

# THE GOOD WIFE: ALICIA'S LINGERIE

*rmddexter*

*Alicia buys some sexy lingerie to please her well-hung son.*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

14.4k words

*My intention in writing the first Good Wife story, "The Good Wife—Alicia's Hot Itch", was that it was going to be a one-off story, and not a continuing series. (Note that "Alicia's Hunger" is the same story). I found that I enjoyed writing the story so much that I produced a second offering, "The Good Wife—Alicia Wants More." I've now found that I still have more to say regarding this storyline, so with this submission, I have commenced numbering the stories to assist new readers who may be discovering these stories for the first time. This is #3, and I can tell you that #4 is currently in progress. It is recommended that the stories be read in the correct order, as the story does proceed chronologically. I apologize for any confusion relative to the titles, and I hope you enjoy reading these stories as much as I have had writing them...rmddexter*

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Zach had set his cell phone to go off fifteen minutes before their usual wake-up time. He knew that in his mother's condition when he put her to bed last night, she was in no shape to remember to do it. Last night, he'd fucked her to climax after climax until she seemed on the verge of almost slipping into a coma, then he'd carefully taken her to her own bed and tucked her in for the night, but not before jerking off one more load onto her nicely-shaped tits.

His phone chirped and he casually shut it off, lying there with a smile on his face. Today was Friday, and with Grace going to her friend Jenna's, he and his mother would have the whole night together. He couldn't wait—he literally couldn't wait. He looked down at his morning hard-on obscenely tenting up his sheets, and remembered why he'd set the alarm fifteen minutes early. He quickly got up and exited his room. Turning to see that Grace's door was still shut, he stealthily made his way down the hall to his mother's room. He entered, and then gently closed the door behind him. He could hear his mother's soft breathing as he made his way across the room. He reached down and turned on the lamp on her bedside table, bathing the room in a warm amber glow.

"Nnnhhnnn," he heard his mother moan slightly when the light came on, but she remained sleeping. He reached down and carefully drew back the covers he'd pulled up to her shoulders the night before. She'd been so exhausted, she was still in the exact same position he'd left her in. A smile came to his face as his eyes roamed over her still-clothed form. When they'd been fucking, he'd left her clothes on the whole time, loving the sexy look of her in her slim-fitting business attire. It never failed to make his monstrous prick hard. A smile came over his face as he looked at her, her clothes stained and matted with his spunk. There were some dark wet stains showing through her tight red sweater from where he'd last shot onto her chest. He looked down at her black skirt, now kind of scrunched up so the hem was sitting just below her well-fucked pussy. There were white crusty patches everywhere on the jet black skirt, as well as on the lower part of her sweater. Some dry cleaning was definitely going to be required. He looked up at his mother's pretty face, at her soft red lips, and knew why he had come. He tore off his t-shirt and pajama pants and stepped next to the bed, his long heavy cock thrusting out before him.

"C'mon Mom, time to wake up," Zach said as he slipped another pillow behind her head, then grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her a little farther up against the headboard.

"Wha...what time is it?" Alicia asked groggily as she started to come awake.

"It's fifteen minutes before our usual wake-up time," her 19-year old son replied as he quickly clambered onto the bed and swung his leg over her, his young body straddling hers.

"Zach, I...I...," she muttered in confusion, her eyes now looking at his rigid erection, the enormously huge cock thrusting over her face menacingly.

"I know you said to save ourselves for tonight, but this one can't wait," Zach said slyly as he wrapped his hand around his turgid shaft and pointed it right at her succulent red lips. "Lick those lips for me, Mom. Get them good and wet and then give me a nice target to aim for."

Still barely awake, Alicia obediently complied, already a slave to her son's big beautiful cock. She slipped her tongue out from between her lips and circled it all around her wide generous mouth, her taste buds picking up the flavor of the last shots of cum he'd wiped across her lips last night. With her full red lips glistening, she formed them into an inviting 'O', anxious for her son to feed her all 10+ inches of his throbbing manhood.

"That's it, Mom. That's perfect," Zach said, a mischievous smile on his face as he raised himself up on his knees and leaned forward, the enflamed crown of his stiff rod slipping right between her beckoning lips. They both watched as her pouty lips stretched and stretched to accommodate the broad flared head, then she purred deep in her throat as her lips slipped over the rope-like corona and closed down, trapping the immense helmet within her hot wet mouth. With his pulsing dick safely locked between her lips, Zach let go of the gnarled shaft and reached up to the headboard, holding firmly onto it with both hands.

"Okay Mom, time to start sucking. I don't think it'll be too long before I'll have a nice creamy treat for you." From his position on his knees and with his legs straddling her body, he started to flex back and forth, feeding his prick lustily in and out of her sucking mouth.

"What a perfect way to wake up," Alicia thought to herself as she caved in her cheeks and sucked wantonly at her son's thick hard cock, the lemon-sized head filling her mouth. She absolutely loved having a cock in her mouth, and she'd never had one as big and perfect as her son's. His insatiable appetite for sex and his unbelievable endurance never ceased to amaze her. Her love for him had only grown over the past couple of days, and she knew there was no way she could go back to the way things had been before. She wanted him badly and, as she sucked on that immense powerful cock filling her mouth, she felt her mature body coming alive, telling her she didn't just want him—she needed him. She needed him to fill every aching wet hole in her motherly body, to fill her over and over with load after load of his hot teenage spunk, to absolutely fill her until the stuff was just running out of her. He'd touched something deep inside her very soul the first time he'd fed every hard thick inch into her needy cunt, stretching her and opening her up deeper than ever before—and there was no turning back now. She knew she'd do anything to satisfy the burning desire she and her young son felt for each other—anything.

"Oh Mom, that's fantastic," Zach groaned as he rocked his hips back and forth, feeding the first few inches of his staunch manhood back and forth between his mother's sucking lips. Her mouth was steamingly hot and lusciously wet, her tongue bathing his pumping cock with her juicy spit. He would have liked to have fed it even deeper into her face—but in this position, with her head backed up against the headboard, it was impossible. Not that he was complaining, her mouth felt

like a hot buttery glove pulling at his prick as she caved in her cheeks and sucked at him like a porn star, eager to get the reward he had promised her.

"Oh fuck, not much more," he cooed as his hips started to flex back and forth more vigorously, the headboard beating a drum-like tattoo on the wall behind them. His balls started to draw up close to his body, and he felt those tell-tale contractions starting in his midsection. He looked down at his mother, her lips pursed forward, slavishly sucking at his throbbing cock. He knew just how he wanted to see this end.

"AH JESUS...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he quickly pulled out of his mother's vacuuming mouth and wrapped his hand around his pulsating erection. He pumped his fist firmly, pointing the blood-engorged head right at her pretty face.

Alicia's eyes zeroed in on the wet red eye, the tip glistening lewdly. She watched as the tiny lips seemed to flex open, then fill with milky fluid for a split-second before a long thick rope shot forth. "Aaaaaaahhh," she hissed as the shimmering ribbon of cum landed on her face, the milky strand running from her neck all the way up into her hair. A second silvery rope jettisoned forth, starting from her jawline, across her nose and onto her forehead before disappearing into her dark hair. She could feel the cum raining down on her as Zach pumped and pumped, her teenage son absolutely painting her face with his warm milky seed. He moved his spewing dick-head back and forth, flooding her face with pearly fluid.

"Open up," he said quickly as he pointed the enflamed crown back at her mouth and leaned forwards once more. Alicia opened her lips just as he fed the spitting helmet back into her mouth. He kept pumping his fist, jacking the rest of his sperm-laden cum right onto her beckoning tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred kittenishly as she felt the warm thick fluid splash over her tonsils. She closed her eyes and savored the blissful flavor as she drew as much of the gooey discharge out of him as she could. Finally, his nerve-tingling climax over, Zach sat back, noisily pulling his spent prick from his mother's sucking lips with an audible "POP!"

"Good morning, Mom," he said innocently, reaching down and spreading his pearly cum all over her face. She was covered with the stuff, glistening ribbons and thick milky gobs covering nearly every square inch of her face. He scooped up one huge gob with his finger and slipped it between her lips, the soft red pillows closing down enthusiastically over his invading digit as she sucked. He sawed his finger back and forth salaciously, smiling to himself as he watched her suck. Finally, he pulled his finger out of her mouth and crawled off of her, pulling his pajama pants back on. He reached down and tenderly ran his hand over her cum-spackled sweater, his hand coming to rest as he cupped her nicely-shaped tit, squeezing it gently.

