

THE FACE-PAINTER CH. 07

rmDEXter

Connor gets continuous relief from a busty willing partner.

Incest/Taboo

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Aah....here we are....I can taste that cold beer already." As we arrived at our favorite restaurant, Gabriel himself opened the door and let some customers out. We waited for them to pass before stepping past the smiling Spaniard.

"¡Bienvenidos, muchachos! Pasar y sentaos. Ya tenéis lista vuestra mesa," Gabriel said as he shook our hands with a flourish. He spoke mostly to Andy, knowing my knowledge of Spanish was nothing more than the "high school special". I knew enough to fit it into the context of the whole situation that he was basically giving us the usual welcome. Andy and he had a rapid exchange mixed with laughter as the genial host ushered us over to our usual booth in the back corner. We liked the spot as it gave us a full view of the whole restaurant, and yet gave us sufficient privacy, away from any potential eavesdroppers. The other thing we liked about this booth was that if either of them were working, it usually was in the section handled by one of Gabriel's two daughters, Marta or Silvia. As I mentioned earlier, Gabriel had a habit of hiring busty buxom girls to be his waitresses; and his own daughters were no exception.

Tonight the place was already pretty busy and I could see Gabriel had a full complement of about seven or eight girls working. They were each dressed in the same type of uniform; seemingly standard amongst the waitress tribe for the last half century or so. It consisted of a kind of a mustard-colored dress that ended a few inches above the knee, with a few buttons up the front of the bodice and a typical small-lapelled collar. This was covered with a little white frilly waitress' apron tied at the small of their back. The whole look was kind of retro-charming, but what Andy and I loved about it most of all was that when Gabriel issued them their uniform, he must have purposely given them each a uniform at least one size smaller than they needed. With them being so tight, most of the girls ended up leaving an extra button undone at the front; probably just so they could breathe in the restricting garment. But I never saw any of them complaining; I'm sure the size of their tips was directly related to the size of their tits. Between the girls he hired naturally having big guns, and the tight-fitting uniforms, it was a heavenly display of tightly encased breasts and deep cleavage every which way you looked; a perfect appetizer enhancer for tit lovers like Andy and I.

Settling into my side of the booth, I could see that both Marta and Silvia were on duty. Ever since we'd been coming here, Andy had taken a liking to the quieter, more demure one, Silvia, while I had always been enchanted by the bold and gregarious Marta. The two sisters were absolutely gorgeous and dizzyingly sexy, each in their own separate way. Both girls had dark hair, Silvia's being cut quite short while Marta's came to her shoulders. They both had beautiful smooth olive-toned skin, indicative of their Spanish heritage. Their similar almond-shaped eyes were beautiful. Marta's were a piercing dark brown and when you looked directly into them, it was like she could see right into your very soul. Silvia's brilliant hazel-colored eyes seemed to glitter breathtakingly in certain types of light, a fact that Andy never tired of pointing out. Marta was a couple of years older; I remember her telling us once a short time ago that she was 23. She was a little taller than her younger sister, probably around 5'-7", but both had similar physical attributes. Yeah, they both had

big full breasts which seemed to cover the full breadth of the chests and nice curvy round behinds that had those waitress dresses of theirs swinging beautifully when they hurried about the restaurant. With the usual extra button undone on their uniforms, there was no shortage of swelling tit-flesh visible whenever they were around.

Our table must have been in Marta's section tonight because when she finished up at an adjacent table, she grabbed two menus and walked over to us, those wide hips of hers swaying provocatively as she moved gracefully towards us. Andy noticed her approaching at the same time as I did and motioned towards her as she spoke, "Hola, Marta. Ven y charla con nosotros. ¡Cuanto tiempo! ¿Cómo te va?"

She continued towards us, only now she was shaking her head and rolling her eyes. "Andy, why do you do that?" she asked as she slid a menu in front of each of us.

"What?" Andy replied, an unknowing look on his face.

Marta stood at the side of our table, her hands perched defiantly on those wide flaring hips of hers. I looked up at her pretty face and could see a playful glint in her eye as she started to scold Andy. "Showing off like that. You know how bad Connor's Spanish is. You should be ashamed of yourself." As she spoke to Andy, she nodded towards me as if I were a stupid child being talked about by his parents.

"What? I.....I....." Andy stammered, holding up his hands innocently. I somehow felt obliged to try and come to his rescue.

"Hey, jovencita," I said with an air of indignation, "my Spanish isn't as bad as you think."

"Is that so?" Marta replied as she turned towards me and crossed her arms beneath that massive front porch of hers; her dazzling eyes sparkling darkly as a delightful smile played at the corners of her wide sensuous mouth. "I'm still not convinced. Care to make a little wager on it?" Hmmm, I guess calling her 'young lady' in Spanish hadn't done the trick.

"No problem," I said with a dismissive wave of my hand. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well," she said as she tilted her head teasingly and slowly rocked from side to side. "How about if I give you a sentence in Spanish, and you have to translate it? If you get it wrong, I win. If you get it right, you win."

"And what would each of us win?" I asked, more than willing to play this little game with this hot Hispanic girl; provided I wasn't about to lose the keys to my car or house.

"If I win," she said slowly as she looked from me to Andy and then back again, her dark eyes alive with a teasing intensity now, "If I win, you have to take me take me out for dinner next week anywhere I want."

Well, this certainly seemed to be looking more and more like a win-win situation for me. "Hmmm, I don't know about that." I really put on an air of uncertainty into my voice now. "And if I win?"

"If you win," she said slowly as she leaned forwards on the edge of our table, the upper swells of her tremendous jugs seeming about to pour out of the top of her uniform. "If you win, well, if you can translate what I'm going to say to you, that'll be your answer." She slowly shifted her upper body from side to side, and my eyes were drawn to her straining chest, the taut uniform top fighting tenaciously to contain that huge rack of hers. Jesus, what a fucking set she had. Not giving

a damn now whether I could translate a single word or not, I forced my eyes back up to those dark mysterious orbs of hers.

"Alright then," I replied with a confident nod of my head. "Let's hear what you've got."

"Okay, here it is, and I'll say it slowly for you so you have no excuses: 'Si adivinas mi talla de sujetador, entonces podrás ver lo que esconde.' Now, what did I say?" with her pronouncement made, she stood back and put her hands back on her hips. Andy burst out laughing and then clamped his hand over his mouth as he looked around to see if anyone had noticed his sudden outburst.

"Ummm, well," I started, totally flummoxed as I had no fucking clue what she'd said at all. I think the first part of what she said might have been 'If you', but beyond that, I was totally lost. Andy continued snickering as I struggled to come up with something reasonable.

"Give up?" she asked playfully as she proceeded to tap her foot and examine her fingernails in the classic "I'm waiting" pose.

In this town known for betting of any kind, I could feel my imminent demise on this particular wager rapidly approaching as the Jeopardy countdown ticker seemed to be playing in my head. "Okay, here's what I think you said," I finally responded. Andy stopped laughing and lowered his hand to the table while Marta once again leaned forwards, both of them eagerly awaiting my answer. "You said, 'If you really wanted to go out with me, all you had to do was ask.' That's it, right?"

A winsome smile appeared on Marta's face and I knew that even if I didn't have the translation correct, in a way, I had said the right thing. She paused for a couple of seconds before answering, a broad warm smile spreading over her face as she did. "Sorry buster, close, but no cigar, as they say. Yes, I've got the perfect restaurant in mind that you can take me to. Let's say next week sometime?"

"Wait a second," I said, raising my hands in an exaggerated gesture of despair. "If that wasn't it, you have to tell me what you really said."

"I'll leave that to your good Spanish friend Speedy Gonzalez here to tell you," she replied as she nodded in Andy's direction. "But in the meantime, since your attempted answer was so sweet, I'll get you guys a couple of beers on the house." She gave me a sly little wink before she left and headed toward the bar area, that sumptuous rear of hers swaying deliciously as she walked.

"So what did she say?" I asked Andy urgently.

"Oh man," he replied, a huge shit-eating grin on his face. "That was perfect. It was so good, I don't know if I should tell you or just sit here and watch you suffer."

"C'mon man, really now, what did she say?"

"If I tell you, you owe me, right?"

"Oh fuck, what are you, twelve?" He held up his hands innocently, just watching me twist in the wind. "Okay....okay.....I owe you. Now, what did she say?"

"She said, 'If you can guess my bra size, then you'll get to see what it hides.'"

I sat back, my mouth hanging open, totally speechless. I looked up to see Marta coming back with our beers, and now she had that same shit-eating grin on her face that Andy had too.

"Well, by the look on your face, I guess he told you," she said as she set down two frosty mugs of ale. "Sorry you lost now?" As she asked this she teasingly twisted from side to side, those massive guns of hers looking absolutely scrumptious in her near-to-bursting uniform.

"Uh....I....uh," I had instantly become a babbling idiot, incapable of normal human speech.

"Oh dear, cat got your tongue?" She reached forward and ran her delicate fingers along the side of my face in a soothing caress; the warm alluring fragrance from the perfume she must have dabbled on her wrist wafting sensually into my nostrils. "Oh you're so warm." She shifted her hand over to the other side of my face and let the back of her fingers slide along my strong defined jawline.

"Well, sweetheart, why don't you have a drink of that nice cold beer and cool off; I think you need it." And with that, she was gone, the lingering scent of her sultry perfume circling me in a bewitching miasma. She had only been standing there momentarily, but from her luscious smell and delicate touch, I could already feel my rapidly stiffening dick pushing against the front of my jeans.

"You.....lucky.....bastard," Andy said slowly, emphasizing each word individually.

