

# THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 08

*rm Dexter*

*Connor's date with his busty mother quenches her oral hunger.*

Incest/Taboo

4.79

15.7k words

9:49.....the time slowly registered as I rolled over and looked at the alarm clock through half-closed eyes. Thoroughly exhausted and totally drained, I had slept like a baby after coming home from Margaret's. As I laid there slowly waking up I thought of what I had coming up today. Andy was coming over for lunch; I was definitely anxious to hear about that kiss he told me he'd shared with his mother. My date with my mother was later.

As I thought about her, I rolled over and my hand unconsciously went to my swollen cock. My mind wandered to that risky secretive kiss she'd given me in her rose garden and I felt my pecker lurch as I remembered the sweetness of her hot wet mouth pressing against mine. I remembered how incredibly desirable she'd looked as she quickly drew back from me after we heard my sister's voice, my mother's beautiful soft wet lips slightly open as she gasped, her huge tits heaving invitingly beneath the tight sweater she'd been wearing.

I shoved another pillow beneath my head, threw back the covers and pulled open the drawer of my bedside table. I popped the top of my ever-ready jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and scooped out a generous gob. I laid back against the stacked up pillows and wrapped my greasy fingers around my half-hard cock in a warm loving corridor. Between my pumping hand and stiffening prick the viscous lube quickly warmed up. Although that lengthy session with Margaret last night had been incredible, my thoughts this morning were totally centered on my sexy full-bodied mother. My hand started to pump more vigorously along the full length of over 10" of thick hard cock. I pictured my mother flashing those tremendous tits of hers at me, beautifully displayed in that scintillating white bra of hers. As I pictured kneeling over her and jerking off all over those massive tits of hers, I felt those delicious contractions take over within me. I jerked rapidly as a long white rope of cum shot high into the air before cresting and falling onto my chest. I continued to pump as rope after rope of thick milky semen spewed forth. I kept stroking as I continued to unload, my pulsing rod spewing out wad after wad until my chest and stomach were coated with a fine mess of silvery goo. As the final oozing shots slid down over my pumping hand, I finally stopped, my cum-covered hand remaining on my slowly deflating prick. As I laid there letting my breathing slowly return to normal, I thought how perfect it would be to have my mother there beside me, sensually licking up all of that warm thick cream from my body. A guy can dream, can't he? That's what makes jerking off so much fun.....plus that exquisite feeling of orgasm, of course.

Thoroughly satisfied for the moment, I reached into the lower drawer beside me and retrieved my already heavy cum-towel; the one I always used to wipe up with after jack-off sessions. I could feel that it was about time to retire this one to the garbage heap and get a replacement, the terrycloth being matted and heavy from the number of loads I'd cleaned up with it.

After wiping off all the sticky fluid from my body, I headed to the shower and gave myself a thorough cleaning, anxious to get on with the day ahead. I pulled on some shorts and a golf shirt and grabbed a quick breakfast before heading out. As I backed Sally out of the driveway, I took a quick glance over to Margaret's. I wasn't surprised to see no movement and her curtains still closed;

I had fucked her good and hard repeatedly last night. She'd probably be sleeping for a few more hours yet.

I slipped on my sunglasses and put Sally into gear. The sun was out and it looked like another beautiful day in Vegas. I headed to the place where I'd gotten my hair cut for the last couple of years. Even though I had no idea what to expect on this date with my mother tonight, I felt obligated to go the extra mile and try to look my best. I'd called yesterday and made an appointment with Deanna, the girl who'd been cutting my hair for a long time now.

I'd been going to Deanna for a number of years, having been recommended to her by a friend from college. She was a few years older than me, about 32 or so, and nicely built. She was mid-height and average weight with a nice curvy body. She probably had tits that were a generous C-cup, and they looked like they would be nice and perky.

Like most hairdressers, I never knew how her hair was going to look from one appointment to the next. She didn't go in for any real whacky styles or outrageous colors, she was just constantly experimenting. I have to admit, she knew how to make herself look good; from her hair to her makeup to her clothes, she always looked great.

We had flirted with each other over the years, but nothing had ever come of it. She usually had a boyfriend on the go that I guess subconsciously hindered me from making any further advances. Anyways, for the last couple of years, Deanna had been living with a guy who was trying to make it as professional poker player. I didn't think I could stand the uncertainty of trying to make a living like that.

"Connor, come on back," I heard Deanna say as I looked up from the magazine I'd been flipping through in the waiting area of the shop. Deanna had been at this salon/spa for about two years now, and I had followed her here. It was a little pricey, but I was always happy with the job she did for me. I could see from most of the expensive cars in the parking lot that this place catered to mostly high-end clientele.

"You're looking good," I said to her as I got up from my chair and stepped towards her. Her light brunette hair had been styled into a lush pile of attractive tight curls. They fell about her shoulders and down her back playfully, one curl after another. It just made you want to run your fingers through her hair and feel it roll through your stroking fingers. It was cute as anything. The hair style suited her. It went with her friendly brown eyes and button nose. Her cute smile always lit up her face, as it did now. Cute; that was the perfect word to describe Deanna.

As I walked towards her, I looked her over. She had on a white blouse that was cut fairly low in the front, and then pulled together with both a couple of buttons, and then a knotted bow at her midriff that showed off her flat toned stomach. I could see that if she just wore it with the tied knot alone, the shop owner may have sent her home for being a little too risqué. But even above the two buttons, I caught a glimpse of her full breasts, nicely encased in a white push-up bra that I could see the outline of through her blouse.

My eyes followed her curvy body downwards, the knotted blouse revealing her shapely hourglass figure nicely; her smooth stomach narrowing in attractively at her narrow waist. Below that she wore a faded denim miniskirt that hung from her hips, decadently revealing her smooth taut abdomen and sparkling navel piercing, similar to Zoey's. Her skin was deeply tanned, and I knew from our previous discussions that she liked to spend a lot of time outdoors on her days off. My hungry eyes looked down past the hem of her denim miniskirt to her tanned shapely legs. Her thighs appeared

toned and strong as my eyes drifted lower to a pair of ornate navy cowboy boots. Man, I loved that look! She could definitely pull off the sexy cowgirl thing, that's for sure. My mind immediately started to thinking about how she'd look riding me in that outfit with me buried deep in the saddle.

"Thanks, you don't look too bad yourself," she replied with a kittenish tilt of her head as I followed her back to the shampooing area. "But I'm sure you noticed all those women scoping you out in the waiting room."

"What?" I replied, totally mystified by what she was saying as I sat down in the chair in front of the sink and slid my head back.

"Oh c'mon, are you serious? You've never noticed all those rich bitches here checking you out?"

"Uh....no." I had to admit that I usually went in and out of there without paying much attention to anyone other than her.

"Oh yeah, I've seen them look at you as if you were the main course on the all-you-can-eat buffet. And I've heard them talk about you; and most of them would like to do more than make a meal out of you; although I'm sure you wouldn't object to that. Yeah buddy, you'd be pretty high-grade stud material if this was a horse ranch. If you were mine, I could rent you out and make a fortune off these women."

I sat there totally stunned by what she had just said. She started to wash my hair as a million confusing thoughts raced through my head. This was the second time in about a week that a woman had suggested I could make money by providing sexual favors to strange women. I had no idea if Deanna was just totally joking around or what, but it got me thinking. I had to admit that when I'd confessed to Andy about my Face-Painting endeavor; he'd scared the shit out of me by pointing out the risks involved when dealing with strangers over the internet. I had loved my initial encounter with Callie/Tanya, and more clients like that would have been fantastic. Plus, the extra money was kind of nice too. But Andy had been right; it was just too dangerous, on many levels.

But this...this was definitely intriguing. If someone knew these potential clients, like Deanna did, that might just work out. They would know their backgrounds, and what they wanted, and they could provide that extra level of security that I knew I'd been lacking by operating on my own in the dark. I almost laughed out loud as I realized what I was thinking; that Deanna could act as my pimp. As fast as the idea had come to me, I shoved it to the back of my mind as ridiculous.

Deanna finished washing my hair and got me seated at her cutting station, ready to go. "I'm surprised to see you here, I didn't expect you for another week or two," she said as she ran a comb through my wet hair.

"I've got a date tonight."

"Ah, I see. Who's the lucky girl?"

"My mother, actually."

"Your mother?"

"Yeah, it's been about three years since my dad died. She thinks it's about time to get back out there in the dating world. She asked me if I'd take her out; you know, to try and shake the rust off."

"I think that's great. I really admire you for doing that for her." Little did Deanna know I was dreaming about the possibility of burying over ten hard inches deep inside my mother's gorgeous body.

