

EDUCATING MOM: ANDY'S STORY CH. 07

rmDEXter

A visit to church only fuels Andy's mother's lustful desires.

Incest/Taboo

4.69

10.9k words

"Andy, wake up... wake up!"

"Huh?" I said as I quickly came to, my mother's hand shaking my shoulder as she leaned over me, those huge pendulous tits swaying hypnotically before my eyes.

"We slept in. We're going to be late for church." She slid out of the bed, her body still clothed in that sexy black bustier I'd gotten for her. I watched her lush tits bob deliciously as she hurried into the en-suite bathroom, my morning hard-on twitching beneath the sheets. Her sexy voice came to me from the bathroom as I heard the water start to run. "You better hurry and go take a shower; we don't have a lot of time."

The intent of her words seemed to be that she expected me to go to the other bathroom and shower there; but things had changed between us and I wasn't going to pass up an opportunity like this. She needed to know the way things were going to be from now on.

"Oh dear," she said with a surprised look on her face as I stepped into the shower and closed the glass door behind me.

"I thought it would save even more time if we showered together," I said as I stepped up to her and wrapped my arms around her. She turned her face up to mine and I wasted no time in pulling her to me, my lips searching out hers. She moaned softly as we kissed, her arms circling my neck as I held her close, her soft heavy breasts pressing warmly against my midsection.

"Mmmm, that's nice," she purred as we finally parted, my swollen member pressing against her abdomen.

"Here," I said as I grabbed the bar of soap and lathered up my hands. "I think it's best if we help clean each other up." Once my hands were a frothy mess, I passed her the soap. My fingers immediately sought out those tremendous guns of hers, the pillowy flesh of her massive tits overflowing my slippery hands as I moved them all around those voluminous orbs.

"I think you might have a good idea there," my mother replied as she looked up at me kittenishly. As I continued to lather up her huge tits, she put the soap down and wrapped her foamy hands around my semi-hard cock. I felt it pulsate in her grasp as she gripped it lovingly and started to teasingly slide her hands back and forth. Immediately, I felt it start to swell under her stroking fingers.

"That's it, Mom, feel it getting nice and hard for you... just the way you like it." I saw the look of desire on her face as she looked down at my hardening dick, the dark crown blossoming forward as her slippery hands pumped more and more blood into the stiffening tool. My cock wasn't the only thing that was hardening—her luscious red nipples felt like stiff thimbles under my taunting fingertips. I rolled the firm buds between my slippery thumbs and the middle finger of each hand, the rubbery pebbles coming alive in my hands.

"Mmmmmm, that feels so good," she moaned as I filled my soapy hands with her mammoth jugs, marveling at the tremendous weight of those soft pillows of flesh. Her eyes closed with pleasure as I worked on her tits, and I could see her fighting the rising feelings of pleasure emanating from her body. "Oh Andy, we shouldn't." Her feeble plea fell on deaf ears as I pulled her to me and kissed her deeply, our stroking hands never leaving each other's body. Our kiss was intense, my tongue rolling over hers in a tantalizing incestuous dance. My cock felt like an iron bar in her hands, and I had no intention of going to church without getting rid of the tempestuous load boiling inside me.

"Turn around," I said as I unwillingly pulled my mouth away from hers, both of gasping wantonly. I used my hands to spin her around. I pushed her forwards until she was leaning against the front wall of the shower, the steaming bullets of water pelting down upon us. I moved close in behind her, my surging erection sliding into the glistening crevice of her backside.

"Andy, we... we can't," she said as she turned and looked at me over her shoulder, her voice quivering with alarm—but she wasn't moving away from me.

"Don't worry, Mom," I said as I soaped up my hands and slid them between her succulent round cheeks, the slick lather filling the beautiful warm valley. "I know we can't do that. But I've got something else I think you might like."

I stepped closer and leaned forwards, directing the engorged head of my swollen dick against her puckered little rosebud.

"Aaahhh," she hissed as the hot crimson crown rubbed teasingly over her tight pink hole. As much as I wanted to shove it deep into that delicious ass of hers, I knew in my heart I wanted to wait for that until after I'd filled that other enticing hole of hers—the steaming tunnel of slick pink flesh from which I'd first entered this world. I angled my hips up and slid forwards, my rigid shaft sliding up into her slick foamy crevice as the burgeoning cockhead rose to the small of her back.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as I pressed myself tight against her, the soft sultry skin of her backside fitting snugly around my throbbing member. I drew my hips back along the warm channel until the dripping tip once more teased at the puckered opening of her bum. I wrapped my arms around her and cupped those huge pendulous tits as I flexed forward once more, my pulsing love muscle pressing deep into the hot slippery crevice of her bum.

"Oh Andy, that... that feels so good," she said as she leaned forwards against the shower wall in front of her as she rolled her wide matronly hips back against me. We got into a nice smooth rhythm as I made sweet incestuous love to that beautiful warm crevice of hers, the bubbly lather billowing out from her hot slick crack as my throbbing prick moved back and forth, the dripping crown oozing precum all over her lower back.

"Oh God... oh God," she moaned as I rolled her stiff bullet-like nipples between my fingers. The hot water from the shower continued to rain down upon us, the steaming pellets of water feeling like miniature darts as they stung my skin, the misty steam filling the stall as I continued to plow along the trough of my mother's enticing heart-shaped ass.

I could feel myself getting closer, and I wanted to make sure we came together. Cupping one of those huge tits in one hand, I slid the other down the front of her body and slipped my soapy fingers between the pouty lips of her hot pink labia.

"Aaaaah... yesssssss," she hissed as my fingertips rubbed teasingly over the hard throbbing button of her clit. She twitched under me as I took that erect spire and rolled it between my thumb and

forefinger. As I felt her body quivering under my tormenting caress, I pressed my rock-hard dick firmly against her, sliding it rapidly back and forth along the full length of that slick sweltering valley.

"Oh Andy... wha... wha... OHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!" she moaned loudly as she started to come. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body as she started to convulse and shake in my grasp. I tweaked her clit and she groaned like an animal as I felt the boiling semen speed up the shaft of my throbbing cock.

