—for all three of them.

"That's good, Sherri. That one will get him loosened up for me," Brenda said, nodding to the rubber phallus projecting from Sherri's loins. She turned to her son, sitting on the bed and watching. "Richard sweetie, you know what to do. Get your pretty young wife ready."

"Yes, Mother," Rick said obediently, opening up the drawer in the bedside table and taking out a tube of KY. He got down on his knees and crawled to his young wife as she turned and faced him, her hands fisted on her sexy hips, looking down at him with a knowing smile on her pretty face. He drizzled some of the glistening lube onto her fake cock, and then started sliding his hand back and forth, covering it from top to bottom with the shiny goo.

"That's the way, darling," Sherri said, looking down lovingly at her new husband. "Get that cock nice and slippery before I put it all the way into you."

"Yes, Mistress." Once he had her rubber cock totally covered, he squeezed some of the slippery gel onto his fingertip and slid his hand down between his legs, rubbing the lubricant all around his asshole.

"That's good enough, Richard. I think you're both ready now," Brenda said. Rick scurried back onto the bed, taking his place in the middle of the mattress. Brenda turned to Sherri. "Lock him in place—I don't want him moving." She knew her son loved this too.

Sherri reached up and took Rick's hand, pulling it up and securing it in place with the fur-lined handcuffs already attached to the corner posts of the headboard. With Rick's arms spread far out to each side, Sherri climbed onto the bed as Rick obediently drew his legs up and rolled his knees open to each side, offering up his bumhole for her use.

"I'm glad you bleached it like I told you to," Brenda said, a sly smile on her face as she looked at her son's clean pink hole.

Sherri moved closer between her husband's spread legs, leaning forwards until she had the tip of the rubber cock nestled up tightly to his snug little hole. She pushed forward, feeling his tight pucker instinctively resist.

"Relax that hole, baby, let that ease open for me. I know you're gonna love this," Sherri said lovingly, taking her husband's knees in her hands and pushing his legs higher, opening him up as much as possible. She flexed her hips forward again, knowing that Rick would do as she asked. She felt his sphincter relax, the bulbous knob of her rubber dick slipping inside him. Once the tight ring

locked down behind the head, she kept going, slowly feeding it all the way into him. "That's it, baby ...take it all. Take all of my cock inside you."

"Aaahhhhhh," Rick moaned, the fake dick stretching his insides deliciously. Ever since his mother took his anal virginity when he was a teenager, Rick has always loved having a woman fuck him. He'd kept this secret hidden from Nicole, thinking she'd be enough for him—but he couldn't deny the urges within his needy body—often returning home to have his mother fuck him—nice and deep, over and over.

"Now, just relax, baby, I'm gonna work that hole, work it over real good," Sherri said, rolling her hips in a tantalizing circle, stirring Rick's insides like a batch of wet cement. She got into a good rhythm, the headboard beating against the wall, the bed creaking in protest as she fucked every inch of the rubber dong into his chute, her groin slapping noisily against his.

"That's what I like to see," Brenda said, watching her son's cock start to rise once more as Sherri's hips pumped back and forth, fucking her son. The older woman felt her pussy throb with need and got up from her chair, stepping over to the dresser drawer and taking out a bigger strapon, the one that her son loved best—The Vader—a life-like monstrous black cock, adorned with protruding veins and a broad helmet-like crown. She slipped it on as her new daughter-in-law continued to fuck her son, her son's body glistening with sweat. His eyes were hooded with lustful pleasure as his new wife pounded him into the mattress, while continuous moans of pleasure issued from deep within his throat.

"Okay, Sherri, let me take over," Brenda said, tapping the young woman on the shoulder. Sherri slid the strapon out of Rick and stepped off the bed, looking down at the immense black prick jutting from Brenda's midsection.

"You're really gonna use The Vader on him?" Sherri asked, her eyes opening wide in surprise. "Do you think he can take it?"

"Oh, he can take it all right. There are much bigger ones, but this one's always been Richard's favorite," Brenda replied, a wicked smile on her face as she kneeled on the bed and moved between her son's spread legs, her big buxom body looking wickedly erotic in her leather corset and full-length boots, her huge tits thrusting forward in a bewitching display of sensual pulchritude. She took the big rubber cock in her gloved hand and waved it menacingly over her son. "You can take every last inch of this, can't you, baby?"

"Yes," Rick answered eagerly, his eyes shining with desire as he looked at the head of the black life-like cock, the flared mushroom head shaped like Darth Vader's helmet.

"He's been taking this since he was 18," Brenda said, looking over at Sherri with a knowing smile on her face. "Yes, he loves this one."