"You better hit the shower, Mom, or Grace might think I threw yogurt all over your face."

They both had a chuckle at that, remembering how his 18-year old sister had mistakenly taken his semen for yogurt the day before.

"Thanks, Sweetie," Alicia replied as she took Zach's hand in hers and kissed it tenderly. "That was a beautiful way to wake up. You can do that anytime."

"I loved it too. But we've got to get going. You go into the shower and I'll make sure Grace wakes up, okay?"

"Okay." Zach grabbed his t-shirt and turned to go before Alicia stopped him. "Zach. No more funny business this morning, okay? Let's just try and control ourselves until tonight."

"I'll try my best," he replied with an innocent shrug, a shrug that told her he wasn't promising anything.

With her body aching deliciously, Alicia got out of bed and stripped off her clothes, surveying the spunk-stained damage as she tossed everything into her laundry basket. She had to peel her sweater off slowly, the drying cum on her chest causing the fabric to stick to her lewdly. She heard Zach knock at his sister's door and tell her to get up, and then Alicia disappeared into her en-suite, turning on the shower and letting the hot pelting spray wash the sticky cum off her mature body. She leaned with her hands on the shower wall and let the teeming pellets rain down upon her sinfully aching form, loving the way her body was feeling after the intense pounding Zach had given her each of the last two nights. And tonight was going to be even better—it was the weekend, and they were going to be alone.

"So you're sure you've got everything?" Alicia asked Grace as she hit the elevator button. She looked at her daughter, school bag over one shoulder, overnight bag hanging from the other.

"Yes," Grace replied absentmindedly, her attention focused on her cell phone.

"Do you have your toothbrush?"

"YES, MOTHER!" Grace shook her head petulantly, like a typical teenager tired of being hounded by one of her parents.

"Alright...alright. I just wanted to make sure you don't have to bother Jenna for anything." Grace was going to Jenna's straight from school, and Alicia really just wanted to make sure she didn't turn up back at home, having forgotten something important.

Zach stood back in the apartment corridor and watched this little bit of sparring between his mother and sister, intently looking his mother up and down. Once again she looked so perfectly MILFISH, dressed up in her business attire. She was wearing a business suit, the long-sleeved jacket and skirt a matching medium gray color, the textured fabric almost looking oatmeal or nubby to the touch. The jacket had a turned-up collar, with curved points where it ended at the collar tips. Seven large black buttons ran down and secured it at the front, Alicia having left the top two open. The squared shoulders fed into a tapered bodice, the jacket forming nicely to her shapely hourglass figure. It narrowed flatteringly at her slim waist before flaring out slightly to playfully caress her wide sensual hips. The last button ended in the middle of her flat stomach, the two sides of the jacket ending in a curving scallop at the bottom a few inches below that.

Zach looked at her from the side, the bodice of the jacket hinting nicely at the shape of her perfect tits as the material shifted against her sexy body. The skirt fit enchantingly over that spectacular ass of hers, the textured gray material showing the flowing lines of her wide hips and curving bum cheeks perfectly. Zach could feel himself salivating, watching the delightful shadows cast by her curvy body move sensually across the textured fabric as his mother turned slightly, now facing more directly towards him. His eyes continued downward, taking in the graceful fit of the tapered narrowing skirt as it fit smoothly over her beautiful thighs—thighs he was getting to know very well. Like the one she'd been wearing yesterday, this skirt too ended just above her cute, dimpled knees. The rest of her gorgeous legs were alluringly encased in sheer black stockings, the soft black tone looking perfect with the gray suit. To complete the outfit, she'd chosen a pair of black slingbacks with a scintillating 4" heel, the triangular toe section teasingly pointy. With her lustrous chestnut

hair swirling about her shoulders, and her makeup nicely accenting her lovely features, Zach thought she looked fantastic.

Breakfast had been uneventful. As requested by his mother, Zach had managed to behave himself. The only awkward moment came when Grace expressed her disappointment at not being able to find more of the peach yogurt in the fridge. Alicia and Zach gave each other a conspiratorial look as Grace had to satisfy herself with a blueberry one instead.

The elevator arrived and the three of them boarded, Grace standing at the front, her face buried in her cell phone, her fingers flying as she texted someone. Behind her, Zach shifted closer to his mother and reached over, running his hand over her perfect heart-shaped ass. Alicia let out a tiny little gasp as her son's hand continued to caress her sumptuous behind. Shocked by his brazenly surprising gesture, she stood stock still, keeping her eyes on Grace to make sure she didn't turn around.

Zach smiled to himself as his hand roamed over his mother's soft warm cheeks, his fingers pressing gently into the smooth crevice in the center.

"Aaaah!" Alicia gave a sharp intake of breath at his bold maneuver, then cleared her throat to cover up the sound she had made. Zach's exploring hand felt wonderful on her bum, and she wanted to press herself back firmly against him, but she just shifted her feet slightly to each side, letting him know she had no objection to what he was doing.

Inspired by his mother's invitation, Zach ran his hand down further to the bottom of those round cheeks and cupped them, then pressed his fingers firmly against the material of her skirt, forcing it to rub against her delicate little bum-hole beneath.

"Mmmmm." Alicia gave off a throaty little growl, low enough that just the two of them heard it. Zach smiled to himself, loving the warmth of the spot his hand was in and deciding this was somewhere he'd have to explore more thoroughly, maybe even tonight.

DING! The sound of the elevator stopping caused both of them to gather themselves. Zach quickly removed his hand from his mother's rear end while Alicia reached behind herself and smoothed down her skirt. As the doors opened at the parking garage level, Zach quietly moved to the other side of the elevator car in the narrow space behind Alicia. She gasped again as he purposely pressed the front of his groin against her on the way by. She could feel his mammoth cock pressing against her soft bum, the stiff member feeling like a wooden stake inside his pants. He followed his sister out of the elevator, slipping his knapsack off his shoulder and carrying it in front of him to hide the noticeable bulge in his khakis. He looked over at Alicia and gave her a sly smile as she followed after them, her body quivering from what had unexpectedly happened in the elevator.

"SHOTGUN!" Zach yelled, and raced his sister to the car.

It was mid-morning when Will Gardner stepped into Alicia's office. "Hey, good morning. I'm sorry about what happened with Sweeney last night. I didn't have any idea he was going to be that rude."

Alicia looked up from the file she was working on. "No need to apologize, Will. I know that kind of thing comes with the territory. Don't worry, I can handle Colin Sweeney." She wanted to make sure the faith Will had shown in her by taking her on wasn't misplaced. She knew what was expected of her in these first few months, and she had no intention of letting him down.

"That's good," Will replied, leaning against the door frame and crossing his arms. "That statement he made about being with the mayor's wife was quite a surprise."

"Yes. I'm not sure how we're going to handle that, especially if that becomes the key strategy in our defense."

"You know how something like this could blow up if it got out." She nodded, knowing he was referring to her own experience when Peter's affairs had exploded in the press. "So whatever you decide to do, just tread carefully, and feel free to talk to either Diane or me first."

"Thanks, Will. I'll do that."

He turned to go but stopped, his hand on the door frame. "Alicia, you're doing great. I was very impressed by the way you handled him last night."

"I appreciate you saying that." She smiled, and then remembered something. "Oh Will, I almost forgot, I have an appointment at lunch today. I might be gone a little longer than usual. I hope that isn't a problem."

"No, not at all. After I kept you so late last night, don't worry about it. Take as long as you need."

As her boss left, she went back to her work, happy that she could take that extra time today to do the shopping she wanted. She wanted to make sure things were going to be perfect tonight.

Alicia brought up her daily calendar on her computer. There it was—a meeting with Cary in the middle of the afternoon to go over the Sweeney case. She knew before she came in today that meeting was on her schedule, she just wasn't sure of the exact time. She was looking forward to it, hoping for a repeat of the flirtatious encounter they'd had yesterday. It had thrilled her to hear the day before how Cary had felt about her, along with those two other young men in the office, when they'd referred to her as a sexy MILF. She'd had no idea, and then when she'd discovered her son's obsession with her as well, her ego had flourished, realizing the hidden allure she seemed to have for these various young men.