"Thanks. Anyways, she wants to get all dressed up and everything, so I figured I'd better come in and let you work your magic."

"She'll be going out with the best-looking guy in Vegas when I'm done with you," she said as she picked up her scissors and went to work. I let her work in peace for a bit until she stepped around to the front of me to work on the front of my hair.

"So how are things with Brad these days?"

"I threw the lazy bastard out a couple of weeks ago."

"Really?" I asked in surprise. "I thought things were going okay?"

"They were, until I found out he'd pilfered a lot of my savings to use as his poker bankroll."

"You're kidding?"

"No....stupid asshole. He's lucky I didn't rip his nuts off and sell them on E-bay."

"Uh....do think you would have had any buyers?" This made her laugh as she reconsidered the strangeness of her proclamation regarding Brad's nuts.

"No," she replied with a bit of a giggle. "I guess not. Anyways, with him gone along with most of my saving, I think it's gonna tough to afford my apartment. I'm kind of done with the roommate thing at my age. I might have to start working a second job and see how that goes."

Hmmmm, now this just made things interesting all over again. Deanna needed some extra cash; and if I wanted to continue as a paid Face-Painter, I needed Deanna's help. This just might work out to be the perfect partnership. I thought this over again and again in my head as she continued to cut my hair. Finally she turned me towards the mirror to show me the finished product. It looked great, as usual.

"Deanna, you never disappoint me," I said as she brushed off my shoulders and drew away the cape. "Listen, I'm sorry to hear about what happened with Brad and him ripping you off like that. But I've been thinking; I might have a little business idea you might be interested in."

"What kind of business idea?" she replied skeptically.

"Something I think you might like. Listen, I've got to work out the details a little better, but do you think we could get together some time in the next couple of days and talk it over?"

"Sure. I'll listen. I'm not saying I'm agreeing to anything, but I'll listen to what you have to say."

"Great." As I paid my bill to the receptionist and left a generous tip at Deanna's station, she jotted down her phone number for me. I thanked her and shoved her number into my pocket as I left, this time noticing the leering views of a couple of attractive older women in the waiting room. Yeah, things might just work out for The Face-Painter yet.

On the way home I stopped at an Italian deli near my place and picked up some stuff for lunch. Andy and I liked the same things, so I got the fixins for some subs and grabbed a pre-made potato

salad, plus a bag full of lemons.

There was still nothing stirring at Margaret's as I pulled into the driveway and hauled my stuff into the house. First thing I did was pull out my juicer and get to work on those lemons. I made up a big pitcher of lemonade which was kind of a simple yet delicious specialty of mine. The secret behind it compared to most lemonade recipes was to use honey; not sugar. I mixed up a big pitcher, threw in a shitload of ice cubes and some additional slices of lemon, and put the whole thing in the fridge to chill.

It was a beautiful day and I figured we'd sit outside at my little covered deck at the rear. It was still open enough to enjoy the weather, but partially covered so that the direct sun was not beating down on us. It was also far enough from any prying ears. I wanted Andy to feel secure if anything he had to say ended up being of a confidential nature. I wiped the table and chairs off and started to get some plates out of the cupboards when the doorbell rang.

"Hey, how's it goin'?" I asked as Andy strode past me.

"Good.....good. What's to eat? I'm starving!"

I looked at Andy, dressed in an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt. This was the kind of thing he'd usually put on the day after a party or late-night out. I was surprised that since he had left the restaurant last night pretty early, he looked as rough as he did. I figured he'd probably gotten to bed at a reasonable hour after talking to his mom for a while. "You okay?" I asked as I closed the door and made my way to the kitchen.

"Yeah.....yeah. I just haven't had anything to eat yet."

This was so un-Andy-like, I was kind of thrown off a bit. I looked at the clock before turning back to him. "It's almost 12:30....and you haven't eaten yet? And you look like you've been put through the ringer. What's going on?"

He looked at me with a bit of a devilish smile on his face and gave me a big shrug of his shoulders. "Can I just have something to eat first? Or is this a game of twenty questions?"

"Sure, alright. There's buns, cold meat and stuff there," I said as I pointed to the stuff I'd set out on a big tray. "And I've got some potato salad too. Here're some plates and glasses." I grabbed a couple of big glasses from the cupboard and stuck them on the tray next to the plates. "It's so nice out; I figured we'd eat outside."

"That's great." Andy grabbed the tray as I retrieved the pitcher of lemonade from the fridge. We got everything outside and I poured a couple of glasses while Andy quickly started making his sandwich. I passed him his glass and he nearly drained it in one gulp.

"Jesus, I love that," he said with an audible sigh as he pushed his glass over to me for more. I refilled it and passed it back to him before loading up my own plate. "Man, this really hits the spot," he said as he wolfed down a few bites and jammed a couple of forkfuls of potato salad into his mouth.

"Easy there, buddy," I said with a laugh. "You look like a starving dog, afraid somebody's gonna try and take your food away from you."

"Sorry." He purposefully set his half-eaten sandwich down and sat back in his chair. When he finished his mouthful, he took a much slower drink this time. "Hey, thanks for making this. I can't

believe how hungry I am."

"What the hell have you been doing that's made you so hungry?"

"Aaaaah," he replied, that conniving smile on his face once more. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Dammit right I'd like to know; that's why I asked, dickhead."

"Alright....alright," he answered with a chuckle as he picked up his napkin and wiped his mouth. He set his napkin down and looked at me intently, a contented smile on his face, and yet a serious concerned look in his eyes as well. "We've been through a lot together, right?"

"Too much, I'd say. Hanging out with a scumbag like you has its challenges," I said, cracking wise. I gave him a big grin and a quizzical shake of my head as I kind of questioned why he'd ask this; I always thought it was pretty obvious to both of us.

"I'm serious, Connor." When he used my name, I knew it was serious.

"Yeah, okay. Sorry." I wiped the grin off my face and just waited for him to continue.

He looked around, and it seemed to me he wanted to make sure we were alone, which we were. He turned back to me and looked directly into my eyes as he spoke. "I need you to promise me that what I'm gonna say to you, you'll take to your grave. I mean it."

"Of course, Andy. You know that's the way things are between us," I replied with a wave of my hand that showed I wouldn't consider anything otherwise.

"Good." He waited briefly before continuing. "Remember what we started talking about last night before I had to leave?"

"About our mothers?"

"Yeah, and I think we both could tell from what we said how each of us feels about them, right?" I simply nodded in acknowledgment of the fact that we both suffered from a severe case of the hots for our respective mothers; something that until we'd started talking about yesterday, neither one of us would have ever confessed to anyone. He paused for a second and nodded back at me before continuing. "I guess the reason why I'm so hungry and look like shit today is that I've been up all night fucking mine."

The enormity of his words slammed into me like a massive tsunami, leaving me in shock and struggling for air as I gasped noticeably. I could feel my blood pounding in my chest as I just sat and stared open-mouthed at the calm expression on his face; totally awestruck by what he had just said. As I sat dumbstruck; a million thoughts racing through my mind at the speed of light, Andy reached forward and calmly took another bite of his sandwich.

"I.....I heard you right, didn't I?" I finally croaked out, my voice tremulous at best.

"I think you did, yes."

"You were up all night fucking your own mother?" I needed to hear him say it, just one more time at least.

"Yes."

I looked at him, sitting there so calmly while thousands of questions flew back and forth in my brain. I think I was just as surprised as him by the one I blurted out next. "How was it?"

He leaned back and took a drink before setting his glass down, then looked directly at me once more. A massive grin slowly spread across his face as he replied, "Absolutely incredible; even better than I thought it would be all those times I fantasized and jerked off thinking about her."

Oh man, I was expecting a hot little story about some kiss they'd shared, but nothing like this. "How....how long have you been fucking her?"

"Well, that actually just happened last night for the first time. But there've been some other things along the way that have lead up to this."

"Like.....like what?" I asked, my curiosity level climbing to stratospheric levels.

"Pour me some more lemonade and I'll tell you." I poured him another glass and as we finished our lunch and sat back in our chairs, Andy told me his story.....

For the next few hours I sat mesmerized as Andy told me his amazing story. I barely said a word as he continued to speak, his voice weaving a tale of forbidden lust that echoed my own similar fantasies; only for him, they had become wonderfully real. I refilled his glass a number of times, not wanting his voice to fail on him during his lengthy narrative.