Sherri watched in awe as her mother-in-law pressed the broad flared crown of the rubber dick up against Rick's pouting bumhole. She could see him resisting again, and wasn't surprised—the fake cock was big enough to make her tremble in fear at the idea of taking it in any of her holes.

"Relax and open that up for me, baby. Time for Momma to take you over to the dark side," Brenda said in a soft soothing voice, her eyes full of mischief as she looked down at her son. Sherri looked at Rick and saw a shiver run down his spine as he forcibly relaxed, looking down to see the stretched puckered flesh around his pink hole ease open as he relaxed. Brenda pressed forward, the ring stretching open as it formed to the flaring contours of the evil-looking cock-head. It stretched

and stretched until Sherri thought it was going to tear, and then the knob slipped past, the constricting ring circling tight just beneath the brim of the helmet.

"There, that's my boy. That's better. I know you don't like to disappoint Mommy." Brenda shifted her booted knees slightly apart, giving herself a better stance as she started to flex forward, inch after inch of the thick rubber cock disappearing inside her son's clutching bumhole. As the massive knob slid over his prostate, Rick felt a surge go straight to his cock, quickly followed by a rush of blood to his already stiff prick. With a knowing smile on her face, Brenda slowly drove the huge cock all the way into her son's hot tight chute, until her loins were pressed flush up against his, every thick rubber inch inside him.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkk," Rick moaned, his eyes closing in both pain and rapture as his head lolled from side to side on the pillow, the handcuffs still holding his arms spread far out to each side—totally helpless, but blissfully happy.

Brenda slowly drew back, the black rubber cock glistening obscenely. She stopped with the helmet still lodged just inside the gripping sphincter, and flexed her hips back and forth teasingly, the huge flared head rubbing right against his prostate.

"Is this what you want, baby? Do you want Mommy to fuck you nice and deep with every inch of her big thick cock?" she asked in a sultry breathy voice, rocking her wide matronly hips provocatively back and forth, teasing his prostate mercilessly.

"Oh god, yes."

"What do you say?" Brenda asked sternly, looking over her shoulder and giving Sherri a knowing wink.

"Please, Mommy, please," Rick hurriedly replied.

"Please...what?"

"Please fuck me, Mommy. Fuck me deep."

Without another word, Brenda torturously slid the big cock home, bottoming out inside her son's beckoning chute with one slow merciless stroke.

"Uhnngghh," Rick groaned loudly, throwing his head back as his mother started to really fuck him. His cock was hard as a rock, drooling precum all over his abdomen as the enormous cockhead rubbed thrillingly over his throbbing prostate with each vigorous thrust.

Sherri sat on the edge of the bed and reached over, scratching her long red fingernails teasingly over Rick's chest as the skin turned pink beneath, like rake marks in sand. "He really does love it, doesn't he?"

"Oh yeah," Brenda said, flexing her wide hips powerfully back and forth. "He's always loved it. Ever since I opened up that tight teenage bum of his, he couldn't get enough."

"Look at his cock throb. It looks like it's going to burst."

"He loves what this big one does to his prostate." The buxom older woman rolled her hips provocatively, making Rick moan deeply. "I think he's going to come soon. Why don't you give your husband a little wedding gift and suck him off while I'm fucking him?"

Sherri leaned over Rick's midsection as his mother continued to fuck him. Her tongue slid out of her mouth and into the slimy pool of precum on his stomach, lapping it all up. She turned her mouth sideways and formed her mouth into an inviting 'O', slipping her lips over his drooling cockhead and taking it deep into her mouth, her cheeks caving in erotically as she sucked.

"Yeah, that's it. That's a good girl. He's gonna give you a nice big mouthful pretty soon," Brenda said, a lascivious smile on her face. She flexed her hips upwards, rubbing the flared knob of The Vader teasingly over her son's sensitive prostate.

"Oh fuck...fuck...YESSSSSSSSSS," Rick groaned loudly as he started to climax. The mind-numbing sensations had started deep inside him and shot throughout his body, a river of cum rifling out of this throbbing cock and into Sherri's avidly sucking mouth.

"Glmphh," she moaned, her cheeks filling with his thick pasty seed. Her mouth filled quickly as his prick continued to spew, flooding her mouth with milky semen. She swallowed, loving the feel of the silky baby batter sliding luxuriously down her throat.

Brenda smiled as she looked down at the two little love-birds—her gorgeous protégé and her loving son, her pretty new daughter-in-law sucking on her boy's cock as she pegged him nice and deep, her fake cock filling his tight little chute as he begged for more. What more could a loving mother ask?