Finding the degree of Zach's illicit incestuous desire for her had been a treasure beyond anything she could have dreamed of. Her teenaged son had confessed about his fantasies and obsession with her, wanting an intimate relationship with her that she had never even thought of. As she listened to how much he thought of her and desired her, her heart went out to him—she loved him so much. Her own perverse curiosity was piqued, and once she got him to show her his long hard cock, it had taken her breath away. She'd found her mouth salivating as she'd looked at it, and once she'd had it filling her watering mouth and stretching her needy pussy, there was no turning back—she knew she was already addicted to the special love the two of them shared.

She felt a little guilty about flirting with Cary the way she had, but she knew it was harmless—and she also knew Cary enjoyed it as much as she did. Teasing and flirting with the young lawyer got her own juices flowing, and she loved the thought of going home to Zach with her mature cooze already dripping for attention. She felt there was no harm in leading Cary on a little, watching him sweat with desire for her, knowing he was likely going home and jerking off thinking about her. Having him eager to please her might even come in handy—especially since they were basically competing with each other at work. She smiled as she looked forward to her afternoon meeting, knowing Zach was the one she would be going home to at the end of the day.

Alicia's work kept her busy until noon, when she scooped up her purse and headed directly to the lingerie store she had in mind. Just under two hours later, she returned, but not before stopping at her car in the parking garage beneath the building and almost filling the trunk with the numerous packages she'd purchased. Having been too busy to eat during her hectic shopping trip, she stopped in the staff lunchroom and picked up a few things to satisfy her hunger. Will and Diane always made sure there were a few snacky-type foods, pastries, and fresh fruit on hand for both staff and any visiting clients. A smile came to her face as she carefully selected a few items. Back at her desk, she logged into her computer and checked the time: just over half an hour until she had a meeting in her office with Cary to go over their notes from the Sweeney interview. She picked up her purse, went to the ladies room, did what she needed to do, touched up her lipstick with a nice fresh coat, and then returned to her office. With her lips glistening a brilliant red, she waited another ten minutes, then went over and adjusted the thermostat.

"Alicia, are we all set to go over that testimony of Sweeney's?" Cary said as he tapped on her door and walked into her office, right on time for their scheduled meeting. He set the thick file down on her desk and pulled up the guest chair opposite her.

"Yes, I'm pretty much set to go. Listen, I had an appointment at lunch time that ran longer than I thought. I never had a chance to grab a bite." She casually pointed to the plate of fruit in front of her. "You don't mind, do you?" After asking her question, she picked up a bright purple grape, formed her lips into an inviting 'O' and popped the grape inside.

"Uh, no. That's fine. Go ahead," Cary replied, his eyes focusing on her succulent lips as she chewed on the grape. He could feel his temperature going up, but looked around the room as he realized even she couldn't have gotten to him that quickly. "Whew, it's kind of hot in here." He made a wry face and looked at her questioningly.

"Yeah, the heating's on the fritz."

"Do you want me to take a look at it?" He pointed towards the thermostat and started stepping in that direction.

"No!" Alicia replied a little too forcefully. "Uh no, don't bother. I already called this morning and a guy from the building maintenance department came by. He said it's the thermostat itself. He's gone out to get one and said he hopes to have it fixed by the end of the day." She shrugged her shoulders, as if to say there was nothing they could do about it. "I know it's not the most comfortable, but I think we should be okay. This shouldn't really take all that long, should it?"

"No, no. You're right—it should go pretty quickly," Cary said as he turned from the thermostat and came back to her desk. He unbuttoned his suit jacket as he slipped into the chair, facing her from across the desk. After the little fashion show she'd given him yesterday, he'd been anxious to see her again, especially in the relative privacy of one of their offices. He'd loved the way she'd asked him about her clothes, and posed for him in order to get his opinion. He was sure she had no idea how provocative she'd looked as she leaned on her desk, giving him teasing views of her perfect middle-aged body. He'd jerked off three times last night thinking about her while reading erotic MILF stories, and then again first thing this morning.

Alicia flipped open her own file, the notes from the meeting they'd had with Sweeney last night sitting right on top. She picked up a large strawberry off the plate and placed the shiny end between her lips, her slender fingers holding onto the green stem. She looked down at her notes, but she could feel Cary's eyes on her as she pursed her lips and let them slide further down on the

large berry, just like she would with a hard cock. As her lips slipped past the widest part of the berry and got closer to her fingertips, she flexed them slightly back and forth, almost as if she was kissing the large object filling her mouth.

Cary watched, totally enthralled at the sight of her beautiful lips pursed teasingly over the shiny berry, her lipstick almost the identical bright red as the strawberry. She pursed her lips slightly forward and he saw her teeth close down, slicing decadently through the cool wet flesh of the fruit, before her hand casually drew the stem down and tossed it back onto the plate next to her. He felt a twitch in his groin, and knew the broken heating system wasn't the only thing causing his temperature to rise.

"Phew, it is hot in here, isn't it?" Alicia said as she picked up another file from her desk and started fanning herself, the gentle breeze it created causing her lustrous chestnut locks to swirl enchantingly about her pretty face. Cary was watching her adoringly, trying hard not to blatantly stare as he shuffled some papers around nervously in his own file. While she continued to fan herself, she reached up with her other hand and deftly plucked open the top button on her jacket, her slender fingers and blood-red nails drawing his eyes like iron filings to a magnet. With the button open, she ran her fingers slowly downwards and then plucked open the next button. She drew the overlapping material of the jacket open at her neck, three more buttons still securing it down the length of her bodice.

"There, that's a little better," she said in a soft breathy voice as she leaned forwards over her notes. Cary's eyes zeroed in on the newly-created opening, the smooth skin below her neck and a white satin camisole now partially visible.

"Jesus, she is so fucking sexy," Cary thought to himself. He pulled at his tie, loosening it—not so much because of the heat, but because of the nervous lump he had in his throat from being so close to this gorgeous mature woman.

"Okay," Alicia continued. "Why don't you read me some of the notes you've made? You can give me your thoughts on Sweeney's statements he gave to us last night, and then we'll talk about the best strategy to put forth and where we go from here."

"Sounds good," Cary said as he picked up his notes and started talking.

While Alicia listened, she reached down to the plate beside her and picked up a banana she'd specifically chosen. Of the ones on the fruit tray, it was the biggest one there. She nodded at one of Cary's points, and then slowly started to peel the banana. She drew down the pieces of peel until the long creamy shaft was projecting suggestively from her gripping fist, the tip curving upwards right towards her waiting mouth.

Cary continued talking, but his eyes were focused more often on Alicia's sexy mouth than his notes. He watched as she opened those beautiful red lips into a beckoning oval, and then raised her fist, the large banana sliding into her open kisser. When the tip went into her mouth, she closed her lips against the ivory-colored column and pursed her lips forward as she pushed the banana further in.

"We uh...uh," Cary stammered, his eyes fixed on her mouth as more and more of the long creamy tube disappeared into her mouth. Her brilliant red lipstick looked wickedly exciting against the pale fleshiness of the fruit as she pushed the banana deeper into her watering mouth. She finally stopped with her pursed lips almost touching the pieces of turned-down peel at the top of her circling hand, and then she slowly drew the banana out, the shaft glistening from the wetness



within her hot sexy mouth. With just the very tip captured between her pouty lips, she repeated the gesture, the banana sliding wickedly into the depths of her hot mature mouth once more.

Cary could only stare, totally transfixed by her highly erotic behavior. He could feel his cock swelling in his pants as he watched her slide the banana back and forth—and then she paused, looking at him curiously, as if trying to figure out why he'd stopped talking.

"Uh...we should uh...," Cary sputtered, pointing to his notes as he tried to get ahold of himself.

"Are you alright, Cary?" Alicia asked, her lips slipping off the banana, her clenched fist still holding it in an upright position mere inches away from her wet red lips.

Cary flushed bright red, knowing she'd caught him staring at her. He decided not to try and cover up what he was thinking. "Uh yeah," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's just that uh...well, I've never seen anyone eat a banana like that."

"Like wha..." Alicia looked confused for a second or two before continuing, a big smile on her face. "I know what you mean! Everybody in my family eats it like this—my mom taught my brother and me when we were little. That was the way she always did it since she'd been a kid. She taught us to put the banana into your mouth and then, when you pull it out, use your teeth to scrape off a fine layer all around. You just keep moving it back and forth until, eventually, you've eaten all of it. That way you get a nice creamy taste on your tongue and it feels really smooth going down your throat when you swallow it."