As I listened, riveted by his illicit tale, envy rose up in me, and yet at the same time, I was sincerely thrilled for my good friend. I couldn't believe how hot his story got as he told it. It started off with a flickering ember; then a few sparks ignited a rising flame that grew in intensity until the raging heat enveloped and swept away both he and his mother. Fuck, I couldn't believe it. There was so much he told me. Here I was thinking my best friend for so many years could never surprise me again, but boy, was I so very wrong. I always thought that there was much more to Andy than meets the eye, and the way her had managed to seduce his gorgeous busty mom shows how right I had always been. His story is a lengthy one.....too long to tell here, but well worth the read. I suggest to any followers of my story to check it out if you like hot mom/son stories. I talked Andy into posting it. It is under the title, "Educating Mom---Andy's Story". Trust me, you won't be disappointed. It took me some time to convince Andy to share it with all of you from his perspective, and trust me; you should definitely give it a try when he posts it.

"And so, that brings us to the point where I show up on your doorstep, looking like I've been 'put through the ringer'; I think that's the expression you used. I guess now, you know why." Andy sat back in his chair and took another lengthy drink, I'm sure his throat was parched from talking for so long.

"That is incredible," I said as I just sat and looked at him. I felt a big grin start to spread across my face. "You lucky bastard; I am so jealous!"

We shared a chuckle before he pointed at me with an accusatory finger. "Hey, just wait. If things go well on this date with your mother tonight, maybe you'll have a similar story to tell me. And promise me, if something happens, you will tell me, right?"

After what he had told me, if something did happen, how could I not? "Of course, after what you've just told me, I'd feel too guilty not to." I paused for a second as he nodded his head in agreement. After listening to what I'd just said about feeling guilty, I felt a few little pangs shoot through me at

what I'd already failed to mention. "There is something I probably should have told you last night, but you kind of ran out of the restaurant in a hurry."

"What's that?" I could see his own curiosity was piqued now. Neither Andy nor I are the kind of guys who 'kiss and tell', but we trust each other to keep the information we reveal to each other secret. We know no one else we didn't want to would learn about our affairs through either of us.

"You know Margaret next door, right?"

"Yes?" he replied questioningly as he sat forward in his chair with a mischievous glint in his eye. Obviously, thoughts of the sexy Margaret were putting his senses on high alert. I proceeded to tell him what had happened with Margaret over the past couple of days. I never mentioned a word about Zoey; there were some things I just knew I couldn't tell him, not at this point anyways. He listened attentively, and I noticed that he refilled my glass a couple of times, just as I'd done for him.

When I finished and sat back, he just looked at me, an incredulous look on his face this time; which I'm sure mirrored the one that had been on my face just a short time ago. "Jesus, what a hot story," he said as he let out a low whistle of admiration. "So she.....she's as hot as she looks."

I took my index finger, touched the tip to my lips and then placed it on my other forearm. "SSSSSSSSSS," I hissed, making a hot sizzling sound. This brought a big chuckle from Andy and I joined in as well. Sharing our recent good fortune with each other seemed to bring us closer together once more; I could see it in his eyes, and I'm sure he could see it in mine.

"Well," he said as put his hands flat on the patio table and stood up, "after listening to that story, I've gotta go home and see what I can do to keep up with you."

"You left your mom there?"

"Yeah, she was still sleeping when I left, with my cum all over her and leaking out of her. After last night, she'll probably still be asleep when I get back."

"Oh, and I'm sure a dutiful son like you will just rush back and make sure you give her more of what you think she needs, right?" I said with a playful smile on my face.

"Of course," he replied holding his hands up innocently, "as her son, I think it's my job to fulfill all her needs." I noticed he specifically emphasized the 'fill' part of 'fulfill'. "Besides, when she wakes up, she's gonna need to be fed, and I know exactly what's gonna satisfy that hunger."

"Oh, I bet you do." He helped me gather up the dishes and we carried the stuff inside. I filled the dishwasher as Andy headed toward the door.

"So," he said as he turned to me, one hand on the doorknob, "are we good?"

"Couldn't be better," I replied as I gave him a comforting nod. "Andy, I'm really happy for you."

He paused and just looked at me, a warm smile on his face. "Thanks, that means a lot. And hey, tonight?" He raised his eyebrows for a second questioningly as he brought both hands up and I watched as he crossed the index fingers and middle fingers of each hand and showed them to me. I knew what he meant; he was wishing me good luck on my date with my mother. He knew from what we'd shared over the past twenty-four hours how much I wanted her. But right now, I could only dream it would go as well with her as things had gone between him and his mother.



"Me too," I replied, holding up my own crossed fingers. He slapped my arm good-naturedly and left.

I checked the clock and realized I didn't have a lot of time before I was due to pick up my mother. I stripped off my clothes, took a long hot shower and shaved, nice and close. I wanted to look my absolute best for this date. I combed my hair, brushed my teeth and then went into my bedroom to get dressed.

I pulled out what I had decided on, starting with a nice pair of black fitted boxers. An open-necked black dress shirt was next, followed by a slim-fitting charcoal gray Hugo Boss suit I'd bought a short time back. My mother had only seen me in it once before and I knew she loved it. I finished dressing and completed the whole outfit with a pair of black Steve Madden slip-ons that were my favorites. I'd had many compliments from women on those dress shoes and I loved them. Not only did they look great, but they were incredibly comfortable too. Putting everything together, I stepped in front of the mirror and looked myself up and down. "Not bad," I thought to myself as I made a couple of final adjustments to the collar and cuffs of the shirt. Knowing my mother had wanted me to get dressed up for the occasion; I looked once more in the mirror and thought she would approve. It set my mind to wondering what she was going to be wearing. I was almost licking my lips in anticipation.

I slipped my wallet into the inside pocket of the jacket along with my cell phone. Grabbing my keys, I checked my hair one last time and headed out, the weather still perfect as the sun slowly started to drift towards the horizon. I fired up Sally and headed out, a million thoughts racing through my mind. I felt as nervous as I'd been on my first date in high school. I think it was a combination of two things primarily; excitement at actually going out with just about the most beautiful sexy woman I could think of, and nervousness as I had absolutely no idea how this date was going to go, or what to expect. All the other dates I'd been on, well, I always had a feeling of what to expect, how I would react, how the girls or women would react to me.....but here.....I had no idea what to expect from my mother. I kept wondering if I had read too much into that secretive kiss she'd given me the other day out by her pool; or the steamy little episode as we fed each other whipped cream from our fingers. Fuck...that had been hot! Just thinking about it had my cock starting to rise in my pants, and that was the last thing I wanted right now; to arrive at her door with an embarrassing bulge in my shorts.

I turned on the radio in an effort to occupy my mind as I maneuvered my way through traffic. I hit the selection for the all-sports station and concentrated on listening to the scores. It seemed to work as I felt my stiffening cock slowly start to recede. "Good boy," I said with a quick glance down to my crotch as I made my way the final few blocks to my mother's house. As I pulled into the driveway, I noticed my Aunt Julia's BMW parked in front of the garage.

"Well hello, handsome." I heard as I climbed out of my car and closed the door behind me.

"Aunt Julia," I said as I saw my mother's younger sister closing the front door of the house. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I came over to give your mother some moral support before this big date of yours tonight," she replied with a smile as she sauntered across the driveway towards me. "Plus, she needed me to help zip up her dress; which you are going to absolutely love, by the way."

I smiled back as she slowly walked towards me, those wide mature hips of hers swaying seductively with each smooth step. I was sure I'd love my mother's dress when I saw it, but that wasn't why I

was grinning right now; it was looking at Aunt Julia that was making me feel this way.

Aunt Julia was my mother's divorced 45-year old younger sister, with two years separating them. They were both incredibly attractive with similar facial features and mannerisms. There were two noticeable differences, starting with their height. Aunt Julia was slightly taller than my mother, standing about 5'-8" compared to my mother's 5'-6". The other difference was their hair color. While my mother's was that beautiful frosty blonde that I loved so much, Aunt Julia's was a rich chestnut brown. It usually fell in long lustrous waves past her shoulders, but today, she had it pulled back in a ponytail, nicely displaying her pretty face. One feature they both shared was the generous bosom common to the female side of my family. And Aunt Julia had definitely gotten her fair share in that department. They were just slightly smaller than my mother's tremendous set, but definitely more than a mouthful.

I looked her up and down as she walked towards me, my eyes first zeroing in on her sizable tits. She looked like she had just come off the golf course as she was wearing a bubblegum pink golf shirt over a slightly lighter pink golf skirt. The little skirt ended high on her thighs, revealing a lot of her gorgeous tanned legs. Her open-necked golf shirt hugged her lush body deliciously, especially over the impressive mounds on her chest. With the late-day sun hitting her from the side, I could see her large nipples casting teasing shadows on the smooth pink fabric of her top. My eyes followed her long smooth legs down, ending in a pair of white tennis shoes. I could see she had on a pair of ankle socks with little pink bobbles at the back. The whole outfit was extremely cute, yet also incredibly sexy. I don't know what it is about female tennis players, golfers, or gymnasts, but it didn't take long for my libido to start soaring when I see them dressed in their gear. And the way my Aunt's voluptuous mature body looked in that outfit, my dick started to twitch once more.

