

THE GOOD WIFE: ALICIA'S DEEP ITCH

rm Dexter

Alicia unexpectedly finds a huge cock to scratch that itch.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

17.5k words

Alicia Florrick had an itch—a nagging burning itch deep inside her mature unsatisfied cunt. She knew exactly how to take care of that itch—with a hard thick cock.

Alicia needed cock. She needed it bad. It had been about a year since the headlines had come out—her husband Peter, the State's Attorney, had been caught cheating on her. Not just cheating on her with anyone, with prostitutes. He'd also been charged with using his position of influence for corrupt means. He'd done jail time for that, but he'd been released when the evidence fell short and was now living in his own apartment—Alicia wasn't ready to forgive and forget just yet.

She'd had to go back to work after many years of being a mother and the loyal wife of a rising politician. And what good had being loyal done her? It had only served to get her face in the headlines as the wife whose powerful husband loved to suck the toes of hookers.

So she'd gone back to practicing law, and her old college flame Will Gardner had graciously given her a job. She'd done well, and was looking forward to a raise as she approached the end of her first year. Her first year, she thought. It has also been that long since she'd kicked Peter out of her bed once the scandal hit the papers. She'd been without cock for that long, and she could feel the itchiness deep inside her, an itchiness that her vibrator could never scratch.

She took a big sip from her glass. The warm vapors filled her senses, the full-bodied red wine helping to relieve the stress of the day. She took another drink and pulled her robe about her mature body. She'd come home, late as usual, and had been greeted by her bitchy mother-in-law, Jackie. The old skank always made her feel inadequate, but Alicia needed her help right now as she struggled to make ends meet on her own. Alicia had thanked Jackie for preparing dinner for her two teenagers, Zach and Grace, and then was happy to see the front door close behind the old bag.

Alicia still felt guilty about what had happened the week before—the family was going to celebrate Zach's 19th birthday together, but she'd been stuck in the office, arriving home just in time to say goodnight. She had hoped to make the day special for Zach, and vowed to make it up to him at some point.

So again today, she was left to eat alone, the kids going to their rooms to do their homework. As she ate, her first glass of red wine diminished quickly as it helped ease the pressures of another hectic day. She'd come to realize that every day at Lockhart/Gardner was like that. There was barely a chance to catch your breath and associates on the partner track were expected to bill as many hours as possible. She knew she was in competition with Cary Agos—the sharp young guy who'd come out of Harvard—but Alicia felt she'd been up to the challenge.

She thought back to the conversation she'd overheard earlier in the day. Cary and two other young male associates had been in the lunchroom talking. Alicia had stopped by the storage room next to it to retrieve some files. A door separated the two rooms and she noticed it was ajar, the muffled voices of the three young men drifting into the file room. She didn't take any notice of it until she

clearly recognized her name being spoken. She crept closer to the door and listened, her curiosity piqued.

"She's a definite MILF, alright," she heard one guy say.

"Have you seen those legs? And those high heels she wears? For a woman in her 40s, she's absolutely gorgeous." This came from the second guy. Alicia was listening intently now, having recognized the term 'MILF'.

"Her legs are great." She recognized Cary's voice this time. "But so is everything else. And she's just so sexy. That face, those exotic eyes, and what about those CSLs?"

This comment brought a series of agreements and comments of approval from the other two. "CSLs," Alicia thought to herself, "What the heck was that?" All of a sudden, she heard the sound of the main lunchroom door being opened.

"Cary, can I see you in my office regarding the Chumhum deposition." It was Will Gardner's voice reaching her ears now.

"Sure, Will. I'll be right there," Cary replied, ending the conversation the three associates had been having about her.

She heard the chairs scraping against the floor as the young men left the room. She waited a couple of minutes and then made her way back to her desk. As she walked, she could feel the dampness in her panties, her mature body becoming aroused as she'd listened to the young men talking about her in such flattering terms. She had definitely heard the term MILF before and was thrilled to hear that they thought of her as one, but she had no idea what they meant by CSLs.

Back at her desk, she quickly pulled up a search engine and typed in the three letters. All she got were listings for various soccer leagues and similar entries. None of that made any sense. She then remembered a website Kalinda had told her about, one that dealt with common everyday slang terms that people used—Urban Dictionary. She called up the site and once again typed, C—S—L, and then she punched enter. And up came her answer:

"CSL—cock sucking lips"

Alicia shuddered as she read, her pussy-lips twitching as she pictured those young men looking at her and what they were thinking. She tried to keep a professional look on her face, but inside, she was glowing, happy to think vibrant young men like that found her attractive, and apparently for more than just her sexy legs. They'd all agreed on Cary's opinion of her cock sucking lips. She pulled a compact and a tube of lipstick out of her purse and applied a nice fresh coat, pursing her lips in the mirror as she dismally thought about how long it had been since she'd had those pouty red lips wrapped around a thick hard cock.

And now she was home, alone once more. With her mother-in-law gone, she took a long leisurely shower, attempting to wash away the cares of the day. She pulled on an emerald green satin chemise, the slip-like garment ending high on her shapely thighs. The sexy little garment was trimmed at the neckline and hem with a thin strip of delicate white lace. She pulled on a matching pair of panties before donning her big terrycloth bathrobe. She liked to sleep in lingerie like that, but she didn't want her kids to see her.

She heated up the meal Jackie had prepared for her, the kids and their grandmother having eaten much earlier. As she re-filled her wine glass after eating, she thought of her kids, Zach and Grace. She worried about them constantly. The scandal had been difficult enough for her, but she always wondered how the two of them made it through each passing day. They'd had to give up their house for an apartment, change schools—and that was nothing compared to the finger-pointing and talking behind their back that she was sure they endured. They were good kids, she thought as she picked up her glass and made her way to Grace's room.

Her daughter's bedroom door was open a crack, the room in darkness. Alicia quietly opened the door a few more inches and peered in. She saw Grace asleep on her bed, her childhood teddy bears still keeping her company. Alicia watched her daughter for a few seconds, her pretty face innocently serene as she slept. Alicia closed the door, and headed down the hall to check in on Zach. As expected, she found his door closed, but she noticed light seeping out from beneath the gap at the bottom.

"Zach?" she called out quietly as she tapped at his door.

"Uh...just a second, Mom," he called back, his voice sounding a little panicky.

Alicia waited, taking another sip of her wine.

"Okay, come on in."

Alicia entered her son's room and was surprised to see him sitting up in bed with his t-shirt on, the covers pulled up to his waist. She'd expected him to be in his customary spot, sitting in front of his computer.

"Zach, are you feeling okay?" she asked as she walked across the room towards him.

"Yes," he replied. "I just decided to go to bed a little earlier than usual and do some reading." Alicia couldn't help noticing her son's eyes had looked down at her legs as she walked across the room, his young eyes taking in one of her best features.

"Are you sure you're okay, honey," she asked as she sat on the edge of his bed. "You look a little flushed." She put her hand on his forehead before he had a chance to realize what she was doing.

"I'm fine, Mom," he replied, pulling back from her hand.

"Are you sure? You feel like you might have a bit of a fever?"

"Really Mom, I'm okay."

"Alright....alright," she said as she sat back on his bed and looked at her curly-haired son, her heart going out to him. She took another sip of her wine before turning to set her glass on the desk near the foot of his bed. When she turned back, she saw Zach's eyes staring at her thighs, her robe having come open as she'd turned and stretched to set down her glass. She felt a wicked thrill go through her as her son looked between her legs. She wasn't sure why, but she found it tremendously arousing to see him looking at her like that. Maybe it had something to do with hearing what those young men had said about her earlier in the day. Whatever it was, she felt a little pulse deep in her cunt and knew her oily juices were starting to flow. Inspired by the illicit lewdness of what she was feeling, she purposely left her robe where it was, parted slightly to reveal her sexy chemise beneath. She let her legs part slightly, giving her son a good view of her smooth creamy inner thighs. She carried on talking, as if she'd never noticed that her robe had come

partially undone. "Zach, I need to know how you feel about what's happened. Are you mad at your dad and me?"

"Wha....uh," he stammered as he reluctantly lifted his eyes from the inviting view of her warm mature thighs. "Uh...no, I'm not mad at either of you. I...I just don't understand Dad."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't understand how he could have gone with those....those women?"

Alicia wondered where he was going with this and decided to see what he was thinking. She thought that deep down, a teenager like Zach would have been somewhat envious of his father for getting to bed attractive young hookers. "What do you mean? You've seen pictures of those women your father was with. Don't you think they're good looking?"

"They're not nearly as gorgeous as you, Mom!" he burst out, then shrunk back, like a boy that had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"Oh Zach, that's so nice of you to say." She shifted her rear end slightly on his bed, drawing one leg up slightly so her son had a clear view right up to her panty-covered cockpit. "I'm sure you're just saying that because I'm your mother." She rolled her head as if she had a stiff neck, but as she did, she subtly let the top of her robe open up more, her pert breasts coming into view. She knew they weren't big, but at a full 34B, they were still nicely shaped, and topped by large bullet-like nipples. When she stopped rolling her neck, she looked once more at her son, whose eyes were now feasting on her shapely tits, the stiff nipples poking noticeably through the thin satin fabric. Realizing she was now looking at him, Zach drew on his dwindling willpower and lifted his eyes to hers.

"No, it's not just because you're my mother. You are so much more beautiful than any of those women—I just don't understand how Dad would ever want to be away from you."

"Well, some men get to a certain age where a mature woman doesn't excite them like it used to. They need the attention of someone younger."

"I think Dad's crazy," Zach said, his eyes looking over his mother's enticing mature body. "I'd never do that if I was in his position."

"So, do you find older woman attractive, Zach?"

"Well, I.....I guess," he replied, his face turning red as his eyes dropped to his lap.

"There's no need to be embarrassed. A lot of young men have a thing for older women. I think it's kind of sweet actually," she paused as she put her hand under Zach's chin and lifted his face until he was looking right at her. She gave him a sultry look, her eyes hooded seductively as she tilted her head slightly to one side. "I think it's kind of sexy too."

