

THE GOOD WIFE: ALICIA WANTS MORE

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Alicia can't get enough of her son's huge cock.

Incest/Taboo

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"Oh my God, what time is it?" Alicia asked herself as she woke to the sound of a car horn outside her apartment building. She reached over for her cell phone, realizing she'd forgotten to set the alarm on it. It was usually the last thing she did every night before going to bed, but last night she'd had other things on her mind.

"Oh no! We're going to be late," she said out loud as she looked at the time. She threw the covers off and hurriedly sat up, noticing she was still wearing the red evening gown she'd had on when her 19-year old son Zach had fucked her to the point of exhaustion last night. She looked down, cum stains and dried crusty patches visible all over the dress. She let her fingertips trace over the tear where the dress was supposed to cover her left breast—the result of her son anxiously pulling at the material to get at her sexy matronly body. The sound of the ripping fabric had fired both their libidos, and she'd hurriedly pulled his mouth to her exposed breast as he continued to pound her deep into the mattress, his huge cock stretching and filling her needy mature cunt with each powerful thrust.

She stood up and pulled the dress off, her body aching luxuriously from the workout her son had put her through until the wee hours of the morning. She smiled to herself as she felt a strange sensation between her legs, realizing she could feel the massive wad of semen still inside her pussy—the incestuously lurid remnants of the numerous loads Zach had dumped inside her. She was dead tired, but had never felt more deliciously satisfied in her life. It was Thursday, and if she could get through today and have a good night's sleep, tomorrow would be Friday and she planned on having a similar lengthy session with her well-hung son that night. The problem would be whether she had enough willpower to keep her hands off Zach tonight. She knew he would need the rest as much as her, and a promise of a weekend to pump her full with as many loads as possible would hopefully keep him at bay tonight. As the mother, it was up to her to set some guidelines—the problem—she just didn't trust herself to keep to them.

Alicia opened one of her dresser drawers and reached inside as she thought about her son. Her fingers traced over the lingerie inside. A shiver ran down her spine as she touched the colorful satin and lace garments inside, the sinfully cool sensation of the erotic garments seeming to flow from her fingertips through her entire body. She reached down with her other hand and gave her puffy abused pussy a little rub, and thought how nice it would be to put on some of that sexy lingerie and wake her son up with a morning blowjob. She slipped her middle finger between her cunt-lips and then brought it to her mouth, her full soft lips sucking wantonly as she savored the wickedly sinful flavor of their combined juices. She thought about how exciting it would be to tiptoe into Zach's room and slip her full bee-stung lips over his morning hard-on, sucking and sucking until he rewarded her with a nice creamy mouthful straight from the source. She groaned in frustration as she once more looked at her phone, realizing how late she'd slept. With a resigned shrug, and not wanting to give her daughter Grace any ideas that something was out of the ordinary, she closed the drawer and pulled on her old terrycloth robe, then hurried from her room, knocking on the kid's doors as she headed to the kitchen.

"Grace, get up! We're going to be late."

"Zach, time to wake up! I forgot to set the alarm and slept in."

Mumbled groans came from both rooms as she hurried to the kitchen and put the coffee on. She poured glasses of orange juice and had just finished opening a pot of yogurt for each of them when the kids walked into the room, both of them rubbing the sleep from their eyes. They were both dressed in their usual morning gear, Zach in an old t-shirt and worn flannel pajama bottoms, while Grace sported a Mickey Mouse nightshirt that came halfway down her slim young thighs. The outline of her panties could be seen through the faded material of her favorite sleeping shirt.

"I'm so tired," the 18-year old girl said as she reached for her juice. Alicia looked at her nubile young daughter suspiciously, wondering if she'd heard Zach and her going at it all night long.

"You didn't sleep well, Honey?" Alicia asked as she poured herself a coffee, looking at Grace nervously over the brim of her steaming cup.

"I just seemed to wake up a lot through the night—not sure why." The young girl shrugged her shoulders. "Oh well, I'll survive." Alicia breathed a sigh of relief as Grace finished her juice and turned to her brother. "Zach, can I go into the shower first this morning? I really need that to wake me up."

"Sure, go ahead," Zach replied quickly. His little sister spun on her heel and headed down the hall. Once Grace was out of sight, he turned back to his mother. "Mom, last night, it was incredible."

"I know, Sweetie, I thought so too. But we've got to be careful—I was worried Grace had heard us." Alicia sidled onto one of the bar stools at the breakfast bar, one long lean leg slipping out from the folds of her robe as she took a sip of her coffee. She couldn't help but notice the way her son looked at her legs, a sly smile appearing at the corners of his mouth. "Zach, I think we should try to keep to ourselves today, you nearly wore me out last night."

"You mean you didn't like it? I...I was hoping we could do it again," he replied, a puzzled look on his face.

"No, that's not what I mean—I loved it." She gave her son a sexy teasing smile, reassuring him. "I loved having you deep inside me like that—it was amazing. But we have to be careful and pick our times. Tomorrow is Friday and we can have all weekend. Do you think we can talk Grace into spending the night at Jenna's?"

"I don't know, I think she has a big project due next week, but I'm not sure. She hasn't had a sleepover at Jenna's in awhile."

"Alright, let's see if we can think of something to say to her. In the meantime, let's try and keep it cool tonight. I'm so exhausted, I don't know how I'm going to make it through the day, and I really want a good night's sleep so we're both in good shape for Friday night. How does that sound to you?"

The sound of the shower starting reached them in the kitchen. "That sounds perfect to me, I'm just not sure I can wait until then," Zach replied as his gaze dropped to his mother's legs. "Mom, you are so sexy, I don't know if I can control myself."

Alicia saw where he was looking and her eyes went to the crotch of his pajama pants, the soft flannel starting to tent out as his huge cock began to swell. She had told herself she'd try to be

good, but seeing Zach's bulging prick and remembering what he'd done to her with it last night sent her willpower spiraling out of control. She looked down the hall, the sound of the shower still going.

"You really think so, Sweetie, you really think I'm sexy?" she asked as she turned slightly on the stool and spread her legs to each side, the folds of her robe opening up to reveal nearly all of her creamy inner thighs.

"Oh gosh, Mom, you're the sexiest woman I've ever seen." Zach stepped forward and ran his fingertips up the inside of her sinfully soft thigh. The smooth warmth caused his pecker to swell even more as his fingers slid higher and higher, the tips now brushing teasingly over her glistening pink pussy-lips. "These feel kind of puffy and swollen," he said as he ran his fingers over the hot slick surface of her mound.

"Do you think that might have anything to do with you pounding me into your mattress all night long?" she whispered breathlessly into his ear before nipping at his earlobe.

To Zach, this seemed like an invitation and he boldly slid his middle finger deep inside his mother's beckoning snatch. "Mmmmm, nice and gooey in there too." He punctuated his statement by spinning his embedded finger in a slow tantalizing circle, stirring the warm creamy fluids inside her.

"And why do you think that is?" Alicia responded with a wry smile on her face. "It wouldn't be from all those times you filled me up, would it?"

"I guess I'll have to take some of the responsibility for that," Zach replied as he rubbed his buried finger firmly along the roof of her vagina.

"Ohhhnnnn," Alicia groaned as she leaned back against the counter and let her legs fall further to each side, her hips tilting up to allow her son's teasing fingers easier access to her dripping snatch. "Zach, that feels so good." She rolled her hips, grinding her needy cunt against his exploring hand.

"That's the way, Mom," he said as he positioned himself firmly between her spread legs and slipped a second finger inside her, then really started to work her over. He smiled as he looked down, the pearly juices from their lovemaking coating his fingers as they slid back and forth. He ran the index finger of his other hand over the glistening lips of her pussy, soaking it, then slid it higher before rubbing his fingertip teasingly over her sensitive hooded clit. His mother moaned deep in her throat and as her eyes closed, he worked his thrusting fingers deeper and harder inside her.

"Oh my God, that's so goooood..." Alicia groaned as she reached out to each side and gripped the edge of the counter behind her. Zach smiled wickedly, her wide motherly hips twisting from side to side as he plunged his fingers far up inside her. "Oh Zach, I'm going to...I...I...AAAAAHHHHHH..." Alicia let out a long hiss as her body convulsed through a scorching climax. Zach kept his fingers sliding firmly along the soft folds of flesh inside his mother as the slick finger of his other hand rolled teasingly over her throbbing clit. He looked down between her twitching legs, their combined juices oozing nastily from inside her weeping box. She moaned continuously, her quivering legs flopping in and out as she rode out a tremendous release, her son's fingers driving her crazy as he stirred them lewdly inside her. Her bucking body finally came to rest, and Zach's fingers slowed as the delicious aftershocks of her orgasm coursed warmly through her.

"Well, it looks like we've made quite the mess here," Zach said as he withdrew his fingers and nodded to a spot between his mother's spread legs. Alicia's eyes followed his and zeroed in on her flushed pink pussy-lips and creamy inner thighs, the whole area glistening with milky juices. "We

can't leave a mess like this. I better clean this up for you." Zach dropped to his knees between his mother's spread legs and moved closer, his eyes alive with desire.

Alicia was surprised, thinking Zach might want to just touch her. She remembered he'd been an eager student when it came to using his mouth, but she didn't know if he knew what he was getting into—after all, she could still feel her cunt overflowing with the multiple loads he'd shot into her last night. She reached out and put her hands tenderly on his cheeks and turned his young face up to hers. "You don't have to do that, Sweetie. After all, I haven't even had a shower yet after last night, and like you said, it's quite a mess."

"That's okay, Mom. I really want to do it. Didn't you like the way I did it last night?"

Alicia's eyes closed in bliss at the memory of her son's beautiful wet mouth bringing her to one orgasm after another just hours before. She'd never had anyone eat her so enthusiastically in her entire life. She remembered him saying how much he loved doing it, and she also remembered saying she'd be happy to have him do it whenever he wanted. Looking at the sticky silvery mess clinging to her puffy cunt and inner thighs made her realize her son had the same nasty streak inside her that she did. She knew Zach would be willing to try anything, and she was eager to show him that there were no limits to the fun they could have together. She quickly looked down the hall, wanting this badly, yet wanting to make sure they weren't caught. The pounding sound of the shower broke down the last vestiges of what little willpower she had left. "Okay, Sweetie, go ahead, if you want. But we don't have much time. Grace is gonna be finished soon."

Zach moved closer, his face flushed with excitement as he extended his tongue and licked up the inside of his mother's soft thigh. He breathed deeply, the alluring scent of their combined juices stimulating his senses. He felt his sturdy cock stiffen even more as he slid the flat of his tongue higher. It didn't take long before he encountered a warm stream of emulsion that had run down his mother's leg—her creamy cunt-honey mixed with the sperm-laden cum he'd filled her with just a short time ago. His tongue followed the silvery fluid higher as he drew the tasty elixir deep into his mouth, the warm messy mixture soaking into his taste-buds.

"Mmmmmm," he moaned softly as he savored the flavor of the wickedly nasty fluids coating his tongue, then he swallowed enthusiastically, closing his eyes as the pearly juices slid down his throat. Loving the taste, he turned his attention to the inside of his mother's other thigh, where a milky rivulet was flowing from her dripping cunt-lips, then down her thigh towards the stool beneath her. He darted his tongue forward, licking upwards, the gooey fluid finding a welcoming home in the pit of his stomach. He moved from one thigh to the other, quickly lapping up the rest of the oozing juices she'd sprayed onto her thighs when she came. Craving more, he moved even closer, pressing his lips to her slippery pink labia, then slithering his tongue deep inside her, searching for more of the intoxicating juices.

"Oh God, Zach, that feels so good," Alicia groaned as she looked down between her spread legs, her son's handsome young face pressed tightly to her pink enflamed twat. She pushed down with the muscles inside her, forcing the clotted gobs of semen downwards, towards her son's eager mouth. A sexily wicked smile came to her face as a nasty sucking sound reached her ears, the sound of her young son enthusiastically sucking his own cum from inside her. With that sly perverted smile on her face, she reached down and ran her fingers through her son's dark curly hair, pulling him even more firmly against her. "That's it, Sweetie, get that tongue nice and deep. Suck it all out...yes...just like that. Eat Momma like a good boy. Get all that nasty cum of yours out of there. Momma likes that."

Zach was in heaven. He'd loved eating his mother last night and now he was thrilled that she was letting him lick and suck her again, especially since her steaming cunt was overflowing with the cum he'd shot into her. He sent his tongue deep into her, the probing lance teasingly circling the hot pink folds of flesh inside her, the scintillating mixture of semen and womanly nectar washing onto his tongue.

"Mmmmm," he groaned deep in his throat as he swallowed once more before sending his tongue back up her hot gooey trench.

"Oh Jesus, that's so good," Alicia said as she put her hands firmly on her son's head and pressed his face flush up against her hot motherly twat. "Lick it, Zach. Lick it nice and deep. I want you to suck out every last drop of that hot cum you shot into me."