"Did you and Mom go golfing today?" I asked as I casually pointed towards her outfit.

"Oh no," she replied with a smile as she kind of looked at herself, as if she'd forgotten what she was wearing. "No, your mom spent the day pampering herself. She was at the spa for quite a while and then at the hair salon. I just came over a little while ago. I'm wearing this because I was at the driving range. I need the practice. I've got a wicked hook that I'm trying get rid of." She made a motion of a golf swing that ended with her head motioning to the left, the direction her ball normally went when she hooked it.

"Maybe you need a stiffer shaft?" I couldn't resist. I saw her hesitate and flush slightly at the double entendre of my words.

"Wh....what?" she kind of gasped out.

"Yeah, for beginners, quite often hooks are caused by clubs that are a little too whippy; you know....a little too flexible."

"Do you think so?"

"Well, that could be it. Maybe if you were gripping a stiffer shaft, the problem would go away." I saw her flush once more, the skin on her neck and face almost becoming the same color as her pink shirt. I could see her thinking about what I'd said, and then she seemed to mentally make a decision to try and determine the true meaning of my words; or at least to have some fun trying to find out.

"What about your clubs, Connor? Do yours have a stiffer shaft than most people?" She had a small smile playing at the corner of her gorgeous mouth as she asked this flirtatious question.

"Oh yeah, I've been playing with stiff shafts since I was a young teenager." I saw her eyes open wide as I said this, her delicate hand going unconsciously to her throat. "You know, once you get used to it, I'm sure you'd love the feel of it in your hands. Just slowly wrapping one hand over the other on a club with a stiff shaft, you can just kind of feel the power lurking within it. And I've found that when you make that stroke just right, you'll almost be able to feel in your hands just how long and straight you can make it go." I paused for a second as she stood transfixed in place, her flushed face now glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. "If you can get used to the feel of something that stiff in your hands, you'll be surprised how straight and deep you can drive it. A couple of nice shots like that, and the next thing you know, you'll have it right in the hole."

I could see her mouth hanging open in surprise, her breath coming in short little gasps as she listened to what I was saying. She seemed totally in shock, and I decided I better do something to let her get out of this situation and still save her dignity.

"But hey, maybe you're just a lousy golfer and nothing will help," I said as I made a wry face and threw my hands up into the air.

"Oh you!" She playfully gave me gentle shove on the shoulder as a broad smile spread over her face. "Hey listen, how about you give me a lesson sometime?" She paused for a second and gave me a devilish little grin before continuing. "After all, I don't want to end being a hooker for the rest of my life." We both had a good chuckle at that.

"Okay, deal. How about I call you sometime this week?"

"I'd love that," she said as she stood on her tip-toes and gave me a quick peck on the cheek. "And make sure your mother has a nice time tonight; she deserves it."

"I know; I'll do whatever I can to make her happy."

She paused for a second and looked at me. I could see a look of pride on her face that warmed me inside. "I know you will. Every mother should have a son like you." She gave me another quick kiss and then got into her car. I bet she had no idea what I wanted to do with my mother, but then again, from the flirtatious repartee we'd just engaged in, maybe she did.

"Okay, I'll see you sometime this week then," she said as she put her car into reverse and slowly started to back out. As I nodded towards her, she gave me a last little wink. "I'm really looking forward to getting my hands on that club of yours with the stiff shaft." I chuckled inwardly as she backed fully out of the driveway and drove away, leaving me with that teasing gem to mull over. Maybe I was right, maybe she wouldn't be surprised if she knew how badly I wanted to bury over 10" of hard thick cock deep inside her gorgeous older sister. And I would definitely have no objection to feeding it into any of Aunt Julia's hot tight holes either.

With Aunt Julia's provocative statement still ringing in my ears, I adjusted my twitching pecker in my pants as I made my way to the front door. I knocked and let myself in. "Mom," I called out as I walked further into the house.

"I'll be out in minute, honey." I heard her voice come from the direction of her bedroom. I walked into the kitchen and waited, nervous as a skittish jackrabbit. I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself. Man, I hadn't been this nervous since my very first date when I was a bumbling teenager. I got a drink of water and took a deep slug, trying to get myself under control.

"Well, what do you think?" My mother's soft lilting voice came to my ears at the same time I heard the telltale clack-clack of her high-heeled shoes on the tile floor. I turned around towards her as she stepped into the room and stopped, facing me from about ten feet away.

"Oh wow!" I thought to myself as I stared at her, totally stunned. I had seen my mother dressed up many times over the years, and she had always looked great. But maybe it was because I hadn't seen her look this way since my dad died, or maybe she just looked even better than I remembered, but whatever it was, the way she was dressed right now absolutely took my breath away.

She was wearing a sleek red silk dress that hugged her curvy mature body like a glove. The dress had little cap sleeves and a mandarin collar that gave it an Asian look. The shimmering silk fabric glistened as it followed the supple flowing curves of her delectable hourglass figure. My eyes followed the inviting lines of the rich-looking shiny fabric down over her wide matronly hips and then inwards as it adhered tightly to her upper thighs. The dress came down in a tight inviting V-shape as it flatteringly clung to her thighs before ending a few inches above her knees. Her long toned legs were bare and they glistened just like the dress. I don't know if she had just shaved them, or if they had some kind of oil or cream on them, but whatever it was, they looked incredibly sexy. The smooth shiny skin on her sleek legs drew my eyes downward to her shoes; a pair of 4" high red sandals that alluringly contained her delicate feet. The sole was nice and slim, not like those ugly chunky-soled heels some women or strippers wear. These were slim, sleek, delicate, and extremely sexy. Her toenails were painted the same brilliant red as the dress and they were clearly visible in front of a series of fine narrow red bands that covered the lower part of her foot from one side to the other. Her shoes were totally open from there to the back, where an inverted red leather V-shape rose above the 4" stiletto heel up the back of her foot. Another tiny red band circled her slim ankle to hold the gorgeous sexy shoe in place. The sleek-looking shoe and fine tapered heel made her long glistening legs look spectacular, and I felt a stirring in my groin as my eyes slid up and down over her shapely alabaster columns.

Gulping noticeably as I stared, I let my eyes roam back up over her lush magnificent body. The tight dress nipped in flatteringly at her narrow waist; and now my eyes looked upward. I could see that the shiny silk fabric was stretched tightly as it fought to contain those tremendous breasts of hers. I guess having a big pair of 34Fs being packed in is not something that most dresses are required to handle. But I could see that this dress had been designed especially for someone with a figure like my mother's; and it was this that made this particular dress so breathtaking.

Beneath the little mandarin collar, an opening spread nearly all the way across the full breadth of her chest. The opening then plunged downward, exposing an impressive amount of the upper swells of her large round breasts before ending in a smooth semi-circle that delightfully accentuated the heavy front shelf of her thrusting tits. My eyes were drawn magnetically to that hypnotically alluring opening, her huge tits pushed provocatively together and upwards by the tight-fitting dress and whatever type of heavily-structured undergarment she was wearing beneath. Her line of deep dark cleavage was huge; I swear it was deep enough to get lost in. I immediately pictured sliding my long hard cock deep into the hot inviting crevice.

Finally, I tore my eyes away from her magnificent breasts and looked upwards. The mandarin collar circled her long regal neck nicely, the brilliant red color of the dress contrasting vividly with my mother's smooth white skin. Most of her soft tender neck was exposed as her hair had been pulled up attractively. I could see her frosty blonde locks intricately tucked up at the back and sides of her pretty face. It looked like something that would have taken a hairdresser a long time to do; but the results were definitely worth it. Her pulled back hair framed her beautifully made-up face sensually, with purposely placed loose wisps and tendrils seeming to lick tantalizingly at her exposed neck.

Glittering diamond earrings hung enchantingly at each side of her pretty face, swaying teasingly as she tilted her head slightly to one side. And her face.....her face was perfect; her bronze eye shadow and mascara made her brilliant blue eyes all the more spellbinding than they normally were while a soft pinkish hue on her cheeks contrasted sensually with the brilliant red lipstick that adorned her full bee-stung lips. Her lips, those full sensuous pillows that I had dreamed of having wrapped around my cock forever looked fantastic. The vivid red lipstick glistened wetly with an alluring sensuality that sent a tingling jolt right to my groin.