"YESSSSSSSSS!" I groaned as the first shot of thick pearly cum jettisoned forth, the milky stream spewing forth powerfully to land in a viscous white streak, the long strand pearly semen stretching from the back of her head down onto her shoulder. A second and then a third shot spat forth, each long ropey strand landing high on her back.

"So goooooooodddd," she moaned as she continued to shake and twitch beneath my stimulating fingers. I continued rocking my hips as I shivered through a nerve-jangling release, creamy cum coating my mother as I continued to flood her back with thick pearly semen. The last thrumming twinges ran through me, my hips slowing as the final drops of cum oozed forth to slither down from the wet red eye along the underside of my rigid shaft before clinging to the smooth skin of her lower back. I released her sensitive clit from between my fingers and slid my soapy hands back up her front, filling my hands once more with her spectacular tits.

"Oh Andy, that felt so good," she purred as she looked back at me over her shoulder, her eyes shining with blissful satisfaction.

"Did you like that, Mom?" I asked as I slowly slid my spent dick along the supple channel of her bum.

"I... I did. I liked feeling you close to me like that, even if we weren't... well, you know."

I knew she was talking about the fact that we couldn't have intercourse—at least in her mind at this point. I hoped to change that soon enough. "I liked it too. It's just another way we can show how much we mean to each other." I pulled her back towards me and she instinctively turned her head, offering me her lush pouty lips for an endearing kiss. I pressed my lips to hers, the warm satiny feel of her lips feeling exquisite as we kissed deeply.

"Andy," she gasped as she finally pulled her mouth back from mine, "we've really got to get ready or we're going to be late."

"Okay," I replied, letting her out of my grasp. We hurriedly finished showering, but not before I got to fill my hands with her heavy round tits a couple of more times. I returned to my old room and dressed in the navy suit I'd brought over, complimenting it with a Ralph Lauren yellow and navy striped tie. I had to admit; I looked pretty good once I was cleaned up and wearing something different. At least I wouldn't be an embarrassment to my mother in front of her church people. I didn't give a shit about them, but I wanted her to be happy.

I wondered what she was going to pick out from the clothes we'd bought her. Besides the provocative items that I really wanted to see her in, we'd also picked out some clothes that would be more suitable for her part-time job at the library, or to wear to church, which was the destination of choice today.

"Oh my gosh, I hope we're not going to be late," my mother said as she stepped into the room, her hands busy smoothing back her hair.

I turned and simply stared at her, once again mesmerized by how beautiful she could look wearing clothes that flattered and accentuated her voluptuous figure. Oh man, she looked fantastic.

She was wearing one of the new outfits we'd bought that we both agreed would be perfect for her to wear to work, church, or other similar venues. It was a little more conservative than the other things I'd already bought for her that I liked to see her in - but this looked just as amazing on her as those other outfits. It started with a high-collared sheer white blouse, adorned with cap sleeves and a series of vertical little ruffles running down over her sumptuous breasts. Beneath it I could see the outline of a white camisole and beneath that I could barely make out the lines of a heavily reinforced white lace bra I'd picked out for her. The blouse looked sweetly feminine in design, but the sheerness of the fabric hinted at the bountiful treasure lying beneath. It looked teasingly appropriate for church - but I knew many eyes would be drawn towards that huge thrusting chest of hers.

The business skirt we'd decided on was slim-fitting and ended just at the knees, with a taunting little slit at the hem in back. It was a rich-looking cream color the sales girl referred to as "bone", which seemed appropriate based on the twitch I felt in my crotch as I looked at her. The skirt deliciously formed to her wide matronly hips and lush heart-shaped rear. I loved the way the material smoothly hugged the curvy cheeks of that full round bum of hers. The price of that skirt had definitely been worth it. I felt like I could have stared at that beautiful ass all day—at least as long as I got to jerk off a couple times while doing it.

I almost licked my lips as my eyes feasted on her spectacular body and my gaze drifted downward from the nipped-in waistband of the skirt, over her broad fuckable hips, following the alluring lines of the trim skirt as they hugged her beautiful thighs and all the way to her full calves, tiny ankles and delicate feet. The shoes she was wearing were the same bone color as the skirt and looked fantastic with the whole outfit. They had a sensible heel about 3" high which gave her toned legs some sexily-enhanced definition without looking trampy. The shoes were mostly open with a couple of bands of soft creamy leather covering her toes and another piece cupping her ankle.

After my gaze had slowly scanned all the way down, my eyes seemed to be magnetically drawn slightly northward to her temptingly tanned calves. They were bare, but glistened alluringly.

"I put on some of that cream you got me for my legs. Do you think it looks okay?"

Man, did it ever! This was another thing that Jessica from The Cat's Pajamas had recommended. It was a cream that she said strippers used a lot—it made their legs glisten like they had oil on them, but it didn't feel greasy at all. It just left a smooth soft coating on the skin that had a wickedly alluring sheen to it. And looking at my mother's gorgeous sexy legs, I knew exactly why Jessica had suggested it - they looked incredible. It made you want to reach out and run your hands over the smooth supple skin, the tempting sheen almost calling out to your fingers like the sirens of Titan.

"Mom, it looks wonderful. Your legs look great," I gushed.

"Thanks, honey. But we really have to go or we'll be late." She pulled her lustrous hair back and slipped a mother-of-pearl clip over it; her drawn-back hair completing the look of the sexy librarian I'd expected to see with this outfit. Jesus, she looked fantastic, I wondered if I'd be able to keep my hands off her until we got back home.

She grabbed the purse we'd bought that matched the shoes and off we went, heading to her church a little faster than I was used to driving. We made it, but barely.

Going into my mother's church always made me smile—you've gotta love Las Vegas-style churches. From the outside it looked more like a shopping mall: lots of colorful metal siding, a big sign and beautifully landscaped walkways leading to the main entrance. Inside the place gleamed, but there seemed to be far more plastic and chrome than marble and weathered wood that you would expect in a place of worship. It always left me feeling warm and fuzzy to look up and see Jesus looking down at me from the cross, the little pieces of tissue waving from the air-conditioning vents on either side of him. Hey, this was Vegas, air-conditioning was front and center everywhere.