He sucked and licked eagerly, swallowing again and again as his mother flooded his mouth with their juices. He had gotten every drop of their combined juices out of her, but was still eagerly lapping up her womanly nectar, something he already knew he was addicted to.

Alicia's son's talented tongue was now pressing firmly on the upper folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, the force of his probing tongue seeming to tease right up through her insides to stimulate her throbbing clit. She smiled to herself, wishing she could just stay there and let him lick her all day long—but she knew they only had a few minutes before her daughter would be finished in the shower. "Oh fuck, that's so good—but I need you to lick my clit now and finish me off, before Grace comes back."

Zach quickly withdrew his tongue from his mother's sopping canal, his face awash with her creamy goodness. Her gripping hands pulled him forward and his lips slipped over the pulsing red tip of her stiff clitoris. He clamped his lips tightly to her body with a gentle suction as he rolled his tongue slowly over the fiery red nodule inside his mouth, bathing it teasingly with his flowing spit. He ran his tongue provocatively all around the erect nodule, feeling the intense heat as it came alive and stiffened inside his mouth. As he continued to suck at the hot sensitive clit between his lips, he felt his mother's hips flex as she rolled her mature cunt towards his working mouth.

"OHHHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDDDDDD..." Alicia let out a deep growl as she started to cum. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her hips bucked as she ground her mound up against her son's face, his wonderful mouth sending her to a nerve-jangling climax. She could feel herself gushing, her spitting cunt covering her son's chin and neck with her discharge. She twitched and shook as she came, Zach's pleasuring mouth never leaving her pulsing clit for a second as he continued to suck and lick at the throbbing red spire captured between his lips. After what seemed like a minute, the overwhelming sensations finally receded and Alicia had to push Zach away—her clit was just too sensitive. The sound of the shower shutting off caused both of them to become more aware of where they were and what they were doing.

"Zach, that was fantastic," Alicia said as she grabbed Zach by the shoulders and pulled him to his feet, "but Grace will be back soon. We've got to straighten ourselves up." She drew her legs together, pulling her robe about her body. She sat forward on the stool and pulled her son's face down to hers. "Here, your face is a mess. Now it's my turn to clean you up."

Zach smiled to himself as he felt his mother's raspy tongue run lovingly over his face, her lips and tongue lapping up her own sticky juices. Alicia hurriedly licked at her son's youthful skin, her soft tongue running all over his handsome face as she lapped up every drop of her womanly nectar.

"She still has to get dried off," Zach said cockily as he pushed his pajama pants down beneath his heavy round balls and started to stroke his massive boner. "And I've got a nice big load right here for you, Mom."

Alicia found herself instinctively licking her lips as she looked at her son's magnificent cock, remembering how wonderful it had felt to have that incredible cunt-splitter between her legs, and between her lips. Once again she gasped at the amazing size—over 10" of rock-hard cock was pointed right towards her. She'd measured it herself last night, the surprising size taking her breath away as she laid her sewing tape along the length of it, then feeling her pussy twitch with delight as she'd also wrapped the flexible tape around the base of the turgid shaft and took the reading—7".

Zach smiled as he watched his mother's exotic dark eyes follow his pumping hand, each slow purposeful stroke directed right towards her. He knew from last night how much she loved the taste of his cum—between taking loads directly from the source to licking his cock clean after he'd pumped her full, she couldn't get enough. He saw that beautiful tongue of hers run out and slowly circle her pouty lips as the glistening red eye of his turgid dick filled with pre-cum. Yes, he could see she wanted it, she wanted it bad. He so badly wanted to blow this load all over her pretty face, to totally paint her with his white milky seed, and then use his cock to push all of that creamy goodness right into her welcoming mouth. But there was no way they could do that right now, there just wasn't time. A noise from down the hall drew their attention—Grace was going to be back any minute.

"Zach, you've got to hurry," Alicia whispered frantically, her eyes glazed over with lust as she watched her son's stroking hand start to pump more vigorously. She was dying to have his cock in her mouth again, and she was shocked when Zach turned slightly away from her, grabbed the pot of yogurt sitting next to her on the counter, and pointed the end of his pulsing dick towards the open container. Her eyes opened wide as she saw the tip of his prick turn a cloudy white for a split second before he held it still and started to shoot, a long ropey strand of semen spurting forth right into the cup. She gasped as Zach's enormous cock kept shooting, wad after wad of thick white cum gathering in a growing pool on top of the yogurt. Zach pumped again, and a few more ropes of the precious silvery fluid shot forth, adding to the sizable batch from the first few volleys. Finally, as a tingling shiver ran down his spine, he brought the container to the tip of his throbbing dong and wiped the last oozing dregs onto the lip of the cup, his huge load bringing the level in the cup right to the brim.

The sound of the bathroom door opening seemed to echo from down the hall. Zach quickly placed the yogurt container back on the counter in front of his mother and had just finished stuffing his spent dick back into his pajama pants when Grace walked into the room, a bathrobe wrapped around her lithe young body while her hands rubbed at her wet hair with a towel.

Alicia breathed a huge sigh of relief—Zach had managed to tuck away his huge cock just in time. Alicia's hands were shaking as she reached forward with both hands and took a slow sip of her coffee in order to try and calm her frazzled nerves. It had been just a matter of seconds from what could have been a major disaster. She was surprised to see Zach acting like everything was under control as he casually reached down and picked up the yogurt container she'd put out for him, grabbed his spoon and eagerly dug in.

"Aahh, that feels better now," Grace said as she slid onto the stool next to Alicia and picked up her spoon. She put her hand around the container in front of her and then looked over at the one in front of her mother. She quickly reached over and snatched it up. "Mom, can I have the peach one today?" Before Alicia could say anything, Grace dug her spoon into the cloudy mixture before her

and slid a heaping spoonful into her mouth. "Mmmmm, this is so good." Both Zach and Alicia watched, their mouths hanging open, as Grace circled her spoon once more around the edge of the cup before plunging it deep into her mouth, then drew it out slowly, the unknown combination of yogurt and her brother's cum settling on her tongue.

"This peach one tastes even better than usual," Grace said as she looked into the container. "Is it a different kind?"

"Uh...no," Alicia said, her voice quivering in shock. "It...it's the usual kind."

"There seems to be a little more of this milky part at the top. I usually stir it all together, but for some reason, it tastes different today—I really like it." Zach and Alicia watched as Grace carefully scraped her spoon over the top of the yogurt before coming away with a spoonful that appeared to be almost totally cum, thick clumps of sperm-laden whiteness mixed in with his silvery seminal fluid. She hesitated for a split second with the spoon in front of her mouth, and they watched her nostrils flare as she breathed in the foreign scent. She then slid the spoon back into her mouth, her eyes closing in pleasure as she slowly savored the new taste, the unfamiliar flavor settling pleasurably onto her tongue.

"Mmmmm, that's really good." She looked into the container once more as she spoke. "I don't really know what that flavor is—it tastes different than anything I've ever had before. Can you buy some more of these, Mom?"

Alicia's eyes flicked to Zach, who quickly looked down, his face turning red. "Uh, sure, Honey," Alicia was barely able to get the words out of her mouth. "I'll...I'll see what I can do." Not only was she shocked that her daughter had taken her cup of yogurt and loved the taste of her brother's cum, but Alicia was frustrated at having missed out on the delicious treat herself. When she'd seen Zach start to pump out his load into the container, she'd felt her pussy quiver at the nasty thought of getting that fresh batch of his sperm-laden seed into her own mouth. As she watched Grace continue to scoop out the whitish mixture and eat it, she had almost sighed in frustration.

"Uh, I better hit the shower," Zach said as he finished up his own yogurt and gulped down his glass of juice.

"Me too," Alicia replied as she took another sip of her coffee before heading to the en-suite bathroom.

Half an hour later, Alicia breezed back into the kitchen, showered and dressed for work. She'd chosen a black skirt-suit with a tight square-necked red sweater. The skirt and jacket were nicely tapered and fit her slim figure perfectly. The pencil skirt ended just a couple of inches above the knee, the narrowness at the hem made easier to walk in by a vent at the back. She left her legs bare—knowing the brilliant whiteness of her skin would look boldly alluring against the jet black skirt—not to mention the pointy-toed pumps with the 4" heel she'd chosen. The sweater fit her slim-form snugly, and she knew with the black power bra she was wearing beneath, the red sweater made her small but nicely-shaped tits look great. Altogether, the outfit made her look like a perfect business MILF, or even a LILF, a "Lawyer I'd Like to Fuck".

She quickly wolfed down the yogurt she'd left on the counter, once again sighing in disappointment at not being able to have the one Zach had prepared especially for her.

"C'mon, kids. Let's go," she called out as she slung her purse over her shoulder and grabbed her briefcase.

Grace emerged from her room wearing her school uniform, the short kilt and knee socks combined with the white shirt, vest and tie making her look like the adorable school-girl she was. "Where's Zach?" she asked as she shifted her knapsack from one shoulder to the other.

"I'll get him." Alicia turned on her heel and strode back down the hall, her sexy high heels click-clacking on the tile floor. She knocked on the door of her son's bedroom. "Zach, are you ready? We're going to be late."

"C'mon in for a second, Mom."

Alicia turned the knob and stepped into the room. "We've really got to get..." Her voice trailed off as she stopped dead still and looked at her son. He stood just a few feet away, dressed in a school uniform just like his sister—only his enormous cock was projecting from the fly of his pants, his massive member standing at full erection. He had his hand wrapped around it in a warm loving corridor, his curled fist pumping slowly back and forth, a gooey strand of pre-cum already drooling from the wet red eye.

"I'm sorry you didn't get that breakfast treat I had for you earlier—I thought you might like another one. I've been getting this one ready for you. It's almost there," he said with a wickedly teasing look in his eye, "if you want it?"

Alicia felt her heart start to race and her belly flipped with excitement. "How I love the stamina of youth," she thought to herself as she became mesmerized by his huge cock, the enflamed purple head looking angry with the need to get into something hot and wet. She'd thought the same thing last night when Zach seemed to recover almost instantaneously and stay hard again and again. He'd given her load after load and brought her to one spine-tingling orgasm after another.

She could feel her pussy starting to cream on the spot as she watched her son provocatively stroke his massive erection. She looked at that drooling web of silky pre-cum and felt her mouth start to water, wanting to feel it slip between her lips, to suck it, to taste it, to feel the incredible power within it as it shot forcefully into her hot welcoming mouth. She wanted it more than she could have ever imagined.

"Just...just stay here!" she said as she put her hand up with one finger pointing towards him. She turned on her heel and hurried from the room. Her daughter looked up as she stood by the front door of their apartment. Alicia reached into her purse and pulled out her keys. "Here, Grace, go down and get the car started. I need you to do that for me, Honey. Zach's just having trouble with his tie. We'll be right down."

Before her daughter could say a word of protest, Alicia ushered her out of the apartment and closed the door behind her, locking it, just in case. She dropped her briefcase and purse and hurried back to Zach's room, her heart aflutter with anticipation.

Zach smiled as his mother entered his room and closed the door behind her, and then quickly dropped to her knees in front of him. She looked so incredibly sexy kneeling before him in her business suit, but it was her tongue running wantonly over her red painted lips that really drew his attention. He stepped forward, setting his feet firmly in position as he pointed his throbbing dick right at her beautiful lipstick-covered lips, just as she opened them into a sensually inviting 'O'. She flicked her tongue out and lapped up the drooling strand of pre-cum hanging from the end of his prick and drew it deep into her mouth, swallowing eagerly before bringing her shiny red lips back to the tip of his sensitive glans.

Alicia felt her pussy creaming like crazy as she pressed her lips to the hot crimson crown of her son's huge prick and moved forwards, her lips stretching and stretching as they followed the flaring contours of the broad mushroom head. Once again, he was so huge she thought her lips might split at the corners as her mouth was forced to open further and further as they spread over the tremendous girth. She breathed a sigh of blissful pleasure as they slipped over the thick rope-like ridge of his corona and clamped down, locking that huge lemon-sized knob within her hot wet mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred loudly as she sucked inwards, feeling her mouth become luxuriously filled with her 19-year old's enormous cockhead. She slid her face forward and sucked ravenously, the insides of her cheeks hollowed in to provide a scintillatingly tight sheath for her son's throbbing cock.

"Oh fuck, Mom, I'm almost there. I'm gonna jerk it off right into your mouth," Zach said as he stroked his hand forward, his circling hand bumping gently against his mother's stretched lips. She drew her head back, swirling her tongue all around the pebbly glans as she bathed it with her hot saliva. She slid her head forward, going further down on his thrusting erection, her tongue pressing provocatively on the inverted 'V' on the underside of his prick.

Zach had been working on this one for a few minutes before she'd first come to get him, and he'd been so excited to see his sister enthusiastically eat his cum that he was already on the verge of popping. Having his mother slip those hot matronly lips of hers over his enflamed pecker was all that he needed.