My Aunt Julia was right.....I loved the dress.....and even more.....the woman inside it. My eyes roamed up and down over her gorgeous lush body again, taking in every tantalizing detail once more. My God, she looked amazingly hot and absolutely stunning. This was definitely a woman that every girl or woman wanted to look like.....and every man wanted to be with.

"Well, son, what do you think?" she asked again as I stood there immobile. I realized it must have only been a few seconds since she came into the room, but I was so hypnotically enthralled with taking in every heavenly detail, it felt like I had been staring at her for hours.

"Mom, you look.....you look incredible!" I definitely wasn't exaggerating. It was like there were no words that could do her justice.

"You haven't seen the whole thing yet," she said happily as she walked further into the kitchen. She moved right past me and I gazed in awe at her incredible form. When she'd been first standing there, I wondered how she'd been able to move in such a slim-fitting dress; but now I knew. On the outside of each leg, there was a sexy 8" slit going from the hem upwards. With each step she took, I was offered a tantalizing view of her shapely toned legs as the slit opened. As she moved past me, my eyes moved from the teasing slit to the back of the dress, and I gulped as I saw how snugly it fit over her wide lush behind. The red silk dress tightly cupped that incredible ass, almost screaming out for my hands to reach forward and cup those luscious orbs myself. I looked closely and all I saw was the smooth flow of the shiny silk material over those soft-looking mounds; not a panty-line in sight. She was either wearing a tiny thong, or nothing at all for the back of the dress to look like that.

"Well?" she asked again as she did a bit of a pirouette and stood directly in front of me.

My hungry eyes looked her over from head to toe once more before responding. "Mom, that dress is amazing. And you.....you look so.....so glamorous in it."

"Thanks. I got it especially for today. Do you really like it?" She twirled a bit from side to side and gave me a smoldering provocative look as she tilted her head coquettishly.

"I love it. You look so beautiful." I put one hand across my stomach and one hand behind my back and gave a little bow. "I would be honored to be your escort for the evening."

My playful bow brought a big smile to her pretty face. "Well, how much is this evening going to cost me, Mr. Escort? This is Las Vegas, and even I know escorts don't come for free."

"Well, that depends on what the lady wants," I replied as I looked at her teasingly.

She gave a bit of a playful look in return before reaching for a little red clutch purse sitting on the counter. "I guess we'll just have to see how the evening goes. Do you take credit cards?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not; cash only, you know."

"Hmmmmm, well, if it gets to that point, we just might have to see if we can work out some sort of trade." Jesus, she was getting me hot already, and we hadn't even left the house yet!

"I'm ready to listen to whatever you have to offer."

"Right now, let's get dinner. We better go; our reservation is for 6:00."

"After you." I gave another semi-bow as I gestured towards the front door. I was happy to follow her out and look at that full lush ass of hers as it swayed provocatively from side to side with each step. I loved the sound her 4" heels made as they clacked across the hard tile floor as we made our way out. She paused to set the alarm and lock the door and then I took her arm as we went to the car. She stopped in her tracks after only a couple of steps.

"Un-uh," she said with a shake of her head.

"What?"

"Put the top up on that car, buster. I didn't have Marcel spend two hours on this hair to have it ruined by going for a joyride in your convertible."

"Whatever you say, my dear." I smiled to myself as I quickly put the roof up and locked it in place. I strode around to the passenger side and pulled the door wide open for her. I pointed to the inside of the car and gave another little bow. "M'lady." She had beautiful smile on her face as she stepped past me and slid gracefully into the car. My eyes immediately went to the large expanse of creamy thigh she exposed as she drew one long sexy leg in after the other, those tantalizing slits in her dress displaying her glistening alabaster columns seductively. Man, like I said, I don't know if she had some kind of oil or cream on those legs or what, but did they ever look great.

"So where's Zoey?" I asked nonchalantly as we headed towards the strip.

"She went to L.A. early this morning with Jenna and her parents. Jenna's applied to USC for next year and they're going to check things out. She wanted Zoey to keep her company."

"Do you think Zoey's gonna want to go away too?"

"I don't think so. She hasn't said anything and I think she'll be happy to go to UNLV. I'm kinda glad actually."

"You like having her at home?"

"I guess; she is my youngest after all. But besides that, I think it will be good to keep a bit of an eye on her. I'm starting to think there might be boy trouble coming."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Well, she's been acting a little different just the last couple of days. And I recognize the look she has from my own younger days. I'm not sure if she's met a new boy or what, but she's certainly acting that way; kind of giddy and smiling all the time. I'll probably have to keep a closer eye on her."

"Hmmmm, anything you think I can do to help?" Little did she know that this change in Zoey was directly related to the amount of cum I was feeding her.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to spend more time with her. I know she can be a real pain in the ass sometimes, but she is your little sister and I know she looks up to you."

"Well, okay." I made a bit of a face as if she had to twist my arm to get me to agree to this.

"That's great. I think it'll be good for both of you." I knew it would definitely be good for me, and with the enthusiasm Zoey had shown so far, I was going to do all I could to make it good for her too.

We chatted on as I drove and in just a short time, we arrived at the Venetian. I was going to park right there as the new restaurant my mother had wanted to try was right inside the hotel, and the Cirque du Soleil show was right across the street at Treasure Island. Mom took my arm as we made our way through the hotel to the restaurant. I noticed many admiring glances fixed on us as we passed. All eyes, both male and female, seemed to be focused on my ravishing mother, but that was fine with me; it felt great to just have her on my arm.

The restaurant was really nice, relatively small but with a large wait staff that ensured prompt service. We were seated at a table to one side, and I noticed as soon as we sat down, that a man sitting with his wife a short distance away did a double-take as the maître d' held my mother's chair for her. I smiled inwardly; knowing that was something I probably would have done myself if I was in his place.

The restaurant specialized in seafood, and we were both anxious see how it was. The waiter brought us each a glass of an excellent red wine he'd suggested as we looked over the menu. We shared some delicious crab cakes for an appetizer, while for the entrée; my mother ordered an herb-crusted salmon with risotto while I asked for a seafood linguine dish that sounded good.

The conversation flowed freely between the two of us. Most of the talk being about usual every day stuff; my sisters, what I was working on, my mother's enjoyment of her new hobby; golf, and stuff like that. She smiled continuously, and it warmed me inside to see her so happy. I don't think it mattered what we talked about, she was just happy to be out. I saw her look around the restaurant a number of times; her eager eyes taking in what other people were wearing, what they were eating; just happy to be out and part of the hustle bustle again. I took those opportunities when she was looking around to ogle that magnificent chest of hers. Those tremendous knockers of hers seemed about to spill out of the front of her dress at any second. That deep scooped opening in her shiny red dress drew the eyes of every red-blooded male in the place, not just mine. But sitting directly across from her, I certainly had the best view. I almost lost myself gazing into the deep long line of cleavage; constantly have to draw on every ounce of willpower to pull my hungry eyes away from the voluptuous display she was presenting to me.

The waiter set our meals before us and the scent of the hot food had my mouth watering, but I'm sure my mouth was well on the way already from staring at my mother's delectable rack. We started to eat, and I was happy to at least satisfy one of the hungers I was feeling. My mother loved her salmon and my seafood linguine was exquisite. We eagerly shared our meals with each other, sensually feeding each other across the table. As I watched my mother's mouth open and close around my fork, my thoughts drifted back to that episode from a couple of nights before when we'd fed each other whipped cream off our fingers.

"Mmmmm, that tastes so good," she crooned, closing her eyes in bliss as she savored another tasty bite of my food. I looked to the side and saw the married guy looking at the rapturous look on her face as she let the succulent flavors roll around on her taste-buds. His wife seemed oblivious to his

stare as I could see her busy texting on her phone. She looked like a skinny little thing, and I'm sure my mother's voluptuous figure was a feast to his wandering eyes.

Everything was absolutely delicious and we finished every savory morsel. As the waiter took our plates away, I excused myself and went to the washroom. Standing at the urinal, I heard the door open and the married guy who'd looked over a number of times walked past me to another urinal further down. I automatically looked in his direction and he me gave that nod; you know the one, the same one you give your co-workers when you pass them in the hallway every day at work. It's basically that nod that says, "Yeah, I know who you are, and you know who I am, but we don't really have anything to say to each other." I returned his acknowledging nod and finished up, then stepped over to one of the sinks and started washing my hands. My eyes flicked over to the side as the guy appeared at the sink two over from me.

"Nice place," he said, giving me another one of those little nods as he started to wash his hands.

"Yeah, the food's pretty good, too."