"You do," he said excitedly, sitting slightly forward. His movement caused the covers to move slightly on each side of him. Alicia eyes immediately spotted the corner of what looked like a magazine that had been stuck under the covers beside him.

"So what are you reading?" she asked, reaching forward and pulling out the magazine.

"MOM! NO!" Zach shouted as he grabbed for the magazine.

"Now Zach, I'm your mother," Alicia replied, pushing his arms away. "You know after what happened we agreed there should be no secrets between anyone in this family, right?"

"Yes, I know," he agreed, dropping his head in shame.

"So let's see what you were trying to hide there." She turned the magazine over until she was looking at the glossy cover. A beautiful busty blonde woman in a black merry widow and thigh high nylons stared back at her. Alicia couldn't help but notice that the woman was about the same age as she was. Her eyes then went up to the top of the page as she read the title—MILF WORLD. She looked again at the cover, the mature model's pretty face turned towards the camera in an inviting 'come-hither' look. Her pussy twitched as she thought about her teenage son looking at a magazine like this.

"So I guess you do like older woman after all," Alicia said as she started to flip through the pages, her eyes looking at pictures of one gorgeous mature woman after another.

"Mom, please," Zach said as he furtively reached for the magazine.

"Zach, you know that after all the things that have happened in the last year, we decided that we were always going to be honest with each other." She paused and looked at her son lovingly. "I want you to know I'm not angry with you. I understand a little something about teenage boys." Her lips turned up in a sexy little smile as she watched him relax somewhat. He'd be shocked if he knew how many loads of teenage cum she'd jacked off and sucked out in her lifetime.

"Thanks for saying that, Mom, but could I have my magazine back now?" He was almost pleading with her now.

"What's the corner of this page turned down for?" Alicia asked as she flipped to a page that looked like it had been marked for reference.

"NO MOM!" Zach cried out as he tried to pull the magazine from his mother's grasp. She turned away from him as she opened the page in question.

"Oh my," she whispered under her breath as she saw a couple pictures of herself looking back at her. The page was titled "POLITICAL MILFS" and the two pictures of her took up the whole page. In one she was wearing a strapless red evening gown, her thimble-sized nipples thrusting prominently through the dress. It was a full-length shot and had been taken from the side as she'd been walking. The teasing split at the side of the dress showed the full length of one lean toned leg from her upper thigh down to a pair of red strappy high heels. She remembered when she'd worn this outfit—it had been the last function she'd attended with Peter before the scandal hit the papers. She remembered how chilly it had been in the convention center that night, and the photographer who'd taken the picture had obviously noted how stiff her nipples had become.

The second picture was a shot from the waist up. She was wearing a tight white t-shirt with the words "Chicago Tourism" emblazoned on the front. She remembered when she'd worn that as well. It had been taken at a charity softball game shortly before the other picture had been taken. It had started out as a gorgeous sunny Saturday, only to see some unexpected dark clouds blow in over Lake Michigan. They'd been caught in a quick downpour, the participants laughing as they raced across the field to take refuge beneath one of the park's covered pavilions as the unexpected rain came down in a hurry. She wondered if it was the same photographer who'd taken this shot too, as once again, with her white t-shirt having gotten soaking wet in the quick deluge, you could clearly

see the outline of a lacy white bra beneath, and her long hard nipples projecting stiffly beneath that.

"Zach, why is this page marked like this?" she asked, pointing to the turned over corner. He looked at her blankly, his eyes wide with guilt. She felt her pussy-juice start to flow as she looked at her young son, knowing exactly why he'd marked that page. "We just talked about honesty and no secrets again, right?"

"Y....yes," he mumbled.

"Now I want you to answer me honestly, Zach—why is this page marked like this?" Alicia held the page with the pictures of herself up towards him, so there could be absolutely no mistake about which page she was referring to.

"I.....I like to look at it," he confessed, dropping his eyes to his lap. She could see how embarrassed he was, and her heart went out to him.

"Zach, it's alright," she said in a calm soothing voice as she reached down and touched his knee through his covers.

"Are you sure, Mom? You're not mad at me?"

"No, I'm not mad at you at all. A woman my age loves to know that young men still find her attractive."

"Mom, I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!" he blurted out.

"Oh Zach, you're so sweet," Alicia said, happy to see the relieved look on her son's face. "It's kind of warm in here. Is it okay if I take my robe off? It won't embarrass you to see your old mom in her sleeping clothes, will it?"

"No, go ahead," he replied hurriedly.

She set the magazine down, leaving it open to the page with her pictures. Standing beside his bed, she slowly undid the sash of the robe as his eyes peered at her intently. She pulled the front open and sensually rolled her shoulders as she peeled off the robe before letting it fall seductively to the floor. She smiled as Zach swallowed anxiously, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as his hungry young eyes looked her up and down. She stretched, extending her arms up which caused the sexy slip-like chemise to rise high on her toned thighs, the lacy hem stopping just below her panty-covered pussy.

"That feels better." She sat back down on the bed and picked up the magazine again, nonchalantly bringing one leg up with her foot kind of beneath her while her knee pointed to the wall on the other side of him. Pretending to be interested in the magazine, she extended her other leg out towards the floor, giving her son a clear view up between her legs. She noticed Zach gulp again, his eyes drawn magnetically to the inviting V of her spread thighs.

"You look like you're getting hot too," Alicia said as she looked at her son's flushed face, his skin now glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. 'I bet his heart's beating like a jack-rabbit', she thought to herself as his eyes never left the creamy whiteness of her inner thighs. "Why don't you take your t-shirt off?" He did as she suggested, and Alicia smiled to herself as he tossed the t-shirt aside, his young body coming into view. He still had some filling out to do, but she knew that would come as he grew older.

"So Zach, when you're looking at these pictures of me, what do you do?"

"Well, I uh.....I guess I look at them and think about how pretty you are."

"So you don't do anything else?" Alicia punctuated her words by extending her leg further out on the floor, increasing the gap between her smooth ivory thighs. She could feel her pussy getting wetter as she toyed with her son. She could already smell her flowing juices, and wondered if he could too. "Remember Zach, no secrets."

He dropped his eyes back to his lap, afraid to look her in the eye as he confessed. "Well I.....I....."

"Do you play with yourself?" Alicia interrupted, her words helping to alleviate the squirming guilt her son was feeling.

"Yes," he gasped out, relieved at not having to say the words himself.

"That's okay, Zach, relax. I'm not angry with you. I find it kind of flattering, actually." She rolled her head around her shoulders again, noticing her son's eyes immediately focusing on her pert breasts, the nipples feeling wickedly sinful as they slid stiffly against the shimmering green satin of the chemise. "Tell me, how often do you do it?"

"Um....well.....uh....." he muttered. He was stalling, but after seeing the pictures of herself in the magazine he'd been trying to hide, she sensed he was dying to confess about his obsession with her. She could feel her juices soaking into her panties just thinking about it. It seemed that he needed a little incentive to get what he was feeling off his chest.

"Zach, do you want me to leave?" she asked, leaning slightly forward, thrusting the perfectly-shaped spheres of her 34Bs towards him. His eyes flicked down to her dark cleavage, framed teasingly by the lacy edge of the chemise. He gulped anxiously again.

"No. Please don't go," he said nervously, a note of panic in his voice.

"Alright then, as long as we keep being honest with each other," she said warmly as she sat back slightly and dropped her hand to her leg, her blood-red nails tracing slowly up her inner thigh. "So tell me, how many times a day do you play with yourself?"

His eyes never left her teasing fingertips as she drew them provocatively over the smooth white skin of her thighs. He finally spoke, his voice quivering with embarrassment, "Usually about five or six times a day."

'Oh my God,' Alicia thought to herself as a shudder of excitement ran through her body. She felt her pussy creaming as she pictured her son jerking off and cumming five or six times a day.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Zach replied, dropping his head in shame.

'Oh, he's so cute,' she thought to herself. 'He thinks I'm upset with him.' Being upset with him was the furthest thing from the truth. She actually envied his youthful libido. She remembered being like that herself when she was his age, her fingers constantly seeking out her itchy wet cunt.

"Don't worry, Zach, I'm not upset with you." He looked up at her, calmer now. "Most grown men would envy you. For most guys, it's just one time and then they're done."

"Really? I....I've never been like that." He looked over her mature body once more. "It always takes a few times before I feel like taking a break."

'Oh sweet Jesus,' Alicia thought as another shiver of desire tripped down her spine. In her rising excitement, she felt a little gush of pussy-juice spit forth from her greasy snatch. Thank goodness I'm wearing panties, she thought, or I'd be spraying all over his covers. She thought about his desire to masturbate so often, and wondered when he could even find the time to do it that many times. Getting through her job and everyday life barely left her a spare minute to enjoy a cup of coffee, let alone pleasure herself. "So I have to know, that many times a day—when do you actually do it?"

"Well, I'd say an average day starts with one time when I wake up, and then I find around lunchtime at school I need to do it again. So I go into one of the boy's washrooms and do it in a stall there. Then usually as soon as we get home from school, and then again after dinner. So that's usually four by that time, and then I usually find a chance for one more during the evening, and then again when I go to bed."

'Oh man, I've got myself a little cum machine right here in this house,' Alicia thought as she looked at her son with admiration. She felt her heart rate escalating as he talked, and she felt herself flushing with illicit desire as she pictured him masturbating that many times.

"So when you do it at all school, and those times at home, do you think about Becca and some other girls from school?" She knew the trampy Becca often flirted with Zach and led him on, but she was pretty sure nothing had ever happened between the two of them. She figured that since Becca was a year or two older than him, Zach had a crush on her.

"No....I.....I don't." He hung his head again and Alicia felt another rush of perverted lust go through her before she asked the next question, sure of what his answer would be.

"Then who do you think about?"

He paused for a second before slowly raising his head and looking her in the eye. "You, Mom. I always think about you."

"Like with this magazine?" she asked, holding the pictures of herself up for him to see.

"Yes. I actually keep that magazine in my knapsack and take it into the bathroom at school with me."