I'd been to this church many times—my parents insisted that I attended Sunday School as a little gaffer. So off I'd go, every Sunday morning, dressed in bow tie and short pants, learning the scriptures and revering The Lord who looked down at me from above—only he couldn't really wave because he was just some kind of statue - the tissue paper at the air vents did the waving for him.

My mother took my arm as we entered the church, with most of the chairs already occupied. Yes, chairs. There were no pews to speak of, just fold-down chairs like you'd see in a cinema. As we made our way forwards, I noticed nearly all eyes turned towards us. I wasn't surprised - knowing how my mother looked in what she was wearing, I would have been shocked not to see most of the males in the congregation straining their necks to get a better look. And look they did. I saw many men and even young boys staring in awe as we made our way towards the front, their eyes feasting on my mother's thrusting chest and round curvy bottom, beautifully displayed by her form-fitting skirt. But it was the gaping jaws and wide-eyed stares of the women that really made me smile. They all seemed to have the same look: unmitigated shock and overwhelming envy. They'd seen my mother many times before, but never looking like she did today. I could see it in the eyes of all the women there that they wished they could look half as good as she did.

My mother spotted a couple of seats about three rows from the front. We excused ourselves past a few people and edged into your chairs, my mother's pronounced heart-shaped ass drawing some hungry eyes as she side-stepped along the narrow aisle. As we greeted the people next to us and took our seats, I noticed a couple in the front row turn and look in our direction. Oh yes, the good old Palmers: Alice and Chuck, or Charles, as his wife always referred to him. I mention her name first, because "Queen Bee-otch" Palmer ruled that house, that's for sure.

Their son, Mike Palmer, had gone through school with Connor and me. Mike was a great guy—even considering who his mother was—and we hung out with him on a regular basis. His parents had pressured him into attending law school, and follow into his father's law practice. But unfortunately, their dreams for him took a quick left down the shitter once Mike got to college and realized that wasn't for him. Writing was Mike's passion. Like Connor, they had the artsy creative stuff, whereas I was the techie in the group. They were useless when it came to math, computers or anything related to technology. But I couldn't touch either of them when it came to creativity, imagination and prose. They could each write circles around me without breaking a sweat, but we formed good friendships, each of us appreciative of what the others could do.

So Mike withdrew from the law school train and told his parents he was switching to the arts, which went over like a fart in an elevator. Mike told me his father admitted that he was disappointed, but understood Mike's decision. His mother was a different story altogether - it was totally unacceptable for a son of hers to behave in this fashion and she'd have none of it. If Mike chose this "pathetic path" (as she described it), he better find himself somewhere else to live. His father

intervened but she stood her ground, and as usual, she got her way while her husband meekly surrendered to her wishes.

We were floored - Mike was a pretty stand-up guy who never got into trouble or anything. I could safely say that this was as close as he'd ever come to an "act of rebellion", and yet, all he was doing was choosing what he really wanted out of life. His mother wouldn't budge, and Mike left town. After leaving, he kept in touch with Connor and me as he put himself through a small college in California.

A short time back, we'd seen Mike in town as we attended a funeral of an old high school buddy who had been killed in the war in Afghanistan. It was great to see him and catch up. He pulled me aside at one point and asked a favor. My inheritance had come through at this time and I was nicely set up in my penthouse. He asked if it was possible for me to put him up for a few weeks. He had written a novel and was in the process of editing his first draft. Money had become tight for him and he was on the verge of getting booted out of his apartment. I eagerly agreed, more than willing to help out a good friend.

So Mike had set up shop in my spare bedroom and his suggested "few weeks" turned into about five months. But I didn't mind, he was great to have around. He did the cleaning, cooked up a mean spaghetti sauce, and generally was no trouble at all. He completed the work on his novel, acquired an agent and sent it off. He was fortunate enough to have it picked up and through some connection his agent had, a movie company had contacted him about helping them with some screenplays. So off he went, back to California, but not before graciously thanking me for what I'd done for him.

As I saw Mike's mother looking back at me from the front row as we took our seat, I couldn't help but remember the things Mike had told me about her. He'd mentioned how active she was in the church, but it was all for appearance's sake. She talked a big game, but Mike said she didn't know her ass from a puckered starfish when it came to religion. Apparently she was adamant and forceful when it came to coercing others to donate funds for the many "causes" and "committees" she always seemed to end up chairing. But Mike told me she never - not once - donated any funds herself. He was disgusted by her, and told me that her throwing him out had been the best thing that had ever happened to him.

Mike had told me life with her had been no picnic whatsoever, let alone a Happy Meal at McDonalds. She'd treated Mike with the same churlish and intimidating attitude as she'd treated Chuck, her husband. She'd been the classic Ice Queen, making her husband's life a living hell. So I wasn't surprised to see Chuck Palmer's eyes open wide as he looked at my mother, his eyes zeroing in on her voluminous breasts. But Alice Palmer gave my mother a glacier-like stare, her cold eyes moving slowly over her gloriously-displayed curvy form. She then turned to me, shocked to see me I'm sure, a look of pure disdain in her eyes as she pressed her lips tightly together and curtly nodded in my direction. I smiled in return and gave her an acknowledging nod of my head before she turned around in her seat. I saw her give her husband an elbow in his ribs - he was still turned in his seat, his neck craning as he fought for a better look at my mother. The poke in the ribs had him turning and facing forward, like a reprimanded child. I'm sure "Charles" was due for a lecture on his behavior once they got home.

The minister came out a minute or two later and began the service. When he spoke and gestured to "Our Lord, Jesus Christ", I turned and looked at The Big Guy, sadly looking down at me from his cross. I noticed things had changed since I'd last been here, this was a different figure looking down at me from the last time I'd attended. This was a much more modern-looking Jesus, with what

looked like a male model's four-day growth of trimmed facial hair, like George Michael. He was swathed in sleek looking robes, fashionably arranged around his pinioned body. But it was the cross that drew my attention - a gleaming stainless steel cross had replaced the old one made of laminated lumber - if you could call that old. This stainless steel cross was something to behold, a testament to our times, with Jesus fastened to the cross with hexagonal bolts instead of nails or stakes. I wondered what Jesus would have thought of the portable power drills that no doubt spiraled their way noisily through his flesh. As I looked at those pristine steel bolts and his alluring five-o'clock shadow, I thought all that was missing was an Elvis cape and sunglasses to make the look complete.