Cary felt his heart racing as he listened to her explanation, his prick stiffening even more inside the restrictive confines of his fitted boxers. "Well, that's interesting. Like I said, I've never seen anyone eat one like that before. But don't mind me, I know you missed your lunch, so go ahead—eat up."

"Thanks, I really am pretty hungry." Alicia fed the banana right back into her mouth while Cary looked down at his notes for a second to remind himself what he'd been talking about. He was barely able to continue, but he did manage to keep on point as he looked at her as he spoke, not wanting to take his eyes off the lewdly innocent act going on right in front of him. As Alicia moved the banana repetitively back and forth between her pursed lips, he noticed how the banana was gradually getting slimmer, the flesh of the curving shaft gradually being carved off by her scraping teeth. He found it incredibly titillating—but also wickedly frightening. He kept picturing his own prick sensually stretching those gorgeous lips of hers, but trembled at the thought of her teeth scraping off his pulsing flesh.

They worked for the next ten minutes or so, referring to their notes and discussing Sweeney's statements. Cary found himself sweating, and didn't know if it was from the heat or from the excitement he was feeling as he looked across at Alicia—those dark exotic eyes of hers, that pretty face, and those breathtaking CSLs that had been so perfectly on display during that provocative banana-eating spectacle. He'd never seen anyone with such perfect cock-sucking lips as hers. He felt like he could just stare at her all day. He would have loved to just whip out his cock and jerk it off right there, his eyes focusing on that sexy face of hers. He tried to concentrate on the work, but the heat was really getting to him.

"Oh man, this is pretty bad," he said, fanning himself with his hand. "Do you mind if I take off my jacket?"

This is exactly what Alicia had been waiting for. It was expected that the firm's employees dress appropriately as much as possible in the office—the tone being set by the senior partners, Will

Gardner and Diane Lockhart. Everyone followed the unwritten policy, and it was rare to see one of the male lawyers without their suit jacket on.

"No...no, go ahead," Alicia replied. Cary slipped his jacket off, draped it over the back of his chair, and then loosened his tie even further. Once he had turned back around and picked up his pen, Alicia continued, knowing she had his attention. "You know, you're right—it is pretty hot, I think I might join you."

Alicia stood up, and then slowly ran her fingers up the front of her blazer until she encountered the next button down from the previous two she'd opened at her neck. Cary was mesmerized as he watched those slender fingers work on the button, the brilliant red nail polish on her fingers glistening in the warm office light. She opened the button, and then gracefully let her fingers trace down the front of the jacket to the next one. Cary gulped as he watched her hand slowly, teasingly, undo the large black button. The jacket was gaping open now as her fingers trailed provocatively down the jacket to the final button. She took her time, slowly manipulating the last one between her slender fingers until it slid open. Cary watched as if hypnotized, her delicate hands taking hold of each side of the jacket and drawing it open, her body facing directly towards him. She paused for a second holding the jacket panels wide open, her dainty white camisole blatantly on display, the shiny satin clinging invitingly to her mature breasts.

When she'd gone to the ladies room a short time ago, she'd gone into one of the stalls, stripped off her jacket and camisole, and then removed her bra. Stuffing her bra into her purse, she'd put her white camisole back on, tucking it tightly into the waistband of her skirt so it clung daringly to her breasts. She'd chosen that specific camisole this morning with this scenario in mind. She'd had a little laundry mishap a month or so ago, the camisole shrinking to the point where it now fit her like a second skin. It was beautifully adorned with a lacy border at the top, accented by a tiny satin bow in the middle and two slim shiny ribbons for shoulder straps. It was so pretty that she just couldn't bring herself to throw it out, even though it no longer fit her the way it should. So she'd stuffed it back in her drawer, wondering if an appropriate time might come when she could wear it again. And as she'd thought about what she had in mind for her meeting with Cary today, she'd opened her drawer and taken it out—knowing this was the perfect time. And so after changing out of her bra in the washroom stall, she'd reached down and ran her fingertips over her pebbly nipples, loving the feeling of the thick rubbery buds coming alive and thrusting enticingly against the cool satin fabric. She'd put her jacket back on, waiting to put her little plan into action.

"Holy fuck!" Cary thought to himself, totally unable to take his leering eyes off of her. The simple act of undoing her jacket had been so unbelievably sexy that he almost couldn't stand it. It was like she was doing a striptease for him, and for him alone. When she'd undone that last button and then held open the two panels of the jacket as she faced him, he almost came in his pants. He could clearly see her stiff nipples projecting boldly through the white satin. They cast captivating shadows on the soft curving spheres of her breasts, the tight camisole showing off her trim mature body wonderfully. He could feel his prick stiffening even more as he watched her, his eyes never leaving her spectacular body.

"There, that feels better," Alicia said as she finally slipped her jacket right off. She stepped over and hung it on the coat rack behind her, her back to Cary. She held onto the coat rack with one hand while she lifted one foot and bent her knee sensually, her body facing Cary in profile. She reached down and pretended to adjust her high heel shoe, knowing Cary had a ringside seat to look at her curvy rear end. She also knew that this view would give him a good shot of her nicely-shaped breasts from the side, the cool satin molding itself flatteringly to her breasts.

Cary stared and his mouth gaped open, that perfect heart-shaped ass looking breathtakingly beautiful in her form-fitting gray skirt. She had turned slightly when she bent over, and when she wiggled her shoe, her long thick nipples traced tantalizing lines on the front of her camisole as her breasts shook slightly from side to side with her movements. As Cary looked at her, he thought of how fantastic it would be to just walk up to her and slip his hand beneath her breasts, hefting the weight of them in his cupping hand. He thought about how wonderful it would feel, the lush softness contradicted by the intense stiffness of her nipple pushing against the palm of his cupping hand. "Ohhnnn," he groaned under his breath, unable to control himself as he looked at her incredible MILFISH body.

"What's that?" Alicia said as she lowered her foot and sat back in her chair. She smiled inside as she watched Cary shift nervously in his chair, his arms blocking her view of his crotch. She was sure there was a bulging hard-on there, just waiting to bury itself deep into something hot and wet.

"Uh...nothing," Cary replied, clearing his throat to cover up his unexpected outburst. "You...you look really nice."

"Thanks, Cary. Like I said yesterday, I never know if a lot of these new clothes I have look any good or not. And especially today, well, I never planned to end up like this..." She paused, gesturing towards her camisole. "But this heat in here is just too much." She leaned back in her chair, picked up the file she'd been using before, and started fanning herself again. She swiveled back and forth slightly in her desk chair, giving him quite a view of her scantily-clad body.

"Trust me, you look great."

As she swiveled from side to side, she could see his eyes following her nicely-shaped tits, her mature breasts moving back and forth like a hypnotist's watch. She stopped and sat forward, letting him see right down into her camisole. "Gee, I hope nobody comes by—they'll wonder what we're doing in here dressed like this."

Cary gulped again, his eyes looking down her top at the tempting swells of her breasts. His cock was just throbbing in his pants and he could feel the sweat running down his brow. He finally dragged his eyes back up to hers, and found her looking at him with an innocent smile on her face. He was surprised that in his flustered state, he was still able to think reasonably coherently. "I uh...I don't think we'd have any trouble explaining ourselves to anybody," he said, pointing to the 'faulty' thermostat.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. This heat is pretty obvious." She continued to fan herself, the heat getting to both of them. "Now, where were we? What was that you were saying about Sweeney's driver having a record?"

Cary continued talking, giving her the information Kalinda had obtained about the chauffeur. Alicia sat a little forward and pretended to look down at the file open in front of her, but really looking past the front edge of her desk. She was able to see the bulge in Cary's pants. She took a good long look and then sat back smiling to herself—her plan was working perfectly. She had hoped her provocative behavior would get a response like that from Cary, and she was pleasantly surprised to see the size of the hard-on he was surreptitiously trying to cover up. She could tell it couldn't compare to Zach's horse-like cock, but it certainly looked substantial.

She felt a little guilty with the way she had acted in front of him, first by eating the fruit—the juicy grapes, the lush strawberries, and especially the long curving banana. She knew she was teasing him mercilessly—but she just couldn't resist. And then, the spellbound look on his face as she'd

slowly undone her jacket was priceless. He seemed totally mesmerized by her as she'd taken both sides of the jacket and opened it while facing directly towards him—like she was helping him open a special Christmas present just for him. His eyes had gotten glazed over as he'd looked at her tight white camisole, the shiny satin caressing her mature body temptingly as her stiff pebbly nipples almost poked right through the cool fabric.