She almost came right there on the spot as she pictured the lewd image of her teenage son riskily jacking off in a washroom stall while looking at those photos of her. Her eyes went to his naked chest and she started to wonder what his penis was like. Zach was still pretty scrawny, like most teenage boys, but she hoped he wasn't scrawny everywhere. Her husband Peter had been pretty well-endowed, with about 8" of thick solid cock. She felt herself praying that her son had taken after his father in that regard. She had to find out.

"So is that what you were doing when I came in?" she asked, handing the magazine back to him.

"Well....uh," he stuttered, shifting uncomfortably on the bed as he reached forward to take the magazine she was thrusting towards him. As he did, the covers he'd pulled up around his waist slid down slightly to his hips. Alicia's eyes spotted something black at his side, peeking out boldly against his white sheets.

"What's this?" she asked as she reached out, her red-tipped fingernails plucking the black item from beneath the covers.

"NO!" he gasped in guilty anguish as she looked at the object she was holding in her hands. She recognized it immediately—it was the black panties she'd worn yesterday. He must have taken them from her laundry hamper. Keeping a calm expression on her face, she smiled inwardly at having caught her son panty-handed.

"Are these the panties I was wearing yesterday?"

His face was as red as an enflamed cock-head as he slowly replied, "Yes."

"And what's this?" she asked as she turned the panties inside out, exposing a mottled clump of milky goo clinging to the silky black fabric. "Did you just jack off into these?"

Zach slowly nodded. Alicia looked at the wad of semen sticking to soft material. 'My God, look at the size of that load. It's massive,' she thought to herself. She found herself instinctively licking her lips as she looked at the pearly wad of seed. She sniffed, the manly scent of semen filtering sensually into her nostrils. She felt like purring with satisfaction as the familiar smell filled her senses. She'd been so long without a mouthful of cum that she almost groaned in frustration. She loved the taste of semen, loved having her mouth filled with warm creamy cock-juice, loved the feel of the silky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. As she looked at the pearly mass of semen and breathed in the musky scent of her son's load, she started to feel intoxicated, like an addict on the verge of getting a fix. She felt her willpower fading and didn't know if she could resist the temptation to taste it.

Zach had been so embarrassed at having been caught by his mother, first with his favorite magazine with the pictures of her in it—pictures that he'd jacked off to more times than he could count—and now, she'd spotted the panties of hers he'd stolen as well. He'd originally thought she'd be furious with him, but as he watched his mother, Zach felt his anxiety start to slip away. He'd noticed her shiver a couple of times when they'd been talking, and he could have sworn they looked like shivers of excitement. And now, once she'd spotted the load of jizz he'd pumped into her panties just moments before she'd come into his room, he'd actually seen her subconsciously lick her lips as she'd looked at his milky cum, as if she was hungry for it. He realized his mom was becoming aroused. Watching her tongue slide out and sensually circle those beautiful lips of hers sent an electrifying jolt right to his groin. Under her earlier questioning, he'd lost his hard-on. Now he could feel it coming back, stiffening quickly with the fury of youth.

"Is that what you fantasize about, Zach? Filling my pussy so full of cum that it gushes out of me and makes a mess in my panties?" He felt another surge go through him as he listened to his mother's provocative narrative, his cock continuing to rise. She didn't even wait for him to answer as she continued speaking. "Do you picture me doing anything else with a nice big creamy load like this?" she asked as she moved the cum-laden panties in a slow circle in front of her face, her sultry eyes alive with lust.

"Yes," Zach replied, looking at his mother's pouty red lips, the enticing gash slightly parted as the tip of her tongue toyed invitingly at the wet opening.

"What else do you picture me doing?" she asked as she looked at him wide-eyed with her head tilted slightly to one side, an enticing portrait of the cock-hardening allure of sinful innocence. She could see her son's eyes following the semen-filled panties hypnotically as she once again moved

them in a slow teasing circle mere inches from her wet lips, her nostrils twitching as the fragrance of his manly essence wafted intoxicatingly onto her taste buds.

"I.....I picture you licking it all up," Zach replied as if in a trance, his eyes never wavering from the swaying panties in her hand.

"Like this?" Alicia asked, her bewitchingly dark eyes intently watching her son while her tongue slipped out from between her parted lips.

Zach couldn't believe his eyes. His sexy mother—a lawyer no less—stuck her tongue out and sensually feathered the wet tip into the pearly gob of semen he'd shot into the crotch of her panties just minutes before she'd entered his room. He felt his throbbing member stiffen even more as she swirled her tongue through the generous wad of jizz before flicking it backward and pulling a thick shiny strand of his precious seed back into her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm." She purred like a kitten as she savored the sensation of his manly discharge sliding down her throat. That first taste of the warm juice she loved so much only fanned the perverted flames of desire burning inside her. With another lustful moan, she pressed her lips to the gooey fabric and sucked, her lips and tongue drawing out every creamy morsel of his youthful semen.

'Oh fuck,' Zach thought as his mother's eyes closed in blissful contentment as he watched her swallow, his potent swimmers finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. His cock lurched violently beneath the covers, his hard-on reaching flagpole status as it rose up against the sheets.

Alicia opened her eyes and couldn't help but notice the tent-like protuberance thrusting up from her son's lap. She felt a chill of wicked incestuous lust run down her spine, realizing that it seemed as if her son had inherited at least one good feature from her husband. That pulsing bulge beneath his sheets looked big—she just had to see how big. As she looked at the cum-stained panties in her hand, a nasty little idea came to her perverted mind.

"Well Zach, since you've been such a good boy by being so honest with me, I've got a little treat for you." He simply stared at her, his heart racing in his chest as he waited in anticipation of what she had to say. "Since you seem to like my panties so much, how about I give you the ones I'm wearing right now?"

His eyes dropped to her spread thighs which she parted even more. He gulped as he looked at the crotch of her panties, the front panel stained darker with her flowing juices.

"I thought you'd like that idea." Alicia shimmied her hips as she drew her panties down her long sexy legs. She held them out before him, his eyes never leaving the tantalizingly seductive garment. "There's one condition," she said slowly as she teasingly swung her soaked panties mere inches from his hungry eyes.

Zach could smell her—he could smell his own mother's warm earthy scent. He felt a stimulating rush as he breathed in the heady fragrance, his already turgid dick pulsing with each beat of his racing heart.

Alicia could see that her son was all but hypnotized by the lewd offer of her panties. She knew at this point he was basically speechless with anticipation. She decided to let him know what her condition was without even waiting for him to respond. "My one condition is that if I give you these panties, you let me watch you do it."

Zach gulped anxiously as he eagerly nodded his head.

"That's my boy," Alicia said seductively as she handed him the sodden panties and reached for his covers. "Now, let's just get these out of the way." She slowly pulled the covers down, having to lift them upwards to get them over the stiff lance of his erection.

"Oh my God," she moaned in shock as his rigid pisser came into view. Now it was her turn to gulp as she beheld the huge truncheon thrusting upwards from his shaved crotch. She stared mesmerized as the throbbing boner pulsed and bobbed with each beat of his racing heart. She realized that her son had done more than just take after his dad when it came to being well-hung—he absolutely had him beat. Her son's prick easily surpassed her husband's impressive 8" by at least a good inch, maybe two. And not only that, looking at the solid girth of the beefy member had her trembling with both anticipation and fear—the damn thing was easily as big around as her wrist. As her hungry eyes travelled up the pulsing veiny shaft to the fist-sized purple knob, she felt her breath come in short little gasps as she realized that right here in her very house, and just within a few feet of her marital bed, was the most beautiful cunt-splitter she had ever seen.

"It looks like you need some relief," she whispered breathlessly as she stared at his prodigious hard-on. "Why don't you see how nice and warm those panties are?"

Zach lifted his mother's damp silky panties to his face. He breathed deep, her womanly aroma firing his libido as it sifted into his brain. Like it had done so many times in the past when he'd sniffed his mother's panties, his hand slid unconsciously into his crotch and circled his throbbing fuck-stick in a warm loving corridor.

"Mmmmmm," he moaned as he pressed the sodden panties against his nose, his hand stroking firmly up the rigid shaft.

Alicia watched enviously as his hand moved upwards, a drop of shining pre-cum filling the wet red eye of the broad mushroom head. He started into a smooth jacking rhythm as he pushed the crotch of her wet stained panties right into his mouth. She could hear the wet sucking sounds he was making as his lips and tongue lewdly swiped at the sticky garment. She looked at his massive dong, the enflamed crimson crown getting darker with each firm stroke of his sliding hand. That itch in her pussy had gotten worse and worse, the warm slick tissues inside her crying out for attention, their slippery tears now all but dripping from the beckoning pink tissues of her labia. That itch really needed to be scratched, and she knew if she didn't get her hands on that beautiful dick soon, she would go insane.

"Would you like me to do that for you?" she asked teasingly as she tilted her head and looked at him doe-eyed once more, giving him the alluring look of pure innocence. He simply nodded, his mouth still full of her drenched panties.

"Alright, then just sit back," Alicia said as she moved forward to sit closer at his side while she pushed him back until he was lying against the stacked-up pillows in front of the headboard of his bed. "Just keep sucking on my panties like that. It's so exciting to see you do that. Maybe if you're a good boy, I'll give them to you every day as soon as I get home from work. Would you like that?"

"Ohhhnn," Zach groaned in pleasure as he nodded, his lips and tongue working over the cunt-soaked gusset.

"Yes, you'll have a nice fresh supply of that pussy-juice every day, and you can jerk off into them as much as you want. Now, let me see if I can help you out with this." Zach drew his hand away from

his prick while Alicia reached forward, her fingers pausing for a second as she watched his long solid erection bobbing rhythmically as it pointed rigidly upwards, the intense flowing blood causing it to pulse and throb menacingly. Unable to resist any longer, she reached forward and slid her delicate slender fingers around the broad shaven base.

"Oh God," she moaned under her breath as she wrapped her fingers as far around the tree-trunk-like shaft as she could get them. His cock was so thick that there was still a noticeable gap between the tips of her fingers and the base of the palm of her hand. She marveled at the intense heat and hardness of it as her hand gripped firmly onto the blood-engorged lance. She almost swooned with pleasure as another creamy bolus of pussy-juice oozed out of her steaming box. As a shiver of lustful desire ran down her spine, she slowly started to pump her circling hand upwards.