"I...I'M GONNA CUM," he groaned as he continued to slide his pumping fist back and forth while his mother noisily slurped away at his engorged cock-head. The first rope of rich cream spewed forth, plastering itself deep into the welcoming recesses of her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," Alicia purred blissfully as she felt her mouth fill with her son's sperm-laden cum. She could feel the potent thickness of it on her tongue and she shivered with excitement, then swallowed, the silky richness feeling exquisite as it slid down her throat. She barely had time for that first swallow before her mouth was filled again as Zach continued to unload, flooding her hot oral cavity with his milky discharge. She felt a little leak from the corner of her mouth and sucked harder, wanting to swallow all of it. She felt her cheeks bulging with the tasty goodness and she swallowed again, then one more time. Finally, as a quivering shudder ran down his spine, Zach was done. His hand had stopped pumping and Alicia sucked firmly at the very tip, drawing out the last creamy morsels of her son's semen—semen that she knew she could never get enough of.

"C'mon, Mom, we better go," Zach said as he pulled his still-hard pecker from her sucking mouth and stuffed it into his pants.

Alicia got to her feet and smoothed her skirt down over her firm thighs. With Zach right behind her, they hurried from the apartment and rode the elevator down to the parking garage. Grace had the car running and was sitting in the front seat, the spot usually occupied by her older brother.

"Shotgun," she called out as the other two slid into the car. "You snooze, you lose, big brother."

Alicia put the car into gear, pulled out of the garage and headed towards the kid's school, rushing to make sure they got there before the bell.

"Hey Mom," Grace said as she turned in her seat and looked at her mother's shoulder. "You were in such a hurry to eat, it looks like you spilled some of that yogurt on your suit." Alicia and Zach both

looked to where Grace was pointing at her mother's right shoulder. They both stared in horror at the large gob of semen clinging lewdly to the dark woven fabric, the milky wad slowly starting to run downwards under its own weight. As they watched in shock, Grace reached forward and flicked her finger upwards beneath the gob of cum, catching it on her fingertip and pulling it away from her mother's blazer. Both Zach and Alicia watched mesmerized as she brought her gooey finger to her mouth and slipped it inside, closing her young pink lips around her finger as she sucked up the clot of cooling jizz.

"Mmmmm. Mom, you've really got to buy more of that yogurt—it's delicious."

Alicia knew her young daughter had been carefully protected from the ways of the world, but even still, she was shocked by how naïve Grace was. Shaken by what she had just seen happen, Alicia felt herself trembling nervously as she stopped at the next red light.

"Look at that mark—it's going to leave a stain," Grace said. "Quick, Mom, give me your jacket."

"Wha...what?" Alicia was barely able to respond.

"It's a red light. Hurry. Give me your jacket. I know what to do." Grace was reaching over to her mother and was already starting to pull the suit jacket off her mother's shoulder. Alicia unbuckled her seat belt and quickly drew her arms from each sleeve before passing her daughter her blazer. She looked at Zach in the rear-view mirror, their eyes meeting in alarm. The light changed and she hesitantly pulled forward, keeping one eye on her daughter.

"This will work, I do it when I spill food on my own clothes all the time," Grace said as she held the jacket up with the damp silvery stain shining blatantly on the dark black fabric. Zach and Alicia watched spellbound as the young girl pursed her lips and pressed them right onto the offensive stain. They could see her tongue run out and lick firmly at the woven material, using her spit to loosen up the sticky wad of semen. They heard her suck noisily as she drew on the fabric, working it with her mouth and lips. Her tongue ran out again, depositing more of her slick saliva onto the jacket before voraciously sucking it back into mouth, licking and sucking to get out the embarrassing splotch. After a minute or two of ardent licking, she held it up and showed it to her mother. The stain was gone—all that was left was a small damp spot which would soon be dry.

"Voila, good as new," Grace said, pleased with herself.

"Oh Grace, thank you so much," Alicia replied, her head still spinning at what had just happened.

The rest of the ride went quietly, and Alicia had to take a deep breath once the kids exited the car. Her emotions were in turmoil. Grace had almost caught them—not once, but twice. But having watched her daughter's reaction to tasting Zach's cum as she ate it from the yogurt cup, and then blatantly slurping it off of her jacket—well, she didn't know what to think. For some reason, she found it strangely arousing. She always thought of Grace as such a demure shy little thing, and even if her daughter had no idea what she had swallowed—Alicia knew, and she could feel her pussy creaming as she remembered the blissfully serene look of contentment on her daughter's face as she'd swallowed her brother's thick rich cum. Alicia knew that look from first-hand experience. She'd had that look on her own face many times after swallowing cum. She thought about Grace, and wondered if the apple didn't fall far from the tree. She also wondered what Zach thought of it all—that was something they'd have to talk about later. Right now, she had to get to work.

She slipped her blazer back on, a smile on her face as she looked at the little damp spot where Zach's wad of semen had been, the spot nearly dry at this point. Grace's soft young lips had been

right there, licking and drawing out her brother's milky semen. Alicia ran her fingers over the spot, wondering what those soft lips of her daughter's would feel like. She shook her head, disgusted with herself. She slapped the steering wheel and slowly let out a long slow breath. "Get it together, woman," she said to herself as she snapped her seat belt back in place. She put the car in drive and headed to work, knowing she had a full day ahead of her.

"Grace, snap out of it," Jenna said as she elbowed her best friend. Grace jerked awake, lifting her head from her cradling hands as she sat at the cafeteria table. "What's the matter with you, girl? You've been walking around like a zombie all day."

"I'm so tired. I feel like I could put my head down right here and sleep for the rest of the day."

"What happened? Didn't you sleep very well last night?"

"No, I didn't." Grace looked around, making sure she and Jenna were out of anyone else's hearing range. "I kept waking up," she whispered to her friend. "I think my neighbors were, you know, going at it."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gibson?" Jenna asked, her eyes wide with surprise. "Are you sure? I thought they were pretty old."

"I'm not sure. It never really got to the point where I came fully awake and got out of bed or anything, but I'm pretty sure that's what it was. It was like a rhythmic bumping that went on and on."

"Well, even old people deserve to have some fun every once in awhile."

"But this wasn't just a little fun—this went on all night long?"

"What? All night long?" Jenna asked incredulously.

"I kept drifting in and out of sleep, but the last time I looked at the clock it was almost 5:00."

"And when did you first hear them?"

"I think it was around 11:00."

"Wow!" Jenna said as she let out a low whistle. "Are you sure it was them? Maybe it was Zach. Maybe he had Becca over and you just didn't know it. Your brother is kind of hot, you know."

"No. I don't think Zach would risk doing that when my mom was right down the hall. And for some reason, I don't think he feels that way about Becca, even though she is a little slut."

"Maybe it was your mom. Maybe your dad came over and then snuck out before you got up this morning."

"Trust me, after what happened with my dad, my mom wants nothing to do with him right now. That way, anyways."

Jenna nodded, remembering how hard it had been on all the Florricks once the press got wind of Peter's amorous activities with known prostitutes. "Well, if it was Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, good for them."

"I just hope they don't do it again tonight," Grace whined. "I just want to get a good night's sleep."

"C'mon, let's go to the library and work on our projects. At least if you fall asleep in there, no one will notice."

Zach had just finished getting off in the washroom. It was already the second load he'd pumped out at school today. It was easier than usual for him to get aroused—deep inside his knapsack were the panties his mother had given him straight off her body last night. Her musky womanly scent had caused his prick to harden instantaneously once he'd pressed them to his face in the washroom cubicle. A minute or two later, he'd ended up firing a thick load right into the crotch of the silky garment. He'd gotten one load off during his study period earlier, and had just finished jacking off another one during his lunch break. Having stuffed the cum-soaked panties first into a plastic bag, and then back into his knapsack, he headed to the library, wanting to do a bit of his math homework before his next class began.

He spotted his sister and her friend Jenna sitting together and talking quietly at a study table, their work spread out before them. He took a spot at a study carrel behind a tall shelf, situating himself so he could see them across the room between the rows of books on the shelf. He knew Jenna had her study period right after lunch, when Grace was due to go to Spanish class. He pulled out his books, but carefully kept an eye on the two girls. His eye went to the clock time and again, the minutes seeming to just creep by. Finally, Grace packed up her stuff and stood up, nodding goodbye to her friend as she headed to class. Zach hurriedly pushed his books into his knapsack and stepped over to Jenna.

"Oh, hi Zach," the young girl said as he slipped into the chair his sister had just vacated.

"Hi Jenna," Zach said quietly as he looked around to make sure they were alone. He turned back to Jenna and continued, fumbling over his words. "Um, I was kind of wondering if you would do me a favor? Well, it wouldn't really be for me, kind of more like doing my mom a favor?"

"Wha...uh, what do you mean?"

"My mom's been kind of worried about Grace, you know, with what happened to my dad and all." He nodded to Jenna knowingly—as Grace's best friend, she had been the first one his sister had confided in once the scandal hit the papers.

"I know she was really devastated for awhile there, but I think she's been much better lately."

"Uh, maybe she's okay around you at school and stuff," Zach responded, trying to come up with a good argument to put forward. He hoped his lawyer mother would be proud of what he was about to say. "The problem is how she is at home. She's been quieter than usual lately and my mom is really concerned. She's been wondering if she should send Grace to counselling, and you know how much she'd hate that."

Jenna nodded. Counselling was something the family had tried once the whole story had come out—and Grace had hated it.

"So, my mom was just thinking," Zach continued, "that maybe she needs to spend a little more time with her friends, maybe with you, with someone she feels comfortable with if she just wants to get something off her chest—or maybe someone she wouldn't feel afraid to cry with if that's what she wanted to do."

"Sure, Zach," Jenna said, her eyes welling with concern as she thought about her friend.

"What...what would your mom like me to do?"

"Well, it's been a long time since you and Grace had a sleep over. Remember when you guys used to do that all the time when you were kids?" Jenna nodded, a big smile on her face as she remembered those days of their childhood. "So my mom was thinking it might be good for Grace if she could have a sleepover at your place—you know, away from our apartment, away from mom and me, so she won't be reminded of everything."

"Of course, Zach. You know, you're right—we haven't done that in a long time. That would be fun. When would your mom like me to do that?"

"Umm, gee, I don't know...how about tomorrow?" Zach said, raising his hands up questioningly.

"Sure. I'll be seeing her next period. I'll talk to her then."

"That's great, Jenna. My mom will really appreciate that." As Zach got up from the table, he was already thinking about how great it would be to have all of Friday night with his mother. Yes, just he and his sexy experienced MILF of a mother...all night long.

Alicia was in her office reading over the transcript of some depositions. Her hand subconsciously rubbed gently over her abdomen, remembering the deep tingling sensations she'd felt last night when Zach had fucked her deeper than she'd ever been fucked before. She was finding it incredibly hard to concentrate on her work today—her mind kept going back to thoughts of her son, and his magnificent huge cock. The fact that she'd only gotten a couple of hours sleep didn't help with her ability to focus either. She was bone tired, or tired from getting the bone. She smiled to herself as the little play on words ran through her head.

She was very happy about one thing—she'd gotten a text from Grace a short while ago at the end of the school day. Her daughter had told her Jenna had asked if it was okay for Grace to go for a sleepover on Friday. As Alicia hurriedly replied to give her consent, she wondered if Zach had had anything to do with it. Although she hadn't heard from him, she figured he'd probably had a hand in it somehow.

"Alicia." She looked up to see young Cary Agos standing in her office, looking smart in his nicely-tailored suit. "Will wants us to do some extra work on the Sweeney case. Apparently he's coming in later. Looks like another late night for us tonight."

Alicia's heart dropped. She had hoped to get out of work on time today, her body needing the sleep she'd missed out on last night. But more than that, she was anxious to get home to Zach. She'd promised herself early in the day that she'd keep her hands off him tonight, get to bed early, and then make the most of the time they would have alone together on Friday. But as the day had gone on and her mind kept going back to the events of the night before, she found her willpower dwindling. She kept picturing her son's rock-hard cock driving her deep into the mattress, that powerful thrusting prick bringing her to climax after climax. And then she'd remember how she'd lay there quivering in blissful exhaustion, her limbs twitching uncontrollably, and then Zach pulling out of her and climbing up over her gasping body, his fist circling his throbbing shaft as he pumped out a massive load all over her face and tits. As she sat at her desk thinking about those images time and again, she knew her panties were getting thoroughly soaked. But more than that, she knew the promises she'd made to herself to keep her hands off Zach were probably going to be thrown right out the window. She knew once she got home, she wouldn't be able to keep her hands, and mouth, off that virgin-wrecking cock of his.

Now, whatever plan she'd had in mind was going to have to change. Colin Sweeney, one of their richest clients, and one who had previously managed to escape the claws of justice after killing his

wife, was in trouble again. A young woman had been found murdered in his house—in his own bedroom, the crime occurring during one of his lavish parties. Lockhart Gardner was defending him again, and Mr. Sweeney had asked specifically that Alicia be assigned to work on his case. She could tell from the way he looked at her that images of perverted debauchery of what he wanted to do to her were running through his head. He never even tried to hide that sinister nasty look from her as his eyes roamed over her sexy body. Quite the opposite—he often blatantly told her how great he thought she looked, how impressed he was in her choices of slim-fitting business skirts and trim blazers. The way he looked at her with that leer on his face, she wouldn't have been surprised if he whipped out his cock and starting jerking off while he looked at her. That was the way he looked at her all the time.