Rick was in heaven, back where he belonged, with his sexy experienced mother pounding his favorite strapon into him, while his sexy new wife was learning just what he liked from the older woman. His cock continued to buck and twitch between Sherri's sucking lips, flooding her mouth with his milky cum. Finally, the tingling contractions waned, and he collapsed back into the bed, his handcuffed wrists still stretched out to each corner of the headboard.

"Did you like that, Sherri?" Brenda asked. "I know he did."

Sherri slipped her lips off Rick's cock and sat up, a glistening white trickle leaking from the corner of her mouth. Her tongue slid out and captured the shimmering gob, drawing it right back into her mouth. She swallowed. "Mmmm, god yes. I can't believe how much he came."

"Yes, he always comes a lot when you fuck him nice and deep with this one." Brenda sat back on her stiletto heels, The Vader sliding out of Rick's stretched bumhole until the broad rubber helmet popped out, the lengthy shaft of the fake cock glistening obscenely. "He did very well. I think he deserves a kiss after that."

The two women exchanged a smile and sat on each side of Rick. They took turns kissing him for the next ten minutes or so, sometimes the three of them sharing the kiss together, the two women letting their tongues slide into each other's mouths as well. Rick loved to see them kiss, the sight of the two sexy women rolling their tongues against each other's was just as thrilling to him as being kissed by each. He couldn't believe how perfectly things had been going since his mother had introduced him to Sherri. He'd been shattered after what had happened with Nicole and Mitch, and now he felt happier than he'd ever been.

"Let him loose," Brenda said to Sherri, nodding towards the handcuffs securing Rick's wrists. As Sherri undid the manacles, Brenda unfastened the strapon and set it aside. As soon as Rick was free, he instinctively rubbed his wrists, even though the cuffs had been fur lined.

"I've got another little wedding present for each of you," Brenda said, reaching into another of her dresser drawers and taking out two rectangular-shaped jewelry boxes. She handed the first one to Sherri, who smiled happily as she opened the box.

"Oh Brenda, it's beautiful," the young woman said as she pulled a shiny chrome-covered neckband out of the velvet-lined box and immediately put it on. The wide metal band was almost tear-drop shaped, with the widest part falling high on Sherri's chest, the tear-drop shape subtly pulling your eye downwards towards her sumptuous cleavage. The bright silver band narrowed as it went up each side of her throat before fastening at the back of her neck. The brilliant chrome finish was gorgeous, and shone mirror-like in the warm ambler glow from the bedroom lamps. The band looked powerful, and yet definitely feminine at the same time. Sherri thought it was perfect—just as Brenda had thought when she saw it—knowing it would be the ideal gift for her new daughter-in-law.

Rick opened his next, and drew out a black leather dog collar, adorned with numerous glittering rhinestone studs running around it. The leather was sinfully soft, and felt luxuriously exquisite to the touch. Rick ran his fingers over the supple leather, and then over the gorgeous stones. This wasn't some cheap and nasty piece of crap bought from the local sex shop—no, Rick could tell that this must have been specially made. As he turned it over, he saw the inside of the collar had been engraved with a leather-burning tool: "For Richard, with all my love, Mother."

His eyes got misty with emotion and the women saw him almost trembling with anticipation as he reached forward towards Brenda. "Mother, would you, please?" he asked, reaching out and handing the collar to his mother. She did the honors, slipping it around his neck and fastening it securely, the soft-as-sin collar fitting him perfectly. She knew this was something her son had always wanted when they'd played their little games, and she'd had it made especially for him.

"I love it," Sherri said, running her fingertips over the soft leather band circling her husband's neck.

"I'm glad. You both look gorgeous in them." Brenda climbed onto the bed and pushed the pillows into a stack against the headboard, and then turned around, sitting right down in the middle of the bed and leaning against the headboard, her back propped up, her huge chest thrusting out in a prominent shelf, her massive tits barely confined by the tight leather corset.

"Come here, my babies." She looked at both of them and patted a spot on each side of her with her gloved hands. Sherri went to one side while Rick went to the other, turning so they were facing towards her.

"Since today is such a special day, here's another present for each of you." Brenda reached up with her gloved hands and slid her fingers inside the top of her tight-fitting corset, lifting out one heavy breast. As soon as the first was out, she drew out the other, exposing both of them. They settled naturally on her broad chest, the enormous breasts looking spectacular as they covered the full breadth of her body from side to side, and still looking impressively round and perfectly-formed, even with their immense proportions. They didn't sag other than with their natural weight, but sat high on her chest, the nipples tilting upwards invitingly. Her areola were a vivid warm pink, supporting big thick nipples that were an enticing strawberry-red in color, and seemed to be just begging for someone's mouth to latch on. Brenda could see her son and his wife looking at her huge breasts hungrily, with Sherri's tongue even running out and circling her lips in anticipation as she stared at the older women's mouth-watering tits as if in a trance. She could see her son salivating as well, anxious to get his mouth on the breasts he'd been worshipping since he was a teenager.