The service ran smoothly. I found myself distracted, busier watching all the people who were trying to surreptitiously ogle my mother while trying to go undetected. I don't think too many were successful in that endeavor. I especially noticed one teenage kid in the row in front of us who kept looking back and staring at her thrusting chest. I would have bet my condo that the kid was sporting a stiff dick inside that Sunday suit of his. I didn't blame him though. Here I was, her own son, thinking the same thing as him -how much I wanted to get my hands on that spectacular body of hers.

Finally, the service ended. We shook hands and well-wished our seated neighbors, then retired to one of the church meeting rooms with some of the select members of the congregation who assisted in the affairs of state... or church, whatever. Having gone without breakfast, I was happy to grab a juice and one of the cookies they were providing for refreshments. Unfortunately there was no Dr. Pepper amongst the beverage selections.

"Andy, how nice to see you." I turned to see Mike's father, Chuck Palmer, standing with his hand extended.

"Mr. Palmer, nice to see you too." I shook the extended hand, but his shake seemed like he'd turned it to automatic, his eyes quickly turning to my mother who was standing next to me.

"And Cynthia, you look wonderful," he said as he kept pumping my hand while his eyes roamed up and down over my mother's alluring form.

"Thank you, Charles," my mother replied with a polite nod.

"Andrew, what a pleasant surprise to see you in church today." Mrs. Palmer's voice sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard. I felt an internal twinge and an unconscious grimace come over my face as she spoke to me. The distracted Mr. Palmer finally noticed that he was still shaking my hand, then awkwardly released it as he timidly stepped back next to his wife.

"Mrs. Palmer, the pleasure is all mine," I said with a little bow in her direction.

"Cynthia, is that a new outfit?" Mrs. Palmer was busy looking my mother up and down, from her sexy shoes and glistening legs all the way up her lush curvy body to her pretty face.

"Why yes, Andy helped me pick it out. Do you like it?" My mother gave a little bit of turn for side to side. I saw Mr. Palmer and a number of other people smiling in admiration, but Mrs. Palmer was not so easily impressed.

"Well, it's very distinctive, yes. I'm just wondering if The Lord would think it appropriate for church?"

Her words hit my mother like abrupt slap in the face. I decided it was time to step in and have a few words with this bitch.

"Mrs. Palmer," I said, "I have to admit that I strongly suggested this outfit to my mother." I paused and looked her up and down, my stomach turning at the ugly floral dress that hung on her body like a potato sack. It matched her harshly pulled back hair and lemon-sucking face though, I have to admit that. "She had spotted a dress very similar to yours, but I guess she felt sorry for me and succumbed to agreeing to my suggestion. So I should be the one apologizing, but I really think she looks quite nice, don't you Mrs. Newcomb?" I turned to one of the other church biddies who I'd noticed eavesdropping on our conversation.

"Well," the old bag said, her face turning red at having been caught out, "Yes, I think it looks very nice."

"And your dress, Mrs. Palmer," I continued, "it looks very distinctive as well. Not everybody can carry off that look the way you do." And nobody would want to, I thought to myself. I could see by the look on her face that she didn't know if I was fucking with her or not. She looked like she didn't seem to know if she should thank me, or be outraged. Since she thought my mother's clothing inappropriate for church, I decided to press on and see if her religious beliefs and knowledge of The Bible was as good as she thought it was.

"So how's Mike these days?" I asked. I knew that she had totally cut Mike off from any financial assistance.

"Michael is fine, Andrew. Thank you for asking," she replied curtly. She turned to my mother. "Cynthia, can we count on you for the next charity drive?"

"My mother and I have been discussing that," I interrupted. "We are looking at our charitable donations and may be considering some other organizations that are currently in greater need than your church. I assume you would respect that decision. I seem to remember Luke 22:36 stating 'He said to them, "But now let the one who has a moneybag take it, and likewise a knapsack. And let the one who has no sword sell his cloak to buy one."'

"But... but the church," she stammered, totally flustered by my interference.

"My mother has given graciously to this church, as you well know. I love and respect my mother more than you can imagine for what she has done for this church." I turned to my mother, who was watching the exchange between me and this puritanical mouthpiece with rapt attention. "What about you Mrs. Palmer? Have you given as generously as my mother? As I once read in Luke 12:1: 'Be on our guard against the yeast of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.'"

I looked at Mrs. Palmer who was standing there speechless, her lips set tight. I could see the steam all but coming out of her ears. "Charles, it's time to leave," she said as she took her husband's arm and turned away. She looked back over her shoulder at my mother. "Cynthia, I'll be calling to discuss the pledge drive." And with that last word, she hurriedly minced her way across the room and out the door, poor Charles tagging along in her wake of fury.

With Mrs. Palmer having disappeared like the Wicked Witch of the West, my mother and I looked at each other. I'd never seen her look happier.

"I don't think she knows what hit her," my mother said, a slow smile spreading over her pretty face.

"I guess all those Sunday school lessons paid off. I think I got all those references correct."

"Oh Andy, I love you so much for sticking up for me like that," she said to me quietly as she stepped up on her tip-toes and gave me a peck on the cheek before putting her lips next to my ear and whispering. "I'll thank you properly for that once we get home." Her provocative breathy words sent a surge right to my groin. I felt my dick twitch as a rush of blood flowed southwards.

"Then let's go," I said as I took her arm and turned towards the door. I suppressed my rising libido and walked calmly to the car, hoping my stiffening member wasn't tenting the front of my pants too badly. I held the door for my mother and ogled those glistening legs of hers as she teasingly drew in one sexy leg after the other. I started the car and headed for home, anxious to find out how she was going to 'thank me properly'. As I looked over at her, I couldn't wait. "Mom, your legs look beautiful with that cream on them. How about you hike your dress up a little bit and show me some more?"

"But Andy, won't people be able to see?" she asked as she looked out the car windows as we headed through traffic.

"With the tinted windows, no one can see in unless they're right in front of the car," I replied in a soft lulling voice. "So we're going to be just fine—just you and me. Now how about you show me how great those legs of yours look? Just bring that skirt up a little bit more for me."

