

Vengeance is Sweet

Amy hated her new stepmother, Angie, with all the passion any 14 year old girl can muster. As much as Amy hated Angie she loved her Daddy and was determined to once again make herself the focal point of all his attentions. If not sooner than later.

Angie, was the opposite of Amy in almost every way. Tall, elegant, shapely, blonde hair, blue eyes with an absolutely stunning body, while poor little Amy was short and dumpy as a young teenager with drab dark hair and a boyish figure. She was the proverbial "ugly duckling" while her step-mother was the beautiful swan.

Her heart filled with resentment when James ignored her to spend time with his new wife. Jealousy and resentment were her new best friends as she grew older.

Only her best friend April understood what she was going through as she too had a step mother she despised. April, who was two years Amy's senior, told her friend there was one sure way to get back at her step mother. When Amy curiously asked how April told her it was simple.

"Just wait to you get older, maybe 18 or so and have blossomed into the true beauty you are going to be...and then start to show off and flirt outrageously with your daddy."

Amy scoffed at the idea of her ever being beautiful but the rest of the idea surely appealed to her as Angie was a bit on the jealous side when it came to anyone other than her showing attention to James. It was about the only thing they had in common.

At the age of 16, Amy moved across the country with her mother. James said little in protest which deeply hurt her feelings. It would be two long years before she seen him again.

Finally she would have her attempt at vengeance as shortly after she graduated high school Amy would be spending the summer with James and Angie, and just as her best friend had prophesized Amy had indeed turned beautiful as she matured into a young lady. She was 18 now and was no longer an ugly duckling. The truth was she had turned into a true All America beauty. She carried her beauty with a divine grandeur that took everyone's breath away including her father's.

She was now 5' 1" and weighed 98 pounds. She had dark flowing hair that fell just past her shoulders in a soft cascade of beauty. Her skin tone was deep, dark and flawless as it was a nice mix between her father's light Caucasian features and her mother's pretty exotic mix of Spanish and South American Indian heritage.

But it was a pair of absolutely gorgeous tits that was the show stopping feature in Amy's arsenal of beauty. She had a pair of 32 D's that were the commanding feature of an already perfect body. Sitting atop her breasts like two large dollops of perfection were her crown

jewels—a pair of very large areoles that were almost the size of silver dollars.

Once April got a look at Amy's new found beauty she giggled and told her best friend, "You must concentrate on wearing outfits that show those gorgeous tits of yours off Amy...in front of your Daddy. It will drive Angie insane with jealousy."

It seemed like a sound plan to Amy so when she went to the mall later that day with April they concentrated on buying her outfits that would do exactly that.

Things were going to plan as the long hot summer grinded on. Amy spent the days lounging out back by the pool in a variety of skimpy bikinis that caught the eye of James and raised the ire of Angie. She noticed smugly how they seemed to be fighting more and were not so "lovey, dovey" anymore with each other.

Finally, things came to a head in late August as James and Angie decided on a trial separation. Amy was delighted and worried all at once. Delighted that her father finally had the good sense to, at the very least, take a break from Angie. But worried that once she had to fly back across country to start college in the September that her daddy and Angie would reconcile.

It was the last weekend before she was due to fly out on Sunday afternoon and Amy, with April's encouragement, decided to pull out all the stops. James had to work late Friday so Saturday would have

to be the day that Amy extracted a promise not to reconcile with Angie out of her daddy; a promise she was prepared to go to any lengths to get.

Saturday afternoon promised to be warm and sunny so Amy suggested to James they spend the afternoon lounging together out by the pool. She was prepared as she had just purchased a stunning new white string bikini that was as skimpy as hell and would show off her young, perfect 18 year old body to its maximum potential.

When his daughter came strutting out to the pool in her white bikini her father nearly fell over. He had seen Amy in bikinis before but this one was unequivocally spectacular. He simply could not keep his eyes off of his daughter that afternoon. The contrast between her rich, darkly tanned skin and the white skimpy bikini made for quite an exciting show.

Amy noticed her Daddy seemed to be having an incredibly hard time taking his eyes off of her, in particular her tits, and was simply delighted. She knew the way her large dark areoles pressed up against the tight whiteness of her bikini top in such a bewitching manner was what her daddy was staring at and this sent ripples of excitement through her young heart.

James felt guilty for staring at his daughter in such a bold manner but the two Jack Daniels and cokes he had slugged down that afternoon helped quell some of that guilt. Amy was drinking also as she had been sipping on wine coolers all afternoon which seemed to

make her rather bold and flirtatious with him which was something he noticed with unabashed delight.

His mood had been growing dark as he missed his wife. Angie had announced she wanted the separation rather abruptly with little or no warning. He suspected she had been cheating on him with a younger man, or worse still younger men, but could not be sure.