"Come on, my babies, suck on these for a while," Brenda said, wrapping her arms around her son and his wife as they brought their mouths to her breasts, both of them wrapping their lips around her nipples, the pebbly buds thickening already within their sucking mouths. "That's the way. The night is still young, and who knows, Richard, you may even get to fuck Mommy tonight."

Brenda let them both feast on her huge tits, their hot wet mouths sucking and licking at her massive orbs, her nipples stiff as pebbles between their sucking lips. She let them suck and fondle her big tits for a long time, feeling herself getting more and more aroused. She looked to the side and down, seeing her son's cock standing at attention once more, the big mushroom head oozing a shimmering trickle of precum from the tip. Brenda purred with delight as she looked at her son's hard cock. She wanted it inside her badly—but she knew she wanted more than just that.

"Sherri, go and put on The Road Warrior," Brenda said, nodding towards her drawer full of strapons. The young woman stepped over to the open drawer and took out the one her mother-in-law had asked for. The strapon was bigger than The Cobra, but slightly smaller than The Vader. It was made of deep pink rubber, with a head shaped like a missile. The surface of the shaft was covered with a series of rib-like striations, almost like the treads of a tire. Thus the name: The Road Warrior.

"Ricky, you know what I need," Brenda said, turning to her son and tenderly stroking his cheek with her soft gloved hand.

His mother had called him "Ricky", instead of the usual "Richard". This was the signal they'd always used when it was his turn to take control—and Ricky never missed the signal.

"I know exactly what you need—and we're going to give it to you," Rick said firmly, the force in his voice making his mother tremble. Rick turned to his young wife and pointed to the bed, directing her. "Sherri, lie down on the bed."

Brenda moved out of the way as Sherri climbed onto the bed and laid on her back, The Road Warrior thrusting up from her midsection.

"Time to climb aboard, Mother," Rick said, grabbing his mother by the hips and pulling her on top of Sherri. Once his mother was straddling his new wife, he reached between them and drew the head of the rubber cock back until it was nestled between the dripping petals of his mother's pussy, wiggling the missile-like head of the fake cock back and forth until it was seated nicely between her slick labia.

"That's it. Now just sit right down until you've got all of that big cock inside you," he said, taking his mother's wide flared hips in his hands and guiding her backwards. He watched as her cunt-lips spread open, and then the pink rubber cock started to disappear inside her as she sank downwards.

"Yessssssss," Brenda hissed, feeling the thick cock fill her right up as she sat right down, her dripping labia pressed to her daughter-in-law's midsection, the fake dick buried to the hilt inside her. Once she had it all the way in, she rolled her hips salaciously and then slowly started to slide up and down, feeling the tantalizing sensations of the ribbed shaft rubbing provocatively against the oily tissues deep inside her velvety trench. Brenda and Sherri started to get into a smooth rhythm, fucking nice and slow, Sherri thrusting her hips up from the bed at the same time her mother-in-law sank her juicing cunt downwards.

With a smile on his face, Rick reached over to the bedside table and grabbed the tube of KY, drizzling some onto his hand and rubbing the slick lube all over his thrusting erection. He climbed

onto the bed behind the two women and took his mother's wide flared hips in his hands, holding her firmly as he stopped her movements.

"I know exactly what you need, Mother. Sherri and I are going to pack you full," he said, flexing his hips forward until the rearing head of his prick was nestled up against her bleached asshole. He rolled his hips in a slow teasing circle, letting her feel the heat from his enflamed knob as it rubbed against her. He pressed more firmly, feeling her bumhole start to stretch open for him.

"Oh fuck, Ricky...yessssssss," Brenda hissed, her head tipping back in pleasure as her son's prick slid into her tight pink hole, the rigid cylinder of flesh stretching her insides deliciously.

Sherri looked up at her mother-in-law's massive tits, the mouth-watering boobs heaving enticingly as the older woman gasped in pleasure. Sherri looked down between their connected bodies, seeing her fake prick glistening wetly between the older woman's hot pink labia, and beyond that, her husband's hard thick cock sliding into his mother's stretched bumhole.

"Oh fuck, that's so tight," Rick said, once his throbbing erection was buried to the hilt in his mother's steaming guts. He adjusted his knees slightly as his mother continued to breathe raggedly, both of her holes luxuriously filled with cock.