I reached forward and grabbed my beer and downed about half of it quickly before coming up for air. Man, she was right; I did need to cool off, and not just the warmth she'd felt on my face. I put my half-empty glass down and looked across at Andy, only it was my turn to wear the shit-eating grin now, "See, all that time you spent working your ass off in Spanish class....and what good did it do you? Now me, screwing around all the time and barely getting by, where did it get me?" I simply gestured towards Marta, now serving food to another table.

Andy's gaze followed her for a moment before locating her equally attractive sister, the gorgeous sweet young thing he'd had his eyes on for months now. He quickly turned back to me, and I could see by the serious look in his eyes that he was on some sort of mission. "Remember you just said you owe me, right?"

"Uh yeah?" I replied questioningly, wondering where he was going with this.

"Well, this is perfect! Can't you see?" He held his hands up as if to say, 'Isn't it obvious?'

"See what?"

"You've gotta take Marta out for dinner now. So we just have to get Marta to talk Silvia into going too. All four of us. It'll be great!" He was almost bubbling over with excitement now.

"The four of us?" I said softly, hoping my soothing tone would calm him down a little.

"Sure." He stopped and looked at me seriously. "Connor, please. You know I never ask you for much."

That was true, he never did. And when he did, I knew whatever it was, well, it was important to him.

"Okay," I said, raising my hands in surrender. "That would be fine with me."

"Great!" he said ecstatically. I watched as he sat up straight and kind of physically composed himself; wanting to appear as if he was once more in control of his emotions. I watched as he followed Silvia moving across the restaurant, her hands full of plates of food. Yes, she definitely was

a hot-looking one too. He lowered his voice and leaned across the table as he spoke to me. "You ask Marta next time she comes over."

"Alright.....alright....just relax, loverboy."

Marta came back to our table and picked up the menus nonchalantly.

"Hey, we haven't even had time to look at those yet," Andy said as he gestured imploringly towards the menus.

"You don't need them. I know what you guys like and I'm gonna bring you both Today's Special. You'll love it."

"Hey Marta," I interrupted as she started to turn away. "Our dinner date next week.....how about we bring Andy and Silvia with us?" I saw a sly smile appear on her face as her eyes quickly searched out her sister and then turned to look at Andy. It wasn't hard to see a little bit of the love-sickness he was suffering from.

"You like her, don't you?" she asked Andy.

"I....well.....yes, I do."

"Is he a nice guy, Connor?" she asked as she turned and faced me.

"Yeah, he's a nice guy."

"Not a nice guy, like you are. I mean A REALLY NICE GUY. Silvia deserves someone who'll treat her nice."

"Hey!" I said, "I'm a nice guy."

"Right, sure, like a rattlesnake's a nice snake," she said with a haughty shake of her head; that bewitching smile still playing at the corners of her sexy mouth. "You.....I can take care of you. Silvia, she's different." Man, I felt a big smile spread over my face. I loved Marta's confident straightforward attitude. The thought of combining that with her voluptuous buxom body had me quivering in anticipation of our upcoming date.

"Marta," I said slowly as my eyes locked on hers, "in all seriousness, Andy's a great guy." I pointed to her sister and put on an air of indignation myself. "My question is whether your sister's good enough to go out with him."

"Oh spare me," she said with a dismissive shake of her head. "She'd good enough, don't you worry about it. Okay, I'll talk to her." We watched as she called through the opening to the kitchen for two specials and then approached her sister who was filling some water glasses at the waitresses' station. They chatted momentarily and then Silvia looked over and met Andy's smiling gaze. A quick smile came to her pretty young face and after a few more words, we saw her nod. As Marta came back to our table, Silvia gave Andy another shy smile and then turned to her next customer.

"Okay, she'll do it." Marta pulled her little order pad from her apron and jotted something down. She tore it off and passed it to me. "Here's my phone number; Silvia and I share a place. Give us a call early next week and we'll set something up for the end of the week. Now," she said as she held up her index finger and pointed it from one to the other of us, like a teacher would do when scolding her students, "we're gonna get all dressed up and I don't expect you guys to show up

looking like a couple of bums. You got it?" That pointing finger had taken on a 'don't fuck with me' intensity now.

"Sure, of course," Andy and I almost chimed in at the same time.

"Good, I'll be back with your food shortly." She gave me another little wink as she lowered the objectionable finger, turned sharply on her heel and strode away.

"Thanks, Connor, now I guess I owe you," Andy said, a huge contented smile on his face.

Seeing the way he'd looked at Silvia across the room, and then seeing the look on his face now that the date was going to happen, I hadn't realized how truly smitten he was by her. I don't know if it was seeing the look of pure joy on his face combined with the day of the week or what, but for some bizarre reason, the words to the great song by The Cure rang through my head.

"Monday you can fall apart

Tuesday, Wednesday break my heart

Thursday doesn't even start

It's Friday I'm in love"

As the catchy tune seemed to come out of nowhere, I looked at my good friend and smiled broadly, asking myself, 'Is there a happier song in the world?'.....I don't think so.

"You don't owe me," I said, snapping myself out of my reverie. "Just remember, friends do shit like that for each other; maybe when you turn thirteen you'll realize that." We both laughed and toasted to our good fortune with a hearty slug of our beers.

"Okay, so what's new with you?" Andy said as he set down his nearly empty glass. He had turned the conversation unexpectedly from Marta and Silvia and I don't think I was prepared for the rapid shift onto me.

"Uh....well, not much," I kind of spat out stiffly, surprisingly feeling myself flushing under his simple innocent question.

He paused and looked at me intently, his face searching mine to see what I was hiding. "Uh, that look on your face says something a lot different than 'not much'. What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing's going on," I said defensively.

"You forget how long we've known each other. Now I'm just gonna sit here until you tell me." He sat back against the booth seat, his arms crossed across his chest. Various thoughts of all the things that had happened in just the last few days raced through my head in fast forward; from posting my Face-Painter ad the first time up to Zoey's cocksucking lesson just a short time ago. As I looked at my best friend, I knew that if I didn't say something at least about some of it now, I knew at some point in the future, I'd end up confiding in him anyways. It was always like that with the two of us.

"I.....I've kind of taken on a part-time job."

"Freelancing for some other rag?"

"Not exactly. I guess you'd say as a painter."

"As a painter?" he said with a quizzical look on his face.

"Here you go guys." Marta interrupted our conversation as she appeared at our table and slid two plates of steaming food in front of us. The delicious smell wafted into my lungs immediately.

"Magras con tomate over white rice. One of my mom's specialties."

"Ham and tomatoes?" Andy asked.

"Yeah,"

"Is that an egg?" I asked; pointing at the shimmering white orb perched on the side.

"Yes, this dish is from the region of Spain we come from. You'll love it." Leaving us admiring the scrumptious looking food before us, she turned and left to deal with her other tables.

"This smells incredible," Andy said, wafting some of the rising vapors towards his face.

"God yes," I replied, inhaling deeply myself. We both grabbed our utensils and dug in, the succulent flavors making us both nod in delicious acknowledgement of Marta's choice for us. I don't know how her mother had done it, or what spices she had used, but the combination of the ham with the tomatoes and even the surprising hard-boiled egg, was certainly a tantalizing treat both of us savored. I looked over at Marta standing in profile at an adjacent table, her huge tits thrusting forward against the confining bodice of her uniform, and knew that was another tantalizing treat her mother had been responsible for making as well; and one that I was hoping to make a full meal of fairly soon.

"So," Andy said, once the rapid shoveling into our waiting gobs had slowed to a more socially acceptable rate, "you got a part-time job as a painter? Please tell me it's as a house painter, because I remember what you were like in art class. I can't imagine you painting somebody's portrait."

"Well, uh not exactly either one."

"Don't tell me somebody's trusting a fuck-up like you to paint cars, are they?" he said good-naturedly.

"No, it's not that either."

"Well, what then?"

Well, here goes, I thought as I finally let out a deep breath before saying, "I've kind of got a job as a face-painter."

"A face-painter?" Andy said as his eyebrows knotted quizzically. "What the fuck is that?"

"I cum on women's faces for money."

Andy's jaw wasn't the only thing that dropped as his knife and fork clattered noisily against his plate. Embarrassed, he quickly scooped them up and nodded to curious onlookers that everything was okay.

"What did you say?" he asked as he leaned forward, his voice a secretive whisper now.

"I cum on women's faces for money," I repeated. I could see the gears in his mind going like crazy now as it registered that he had heard me right the first time.

"How.....how much money?"

"Two hundred dollars a load."

"TWO HUNDRED BUCKS!" he burst out and our now-irritated neighbors looked over again. "Sorry," Andy said, waving to them apologetically. He leaned closed over the table and whispered quietly to me once more. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"No."

"How....when...what happened?" I almost laughed out loud as I could see a million questions running through his head, each one popping up with a cartoon-like question mark. I knew if the tables were turned, I'd be the same.

I started by telling him what had happened with the date I'd had with that girl almost a week ago, and how she had mentioned that she was sure women would pay money for what I had provided her with for free. I told him about researching the various escort-like websites before finally get enough courage up to go ahead and post my ad. I told him all about my first client, the gorgeous Callie/Tanya and how after she'd paid another \$200 for a second helping, I'd thrown in a few more on the house. He sat and listened silently, seeming totally mesmerized by my spellbinding story. I paused for a second after finishing relating that first rendezvous.

"Holy fuck," he said breathlessly, an awestruck look on his face now. "That's.....that's amazing. Have you had any more customers?"