She loved the attention the young lawyer was giving her. It was so refreshing after all those years of being a stay-at-home wife and mother. The way Cary was looking at her gave her self-confidence a much-needed boost, especially after being so unsure of herself in her recent return to work. She thought about that stiff cock sitting right across from her, and her perverted mind immediately shifted to her well-hung son. It wouldn't be much longer before she'd be heading home to him, a whole night of illicit incestuous depravity awaiting them. She was really starting to feel the heat herself, and knew it had to more to do with her thoughts of Zach than the actual temperature in the room.

"I wish that maintenance guy would hurry back and change that thermostat," Alicia said, sitting up straight in her chair. "This heat is brutal."

Cary looked up as Alicia took her hands and ran them slowly up over her shoulders and beneath her shimmering chestnut locks. She tilted her head back slightly as she lifted her hair off her long regal neck, cooling herself. With her hands holding her hair up, she closed her eyes and slowly rolled her head in circle, a look of blissful contentment on her face. Since her eyes were closed, Cary lowered his gaze and stared blatantly at her chest, the movement of her arms rising to her neck causing her perfectly-shaped tits to tilt up and wonderfully fill out the already tight camisole.

"Oh fuck," he thought to himself as he looked at the round full shape of her breasts, gorgeously displayed by the alluringly tight piece of lingerie she was wearing. He could clearly see her long nipples through the tightly stretched fabric, the thick bullets pointed directly towards him. His cock felt like an iron bar in his pants, the thick shaft pressing up forcefully against his confining boxers.

"Ummm, that feels better," Alicia purred, keeping her hands at the back of her head as she rolled her head provocatively in a slow teasing circle. Although it looked to Cary like her eyes were closed, she'd been watching him the whole time through narrow slits, her long eyelashes masking what she was doing. She knew that by bringing her hands up the way she did, it would cause her lush breasts to swell upwards and strain against the camisole. As her hands slipped beneath her hair and her elbows came up, she could feel the cool satin stretching tightly across her chest, just as she'd hoped. She could see Cary staring at her, his eyes shifting from her pretty face to her thrusting breasts, perspiration running down his sweaty brow.

"Uh...yeah. I think that's good for today. Let's pick it up Monday," Cary said hurriedly as he quickly gathered up his files and jacket. In no time flat, he was moving towards the door.

"Uh...okay," Alicia said in surprise, unsure if Cary even heard her as he darted from her office.

Cary was beside himself. He had never felt this fucking horny in his entire life. He rushed from Alicia's office and into the closest men's room. Dropping his stuff on the counter, he hurried into a stall and locked the door behind him. He shoved his pants and underwear down, his throbbing erection snapping up forcefully against his stomach. He wrapped his hand around his pulsing boner and within seconds he was spewing thick wads of cum into the toilet bowl.

"Oh...fuck me," he groaned quietly as he held onto the top of one side of the stall with his free hand while he jacked away at his spitting tool with the other. Glistening gobs of sperm-laden semen shot

forth, landing in milky clumps on the surface of the water. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this excited and came so hard. The exquisite sensations of his climax went on for a long time before finally diminishing. He slumped against the wall as his hand slowed, milking out the last few drops. They fell on the toilet seat that he'd been in too much of a hurry to lift up out of the way, the pearly fluid looking wickedly exciting against the black of the commercial toilet seat. He thought about Alicia, and wondered...he wondered if she could do this to him by just being in the same room with him, what it would be like to really be with her—to have his hard thick cock going off inside her spectacular body rather than in the grip of his own hand. He sighed, praying some day he might have the chance to find out.

Alicia sat forward, a broad smile on her face. She could see that Cary had gotten incredibly excited as he'd watched her, the sweat just pouring off him. She wasn't surprised to see him hurry off. She was sure he'd gone to the men's room to relieve that awful pressure he seemed to be feeling in his groin—she just wished she could be a fly on the wall and watch him stroke off his hard throbbing tool. Just the thought of a huge cock spewing out thick ropery strands of cum had her picturing Zach, and that astonishingly huge member of his. She'd already been getting aroused by what had been happening with Cary, but as her mind turned to Zach, she felt a tiny stream of emulsion seep from her juicy cunt onto her panties. She shivered, the wickedly nasty desire for her son growing within her. She took a look at the clock and knew that, in her current state of mind, there was no way she was going to get any more work done today. She packed up her briefcase, slipped on her jacket, and with a brief stop to reset her thermostat, headed home—not feeling guilty at all about ducking out a few minutes early.

In the parking lot beneath the law office, Alicia started her car, and then grabbed her cell phone. She called Grace.

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi Honey, everything okay?"

"Uh sure. Is something wrong?"

"No, I just wanted to make sure you got to Jenna's okay."

"Yeah. Her mom picked us up from school. Her mom and dad said they're going to order some Chinese food in a little while. What are you guys gonna do?"

"Well, I've been looking forward to starting that new book I got. I'll probably just sit back with a glass of wine and start in on that, or maybe watch a movie, if that's what Zach wants to do."

"Okay."

"So, are you sure you have everything you need?"

"Mom!" Grace responded, the irritation clear in her voice.

"I'm sorry, Honey, I just want to make sure you have a good night." Alicia wanted to make sure she and Zach would have a good night too—with no disturbances.

"I'm fine, Mom. I have everything I need. You don't need to worry. I'll see you tomorrow." Grace's voice sounded a little more understanding now.

"Okay. You have a nice night. Say hi to Jenna and her folks for me. See you tomorrow."

Alicia hung up and scrolled through her list of saved numbers, quickly finding the one for Gino's Pizza, the favorite pizza joint for her and the kids. Sitting in her car, she placed an order for a large pizza to be delivered, asking for Zach's favorite, pepperoni and mushroom with extra sauce. She knew she wouldn't have the patience to cook tonight, and she was sure Zach wouldn't want to have to wait that long either to get down to business—the business of fucking that she hoped would go on all night long. Putting the car into gear, she pulled out of the parking lot and raced home, feeling that tingling itch deep in her needy pussy.

Zach had attacked his weekend's homework as soon as he got home, wanting to get it over and done with. He'd just finished it a few minutes ago and had logged into his computer, quickly going to one of his favorite websites, BustyBay. The free site had pictures posted by members of women with large breasts, some candid shots, and some likely pilfered from other websites. The bottom line of all pictures was that all the women had big tits. There was both a "nude" and "non-nude" homepage, and Zach always logged into the "non-nude" one, where the pictures were usually of busty beauties in tight sweaters, lingerie, or bathing suits. Just the kind of thing he loved to dress his mom up in by using Photoshop. He downloaded a few new hot submissions and pulled one up to work on—this one of a stacked young woman in white tank top and faded denim mini. Zach couldn't wait to see how hot his mom would look in the outfit. He was just starting to work on it when he heard his mother opening the apartment door.

"Zach!" Alicia called out from the front door.

Zach had already been on his way and came out of his room to face his mom standing in the doorway of the apartment, her arms loaded down with colorful packages.

"Hi Sweetie, can you help me with these, please?" Alicia said, nodding to a few more packages sitting on the floor just outside the door.

"Sure, Mom," Zach replied as he bent to lend a hand. "What's all this?"

"Well, in a way, they're kind of presents for you," she said slyly, a wry smile on her face.

"For me? Can I look?" He started to open one of the colorful parcels, the two handles tied up with fancy strands of ribbon.

"No!" Alicia scolded, giving him a playful swat on the arm. "You'll be able to see soon enough. Now help me take them to my room."

The two of them carried the packages to her room and dumped them on her king-sized bed, the bright colorful parcels spreading out and almost covering the whole bed.

"What's all that?" Zach looked curiously at the array of interesting packages. He finally noticed the names of the stores on the bags, recognizing that they'd come from a high-end lingerie store and an equally expensive shoe store. He felt the blood start to flow to his midsection as he thought about what might be in the daintily done-up parcels.

"Just be patient, Sweetie, but I know you're going to love everything I got. I know they're for me, but I think of them being more of a present for you," Alicia said as she sidled up to him and turned her face up to his.