"Okay Sherri, let's give it to her," Rick said, slowly withdrawing at the same time he pushed his mother's hips upwards, causing her to rise off of Sherri's fake cock at the same time. When just the heads of both cocks were trapped within her tight holes, he pulled her hips back down, both he and Sherri flexing forward to send their dicks all the way into the older woman's body at the same time.

"Oh god, that's so fucking good," Brenda groaned as they started to get into a smooth rhythm. Sherri reached up and squeezed the older woman's huge tits as they fucked her, the woman's spectacular breasts jiggling and wobbling erotically, freed from the confinement of her sexy leather corset.

Rick held firmly to his mother's wide fuckable hips as his rearing cock slid to the hilt inside her with every driving thrust. He could feel her panting and moaning continuously, knowing she was close. He reached down with one hand, slipping his fingers teasingly over her stretched pussy lips as he felt his wife's fake cock slide lewdly back and forth. He then let his fingertips slip higher to the top of his mother's slippery gash, until he found the erect spire of her clit.

"OH FUCKKKKKK," Brenda moaned loudly, throwing back her head and closing her eyes in rapture as she started to climax. Her wide hips were thrashing about furiously as she came, but Rick and Sherri held her in place as she gyrated and convulsed, continuing to slide their cocks back and forth within her clutching holes. When she finally stopped shaking, she leaned forward and supported herself on straightened arms, gasping for air as she slowly started to recover. Her fisted gloved hands were on either side of Sherri's face, her huge tits swaying pendulously over the young girl's mouth. Unable to resist, Sherri tilted her head up and latched on, her lips closing over one stiff nipple as she sucked ravenously.

Seeing what was happening, Rick kept still but just rolled his hips, stirring his cock teasingly within his mother's hot tight ass. As Sherri reached up and fondled his mother's big hanging tits as she sucked on them, he brought his fingers back to his mother's throbbing clit and teased it some more.

"OH FUCK...NOT AGAINNNNNN," Brenda moaned loudly as she climaxed once more, shaking and twitching like a ragdoll as her son and his new wife pleased her. She came for a long time, Rick

and Sherri really working her over before they gave her any respite—but not for long.

"Time to switch, Sherri," Rick instructed, pulling his steely-hard prick out of his mother's bum as Sherri did the same with her pussy. They changed places, and Rick pulled his gasping mother on top of him as he slid his thrusting erection into her welcoming pussy, holding her in place while Sherri sent The Road Warrior deep inside the older woman's tight ass.

They fucked her in both holes again, this time bringing her to two more shattering orgasms, the older woman's big buxom body gyrating and shaking as the delicious orgasmic sensations coursed through her. As his mother shook and came like a wildcat, Rick used all his willpower to prevent himself from climaxing. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm gonna come," he said, quickly pulling his cock out of his mother's hot oily cunt. "Both of you, get on your backs." He pulled both women into position on the bed, their heads side by side. He scrambled onto his knees next to their faces, and started vigorously jacking his cock.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES!" he warned, just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth. It hit his mother in the cheek first, and then the lengthy strand streaked over to land on Sherri's face as well. He kept stroking, flooding both of their faces as he totally unloaded. Gob after gob and ribbon after ribbon of milky white semen rained down on them, until finally, both of their faces were a mess of his white creamy seed. He sat back on his haunches, his own chest heaving as he slowly recovered.

Sherri turned to Brenda and started slowly licking her face, gathering a mouthful of her husband's glistening white cum before bringing her mouth to the older woman's for them to share a sensuous kiss. Brenda did the same to her new daughter-in-law, both of them getting their fill of fresh warm semen.

Rick smiled as he sat and watched—knowing the wedding night was not over yet.

MIDSUMMER

Mitch came home from his summer job that day to find his mother in her room, a number of drawers in her dresser open, bras and other pieces of lingerie hanging off of drawer handles and draping over the edges of the open drawers.

"Mom, what's going on?" Mitch asked, seeing his mother standing before her dresser with her navy silk robe on.

"I went to the lingerie store and bought a number of new things I thought you'd like," she said, motioning to the plethora of sexy garments on display. She turned and nodded towards his camera she'd placed beside the bed. "Why don't I model them for you while you take a few pictures? It's been awhile since you've done that."

"Oh fuck, yeah!" Mitch thought to himself, feeling his heart start to race as he looked at the numerous colored bras draped teasingly over the edges of the open drawers. "That's a great idea," he said, picking up his camera and sitting on the edge of the bed facing her.

"Do you like this bra and panty set?" Nicole asked, shirking her shoulders so her silk robe slipped sensually off her shoulders and slid gracefully to the floor. She crooked one leg forward and put her hands on her hips as she faced her son, turning her body slightly from side to side as she posed for him.