"You won't take 'no' for an answer, will you?" she inquired as she looked out the car windows again to double check in case there was someone around. "It's too risky, baby, don't you think?"

She had a point, but I really wanted to admire how her legs shined, so I kept pressing. "Fortune favors the brave, or so they say. Besides, you actually want to show me how nice you look, don't you?" By now I knew my mother had certain submissive tendencies and if I wanted us to really become lovers, I had to take charge, stand my ground and make the walls in her mind crumble little by little. "This is the new 'you', mom. When we are together, I want you to forget about the rest of the world. When we are like this, I want to enjoy being with you to the fullest. And right now nothing would make me happier than seeing those amazing legs of yours. Moreover, you are completely right. I won't take 'no' for an answer." I gazed at her to let her know how serious I was. This was kind of a gamble, to see if she would go through with it in this kind of situation.

"You actually like my legs too? I don't think they are that good, and that's why I applied that shiny cream, so that they would look better for you." She seemed slightly ashamed, but she couldn't help but smile at my praise.

"Of course I love them. What's not to love? Your legs are fantastic and besides, you know I love everything about you. If you still doubt me about that, then I'm going to get angry, if only a little." I winked at her to lighten the mood, but I went right to staring at her intently after saying that. "Besides, I want you to feel totally comfortable and safe when I'm with you, no matter the situation."

My mother sighed, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then, she looked at me with adoring eyes. "I do, darling. I know ours isn't the usual relationship between mother and son, but I can't help myself from wanting to get even closer to you... within reason. Look at what you did with Alice back in the church. You showed that woman her place. You wouldn't let me or yourself be bullied by her, and you took charge. You make me so proud. You don't know how much that means to me. With Gerald, I never felt that safe. You are gentle, yet strong. You are kind, yet determined. You have

grown up to be the loving yet strong-willed man I've always admired. I think I'm going down the slippery slope here, but I want to make you as happy as you make me... again, within reason."

Her voice wavered, but she went on. "When we are together, I feel like I can leave the old 'me' behind and become a whole new person. And I like the new 'me' far more than the old one!" She looked through the windshield, lost in her own thoughts, but still voicing her mind. "I've always relished in the fact that I'm your mother, and I don't know what I would do if I lost you. You always made me so happy while the world around me seemed to hate me."

I was touched by her honesty and I wanted to give her some reassurance while further convincing her that what we were doing was perfectly okay. "First and foremost, I don't think you could do anything to lose me. Period. Whatever happens, we'll deal with it together. Since I was little, I've always been aware of our surroundings, of how some other people treated you, and I hated that." I paused for a second as she looked at me, her eyes misty with happiness. A warm tender smile lit up her face. "You look so beautiful when you smile. I want to make you happy to keep seeing that smile of yours. And these last few days, with this new turn our relationship has taken, I've noticed you smile a whole lot more." I took hold of her hand as she turned her head and looked at me adoringly.

"So, if only for the sake of that incredible smile of yours, I'll take charge and I'll protect you to the best of my abilities." I had never sounded so serious in my life. "I agree, our relationship is shifting somewhat. But I think it's doing so in a very good way. Think of it as mother and son with benefits. You are helping me with my urges and I'm helping you become the free-spirited woman I know you yearn to be. And we are both happier in the process. So I'm not going to apologize for what I've done, as I plan on keep doing it from now on, do you understand?" I winked at her again.

I know I had touched her deeply with my words, and it showed in her teary eyes, but I didn't want her to cry at the moment, so I decided to go further with her education and make the best of our conversation.

"The fact that we enjoy our bodies doesn't mean it's wrong. In fact, it's awesome. For example, since I've learned you love it so much, I plan on letting you get as much of my cum as humanly possible. You are comfortable giving me pleasure with hand-jobs, blowjobs and tit-fucks, aren't you?"

She blushed and replied. "Yes, I'm comfortable with them. Oh, God, I never thought I would be comfortable doing that, with my very own son no less, but I am. You've awakened something in me I can't explain. When you look at me with such desire in your eyes, I feel my chest burst with happiness."

I could understand her very well indeed. I had awakened her sexuality, and it turns out my mother was a very sexual woman, only she didn't know it. But I would properly teach her. This education of hers still had a long way to go.

"I'm so glad that I can make you feel that way. But as far as anything else or anyone else goes, never you mind, mom. Let me take care of it all, one thing at a time." My resolve seemed to put her at ease and a wide smile appeared on her lips. It was clear to me she didn't mind letting me be in control.

"Now that we've cleared the air... How about you show me how great those legs of yours look? I'd really love to see them," I said, a lecherous shiver running down my spine now that I knew I'd convinced her.

"Do you mean like this?" she asked as her delicate fingers reached down and hiked it up slightly, a few inches of thigh coming into view above her dimpled little knees. My eyes were flicking back and forth between the road and the sexy sight of her creamy thighs as she continued to pull her skirt higher.

"That's it. Oh Mom, your legs look so nice with that cream on them. I love the way they glisten like that."

"Even up here?" she asked teasingly as she pulled her skirt higher, her upper thighs now exposed.

"How about you let me see if they're as shiny between your legs as they look on top," I said as I felt that delicious tingling sensation in my groin as my cock started to swell.

"Do you mean in here?" she asked innocently as she let her legs roll open, the V-shape between her thighs widening as her legs spread further and further apart.

"Yeah, right in there," I said as I felt my heart start to race at the teasing sight of my mother spreading her legs for me. The skin of her inner thighs looked temptingly sinful, the smooth skin shining provocatively under the magical allure of the silky cream. She stopped hiking up her skirt, a few inches of upper thigh still hidden from view. The dark shadows lying at the apex of that inviting V drew my eyes like iron filings to a magnet. "Is there anywhere else that's glistening like that?" I asked as I looked at her, a hint of lustful mischief in my glance.

"Wh... where do you mean?"