At first, Alicia had found it disarming to be in his presence, but as time went on, she found herself realizing he was totally harmless, that his lust-driven needs were satisfied by high-priced call girls, and she just knew he wouldn't step out of line with her—especially since they were representing him in the criminal proceedings against him. And now Will had asked Cary to tell her they were going to be working late, putting in the billable hours to try and save Colin Sweeney's rich ass once more.

"Oh, okay. Thanks for letting me know, Cary. Do you know exactly what's happening?" Alicia asked, her eyes looking intently at the handsome Harvard graduate.

After overhearing Cary and two other young associates talking about her yesterday and referring to her as a MILF had her looking at Cary differently. She'd always thought of him as someone who would only be interested in young blonde bimbos, much like the women her asshole of a husband had become fond of. She'd been curious when she'd heard Cary say she had CSLs, and then she'd felt a little spasm in her pussy when she'd looked it up and found out the meaning—Cock Sucking Lips. She'd also overheard him when he told his friends how sexy he thought she was, her eyes, her face, her legs—but it was those CSLs that he seemed especially fond of. Now that she knew what he thought of her, she felt her lips turn up in a sly little smile as she looked at him, wondering if he was picturing her CSLs wrapped around his hard cock as he looked at her right now.

"Will said Sweeney's coming in himself at 6:00pm. He wants both of us to be there, but he wants you to lead the questioning. You know how Sweeney would insist on that anyway. You're the only one he'll really talk to."

"Yes, lucky me," she said with a shake of her head. Cary knew like she did the potential risk of being the one who would have to work so closely with a client like Sweeney. Cary nodded and gave her a wry smile, letting her know he felt lucky not to have to work so closely with the rich pervert. He was just about to step away when Alicia decided to try something. "Oh Cary, before you go, do you think I could ask you something?"

"Sure, what is it?"

Alicia looked outside her office and was happy to see no one was milling around within hearing range. "I know we have so many rules nowadays about what is acceptable to say or talk to a co-worker about, but I wondered if I could get your opinion on something that's not really about work. Well, it's kind of about work, more like about being at work, but not about a case."

"That's fine, Alicia. I think we know each other well enough by now," Cary said as he spread his hands out openly, letting her know she could ask whatever she wanted.

She got up from her desk and stepped beside it, so she was facing him from about eight feet away. "You know I'd been at home for thirteen years raising my kids before I came back to work." Cary graciously nodded, wondering where she was going with this. "So anyways, now I've had to get a whole new wardrobe for work, and I just don't know if the things I've been wearing are very nice. I know I'm not as young or as pretty as a lot of girls you know, but I'm wondering if you think the clothes I've been wearing look okay?" She paused for a second, as he looked at her in surprise. She gave him an innocent little smile, like she was embarrassed to have asked. "Like I said, I'm not sure if that is something appropriate to ask, but I wanted a man's point of view. I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said anything." She purposely nibbled at her bottom lip, as if nervous, but she immediately noticed his eyes go to her full red lips. Her "CSLs", as he called them.

"No, Alicia, that's fine. Really," he hurriedly responded, taking a step into the room and putting his palms forward in a calming fashion. "First off, compared to some of the younger girls either here at work or that I know, you look great. When you're wondering what you look like compared to them, don't ever worry about them being younger. I know most men find a mature experienced woman to be much more attractive than a young woman." Cary paused, a look of panic coming over his face. He hurriedly continued, "I...I can't speak for your husband, of course." Once things had hit the papers, everybody knew about Peter Florrick and his fondness for young escorts.

"That's okay, Cary. Thanks for saying what you did. I really appreciate it. When you get to be this age, you just don't know how you look compared to other women, especially the younger ones and the way they dress. These old bodies aren't what they once were." She gave him a comforting smile as she motioned with her hand down across her lithe mature form.

"I think you look great." He paused and looked at her intently, a playful glint in his eye. "I know we're basically competing against each other here at work, and I love the challenge of taking on a worthy adversary, but I really do like you. I just wanted you to know that. I really hope things work out here for both of us. If either one of us had to leave, I know I wouldn't be too happy about that."

"Oh Cary, that's very sweet, and I want you to know I feel the same way." She was thrilled at the way the handsome young man smiled back at her. "But seriously, the clothes I've picked out for work, like this outfit today, do you think it looks okay?" She took a couple of steps to the side, and then back to where she'd been, kind of modelling what she was wearing for him.

"I think it looks fantastic, like everything you wear to work." She could see his eyes roaming hungrily over her mature body, his eyes feasting on her sexy legs as she moved gracefully back and forth. "That suit fits you perfectly." His eyes were now centered on her breasts, where the two buttons of the blazer caused the bodice to fit snugly across her chest.

"What about those times when I take my jacket off here at work?" Alicia asked as she popped open the buttons, slid her jacket off her smooth shoulders and slipped it over the back of her chair. "Do you think it's appropriate to be seen in the office like this?" She stood with one hand on the back of her chair while she brought her other hand to her hip, then pulled her arm back, causing her breasts to thrust slightly forward, the tight red sweater seeming to fill up even more with her small but perfectly-shaped tits.

Cary was all but salivating as he looked at Alicia's superb mature body, her nice firm breasts looking fantastic beneath her tight sweater. He felt his cock start to stiffen as he stared at her chest, the outline of her bra showing sensually through the stretched red fabric. "I don't think it's inappropriate at all—it looks great actually." He realized he was leering, and quickly tried to cover

up what he'd just said. "You know, if you're working at your desk for a long time and need to be comfortable."

"Thanks. After being at home for so long, I have no idea what's right or wrong to wear anymore." Alicia extended her foot slightly and rotated it at the ankle as she nodded towards her foot. "What do you think of these shoes? I see a lot of young women wearing shoes like this but with kind of a chunky platform sole. Do these ones look okay?"

Cary looked down at her feet, her shapely calves and slim ankles beautifully accentuated by the 4" high-heeled pump. The black shoe was sleek and incredibly sexy, the slim pointy toe causing a further stirring in his groin. He knew exactly the kind of shoes Alicia had mentioned—many of the young women in the office were wearing them these days. The shoes were basically almost as sexy as the ones Alicia was wearing right now, but then some idiot of a designer decided to put a chunky wedge under the main part of the sole, and the things had become surprisingly popular. What surprised Cary most of all was that ugly beigey-taupey ones seemed to be the most popular. They looked like shit. Cary had no idea how they had become so popular.

"Those shoes look absolutely perfect with what you're wearing." He couldn't take his eyes off her feet and lower legs as she slowly turned, showing how nice her gorgeous bare legs looked in her 4" heels, her nicely toned calf muscles glistening smoothly as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. "I know those other type of shoes you're talking about, the ones with the wedge sole. I see a lot of women wearing them too, and I just don't get it. Honestly, I think they look horrible—and I don't know a single guy who likes them. But shoes like you're wearing, every guy would like those."

"I think those shoes are pretty ugly too," Alicia said as she gave Cary a little wink, like they were sharing a naughty secret. She lifted her foot and slowly rotated her ankle once more, causing Cary to almost groan out loud at the provocative sensuousness of the simple movement. "I'm glad you like these—I like them too. And I love the way they feel on my foot—the leather's so soft and smooth." She turned slightly sideways so he could see her in profile. "And, like I said earlier, my body's changed over the years and I'm not as slim as I once was. You know how we girls worry about our weight." She leaned forward slightly and put her hands on the side of her desk, then turned to look at him as she arched her hips provocatively. "Do you think this skirt is too tight?"

Cary gasped as his eyes were drawn to that beautiful heart-shaped ass he'd jerked off to so many times over the last few months. The black skirt fit her shapely rear magnificently, the dark fabric clinging sensually to her wide mature hips and shapely thighs. Her exquisite round bum seemed to stare back at him as she arched her back slightly, almost daring him to pull her skirt up and plunge his stiffening cock deep into her hot willing ass. "No, it doesn't look too tight at all. It...it looks wonderful," he stammered, his words sticking in his throat while his prick continued to stiffen and lengthen in his pants. "And don't worry about your weight Alicia, you look fantastic. I know a lot of women who wish they looked even half as good as you do."

"Oh Cary, that is so sweet. Thank you. What about the length? Does it look too 'old-ladyish'?" Alicia asked as she turned slightly back and forth, both of them looking down at the narrow bottom of the form-fitting pencil skirt, the hem falling an inch or two above her cute dimpled knees. "I know a lot of the younger girls are wearing their skirts quite a bit shorter these days? I'm not sure if I have the legs to get away with something like that."

Cary shook his head in disbelief. Alicia seemed to have no idea how spectacular her legs were. He thought of all those times he'd pictured himself fucking her, his hands wrapped around her slim

ankles as he held her legs wide apart, driving his hard cock deep into her. "That skirt doesn't look old-ladyish at all. That skirt looks sensational, just the way it is. But Alicia, trust me, you could get away with wearing a skirt as short as you want—your legs are amazing." Cary blushed, realizing as soon as the words left his mouth that he'd probably crossed that line.

"Thanks, Cary. It's been a long time since anyone told me I had nice legs." Little did Cary know that her son Zach had told her repeatedly last night how much he loved her legs, especially when she had them wrapped around his back as he drove his stallion-like cock deep into her. "But I think it would be pushing things a little too far if I wore something really short here at work—that sounds more like something you'd wear to a night club."

"Well hey, some night, why don't you and Kalinda come out with my friends and I to a club, and you could try on something then that might be more appropriate for that kind of place—I'd love to see it." Again, he wondered if he was being too forward and started to backpedal. "Besides, I know you usually go home straight after work. It would probably do you good to get out more often. I promise you'll have a good time."

"I'm sure you could promise me a good time," Alicia thought to herself, her eyes drifting down to the bulge in the young man's pants. It looked sizable, and she felt her pussy creaming as she finally tore her eyes away, stepped behind her desk and slipped back into her chair. "Okay, maybe we'll do that sometime. Let me know a couple days in advance so I can do some shopping."

"Great, that sounds great!" Cary said excitedly. "I'll do that."

"And Cary, thanks so much for giving me your opinion on my clothes—I really needed to get a man's point of view."

"You're welcome. Feel free to ask me any time," he replied, hoping she'd provide him with another teasing fashion show like the one she'd just given him.

"Thanks, I'll do that."

With a nod of agreement between them, Cary left. As she'd talked to Cary, Alicia had found herself getting more and more aroused, especially as it became obvious how interested he was in her. She couldn't believe how erotic she found it to be desired by these young men—first her son, and now Cary. Settling back into her chair, she wondered how many other young men out there felt the same way about her. She reached down between her legs and pressed her hand into her crotch, her already-damp panties soaking up the gooey nectar from her oozing twat. She smiled to herself as she remembered her promise to Zach—that she would give him her warm panties every night when she got home from work. She had been looking forward to that moment all day long—and now she was going to have to work late. As she looked at the clock and picked up her phone, she hoped that time wasn't too far off.

Zach looked at the clock on his computer as well—like it seemed he had done every ten minutes or so since he'd gotten home from school today. He couldn't wait for his mother to get home. She'd said this morning they'd have to keep their distance from each other tonight and wait until tomorrow, but he knew that was going to be impossible. She was just so beautiful, and so incredibly sexy that he'd been walking around with a hard-on for most of the day. Although he'd jerked off twice at school—he hadn't been able to help himself, he'd just been so horny—he had summoned up the necessary willpower and foregone his usual 'first thing when he got home from school' jerkoff session in the hopes of having his mother take that load—and hopefully some others

—out of him tonight. His thoughts were interrupted as he heard the phone ring, and he turned back to his computer, knowing his grandmother Jackie would answer.

"KIDS!" her voice called out a couple of minutes later. Zach smiled at the image on the screen he'd been working on, saved it, and then minimized the program before heading to the kitchen. He arrived at the same time as Grace did from her room.

"You mother just phoned and said she's going to be late again tonight." Grace groaned out loud and Zach felt his heart drop as his grandmother continued. "And she's not sure how late she's going to be. Apparently she's working on a very important case and she said it might be quite late. She asked me to give you your dinner and not wait for her."

Grandma Jackie came to their apartment most days after school and got things going with dinner so their mother wouldn't be so rushed when she got home. Starting this new job, Alicia was expected to put in a lot of hours. Although her mother-in-law sometimes drove her crazy with her opinionated ways, Alicia was grateful for the help.

"Zach, set the table. Grace, help me with the chicken." The three of them ate their dinner quietly together. Jackie was in one of her usual sour moods, ticked off with Alicia for not spending enough time with her kids. Zach sat and ate sullenly, disappointed that his mother wasn't going to be home for quite a while yet, but still incredibly horny. He knew he still had a number of loads inside him that he was anxious to get rid of. And Grace, Grace was just dog tired from the interrupted sleep she'd had last night when she'd heard her neighbors screwing all night long. She hoped the old fogies next door had gotten it out of their system—that tonight she'd be able to sleep peacefully.