Mitch could only gasp in awe as he stared at her, her gorgeous MILFish body looking fantastic in a hot pink bra and panty set, the bra adorned with intricate pink lace over the molded satin cups beneath, the matching French-cut panties sitting sinfully high on her gorgeous flared hips. "It...it looks so fucking hot," Mitch was finally able to stammer out, his words bringing him out of his trance as he raised his camera and started snapping pictures.

For the next two hours, Nicole changed outfits and posed for him, each outfit just as sexy as the one before. They had to stop twice, once for her to suck him to the point where he was on the verge of climaxing, when she pulled his surging prick out of her mouth and jerked his massive load out all over her bra-encased tits.

And then they stopped another time where he couldn't take it anymore as she posed in a silvery-white corset and thigh-high white stockings, combining that alluring outfit with her sexy white slingbacks. He was hard as a rock as she pushed him back in the bed and slung her leg over him, riding that horse-like cock until they both climaxed, her coming three times in a row before he pasted her insides with heavy dose of teenage semen.

Nicole ended the fashion show by donning a shimmering gold chemise, the soft silky fabric looking gorgeous with her honey-blonde hair. After posing for a number of shots, she knelt at the side of the bed and worshipped his cock, bringing him to the brink of climax numerous times before finally taking him over the edge, getting a huge mouthful of warm milky cum for her efforts.

Nicole had an evening showing of a house for one of her clients, so she dressed up in one of her pencil skirt business outfits that Mitch loved so much and headed off to meet the prospective buyers, promising to pick up a pizza for the two of them on the way home. Mitch went to his room and loaded the new shots from his camera onto his computer. He had just finished when his computer gave a little beep, notifying him of a new e-mail. He called it up, wondering if it was from Justin. His good friend was spending a lot of time at home these days, and Nicole told him Justin's mother had never looked happier than when she'd seen her at the grocery store a few days before.

Mitch was surprised to see the message was from "Stevens, Brenda". It had been a long time since he'd seen or heard from his grandmother. After his mother had apologized to him and they'd settled into their new life together, she'd told him about his father getting married. Mitch had been shocked at first, but he knew deep down that he wanted his father to be happy. He and his mother were happy, and his father deserved to be as well. All he knew was that his father's new wife was named Sherri, and that she was supposedly a fair bit younger than him. That's all he knew.

The subject line of the message was titled "Visit?" with a question mark. Even more curious now, he clicked on it, wondering what his grandmother had to say to him.

Dearest Mitchell,

It's been a long time since you and I have seen each other, and I have missed you so very much. I know things have been awkward between your mother and your father, and I know your father has to get over some things, but I know deep down he misses you badly. I think he's starting to come around, and I just know that he will reach out to you soon.

Mitch paused, hoping his grandmother was right. He knew things were going to be difficult between he and his father, but he hoped they could have some form of relationship, even if it was somewhat strained. He continued reading...

You probably know by now that your father married a lovely young woman named Sherri. I want you to know that they are both very happy, and I'm so pleased to see your father smiling once again. At some point, I'm sure you'll enjoy meeting your new step-mother, and getting to know her better. I'm sure she is just as anxious to get to know you on a deeper level as well.

"That's a curious choice of words," Mitch thought. "Deeper level?"

Your father and Sherri are going to Europe for a three-week stay starting next weekend. Your father is there on business for a few days and Sherri has a modeling job in Paris at the same time. They are going to extend their stay and travel through Europe as part of their honeymoon.

Sherri having a modelling job? That caught his interest. Mitch wondered what kind of things she modelled, and if he'd ever seen her in anything before.

The reason I'm writing is that I've come to enjoy having your father around now that he is back in Dillon. It's almost like the time we spent together when he was your age. I'd really love if you could come and spend some time with your grandmother while your father is away. I know he's not quite at the point where he can see you just yet, but I would absolutely love it if you could come for a visit with me while he and Sherri are away. It's been far too long since we've seen each other, and I can't wait to take my grandson in my arms and feel him against me, to let him know I love him with all my heart.

I know if you give things a chance, you and I can have the same loving relationship I had with your father at your age. You know, an older woman can offer up a lot of wisdom to a young man like you. I know your father has always enjoyed turning to me for advice and guidance, and I've always given him a helping hand, making sure he gets everything he needs. I'd love the opportunity to do the same for you. I'm sure if you give it chance and come, you won't ever forget your visit with me—I can guarantee it.