"Look, uh.....could I ask you a question?" I finished rinsing off my hands and grabbed some paper towels as the guy spoke. I could see that he looked nervous as all get out.

"Uh.....sure," I replied, wondering what he was going to say.

"Um.....that.....that woman you're with....." He kind of paused in what he was saying as he started to dry his own hands. Maybe he was wondering if I was going to have some kind of aggressive attitude before he continued with what he actually wanted to say.

"Yes?" I replied calmly, letting the guy know that unless he said something way out of line, he didn't have anything to worry about. I was actually finding the whole curious encounter kind of interesting.

"She.....uh.....her.....her name's not "Wifey" by any chance is it?" As he said this, he looked both nervous and totally relieved at the same time as if he'd finally gotten a huge load off his chest. I remembered the number of times he'd looked over at her during dinner. If he was thinking that was Wifey actually sitting there, it must have been driving him crazy, wanting to know the truth.

A huge grin appeared on my face as I tossed the paper towels into the trash container. "Sorry, buddy, but that's not Wifey." I gave a little shake of my head and raised my eyebrows as if to say that his dream of actually seeing his fantasy woman in the flesh was unfortunately not happening; at least not today.

"So....so you know who I'm talking about?" He asked; just to make sure we were on the same wavelength.

"Yes. I know who Wifey is. Unfortunately that's not her. But thanks very much, I'll take that as a compliment."

"Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you. I meant no offense; it's just that your date is a very beautiful woman."

"That's fine, don't worry about it," I replied with a dismissive wave of my hand. "But that woman, she's not just my date, she's my mother." I saw the guy's jaw almost hit the floor as I opened the door and left him to his own thoughts. He reappeared a few moments later and I gave him a big smile as he sheepishly took his seat.



"How about we share a piece of cheesecake for dessert?" My mother asked as she put down the dessert menu she'd been perusing while I was in the washroom.

"Sure, that sounds good." The waiter caught my eye and came over quickly.

"Will we be having dessert tonight?" he asked as he looked first at my mother and then at me. I don't know why they say that; I had no frickin' idea if he was gonna have dessert, but I knew we were.

"We'll have one piece of cheesecake and two forks please; and a couple of coffees." I looked at my mother as I ordered for both of us and she nodded in agreement.

"Yes, sir." As the waiter turned to go, my mother reached out and touched his sleeve, stopping him.

"Could we have a couple of scoops of whipped cream on that please?" she asked before looking back at me with a wicked little glint in her eye.

"Yes, of course miss." As she turned back to face me, I wasn't sure if the little smile on her face was due to what she'd ordered, or if she was just happy that the guy had called her 'miss', and not 'ma'am' or 'madam'.

"Dessert is always better with whipped cream, don't you think, Connor?"

"I couldn't agree with you more," I replied as I returned her conspiratorial grin.

The waiter brought our coffees and a minute or so later arrived with the cheesecake, nicely adorned with two little dollops of whipped cream, and two forks. My mother stuck her fork in and carved off a small piece, making sure a nifty gob of the cream came away with it. She reached across the table, as if to feed it to me.

"Lady's first," I said as I held up my hand, stopping her.

She stopped and looked at me, and I saw she had that nasty twinkle in her eye once more. "I want us to feed each other.....like we did the other night." I dropped my hand back to the table and just looked at her. We looked deep into each other's eyes and I could see that she was thinking about what had happened two nights ago, just like I was. And the look in her eyes told me she'd liked it, again, just like I had.

"Alright," I said calmly as I leaned forward and let her feed me. I closed my mouth on her fork and slowly drew it backwards, taking the food with me. The cheesecake was rich, creamy and delicious. I grabbed my own fork and sliced off a similar piece as she patiently waited, her eyes looking at me suggestively. Like she had done, I made sure the whipped cream clung to the piece I offered her. She kept her eyes locked on mine as she leaned forward. I watched enthralled as she formed her mouth into a perfect "O" and slipped her pouty red lips over my fork and closed her mouth upon the creamy sweetness.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a purr of satisfaction as I watched her close her eyes in blissful satisfaction. When she was finished, she fed me another piece, and then I returned the favor. Each piece I fed her was a sensual delight to see. It was like she was making love to the food as she gave off little meows and whimpers as she slowly savored each creamy morsel. It was one of the sexiest things I have ever witnessed in my life. I kept picturing what she could do with my cock in her mouth like that; and fortunately, the stiff bar in my pants was hidden beneath the edge of the table

and my napkin. I looked over and saw the married guy staring at my mother with his mouth hanging open as his wife continued to be distracted with her phone.

"Mmmmmm, that tasted so good," she said softly as the final piece disappeared, the warm creamy goodness sliding luxuriously down her throat. I pictured a big load of my thick cum sliding down that same silky passage. I reached for my coffee and took a good slurp of the hot drink to try and calm myself. Yeah, that's it.....trying to calm myself by drinking coffee; what an idiot I am. Well, at least it might keep me awake later.....and I could only dream that I might need that extra energy.

As we finished our coffees, I gave our waiter 'the nod' and he appeared a minute or so later with our bill. I instinctively reached for it but my mother snatched it away before I had a chance.

"Mom, no, I've got it." I tried to reach across but she pulled the bill further away from me.

"No," she replied adamantly. "I asked you out and I intend on paying. This isn't the '50's, son. A woman has just as much right to pay as the man."

"Alright." I threw up my hands in resignation, knowing this was one argument I was not going to win. She reached into her little purse and slid her credit card onto the little tray with the bill. The waiter quickly gathered it up and stepped away.

"Besides," she said as she tilted her head provocatively and looked at me with that quirky little smile of hers. "You're my escort tonight, and since I've paid for dinner, I just might expect you to put out later."

This was getting very interesting. As I looked down into that deep inviting valley of her cleavage, I was more than willing to play along with this. "Well, I just might have to play hard to get." This brought a curious little smile to her face and a twinkle to her eye as she sat back slightly and appraised me, like a rancher looking over a prized stallion they were interested in buying.

The waiter interrupted our flirtatious conversation by bringing over the charge slip which my mother quickly signed. As the waiter retreated, she looked back at me with a smoldering sensuality that almost took my breath away. I could see the untamed desire flickering inside her as she surveyed me like a jungle cat stalking its prey. "Hard to get, eh.....hmmmm.....I love a challenge." Jesus, her words sent another electrifying jolt straight to my midsection. I wondered if I'd survive this night with this bewitching enchantress without cumming in my pants.

"We'd better go," she said as she nodded towards a clock on the wall. "The show starts in a few minutes." I carefully stood up and casually adjusted the piece of lumber in my shorts as she stepped past me. I caught up to her and she slipped her arm into mine. It felt wonderful to have the side of her warm soft breast pressed against me as we walked the short distance across the street on the overhead walkway and down to Treasure Island. We got there just moments before the show started and took our seats, my mother sitting on my left.

"Oh Connor, it's so nice just to be out." She grinned happily and pulled me close to her as she gave me a quick peck on the cheek. The lights went down at the same time and we settled into our seats to watch.

The show was great, as all the Cirque du Soleil shows are. The artists' feats of strength, agility and athleticism are incomparable. Being the sick fuck that I am, I couldn't help but ogle some of the flexible female performers and wonder what they would be like in bed. I bet being with one of them would be a sweet ride, for sure.

"Oh Connor, isn't this great," my mother's whispering voice came to me as she leaned over close to me. I looked over and nodded to her, a look of pure joy on her face as she watched the riveting performance. She shifted over in her seat until she was pressed right up next to me, our shoulders and the outsides of our legs touching. It felt natural to lift my left arm and drape it over her shoulders, and as I did, she comfortably snuggled right into my side. The intoxicating scent of her perfume sifted deliciously into my senses as a few tickling strands of her soft hair grazed my cheek. Geez, she smelled great. As she settled in, I could feel the side of her tremendous tit pressing softly into my chest. It felt so nice and warm as I set my hand on the outside of her far arm and held her against me. From my vantage point of being taller, I looked down into that scintillating opening in the front of her dress, my hungry eyes feasting those ample mounds of tit-flesh opulently on display.

"This feels nice," she said softly as she flicked her sparkling eyes up to mine for a second before returning her gaze to the show. Yes, it felt better than nice, it felt fantastic; and my view down onto those magnificent knockers was unbelievable. We continued to watch the compelling spectacle the performers were giving us, but my own eyes kept straying to those two voluptuous stars of the show a mere foot and a half away from me.