"Just pull that skirt a little higher," I replied, my eyes flicking over as she shifted her hips slightly to allow the skirt to be hiked up even more. "Yeah, that's it. Now let your legs come open a little more. That's it... that's my girl... perfect." She did exactly as I asked, the hem of the skirt clutched in her delicate little fingers as she drew it up to her hips, allowing her legs more freedom to spread further out to each side. As her legs parted, I looked over and saw the treasured cleft of her pussy lying hidden beneath a sexy pair of lacy white panties. I knew these were a beautiful pair of French-cut panties we'd picked out for her, the alluring line of the leg openings cut wickedly high on her hips. My cock surged as more blood pulsed into it while I looked at the teasing shadow of her full cunt-lips snuggled tightly by the sensual lacy garment. I could even see the little shadow of her large protruding clit at the top of her slit, the tight lacy material hugging her like a second skin. I felt myself licking my lips as I pictured what was lying beneath.

"Now, why don't you pull the edge of those panties up a bit so we can see if there's someplace else that's as shiny as the rest of your legs?"

She reached across her body with her right hand and pulled the edge of her panties towards the passenger door, allowing me an unobstructed view of her enticing pink pussy lips. They were glistening alright—I could see that she was absolutely soaking down there. The luscious petals of her labia and the erect spire of her prominent clit seemed to be screaming out for attention, the soft pink tissues shining with her flowing juices. Being the loving son that I was, I figured her lush wanton body should get the attention it wanted. "Mom, slip your fingers inside there and show me how wet you are," I instructed.

Holding her panties to the side with one hand, she took the first two fingers of her other hand and slid them along the glistening slit of her beckoning labia. I saw her fingertips disappear as she slipped them between the pouting soft lips. I looked up at her tremendous chest, the stiff bullets of her sizable nipples thrusting against the front of her dainty white blouse.

"That's good. Now let me see those fingers," I said. She withdrew her sodden fingers and held them out towards me, her shiny juices sparkling in the shifting light as we sped down the road. Her fingers were coated with her warm nectar, the bone-hardening scent drifting into my nostrils and firing my already rampant libido. "That's beautiful. Now rub some of that on your thumb." She did just as I asked, rubbing her thumb sensually over her glistening fingertips.

"That's the way," I continued. "Now I want you to reach down and take your clitoris between your thumb and forefinger." She did exactly as I asked, her slick fingers circling the stiff red nodule poking out from the top of her greasy slit. "That's my good girl. Now roll it slowly between your thumb and forefinger."

I watched the muscles in her hand move slightly, and then was rewarded as she gave off a deep animal-like moan of pleasure, "Ohhhhhnnnn... "

I shuddered with wanton delight, amazed at the spectacle unfolding right beside me. An illicit thrill of incestuous desire coursed through me as she did just as I wished. A week ago, I could have never pictured anything like this to ever be possible—now here was my sexy stacked mother, her spectacular lush body sinfully exposed beside me, her fingers wrapped around her sensitive clitoris, just as I had instructed her to do.

"That's it, rub it nice and slow." My instruction was followed by another low groan from her as she heeded my instruction. "Yes, just like that. Now stroke it back and forth, just like you did with my cock." I watched as her hand moved slightly differently, her glistening thumb and forefinger sliding back and forth along the fiery red spire like she was jerking it off—which was exactly what I wanted her to do.

"Ohhhhh Goddddddd... " she moaned deep in her throat as she pleased herself. I saw her huge tits shifting enticingly as her heart rate increased, the massive orbs heaving up and down as she breathed more rapidly. I looked up at her pretty face, her smooth skin glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. Her eyes were hooded with desire as her head rolled against the back of the seat, her full red lips parted as she breathed raggedly.

"That's a good girl, Mom. Make yourself feel real good. Keep working that nice big clit of yours," I said in a soft lulling voice. Her fingers continued working vigorously between her legs as she twisted and shifted in the car seat, the muscles on the insides of her spread thighs quivering sinfully as she approached orgasm.

"Andy... I... I... AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH." She moaned deeply as an intense climax rolled through her. Her body was twitching and bucking as the overwhelming sensations of a tingling release took control of her body. I saw her fingertips pinch firmly on the sensitive red nodule between her legs, causing a second orgasm to follow right on the heels of the first. "OH MY GODDDDDDDDD... " she groaned again as she continued to cum. I could see the warm juiced flowing from her oozing slot, the delicious warm scent filling the inside of the car. Her head rolled from side to side and her massive tits quivered beneath her prissy blouse as she came like a wildcat, her body convulsing wantonly until the delightful sensations finally subsided.

I flicked my eyes back to the road and saw that we were almost home, her house less than a minute away now. Watching her, my cock had become rock-hard in my pants—and now it was going to be my turn for release.

"We're almost home, Mom."

She looked out the window and realized where we were. She withdrew her hand from between her legs and drew her panties back into place. I saw her looking at her gooey hand while she pulled her skirt down with her other hand.

"I'd want you to lick that hand clean for me," I said softly.

"You... you want me to lick this off my own hand?"

"Yes. You want to make me happy, don't you, Mom?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Alright then. Go ahead, let me see you lick those fingers clean."

With just a slight hesitation, she brought her hand to her mouth. She paused and I saw her nostrils twitch as she inhaled her own womanly smell. Her lips parted and her tongue came to rest on her pouty lower lip as her fingertips slipped inside. Her lips closed down on the invading digits—just like they'd clamped onto my hard thick cock last night. Her eyes closed and she gave a soft little purr as she sucked on her fingers, enjoying the sultry taste of her own mature juices. After licking her fingers clean, she inserted her shiny thumb and I felt a shiver of lust go through me as she drew it slowly back and forth between her lips, just like she was sucking on a rigid erection. I didn't think I could get any harder, but the look of pure wanton bliss on my mother's face as she lapped up her own warm cunt-honey had my throbbing prick ready to burst.

"Did you like that?" I asked as she finally drew her gleaming thumb from between her lips.

"I... I did," she admitted, her face flushing pink. It made me smile inside to see her reaction. It made me wonder how she'd react to the taste of another woman's creamy nectar. A tingling shiver ran down my spine just thinking about it.