Again Mitch was struck by her choice of words. They seemed almost...sexually provocative, he thought. But he gave his head a shake, sure he was just imaging things. He knew he had sex on the brain these days, especially when he was averaging dumping five or six loads a day into his mother.

Anyways, I do hope you can come and see me. If you could come for the full three weeks while your father is away, I'd love it. There are so many things I want to show you. I think this would be the perfect time for you and I to reconnect intimately.

All my love...Grandma

p.s.—I know it's been quite some time since we've seen each other, so I've enclosed a few recent photos of me. I've changed my hair a bit, and have a few new items in my wardrobe that I'm trying out, but not quite sure of. I'd love it if I could get the opinion of a handsome young man like you. Oh yes, I hope you don't find the ones of your old grandma in her new bathing suit too offensive. I bought it to wear out by the pool, but I'm not quite sure if should wear it to my aquafit class or not. I don't want to embarrass myself in front of the other ladies. Let me know what you think. If you like the pictures, I can always send more.

Curious, he clicked on the first of the numerous attachments. "Wow," he muttered under his breath. "I know it's been awhile since I've seen Grandma, but I don't remember her looking this good."

The first picture was of her in a sleeveless red turtleneck sweater, taken from the waist up. Her breasts were huge, even bigger than his mother's. The vertical ribs of the turtleneck seemed to swim in and out provocatively as the tightly-stretched material flowed over and around her massive

tits. He could see the noticeable protrusions at the front of the sweater of what were definitely huge nipples. Mitch quickly clicked on the next picture, which was of her in the same top, but taken in profile, with her looking over her shoulder, a steamingly erotic look in her eyes. The profile shot convinced him of how big his grandmother's tits really were, the huge round orbs caught perfectly from the side by the camera, the voluminous mounds seeming to be just begging for someone's hands to reach around and cup them. And that look in her eye made him shiver, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking. Despite himself, he felt a surge go straight to his cock as he looked at those sumptuous tits once more.

Mitch clicked on the next picture, now feeling quite excited about how sexy and voluptuous his grandmother looked. He knew it had been a number of years since he'd seen her, but how could he have missed those tits, and that smolderingly sexy face?

The next picture was of her in a gorgeous form-fitting cream-colored dress, with matching high-heeled shoes. She looked like she was going to some kind of fancy occasion. With some flower arrangements on display behind her, Mitch thought there was a good chance the picture may have been taken at his father's recent wedding. The dress fit her beautifully, accentuating every curve of her full lush body, the deeply scooped neckline and tight-fitting bodice once again making him gulp as he looked at those mammoth tits.

He clicked on the next shot, which was of her in the same dress, but taken closer up, once again showing her magnificent bust and her lovely mature face. She had on a chunky necklace and matching earrings in some kind of dark stone, which looked great with the light-colored dress. His eyes feasted on her sumptuous chest, the inviting line of cleavage looking a mile long. The look in her eyes was subtly alluring—warm, and yet there seemed to be some kind of hidden excitement lurking there—the look of some kind of sultry enchantress. It made a shiver run down Mitch's spine as he looked at his grandmother's pretty face, her gorgeous deep red hair framing her mature features attractively.

He moved the mouse, quickly opening the next attachment.

"Oh fuck," he moaned out loud, his eyes opening wide as he looked at the picture before him. He felt his heart start to race as he looked at his gorgeous stacked grandmother in a red one-piece bathing suit. It was no bikini, but for a woman her age, she looked fucking unbelievable in the stunning one-piece. The suit looked like one that lifeguards would wear, but with a much deeper scooped neck, the curving upper swells of her breasts emphasized by the straining top edge of the tight-fitting suit. The immense shadows cast by her huge tits on her midsection were mesmerizing, and it was all Mitch could do to tear his eyes away from the spectacular mounds.

The leg openings of the red suit were cut teasingly high, showing how wide and sensually desirable those flared hips of hers were. Her thighs looked gorgeous—nice and full as they led his eyes down to him dimpled knees, to her full muscular-looking calves that led to her trim ankles and delicate feet, gorgeously displayed in strappy high-heeled red sandals. Mitch moaned out loud as he looked at the sexy shoes and back up over the whole alluring outfit. Red was definitely his grandmother's color, and she wore it well—she wore it fucking amazingly well!

He let his eyes roam over her body and the enticing bathing suit once more. The suit molded itself perfectly to her mature body, which Mitch realized was much like his mother's, but with maybe another twenty pounds or so added on. She by no means looked fat...just more...just more...she just looked like there was a little more of everything that made a boy's heart go pitter-patter and his

cock ache with need. Mitch definitely felt both, his heart pounding in his chest as his rising prick pushed against the front of his sweats.