Zach could see the hot look of desire on his mother's face as she brought her lips to his. It seemed as if she'd been waiting for this just as much as he had. He pressed his lips to hers and found her

mouth open and receptive. He slid his tongue into her mouth and rolled it against hers, the nearness of her body causing her scintillating perfume to waft sensually into his nostrils. Holding her close and having her alluring feminine fragrance stimulating his senses was like fanning the flames as his smoldering libido came to life, his impressive member stiffening in his jeans.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she pressed herself against him, her arms slipping around his neck. She kissed her son passionately, loving the taste of him, the nearness of him.

Encouraged by her enthusiasm, while they kissed, Zach reached up and undid a couple of buttons on her blazer and slid his hand into the opening he'd created, his fingers closing around her mature breasts. She responded by feathering her tongue back into his mouth, the tip of her long tongue exploring deep inside his hot oral cavity.

"Ohnnn..." Now it was Zach's turn to groan as he filled his hand with his mother's beautiful tits. Her felt her pebbly nipples beneath the silky garment she was wearing under her jacket, and rolled one between his thumb and forefinger, feeling the rubbery bud get stiffer and longer between his fingers.

BZZZZTT!...BZZZZTT!

"Who the heck is that?" Zach asked with a disappointed look on his face, their torrid kiss interrupted by the apartment buzzer.

"That'll be the pizza guy," Alicia said as she straightened her clothing. "I ordered a pizza for us. You let him in while I get the money."

Zach buzzed the pizza guy in while Alicia pulled some bills from her purse.

The pizza guy walked away happy after making the delivery. He was always anxious to deliver to the Florrick's, especially when Mrs. Florrick came to the door herself. Like most young guys, he had a fervent desire for MILFs, and Mrs. Florrick was one of the sexiest around. Today she looked especially hot. Her nice business clothes looked a little disheveled, her hair wildly mussed, and her lipstick was partially smeared, as if she'd just been kissing someone. He could feel his young prick give a twitch as she smiled at him, her sexy features and dark eyes sending a tingling jolt right through. Something must have put her in a good mood—she was usually a good tipper, but today she'd been even more generous than usual. Turning to the elevator, the teenager adjusted his swelling cock in his jeans, knowing who he'd be thinking about tonight when he jerked off.

"This looks great," Zach said as he opened the pizza box on the kitchen table and grabbed a slice with his hands.

"Zach, wait! Don't be such a pig," his mother chided, turning from the cupboard with plates and napkins in her hands.

"Sorry, Mom," Zach replied, the pizza slice just inches from his gaping mouth.

Alicia set the plates and napkins on the table, and then gave Zach a sultry little smile. "You haven't had your appetizer yet."

With a confused look on his face, Zach watched as his mother hiked up her skirt, slipped her hands underneath, and then shimmied her wide hips from side to side. She lowered her hands and stepped out of her white panties, lifting them up so they were dangling from the tip of her index finger. What she had just done hadn't taken more than a few seconds, but was incredibly sexy.

"I promised you, right?" Alicia said coquettishly as she twirled the silky panties on the end of her finger. "My warm panties every day."

Zach eagerly dropped his pizza back into the box and grabbed the offered panties. He pressed them to his face and breathed deeply, enjoying the warmth and his mother's stimulating earthy scent. After inhaling the sensual fragrance, he pulled them away from his face and turned them inside out, his eyes shining with excitement as he looked inside. "Mom, they're all wet."

"That's because I've been thinking about you all day, Sweetie," she replied as she nodded towards the sexy damp panties. "Go ahead, have your appetizer before dinner."

Zach zealously brought the sexy piece of silk to his mouth, the alluring scent wafting into his nostrils. He extended his tongue and ran the flat part fully along the length of the soaking-wet gusset, her warm womanly nectar clinging to his pressing tongue.

"Mmmmmm," he purred as the illicitly exciting flavor of his mother's cunt settled on his taste buds. He licked again, and then closed his mouth right around the damp cloth as he sucked vigorously.

Alicia smiled to herself as she watched her son, the nasty sound of his sucking mouth reaching her ears as he drew out as much of her slimy juices from her soaked panties as he could. She knew she'd have plenty more to give him before the night was over. "Okay, let's eat. I'm starving," she said as she pulled her chair out from the table.

"Oh Mom, I love you so much," Zach said, putting the panties down on the table and reaching for her.

"Hold it right there, Buster!" Alicia held up her hand in warning. Zach stopped, wondering what he'd done wrong. "Don't touch me with those greasy fingers of yours. I saw you grab that slice of pizza. You've already stained enough of my clothes in the last two days." She stopped and looked at him playfully. "You're going to cost me a fortune in dry cleaning."

"Are you complaining?" He asked, returning her good-natured smile. "I didn't hear you say anything when I shot all over your face this morning, or all over your chest last night."

Alicia had no response for that, knowing she had loved it as much as he did. Even though she knew she was fighting a losing battle, she still couldn't give in. "Well then, you're the one who's going to have to take the clothes to the dry cleaners—I don't want to have to explain what all those crusty stains are from."

"I don't have a problem with that," Zach replied as he sat in his chair and grabbed a slice of pizza. "There's a good-looking blonde girl named Tanya that works there. She might find my explanation quite interesting."

"Well, someone's feeling a little more sure of himself these days," Alicia said as she joined him at the table. "Should I be jealous?"

Zach turned to his mother, wondering if his playful jibe had been a little too much. He instantly became serious. "I was just kidding, Mom. You know you're the only woman in the world I want. I love you so much."

Alicia's heart went out to her son. She could feel his anxiety as he looked at her. "I know, Zach. I love you too, more than anything." She took his head in her hands and kissed him tenderly on the



forehead before sitting back, a frisky glint in her eye. "Now let's eat, and then I want you to show me how much you love me—all night long."

Delighted by what his mother had just said, Zach gobbled down two pieces in quick order. He was reaching for his third piece when she stopped him. "Are you still hungry, Sweetie?"

"Uh, yes," he replied hesitantly, wondering what she was doing.

"Remember when you were telling me the other night about that fantasy of yours—the one where I'm having dinner at a banquet and you're underneath the table?"

A broad smile came to his face. "Yes."

"Well, if you're still hungry, I think I know something else you could eat." Alicia gave him a kittenish look as she sat back and slid lower in her chair.

Zach didn't have to be asked twice. With his heart racing, he slipped beneath the table. He watched excitedly as his mother reached beneath the table and pulled the sides of her skirt up. As they moved further up her thighs, she let her legs roll open to each side.

"Oh fuck," Zach said to himself as he looked at the luscious treasure opening up to him between his mother's beautiful thighs. She looked so fucking sexy. She was still wearing her high-heeled slingbacks and, as her legs spread further to each side, he could see that the sheer black stockings she was wearing were thigh-highs, with a wide lacy band enticingly hugging the top of her creamy thighs. He crawled between her spread legs and moved closer, his face mere inches away from her wet pink pussy. It looked beautiful, her full inner lips were a vivid pink and just glistening with her juices. By now, her tight skirt was almost to her hips, allowing her to spread her legs even further apart. Her inner lips parted invitingly, like a juicy ripe peach, a shimmering strand of cunt-honey stretching from one shiny lip to the other.

"Ohhnnn," Zach groaned, unable to control himself. He leaned forward and pressed his face flush up against her steaming mound, his tongue slipping right up inside her dripping twat.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Alicia whispered breathlessly as she sat back and let her son go to work. She loved the fact that he was such a quick learner, and so eager to please. She'd never had a lover who ate her so enthusiastically, so genuinely, who wanted nothing more from the act other than to give her as much pleasure as possible. Yes, her son was already the perfect lover, and she had no intention of letting him go.

It wasn't long before Zach brought his mother to a shattering climax, her legs closing and gripping his head tightly as she bucked up against his working mouth, her juices gushing out of her all over his face. When the exquisite sensations coursing through her body finally receded, she let her legs fall open to each side, releasing Zach from their vice-like grip.

"Mom, I'm still a little hungry," Alicia heard from beneath the table. "Do you mind if I have another piece."

"Go ahead, Sweetie," she replied, her eyes hooded with lust as she slumped back against the dining room chair. "Have as much as you want."

Zach ate her through two more sensational orgasms, and he would have stayed down there forever if she hadn't stopped him. But she wanted more—she wanted that huge horse-sized cock of his.

"C'mon, Dear," she said as she pulled him out from under the table. "Let's each go take a shower, and then we'll meet up in my room."