Zach was overwhelmed with excitement, having only dreamed of having his mother's delicate matronly hands working on his hard cock. As her slim fingers gripped tightly onto the thick pulsing shaft and started to slide upwards, it was just too much for him to endure. "Oh Mom," he gasped out as he pulled the panties out of his mouth, "I.....I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMMM....."

Alicia had barely moved her hand more than a few inches before her son started to twitch as a spine-tingling orgasm roared through him. The dark crimson crown seemed to bulge angrily and then a milky gob filled the wet red eye for a split-second before a long thick rope jettisoned forth.

"Aaahhh," she gasped as she watched the milky strand shoot skyward, reaching almost to the ceiling before reaching its zenith and falling onto his bare chest with a resounding "SPLAT". She continued to pump away at his spitting cock as strand after strand of silvery cum shot geyser-like into the air. Her son was flexing and shaking as the delicious contractions rolled through his midsection as he unloaded, rope upon rope of pearly semen ejaculating from his pulsing dong.

Zach looked down as his mother's loving hands stroked rhythmically up and down, her slim gripping fingers working to pull every drop of cum out of him that they could. She pumped and pumped as he continued to unload, spurt after spurt of pearly seed spitting from his pulsing cock. He felt a final shuddering twinge go through him before collapsing against the sheets, his first climax at his mother's hands leaving him blissfully content.

Alicia slowed the movements of her jacking hands and held still with her fingers still wrapped around the base, knowing from experience how sensitive a man is immediately after orgasm. She looked at his body, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath. She gasped out loud—she had never seen so much cum in her life—it was everywhere. His stomach and chest were almost totally covered with a glistening mass of pearly semen. Long strands of spunk crisscrossed his body in a bizarre mosaic while slithering milky rivulets rolled slowly down his sides. Her jerking hand was covered as well, the final few spurts falling down upon his upright cock. She was expecting his throbbing member to start to deflate, but as the seconds slipped by, it didn't lose one iota of stiffness, and once Zach had caught his breath, she actually felt it twitch with need once more beneath her circling fingers. Her eyes went wide as she stared at the throbbing cylinder of flesh. She felt her body tingle with desire as her fingers felt the power within his beautiful cock pulsing right through the thick rigid shaft.

"Zach, you're....you're still hard," she said breathlessly. "How many times have you cum today?"

"Like I said before, most days at this time that would be about the fifth or sixth time, but today, I just didn't have any free time. I had to work on a group project during lunch today and then Grandma asked me to help with dinner since she got here late. Then right after dinner, Grace had a

problem with her computer so I didn't get any time alone until just before you got here. So that load I shot into your panties was my second, and that one's my third."

"So if you usually cum about six times, and this is only your third time today, then do you think you've still got a few more you want to get rid of?" Alicia looked at her curly-haired son intently, her dark exotic eyes alive with lust.

"With you here, Mom, I know there's a lot more I need to get rid of. I'm sure I'm gonna need to cum more than usual." Zach punctuated his words by flexing his stomach muscles, causing his turgid pecker to flex in her grasp.

When he said he still had a lot more cum to get rid of and his monstrous prick twitched in her hand, Alicia almost came on the spot. She felt that itch inside her screaming out as that sensitive spot deep inside her mature cunt pulsed violently, a delicious sensation racing along the roof of her snatch to the apex of her sensuality, her fiery red clit. Her hips shifted restlessly on the bed as she felt her pussy oozing wetly, her body telling her she needed more of her son's huge beautiful cock. She felt her mouth watering with anticipation of getting that magnificent cylinder of flesh between her lips and sucking until he basted her tonsils with another sizzling load of his precious seed.

Zach watched his mother's eyes close blissfully as her hips shifted about anxiously on the bed. She seemed like she needed it almost as bad as he did, and when she opened her eyes again and looked at the swirling mess of spunk on his body, he was thrilled to see her tongue run out and circle her wide mouth longingly. She looked hungry for it, and he wanted to see what she'd do. "I've made quite a mess there," he said as he reached down and pulled an old towel out from beneath his bed. "I always use this to clean up with."

Alicia spotted one of her old towels as Zach brought his hand up from beneath the bed. The towel was stained and looked heavy from the multiple loads of semen and lubricant he'd obviously been wiping up with it. She looked once more at the shining puddles and strands of silvery spunk covering his body and knew there was no way she was going to let this delectable treat get away from her.

"No," she said urgently as she reached forward and grabbed his wrist. She looked at him, a devilish twinkle in her eye. "I know a much better way to help you clean up—one that we'll both be much happier with."

Alicia leaned forwards, her gorgeous mature body poised over her son's naked chest. With her dark eyes hooded with lurid desire, she pursed her full lips and lowered her mouth. Zach watched in awe as his mother's succulent lips settled right down in the milky puddle of cum on his chest.

"SSLLLLPPP." His throbbing prick lurched as the wickedly nasty sound of his mother slurping up his cock-juice echoed throughout the room. To Zach, it was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard in his entire life. He watched, totally enthralled as his mother's experienced mouth moved over his body, her talented lips and tongue licking and sucking up his precious seed.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as her mouth got closer and closer to the shaven base of his pulsing dick. She got every pearly morsel off his body before licking up the milky wads of spunk that had fallen onto her jacking hands. Still not satisfied, she continued licking up the sticky surface of his stiff erection. Her hot wet tongue pressed lovingly against the veiny shaft as she gathered in the final creamy remnants of his release. Alicia got to her knees beside her son's hips, her wide mature mouth mere inches from the engorged head of his upright prick. She turned and looked at her son, her eyes glistening with smoldering sensuality.

"Should I try and help you get another load out this way?" she asked as she pursed her pouty red lips forward and planted a tender kiss right on the shining tip of his throbbing cock. Without waiting for him to say a word, she let her lips ease open and follow the flaring contours of his cock-head as her hot wet mouth sank down over the upright shaft.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," Zach moaned, his mother's beautiful lips stretching forward enticingly as she fed the enormous head of his pecker into her mouth.

Alicia was dizzy with incestuous desire as she felt her lips stretch and stretch, the fist-sized head of his rigid erection slipping deeper into her mouth. She'd never had such a huge cock in her mouth before and just as her lips were being stretched to the tearing point, the thick rope-like corona slipped inside, the broad mushroom head now locked within her hot sucking mouth.

The tantalizing sensation of taking her son's enormous cock into her mouth was just what it took to send her over the edge. She'd become so aroused by everything that had happened so far that feeling her lips close down over the enflamed crimson crown triggered an orgasm deep in the needy cavern of her steaming snatch. "Mmmmm.....mmmmmmmm," she mewed warmly against the head of his swollen pecker, her hips shifting and twitching spasmodically while the delicious waves of a tingling release coursed through her.

Zach watched in amazement as his mother trembled and shook in orgasm, her moans of pleasure filling the room as she kept her hot wet mouth suctioning at his leaking cock-head. She quivered and twitched for a full minute before the quaking tremors finally subsided. He looked down at her supple mature body bent over his groin, her long shapely legs curled beneath her, the sexy green chemise riding high on her hips. He loved the way she looked in profile as she leaned over him, her pursed lips locked onto his thrusting erection. The slip-like piece of lingerie enticingly cupped her pert mature breasts, her swollen nipples pointing stiffly downwards towards his abdomen. He loved the way the shiny green satin caressed her matronly body, the fabric seeming to call out for a lover's touch. His gaze followed the invitingly line from her naked shoulder down the length of one slim arm to the end, where one hand was circled nicely around the root of his hard-on while he could feel her other hand gently cradling his sperm-filled nuts. He knew those huge orbs were still swollen with cum, and he had no intention of stopping now until he was thoroughly drained. And from the blissful look on his mother's flushed face from her recent climax, he hoped she was ready to take as much as he could give her.

"That feels amazing, Mom. Are you really going to suck me off?" Zach had heard the guys at school talking about getting head and how great it felt to get a blow-job, but up until now it was something he had only dreamed about. And of course, it was his sexy mother that had always been the subject of those dreams, wantonly sucking load after load of thick rich cum out of him while he sat back and enjoyed the view of her luridly servicing him. As her circling fingers started to stroke upwards on his throbbing dick, he realized his dream was about to come true.

Alicia lifted her stretched lips off her son's red-hot prick and looked him in the eye, a glistening web of saliva connecting her pouty lower lip to the shimmering red eye of his cock. "Would you like me to suck it, Zach? Would you like me to take it deep in my mouth and suck on it until you fill me with cum?" With her dark eyes locked on his she opened her mouth wide and plunged her lips down over his turgid cock-shaft, engulfing over a third of it, her ovaled lips locked wetly around the swollen shaft of his thrusting erection.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkk," Zach groaned as his eyes closed, the intense pleasure of his mother's experienced mouth setting his teenage libido afire. His mother really started to suck now, her eyes closed and

her cheeks flushed as she slurped and sucked at the scintillating stiffness of her son's hard-on. Her hand gripped tightly around the base, milking and squeezing as the monstrous prick pulsed beneath her fingers.

Zach watched as her head bobbed rhythmically up and down, her cheeks caved inwards as she sucked, the hot buttery tissues inside her mouth creating a deliciously tight wet sheath for his surging erection. Her tongue was constantly bathing the flared helmet with saliva, her spit mingling with pre-cum oozing from his piss-slit. She bobbed up and down, taking more and more of her son's huge prong into her mouth with each down-stroke.

Alicia couldn't believe she was sucking her son's cock like this, but she no longer had any control over her lust-driven body. She needed to suck this huge glorious erection, needed it more than anything. The obscene thought of sucking off her son thrilled her more than she ever thought possible. The illicit incestuous act was making her pussy throb with perverted rapture as her clit tingled and her pouting cunt-lips pulsated with desire. Alicia had always loved sucking cock, and her husband Peter had always been willing to give her a steady dose of semen from his substantial member, but this beautiful long thick cock of her son's was something altogether in a different league. She'd felt dizzy with lurid excitement once she'd taken it into her mouth, her lips deliciously stretched to the limit. And now, she was sucking ravenously, her cheeks suctioning in and out as she increased the pressure along the veiny shaft, her hot wet saliva all but gushing out of her deliriously working mouth.