I told him about the invitation I'd had from the pornstar that I turned down; the one who used to be gorgeous but ended up turning into something nefariously hideous with all those tattoos and piercings she was now sporting.

"Yeah, I don't blame you," Andy said, nodding in agreement. "She was so hot; now she's just gross."

I then related what had happened with Catherine; how that scheduled appointment was actually supposed to take place right about now. I mentioned that it had seemed somewhat promising but never came to fruition. I told him that I guess that short-notice cancellations like that were likely just part of the nature of the job.

"I guess you're right; that kind of thing probably happens a lot." He paused for a second and this time he spoke to me he had a confused inquisitive look on his face. "Connor, I don't know whether to think of you as my hero, or if you are totally insane." I burst out laughing and he quickly followed. "That woman.....your uh.....your client, Tanya. Was she really as good-looking as you described?"

"Even better," I replied, picturing how gorgeous and hot she'd been. "Like I said, I would have paid her instead of her paying me."

"And she really got off on a dildo while she was sucking you off?"

"Yeah."

"Fuck," he said as he let out a soft low whistle. "That is fucking hot." As I nodded, I could see those gears within his head working overtime again before a more concerned look came over his face. "Seriously," he continued, "on one hand, the whole idea of what you're doing is so cool, I can't believe it. But on the other hand, aren't you worried?"

"You mean about STDs?"

"That's just part of it. There're a lot of fucked-up people out there. Even though a lot of these women may sound sweet and innocent, especially in e-mail messages, do you ever think that one of them might have some meth-head boyfriend hiding in the closet with a gun or knife or something?"

Andy's words actually kind of shocked me; I knew when I placed the ad and decided to actually do it, there were going to be certain risks. I just figured that I'd be extra careful and that I could leave or get myself out of a situation I didn't like. As his words circled my brain, I thought of those two hyped-up pricks that had tried to hold him up that night, and I knew he was right; you could try and be as careful as possible, but yes, there were a lot of really fucked up people out there. And Vegas was not exactly Cornpone, Nebraska, when it came to the per capita psycho count.

"I.....I guess you're right," I admitted with a nod. "I guess there is the risk of something like that happening, no matter how careful you think you are.

"I'm not trying to lecture you," he said with a friendly wave of his hand, "but hey, man, I wouldn't want to see anything happen to you in something like this. If you keep doing it, promise me you'll be extra careful, okay."

"Sure."

"You got any more customers lined up for this weekend?"

"No. The e-mails have been quiet the last couple of days. That's okay though, I've got something else going tomorrow night."

"What's that?" Andy asked, his curiosity piqued again.

"I was asked out on a date?"

"Oh, that old blind toothless woman again?" he said good-naturedly, smiling and nodding as if that was the only type of woman who would want me.

"No, believe it or not, an attractive older woman asked me out?"

"Your neighbor Margaret?" he asked, excited now at that possibility as he remembered the recent incident with her in my driveway. I just shook my head.

"Too bad. Okay, c'mon, who?" I could see the spark of interest in his eyes; Andy and I had always shared a fondness for attractive older women since our early teens.

"My mother," I said with a smile.

"Oh, your mother," he replied with a little chuckle and sat back in his seat, a little less excited now. "So how did that come about?"

"Well, she hasn't been out with anybody since my dad died, and she's thinking of getting back in the dating game. She wants to see what it's like to be out there again."

"That'll be good for your rep; being seen out with an attractive woman like that. Your mom's gorgeous, you know that."

"True....true. But hey, your mom's not too hard on the eyes either."

"Yeah, I guess. How did two beautiful women like that end up with a couple of low-lives like us for sons?"

"Well, I know how my mom ended up with me, but what about you? Did your parents get the last pick at the D.A.A. or something?"

"D.A.A.?"

"Dipshit Adoption Agency. Or was that where they tried to dump you and even they wouldn't take you?"

"Fuck you, painter-boy!" We both laughed at the friendly ribbing we were giving each other.

"Well, you guys must have liked it," Marta's voice drew our attention as she walked up to our table. "Your plates are totally clean."

"It was great," I said as she started to gather up the dishes. "Thanks for that."

"No problem, you guys want another beer or dessert or anything?"

"How about just a couple of coffees right now?" Andy asked as he looked from Marta to me and I nodded my agreement.

"Okay, I'll bring those right up." We both watched that big round Latino ass of hers swaying seductively from side to side as she walked away.

"So," Andy said, "going out with your mom on a real date. How do you feel about that....really?"

I paused for a second before responding, wondering which direction this conversation was going to end up taking. "I'm not really sure. To be honest, I almost feel like I'm back in high school. I've been both nervous and excited since she asked me."

"Here you go," Marta said as she put two steaming mugs of fragrant java in front of us. As she leaned forward to set down the cups, I looked into that deep dark line of cleavage and pictured slipping my cock between those two luscious tits of hers and fucking them until I blew all over her face. As if she could read my mind, her eyes locked on mine in a piercing gaze that sent an electric jolt right to my dick. Fuck, she was hot!

"I'd be nervous and excited thinking about that," Andy said pointedly as Marta turned and walked away, our eyes devouring her lusty buxom form.

"I already am," I admitted with an agreeing nod as I zeroed in on her luscious round bum rolling provocatively in retreat. We both started in on our coffees as we faced each other over the table. I could see from the inquisitive look on his face that Andy wasn't finished with his questions yet.

"So this date with your mom, what do you think's gonna happen?" I wondered if he was reading my mind, his question about what was gonna happen between my mother and I seeming surprisingly abrupt.

"I don't know," I said kind of defensively. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you going to a movie, are you going to dinner, out to a show....you know, the normal stuff people do on dates?"

I almost literally breathed a sigh of relief, having totally overreacted to his simple question.

"Oh, we're going out to dinner. She wants to get all dressed up, you know, that kind of thing."

"Hmmm, yeah," he said as he looked at me quizzically. "How come you got all nervous when I asked what you were doing?"

"Wha....what.....I don't know what you mean," I held my hands up as I scoffed at his observation.

"C'mon," he said with a knowing smile. "You were thinking I was asking about something more than just where you were going or what you were gonna do there."

"No, I knew exactly what you meant."

"Liar." He took a sip of his coffee as he let that one hang out there for a while. I followed, happy to hide behind my coffee cup as I drank. "So, just because you thought that's what I was asking, I'll do it," he said with a smug grin on his face.

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay, let me ask you this. Let's say your date goes well, you have a nice dinner, share a bottle of wine, maybe go dancing.....then you take your mom home. Do you kiss her goodnight?"

I could already feel myself flushing nervously even before I answered. As I listened to his words, my mind raced back to the night before, remembering that delicious secret kiss my mother had given me out by the barbeque before Emma came back out and interrupted us. Just thinking about how luxuriously hot and succulently moist her lips and tongue had been against mine sent a fiery little jolt right to my loins. Shit, it was like Andy could read me like a book. I should have known better.

"Well, I guess I'd give her a kiss on the cheek."

"Is that the way you kiss all your dates goodnight? I thought your mom wanted to see what the real date experience was like again?"

"Well....I....uh....I guess you're right," I replied nervously. I pictured again how heavenly that quick furtive kiss had been the night before; and then that naughty little episode we'd had feeding whipped cream to each other from our fingers.

"So tell me honestly," Andy said slowly, his eyes locked on mine. "What if, as you're saying goodnight, your mother turns her face up to yours and gives you that 'I'm waiting to be kissed look', do you do it."

"I....I don't know," I said as I purposely dropped my eyes from his.

I saw him look around to make sure no one was within earshot before he turned back to face me. He leaned close to me over the table and spoke in a confidential whisper, "I can tell what's on your

mind. And let me tell you, my friend, if it gets to that time, you kiss her.....and it's beautiful."

I looked at him.....absolutely in shock. I could almost feel my blood boiling as I took a deep breath and asked, "You.....you've kissed my mother?"

"No....of course not," he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"Then....then who?" I asked, thoroughly confused now. Andy just sat back and stared at me as I thought about what he had said. As I looked at the self-assured calm expression on his face, the truth hit me like a ton of bricks.

"Your.....your own mother?" I asked, almost holding my breath. He simply gave me a slow nod.

"You've kissed you own mother? Like a real kiss?"

"Since it seems like a night for confessions, yes, I've kissed my mother like that." He paused as I just looked at him totally wide-eyed. I'm sure my jaw must have dropped all the way to the table.

"And was it....was it," I stammered, my curiosity instantly reaching Everest-like proportions. Knowing how exquisite that single blissful kiss had been with my own mother, I was anxious to hear all about what Andy had done with his.

"It was absolutely amazing," Andy replied with an assuring nod of his head.

"What...when," I started to ask, just as his cell phone rang. He held up his finger for me to wait as he pulled out his phone and brought it to his ear.

"Hello.....uh-huh.....okay....when.....yes.....okay, I'll be right there."

"Speak of the devil," he said as he slipped his phone back into his pocket and took a big swig of his now-cool coffee.

"Your mother?" I asked, wanting to start pumping him for more information.

"Yeah," he said as he pulled out his wallet and started fishing out some bills. "It looks like she's reached a decision on that ultimatum I gave her. She wants to come over to my place and talk about it. I've gotta go."

"But....but," I stuttered, still in shock from what he'd just told me.

"Sorry. Hey, dinner's on me tonight," he said as he threw down a few more bills before standing up.

"Andy," I said firmly. It worked as he stopped in his tracks and looked at me intently. Now that I had his attention, I spoke calmly and quietly, "I think now we both know how we each feel about our mothers, right?" I paused for a second as our eyes locked. "There's no point in trying to put up a fake impression for each other. I think we both know deep down what we'd each like to do to them."