There was one more shot, and Mitch hurriedly clicked on it. This was again of her in the cock-hardening bathing suit, but was more of a candid shot, taken of her from the side. She was leaning over as if she was reaching down and doing up the securing clasp of one sexy sandal, her full heavy breasts straining against the front of the tight red suit as they hung downwards, the picture taken at the perfect angle to catch her huge nipples pushing out the front of her suit. The angle also showed her magnificent rear end, the high-cut leg openings showing how good a shape she was in, the big curvy cheeks looking so lush and full that it made Mitch's head spin.

Mitch looked back over all the photos, getting more and more excited. For some reason, he kept coming back to the close-up shot of her in the cream-colored dress with the deeply-scooped neckline. His eyes zeroed in on the chunky necklace made of dark stones, knowing from all the times he'd Photoshopped pictures of his mother how perfect this shot would be—the chunky necklace would be a perfect place to crop the subject's head for placing it on whatever shots he chose. Now he knew why this photo kept drawing his attention—it would work perfectly.

He quickly copied all the pics his grandmother had sent into his Photoshop file, and then pulled up that specific photo of the close-up shot of her gorgeous face with the chunky necklace below, sizing it to just the way he wanted it. Moving the mouse expertly, he copied out her head onto a new file he created, making sure he had her beautiful face, gorgeous red hair, and her long regal neck—all the way down to that dark chunky necklace, which was a perfect buffer between her face and any picture he chose to put it on. With that being all that remained, and satisfied with the result, he decided to give it a try.

He opened the folder labelled 'BL1', and chose five of his favorite bridal lingerie shots, each with his mother's face looking back at him. He duplicated each of the five photos, and then closed the originals for safekeeping. He chose the first one, one of his favorites, his mother's face edited into a picture of a stupendously busty model wearing a lacy white merry widow corset, complete with teasingly erotic garters biting into sheer white nylons, the model's legs looking fantastic in a pair of sky-high slingback stilettos.

Moving the mouse quickly, he deleted the layer with his mother's face from the duplicate picture, and then dragged the new one of his grandmother into place. He adjusted the size and coloring to match the original picture perfectly and then sat back.

"Oh fuck...yes!" Mitch said, loving the sight of his grandmother in the alluringly sexy wedding attire. Feeling his dick throb, he raced to his closet and got out his gym bag full of jack off supplies. He tore off his sweats and opened the bag, taking out his big jar of Vaseline and popping the lid. Scooping out a generous gob of the viscous lube, he sat back down in front of his computer and started doing the same to the other pictures he'd copied onto his screen, deleting his mother's face and replacing it with that new shot of his grandmother.

"Oh man, is she ever hot," Mitch muttered under his breath, his hand stroking vigorously back and forth along the full length of his huge cock. As soon as he got the fifth picture complete, he couldn't take it any longer. He felt himself groan as the semen started to speed up the shaft of his cock, his eyes going from one picture to the next, loving the sight of his sexy grandmother in the erotic white lingerie.

The first rope of cum shot high into the air, almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and falling onto his stomach with a noticeable 'SPLAT!' He kept pumping as he looked from one sexy photo to the next, rope after rope of semen shooting high into the air like a geyser. His fist flew up and down as he looked at that bewitching twinkle in his grandmother's eyes, as if she was coaxing him to pump out every milky drop just for her. Finally, the delicious contractions in his midsection subsided, and he sat back, taking his time as he look at the pictures before him as he regained his breath, his temporarily satisfied cock still semi-hard in his hand.

Mitch was ecstatic, seeing how gorgeous and sexy his grandmother looked after all this time of not seeing her, and there was something about that look in her eye that was still making his heart flutter, even after he'd already come. Yes, there was definitely something about her that he couldn't put his finger on. But when he thought about those huge tits of hers, he knew that was one part of her he'd like to put his finger on—and more.

He thought about her invite to come and stay with her. He knew his job at the lumberyard was just a temporary summer thing before he started college. He was only getting part-time hours, and the pay was crap. He was sure his mother wouldn't mind if he took some time off before college started, especially to stay with his lonely grandmother.

And his grandmother said she had more pictures she could send him. Now, that definitely was something he'd jump on right away. He'd send her a reply as soon as he got cleaned up. Yes, he wanted more pics, and he was already thinking about cropping that head shot where she was looking over her shoulder back at the camera. Yes, that would be perfect with some of the original shots that he had.

But for now, he had to take care of the shots of her on his screen that he'd just created. "Time for a new folder," he thought to himself. "Now, what to call it?" He sat for a few seconds and pondered, and then started typing: "Grandma's Bridal Lingerie".

THE END.