"I was hoping we could try showering together," he replied, a disappointed look on his face. "That's something else I've fantasized about doing."

"Not this time, Baby." Alicia ran her hand down the front of his t-shirt placatingly. "Maybe later. Right now, I want you to take shower and then wait for me in my bed. I promise you won't be disappointed."

By the teasing look in her eye, Zach knew he wouldn't. "Okay," he said as he nodded and turned to go.

"And Zach..." He was a few steps down the hall before his mother's voice caused him to stop and look back at her. "While you're waiting for me, no playing with that beautiful cock of yours—Mommy wants that all for herself tonight."

He hadn't called her Mommy in a long time, and the wantonly sexy look on her face as she said it sent an electrifying jolt right to his cock. She gave him a final bewitching smile as she turned and entered her room. He felt his heart racing as a shiver ran down his spine, then turned on his heel and hurried into the bathroom, anxious to see what she had in store for him.

"So are you two planning anything special tonight?" Jenna's mother asked.

"Naw, we'll probably just watch some TV downstairs," Jenna replied with a shrug of her shoulders. The girls had changed into their sweats and t-shirts as soon as they got home from school. When Jenna's dad had called them down to eat, the teenagers had bounded into the kitchen, their loose ponytails bouncing in right along behind them.

"Grace, it's nice to see you. It's been awhile," Jenna's dad said as he spooned some fried rice onto his plate.

"Thanks. It's nice to be here. And thanks for the Chinese food. I love it."

"You're welcome, dear. Eat as much as you like."

Grace happily speared a piece of Szechuan chicken with her fork, smiling as she shoveled it into her mouth.

Zach finally finished his shower. He was eager to rush through it and get to his mother's room, but he wanted to make sure he didn't do anything to upset her. So he took his time, cleaning himself thoroughly from head to toe. When he was done, he brushed his teeth and towel-dried his hair before pushing his dark curls into place with his fingers. He went into his room and then it hit him—what was he supposed to wear?

He'd never been with anyone before in this kind of intimate situation. Was he supposed to get totally dressed? No—that didn't make any sense. Should he show up completely naked? He wasn't sure if that was right either. He didn't want to look like an idiot in front of his mother. Thinking that somewhere in between must be correct, he pulled on a pair of loose-fitting boxers and went like that.

He entered his mother's room slowly, noticing the door to the en-suite bathroom was closed. She'd left on a lamp on her bedside table, a warm amber glow bathing the king-sized bed. All the parcels

they'd stacked on the bed were gone—probably put away in her walk-in closet. Zach noticed that she'd turned down the bed. With his heart racing with excitement, he climbed onto the bed. He slipped beneath the sheets and lay back, almost as if ready to sleep. That didn't feel right. He got out of the bed, stacked a bunch of pillows against the wooden headboard, and then lay back against them, kind of half sitting up. There, that was better. He wondered again if a grown man would still be wearing his boxers in this situation. The devils and angels were fighting on his shoulders and, eventually, the devil won. Zach reached beneath the sheet, pulled off his boxers, and dropped them on the floor beside the bed. He then sat back against the pillows and pulled the sheet up to his waist. That was it—that's what somebody like James Bond would do. He sat and waited, breathing deeply to try and calm his racing heart.

"So what do you think, Sweetie? Do you like this?" His mother's warm breathy voice made him look up as she opened the bathroom door and leaned provocatively against the door frame.

"Holy fuck!" Zach said to himself as he stared at his mother, his eyes as big as crop circles. He immediately looked at what was covering her body—an absolutely breathtaking scarlet satin corset. The main part of the bodice reminded him of pictures he'd seen online of corsets they'd worn in the old west. There were a number of vertical ribs that went from just beneath her breasts to the bottom of the corset, the heavily-structured ribs cinching her already slim waist and accentuating it waspishly. As his eyes magnetically followed the vertical ribs from the top to the bottom of the captivating piece of attire, he loved the enticing way the cincher-like design emphasized her womanly hourglass figure. He could see the sexy garment was secured at the front with a number of pearl-like hooks. The corset ended high on her wide hips but the panels at the front went down into an inviting 'V' pointing down to her womanly mound. The top of the corset had a tiny band of satin fringe running just beneath her breasts, and above that, two perfectly-formed cups that pushed her nicely-shaped breasts together and up miraculously. He'd never seen his mother's breasts look so big before. They were almost spilling over the structured cups, the warm mounds pushed deliciously together to create an enticing line of cleavage. The corset was strapless, almost daring someone to just pull those alluring cups away to get at her beautiful breasts beneath.

His eyes travelled downward, as if directed by that daring V-shape at the bottom of her corset. He could see a wispy triangle of what was sure to be thong underwear disappearing beneath the hem of the corset—the riskily naughty panties the same shade of brilliant scarlet. Ribbon-like garters extended from the bottom of the corset and bit wickedly into black nylon, the connecting snaps closing firmly on the darker band at the top of sheer gossamer stockings. His eyes followed the stockings down the full length of her spectacular legs, where they ended in sky-high stilettos. The shoes were black patent leather pumps, with a daringly pointy toe and a wide band that circled her slim ankle. He gulped as he looked at them—they were definitely 'come-fuck-me' shoes.

His eyes roamed back over her breathtaking body, and he could feel the blood surging through his veins. He'd been so busy looking at the bewitching corset that it was only now that he noticed her arms. He almost groaned out loud as he looked at the sexy gloves she was wearing. They were opera-length gloves, extending to just below her shoulders, the soft material the same captivating scarlet color as the rest of her outfit. He then looked at his mother's face, noticing the wide band of the scarlet choker she was wearing.

"Oh fuck..." He muttered breathlessly as he looked at the enticing accessory. The choker was the perfect added touch to everything else she was wearing—looking so incredibly sexy that it almost took his breath away. He finally tore his eyes away and looked at her pretty face. Her eyes were made-up with smoky tones, looking even more exotic than usual. Her lipstick was the same shade of scarlet as her outfit, just a slightly brighter tone, and deliciously erotic. Her hair was fluffed up

and wild looking as it framed her lovely features and settled on her shoulders, the lustrous chestnut color perfectly accenting the scarlet outfit.

As he looked her up and down once more, the pulsing blood within him surged to his groin. Zach could feel himself getting harder as he looked at his mother—the outfit she was wearing was more exciting than anything he could have imagined. Even after all those times he'd Photoshopped his mother into pictures he'd gotten off the internet, he never thought she could look as ravishingly beautiful and bewitchingly sexy as she did right now. His eyes roamed over her lush mature form once more and he felt the blood coursing excitedly through his body—he'd never seen such a dizzying display of pulchritude in his entire life.

"Oh Mom, you look...you look amazing!"

"I think another part of you thinks so too," Alicia said with a teasing glint in her eye as she nodded towards his sheet-covered groin. Zach looked down to see the sheet starting to rise in little surges.

"Pull the sheet down," Alicia said. "I want to watch you get hard."

Zach pulled the sheet down to mid-thigh, his stiffening cock coming into view. He watched her as she slowly walked over to the bed, her wide matronly hips shifting provocatively from side to side, the flesh of her swelling breasts jiggling softly in the scarlet bra cups.

Alicia's eyes were focused on her son's majestic manhood, the huge tool getting bigger and bigger right before her eyes. It bobbed exquisitely as it rose higher and higher, the huge muscle of flesh filling with surging blood. She found herself licking her lips wantonly as the huge veins running up the burgeoning shaft filled and swelled, standing in bold relief against the smooth shaft. As he sat against the headboard, the tremendously long shaft finally ended up pointing straight up and pulsing dramatically, over 10" of thick cock now in full throbbing erection.

Alicia felt herself almost swoon with desire as she looked at her son's huge cunt-splitting cock. She could feel that nasty itch deep inside her hot gooey snatch, and knew that's where she needed it first. As much as she wanted to feel that massive broad head stretching her lips and filling her mouth, she knew there'd be plenty of time for that later. Right now, she needed to feel it stretching those hot cuntal walls at the door of her womb.

"I thought I'd be leaving these on a little longer," she said as she reached down to a tab at each hip and drew away the tiny satin triangle of her thong. She held it up for Zach to see, and then dropped it on the floor. She crawled onto the bed, her black stilettos looking wickedly sinful against the white sheets. She slung her leg over her son until she was straddling him, her already-wet pussy poised right over the tip of his ballooning cock-head. She reached down with her gloved hand and gripped the thick hard shaft, moving it until the broad crimson crown was poised at the hot wet introitus of her dripping twat. With the lemon-sized head of his engorged cock starting to stretch her juicy labia, she knew she was ready.