"Oh Mom, that is so good," Zach moaned. He looked down at her as she continued to feverishly suck, her pursed lips looking so sexy as they travelled wantonly up and down his thick rigid cock, saliva and pre-cum leaking from the corners of her tightly stretched mouth to trickle nastily down his veiny fuck-stick. The sound of her slurping and gurgling filled the air, her cheeks puckering in and out as she drove her mouth up and down, her lustrous brunette locks swirling about her pretty face wildly.

"OH GOD, MOM.....I'M GONNA CUM.....I'M GONNA.....OH FUCKKKKKKKKK....." Zach gasped as he felt his pulsing erection throb to an even greater stiffness as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock.

Alicia felt her son's prick pulse violently against the roof of her mouth and her pussy creamed as she realized she was going to be gulping down cock-juice. She sucked his aching cock as hard as she could, her fist becoming a jerking blur as she urgently tried to coax the boiling load out of his balls.

"SUCK IT, MOM!" Zach groaned as the first rope of cum spat forth. His cock exploded within her hot oral cavity, bucking between her lips as he erupted, spraying a geyser of thick milky cum down his hot mother's throat.

"Mmmmmm," Alicia mewed as she was forced to swallow, his first few shots filling her mouth to the brim. She shuddered happily as she tasted her son's seed, the creamy fluid splashing lewdly across her tongue. Her hand pumped vigorously up and down while she continued to suck, trying desperately to milk as much of the delicious cock-juice out of him that she could.

Zach couldn't believe the intense sensations that had his body bucking and twitching beneath his mother's talented mouth. No wonder the guys at school had talked about how great a blow-job felt, this feeling was absolutely incredible. He thought jacking off fantasizing about his mother was

great, but it was nothing compared to the overwhelming sensation he was feeling right now as her hot mature mouth continued to vacuum out all his cum.

Alicia was in heaven. She couldn't believe how much hot thick cream her son had to give her. She was a big paste-swallower from way back, and she found the flavor of Zach's cum to be exquisite. It was rich and thick, letting her know his youthful semen was chuck full of sperm. It had that distinctive masculine cock-juice taste that she loved so much, and as Zach kept pumping her mouth full, she savored every creamy morsel.

"Oh Mom, that was amazing," Zach said as the tingling sensations finally diminished and he collapsed back onto the bed.

"I'm glad you liked it, Sweetie," his mother said as she lifted her mouth off his spent dick. She turned to look at him, a devilish twinkle in her eye, and a silvery trickle of cum running from each corner of her red swollen lips. Zach shuddered with perverted lust as he watched the bigger strand gain momentum and start to dangle off her chin, the silvery ribbon of semen quivering in the shimmering light of his bedside lamp.

Alicia could feel the gob of manly discharge hanging off her chin and brought her fingers up and caught the shimmering web, not wanting to waste a drop of his precious seed. She ran her fingers all around her chin until she had gathered in the rest of his milky dew, and then brought her cum-coated hand to her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she closed her pouty lips over her fingers and sucked in the milky goodness. "I love the taste of your cum, Zach. Let's see if you've got any more for me." Her circling hand pumped firmly upwards along his thick shaft. They both watched as a milky gob filled the wet red eye and continued to grow in size as her hand got closer and closer to the broad flared crown.

"There's one," Alicia said as she extended the tip of her tongue into the seeping hole and drew out the creamy morsel. "Let's see if we can get one more." Her other hand circled the base and pumped slowly upwards once more, bringing one more pearly wad of semen oozing to the surface.

"Aah, that's beautiful. Can Mama have this one too?" she asked, her dark eyes glinting wickedly.

In his mesmerized state of incestuous lust, Zach nodded eagerly. Alicia pursed her lips into a kissable oval and lowered them right onto the pebbly tissues of his spongy glans. Zach felt her lips latch on firmly and then her cheeks caved in slightly as she applied a warm gentle suction.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred again as she drew out the last of his creamy discharge, the silky delicacy sliding smoothly down her throat. She sat back, blissfully content, her milking hand still wrapped around his cock. As she looked at her hand, she was amazed and delighted once more with her son's prodigious member, her fingers coming nowhere near to closing as they circled the trunk-like shaft. She squeezed gently and felt it throb back against her grip. Although his cock had lost some of the intense hardness it had just moments ago, she could tell that it had no intention of giving up the fight. She felt her pussy twitch as she knew this cock was capable of going the full fifteen rounds—and now it was time to put it where she really needed it.

"Mom, you're not going, are you?" Zach asked in panic as Alicia released his pecker and got up from the bed.

"Not a chance, Sweetie," she said as she leaned down and gave him a hot searing kiss—not the usual kind of kiss shared by mothers and sons. Zach loved the sensation as his mother's hot mature

tongue slid between his lips and pressed sensually against his tongue. He could taste the lingering flavor of his own cum, but he didn't mind, having his mother kiss him like this was like nothing he had experienced before. She kissed him deeply, passionately, her tantalizing tongue teasing him deliciously as she circled it all around the hot confines of his mouth. She finally pulled her mouth back from his, leaving him gasping breathlessly, his heart racing in his chest. "I'll be right back. I think I've got something you're going to like." She walked slowly to the door of his room before turning and looking at him, a lock of her lustrous brunette hair shielding one eye bewitchingly. "You just get that cock ready for me. When I get back, I'm not gonna let it go for the rest of the night."

Zach shivered with excitement as his mother left his room and closed the door behind her, her long gorgeous legs and mature body looking fantastic in the silky green chemise. He plumped up his pillows and stacked them against the headboard before leaning back and pushing his covers down to the bottom. As his familiar hand circled his semi-hard dick in a warm loving corridor, he wondered what his mother was doing, and what the 'something you're going to like' would be. He knew it didn't matter, when it came to his mother, he knew he'd have no problem getting a hard-on. He didn't have long to wait, as just a few minutes later, his mother returned, carefully closing the door behind her.

Zach stared in awe as his mother turned around and posed seductively, one hand raised on the door frame while the other rested provocatively on one thrust-out hip.

'Oh fuck,' Zach thought as his jaw dropped. His mother was wearing the same strapless red evening gown as she'd worn in the picture that was in the magazine—the picture that had been the subject of so many of his jerk-off fantasies. She was turned slightly sideways as she posed, one of the long slits on each side of the gown revealing her beautiful toned legs, the sky-high red sandals accentuating the sexy musculature of her calves and thighs. The top of the gown molded itself to her mature body like a second skin, her nipples thrusting teasingly against the clinging red fabric. She'd fluffed her hair up, her shoulder-length brunette locks framing her pretty face with an inviting "I want to get fucked" messiness to it. She'd also quickly touched up her makeup, her full red lips now an exciting red gash and her eye shadow giving her exotic dark eyes an even more alluring sultriness.

"I thought you'd like this," she said with a nasty little smile as she sashayed across the room, her wide matronly hips shifting seductively from side to side. She stopped next to his bed and extended one dainty foot, her long toned leg clearly visible through the teasing slit of the gown. "Do you think my legs look nice in this?"

"They look beautiful," Zach said with a gulp of excitement.

"It looks like another part of you thinks so too." Alicia nodded to his stiffening prick. He had lost a couple of inches after his last climax, but now that he was looking at her dressed in his favorite fantasy outfit, he was quickly coming back to full cunt-splitting proportions as his milking hand continued to pump smoothly up and down. "Slow down there, Tiger. We don't want that gun of yours going off before we want it to now, do we?"

"No," Zach replied, reluctantly taking his hand off his throbbing member.

"That's my boy. Just be patient. I promise I'll take that next one out of you soon enough. Now, I just want to check something," Alicia said as she sat down next to him on the bed. She opened her hand, revealing a slim flexible measuring tape she'd retrieved from her sewing kit. She put the metal tab on the junction of his throbbing upright cock with his shaved groin and drew the tape up

along the top of his pulsing shaft. Her fingers guided it up until it curved over the engorged crown and dropped down on the other side. She shivered in anticipation as she read the measurement at the very tip—10¼". With her hands trembling with excitement, she turned the measuring tape sideways and wound it around the tree-trunk-like girth of his thick gnarled shaft—7"! Her cunt creamed as she thought about taking that mammoth 'virgin-wrecker' of a cock inside her. She'd always thought her husband was well-endowed, but she'd never encountered anyone with a horse cock like her son's. The incredible length and the powerful stiff thickness had her cunt absolutely itching with delight at the thought of feeling that monster probe places deep inside her that no one had ever touched before.

"Am I...am I as big as Dad," Zach asked anxiously, his lack of experience of anything sexual showing through.

"Oh, Honey, you're a lot bigger than your dad, trust me." He had his father beat by almost two inches in length and although she'd never measured the circumference of Peter's dick, she could tell by feel alone that his penis was nowhere near the thickness of Zach's. As the measurements registered in her brain, her heart started racing with excitement, and she felt like she could barely breathe. She got up and took a deep breath to calm herself. Alicia tossed the measuring tape on her son's desk, and then turned and faced her son directly as she stood next to his bed. She put her hands on each of her wide motherly hips and shifted her feet out to about shoulder-width apart, her sexy legs poking out of the slits on each side of the gown, her delicate feet looking sinfully tempting in the sky-high red stilettos. "Now Zach, you are a virgin, right?"

"Yes."

"And you said nothing really happened between you and Becca?" Alicia would have thought the brazen young girl would have tried something by now.

"Well, she taught me a little about kissing, but it was nothing like that kiss that we just had."

Alicia appreciated his eager enthusiasm. "That's nice, Sweetie. There'll be a lot more kisses like that from now on. Now she didn't try to teach you anything else?"

Zach paused for a second before deciding to be totally honest with his mother. "Well, she did offer to teach me how to use my mouth on her."