"Mr. Sweeney, how are we going to be able to defend you if you don't tell us the truth?" Alicia spoke firmly, her patience with their rich client rapidly wearing thin. They'd been going at this for a couple of hours now, with very little progress.

"But Alicia, you know I could never lie to a ravishing creature like you," Sweeney said, tilting his head and looking at Alicia with a knowing smile on his face—like the cat that ate the canary. He'd say things like that to her all the time, and it made no difference to him if someone else was in the room—like right now, with Will and Cary also seated at the firm's boardroom table. He would always accompany a statement like that with a lecherous smile on his face. Sitting there in his lavishly expensive suit, silk tie and matching pocket square, he'd been looking at Alicia that way all evening, like he was undressing her with his eyes. The first few times she'd met him, it had made her uncomfortable. But now she was used to it—that was just the way he was with her. If it made him trust her, she was willing to do whatever it took to make the senior partners, Will Gardner and Diane Lockhart, happy with her work.

"Colin, Alicia's right," Will interjected, tired of this little game the rich man enjoyed playing so much. "We need you to tell us the truth—tell us what really happened that night. We've got nothing to work with right now." Will turned back to Alicia and nodded, letting her know she was still running the show.

"Mr. Sweeney," she said, a smooth confident tone in her voice, "where were you at the time that woman from the catering company was killed at your party. And no more games—you come clean with us right now, or we're done here." Alicia sat back and closed her leather folio, letting her client know she'd had enough.

Sweeney rubbed his hands together slowly, the smirk disappearing as he looked at the serious look on Alicia's face. "Alright," he said with a gentle nod. Alicia sat still, not yet taking notes, wanting to

let their client know she wasn't fucking around. Sweeney nodded once more, a look of irritable resignation on his face. "Alright, I'll tell you." He looked intently at Alicia, then Will, then Cary, then back to Alicia. "I was there at the house, of course—but I wasn't in that room. At the time she was killed, I was in another room I have, kind of a private room where I like to enjoy my...shall we say 'hobbies'."

Will and Cary looked at each other, knowing the type of 'hobbies' Sweeney was rumored to partake in. Alicia sat looking at Sweeney intently, not blinking an eye. As Sweeney looked back at her for a reaction, she continued to look him straight in the eye while she spoke, "And is there anyone who can confirm that you were in this...this hobby room?"

"Oh yes, most certainly," he replied, a sadistic glint in his eye.

"Who Mr. Sweeney?" Alicia continued firmly. "Who was in that room with you?"

He paused for a second before speaking, the eyes of the three lawyers riveted on him. "Dominique Kirwan."

"THE MAYOR'S WIFE?" Cary burst out. Sweeney slowly nodded.

"Oh fuck," Will muttered under his breath as he dropped his pen onto the table and leaned back. Cary started to swivel back and forth nervously in his chair as he fidgeted with his notes, embarrassed by his outburst. Only Alicia remained unperturbed at the bombshell their client had just dropped.

"The mayor's wife, Dominique Kirwan?" she asked calmly, needing to hear Sweeney say it again.

"Do we have another mayor's wife in this city that I'm not aware of?" Sweeney replied, that lecherous smile back on his face.

Alicia looked down at her notes. "Mrs. Kirwan wasn't on the list of attendees you provided to the police."

"Well, that's because she wasn't one of the listed invitees. That's what the police asked for—who had been invited to the party. And for obvious reasons, I left her off the list I gave them."

"Then what was Mrs. Kirwan doing there?"

"She had contacted me late that afternoon that she wanted to come over for some...shall we say...specialized entertainment."

Alicia looked up from her notes and stared intently at her client. "Mr. Sweeney, are you telling us you were having an affair with Dominique Kirwan?"

He looked at Alicia slyly, his lips turned up at the corners in a sinisterly perverted smile. "I don't know if you could really call it an affair. To me, that would require some sort of emotional connection. We're more like...what is it young people call it these days...oh yes—fuck buddies."

Alicia heard Cary let out a suppressed gasp, and from the corner of her eye, she saw Will lean forward and put his elbow on the table as he rubbed his fingers over his forehead in consternation. She looked back at Sweeney, that sick smile on his face again, and wondered if he was just screwing with them one more time.

"Mr. Sweeney, are you telling us the truth...or is this just another one of your little games? What would a woman like Dominique Kirwan be doing with someone like you?"

This was the question that all three of the lawyers were thinking. The mayor's wife, Dominique Kirwan, had been a former model many years before. Now in her late 30's, she was still a stunningly attractive woman, her frosty blonde hair and beautiful features a magnet for the media cameras at any function or event she attended. She'd been married to the 44-year old mayor, Charles Kirwan, for fifteen years, and they had two teenage children, a boy and a girl. Her reputation was squeaky clean, with pictures of her helping at the soup kitchen or visiting children in the city hospitals appearing in the press almost weekly. What she was doing with a sick fuck like Sweeney was a complete mystery—and hard to believe. The lawyers understood why her name hadn't come up already in the investigation. If anything like this had gotten out, the fallout would have been incredible.

"Dominique," Sweeney said, using the woman's first name only, "has certain desires she needs assistance with. We met some time back and I happened to steer the conversation to areas that she found of interest." It came as no surprise to Alicia that Sweeney would have the balls to talk to someone of such importance about sex. He had no moral compass when it came to depravity. "I suggested that perhaps she come to my house for a visit, to discuss our mutual interests further. She did. And after that first visit, well, she's chosen to come back many times. So in answer to your question—no Alicia, this is not another of my little games."

"So Mrs. Kirwan shared these mutual interests of yours?" Alicia asked, her curiosity piqued now.

"Yes, definitely." Sweeney paused for a second and looked into Alicia's deep dark eyes before continuing. "But there is one additional reason why she continued to come back."

Alicia knew that Sweeney was setting her up for this, but she had to ask. "And what reason is that?"

"Not only does she have certain tastes that are slightly, shall we say, morally askew—but along with that, she likes her men big, if you know what I mean...and I'm sure you do, Mrs. Florrick."

"Colin, that's just about—," Will burst out before Alicia held up her hand, stopping him in mid-sentence.

"That's fine, Will," Alicia said calmly. "At least Mr. Sweeney has decided to be truthful with us." She stared intently at the businessman, her dark exotic eyes locked on his, wanting him to know he hadn't rattled her with his comment. "I suggest we continue with the questioning." Will reluctantly nodded and sat back in his chair, impressed by the way Alicia was keeping her cool.

"So Mr. Sweeney, this night in question, Mrs. Kirwan visited you. And at the time the murder took place in your bedroom, the two of you were in your...your hobby room?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Kirwan would be able to positively identify you as being in that room with her at that specific time?"

"I would think so, but at that moment when I found out about the murder, she may not have been able to identify me."

"What do you mean?"

"At that time, she was wearing a black leather corset she is very fond of, with matching thigh boots and opera-length gloves. For a matching accessory for that outfit, I'd given her a leather hood to wear. She was laying on her back on one my little devices—I think you'd call it a medieval rack. Her arms and legs were strapped in and she was stretched out firmly, but not too tight—just the way she liked it."

As her client spoke and kept looking directly at her, Alicia found herself getting strangely aroused as he unveiled the lewd images of his encounter with the mayor's attractive wife. She had to continue with the questioning, and she was surprised to find that her voice was still calm and firm as she spoke. "Were her eyes covered by this mask? Is that why you say she might not be able to identify you at that specific time?"

"Oh no, the mask had eye-holes. The problem was that just before my driver had informed me about the murder, I'd just finished cumming on her face. It had been a big load and her eyes may have been covered in semen."

Alicia heard another soft gasp from Cary and she was sure Will groaned, but she pressed on. "So you had just ejaculated on her face?"

"If you want to use the technical term for it, yes," Sweeney responded with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Alicia knew what she was going to ask next was probably an unnecessary line of questioning, but she had to know. She could feel her pussy creaming as she sat there, her heart beating rapidly in her chest. She picked up her pen as if she was going to take notes. "What had happened just before that?"

Sweeney gave her a quirky smile, as if he could see right through her. "What does that have to do with the actual crime that was committed?"

"I need to establish your whereabouts for that period of time before the body was discovered. You could have slipped out from where you were, killed that woman in your bedroom, then come back. So I repeat, what happened before you ejaculated on Mrs. Kirwan's face?"

"I was fucking her, of course," Sweeney answered, a matter-of-fact look on his face, as if the answer was obvious.

"And for how long were you so engaged with Mrs. Kirwan prior to the time the body was discovered?"

"I'd been fucking her for almost forty-five minutes. And she'd sucked me off for the fifteen minutes or so before that."

In her peripheral vision, Alicia could see both Cary and Will now sitting forward, listening attentively to Sweeney's illicit narrative. With her pussy sopping wet, she continued with her questioning. "So you were with Mrs. Kirwan for approximately an hour prior to the body being discovered. And during this time, Mrs. Kirwan performed oral sex on you for around fifteen minutes, after which you engaged in sexual intercourse for another forty-five minutes."

"That's not quite correct."

"I thought that's just what you told us?"

"You said that she performed oral sex on me and then we had sexual intercourse. She didn't just perform oral sex on me, she sucked me right off—as in I flooded her hot wet mouth with a substantial load of cum. She liked to start each session that way, with me feeding her a nice creamy load. Dominique has a beautiful mouth—it actually looks just like yours, Alicia." Alicia noticed she was subconsciously nibbling at her full bottom lip, right where Sweeney's eyes were focused. He continued, not waiting for her to respond. "Then after she swallowed every drop I gave her, I tied her to the rack, and then fucked her deep and hard—just the way she liked it. By the time I was done, she'd cum so many times, she was just a quivering mass of tingling nerve endings, but she still pleaded with me to cum on her face. So of course, being the gentleman that I am, I happily obliged her request."

Alicia sat there dumbstruck, tremendously excited by what she was hearing from Colin Sweeney. Her panties were soaked, and she just prayed the wetness hadn't seeped right through the back of her skirt onto the chair beneath her. She was incredibly turned on, and her thoughts went to her son, and his huge cunt-splitting cock. She heard Will clear his throat, then realized she'd been sitting there daydreaming, spellbound by her client's wickedly illicit narrative. She shifted in her seat, feeling her pussy-lips squishing between her legs as she sat up straighter. "So you were saying that after you ejaculated on Mrs. Kirwan's face, she may not have been able to identify you?"

"It was a pretty big load, and I made sure I covered most of her face as I pumped it out, including her eye sockets. She liked it when I'd finish, and then use my fingers to scrape it off her face and feed it to her. She'd lick it right off my fingers, just like candy. I was just getting ready to wipe the cum off her face and feed it to her when my driver came in and told us what had happened. We got Dominique cleaned up, ushered her out the back door and my driver had her home before the cops even got there." Sweeney paused for a second, then his face lit up. "Something just occurred to me. Alicia, perhaps if we're going to use this as a defense strategy, it might be a good idea if I was to provide you with a sperm sample as evidence. I'd be more than happy to give you one."

Alicia shivered, thinking about how much she loved to suck cock, and feel a big load of thick creamy cum slide luxuriously down her throat. And now here was an apparently well-hung man offering to give her a sample of his cum. She didn't know what to say, her emotions in a lust-driven turmoil.

"I don't think that will be necessary at this time," Will said, noticing Alicia's hesitation.

"Well, you think about it. Just let me know anytime, Alicia. I can give you as many samples as you need." Alicia found herself breathing rapidly, her heart beating excitedly in her chest as she looked across the table at her wealthy client. He looked at his watch and shook his head in dismay. "It's getting late and I'm done for tonight." He turned and looked at Will. "Perhaps it would be beneficial if Mrs. Florrick came over to my house and we continued the questioning there. It might help jog my memory in case I've forgotten something important—you know, being at the scene of the crime, and all that. Some day next week, perhaps?"

"We'll take it under advisement and let you know, Colin," Will said, the lawyers closing up their notepads for the night.

"Would you like a ride home, Mrs. Florrick?" Sweeney asked as he rose from the table. "It would be no problem to have my driver swing by your apartment."

"Uh, no. Thank you. I have my own car here and I really need to get going," Alicia replied, noticeably flustered. She felt herself trembling as she hurried from the boardroom and stepped into the

elevator. It wasn't just the vivid imagery of his story about the mayor's wife that had her excited—partway through she realized she was becoming increasingly aroused by Sweeney's provocative words directed at her. She found herself becoming sexually intrigued by the man who only hours earlier she had despised. As she climbed into her car and hurried home, she wondered if she was falling under the same spell as Dominique Kirwan.