I pulled into the driveway, slammed the car into park and hurriedly opened my door. "C'mon, Mom," I said as I opened her door and reached to help her out. Her glistening sexy legs parted once more as she stepped out of the car, giving me another teasing glimpse of her gorgeous thighs. I took her arm and all but pulled her along as I got my key out and quickly opened the door. I yanked her inside and threw the door shut behind me. I pushed her back against the door and turned to face her, my body raging with need. She seemed slightly fearful of my aggression, but when I leaned in and pulled her into a rapturous kiss, she dropped her purse and her arms went around my neck as she turned her lips up to mine.

"Mmmmm," we both moaned longingly into each other's mouths as we kissed passionately, like two lovers who've been reunited after a lengthy separation. I moved in close, crowding her against the back of the door as I pressed my body against hers, my throbbing erection rubbing against her abdomen. My tongue rolled against hers with an urgent need as I reached between us and quickly undid the tiny pearl buttons of her blouse, one after the other. I pulled the blouse from the waistband of her skirt and pushed it off her shoulders and out of the way, wanting desperately to get my hands on those full heavy tits of hers. I drew back slowly and pulled my mouth from hers, both of us gasping. I looked down at the deep dark line of cleavage between the massive orbs, her satin camisole and white lace bra all that was separating me from my objects of desire. I reached forward with both hands in a frenzy of desire and grabbed the lacy top edge of the camisole as it covered each breast—then pulled savagely to each side.

RRRRIPPPPPP!!

"Aaaaahhhh," my mother gasped in shock as the shredded camisole came away in my hands.

"Don't worry, I'll buy you a new one," I said as I moved in close and kissed her deeply, tossing aside the bits of torn fabric and filling my hands with her bra-covered breasts.

"Mmmmm," she moaned warmly into my mouth as her hands gripped my face and pulled me against her as we kissed ravenously. Her huge tits felt wonderful in my hands, the sexy lace bra barely containing their incredible weight and size. I knew this bra did up in front so I deftly reached down and slipped open the front clasp.

"Yesssss...," I hissed under my breath as I quickly slipped my fingers beneath the lacy fabric while the heavy weight of those 32Gs had them settling beautifully into my cupping hands. I luxuriated in the wondrous feeling of those spectacular breasts coming free from the confining warmth of the heavily-structured bra and right into my loving hands. Oh man, they felt so big and heavy. My mother purred as I kissed her hotly once more, my hands pushing her bra off her shoulders to join her blouse and tattered camisole on the floor beneath us.

"Mmmmm," she whimpered softly as my hands caressed her soft warm breasts, my fingers toying with her big rubbery nipples. Under my needy touch, they got stiffer and swelled even more as I rolled the large red buds between my fingertips.

"Aaaaaahh," she gasped as I pulled my mouth back and lifted her breast towards my face, my hands bringing one massive tit up to my descending mouth. My lips closed on her enticing nipple and sucked hard, bathing the hot stiffness in my flowing saliva.

"Oh Andy, that feels so good," she whispered as she took my head in her hands and held me to her breast. I moved from one huge tit to the other, my lips sucking ravenously on her long thick nipple. She was whimpering and gasping with pleasure as I devoured her sensitive breasts with my sucking mouth. Feeling her getting more and more aroused, I decided to give her another orgasm before taking my own satisfaction. With my lips still clamped down on the stiff buds of her nipples, I slipped my hand beneath her skirt and feathered my fingers right beneath the leg opening of her panties. Her gooey wetness soaked my hand instantly as I pushed her drenched panties to the side.

"Andy... wha... what are you doing?" she moaned as I slid two fingers right up inside her. I found her stiff clit with my thumb and started sawing my hand back and forth, the fingers inside her working on the roof of her vagina while my thumb kept up a constant caress of her fiery little spire.

"OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD... OH MY... AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH," she groaned loudly as she started to thrash through an intense orgasm. I heard her arms bang against the door behind her as she twitched and shook like a ragdoll, her whole body one twitching mass of sensual delight. I kept sucking at her spectacular nipples, my teeth gently nipping at the rubbery stiffness as my tongue swirled all over her pebbly areola.

"Oh Andy, that's so good... Oh my God... not again... AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH," she whimpered blissfully as my lips and fingers triggered the onslaught of a second tingling climax. I held onto her for dear life as she convulsed and bucked against me, her back against the door as my body pressed against hers kept her from collapsing. She rode out the searing pleasure as the blissful waves of delight coursed through her. I waited to move until the final quivering paroxysms of bliss ceased to flow through her twitching body.

"Did you like that, Mom?" I asked as I pulled my mouth away from her heaving chest and withdrew my hand from beneath her skirt.

She stood against the back of the door, gasping for breath as her massive tits bobbed wantonly up and down with each ragged breath. Her eyes looked glazed over with rapturous satisfaction, her flesh glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration.

"That... that was incredible," she said in a breathy whisper. I stood before her, still wearing my suit and tie, a lecherous smile of incestuous contentment on my face. I reached down between us and her eyes followed my hands as I unzipped my pants and reached inside to pull out my rock-hard cock. Once I managed to pull the hard thick shaft out of my fly and let it go, the bulbous crimson head pointed right up towards her, pre-cum already dripping from the wet red eye.

"You said you wanted to thank me for what I said to Mrs. Palmer," I said as I reached forward, put my hands on her shoulders, and started to push her down to her knees, "well, I can't think of any better time to thank me than right now. And if you do a good job, I'll give you a nice big load of that cream you've come to love so much."

She knelt before me, her pretty face mere inches away from my dripping cockhead. Her eyes never wavered as they watched the throbbing crimson crown bobbing with each beat of my racing heart. As another sluggish pearl of pre-cum pulsed from the shining eye and started to distend downward, I saw her tongue slip out and run instinctively around her lips. I was happy to see that my mother had become addicted to my cum already.

"Stick out your tongue," I said as I stepped closer and wrapped my hand around the stiff shaft of my pulsing erection. She immediately complied, her inviting tongue slithering from between her lips and presented to me like a dinner plate—and I was ready to serve up a nice big helping of protein for her. I positioned my upright dick right over her tongue until the dangling drop of shiny fluid was poised just over the pebbly membrane of flesh. I took a long firm stroke from the root of my prick all the way to the engorged head, forcing more precum forwards. The distending strand dipped lower as the amount of viscous fluid grew, the tip starting to form a glistening pool on the surface of her tongue.