"So she was going to teach you that, but she didn't offer to do anything for you?"

"No, she said it would be good for me to learn how to do that properly."

Alicia wasn't surprised at hearing her son say that. She always thought Becca was a little tramp, and it was just like her to get Zach to eat her out and not offer anything in return.

"So, did you do it?"

"No." Zach looked down in shame as he answered, piquing Alicia's curiosity.

"Why Zach, didn't you want to?"

"I...I did want to."

"Then why didn't you?"

He had a brief look of anguished guilt on his face before he came across with the truth once more. "Because she's not you. When it comes to thinking about anything to do with sex, Mom, I always just think about you."

Alicia's heart swelled with perverted lust at her son's words. His illicit obsession for her had her reeling with wanton desire, and she knew she'd do whatever it took to keep that sinful loyalty and magnificent cock just where she wanted it—close to home and away from the likes of Becca.

"That's so sweet of you to say that, Zach," Alicia said as she reached down and traced one blood-red fingernail over her son's lips. She had that wickedly nasty look in her eyes again as he looked up at her. "Would you like me to teach you how to use that pretty mouth of yours?"

Zach could only nod eagerly as he nervously gulped again.

"Alright. Since you seem to like that picture of me in this outfit so much, I'm sure you've thought of doing that to me when I'm wearing it, right?"

"Yes." Zach nodded again.

"And how did you picture it happening?"

Zach paused for a second, his face turning red.

"Remember, Zach, total honesty."

"I....I pictured you sitting on my face with my head totally covered by your dress."

Alicia felt her pussy pulse and spasm with excitement as she listened to her son. "I think that's a perfect idea." Zach looked surprised at his mother's agreement to his suggestion and Alicia saw a wave of relief wash over his nervous features. "Why don't you just slide down a little further in your bed and put one pillow under your head. That's the way.....yes.....just like that. That's perfect."

With Zach positioned just as she wanted, Alicia grabbed the hem of her skirt and threw her leg over her son's supine body until she was straddling his chest, her sexy folded-up legs poking out from the slits of her dress on either side of him. She looked down at his young eager face, his eyes twinkling with excitement. She leaned down and gave another deep wet kiss, their tongues rolling together in a searing lustful dance. She probed deep inside his mouth and withdrew, his tongue eagerly following hers into her hot oral cavity where she let him savor every square inch of the hot moist tissues with his probing tongue. Zach gasped breathlessly as she pulled back and sat up, saliva glistening on his lips.

"That was beautiful. Just kiss me down there like you just kissed my mouth and you'll be fine." With a lurid grin, Alicia dropped the front panel of her gown over her son's head as she shifted forward, bringing her sopping wet snatch to his eager mouth.

Zach was in heaven. He had always dreamed of eating his mother's hot wet cunt. Becca had offered to teach him, but like he'd told his mother, he just couldn't find it within himself to do it with the young girl. No one else inhabited his fantasy life except his sexy mature mother, and for some stupid reason, he knew it would feel like he cheated on her if he did as Becca wanted. No, he'd stayed true to his heart, and now, here was his mother, straddling him in the intoxicatingly beautiful evening gown, her knees splayed out on each side of his chest, her glistening shaved pussy mere inches from his face. The soft light diffusing through and around the red fabric of her dress gave his little pocket of existence a sultry red glow. It was sensually warm and moist beneath her dress, the

heady scent of her mature cunt washing over him in luxuriant fragrant waves. The lips of her pussy looked swollen and hot with need, as if crying out for his lips and tongue to give her the satisfaction she needed. She moved forward as he extended his tongue, slipping it smoothly between the parting petals of her succulent flower.

"Oh yeah, that's the way," Zach heard his mother say from above the moist red tent he'd asked to be put in. There was something sinfully exciting about doing it to her where he was totally obscured from view. He knew in the picture he had that she'd worn it to a fundraising dinner with his father just before the scandal hit. Zach had always fantasized what it would have been like to have been at that dinner and hidden beneath the table his mother had sat at. He'd loved that gown, with the long slits along each side giving the image of the dress being made up of almost two separate halves. He'd pictured her sitting at the table and dropping the front panel of her gown over his head while carrying on a conversation with the people all around her. He'd moved his face closer between her legs and slipped his tongue deep inside her hot wet gash, driving her crazy with desire. In his fantasy, she had shuddered time and time again as he ate her through climax after climax, biting her hand to suppress the urge to scream out in ecstasy. And now, he was in the situation he had dreamed of, but just not with all the other people around.

"Oh Zach, that's it, get your tongue nice and deep." He heard his mother moan deep in her throat as he feathered his tongue deep into her steaming box, her warm womanly nectar sliding over his taste buds deliciously. "Oh God yes....just like that....nice and deep." He swirled his tongue in a slow teasing circle, pressing the tip firmly against the hot moist tissues inside her, just like he'd done when he'd kissed her mouth.

Alicia had been so turned on by everything they'd done so far and she knew it wasn't going to take long to get this first climax from her son's beautiful mouth out of the way. She felt such an intense perverted rush just knowing it was her son eating her out that she was ready to climb the walls in no time. Zach's talented young tongue was now pressing against the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, and that was all it took to send her over the edge.

"Oh Jesus...right up there....right up there.....right up....AHHHHHHHHHHHHH." His mother started to twitch and shake as her orgasm hit. Zach kept his tongue swirling deep within her and was rewarded with a gushing face-full of her warm cunt-honey. He felt the creamy nectar slide onto his tongue, and knew this was a taste he was already addicted to.

Alicia was in ecstasy as her son's youthful tongue licked and probed deep inside her. She held onto his headboard tightly, rolling her hips sensually as she ground her gushing twat onto his welcoming face. Her body twitched and convulsed as the exquisite sensations of her tingling release seemed to fire on every single nerve-ending. She rode his face wantonly as she came, grinding and rolling her wide hips firmly down on his sucking lips and probing tongue as her body shivered like a plucked guitar string, her oily juices gushing out of her. With a final blissful shudder, the intense sensations subsided. She reached down and lifted up the front of her dress, exposing her son's face. He looked up at her, his face and hair shining with her gooey discharge. 'Oh man, look at the mess I made of his face,' Alicia thought as she sat back slightly and looked at her son's flushed happy face. "Did you like that, Zach?"

"I loved it."

"Well, since you loved it, how about we try it again, okay?" she asked as she rolled her hips forward, dragging her slimy trench up along his face. He didn't respond but she got his answer as he lowered his eyes back to her steaming groove and slipped his tongue back between her dripping

cunt-lips. She dropped the dress back over his head and grabbed onto the headboard once more as his tongue went back to work. This time she rolled her hips a little lower and instructed him on pleasuring her fiery red clit. He was an eager willing student and after she came a second time, she just kept riding his face, much to Zach's delight.

For the next half hour she kept him busy, his eager young mouth constantly working on her juicy cunt. She loved the sound of his lapping tongue as he licked up her flowing cunt-honey, and she could feel the slick greasiness on his skin as she ground her gushing twat against his face as she rode out one shattering orgasm after another. After convulsing and shaking through her seventh climax in a row, she looked over her shoulder and saw Zach's massive hard-on twitching in the air, the engorged cock-knob discharging a steady flow of silky pre-cum, the glistening fluid sliding sensually down his upright shaft and pooling on his shaven groin. He had been licking her enthusiastically the whole time, letting her know how much he loved it by his constant moans and growls of pleasure. Although one part of her would have loved to stay there and enjoy her son's talented tongue for the rest of the night, she figured if she kept this up for much longer, he might go off right there on the spot, spoiling the fun she had in mind for both of them.

Alicia shifted backwards and lifted her dress off Zach's face. She smiled as she looked down at her son, his face flushed pink from the steamy sauna-like conditions he'd been under for the last half hour. Her cunt cream was everywhere, his face glistening from neck to forehead with the stuff. There were wads of the stuff in his hair, as if he'd hurriedly applied handfuls of gel to straighten out his unruly locks. "I'm sorry about that, Sweetie. I tend to gush a lot when I cum."

"No, Mom," Zach hurriedly replied. "Don't apologize. I loved it. You taste amazing." He paused for a second before looking at her nervously. "Did I do okay? Did I make you feel good?"

Alicia's heart went out to him again. She had forgotten how young he was and how insecure he must feel, having never had a real sexual experience before. She gave him a warm comforting smile as she leaned over, her face mere inches above his. "You made me feel good seven times, Sweetie. So I'd say you did just fine."

"Do you....do you think you'd let me do that to you again sometime?"

Alicia shivered with perverted lust at her son's question, still relishing in the blissful sensations his tongue had provided her with just moments ago. "You can do that any time you want, Zach. Did you like Mama feeding you her cream?"

"Oh gosh, yes. It felt so warm and silky on my tongue. And it tasted....it tasted like you. I'd love it if you could feed me like that every day."

Alicia smiled again, the lurid thought of her teenage son eating her out every day firing her perverted libido. "We just might be able to do that."

Zach paused for a second and she could see he wanted to ask something else. "Mom, do you think we could do it like we just did, with my head under your dress, but maybe someplace, you know, a little riskier?"

Alicia felt a pulsing throb go through her pussy as she thought about what Zach had just asked. She'd always had a bit an exhibitionist's risqué nature herself, and now it seemed her son had inherited that trait from her. The idea of that thrilled her as much as it did him, but she knew she had to be the voice of reason here—at least to a certain extent. "Hmmm, that might be fun. We'll see what happens. But always remember, Zach, what's happening between us has to be our own

little secret. You can't tell anyone and we have to make sure no one ever finds out. I agree that trying something risky would be incredibly exciting, but we have to be careful about where and when that happens. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Okay, now let me clean you up a little bit." She opened her mouth and leaned closer. Zach felt her warm raspy tongue running over his cheeks as she licked up her creamy juices from his skin. She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as she ran her loving tongue all over his face, cleaning up her fragrant womanly nectar. She ended her chore by running the tip of her tongue slowly around his lips, and then slowly plunged her tongue deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmmm." It was Zach's turn to purr as he savored the scintillating pleasure of having his mother kiss him so erotically. This was nothing like the peck on the cheek she gave him when she sent him off to school every morning, and he felt his turgid prick twitch with need as she held his face in her hands and moaned softly into his open mouth. She finally pulled back and gave him a perverted little grin, letting him know she was not done with him yet. He wondered about that nasty look in her eye, wondering if it was really going to happen—wondering if his mother was actually going to let him fuck her.