James was nearly 50 now and while in the looks department he was not in bad shape, per se, but neither was he in really good shape. Sadly, he considered himself extremely normal, or average if you will, and maybe a bit boring.

The reality was the attentions of his beautiful young daughter were much welcome. That Amy would be leaving soon and he would be alone in the house made him willing to overlook the fact that maybe he was staring at her a bit too much. After all, he reasoned, she was leaving so he better stare while he could.

They decided to grill out that evening on the back porch. James went to the store to get T-bones, while Amy mentions she will go upstairs to shower and change for dinner. He was both relieved and disappointed all at once. Disappointed to see her change out of her sexy white bikini but relieved that at least the guilt from the way he was helplessly staring at her as she pranced around in it would be at an end.

James was out on the back porch sitting at the patio table relaxing when Amy came sashaying out in an outfit that almost made her white bikini look tame by comparison. She was wearing a pair of tight cut off blue jean shorts that showed off her toned legs and shapely ass to the nth degree but that was nothing compared to the dark blue tee shirt she was wearing. Half tee shirt that is as it looked like it had been attacked by a pair of angry scissors.

On her small frame his daughter's tits looked immense; a simple fact that James could not help but to notice. Now with Amy running around in her little half tee shirt James kept taking long sly, subtle glances that as the night wore on became less sly and less subtle. But the thing was Amy seemed to care very little that he was taking quite an interest in her body. The jagged edges of her tee shirt came down barely enough to cover her nipples leaving the whole lower third of her tits on full display. He tried his best not to stare but it was a losing battle

To wash away the guilt he mixed himself another Jack and coke. The strongest yet and much to his delight/horror he watched as Amy began taking bigger and bigger sips out of his drink. He could only imagine how much of a show off and a flirt she might become once drunk as for now she seemed relatively sober. He could hardly wait to find out so instead of discouraging her from sharing his drink he made her an equally strong one which she graciously accepted with a warm smile.

"I don't think we have ever gotten drunk together Daddy," she purred, "This could be fun."

"Yeah well, you're leaving so why not." He replied as he tried to concentrate on grilling the steaks. "It will be sort of a going away party huh sweetie."

"You must be getting drunk daddy as it's been a long time since you called me sweetie. That is a name I thought reserved for her."

"Her is not here. And if you don't mind I prefer not to talk of her ...or to think of her." He replied maybe a bit too harshly over his shoulder as he slammed the large T-bone steak onto the grill.

"Oh daddy," she says as she slinks up behind him, "I promise to do my best to take your mind off of ...her...tonight if only you will allow me some freedom to do so."

"What kind of freedom would you be referring to little girl." He said plopping down in the lounge chair next to the patio table.

"Later I will tell you. But in the meantime just keep calling me those cute little pet nicknames like you used to before and I will be happy...especially 'little girl' as that one warms my heart the most." She coyly stands in front of him thrusting her chest out to its full potential and then adds, "But as no doubt you noticed I am not so little anymore."

"Hmm I suppose not." He says as his eyes helplessly flicker down to her chest.

They would carry on like this for the better part of the rest of the evening as they got drunk together over dinner. She was coy and playful with him while he tried to maintain a line in the sand between them that was quickly becoming blurred by their copious consumption of Jack and cokes.

As it got dark she suggested they do something they had not done for such a long time, which was watch an old scary movie together while snuggling on the couch.

He agreed that sounded like a fine idea but when she suggested something more his heart nearly burst with excitement.

"I was thinking, maybe just like when I was a little girl we could fall asleep together on the couch snuggled in each other arms."

"Aren't you a little old to be falling asleep in my arms honey." He suggested trying to act like he was not excited at all about the prospects of her spending the night cuddled in his arms.

"Never." Was her simple and straight forward reply.

And with that it was settled. They both went upstairs to prepare themselves for a night that neither was soon to forget.

James took a quick shower, brushed his teeth and combed his hair. He threw on a pair of boxers, along with gym shorts and a tee shirt. His mind kept wandering to just what she might decide to wear. After seeing her strut around all day in her bikini and then watching her bounce around in the skimpy half tee shirt his expectations were sky high that she would be wearing something that would show off that perfect little body of hers once more.

So it was with a bit of disappointment that when she met him on the couch she was wearing a pretty, yet not so revealing, white fuzzy robe. "Oh well at least my eyes will have a rest," he mused to himself as he settled down on the couch next to her.

They spent the rest of the evening snuggled tightly together watching a horror movie that, just as when she was younger, made Amy cling to her daddy. As he wrapped his arms tight around her he kept wondering just what exactly, if anything, she had under her pretty, white robe. The red wine they were now sharing as they watched the movie only increased his curiosity as it helped relax his thoughts around his beautiful young daughter. Thoughts that were becoming increasingly dark and dangerous.