He looked around once more to make sure no one was listening before responding, "Yeah, I could tell by the look on your face that you feel the same way about your mom as I do about mine."

"Okay," I said, a feeling of intense relief seeming to wash over me at this mutual confession. "Before I got out with her tomorrow night, I'd like to hear more about what happened between you and your mom. How about coming over for lunch tomorrow?"

"Okay, sounds good," he said, nodding. "It'll actually feel good to talk about it. Now, I've gotta go. I want to hear what she has to say."

"Great. Around noon then?" He nodded again and gave me a knowing smile before hurrying out the door.

"Jesus", I thought as I slumped back into my seat. All this time I'd been having these thoughts and fantasies about my mother and Andy had been.....well.....I didn't know exactly what he'd been doing with his mother; just that it had sounded as equally depraved as what I had fantasized about doing with mine! I wondered how far that kiss of his had gone. As I ran this over in my head, the idea of it sent another tingling shiver right down to my midsection. As a pulsing twitch went through my dick, I realized how turned on I had become by the thought of Andy with his big-titted mother and how this upcoming date tomorrow with mine might possibly go. I thought back to my mother's soft beautiful lips meeting mine; that smoking-hot body of hers pressed up against mine as we stood in her garden. Man, if she wanted a good night kiss like thatoh fuck..... I felt another surge go straight to my swelling dick at the thought of where a kiss like that might lead.

"Loverboy certainly scooted out of here in a hurry," Marta said as she stepped up to our table, her fists on those wide flared hips of hers.

"Yeah, his mother called and it was pretty urgent."

"Oh geez, I'm sorry," she said sincerely. "Is she okay?"

"Oh yeah, it's nothing like that," I said with a wave of my hand. "He just had to go." I looked at that buxom voluptuous body and hers and felt another twitch go through my swelling cock. Fuck, I wanted to get my hands on her right now. "Say, you're not getting off soon, are you? As you can see, my night is free."

"Sorry sweetheart," she said as she reached into her apron and slipped the bill onto the table, "I'm on until closing tonight." She could see the disappointed look on my face; and fortunately the table was keeping her from seeing the rising spire in my pants. "You'll survive. Like I said, when you guys take us out to dinner, I want to get all dressed up. I want it to be a real date." There it was again, that real date thing, whereas right now, I just wanted to stick my surging prick into something hot and wet.

"Alright," I replied as I handed her Andy's pile of bills. "I'll call you and we'll set it up."

"Okay." As she stuffed the bills into her apron and turned away, I slowly slid out of the booth and got to my feet, deftly adjusting my half-hard pecker as I did.

"Oh Connor," I heard just as I reached the door. I turned to find Marta approaching, that magnificent full chest of hers seeming to lead the way. She got to within couple of feet before stopping and looking up at me, a devilish glint in her dark eyes and teasing smile at the corners of her wide sensual mouth. "36E."

"Pardon me?" I asked, wondering what she was saying.

"The answer to the question I asked you in Spanish. The answer is 36E." Of course, as Andy had translated, she'd asked me to guess her bra size. 36E....fuck! I couldn't help but look down at those tremendous tits, the upper swells mere inches away from my envious fingertips. She could see exactly where I was looking as she spoke, "Have a good night." With a final teasing wink, she turned

and walked away, leaving me with an increasingly uncomfortable crotch and a serious case of blue-balls in the making.

I walked out of the restaurant, breathing deeply of the cool night air. It didn't do much to alleviate the pressure I felt against the front of my pants, but I knew exactly what to do about that. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my cell phone and scrolled through my list of contacts before stopping on the one I was searching for. I dialed the number and scanned the street for a cab as it started to ring. It rang twice before I heard that sultry mature voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello?"

"Hi, it's me."

Twenty minutes later, the cab deposited me at my destination, and with hormones raging, I walked right in, as she'd told me to do on the phone. I could see the soft light streaming from the direction of her bedroom and made my way there after kicking off my shoes.

"I was hoping you'd come home early," Margaret's sexy warm purr reached me as I entered.

"Oh my God," I thought to myself as I spotted her across the room, her tall mature form leaning seductively against the bathroom door frame. Between my already aroused state and the way she looked, I stood dumbstruck and stared breathlessly. She looked absolutely incredible. She was wearing a satin corset of a gorgeous warm purple color. It was trimmed with black at the bottom and had matching garter straps that were holding up sheer gossamer black nylons with an intricate lacy band that ended high on her smooth alabaster thighs. The purple corset flared out over her wide mature hips and was complimented by matching satin panties that were cut extremely high on her hips and drew your gaze with an inviting "V" pointing to her deftly concealed love pocket.

Letting my gaze travel south, I followed the luscious line of those sheer stockings all the way down those long tantalizing legs of hers. She wore a sexy pair of black slingbacks with a sharp pointed toe and dizzying 4" heels that made those scrumptious legs of hers all the more alluring. I couldn't help but look at them and think how good they would feel wrapped around my back, pulling my thrusting form deeper into her.

My eyes roamed back up over her full hourglass figure, hungrily taking in the imposing swells of those 40 Double-Ds of hers; those voluminous guns straining at the stretched confining fabric of the intoxicatingly sexy corset. As she moved her hands up to fluff out her lustrous auburn locks, my eyes were pulled away from her impressive chest to her arms, their long limber length majestically covered with shoulder-length matching purple gloves. Her hands moved deftly through her hair, the long reddish tresses shimmering in the warm sensual light of the room.

As she turned her head and lowered her gloved hands to her hips, my eyes remained riveted on the glittering twinkle at her neck. Last night she had worn a sexy black choker; tonight it had been replaced by an equally seductive rhinestone band that circled her regal neck like a Christmas ribbon. She had applied some makeup and lipstick to her naturally pretty face, the subtle touches making her gorgeous features all that much more desirable. With her lustrous auburn hair fluffed out and looking provocatively wild and unkempt, that rhinestone choker and those sexy gloves.....fuck....the whole look had me simply burning with desire.

"Margaret, you look incredible," I said as I tore at my clothes and shed them all about me as I stormed quickly across the room, my burgeoning peter leading the way like a thrusting lance.

"My, someone is certain.....," her words were cut off as I grabbed her and pulled her to me, my mouth meeting hers in a rapturous, hungry kiss. Her mouth was deliciously hot and moist and our tongues danced together as I slid mine deep into her hot oral cavity. With my face pressed against hers, a thrilling waft of her sensual perfume feathered its way deep into my senses, enflaming my burning desire for her even more.

"Unnnnggghh," she groaned as I pulled her over beside the door and pushed her up against the wall. I pulled my mouth away from hers and we looked deep into each other's eyes, and I could see the lustful yearning in hers that I knew I had in mine. With our gaze locked on each other in blissful anticipation, I reached down between us and gripped her panties. She looked at me questioningly for just a second before I jerked hard.

"RIPPPPPP!" The sound of her shredding panties was quickly followed by her breathless gasp. I tossed the torn garment aside and dove in for another ravenous kiss while my hands slid down the weaving contours of her flanks until I found the back of her strong thighs. I didn't give it a second's thought as I lifted her from the ground and pulled her legs apart on either side of me.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned into my hot mouth as I pinned her against the wall and moved closer between her spread thighs. I felt her sexy gloved hand quickly reach between us and grab my throbbing shaft as she guided my thrusting erection between her parted labial curtains. In my furiously aroused state, I knew this wasn't going to be making love, or even "having sex"; this was going to a savage merciless fuck. And from her intense breathing and racing heart, I think she wanted it that way as much as I did. With the enflamed cockhead nestled into the welcoming pocket of her steaming box, I took a firm grip on her thighs and pressed her back against the restraining wall. She must have been anticipating my return because my needy prick encountered nothing but slippery fuck-oil at the entrance as her talented cunt started to nibble hungrily at the invading monster. I gave a little hunch and felt the massive head of my dick pop into her juice-slickened hole. I pulled my mouth back from her gasping one and took a deep breath before going for more.

"OH MY GOD!" she groaned loudly as I flexed and started to drive my turgid cock deep into her. The words from the old Zeppelin song came into my head.....and yes....I definitely wanted to give her every inch of my love. There was some resistance there as my rapid invasion had found her somewhat unprepared for my assault; but I was not to be deterred. My thick hard erection slowly disappeared inside her, inch after rigid inch being deliciously enveloped by her hot folds of slick pink flesh. I purposefully fed it into her in one slow continuous thrust until I felt her sticky cuntlips plastered around the hilt of my buried cockshaft. My intense need to fuck her had rewarded me with an exquisitely hot love-channel that wrapped my engorged member in a tight gripping sheath.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she rolled her head against the wall behind her, her eyes closing in rapture as I stayed still with over 10" of hard thick cock buried in her hot buttery hole. I rolled my hips slightly and she groaned as my massive cockhead pressed forcefully against the sensitive tissues deep within her. I did it again and another low growl was accompanied by a warm wetness as I felt her loosening up; her fuck oil beginning to flow more freely along her tight coital walls. Feeling those tight gripping rings of flesh inside her around my quivering pecker felt great....but I wanted more. I slowly flexed my hips backward until only the tip of the huge mushroom-shaped head remained between her gooey cuntlips.....then I drove it forcefully back into her in one raw savage thrust.