A few minutes later, my mother shifted ever so slightly against my side and as she did, I felt her hand gently settle itself on my left thigh, her hand coming to rest just above my knee. She just left it there as we continued to watch, and then all of a sudden, I felt her fingers start to gently stroke the inside of my leg. My eyes looked down and I could see the ever-so-small movement of her fingers in the ambient light coming from the stage area. Her fingers gently stroked lightly back and forth.....and then I felt them start to move higher on the inside of my thigh.

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself as I felt my prick start to respond to her tingling touch. Being right-handed, and having been somewhat blessed in the dick department, it was common for me to 'dress to the left', and tuck my member over to the left side, as I had done today prior to donning my fitted boxers. As my mother's hand started its deft movement along my leg, I felt my dong immediately start to respond, thus the "Oh fuck," exclamation I felt within myself. Her hand slowly moved higher, her delicate fingers moving in tiny circles over my firm thigh. My cock was half-hard now and continued to extend and thicken as she slowly, yet insistently moved higher and higher. Finally, after what seemed like torturous hours but had only been a few minutes, I felt her stroking fingers encounter the end of my growing pecker. I wondered if she would pull her hand away in surprise, but she merely stopped, her fingers resting against the sizable helmet.

"Mmmmm," I heard a gentle purr of satisfaction come from her and looked over at her face. Her eyes remained riveted forwards, watching the show. I could see a look of rapturous desire twinkling in her eyes though as a quirky smile played at the corners of her full sexy mouth. She snuggled in just a bit closer to me as her hand once more started its teasing ministrations. I felt her hand become a little bolder now as she let her fingers stroke gently over my stiffening dick. I could feel her fingertips slide up until they encountered the point where the tip of my lengthening joint met my leg, and then she kept her fingers together as she let them all circle down over the growing stalk until she reached the underside, where she closed her hand slightly in a warm corridor, and then she gave my prick a little squeeze.

"Mmmmm...." The little groan came from me this time as I felt my schlong respond immediately to her teasing touch. Her delicately manipulating fingers were turning me on so much, I could feel it extending further down the inside of my thigh, even inside the restraining confinement of my fitted boxers. As it continued to extend and thicken, I felt her hand explore higher, travelling further up the stiffening shaft, her fingertips caressing and stroking my burgeoning pecker along the way. By

the time she got to the base, it was no longer simply a penis, member or dong; it was now a fully-fledged rock-hard cock. I looked down and could see over 10" of stiff blood-engorged flesh bulging with need halfway down the inside of my thigh.

I felt her fingertips slide further up over the front of my pants until they encountered the root of my surging rod at my midsection. She paused for a second with her ministrations, and then I felt her slowly and purposely move her fingers incrementally down over the thick engorged shaft beneath my pant leg, as if measuring it. I felt like I was going out of my mind, I was so turned on. Here we were, seated in the shadows in the middle of about fifteen hundred people, and my beautiful sexy mother's teasing hand had brought to a full raging erection, with absolutely no one around us being the wiser.

"Oh my," I heard her give a little gasp under her breath as her soft hand reached the massive mushroom head once more and closed warmly over it. In the dim light, I saw her look down, her eyes growing wide as she saw the stretched material of my pants protruding along the inside of my thigh. With her eyes now glued to my throbbing erection, I watched as her long slim fingers slid slowly up the full length of it, before reaching the base and stroking smoothly back along the engorged shaft until she closed her whole hand around the lemon-sized crown once more.

"Mmmmmmm...." It was her that let out the groan of satisfaction this time. As she looked at my bulging cock, in stark profile, I saw her tongue slip out from between her lips and circle them wetly, her full soft red lips glistening in the muted reflected light. Her eyes flicked up to mine, and in the faint light, I could see pure lust radiating from them. She leaned in close, and I could feel her warm sweet breath in my ear. "Connor, is that all you?" She emphasized her question by letting her fingers trace over the full length of my throbbing prick.

"Yes.....and it's because of you that it's like this, Mom."

"Mmmmmmm, it's nice to see I can still have that kind of reaction from a young man," she whispered into my ear as her fingers moved deftly back and forth. "How.....how big is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Over ten."

I heard her take a sharp intake of breath as her fingers stopped for a second and then slowly moved along the full length again, as if confirming my measurement. "Oh my God, come with me."

She pulled my hand as she smoothly got up from her seat. Excusing ourselves to the people we had to pass, we made our way to the aisle and up towards the rear exits; me pulling at my jacket in an effort to obscure my pronounced bulge. Unknown to me, right at the back of the theatre off the main exiting aisle was a large single washroom designated for the handicapped. Still holding my hand firmly, I could see where my mother was headed as she pulled me in that direction. Fortunately, the room wasn't in use and she quickly flicked on the light and locked the door behind us. She turned to me and I could see that tremendous chest of hers heaving with excitement as her eyes roamed down over my body to my midsection. She looked back up at me, her sparkling blue eyes burning with lust, her full red lips parted slightly as she breathed raggedly.

"Kiss me," she said as she pushed me back against the bathroom vanity and stepped into my arms. I wrapped my arms around her as she turned her face up to mine, her perfect lips parted in invitation. As I brought my mouth down to hers, our eyes closed as we met in a deep searing kiss.

"Mmmmmm," she gave a little moan as my lips pressed against hers. Her lips were warm, soft and exquisite. Reveling in the illicit riskiness of what was about to happen, I pressed forward and slid my tongue between those soft pillowy lips into the hotness of her moist oral cavity. Her tongue met mine and she rolled hers eagerly against mine, our mouths locked together in a hot passionate kiss. I withdrew my tongue back into my own mouth, and she eagerly followed. At the same time, I felt the flat of her palm slide down my front, until she reached the protruding bulge on the inside of my pant leg and gripped it needily.

"Mmmmmm, this is what I want," she whispered hotly into my ear as she pulled her mouth away from mine. Pinned against the edge of the vanity, I was hers to do with as she wanted; and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way. I could feel my heart racing with excitement, and I knew I was as flushed as she was as I looked at her heaving chest, the upper swells of her massive tits seeming swollen and pink with desire. I watched mesmerized as she slowly sank to her knees, the slits in the sides of that tight dress splitting as far apart as they could go as the hem rose teasingly higher on her shapely thighs. On her spread knees before me, I watched enraptured as she reached up and undid my belt.

"ZIPPPPPPPPPPP!" The metallic sound of my zipper being dragged down was like sinful music to my ears. My mother's beautiful flushed face was glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration as she grabbed the waistband of my pants and underwear at the same time and started to tug down. I shimmied my hips to help her as the material got held up temporarily on my beefy dick before she gave a forceful tug. As my clothes ended up in a puddle around my ankles, my restricted cock sprung forcefully upward as it unfurled itself from the tight confines of my underwear.

"Oh my God," she gasped breathlessly as she knelt before me, her eyes mere inches from my throbbing prick. I could see the long thick monster looming over her gorgeous face menacingly, the huge engorged head bobbing provocatively up and down with each beat of my racing heart. She stared as if hypnotized as a growing bead of precum oozed to surface and then slowly started to distend to the floor in a glistening strand.

"Yesssss..." she hissed wantonly as she quickly leaned forward, her tongue sliding forwards to catch the warm gooey strand before it could fall to the floor. With the bottom of the sticky web of pre-cum resting on her tongue, I watched as she reached forward and circled her hand as far around the base of my rigid prick as she could get it. I could see that with the broad girth, there was still a sizable gap between her fingers and base of her gripping hand. With my stiff rod firmly in her grasp, she slowly pumped the loose outer sheath upwards. I could see what she was trying to do, and I saw her eyes glinting with pleasure as her pumping hand forced more precum to flow from the gaping red eye. The glistening web thickened as more fluid oozed forth from my thrusting erection, the little pool on her tongue growing in size as the gooey discharge continued to flow. She slowly pumped a couple of more times, the shiny gob of precum on her tongue growing in size with each pumping stroke. Finally, she moved her tongue upwards and I felt the hot wet tip slide deftly right into the tip of my prick as she gathered up her tasty prize.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed like a kitten with a saucer of warm cream and I saw the muscles in her long regal neck contract as she swallowed. Oh fuck, just looking at the wanton look on her face as she pumped that pre-cum out of me almost had me ready to shoot right there on the spot. My sexy mother had me so turned on, I knew that whatever happened, this first load was not going to take long.

"Connor," she said softly as she licked her lips and looked up at me, "your cock is so beautiful. I thought your father was big, but you've got him beat by at least two or three inches; and he was

nowhere as big around as this." I saw her look at the sizable gap at the base of her circling hand as she moved closer. "And it's so hard." She accompanied this with a firm squeeze that resulted in another shiny gob of pre-cum oozing from the enflamed tip. "And it tastes so good." Spying the glistening bead of fluid, she pursed her lips into an inviting "O" and brought them towards the tip of the broad crimson crown. She placed her lips right over the wet red opening and closed them seductively on the pebbly membranes.