His mother looked back over his shoulder at his truncheon-like cock, the engorged lance bobbing and pulsing menacingly with each beat of his racing heart. She turned back and spoke, as if she was able to read his mind. "Are you ready to fuck me, Zach? Are you ready to put that huge cock so far into me that I can taste it?"

"Yes," he gasped out, realizing the dream he'd had for so long was about to come true.

Alicia could see the blissful happiness on the boy's face as she was about to grant him his greatest wish. She felt like just backing up and sliding her greasy cunt onto the pulsing knob, but she knew this first experience was something her son would never forget, and she wanted to make taking his cherry as special for him as possible. She was willing to do whatever he wanted—what kind of mother would she be if she was to do anything else?

"How would you like to do it, Sweetie?" She gave him another look of smoldering sensuality that sent a shiver of wanton desire tripping down his spine. "You can have me any way you want. I'll do whatever you like."

Zach gulped with excitement. "Could we do it, you know.....the usual way?"

"You mean with me on my back?" Her son nodded. "Of course, if that's what you'd like."

"But one other thing," he said as he looked at her sexy mature body, provocatively displayed by the sexy red gown. "Could you leave your dress on while we do it?"

Alicia smiled to herself, remembering what her son had said about jerking off while looking at those pictures of her in that magazine. He'd obviously fantasized many times about taking her in this outfit, and now here was his chance. She knew if she'd been in his position, she wouldn't have wanted to pass up an opportunity like that either. She was quickly realizing her son had a bit of a kinkier side that she found illicitly stimulating. "Mmmmm, I like that idea. I'll leave the dress on as long as you like. You don't mind if I leave my shoes on too, do you?" She brought one knee up, her toned muscular leg coming out from the split in the side of the gown. She put her foot next to his

chest, the strappy red sandals looking sexy as hell as they caressed her slim ankle and delicate foot, the spiked stiletto heel almost piercing the mattress.

"No, I love those shoes," Zach replied, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Alright, Sweetie, I think it's time for us to change positions then." Alicia swung her leg back and away from her son's reclining form, allowing him to slip out from beneath her. As he got to his feet next to the bed, Alicia reached forward and plumped up his pillows before stacking them against the headboard. She turned onto her back and lay against the pillows, looking at her hung son with pure unadulterated lust in her dark eyes. When she'd lain down, she made sure the back panel of her gown was beneath her, while the front panel extended down over her legs which she'd purposely kept close together. Settling in comfortably as she leaned against the headboard, she looked up at son standing and waiting for his next instruction. She felt her pussy creaming as she looked at his mammoth cock bobbing before her, the stiff cylinder of flesh thrusting upwards at a 45-degree angle.

"Your cock is so beautiful, Zach," Alicia said in a breathy whisper as she started to draw her legs up and apart, her beautiful alabaster columns slipping out from the teasing slits on each side of her dress.

Zach stood and stared as more and more of his mother's spectacular legs came into view. He felt his rigid dick pulse and knew he was dripping pre-cum all over the edge of the bed as her dimpled knees rose higher, the front panel of her gown coming to rest on the bed between her spread legs. She looked incredibly hot, her knees drawn up and apart, the points of her stiletto heels digging into the bed. All that was covering her delectable pussy from his piercing gaze was a wispy piece of red fabric. He stared in rapt silence as one of his mother's delicate hands reached down to her midsection, the blood-red tips of her fingernails gently gripping the vivid red material before slowly starting to draw the front panel upwards. She provocatively pulled the loose flowing fabric up to her midsection, her son's eyes fixed on the rising hem.

"Should I stop there?" Alicia asked teasingly as she stopped, the bottom of the hem just barely covering her steaming pussy.

"No please!" Zach pleaded, his eyes burning to see the heavenly mature treasure awaiting him.

"Well, since you said please," his mother said in a warm hypnotic tone. Her fingers resumed pulling upwards ever so slowly, the rising material gathering on her flat toned stomach. Trancelike, Zach's eyes never left the rising hem. He saw her succulent pussy come slowly into view, the dark line of her slippery groove hitting his eyes first. As the fabric slipped higher, he saw the pouting pink lips of her labia, the surface glistening with her warm juices. She pulled the material higher still, until he spotted the apex of her sex, the fiery red spire of her enflamed clitoris. Zach licked his lips, remembering how tantalizingly sinful it had felt to have that sensitive little nodule between his lips just moments ago. He had sucked on it like a little cock, his tongue bathing it with his saliva as he'd sucked on it relentlessly, driving his mother to multiple orgasms with his eager lips and tongue. He looked intently at the inviting jewel, standing up stiffly at the top of her dripping pleasure-groove, her shiny labial curtains framing it enticingly.

"Do you like that?" Alicia asked as her fingers released the soft fabric, the panel of red material beneath her and the one now gathered on her stomach drawing all eyes to her exposed shaven pussy, glistening and shining with her flowing cunt-honey.

"It....it's beautiful," Zach replied breathlessly, his eyes staring intently at his mother's brazenly unveiled cunt.

"How would you like to be deep inside that?" Alicia asked as she rolled her knees even further to the sides. Zach watched as the soft petals of her juicy flower split open, a warm web of nectar stretching between the two parted lips. His heart raced faster in his chest, and his cock lurched as he looked down at the tempting sight of her mother's cunt-lips parting for him.

"Yes," he gasped, barely able to catch his breath.

"Come here, Sweetie, it's time." Alicia beckoned to her son who quickly got to his knees between her spread legs, his mammoth erection pointing menacingly upwards. She reached forward and circled the rigid girth with her slender fingers, drawing the enflamed head down to her beckoning slot. His engorged prick was hot as a branding iron as she rubbed the enflamed tip all around her slick pussy-lips before inserting the flared crown between the glistening labial curtains. "That's it. Now just go nice and slow, Sweetie, I've never had one this big inside me before."

Zach looked down at their connected bodies, his broad crimson helmet poised at the introitus of her captivating vagina. Hearing his mother say she'd never had a cock as big as his had him reeling with pride. She'd said earlier he was bigger than his father, but now she was saying he was bigger than anyone she'd ever been with. Zach knew his mother hadn't been a tramp, and although her number of partners was probably not extensive, it still boosted his confidence to hear what she'd said. He rolled his hips slightly, feeling the tip his massive boner rub salaciously against the slippery membranes near the entrance of her snatch.

"Mmmmmmm....that feels so nice," Alicia purred as her arms came up and circled her son's neck, drawing his handsome face down to hers. "Look at me Zach. I want you to look at me as you put every hard beautiful inch of that magnificent cock inside me."

His mother's lewd words almost had Zach going off on the spot, but he summoned his willpower and resisted the overwhelming sensations that were tempting his already soaring libido. He leaned over his mother, his face inches away from hers as he started to slowly drive his hips forward.

"Mmmmm....yes....just like that." Alicia mewed in pleasure as she felt her birth canal stretching, the rigid weapon of flesh between her son's legs penetrating forcefully into her. Her lips parted as she breathed raggedly, her lower body already afire from the size of the intruding monster. The nerve endings inside her needy cunt were sending intense sensations throughout her body as they stretched and parted to accommodate his tremendous girth. She could see him looking at her as she rolled her head slowly from side to side, enjoying the blissful pleasure of having such a huge cock inside her. She could feel her cunt-honey flowing, basting the sensitive pink tissues inside her, lubricating her gripping channel for his insistent penetration. She finally felt him stop, the tight membranes inside her preventing him from going any further. She looked down between their joined bodies and saw at least two inches of rock-hard cock still outside her body. She realized her son had hit the maximum depth of the biggest lover she'd previously had, her husband—and his father, Peter. Her son had stopped as he'd hit that tight point inside her, but she had no intention of stopping there—she knew she wouldn't be satisfied until she had every hard throbbing inch of that cunt-splitting erection inside her.

Zach was in heaven. He'd never felt anything so tight and hot in his life. When he was at home, he usually jerked off using Baby Fresh Vaseline, but that was nothing compared to the feeling of his mother's gripping twat enveloping his probing lance in a buttery hot grasp. She was so tight, his

engorged cockhead felt like the gripping walls of her vagina were about to tear the skin right off the sensitive glans. He could feel her talented mature canal clamped tightly around the full length that he had buried inside her—but like his mother, he too wasn't going to be satisfied until he felt his shaven groin press up tightly to hers, with every stiff throbbing inch buried within her steaming box.

"Okay, Zach, just a little more to go. I need you to push a little harder this time. Just keep going until you get every last inch inside me."

Zach looked down at his mother, her beautiful face glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, her dark exotic eyes swimming with unbridled lust. He could see that she wanted it as bad as he did. He flexed his hips back slightly, the hot slick membranes inside her clinging to his retreating shaft possessively, and then he flexed forward, slowly but powerfully driving his thick rigid erection into his mother's beckoning depths.

"Unnnngggghhhhh," Alicia groaned as the broad flared head started to split open the reluctant tissues so deep inside her. Her hands dropped to the bed and clutched onto the sheets in a death grip as he made his way forcefully, mercilessly, deeper. The resistant membranes way up inside her stretched and finally parted, allowing him access to depths previously unknown to man, her oily juices paving the way to her cervix. Zach drove forward, slowing feeding the last two inches all the way inside. His smooth groin pressed flush up against hers just as the tip of his enflamed glans bumped up against the door of her womb.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Alicia moaned loudly as his plundering cock triggered an intense orgasm deep within her fuck-starved cunt. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her body shook about on the sheets like a ragdoll as wave after wave of exquisite pleasure rolled over her. She pulled at the sheets viciously as she bucked and shook beneath him, her bubbling gash spitting and oozing warm nectar everywhere.