"OOOOHHNNNNNN!!!" she let out a loud groan as I hammered her against the wall. Her arms reached up and circled my neck and she held on tightly as I started to fuck her, my rigid erection

tearing back and forth within her steaming cunt. I felt her heels lock over each other behind my back as she pulled me even closer; begging me to get every last thick inch deep inside. Her wide flared hips started to roll against me as I continued to pound it into her, the wall behind her complaining noisily with each driving thrust. As she started to work with me, I could feel the constricting rings of flesh inside her squeezing and rippling along my turgid shaft, her boiling hot box just waiting to be filled with a big load of hot thick cum.

"So hard," she mumbled breathlessly against my neck. Her body thrashed about as if she was being impaled on the end of a red-hot stake. One second she'd pull herself close to me, her head buried in my neck as her lustrous auburn locks feathered teasingly across my face; then an instant later, she'd be throwing herself back against the wall, her mature voluptuous body being reacting spontaneously as our thrusting joined bodies worked together in a rapturous animalistic rhythm.

"Uh.....uh.....uh," she was moaning continuously now as her head rolled from side to side against the wall, her eyes closed as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her quivering body. I could feel a warm lather of cunt-honey coating the base of my dick and swinging sack as her stretched pussy-lips pressed down against the hilt with each merciless thrust I gave her.

"Oh fuck.....I'm gonna cum," she uttered between clenched teeth, her back slamming noisily into the wall behind her as I pounded my battering ram of a cock deep into her welcoming love pocket. "I....I.....OOOOOOOOOOHHHHH....." Her climax swept over her in an orgasmic rush as she started to twitch and shake wildly. I gripped her spread thighs tightly in my hands as I continued to hammer my raging cock into her, knowing my own release was only moments away.

"Aaaaahhhh yesssss....." she hissed as the tingling sensations ran to every firing nerve-ending of her trembling body. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body as those telltale delicious contractions started in my midsection. I felt that delightful sensation as the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my rigid dick. Holding onto her firmly, I heard myself let out a deep growl as I drove my truncheon-like cock as far into her as I could, just as the first thick rope of cum shot forth, pasting itself forcefully against her cervix.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred as I flooded her velvety hot trench with my potent seed. I could feel the talented muscles lining her gooey pouch rippling along my buried shaft as it twitched and pulsed while I poured shot after shot of thick cream deep into her. I don't know how many shots I spewed into her, but I could feel some of my slimy seed leaking out of her before I'd even finished. Finally, the last few pulsing gobs spat forth and I held her closely, both of our bodies racked from the exertion of a tremendously savage fuck. I eased myself back and looked at her, her head lying back against the wall, her pretty face glowing with a fine sheen of blissful perspiration. Her succulent mouth was open as she breathed raggedly, while her eyes remained closed in contented satisfaction. I looked down at her heaving chest, those tremendous tits of hers rising and falling beneath the accentuating bodice of the corset as her racing heart-rate started to slow. As I moved slightly back, she turned her head slightly and looked at me through hooded eyes, as if even that much effort was taxing on her overworked body.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said in a husky whisper, "what got into you tonight?"

"I....I'm sorry," I replied, the guilt from my brutish behavior now becoming clearly apparent to me.

"No," she said firmly with a dismissive wave of a gloved hand. "That was absolutely fantastic. I've never been fucked like that in my entire life." I could see from the look on her face that she meant it, that she had loved the intensity of my spontaneous attack as much as I had. We exchanged

contented smiles with each other, both of us knowing just how good it had been. I looked deep into her lust-filled eyes and knew that she wanted more, and I was so turned on tonight, I was willing to give her as much as she could take.

I gripped her tightly and turned towards the bed, her long gorgeous legs still wrapped tightly around me, as if she never wanted to let go of my spent dick still buried inside her. I shuffle-stepped over to the bed and laid her down on her back at the front, the edge of the mattress at the back of her knees. Her legs finally released me as she brought her stiletto heels down on each side of me. As I stood up and pulled my half-hard peter from her gripping channel, it came out with a nasty wet sucking sound. I looked down and saw my bobbing dick glistening with a mixture of her fragrant nectar and silvery ribbons of my own cum. My eyes were drawn further and I looked at the gaping curtains of her labia, the glistening pink flesh looking puffy and swollen from the abuse I'd just given it. As I watched a slimy milky trail of cum ooze forth from between her glistening stretched pussy-lips, I knew they were going to be in for a lot more abuse before I was done with her tonight. Hungry for more, I looked at her as she lay beneath me, her beautiful mature face looking at me expectantly.

"Keep that inside you for a minute," I said as I pulled her knees close together. I then crawled onto the bed and threw my leg over her until I was straddling her chest. "Here you go." I hefted my spent cock and brought it right in front of her beautiful mouth. She looked up at me with a devilish glint in her eyes and opened her mouth eagerly. Those full lips looked beautiful as they parted and her long wet tongue slid forth and hungrily speared a large creamy gob of milky cum clinging to the head of my dick. I moved my cock back and forth as her delightful tongue lapped up every warm ribbon and pearly gob. She cleaned me from head to root before I dropped the head right into her cum-hungry mouth, those pouting lips closing luxuriously around the captured knob.

"Let me give you some more," I said as I reluctantly pulled my pecker from her sucking mouth with a resounding "POP". I moved down and sat at the front edge of the bed beside her. I took her knees in each hand and pushed them to each side. She didn't need much encouragement as I watched her roll them open, her glistening wet pussy coming back into view. With my ass perched on the edge of the bed beside her, I turned on my side and reached into her sopping snatch. She leaned up and rested on her elbows, eager to see what I was doing.

"That's my girl, let me get right inside there," I said softly as I slid two long fingers deep into her overflowing cunt. I could feel the gobs of cum pooling inside her as I moved my invading digits all around before slowly withdrawing them.

"Here you go." I saw her eyes sparkle with delight as I moved my silvery cum-covered fingers towards her waiting mouth. Her tongue unconsciously circled her wet lips in anticipation just before I slid my goey fingers inside.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed like kitten with a saucer of warm cream as she licked the milky offering from my hand. I withdrew my fingers and went back for more. I continued to probe and search inside her until I'd gathered up as much as I could. Soon enough, most of the cum I'd shot into her velvety pocket was resting in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach. Perched up on her elbows, she watched as I rubbed my two fingers more forcefully along the upper folds of flesh inside her.

"Oh God, that's good," she cooed as I worked my fingers back and forth. I let fingers roll around in a slow teasing circle within her, her eyes glued to my muscular hand perched at the juncture of her parted thighs.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as her body twitched noticeably under my attentive fingers. I could see the crimson spire of her engorged clit sticking out prominently from its hooded covering as I continued to finger-fuck her. I took the fingers of my other hand and slid them sensually down over her quivering abdomen until I circled that protruding little trigger of hers between my thumb and forefinger, her shiny fuck-oil quickly lubricating my attending fingers.

"Oh Jesus," she said as I started to roll the stiff little button between my fingers. With the fingers of one hand working back and forth inside her steaming trench and the other one attending to that sensitive red bud, I could both see and feel her pleasure level rapidly escalating. I looked up and saw those tremendous big tits of hers heaving once more inside the almost overflowing cups of her purple corset. Her face was glistening again with perspiration as she breathed raggedly, her sexy hooded eyes watching me intently. Her legs flexed in momentarily and then rolled far to each side as I kept working my fingers inside her. Her lower body started quivering and her wide flared hips started to gyrate under my probing hands.

"OH FUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she gasped out loud as her arms slipped out from beneath her and she fell fully onto her back. I watched her gloved hands grip the sheets tightly in each fist as a nerve-jangling climax shot through her. As she continued to moan, I rolled her clit sensually between my slick fingers as her hips continued to shake and twitch beneath me.

"That a girl, let 'er buck," I encouraged as she thrashed about like a wildcat. In her throes of ecstasy, I had to make sure she didn't dislodge my working fingers as she convulsed and shook spasmodically. After about two minutes, her jerking body dropped back onto the mattress with a final tingling shiver; my hands totally soaked with her bubbling cunt-honey. I slowed the movement of my hands and let them rest where they were, the sensual smell of her gushing pussy filling the air around us.

"Oh, Connor, what are you doing to me?" she asked in a breathy whisper, her huge tits still heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

"Well, that's only one this way," I said as I slid my fingers deep along those succulent coital walls once more. "Let's try for two."

"Oh my God," she moaned as I watched her hands grip the sheets tightly once more as my fingers resumed their attentive duties to her soaking trench and sensitive clit. For the next fifteen minutes or so, my hands moved deftly between those gorgeous nylon-clad legs of hers as I used my fingers to work her over. I brought her to the brink of climax on a number of occasions before quickly ceasing my manipulations before starting up once more. The time I spent working on her had been well spent; as my gooey fingers slid teasingly in and out of her dripping twat, I was happy to feel that delightful twitch go through my midsection as my cock once more started to swell.

"Oh Connor....please.....please....." she pleaded with me as I brought her to that titillating crest of release one more time. This time, I let her have it, my greasy fingers rolling the enflamed red nub of her stiff trigger teasingly at the same time as my probing fingers rubbed against the slick upper folds of flesh in her vagina right beneath it. Her voluptuous body lurched up from the mattress abruptly as her orgasm shot through her with a resounding crescendo of pleasure. Her bucking and jerking went on for a long time as I held on for the ride, my fingers continuing to work on her mature twitching form. When her quivering finally ceased, I gently withdrew my fingers and lifted her further up onto the bed until we were lying side by side on the pillows.

"Wow," she said in a breathy whisper as she turned to look at me, one eye partially obscured by a trailing lock of shimmering red hair. "That was incredible."