Shaking her head to clear her mind, she thought of Zach, and realized that he had been all she had been thinking of while listening to every lurid word Sweeney had been saying. Yes, she had found his obscene story wickedly exciting, but even as she listened and felt her juices flowing within her steaming cunt, she'd thought only of going to her son, of pulling him into her, to feel his magnificent cock stretching and filling her hot wet cunt over and over. She was definitely intrigued by Sweeney, but Zach was the one she knew she craved. She could feel that her illicit incestuous desire for her son was going to drive her to perform depraved acts she had only dreamed of. As she drove towards home, her perverted yearnings had her heart racing with excitement, her swollen nipples thrusting stiffly against her straining red sweater. As she thought of Zach sitting at home waiting for her, her foot pressed on the accelerator a little harder.

Zach's grandmother had left shortly after dinner. He and Grace had helped clean up, and then Grandma Jackie had gone home. He and Grace each went to their rooms, and he knew he would have his privacy until his mother came home. Being teenagers, he and Grace's rooms were 'off limits' to each other, except in case of an emergency. So, for the past couple of hours, he'd been sitting in front of his computer, surfing the internet and working on his favorite hobby. This never ceased to stiffen his cock, and he knew he could have jerked off at least three times since he'd sat down—but he was saving it, in the hopes that he could convince his mother to partake in some of the delicious activities they'd enjoyed with each other the night before.

Zach's ears perked up as he heard his mother open the front door. He looked at the clock on his computer: 9:58 PM. He quickly finished up what he was working on, minimized the screen and switched to a sports site, anxiously waiting for his mother to come to his room.

Alicia was so horny, she felt like she was climbing the walls. The revelation of the sordid affair between Colin Sweeney and the mayor's beautiful wife had left her just creaming with desire. She'd said in the morning that she and Zach needed to keep away from each other tonight—but with the aroused state she was in right now, there was no way that was going to happen. She felt the tingling itch deep inside her pussy once more, an itch so deep only her son's huge cock could scratch it. As much as she wanted to rush into his room and get her hands on that monstrous prick, she knew she had to check in on Grace first.

She dropped her purse on the kitchen counter, slipped her blazer off and placed it on the back of one of the chairs. She smoothed down her sweater, feeling the soft material cling enticingly to her nicely-shaped tits. She left her high heels on, knowing Zach would like that. She stepped down the hall, knocked softly on her daughter's door, then quietly entered. She smiled to herself as she looked at her young daughter, her sandy-blond hair strewn across her pillow as she slept peacefully. She'd fallen asleep with her bedside table lamp still on, a schoolbook lying open on the bed beside her.

Alicia quietly stepped across the room, picked up the book and set it down next to the lamp. As she reached to pull Grace's covers up, her pretty daughter rolled over slightly and opened her eyes.

"Mom, you're home. What time is it?"

"It's about 10:00, Honey," Alicia responded as she pulled the covers up to Grace's shoulders.

"I'm so tired," Grace groaned as she buried her face back into her pillow.

"Well, you just get some sleep, Dear," Alicia said as she got to her feet.

"Oh Mom, thanks for letting me stay at Jenna's tomorrow."

"That's fine, Sweetie. You just enjoy yourself. I think you two should do that more often—like when you were little." Alicia's wicked mind was already thinking of the things she and Zach would be able to do while Grace was staying overnight at her friend's.

"Okay. I'll see..." Grace didn't even finish her sentence before drifting back to sleep. Alicia quietly backed out of the room, gently closed the door, then turned and started towards Zach's room, her heart racing.

Zach looked up as his mother tapped gently on the door, then slowly opened it and poked her head around the corner. "Come on in, Mom, I've been waiting," he said as he looked at her pretty face, her dark hair sensually framing her lovely features. She closed the door behind her, and they both smiled as they heard the latch click into place. His eyes roamed over her sexy mature body as she walked across the room towards him in her high heels, her hips shifting provocatively from side to side.

"How's my big boy today?" she asked with a wicked little smile as she stood next to his desk.

"I'm good," Zach said as he let his eyes blatantly travel up and down her matronly form, her tall lithe body looking incredible in the tight clothes she was wearing. His gaze ran down from her pretty face all the way to her sexy shoes, then back up slowly, taking in the view of her perfect legs, the form-fitting skirt and the tight red sweater deliciously encasing her perfect tits. "Oh Mom, you are so gorgeous."

"So how many times have you gotten off today, Tiger?" she asked, a playful smile on her face as she leaned her hip on his desk and looked down at him suggestively.

"Those two times first thing this morning, and then twice more at school. I couldn't help it—I'd taken those panties with me that you gave me last night. But nothing since then," he hurriedly added. "I've...I've been waiting for you to come home."

"But I thought we promised each other that we'd be good tonight and wait for tomorrow?"

"I know, but I can't help it, Mom. After last night, I just can't wait again."

Alicia almost came on the spot. Hearing her son speak like that had her just spinning with desire. "I know, Sweetie, I feel the same. But we've got to be quiet, and we can't go all night like we did yesterday. We'll have all night tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay," he replied, anxious to get to whatever she had in store for him.

"So how did this thing with Grace going to Jenna's come about? Did you say something?"

"I told Jenna you thought Grace needed to spend some time with her friends, that you were worried she was keeping things inside her about Dad."

"That's good. Oh yeah, what did you think about what Grace did with the yogurt and my jacket this morning?"

"That was unbelievable." Zach looked at his mother, a shameful look on his face. "But it was also kind of a turn-on."

"I thought so too. She must have inherited her taste for cum from me. Speaking of which, I think I promised you something, right?"

Zach watched as Alicia shimmied her hips from side to side while she worked her hands beneath her skirt, then a broad smile came over his face as she drew down her black panties and handed them to him.

"Oh my God, Mom, they're soaking wet," he said as he brought the soggy warm garment to his face and inhaled deeply.

"That's because I've been thinking about you all day, Sweetie. Have you been thinking about me?"

"You know I have," he replied, and then his face got more serious. "Mom, remember last night when you were saying how important it is for us to be totally honest with each other?"

Alicia remembered this was something they'd spoken about many times since the scandal with her husband became public knowledge. She reminded Zach of it a number of times last night when she'd found out how much he fantasized about her, how often he masturbated thinking about her. She curiously wondered what was on his mind now. "Yes Zach, we agreed we need to be totally honest with each other. So what is it?"

"You know those pictures of you in that magazine I have?"

"Yes."

"Those aren't the only pictures of you that I have. I have a lot more," he said this with a relieved tone in his voice, like he was making a confession.

"You mean there are more pictures of me in magazines like that?" She couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice.

"No, not exactly. Can you come around here?" he asked as he shifted his desk chair to one side to make room for her. As Alicia stepped around the desk to look over his shoulder, Zach's hand reached for the mouse. He clicked on the icon he had minimized when she came home.

"Wha...?" Alicia gasped as the sports site webpage was replaced by a screen showing four pictures of her, side by side, the pictures filling the screen from top to bottom. Only something was wrong—it was her, but it wasn't her. She recognized her face easily enough, but she knew the outfits she was wearing in the pictures didn't belong to her. She leaned in closer and looked at the four pictures. In the first one, she was wearing a brilliant white merry widow, with white stockings held up by ribbon-like garters. It looked like bridal lingerie and she felt a little twinge in her pussy as she realized how sexy she looked in the picture. The second picture had her in an extremely short black lace mini-dress, her legs looking spectacular in the sky-high black pumps she was wearing. In the third picture, she was wearing a scoop-necked mint-green t-shirt and a faded denim miniskirt. The t-shirt was tightly stretched over a huge set of tits, which she judged to be a least double-Ds. In the picture, her nipples stiffly cast dark shadows on the face of the form-fitting t-shirt. The last picture showed her once again in sexy lingerie, a matching electric-blue bra and panty set with her legs

adorned by a pair of black thigh-high stockings. She was sitting facing the camera with her legs spread, her pussy bulging invitingly through the snug-fitting panties.

"Zach...these pictures...how...," she mumbled, unable to take her eyes off the sexy photos.

"It's Photoshop, Mom. Remember when I asked for a camera for Christmas a couple of years ago?"

Alicia nodded numbly, her eyes going from one erotic picture to the next. She remembered how they'd gotten Zach the camera, and how he seemed to be everywhere with that thing, taking pictures of her every chance he got. She never realized he was using it for this reason. As she thought about it, she felt herself getting aroused even more.

"So you've been taking pictures of me, and then doing this with them?" she asked, leaning in close to look at herself. She could see that her face and hair were slightly outlined from the rest of the photo. It was her head and face, all the way down her neck to where the layer ended at a chunky necklace, but from that point on, it was a different woman's body beneath.

"How...how do you do this?"

"I find a picture of something I'd like to see you in, then I pick out one of the pictures I have of your face that I think will look best. I then adjust the colors to make sure they match, then cut and paste a few layers to cover the original model's face, then insert yours. Voila," Zach explained, pointing to the four pictures on the screen.

"Zach, I...I look so beautiful in these," Alicia gushed, looking from one picture to the next over and over. "How many pictures like this do you have?"

He paused for a second before replying, nervously averting his eyes from hers. "Uh...thousands actually."

"Oh dear," Alicia felt her heart racing as she thought about all the time it must have taken her son to do that. She found it incredibly exciting that he was so obsessed with her. She sensed his nervousness at having made this confession to her, and knew she had to say something to alleviate his anxiety. "Zach, I am surprised, but I love it too. I'm so happy I can make you feel this way."

"Really, Mom? You're not upset with me? I was so worried, but I knew after last night I had to tell you."

"Oh Zach, you are my sweetheart," Alicia said as she took his face in her hands and brought her lips down to his. They kissed passionately, her tongue slipping deep into his mouth as she rolled her tongue against his. Finally, they drew apart, both of them breathless.

"Mmmm, that was nice," Alicia said softly as she turned and looked back at the computer screen, loving the pictures she was seeing of herself there. "Can you show me how you do one of these?"

"Sure," Zach replied as he sat forward and started to move the mouse. "Okay, I downloaded a picture a little while ago that I haven't Momized yet."

"Momized?"

"Yeah, that's what I call it when I take a picture I like and manipulate it to put your face in it." Alicia couldn't help but smile as he clicked the mouse and the program opened onto a screen showing a number of different folders. There were many of them, with names below the folders like "Lingerie

8", "Tight Sweaters 5", "Bikinis 7" and the one at the top left that immediately caught her eye, "1-Mom". Zach clicked on the one at the end of his Lingerie list and the folder opened, showing many thumbnails of pictures similar to the enlarged ones she'd seen on the screen. He quickly clicked on one, bringing it to the main screen in full size.

"Do you like this one?" he asked.

Alicia looked at the beautiful model, her pretty face looking seductively right into the camera as she stood with her feet shoulder-width apart, her sensuous body teasingly clothed in a white satin chemise with black lace trim, the hem of the chemise falling just below her pussy. Her breasts were perfect, nicely filling out the bodice of the chemise, one black ribbony shoulder strap having slid partway down her arm, the casually displaced strap making her look even more seductive. She stood in front of a deep mahogany wood wall, her bare legs glistening in the camera light. She wore a sexy pair of black high heeled sandals, a broad leather strap wound tightly around each trim ankle.

"She's beautiful, and I love what she's wearing. Those shoes are so sexy. I noticed the names of your files. In most of the pictures you have, am I wearing clothes of some sort?"

"Yes. I actually prefer that. I have a few where the model is partly naked, but for some reason, I much prefer seeing you in something sexy."

"I like that too," Alicia said with a smile on her face. She reached forward and put her hand on the back of her son's chair. "Okay, show me how you do it."

Alicia watched as Zach worked quickly. He went to the file labelled "1-Mom" and when he opened it, she was surprised to see probably more than fifty different head shots of her. He picked one and brought it to the main screen before dragging and dropping the partial picture onto the lingerie model's body. She watched as he moved the mouse here and there, first adjusting the color so the model's skin tone matched her own, then dragged the part with her head down to a bottom corner, out of the way from where he was going to work. He then outlined the upper part of the model's body with a dotted line of some form before cutting and pasting that part of the picture on top of the background. He then explained that he was going to the background layer again, and then he cut and pasted a portion of the rich wood wall behind the girl. Alicia watched as he moved and expanded the new section of wall, stretching it from one side of the model to the other, putting a new background behind her, this one covering her head. With the various layer manipulations he had done, it appeared now as the original picture, but with a headless model. He then dragged the layer with Alicia's face back into the correct position, then quickly adjusted the size so it was in the correct proportions to the original.

"There we go. What do you think?"

Alicia looked at the picture—it was now she who looked so sexy in that wispy outfit and come-fuck-me shoes. She had to lean in closely to see that the picture was a fake. At first glance, you would have no idea. She was very impressed by Zach's skill in working with the Photoshop program.

"That's fantastic. I love it. And you say you have thousands of these that you've done?"

"Yes. I love the way you look in sexy clothes like that, Mom."

"Well, I have a few things like that."

"I know," he interjected quickly.

"And just how would you know that, Buster?" she asked teasingly as she drew one blood-red fingernail along his jawline. "Has someone been snooping in my underwear drawer?"

"Yes," he admitted, his face flushing bright red.