"Don't swallow yet," I warned as I continued to milk my throbbing erection. The shiny wad of slippery fluid on her tongue grew in size as I pumped out more and more precum, her beautiful tongue connected to my burgeoning dick by the flowing glistening strand. When the little puddle on her tongue seemed just about to overflow the curved edges of that lovely receptacle, I stopped milking and lowered the broad flared head before drawing the shimmering ribbon of precum off the very tip of her tongue, leaving the rest of the alluring strand deposited warmly on her tongue.

"Swallow," I commanded. She closed her mouth and I saw the muscles in her neck contract sensually as my warm cock-juice slipped smoothly down her throat.

"Mmmmmmm." She mewed like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as she savored the taste of my manly nectar.

"Do you want some more of that?"

"Yes, please," my mother eagerly responded as she stuck her tongue out for more. I fed her my precum three more times, each time slowly stroking my rigid dick towards her face as the flowing goo ran onto her tongue. She waited patiently until I instructed her to swallow—each time purring rapturously as the silky nectar found a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. Finally, I couldn't take it any more—I needed that mouth of hers. I looked down at her, my beautiful mother, her gorgeous blue eyes alive with lustful need, her spectacular body kneeling before me with her mouth open wantonly, anxiously waiting for me to feed her my thick creamy cum. I shivered with

desire, not believing that I was actually in this spot—having only dreamed of having my way with my gorgeous stacked mother like this. As I looked down at her, my incestuous desire for her roared through me like wildfire, my heart racing with lust.

"Open wide," I instructed as I reached forward and took her head in my hands. She opened her mouth eagerly into an inviting "O", just as she knew I liked. I spread my legs into a solid stance as she enthusiastically waited for me to fill her mouth with over 8" of rock-hard cock. With the enflamed head still dripping precum, I fed it right between her pouty red lips, the soft ovalled pillows quickly clamping down on the broad mushroom-like cockhead.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as I felt her draw warmly on the engorged crown, her tongue pressing against the underside of the flared V as she coated it with her hot saliva. It was amazing to look down and see her wantonly sucking on my rigid cock, her lips pursed forward as she attempted to draw it deeper into her mouth—and being the good son that I was, I fed it right into her welcoming mouth.

"Oh yeah," I moaned as I held her pretty face in my hands and watched my thick hard cock penetrate deeper between those full red lips of hers. I flexed forward until I bumped up against the soft wet tissues at the back of her mouth, and then held it there as she swirled her magical tongue all around my buried lance.

"Oh Jesus, that's so good," I crooned as I slowly withdrew until her lips were drawing just on the very tip. I then flexed forward, harder than I anticipated. Her head bumped into the door behind her, but she didn't seem to mind. Instead, her hands went to my hips and pulled me even closer to her, her suctioning mouth milking me like a hot buttery glove.

"Time to work that mouth over real good," I said as I reached up to both sides and gripped the door frame in either hand as I firmly positioned my feet just past shoulder-width apart. I drew back once more and then thrust forward, the back of her head bumping against the door once more.

"Mmmmmm," she groaned savagely as she really started to suck, her vacuuming mouth pulling deliciously at my steel-like erection. With my feet firmly set, I started to fuck her mouth vigorously. She kept her hands on my hips and pulled me towards her every time, both of our bodies aflame with euphoric need. I rhythmically pounded her hot wet mouth as she ravenously sucked, her head drumming a steady tattoo on the door. If anybody happened to come to the door right now, I'm sure they'd wonder what the hell was going on.

"Oh Mom, your mouth is so good," I moaned as I felt my pleasure escalating. She was mewling and groaning continuously as she rapturously sucked at my invading member, her hot spit bathing my stiff shaft wickedly. She sucked in her cheeks, her mouth a hot wet sheath for my thrusting desire. My cock felt harder than I ever imagined, the blistering skin of the head felt like it was about to burst open right there in her mouth. As I rocked my hips back and forth, I felt my balls drawing up closer to my body, and then I felt the delicious contractions start in my midsection as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of my driving erection. It made me shiver with incestuous delight knowing I was about to give my own mother another huge load of my pearly semen.

"HERE IT COMES," I warned as I drove my thrusting prick back and forth between her sucking lips. I felt the first thick rope shoot deep into her welcoming mouth, and then I quickly flexed backward, pulling my pulsating cock free of her sucking mouth. I quickly reached down and wrapped my hand firmly around the throbbing shaft, then pointed the engorged purple crown right at her pretty face. The second milky rope jettisoned forth, sending a long pearly ribbon stretching from her chin into

her hairline. I stroked again and again, a third and fourth creamy strand raining down upon her upturned face. I then pointed my spitting cockhead lower, spraying more of my viscous semen all over her huge tits. As soon as one massive gob landed right on her long stiff nipple, she groaned deep in her throat.

"OHHHHHH!! GODDDDDD!!" she moaned as she started to shake and quiver in ecstasy beneath my showering load of cum. I kept jacking away, flooding her spectacular breasts with semen as she twitched and convulsed through a tingling climax. I pumped away at my spitting cock until I had no more left inside me, all of my cum now covering her face and tits. A large drop was left dangling from the open dark eye at the tip of my prick. I stepped closer and wiped it on her lower lip, her tongue quickly feathering from between her lips to draw it deep into her mouth. I stepped back and looked at her, the final shuddering paroxysms of pleasure flowing through our bodies.

"Mom, you look beautiful," I said as I looked at her. Here was my innocent refined mother, kneeling before me with her skirt hiked halfway up her thighs, her blouse, bra and shredded camisole laying in a tawdry pile beneath her, her pretty face and large heavy tits a beautiful mosaic of milky-white cum. I don't think I had ever shot a bigger load in my entire life. I almost laughed to myself as I realized I was still fully dressed in the suit and tie I had worn to church. In my frenzied haste to make use of my mother's beautiful and willing mouth, I hadn't even bothered to disrobe—I'd simply pulled my rampant prick from inside my pants. But the look on her face told me everything I needed to know—she had loved it—every blissful second of it. And I could see that she wanted more. As I reached for my tie and started to loosen it, I decided it was time to take my mother's education to the next level...