"Speaking of incredible," I replied as I delicately swept the hair back from her pretty face, "do you know how fantastic you look in that outfit. You should wear that kind of thing when you're outside watering your flowers."

"And have you throw me up against the rose trellis and rape me, like you did there?" she said with a laugh as she nodded towards the wall beside the bathroom. "No thanks, I think I'll keep these outfits for inside. And by the way.....you owe me a new pair of panties."

"How about we make a deal.....I'll keep buying you panties if you keep letting me rip them off you like that."

That nasty little smile appeared on her face once more. "Mmmmm, the way I feel after what you did to me there, I don't think I can resist an offer like that. Oh yeah, speaking of what you did to me, after I passed out last night, what happened?"

"What do you mean?" I said with mock innocence, a big grin splitting my face.

"When I woke up this morning, there was cum all over me."

"Oh that....yeah.....well, you looked so beautiful lying there, I couldn't resist."

"So you jerked off all over me?"

"Uh.....yeah.....did you mind?"

"Well, no," she replied with a grin. "I just wished you'd woken me up before you came. I would have loved to have seen that. When I woke up, some of it had already dried on my skin, but there were a few bigger gobs I was able to have as a little treat. I have to admit, I loved the idea of you doing that to me while I was sleeping."

"Would you find it hard to believe if I told you how many times I've fantasized about doing that to you?"

"You are a nasty one, aren't you? Well, you don't have to fantasize about it anymore; you can do that to me anytime you want." I watched as she took a deep breath, her filled lungs and huge tits straining the front of that sexy purple corset almost to the bursting point. "So....this outfit, you really like it."

"Like it? I love it. You look amazing in it. That choker," I said as I traced my finger along the edge of the glittering band, "and those gloves; they are so sexy."

"I hoped you'd like these," she said as she turned on her side towards me and let her gloved hand trace slowly down my body. My eyes followed her descending hand, the soft material of her gloves sending little jolts of excitement to my stiffening prick. Her hand slid sensually over my taut abdomen before she circled those gloved fingers around my pecker and gave it a gentle testing squeeze. My dick instantly responded as another surge of blood flowed into it, her gripping hand slowly working the loose outer sheath up and down.

"Are you sure you've got any more left in there for me?" she asked as her stroking hand slid lower and caressed my sperm-laden balls.

"I've got a lot more," I said as I slid my own hand up the front of her satiny corset to cup one of her heavy round tits.

"Even after those two loads your little sister sucked out of you earlier?"

My hand froze, and I'm sure my face did too as my eyes locked on hers immediately; panic-stricken thoughts racing through my head like a video game on super-fast-forward.

"Relax, buster," she said with a wry smile at the corner of her mouth. "Your secret's safe with me." As I looked at her, I could see the devilish twinkle in her eye once more.

"What....how...." I stammered as I felt myself instantly starting to relax, the intense shot of adrenaline flowing mercifully out of my jangling nervous system.

"You know," she said softly as her gloved hand started stroking my pecker once more, "you really should learn to close your blinds if you're going to be doing something like that."

"You....you saw?"

"I was walking down to the pool after lunch and I happened to look over. That was quite a show you two put on. I have to admit, I couldn't take my eyes off the two of you. And when you got her to sit on the couch and put her hand between her legs, I nearly came right there. She's got quite the little body on her, doesn't she?"

"I....uh....." Again, I was speechless.

"Easy, lover. Like I said, your secret's safe with me. I know what it's like; I was raised on a farm."

"What's that mean?"

"Where we lived, it was miles between us and any other kids our age. It was just my older brother, me and my little sister. And in those days, we didn't have access to cars anytime we wanted, like kids do today. You had to make your own fun, and if it was with one of your own siblings, well, sometimes that's all that much better, right?"

I was totally shocked now. "You and your.....your brother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said giving me another sly smile before she continued, "and sometimes my sister."

I'm sure she saw me gulp noticeably as I took in her incestuous admission. The thought of this definitely sparked my interest. "Your younger sister?"

"Yes. Your Zoey actually reminds me of her. My sister looked very much like her at that age."

"I.....I don't know what to say." Devious thoughts of Margaret and her Zoey-lookalike sister ran through my head like a steroid-injected hamster on a greased wheel.

"How long has this been going on with your sister?" she asked. Her magical gloved hand never left my dong as we talked; her delicate fingers tracing teasingly over my semi-hard shaft.

"Just since last night, actually," I admitted.

"Hmmmm, lucky you." She circled her hand lovingly around the girth of my pecker and gave a couple of firm tantalizing strokes. "How do you think that sweet young thing would feel about another woman joining your little twosome sometime?"

"Holy fuck," I thought to myself. This was amazing. Not only had Margaret seen Zoey and me together, she wanted to get in on it as well! I was wondering if all the stars in the universe were in perfect alignment or something; it couldn't get much better than this. I was of half a mind to run out of there right now and buy a lottery ticket. "I'm not sure; but she has promised to do anything I ask her to do."

"Hmmmm, she'd do anything you'd ask her to do. That certainly does sound interesting. And how do you feel about the idea of asking her to let me have a shot at that sexy little body of hers?" Margaret accompanied her million dollar question by feathering her hot tongue into the sensitive opening of my ear. An instant shiver of delight ran down my spine. Before I could answer she whispered softly into my ear, "Or asking her to use that hot mouth of hers on my tits, or to see her slip that beautiful tongue of hers way up inside me." Her tongue flicked sensually into my ear once more and another quivering shudder ran through me.

"I'd love that," I replied as I turned to her and kissed her deeply. Between her stroking hand and lewd thoughts of her and Zoey together, it seemed to take no more than a few seconds before my cock became an iron bar in her hand.

"My.....my," she whispered as she pulled her deliciously warm mouth away from mine and glanced down towards my engorged member jutting upwards above her circling hand, "it looks like you do really like the idea. What would you like me to do this time?"

"Well, I really want to look at you in this outfit. Since you were raised on a farm, I'm sure you know how to ride. Why don't you show me?"

"My pleasure." She pushed herself up and swung one long nylon-clad leg over me as I rolled onto my back. She leaned forward and supported herself with one of those gloved arms on either side of my chest. Her swirling red locks fell in a sexy frame about her pretty face, her beautiful eyes glinting with desire once more. I looked down into the beckoning dark valley of her cleavage, those heavy voluminous tits of hers hanging forwards; yet still bewitchingly encased in the shiny corset. I could see the thin straps going over her shoulders biting into her skin tightly; as if complaining about the heavy weight they were expected to carry. My eyes followed the alluring contours of her mature body downward, that classic hourglass figure of hers causing my cock to remain stiff as a board as more blood seemed to be pounding into it. Her wide flared hips seemed to fit perfectly over my midsection, the tantalizingly sexy garter straps framing that inviting slot of hers that I'd soon be filling.

"I've got more of these outfits, if you'd like to see sometime."

"I'd like to see them all," I said, not telling her I'd already seen the stash of them in her drawer. "Do you think you can arrange that for me?"

"Mmmmmmm.....anytime you want." Her answer came as she shifted back slightly and reached between her legs with one gloved hand. I smiled as her soft fingers gripped my upright prong and positioned the broad enflamed head into the waiting mouth of her velvety love-pocket. As her pussy-lips slipped over the massive crown and followed the flaring contours, I could feel how hot she was as her slick juices soothed my engorged glans like warm butter. Once she had it situated between those pink labial curtains, she withdrew her hand and brought it back to my side to

support herself once more. She rolled her hips slightly to get to the position she wanted and I was rewarded as I felt those gripping lips stretch until the whole apple-sized knob popped just inside.

"That's it," I said as I saw a little grimace on her face. I watched as she lifted her upper body slightly while her backside started to go back and down. She started to sink down and inch after thick hard inch disappeared inside her.

"So hard," she moaned softly as she continued to lower herself onto my thrusting erection. It was captivating to watch those glistening pink pussy-lips, almost stretched to the tearing point, adhering beautifully around my upright shaft as she got closer and closer to the thick hairless root.

"Oh Jesus." She'd gone right down to the base in one smooth insistent drop; those sticky lips now pressed flush up against me, my hard thick cock buried all the way to the hilt. She sat up straighter and rolled her hips until she was sitting deep in the saddle. "It's so big; I've never been filled like this in my entire life." I gave a little hunch upwards that brought a deep growl from her as I forced the massive helmet about half an inch deeper. "Oh my God, that is so good. I could just sit here all day." She looked at me with a blissful smile on her face as she stayed fully impaled on my throbbing love-muscle, but rolled her hips ever so slowly, those gripping coital walls massaging my gnarled shaft in a loving embrace.

"Okay, I'm ready to go," she said as she leaned forwards and supported herself on her arms once more. "Connor, would you do me a favor this time?"

"What's that?" I replied as I ran my hands up her flanks until I was cupping those two voluptuous satin-covered jugs of hers.

"When you're ready to cum, could you do it on my face like you did yesterday?"

"You liked that, eh?"

"Did I ever. I couldn't believe how turned on it made me feel when you did it. There was so much cum. It's all I've been thinking about ever since."

"Who am I to turn down a lady's request like that?" I accompanied my answer with a roll of my own hips, my erect truncheon rubbing salaciously against the tissues deep in that molten wet trench of hers.

"Ohhhhhnnnn," she groaned as she started to lean forward, sliding herself upwards on my steel-like erection. I kept myself flat on the sheets and let her take control as she rose until I felt those talented muscles near the opening of her vagina squeeze down for a second before she dropped back down quickly.