After the movie, James suggested maybe it was time to sleep but Amy suggested instead they continue their little snuggle session this time down in the family room in front of the brick fireplace. The night had turned cold and rainy as a late summer storm had blown

in pelting the house with large drops of rain as thunder boomed and crashed.

Amy had always hated storms so it was not surprising that she wanted comfort during this one which was proving to be quite vicious. She also was prone to bad dreams, especially after watching a horror movie, which she reminded her daddy of when he hesitated after she suggested they cuddle in front of the fireplace.

"Oh daddy don't you remember, I need your quiet comfort after watching scary movies, plus with the storm you can't pack me off to bed all by myself." She smiled at him coyly holding her hand out to him. "Besides you already promised I could fall asleep in your arms. I mean we will just do that in front of the fireplace instead of the couch."

"Yeah ok I suppose it would be more comfortable." he says taking her hand and being led downstairs to the family room.

While he busied himself making the fire she prepared the large white rug that stretched out in front of the fireplace by adding a blanket and two pillows along with one of the family room's large pillow chairs for them to recline against.

At this point, Amy yet had no solid idea how far she planned on taking her playful teasing with her daddy. She had, at the beginning of the day, just decided to let things take their natural course between them with maybe a little help from the outfits she was wearing and

a bit of flirting on her part but if at any time she sensed her daddy pulling back she would end her efforts.

So far the closest he had come to pulling back was a few moments of hesitation before he succumbed to whatever she was suggesting. She found as he got drunk he absolutely could not keep his eyes off of her. Even with her body covered up under her robe she noticed how he kept shooting long thoughtful looks her way.

"He is probably wondering what I have on underneath my robe." Amy mused to herself as she led him downstairs. Much to her surprise, this did not cause her any discomfort. Instead it only caused a feeling of forbidden excitement to slowly crawl its way up her spine.

They recline on their sides on the thick rug laying side by side together in front of the warm fire as they relax in silence listening to the rain pelt the roof. She invites him to hold her tight. He accepts and they begin a sweet little cuddling session that warms both of their hearts.

As time slowly passes she begins to feel something other than a warm heart coming from her Daddy. She feels a firmness down there as she snuggled against him. Feeling brave from the alcohol she begins to suggestively wriggle her backside a bit against James' firmness.

Then for the first time she felt him actually pull away from her as he shifted his body position away from her so they broke contact. Although she promised herself to "ease up" if she felt him pulling away that was a promise made when she was stone cold sober, which was not the case now. The fact he actually pulled away from her, physically, hurts her fragile feelings. Inside she gets mad but is careful not to show it.

Amy turns to him as she pulls herself into a sitting position. Being stung by his rebuttal of her not so innocence snuggling against him she decides to hit him with the one thing that has been bothering her all night. Without any preamble she launches her attack.

"Daddy, I sense you are a bit lonely and depressed and that maybe you are thinking of getting back with Angie."

"Yes guilty as charged on all three counts. Would that bother you?"

"Deeply. I just don't see why you can't move on from that bitch."

"Honey I am almost fifty. I just got demoted at work when they reorganized the whole management staff."

"So!!"

"So I don't make that good of money anymore plus like I said I am ...old and not so handsome like before." He tries to make light of the situation as this is not something he really wants to discuss with her.

"Daddy your handsome still. To me anyway."

"Yeah well but not to a whole lot of women my age. Honey the thought of dumping Angie completely and starting over with dating and going through all that BS...again at my age holds no appeal to me."

"So it's true. As soon as I leave you are going to get back together."

"We talked about it."

They spend the night few minutes arguing about him going back to Angie without reaching a consensus. She simply does not want him back with her such is her hatred of her step-mother, while James is adamant about not wanting to start over. Amy is growing increasingly bitter and angry and soon the tears are starting to flow. Drinking has always made her emotional and she has had a bit more than normal tonight so her feelings are quite fragile.

Finally, out of frustration, as she can't illicit a promise out of him not to go back to Angie, she jumps up off the rug and walks over to the bar. She reaches the bar and plops down on one of the stools ignoring him as she pours herself a fresh glass of wine. After a few lame

attempts to get her attention with weak apologies he decides he must go to her to smooth things over.

He stands up stretching his legs, pauses for a moment trying to figure out what he is going to say to her. But before he can even get there and offer a sincere apology she turns on the stool and says, her voice full of angry venom. "I know why."

"Why what sweetheart" he asks.

"Why you pushed me away earlier when I tried to cuddle against you." Amy pauses as her voice hitches. James has just enough time to think, "Oh this is going to be bad," before she starts again.

"And why you would have never pushed HER away... if she tried to show you how much she loved you by cuddling close to you."

"Honey..." He stops in front of meaning to stop this before it gets started but she ignores him and continues on her little tirade without missing a beat.