"That's okay, Zach. You can do that anytime you want. I find it very exciting that you do that. You can take anything you want from my room and jerk off anytime you like." She felt Zach shudder as she continued to trace her fingertip around his sensitive earlobe. "Now, these outfits like the ones in these pictures—maybe I should get some more. Would you like that?"

"I...I'd love that," he gasped out, a fine sheen of perspiration appearing on his young brow.

"Well, I guess I've got some shopping to do if you'd like to see me in something like that." She nodded towards the picture he'd just created. "I think another part of you likes seeing me in those outfits too." They both looked down between his legs, his enormous hard-on grotesquely tenting out the front of his pajama pants.

"Based on what you were telling me last night, I bet you've looked at those pictures on there many times and thought about me sucking you off, haven't you?"

"More times than you could imagine."

"Well, how would you like one of your fantasies to come true?"

"You mean you'd...you'd," Zach stuttered, watching wide-eyed as Alicia dropped to her knees and shifted beneath his desk, her face poised over his lap.

"Let's just get these out of the way." Her hands gripped his waistband and quickly pulled his pajama pants down and off his virile young body. "Oh God, it's so beautiful," she said breathlessly, her mature face mere inches from his thrusting erection. She stared at the stallion-like phallus, the engorged love-muscle standing up ramrod straight, the protruding veins pulsing with each beat of his racing heart. She could see his balls hanging between his legs, looking swollen and full. She knew it wouldn't be long before she'd have a bellyful of her son's thick rich cum.

Zach watched his mother staring intently at his huge prick, her eyes glazed over with desire as her tongue slid out from and circled instinctively around her soft red lips. He flexed his groin, causing a syrupy gob of pre-cum to pulse to the surface, the glistening fluid starting to run sluggishly down his upright shaft. "It's all yours, Mom. You can suck it as long as you want."

Alicia reached out and wrapped her delicate little hand around her son's steel-hard prick, her curling fingers not even meeting the base of her hand as she closed down on the throbbing shaft. She pumped slowly upwards, causing another glistening bead of pre-cum to ooze to the surface and start to distend enticingly downwards from the wet red eye, the shiny fluid dangling in a teasing shimmering strand. She'd been dreaming about this all day and her mouth was salivating like crazy as she moved closer, feeling the heat from her son's enflamed pecker on the skin of her face. She extended her tongue and captured the drizzling strand of fluid on the tip of her tongue, then sucked it back into her mouth and swallowed wantonly.

"Mmmmm." She purred like a kitten as the tasty morsel slid down her throat, but it only served to whet her appetite for more. Once she'd had the little appetizer there was no stopping her, not until she got her son's full load—straight from the source. She licked upwards, her spit-drenched tongue sliding luxuriously over her son's pulsing shaft. She slipped her lips over the broad flared head,

loving the intense sensation of her full lips stretching almost to the tearing point before they slipped down over the thick rope-like ridge of his corona, the lemon-sized knob filling her mouth.

"Oh Mom, that feels so good," Zach groaned as his mother rolled her tongue slowly all around the plum-shaped head, bathing it in a hot bath of her gooey spit.

He was surprised when she pulled her mouth off his pulsing dong and looked up at him. "Don't forget to look at those pictures of me, Zach." She quickly engulfed his cock once more, her lips starting to slide further down his cock. He reached forward and grabbed the mouse, positioning the new picture over one of the others on his screen—four beautiful pictures of his mother looking sexy and fuckable, his to look at and fantasize about as the real thing was nestled beneath his desk, sucking him off. As his mother bobbed her head frantically up and down his rampant cock, he zeroed in on the picture he'd just altered, his mother's seductively smiling face looking back at him as she stood with her sexy legs well apart, the chemise draped enchantingly over her perfect tits, the hem ending teasingly high on her long toned legs. He looked at that shoulder strap that had slipped off her shoulder, the ribbon-like strap dangling provocatively down her arm. He looked at her tits, perfectly-shaped and threatening to spill over the top of the glistening satin chemise. One look at those tits—now his mothers' tits, was all it took.

"Oh Mom, I'm gonna cum," he groaned as he felt the delicious contractions begin in his midsection.

Alicia sucked wantonly, her cheeks caving in, her face pistoning lewdly up and down over her son's rock-hard cock as he began to cum. The first thick rope jettisoned forth, pasting itself forcefully against the hot wet tissues deep inside her mouth.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Zach moaned, his lust-glazed eyes looking at the pictures on his computer screen as his throbbing dick continued to go off inside his mother's wet sucking mouth. This was the kind of thing he'd fantasized about so many times—his sexy mature mother lying between his legs, sucking him off like a porn star, slurping and sucking for all she was worth, not being satisfied until she'd swallowed every creamy drop.

Alicia's lips were just buzzing, the intense friction between her mouth and her son's pulsing cock sending shivers of delight right down to her wet slippery twat. Zach's engorged prick continued to buck and twitch in her mouth, wad after wad of thick milky cream gushing into her mouth and splashing over her tonsils. She swallowed, wanting to drain him of every glorious drop. He continued to cum, his enormous member flooding her mouth with his precious nectar. She swallowed again, and then a third time before his spitting cock slowed and a final orgasmic shudder ran down his spine, the last traces of his flowing discharge oozing out onto her welcoming tongue. She continued to suck gently, her mature lips and tongue nursing tenderly at his seeping cockhead. With a final loving kiss on the very tip of his cock, she sat back and looked up at her son, his eyes looking at her lovingly as he sat there, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath.

"Oh Mom, that was amazing." He sat forward and pulled her to him, his lips meeting hers. Alicia opened her lips to allow him in, his tongue rolling salaciously over hers as he feathered it deep into her mouth. He kissed her hard, the desire within him only temporarily satisfied.

"Mom, let me do that to you now," he said as he rose from the chair and pulled her into it.

"Alright," Alicia replied as she started to pull her skirt up her thighs. "The computer...these pictures...is there any way that you can set it up so it runs kind of a slideshow? I'd love to see more."

"Sure, I can do that." Zach quickly moved the mouse here and there before turning to his mother. "There, just hit that arrow whenever you're ready."

"Okay," she said as she sat back in the chair and continued pulling her skirt up provocatively. "Are you sure you want to do this? I'm pretty wet." She gave Zach a wickedly nasty smile as she stopped pulling up her skirt, about half of her inviting thighs now on display.

Zach looked down at his mother's smooth creamy thighs and began to salivate. "Yes, I love it when you're wet, like last night. I love the taste of you. I wish I could eat you all night long."

Alicia almost came on the spot as she listened to her son's wickedly sinful words—a boy telling his mother he'd like to eat out her steaming wet cunt all night long. As much as she wanted his mouth working on her right away, she wasn't done toying with him just yet. She sat forward on the edge of the chair, then reached down and placed her hand on his face, her fingertips running teasingly around his warm lips. "Well, I don't know. Let me see what you're going to do to me with that mouth of yours. Pretend this is my clit." She slipped her index finger between his soft lips and into his mouth.

Zach moaned impatiently as he closed his lips around the invading digit. He wanted to get to his mother's hot pink twat so bad, but he knew he'd do whatever she wanted, as long as she would give him the prize he wanted at the end. He pursed his lips and sucked gently at her finger, pressing his tongue against the end, then rolling his tongue slowly around and around her soft fingertip and long pointed nail. He knew how he'd had her climbing the walls last night when he'd done that to the fiery little nodule at the apex of her beckoning slit.

"Oh my, you are a quick learner," Alicia said in a deep husky voice. "If you do it just like that, I think I'll get off so fast you just might have to give me two in a row. Would you like that?"

"Mhhmmm," he hummed in agreement, never taking his sucking lips and tongue off her invading finger.

"Mmmmm, I don't know, I've been dripping all day. You're going to have to do a lot of cleaning up first. Do you think you're up to it?" she teased, hearing her young son whine in anxious frustration as he sucked on her slender finger.

"Oh God, Mom. Please," Zach begged as he slipped his lips off her finger and moved into position beneath the desk.

"Well, since you said please," Alicia said coyly as she leaned back and started to pull her skirt up once more. Zach's eyes grew wide in anticipation as he watched more and more of his mother's spectacular legs come into view. When her skirt reached her hips, she gave him a seductive smile as she spread her legs to each side, then brought them up and draped them over the arms of the desk chair, her dripping wet cunt brazenly on display.

"Oh fuck," Zach muttered under his breath as he eagerly dove in between his mother's lewdly spread thighs. Her whole crotch was soaked, the mound of her sex and her inner thighs just glistening with her musky juices. Zach pressed the flat of his tongue on the inside of one thigh and licked upwards, the scintillating flavor of her womanly nectar stimulating his taste buds.

"Mmmmm," he moaned in pleasure as he shifted from the inside of one milky thigh to the other, his lapping tongue gathering in her cunt-honey. With her thighs clean, he pressed his face right up

against her glistening mound, his lips and tongue actively working to suck up as much of her oozing discharge as he could get.

As soon as Zach had started to lick her, Alicia hit the play arrow on the computer. While Zach enthusiastically began to eat her, she sat back and watched the images unfold on the screen before her. Each image would remain on the screen for a few seconds before slowly shifting to the next one. She was riveted by what she saw, picture after picture of herself in one sexy shot after another. As Zach had said, nearly all the pictures had her wearing some form of sexy clothing—lingerie, miniskirts and mini-dresses, or bikinis. She loved it all, wondering how she would really look in clothes as exciting and sexy as what she was looking at.

"Oh God, Zach, that's so good," she groaned, her attention momentarily diverted by her son's tongue sliding high up inside her. He circled his tongue all around the hot moist tissues inside her dripping trench, his probing tongue driving her towards a much-needed release. Her eyes flicked back to the screen as another image appeared, this one in which the busty model was turned slightly in profile while wearing a wet t-shirt, her stiff nipples thrusting boldly against the front of the wet t-shirt. The view in profile made it look like you just wanted to reach out and cup her big heavy tits, to feel the impressive size and weight of them for yourself. Alicia found it sinfully exciting to see her own face on the picture—as if that was really her. At the same time, Zach withdrew his tongue from inside her and slipped his lips over the protruding bud of her enflamed clit. His lips clamped on tightly and she felt the tip of his tongue bathe the sensitive nodule with hot wet spit. After everything she'd been through today, and now looking at herself in those sexy images, Alicia couldn't take it any longer.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," she hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she started to cum. Her body shook from the intense sensations, her hips bucking up against her son's working mouth as he licked and sucked on her throbbing clit. Zach felt her juices gushing out, the warm discharge splashing against his chin. He rolled his tongue firmly around the engorged spire within his mouth, and was rewarded with a deep-throated groan from his mother as she flexed her overheated twat up against his face. She came for a long time, the delicious sensations of a nerve-tingling climax coursing luxuriously through her mature body. Zach continued to suck and lick at her enflamed clit as the exquisite waves of orgasmic bliss rolled through her again and again. As her twitches and convulsions slowly receded, Zach slid his lips downwards, his eager mouth feasting on her flowing juices. The wet sloppy sound of his enthusiastic licking echoed throughout his room.

Alicia looked down at her son through lust-filled eyes, her wanton desires only temporarily satisfied. "That was so nice, Zach." She reached down with both hands and took her son's head in her hands. "Let's say we go for a second one, okay?" When Zach looked up at her and nodded eagerly from his spot between her widely-spread thighs, Alicia pulled his face firmly against her pulsing snatch and then sat back, a blissful smile of contentment on her face as she looked back at the computer in front of her.

She watched the ongoing slideshow of the lusty images of herself, the sexy shots of her in all types of lingerie, bikinis and tight tops firing her already soaring libido. She shifted slightly forwards in her seat, opening herself up even further to her son's working mouth as she kept her long toned legs draped over the arms of the chair.

Zach felt like he was in paradise. He loved eating his mother—something he had dreamed of so many times. And now here she was, sitting in front of his computer and looking at the many pictures of her he had created. He couldn't think of any place he'd rather be.

"Oh Jesus, that feels so good," Alicia moaned as her son softly slurped away, her oozing cunt just flooding his mouth with her precious nectar. After probing and licking deep within her sodden trench for a number of minutes, he brought his mouth back to that swollen pebble at the top of her glistening slot.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkk," she moaned as she rolled her hips slightly against her son's beautiful mouth, the wonderful sensations starting to take over her tingling body once more. Zach feverishly attacked her clit, and it wasn't long before she had that second orgasm she'd asked for. But he didn't stop. As she lay there quivering and convulsing, he just kept licking and sucking, absolutely ravishing her with his constantly-working lips and tongue. He brought her to a third, and then to a fourth nerve-racking climax before she finally had to push him away, her oversensitive body on the point of collapse.

Alicia lay there, recovering from the intense pleasure her son had just given her. She realized how much she loved him, adored him. No one had ever pleased her with his mouth like her son had. He was so eager to please her, without a thought for himself, willing to do whatever she wished of him, for as long as she wanted. She loved him with all her heart, and knew she'd do whatever she could to bring him as much pleasure as he'd given her.