"Aaaaaahhh." Her husky growl floated in the room as she reached rock bottom and then reversed direction. Soon she was into a smooth rhythm, that delectable ass of hers slapping against my midsection with a wet lusty smack. I could feel her slippery fuck-oil lathering up the base of my dick as it flowed freely from her stimulated cunt. She really got into it and I watched her rock back and forth furiously as my hands continued to explore her gorgeous upper body and nipped in waist, the satin of her purple corset feeling sensually cool beneath my roaming hands.

"Uhn.....uhn.....uhn...." Her groans filled the room as she rode me like there was no tomorrow. Her talented steaming box gripped and pulled at my surging rod with each long deep stroke. She was

adding a circular roll of her hips now as well, the stimulating friction between our joined bodies intensifying by the second as she continued to grind me right down into the mattress.

"That a girl," I said as I squeezed those massive tits of hers, the swelling tit-flesh almost spilling over the top of her corset cups. "Fuck, you really do know how to ride, don't you?"

"I love this," she replied as she rose almost to the very tip once more before slamming herself all the way to the thick veined root once more. I was fucking back at her now, our mutual actions driving my cock deep and hard into her at the same time as our pleasure level continued to rise.

"Connor.....I.....I.....OH FUCKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly and I saw her body flex before she started to twitch and shake as her climax sent her over the edge. I fucked up into her quivering body hard which brought forth another deep groan and an intense twisting and bucking of her luscious round ass. I held onto her hips and let the bronco ride out her orgasm as I thrust my thick beefy dick deep inside her.

"So big," she whispered raggedly as she started to recover from her toe-curling release. She resumed her up and down movements, her gorgeous face glistening with perspiration from her exertions. I knew I was close but I wanted her to have another one first. I placed my hands on those pistoning hips of hers and drove my brick-hard cock upwards against the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"OH GOD.....AAAH.....AAAAAAAAAAAAAH." A second orgasm shook her. I held her hips tightly and pressed down as the thick rope-like ridge of my corona tore deliciously against the sensitive underside of her clit. I felt a further wash of cunt-honey bathe the base of my dick and flow onto my sack. She was just gushing now as she thrashed about like a caged animal on top of me. I kept flexing up into her as wave after wave of tingling pleasure coursed through her, her continuous moans and groans like blissful music to my ears. As her climax slowly dwindled, I grabbed her tightly and rolled her over onto her back quickly. I gave her two or three more deep hard thrusts before I quickly withdrew; my pulsating prick making a sticky wet sound as it came free. I scrambled forward over her supine form until I was straddling her chest, my stallion-like cock rearing up red and menacing before her pretty face.

"Get ready," I said as I wrapped my hand around the thick gnarled shaft in a warm loving corridor and stroked it towards her. Her mouth was open as she gasped raggedly, her tremendous tits heaving as she fought to regain her breath from her two recent orgasms. She looked absolutely beautiful, her lust-filled eyes locked on the tip of my engorged cockhead, waiting in eager anticipation for my massive load of cum. I felt my balls draw up close to my body as those exquisite contractions started within me.

"HERE YOU GO," I said as I pointed the raging tip right at her face. We both watched as a milky drop filled the gaping red eye for just a second before a long white rope shot forth, part of it catching her on the chin and ascending right up the full length of her face before ending in her hair. I moved my hand slightly and a second powerful shot spewed forth on the other side of her face, this one running the full length as well. I continued to pump away at my ejaculating prick as shot after shot of thick creamy semen rained down upon her kisser. Whenever I spotted a blank spot on the canvas, I'd move the head of my dick quickly in that direction and paint that space. The exquisite tingling sensations of a much-needed release flowed through me in wave after delicious wave as I continued to unload, totally flooding that gorgeous face of hers. Pretty soon, there were almost no empty spaces left. I pumped out the final few shots, my racing heart finally starting to slow as I took a couple of firm milking strokes and flicked the last drops right into her open mouth.

"Oh my God, Connor, that feels amazing." She looked up at me through squinting eyes, gobs of cum visible on one eyelid and pooling just beneath the other. "So much cum, it feels so warm and heavy on my skin." I sat astride her chest and breathed deeply as I looked down at her; her mature pretty face an absolute mess of my swimming milky semen, with silvery rivulets running down her neck and heavy white gobs nesting in her hair as well. I thought she had never looked more beautiful than she did right now. I smiled contentedly as I watched her bring both her gloved hands up and gently rub my pearly seed all around her face. It was even more stimulating to see her do this with those gloves on. The white sticky fluid stood out boldly against the brilliant purple fabric and it looked even wantonly nastier to see my cum leaving wet stains behind as it soaked into the sensuous material. As she moved those gloves to and fro, she made sure that any small spot on her face that I had missed received its due amount. There was more than enough jizz to go around and as she shoveled it all over her smooth skin, she took plenty of opportunities to snowplow some of the bigger wads right into her waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as I watched her swallow a big silky mouthful. Fuck, I had just cum, but watching the way my precious seed slid willingly down her hungering throat and the way her sexy gloved hands spread the pearly fluid tenderly all over her soft skin as if it were a soothing balm.....well....it had my dick needing some more of her skillful attention again already.

"Margaret, you are so fucking sexy, I'm gonna need to get off again soon."

She looked up at me with that beautiful glistening face of hers and nodded happily. "What would you like me to do this time?"

"I want to fuck those gorgeous tits of yours." Her eyes lit up with pleasure as I said this. "You've got some baby oil, right?" She nodded in reply and I saw her eyes flick towards the bathroom. "Good. Now I don't want to wreck that beautiful corset either. You better take it off."

I swung my leg off her to let her up. She made her way to the bathroom, her long legs looking beautiful in those stiletto-heeled shoes of hers. She came back with a bottle of baby oil and set it on the night table. I lay on my side and watched as she reached down to open the garters where they held the stocking tops. I was happy to see that once she'd released them, the tops of the nylons snapped back into place against her gorgeous smooth thighs, the intricate lacy tops being made of some elasticized material. With her stockings released from the garters, I watched her reach between the bulging cups of her corset and start to unhook the small metal clasps that ran down the front. She watched me with a contented smile on her face as my eyes were locked on the magical spectacle of the front of that sexy corset opening up for me. I watched mesmerized and her gloved fingers went to work, the shiny purple fabric slowly splitting open to reveal her huge treasure chest lying beneath. As each little hook came undone, those heavy tits of hers seemed to increase in size as they gained more freedom. Finally, with the last one undone, she slowly drew the two sides of the corset fully apart and dropped it on the floor behind her. Her tits were gorgeous; coming free of the confining corset and billowing out over the full breadth of her chest with just a slight amount of natural drop. For their size and with her age being in her late 40's, I was tremendously impressed by how high and full they rode on her body. With those heavy round tits fully on display, it emphasized her sexy hourglass figure and made her look all the more desirable.

"Oh fuck," I said under my breath as she reached her gloved hands up and fluffed out her sexy red hair. The motion caused those big 40 Double-Ds of hers to sway and wobble teasingly; her enormous nipples looking stiff, rubbery and in need of a little sucking. Man, she looked good; her tall mature form looking so incredibly sexy in the high heels, shimmering black nylons, shoulder length gloves and that sexy rhinestone choker. I felt a surge go through my half-hard pecker and

knew exactly what I wanted; to feel those huge tits of hers wrapped around my engorged lance until I blew off all over that cum-laden face of hers one more time.

"Lay back here." I shifted to side of the bed and stacked up a bunch of pillows against the headboard. She slid onto the bed and I positioned her just how I wanted her; her head and shoulders resting against that big stack of pillows. She looked gorgeous sitting partially up like that, her stiff nipples pointing enticingly forwards at the crest of those full heavy mounds. I got to my knees and swung my leg over her until I was straddling her midsection once more, then leaned forward and lowered my face to those tremendous breasts of hers.

"Time for a little sucking first," I said as I brought my lips down and delicately kissed each of her protruding nipples. After the initial loving kiss, I let my lips slip down over one rapidly stiffening bud and out over the pebbly surface of her pink areola. I pushed a warm gob of saliva forward and used my tongue to bathe the sensitive surfaces beneath my mouth, my tongue rolling the gooey spit slowly and sensually all over her gorgeous flesh.

"Mmmmmmm, you certainly know how to do that," she cooed as her gloved fingers ran through my hair affectionately. With her soothing hands guiding me, I moved from one massive breast to the other, my lips and tongue working slowly but insistently as I licked and sucked her big soft mounds. Jesus, what a gorgeous set of tits she had. Her nipples were thick, hard and a good half-inch long. I nipped at them playfully with my teeth which caused her to give a little squeal before her stroking fingers pulled me harder against her soft mounds. I let my tongue roll in slow teasing circles all over and around those protruding buds as she lay back and savored the oral attention I was giving her. I felt like I could have stayed there and sucked on those babies all night long, but I wanted more.

"Now it's time for you to do a little sucking," I said as I raised myself fully onto my knees and leaned forward, my muscular 6'-3" form looming over her. I looked down at her expectant face, the residue of my recent face-painting job glistening on her smooth skin. From my position above her, I could even smell it. I breathed deep and could smell the womanly scent of her succulent snatch as well. The whole room just reeked of sex, and I knew that musky aroma was going to be even stronger before we were done. I looked down at me semi-hard peter, the surface still sticky with a shiny coating of her sweet vaginal nectar from our recent fuck. As the intoxicating scent fired my desire even more, I hefted my long limber dong and pointed it towards her face. "Give me another one of those nice targets, sweetheart."