"C'mon, Baby. Give Mommy what she wants," Alicia said breathlessly as she released his stiff erection and let her weight sink her slippery trench right down on the upright shaft, inch after inch of his stallion-like cock disappearing into her oily cunt.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Zach said as he looked down between their bodies, his mother's tightly-stretched labia slipping further down his stiff erection. "You are so fucking hot." He was talking both about how she looked and how he felt being inside her, his stabbing tool going even deeper into her tightly pursed vagina.

Even when his monstrous cock hit that tight place way up inside her, Alicia never stopped, forcing herself down harder, the oily tissues inside her yielding and letting him all the way in, all the way until his enflamed cock-head bumped up against her cervix.

"Oh fuck...I'm coming already," she groaned as a shattering climax started deep inside her steaming cunt and blossomed rapidly throughout her entire body. "Ohhhhhnnnnnn..." She threw her head back and rolled her wide hips forcefully against her son, his massive thick cock rubbing deliciously over every square inch of her oily depths.

With his mother's body twitching and shaking through her orgasm, Zach ran his hands up the front of her tight-fitting corset, loving the cool sensation of the scarlet satin beneath his fingertips. As his hands slid higher and he filled them with the structured bra cups, she rolled her hips sensuously again, bathing his thrusting prick in a liquid furnace of vaginal flesh. He gently squeezed her beautiful breasts, watching them swell over the top edge of the scintillating bra cups.

"Oh my God, so hard..." his mother crooned as she continued to ride out her climax. After more than a minute, she finally leaned forward and sat still, his rampant pecker buried to the hilt within her torrid loins. She leaned forward and put her glove-covered hands on either side of his chest, her lustrous hair framing her exotic features sensually, her beautifully made up face a mask of pure wanton desire as she looked down at him. Zach loved the way she looked, so incredibly enchanting and bewitchingly sultry. He looked down to her chest, the strapless corset enhancing those perfect breasts of hers as they created a deep line of cleavage, the mysterious treasures lying inside that deep dark line drawing his eyes like magnets.

"Mmmm, that was nice—I've been waiting for that all day," Alicia said softly as she looked down at her son, a wickedly mischievous look on her face. "Do you mind if I go for two?"

"Go for as many as you want, Mom. We've got all night." He accompanied his statement by flexing his groin, stabbing his throbbing tool into her silky interior with devastating effect.

"Oh my God, I think you're going to kill me," Alicia responded as her head lolled from side to side at the exquisite sensations going on inside her. She lifted her gloved hands and reached forward, getting a firm grip on the back of the headboard. "I'm gonna ride you, Zach. I want to feel that beautiful cock inside me this way for a while. Just let me know when you're going to come—I want this load in my mouth."

Zach nodded, loving the idea of his mother riding his thrusting cock to the point of no return, and then swallowing his deluge of cum. He watched as she adjusted her nylon-clad knees slightly to each side, her sexy legs ending in those sexy patent leather stilettos. When she had herself situated just where she wanted, she started to slide forwards, rising on the hard cylinder of flesh impaling her.

Zach looked down at his reappearing shaft, her oily juices glistening on his thrusting erection. She rose slowly and he watched her gripping vaginal lips pursed downwards, the vibrant pink tissues clutching tightly to his emerging shaft. He slid his hands down to her wide matronly hips, loving the feel of her soft warm skin beneath his fingertips. She rose higher and higher, until just the broad flared head of his pecker was trapped in her gripping vagina, and then she dropped down, even faster than before. When he bottomed out inside her, she immediately drew her hips upward, and then slammed her herself back down, quickly starting to fuck him rhythmically.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," Alicia moaned deep in her throat as she started to bounce wildly up and down on her son's stallion-like cock. Her gloved hands gripped tightly onto the headboard as

she rode him, her hips bouncing and rocking like a bucking bronco, her beautiful tits jiggling deliciously in the confining bra cups.

"Oh Mom, that is so good," Zach said as he got into a smooth rhythm with his mother, his hips flexing up from the bed as her steaming cunt slammed down. The tempo of their intense fucking increased as their bodies slammed together, the bedsprings squeaking in protest.

"Oh no, not againnnnnnnnn," Alicia whimpered as another shattering release stormed through her. With every nerve ending tingling like a plucked guitar string, she still continued to bounce vigorously on her son's monstrous prick, her greasy snatch pulling and gripping him mercilessly. She groaned continuously as she came, working the talented muscles inside her to massage and tease her son's achingly hard cock. Her hot experienced cunt worked like a slick massaging hand on him, and as she rolled her hips in a slow tantalizing circle, it was too much for Zach to take.

"Mom, I can't wait, I'm gonna cum," Zach warned, feeling his sperm-filled testicles drawing up close to his body.

Alicia slung herself off his body and scrambled to her knees at his side. His rampant prick was pulsating and twitching, pre-cum flowing lasciviously from the wet red eye. She reached forward with her gloved hand and circled the upright shaft, pulling his throbbing erection to her open mouth.

Zach watched as her lipstick-covered lips parted, then quickly slipped down over his massive cock-head. He watched as her lips stretched wide open, slipping over the rope-like ridge of his corona and locking down, the dark crimson crown trapped within her sucking mouth. The sight of his hot lusty mother diving on his cock, eager to take his hot load—that was all it took to send him totally over the edge.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he felt the first tingling twinges of semen speeding up the shaft of his pulsing dick. He felt his cock twitch within her sucking mouth as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth.

"Mmmmmmm," Alicia moaned loudly, her mouth quickly filling with her son's jizz as he started to go off. Two huge volleys spurted forth one after the other, filling her oral cavity. She tried to swallow before the next shot, but she didn't make it. Her cheeks ballooned out and milky trickles ran out from the corners of her mouth as he continued to climax, flooding her mouth with his potent young seed. She sucked and swallowed ravenously, her circling hand jacking at his throbbing rod, trying to pump as much spunk as possible out of him, and into her hungry mouth.

Zach thrashed about on the bed, his body twitching uncontrollably as he continued to unload, totally pasting his mother's hot oral cavity with an absolute barrage of semen. Her stroking hand and hot sucking mouth had him completely climbing the walls as streams of goo jetted into her mouth, more and more of the overflow leaking from the corners of her sucking red lips. He came and came, shot after shot of steaming cum flowing into her vacuuming mouth.

"Oh my Godddddd," Zach groaned deep in his throat as he collapsed back onto the bed, the overwhelming sensations of an incredible orgasm finally dwindling. He lay there gasping, trying to get his breathing back to normal. He looked down at his mother, her gripping hand now holding his upright cock still, her lips nursing tenderly at his sensitive cock-head. He lay peacefully as she sucked, and then she slipped her lips backward, giving the head of his cock one last kiss before looking at him, a blissful smile on her face, her lips and chin totally covered with warm semen, two huge wads dangling nastily from her chin. He watched, totally enthralled, as she took her gloved

index finger and ran it around her mouth and chin, gathering in the shimmering strands of thick milky cum. She brought it to her mouth and fed herself, her lips and tongue sucking her fingers clean of every last morsel of his potent seed.

"Mom, that was incredible. I've never come so hard in my life."

"We're just getting started, Baby. I know you've got a lot more of that yummy juice for me. Mommy wants a lot more before she's done with you tonight." She smiled at him mischievously as her hand started once again to pump his still-hard cock. Zach lay back and watched, her dark exotic eyes locked on his as she opened her lips and slipped her beautiful red lips back down on his thrusting manhood, her head going further and further down than ever before.

"Oh fuck," Zach thought to himself as he pushed her hair back out of the way, giving him a clear view of her sexy face in profile as she pursed her lips and descended further and further down his upright shaft, the soft wet tissues of her cheeks enveloping his monstrous prick in a hot buttery sheath. The delicious sensations overwhelmed him and he closed his eyes for a second before looking back at his mother, her lust-filled eyes smiling at him wickedly. That provocative look she gave him had his cock roaring back to full hardness in seconds, causing her lips to spread open even further than they were.

"Fuck yes, this is going to be an amazing night, alright," Zach thought as his mother closed her eyes and forced her head even further downwards...