Zach looked up at his mother, her body slumped back in the chair, her legs still draped wantonly over the arms, the muscles on the insides of her thighs still quivering from the aftershocks. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing raggedly, trying to regain her breath after the exquisite sensation of having been taken to one climax after another. She looked incredibly sexy, her tight business skirt scrunched up around her waist, her long beautiful legs lewdly on display. She still wore her sky-high pumps, her sexy shoes dangling above the floor. He looked up at her chest, her tits nicely displayed in her red sweater, her stiff swollen nipples protruding suggestively against the tight fabric.

He loved to see her like this, blissfully happy and intensely satisfied from something he'd been able to do for her. He was so happy that she'd been so aroused by the pictures that he'd created. He thought those were a private collection he'd never be able to share with anyone. She'd been totally enamored with them, loving the way she looked in the pictures, even to the point of having him run a slideshow of the various images for her to look at as he'd eaten her out. He loved being between her legs, feasting on her dripping cunt as she watched the sexy images appear on the screen, one after the next after the next—an almost endless display of erotic delight.

He'd fantasized so many times about servicing his mother in any way possible, of doing whatever he could to bring her the sexual gratification he knew her perfect milfish body needed. If she wanted his mouth, he'd do that all night long if that was what she desired. If she wanted to fuck, he knew he'd be able get hard for her time and time again until she'd finally be begging for him to stop. He loved her so much, he'd do whatever she wanted—anytime, anywhere. But right now, he had something else that he knew would make both of them happy, and he was definitely ready to share it with her.

"We're not done yet, are we, Mom?" he asked, lifting himself onto his knees but staying between her indecently-spread legs, his huge cock once more diamond-hard and ready to cut deep into something hot and wet.

From her slumped position in the chair, Alicia looked between her legs to where her son's rigid member stood up stallion-like, the huge helmet-shaped head looking swollen and angry. She saw the lecherous smile on his face as he wrapped his hand around the thick hard shaft and pointed the

bludgeon-like head towards her splayed-out cunt. "Zach, I'm too sensi...", she started to say but her words were lost as her son's enormous cock-head pressed forcefully against her and started to stretch open her pussy-lips.

"Oh my Godddddd," she moaned deep in her throat as he slowly forced himself in deeper. She reached down, grabbed the arms of the chair and gritted her teeth as Zach pressed himself forcefully, mercilessly, deeper—stretching the clinging tissues inside her tight mature cunt.

"Oh Mom, you're so hot and wet," Zach said as he watched inch after inch of his monstrous prick disappear inside his mother's hot gripping hole. He insistently flexed forwards, driving his hard thick cock higher and higher into his mother's clutching vagina. Her slick labia were stretched tightly around his turgid shaft, gripping it like she never wanted to let it go.

"Oh fuck," Alicia groaned as her head rolled from side to side. "So biggggg...so hardddddd..." Her body was tensing up as he went deeper and deeper, her oily insides helping to pave the way to her cervix. She could feel him slowly, firmly, going past that point he'd opened up inside her last night—that point at which no man had ever been so deep inside her before. With a final upward thrust, he drove the last few inches all the way into her, his midsection slamming up against her as the hot hard head of his cock bumped up against her womb.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Alicia groaned loudly, trying to keep quiet, but failing. The feeling of Zach's huge powerful cock pressing up against her cervix had triggered another orgasm deep inside her, this one blossoming throughout her whole body like an atomic bomb. Her body twitched and bucked on the thick hard stake being driven deep into her, her mature body flailing about like a ragdoll as wave after wave of mind-numbing delight crashed through her.

Zach held tightly onto his mother as she convulsed and shook beneath him, his enormous prick buried to the hilt inside her hot gripping twat. He stayed still until her gyrations slowly started to diminish—and then he started to fuck her hard.

"Oh God, Zach...no...no...AHHHHHHHH..." Alicia's body quivered and twitched through another tingling orgasm as he flexed back and forth, driving his raging prick all the way into her time and again. She was gasping and shaking, her body feeling like one huge nerve-ending as she continued to cum, his hard thick cock stretching and filling her like never before.

Zach's own orgasm was fast approaching, the muscles inside his mother's talented cunt gripping and pulling at him with each driving thrust. Even though she looked like she was about to pass out, she rolled her hips teasingly, the hot wet tissues inside her enveloping his engorged erection in a hot buttery sheath. He felt his heavy balls drawing up close to his body and knew he was close.

"Oh Mom, here it comes," he warned as he slammed himself fully into her, his shaven midsection pressed flush up against her overheated mound. The boiling semen sped up the shaft of his cock and spewed forth, pasting itself against the opening to her womb like a fireball.

"Not againnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...", Alicia gasped as another shocking tremor raced through her shattered body. She was gripping the arms of the chair in a death grip as she could feel her son going off inside her, his powerful cock continuing to spit and shoot as he flooded her cunt with his potent semen.

Zach held himself tight to his mother, her talented cunt working to pull every creamy drop from his buried erection. He felt like he'd never cum so hard in his life, and was savoring the luxurious sensations of filling his mother with his milky cum. He came and came, wad after wad of thick

teenaged cream shooting into the depths of her steaming cunt. The tingling sensations of their mutual orgasms slowly diminished, leaving both of them breathless. Alicia slumped deep into the chair, while Zach looked at his mother's sexy face and lewdly displayed body—knowing he wanted more.

"C'mere, Mom," he said as he withdrew and stood up, his still-hard cock pointing menacingly towards her as he pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it aside.

"Wha...Zach...I...I," she mumbled almost incoherently as he pulled her twitching body off the chair and placed her on his bed.

"Now, I think it's my turn to say let's go for two in a row," he said as he climbed onto the bed, wrapped a hand around each of her ankles and raised her legs high in the air and as far out to each side as he could reach. Alicia was so exhausted from the sexual onslaught that she could only lie back and wait for it to happen. She didn't have to wait long—with his arms holding her legs splayed out to each side, Zach leaned forwards and fed his rampant horse-cock back into her tight wet cunt.

Two hours later, Zach helped his mother into her own bed, his arm slung around her and supporting her like a drunk as he helped her from his room to hers. He turned on the bedside lamp, pulled back the covers and set her down, her body collapsing back into the sheets. He pulled off her high heels, but left on the skirt and the sweater which she was still wearing.

"See Mom, you said we should cut it short tonight." He nodded towards the clock beside her. In her exhausted condition, she was barely able to see the time: 12: 39am. "Now you just lay there, I'll be right back."

Alicia felt him get up from the bed and leave. There was no way she could move, even if she wanted to. She lay there, totally fucked to the point of exhaustion, not even able to think straight, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string. Once again, she'd lost track of the number of times she'd cum. Her mature body had responded instinctively with one orgasm after another as her son had turned her every which way, his enormous cock burying itself all the way into her in each different position.

"Just needed to get a little of this." She slowly opened her eyes as she heard Zach's voice. He climbed onto the bed and straddled her body, setting something down beside her. Through sleepy eyes, she saw he'd brought a big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and a towel. She watched as he reached into the jar and scooped out a generous supply of the viscous lubricant.

"There, that's better," he said as he wrapped his hand around his cock and started stroking it smoothly back and forth. Alicia rolled her head to the side, unable to move in her exhausted condition. She felt her sweater being pushed up her body.

"I haven't had enough of these yet tonight," Zach said quietly as he slid his free hand beneath her sweater and over her firm tits. He pushed the sweater higher so he could see, his slippery hand pumping smoothly back and forth. With the sweater bunched around her neck, he moved his hand from one tit to the other, gently squeezing and feeling her stiff nipples through her sexy black bra. Alicia lay there deliciously exhausted, barely able to move at all, close to passing out.

"Oh Mom, you are so beautiful," Zach whispered gently as he turned his hand and slid his fingers right down inside her bra, his fingertips toying with her nipple.

"Mmmmm," Alicia moaned, her body's lusty needs betraying her once more. His fingers moved from one breast to the other, sliding erotically down inside her sexy bra. As he rolled her other swollen nipple between his thumb and forefinger, she moaned deep in her throat once more.

"You're still awake?" Zach asked as he smiled down at his mother's inert form. "Let's see if you've got one more in you."

In her dazed state, she had no idea what he was talking about, but she felt him swing his body off of hers and move down on the bed. She felt her legs being pushed open and she looked down through hooded eyes to see her son kneeling between them. She closed her eyes and lay back, and then felt Zach's fingers slip inside her overflowing twat.

"Wow, Mom, that's really messy in there," he said as he started to saw his fingers back and forth. Zach looked down and saw the loads of cum he'd shot inside her oozing out of her leaking snatch, the milky goo sliding down her body and pooling on the sheet beneath her. With a smile on his face, he continued working his two fingers deep inside her as he brought his thumb up and rubbed it over the hooded sheath of her clit.

"Ohhhnnnnn," his exhausted mother moaned, her body lying still beneath him. He got his thumb good and wet with the juices inside her and pressed his thumb harder over the protruding little spire at the same time as he rubbed his long fingers along the roof of her vagina, his moving hand squelching noisily within her cum-filled pussy.

"Oh my God, not again," Alicia thought, the delicious sensations tearing right through her exhausted stupor.

"Oh...oh...aaaaahhhhhh... hhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she hissed long and low as her body started to shake again. Her legs and arms quivered and twitched as Zach worked her over with his fingers, loving the sight of his thoroughly-fucked mother having one more climax as his silvery cum ran out of her overflowing cunt.

As her trembling body slowed and she collapsed back into the sheets, Zach straddled her chest once more and pointed his long slick cock at her exposed chest. "Oh fuck, Mom, here you go—one for you and one for me." He stroked his rock-hard prick vigorously as he came, spraying her bra-covered tits with a final huge load. He moved his spitting cock from one breast to the other, flooding her chest with cum. He stroked and stroked as his semen spewed forth, the sperm-laden fluid landing in milky ribbons on her soft creamy tits.

Alicia lay there totally exhausted, unable to move but feeling her chest becoming splattered with Zach's warm thick seed. She felt movement on the bed but was unable to move, her body succumbing to the exhaustion that had been overwhelming her.

"There you go, Mom, the last little bit is for you." Zach knelt next to mother's face and drew his spent prick across her mouth, the final oozing drops leaving a milky strand on her soft red lips. He stood next to the bed and looked down at his mother's mature sexy body, then pulled her sweater down over her cum-covered tits and pulled the blankets up over her. With a final glance at her blissfully serene face, he turned off the light and returned to his room, anxiously awaiting tomorrow—a whole night they would have together, alone.

Alicia lay in the dark, her mind drifting on the edge of sleep. She could feel the warm stickiness of Zach's semen beneath her sweater, knowing from the number of shots she'd felt land on her that he'd thoroughly covered her tits with his cum. She felt like rolling over, but realized she was too

exhausted to even move. Her whole body was still tingling all over, and a twinge of painful delight went from her abused cunt all the way up through her entire body. She lay peacefully, realizing she'd never felt so wonderfully content in her entire life. She had never felt such exquisite sexual gratification, and the fact that it was her son that was bringing her this much pleasure just made it so much better. She felt her heart swell with pure joy at what a wonderful young man Zach had become, and how much she loved him. In just two nights, he had already shown her what a caring, considerate and passionate lover he could be—the perfect lover.

She too thought about tomorrow night, when she'd have Zach all to herself with no one else around. After looking at all those sexy pictures he had of her, she thought about what she could wear for her son, wanting to make him as happy as he'd made her. There was a shop near her office that sold high-end lingerie. She'd have no trouble finding something there that Zach would approve of. She might have to take a little longer than normal lunch break tomorrow—she definitely had some shopping she wanted to do.

Lying there on the edge of slumber, her body was still buzzing from the wildly intense fucking he'd just given her. Over the last couple of hours, he'd totally ravished her—driving his monstrous hard cock so far into her, she felt like she was being crucified—nailed to the cross by the long thick stake between her son's legs. His desire and sexual appetite for her was insatiable—and she loved it. As she lay there, totally exhausted and unable to even move, she wondered if she could continue to handle his beautiful huge cock and his ravenous desire for her. She wanted to try. She'd go to that lingerie store and get a few things that she was sure would have him climbing the walls. She'd pick out some things that would have his enormous prick stiffening again and again, although he never seemed to have any trouble with that—his huge teenage cock never seeming to lose its throbbing rigidity. Tomorrow night, she decided, she'd fuck him as savagely and tirelessly as he'd fucked her tonight.

Alicia was finally able to turn her head slightly to the side, her soft pillow cradling her pretty face. She could feel her pussy leaking, the multiple loads of cum her son had shot into her seeping out all over her sheets, but she didn't care—she loved the illicitly wicked feeling of her son's milky cum in and on her body. As she lay there, picturing him moving between her legs and feeding his big thick cock deep into her, she felt something tacky on her lower lip and slipped out her tongue. She drew it back into her mouth, the warm milky gob of cum clinging to her tongue. She closed her mouth and let his precious seed settle on her taste buds, savoring the final remnants of Zach's last orgasm. She swallowed slowly, enjoying the comforting sensation of the silky fluid sliding smoothly down her throat—the perfect end to a perfect night.