She looked up at me with an innocent girlish look as she formed those wet red lips of hers into a perfect inviting "O". I leaned forward and slipped the spongy knob right inside, her soft lips sealing down on the pebbly membranes of the plum-sized crown. With her lips pursed forward and rapturously adhered to me stiffening member, I pushed forward and watched those lips stretch further and further until the whole mushroom-shaped head popped right inside.

"Mmmmmmm....." She gave a little mew of contentment and with my swelling dick locked inside her hot wet mouth, I let go of it and brought both hands up and took a firm hold of the back of the headboard. Her magical tongue bathed the spongy head with a warm coating of saliva as my prong continued to swell and fill her hot oral cavity. Now upright on my knees with my body over those broad round tits of hers, I slowly fed it back and forth into her vacuuming mouth as she really started to go to town on it. She was mewling and purring constantly now and it didn't take long for my stiffening tube of flesh to get hard as a fucking brick under her skillful oral therapy.

"That mouth of yours is beautiful, Margaret," I praised, holding firmly onto the headboard and sliding the thick girth of my thrusting stalk back and forth between her stretched red lips. I loved watching the way they adhered to my erection when I retreated, those succulent pillowy lips being drawn outwards as they gripped tightly to my see-sawing cock. If I pulled it fully out right then, I'm sure she'd look just like a fish out of water gasping in the open air. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it, so I let her suck for a little longer than I first intended, her cheeks drawing in to form an exquisite hot sheath for my probing dick as she sucked voraciously.

"Okay," I said finally as I reached over and grabbed the bottle of baby oil as I pulled my throbbing prick from her mouth. I scooted back to her midsection and popped off the cap of the bottle. As she looked up at me with a look of blissful anticipation on her face, I turned the bottle upside down and let a generous amount of the slick fluid drizzle down all over those voluptuous jugs of hers. It looked beautiful to see the shiny lines of oil slowly start to follow the soft round contours of those tremendous breasts, shimmering trails slithering into the deep valley of her cleavage.

"Beautiful," I muttered under my breath as I set the bottle back on the bedside table and placed my big hands on those impressive mounds. I could feel her rubbery nipples beneath the palms of my hands as I started to spread the slick fluid all around. I ran the tips of my fingers all over her gorgeous rack until they were just gleaming with the slippery oil. I drew my hands back and worked on her nipples, the stiffening buds coming alive again under my greasy fingertips.

"Mmmmmmm, that's nice," she crooned softly as I tweaked and rolled the slick rubbery pebbles between my thumb and forefinger. Running my hands over the soft slick surface of those round heavy melons had my cock just aching to get between them. I inched forward on my knees and pushed down on my upright prick. She knew exactly what to do as I watched her gloved hands start to push those two huge jugs together. I pressed the enflamed tip of the glans down on her chest just at the base of those swelling orbs and started to slide it forwards. As I did she pushed on the outside of her voluminous guns so they formed a slick greasy tunnel for my raging erection to slide through. With my throbbing pecker now trapped in the oily corridor, I reached up with both hands and grabbed the top of the headboard for support once more.

"Oh God, it's so big," she said breathlessly as her eyes seemed transfixed on the massive knob which was now protruding above the top of her slippery cleavage. I flexed my hips back and loved the feel of her hot slick flesh pressing against my throbbing cock. I flexed forward again as she pressed those soft mounds of tit-flesh firmly against the sides of my driving love-muscle. Holding tight to the headboard, I worked up a pretty good rhythm as my steel-like erection thrust smoothly between her soft oily mounds. As I fucked her tits more vigorously now, I could feel the crimson tip of my dong battering into her chin and neck, her smooth skin there now slick with baby oil and pre-cum as well as the cum I'd deposited on her face just a short time ago.

"Oh Connor, I love your cock," she mumbled under her breath, as if in a trance. Her eyes never left my stroking dick as I battered it back and forth in the slippery deep crevice. She had started to get me close with that hot sucking mouth of hers, and now her fantastic slippery tits had me right on the edge. I felt my balls drawing up and then that tempestuous feeling started in my midsection as the first twinge of a tingling climax started at the base of my throbbing prick.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I said as I held tightly onto the headboard and pistoned my hips back and forth. Both our eyes were locked on my engorged cockhead as it started to shoot, the first long white rope catching her full on the chin. The second shot hit her jawline on the other side and then the third spat forth as I was on a backstroke, the massive shot spewing from the top of her cleavage

to leave a long thick ribbon ascending her chest and right up across her neck and chin to end at her open bottom lip.

"Oh my God," she moaned in wonder as I continued to shoot as she pressed her big slippery tits firmly together. I flooded her upper chest, neck and lower face with a huge messy load of milky semen. She was gasping in awe as I continued to vigorously slide my ejaculating cock back and forth as I unloaded gob after creamy gob of warm cum all over her. When the exhilarating contractions coursing through me finally ceased, I slowed down and watched as the final dregs of post-orgasmic dogwater oozed forth from the tip of my spent dick, still tightly encased in the slick hot channel of her greasy tits.

"So much cum," she muttered as I slid my drained cock from between her slippery cans and sat back on my heels. She was right, there was a lot of cum; her upper chest and neck were covered with the stuff, while there were stray gobs and ribbons clinging to her lower face, hair and the imposing upper swells of her voluminous breasts. I watched with a contented smile on my face as she pulled those sexy long gloves off her arms and tossed them quickly aside. She brought her hands to her upper chest and I watched her start to play in the sizable puddles with her fingertips, her delicate hands slithering through the pearly fluid gracefully. I saw her eyes flick down to her stiff upright nipples and then she gathered up a heavy gob of cream with the fingertips of each hand and gently massaged the milky fluid all over her areola and the stiff pebbly buds at their center.

"Oh God, I love your cum," she said in a breathy whisper as she continued to spread my pearly semen all over his gigantic tits. I could see that look of lustful craving in her eye once more so slipped of her reclining form and moved towards the bottom of the bed.

"Just keep doing what you're doing," I instructed as I pushed her legs to each side and moved between them. "You seemed to like this so much before, let's give you one or two more." She gave me a look of ravenous delight as I slid my two big hands between her legs. She compliantly drew her long stocking-covered legs up and apart as my fingers started to probe that hot wet gash of hers, the stiletto heels of her sexy black sling-backs digging into the mattress. She closed her eyes and surrendered herself to the blissful pleasure as I started to work her over, my hands and fingers moving all over the sensitive hot flesh both inside and outside her steaming hot cunt. Her own hands continued to smooth my massive load of milky cum all over the glistening surface of her big tits as I brought her to two more bucking convulsing orgasms before I finally withdrew my sticky fingers from her gushing love-pocket.

"Connor, you're going to kill me," she gasped as she fought to regain her breath from her last tingling climax. "Oh fuck...but what a way to go."

"Speaking of going, I've gotta go." My date with my mother was tomorrow, and although it still wasn't fantastically late, I wanted to make sure I got a good night's sleep.

"You've really gotta go?" She gave me a girlish pout again as she looked at me through sexy hooded eyes.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, but I do." I started to get up from the bed but she reached out and grabbed my hip as I stood up.

"Could I.....could I suck it for just a minute or two more?" she asked with a woeful pleading look in her eyes.

"Oh, alright," I said as I turned at the side of the bed to face her. She quickly rolled onto her stomach and shifted over to the side of the bed, her gorgeous mature face right in front of me. I watched as she tipped her head slightly to the side and let the pronounced head of my heavy majestic member drop into her mouth. I felt a hot stimulating wash of saliva flow all over the pebbly surface of my glans as her tongue moved in slow torturous circles all over the sensitive tissues. She applied some delightful suction at the same time as her talented tongue started to work its magic. It took only a few heavenly soft swirls of that tongue before I surprisingly felt my spent prick starting to stir once more.

"Now look what you've started," I said teasingly as my pecker started to swell inside her hot sucking mouth. Her eyes flicked up to mine with a look of pure rapture as she slid her pursed lips further down the shaft and drew on my stiffening knob lovingly. Jesus, she was good. I pulled my lengthening dong from between those succulent lips and climbed back onto the bed, only this time it was me sitting against the stacked up pillows in front of the headboard.

"I think you better finish what you started," I said as I leaned back and put my arms behind my head. "And this time, I want to see you swallow every last drop."

"Yes sir!" my mature neighbor replied eagerly as she moved between my spread thighs. I lay back against the soft pillows and let myself settle in, knowing I'd be able to control this one as long as I wanted. I closed my eyes and my thoughts immediately went back to Andy telling me about his kiss with his mother. I was anxious to hear more about that when we met tomorrow, but right now, my thoughts quickly shifted to visions of my own beautiful mother, remembering how she had looked in that fantastic tight gray sweater and form-fitting white miniskirt she'd worn yesterday afternoon. Margaret enthusiastically sucked me for over an hour as I laid back and fantasized about my mother, finally feeding Margaret another massive load of creamy cough syrup while picturing blowing off all over my mother's beautiful face. I heard Margaret gulp noisily as I filled her sucking mouth with wad after wad of thick milky semen. I finally opened my eyes and looked down at her as her tongue flicked out from between her wet red lips and lapped up a silvery trickle that had leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"Now I really have to go," I said as I settled her into bed and pulled the covers over her.

"Don't forget to talk to Zoey," she mumbled sleepily as I pulled my clothes on. I wondered if that's what she had been thinking about while she was sucking me off.

"Goodnight, Margaret," I replied softly and gave her a soft kiss on the cheek. Her eyes closed and she sighed dreamily. I think she was fast asleep before I turned the lights off and left the room. Wanting sleep myself, I locked up behind myself and headed home; thoughts of what might happen tomorrow night with my mother running through my brain like wildfire.