"Oh fuck, yes....." I hissed as she applied some suction as her soft red lips adhered tightly to the sensitive tissues covering the fat mushroom head. I gripped the sides of the counter tightly on each side of me as I watched her pouty lips start to spread open as she pushed her face forwards, my long thick cock about to enter my gorgeous mother's hot wet mouth for the first time. Her eyes were focused on my surging prick as she slowly let her pillowy lips follow the flowing contours of the wide flared head. It looked amazing to see my own mother; her red lips stretched almost to the tearing point as she eagerly forced more of my surging prick into her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she let out a low moan as her lips slipped over the thick ridge of the dark purple corona, the massive head of my cock now firmly locked within her hot sucking mouth. Her wet tongue bathed the sensitive membranes of the enflamed helmet with her hot saliva, the slick fluid feeling deliciously wonderful as her talented tongue rolled all around the engulfed crown. As she sucked and licked all over the large head, her other hand came up and I felt her gently cradle my sperm-laden nuts, her lithe fingers seeming ready to coax as much of my loving seed out of me as she could.

With one hand cradling my sack and the other one wrapped firmly around the base of my rigid prick, I watched mesmerized as she slowly drew back, until just the very tip was captured within her vacuuming mouth. She then reversed direction and started forwards once more. Totally enthralled, I watched as her gorgeous lips slipped over the thick coronal ridge once more and then kept going. Her lips were pursed forward sensually, and I could feel her cheeks vacuumed in against the sides of my buried erection, the hot wet tissues lining the inside of her mouth making a hot buttery sheath that clung to my prick deliciously. She got about 5" of my cock into the deep recesses of her mouth before retreating and then going back down the same distance again. Oh Jesus, I thought to myself, this is incredible; here was my hot sexy mother, slavishly sucking my huge prick, a look of pure bliss on her pretty face. I closed my eyes, knowing I couldn't take much more of this, and then was surprised when I felt her retreat and back right off my surging erection. I opened my eyes and looked down at her, wondering what was happening. She looked up at me through hooded eyes, her face gleaming with perspiration, a scintillating web of glistening fluid bridging the gap between her lower lip and the enflamed cap of my throbbing pecker.

"I'm about three years out of practice," she said as her lust-filled eyes met mine, "and I've never had one anywhere this big before.....but let's see how this goes."

Not knowing what she was talking about, I could only stand there and watch. I was temporarily mortified as her two hands released both my swollen nuts and rock-hard prick. She slowly slid them up the front of my body until she had them firmly gripping my broad hips. Getting a little further upright on her knees, I watched as she formed those perfect lips of hers into a nice wet "O" again as she descended on my thrusting erection. She fed the enflamed head back into her mouth once more and then she tilted her head slightly. In the position she wanted, I stared wide-eyed as my gorgeous mother's sexy mouth descended further and further down my upright shaft.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkk....." I groaned as I watched her engulf all of my huge thick cock in one smooth go. Her lips continued to move forward, her hot saliva paving the way as her puckered lips went all

the way down to the thick base, where I felt her succulent lips start to nibble at the taut skin before she slowly retreated. She never took her mouth off but stopped with the huge flared head still trapped inside her mouth. She leaned forwards again, and this time I saw her draw her cheeks in again, my cock absolutely thrumming from the intense heat from the buttery soft lining of her mouth and throat. Holding firmly onto my hips, she started to rhythmically move back and forth, my throbbing cock getting engulfed to the hilt with each forward movement.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she let out a low groan as she continued to deep-throat me. I could feel the decadent sounds of her blissful pleasure as she purred and hummed into my driving prick. My God, she was sucking my cock better than I had ever imagined....better than any porn star I had ever seen. And I could see and hear from the way she was acting that she was loving it as well. These were not the phoney moans and groans that you see in so many pornos; these were the sounds of an expert natural cocksucker in love with her work. I looked down at her, totally in awe of her oral prowess. She was doing it nice and slow and insistently, her sucking mouth making absolute perfect love to my rock-hard cock with each oral stroke. Her pulled-up hair was starting to come loose, a few more sexy tendrils falling sensually about her shoulders. As I looked down at her, her gorgeous frosty blonde hair swinging at the sides of her cock-stuffed face, I felt my swollen balls start to draw up close to my body. I could tell her own pleasure was escalating as well as her moans and groans were becoming more constant now as she totally surrendered herself to the deep cocksucking I could tell she loved so much. I felt the delicious tingling in my midsection as the scintillating contractions started, the boiling semen starting to speed up the shaft of my pulsing cock.

"MOM.....I.....I.....HERE IT COMES," I warned as I felt my rushing cum about to spew forth. She pulled back slightly but kept the throbbing head locked tightly within her vacuuming mouth as I began to shoot. The first shot jettisoned forth powerfully and it was so intense, I wondered if I would knock her head right off my spewing prick. But she enthusiastically held firm as I started to flood that gorgeous mouth of hers. Wad after thick gooey wad shot forth as I ejaculated a massive load into her hungry mouth.

"EHHHHHHHHGGGGNNN," she moaned as I saw her body start to twitch and shake. My own orgasm had triggered a climax within her, and I happily watched her body quiver and tremble with ecstasy as a spine-tingling release shot through her. She never once relinquished her oral hold on my ejaculating prick as I continued to shoot. I lost count of the number of shots I pasted deep within her sucking mouth, but the intensity of her fantastic cocksucking seemed to have me coming forever. I heard her gulp noisily as she continued to shake, but her lips and tongue just kept sucking for more. Our moans filled the room as our mutual orgasms continued to flow through us. I felt the final few shots spew forth onto her waiting tongue, and then I thought I was almost going to collapse as I leaned back against the counter and drew in deep lung-fulls of air.

"Mmmmmmm...." I heard her soft purr of satisfaction. I opened my eyes and looked down at my gorgeous mother, her lips still locked sweetly around my spent prick, her vacuuming mouth having drained me of every creamy drop of semen I'd had stored up. I could see a silvery trickle of cum at each corner of her mouth and dangling off one side of her chin; overflow from the massive load I'd just shot into her hungry mouth. As I stood there gasping for air, she slowly drew her mouth backward and gave the tip of my pecker a long lingering kiss, her tongued delving into the very tip to get the last creamy morsel of cum. She sat back slightly on her heels and I watched her bring one hand to her chin and push the dangling globule of pearly semen between her parted lips. She reached to the other side of her mouth and gathered up that milky trickle as well, her tongue closing over her fingers and licking them clean.

She looked up at me, and I could see a look of blissful contentment on her face, but there was something else there too; the hungry need for more. She reached down between her legs and I could see that the hem of her dress had ridden up even further, the edge of the taut red silk mere inches below her pussy. Her fingers disappeared briefly beneath her skirt, and then as she withdrew them, she got to her feet.

"Here's a little something for you," she said teasingly as she held up her glistening fingers. Her fingers were soaked with a shiny coating of her womanly nectar. She stepped close to me and wafted her fingers in front of my face. Her warm womanly fragrance burned into my senses with rapturous delight. Although I had just cum, her intoxicating scent caused my temporarily satiated libido to snap to attention once more. She smiled at me provocatively as she moved her slick fingers back and forth in front of me. My eyes followed her moving fingers hypnotically as I parted my lips wantonly. She stopped teasing me and slid her gooey fingers right into my waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmmm...." It was me purring like a kitten this time as I fed off her fingers like a baby bird from its mother. Her succulent nectar tasted wonderful as I gathered it onto my tastebuds and savored it before swallowing, the silky cunt-honey bathing my throat. She tasted wonderful, and I definitely wanted more.

"Your mouth feels nice," she said softly as I sucked sensually on her long slim fingers. She reached down with her other hand and I felt her wrap her fingers around my half-hard cock. "You know, son, they say a woman at my age is in her sexual prime." I looked into her hooded lust-filled eyes as she gave my spent prick a coaxing stroke. "And, I've got three years of lost time to make up for too.....do you think you can keep up with me?" She paused and looked at me, that teasing look of desire shining at me from her sparkling eyes.

"Oh fuck....." I thought to myself as I just looked at her, my eyes roaming blatantly over her sumptuous tits.

She leaned close to me and I felt her magical tongue teasing at the entrance to my ear, a tingling shiver shooting through me. I felt her hot breath and warm lips as she moved even closer and whispered softly, "I hope you can.....because I want you to keep me filled with this beautiful cock of yours all night long."

*...to be continued...*