Zach held on for dear life as his mother thrashed about, her body twitching and shaking as her climax took control of her. It felt incredible to have his enormous cock buried to the hilt in her sumptuous mature body, her hot gripping sheath pulling at him like a hot buttery fist. He almost went off when she started to cum, but held as still as possible and rode out the overwhelming pleasurable sensation.

"Oh Zach, that was amazing. I've never been so filled up in my entire life," his mother said as the delicious sensations flowing through her gradually subsided. "Are you okay, Sweetie?"

"I'm great, Mom. I almost came there too, but I held off. It feels so good to be inside you, I didn't want to cum—I want it to last forever."

"Oh, that's so sweet," she said as she circled her arms back around his neck and gave him a soft tender kiss. "But you don't have to worry, Zach, I think we're going to be doing this a lot from now on." Alicia knew after he'd hit bottom, she was hooked. There was no way she was going to let her son's magnificent cock out of her sight—or grasp, for long. She could feel how tense he was though, how close he must be to orgasm, and she wanted to make this first time last at least a little bit longer for him. She rolled her hips ever so slightly, flexing the muscles inside her experienced vagina as she did. "Does that feel good?"

"Oh my God, it feels incredible," Zach replied as he felt the clinging walls of her oily trench grip tightly along his buried shaft, the hot tissues seeming to ripple and massage his rigid dick from one end to the other.

"That's good, Sweetie. Just stay still like that for a bit and let me work it. If I'm going to be taking it a lot from now on, I need to get used to having this huge cock inside me."

Zach felt her legs come up and wrap around his back, her muscular calves resting on his buttocks. Once she was in the position she wanted, she really went to work with those talented muscles inside her.

"Oh Jesus," Zach moaned as her magical cunt pulled and gripped at his tightly-sheathed hard-on. It felt like with her clenching channel alone she was trying to coax the boiling cum from his sperm-laden nuts. She rolled her wide motherly hips sensually as her hot grasping pussy worked him over. He had barely been able to suppress his climax once he'd bottomed out inside her, but now, he was about to cum without having made one stroke more—and he definitely wanted more.

"Mom, stop. It feels too good and I want to....." he started to say, but his voice trailed off into thin air.

"You want to fuck me?" Alicia completed his sentence for him, her eyes twinkling with perverted lust as she thought about the illicit incestuous act they were about to commit.

"Yes."

"Then go ahead, Sweetie. I think I'm ready for you now. Do whatever you'd like." Alicia unwound her legs from behind her son's back and dug her pointy high heels into the bed, getting ready for the breathtaking ride she knew was coming. She pulled his youthful face to hers and gave him another tender kiss, letting him know she was his for the taking.

With a low animalistic growl purring in his throat, Zach pulled back until just the tip of his throbbing boner was caught between her clutching cunt-lips, then thrust forth, spearing his throbbing pecker to the hilt once more.

"Yessssss," Alicia hissed as his driving prick filled her again, stretching the hot pink tissues inside her almost to the tearing point. He quickly got into a smooth rhythm, long-dicking her as he drove all 10" into her with each driving thrust. "Oh God, Zach, it's so big.....so hard."

Zach was thrilled to see the blissful look of pleasure on his mother's face as he fucked her, working his hips up and down as her juicy cunt gripped and pulled at his beefy prick at the same time. The bed was squeaking like crazy and the headboard was bumping rhythmically against the wall as their joined bodies worked exquisitely together. He could hear the sound of her wet cunt squelching as he drove deep, his big sperm-filled balls slapping noisily against her backside.

Alicia felt like she was being crucified—exquisitely so. The hard cylinder of flesh between her son's legs felt like a solid wooden stake being driven into her body. With each powerful thrust of his youthful cock, it felt like he was nailing her deeper and deeper into the mattress. She bucked her wide matronly hips up against him, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Oh fuck, Zach. That feels so good. It's so hard.....I'm gonna cum....I....I....I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMMM." Alicia wailed loudly as another climax roared through her. This time her gyrating hips and massaging cunt sent him over the edge at the same time.

"HERE IT COMES," Zach said as he drove his cock as far into her as possible just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth. His rigid prick bucked and twitched inside her clutching channel as torrents of milky man-juice flooded her insides.

"OH MY GOD.....SO GOOOOODDD," Alicia groaned as she felt his powerful cock shoot deep inside her. His spurting juice luxuriously bathed the sensitive tissues he'd just torn open moments before when he'd plunged his massive dick to the hilt for the first time. Her heels dug in deep as she flexed her groin up against his, the rippling muscles lining her birth canal massaging along his buried shaft as she fought to pull every creamy drop out of him.

Zach felt like he would never stop shooting, his engorged cock-head spitting out wad after wad of thick creamy man-juice as his mother's talented cunt milked away at his pulsing erection. He flooded her twat with cum as he unloaded time and again, the frothy white semen squelching back out of her dripping fuck-hole around his stabbing prick, their mingling juices sliding down to puddle on the sheets beneath her gyrating ass. After what seemed like two minutes of blissful orgasmic release, the tingling sensations finally receded and their spent bodies collapsed back against the mattress.

"Mom, that was amazing," Zach said as he lay on top of her, his lips nuzzling the silky skin of her neck.

"It was, wasn't it," she said with a tittering little laugh as she brought her mouth to his and kissed him passionately. They lay still, kissing each other wantonly as Alicia locked her ankles behind him once more, keeping his majestic cock buried deep within her needy cunt. As his tongue rolled sensually over hers, she felt his cock twitch once more as new blood poured into it, the huge flesh cylinder coming back to full erection within just a minute or two. 'How I love the vitality and endurance of youth,' she thought as she rolled her hips provocatively, loving the feel of that enormous rod touching those sensitive places so deep inside her.

"Well, it looks like somebody's ready to go again," she said as she nipped at his lower lip.

"It's because of you, Mom. I feel like I could go all night."

Alicia felt her pussy cream when he said that, her oily juices gushing forth to lather his giant prong. "Mmmm, all night long, eh. That sounds like a challenge. Think your old mom can keep up?"

"You're not old, Mom." Zach gave her a quirky smile now, his confidence level going through the roof after his first fuck. "But I would like to see if you can keep up." He accompanied his challenge by slowly rotating his own hips, stirring his beefy prick all around inside her tight channel.

"Ohhhhhnnn," Alicia groaned as her eyes rolled back in her head at the pleasurable sensations flowing through her. "Well buster, let's just see who can keep up with who." With his cock buried to the hilt inside her, she rolled over until she was on top of him and then started rocking her hips back and forth, her mature pussy sliding up and down on his rigid erection. "I think your old mother can teach you a few things too. Would you like that?"

"Yes," Zach said emphatically as he reached up and cupped her pert boobs through the tight material of her gown, his fingers seeking out her stiff nipples as they started to fuck once more.

Forty minutes later, Alicia was on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed, her heart-shaped bum thrust high in the air. With the back panel of her dress tossed up over her back, her teenage son knelt behind her, both hands gripping her wide motherly hips firmly as he shuttled his pole-like cock in and out of her greasy twat.

"SO HARRRRDDDD," Alicia groaned as her upper body collapsed onto the mattress as another spine-tingling climax coursed through her. She clenched tightly onto a pillow and gritted her teeth

as the delicious pain of being filled by such a massive prick had her climbing the walls.

A half hour after that, she was once more on her back, this time with Zach kneeling between her legs, his stallion-like cock driving deeply into her as he gripped her shapely ankles in each hand, holding her legs spread wide open. Zach loved this position, pushing her long shapely legs up and out to each side, splaying her slippery experienced cunt as far open as possible.

Alicia reached forward and gripped his firm buttocks as he angled his hips downward and drove balls-deep into her, the engorged head of his prick slamming up against the door of her womb with each powerful thrust. With his hands holding her totally spread-eagled beneath him, she came and she came, her body quivering and shaking from the exquisite sensations his enormous cock was unleashing within her.

It was almost 5:00am when she finally stumbled into her own room. She lost track of the number of times she'd climaxed—she remembered that she'd stopped counting after twenty, and that had seemed like hours ago now. Zach had cum seven times—or was it eight? She was so blissfully frazzled that she couldn't remember that either.

She was a total mess. Her dress was torn where at one point Zach had tugged at it to get at her breasts, his hungry lips and tongue sucking luxuriously at her stiff nipples. She looked down at her dress, not caring if it was ruined. She smiled as she looked at the number of cum stains on it—man, the stuff was everywhere. She looked at herself in the mirror in her room. Her lips were puffy and swollen from the cock-sucking she'd done. Not just that first time, but at various times through the night as she'd helped bring Zach back to full hardness. There was dried cum all over her face and in her hair. Zach has asked at one point if he could cum on her face. Much to his delight, Alicia had eagerly agreed and then welcomed the huge creamy load he had pasted her with.

With her whole body buzzing and thrumming contentedly, she kicked off her strappy red sandals and collapsed on her bed, still wearing her torn and cum-stained dress. She felt like she never wanted to take it off, to remember this first night with her son always.

She thought of how people had started to call her 'The Good Wife' since she'd been supportive of her husband after the scandal broke. She wondered if those same people would call her 'The Good Mother' if they knew what she'd done tonight. She was sure Zach would.

Pulling the covers over her and closing her eyes, Alicia realized that the deep itch inside her needy cunt had finally been scratched, by the biggest hardest cock imaginable—and it had belonged to her own son. His mammoth prick had scratched that nasty itch time and again with every deep hard penetration, and then soothed the tender tissues with a repetitive basting of warm milky protein.

As she lay there peacefully, on the verge of sleep, Alicia wondered how long it would take for that nasty itch to come back. She slipped her hand between her legs and then brought it to her mouth, her fingers coated with her son's warm creamy cum. She closed her lips over her glistening fingers and sucked, blissfully savoring the silky flavor. As she swallowed, the luxurious sensation flowed smoothly down her throat to her stomach, and then even lower. She reached between her legs once more and scooped out another mouthful. She sucked her fingers clean again and as she swallowed, she felt a little tingling deep in her pussy. Damn—that hot itch was back already...