"Its because you love her more than me." Amy voice is rising to a frightful pitch. "You always have... even tonight you probably wish it was her here being so nice to you and not me." The tears are really beginning to flow now.

"Honey now that is not true at all...baby I... " he never gets to finish his thought as Amy bounces up off the bar stool and screams at him.

"LIAR!!" and then she bolts from the room dashing upstairs.

James is too stunned to give chase right away. But then again he should have seen it coming as Amy has always been frightfully jealous of Angie. He pauses a minute trying to collect his thoughts as he hears her bedroom door slam shut. He wonders briefly if he should wait giving her time to cool off or go up now.

As he heads up the stairs he figures waiting would only give her ample time to become even more upset. He must nip this in the bud and now.

He reaches her room and knocks on the door. No answer and so he knocks louder "Come on Amy ... WE NEED TO TALK!!!"

"Come in " she says. Much to his surprise her voice seems calm and controlled if not a bit cool.

He slips in the door. She is sitting on down on her bench, combing her hair in front of the mirror on her vanity table. He walks up behind her. Their eyes meet briefly in the mirror before she looks away.

"Amy please do not be mad... I am sorry ..." he starts not knowing exactly what he is going to say or what he should say to make things better.

"What are you sorry for Daddy, maybe for ignoring my needs huh?" She continues to brush her long dark hair not really paying attention to him as he stands behind her.

"Your needs ... what needs did I ignore ... I thought ... I mean we had a really nice day"

"Yes until the end when I...needed...you to make one simple promise to me."

She stopped brushing her hair and looks at him steadily in the mirror.

He steps closer puts his hands on her shoulders. "Honey...Amy sweetheart its...it's not that simple. I...am lonely here by myself...I have needs...that..."

"Needs that I would be...more than happy to fulfill if only you would let me Daddy...but you won't as I plainly seen down by the fire when you would barely touch me."

There she had said it. The proverbial cat is out of the bag. She wonders what, if anything, his response will be to her bold statement. When he says nothing she begins combing her hair again in long jerking motions, ignoring him once more.

He is getting annoyed by her attitude and by the combing of the hair but most of all maybe by having no real response to what she just proposed. He wonders if she realizes what kind of needs he was referring to which more than anything gives him pause.

The frustration is building in her heart as he soon tires of being ignored and he lifts a hand off her shoulder. He grabs her hand in mid stroke, wrestling the brush away from her and tosses it on the vanity table. It crashes there with a loud bang.

"DADDY!!" She cries out surprised by his sudden display of aggression. Surprised and a bit turned on maybe.

"Pay attention little girl...I did not touch you much, hold you much when we cuddled in front of the fire because of one simple reason. He pause as their eyes meet once more in the mirror. He senses this is a critical juncture in their relationship so he chooses his next words carefully.

"I just did not trust myself honey...and you know what I am talking about?" He holds up his hands, "These hands sometimes don't obey me." He says softly trying to make a little joke of it.

She turns to him while reaching up to grasp his hands in hers. Now with his hands firmly trapped by her smaller ones she brings them up to her lips and gives them several soft kisses.

"But Daddy..." she turns back to the mirror while guiding his hands back to her shoulders.

"I trust you ... And that is what really counts." Amy lets her hands slip down to her lap. She is quiet for a moment before adding "I love you so very much...not trusting your big strong hands on me is never going to happen."

"Daddy loves you too baby...so very much." He leans down and kisses her on top of the head as once again she has managed to melt his heart. Without having to think about it he begins to slowly massage her shoulders through the thick fuzzy material of her robe. She sighs gently, feeling his hands on her shoulders, his fingers move slowly across each shoulder blade and then up her neck, and then back across the shoulders.

"Is this what you wanted baby" he whispers to her. "For daddy to pay more attention to his little girl...with these big strong hands."

"That and...a simple little promise." She feels him stiffen and stop his massage so she quickly adds, "But for now I will settle for this little massage as it feels so good."

Amy leans her head down, while raising her hands to his. Gripping them tightly she pushes them under the material of the robe at the neckline whispering softly "This would be better though."

He works his way across her shoulders once more kneading and stroking- now with nothing between his hands and her shoulders he notices something that causes his heart to race.

James slowly works his hands across her shoulders...one on each... back and forth ... he begins to realize his hands are not impeded by anything, namely bra straps!

Her shoulders are bare so that must mean... under that robe is? He tries to not think about what it means that his hands are not impeded by anything as he works them over and across her shoulders. He tries to concentrate on just rubbing her shoulders and nothing else but it's hard especially when she begins to moan softly from his touch while leaning her head back against his stomach.

He brings his hands up from under her robe and using his thumbs he rubs behind her ears, pulls on her hair gently. Amy looks up at him and smiles. A warm relaxed smile that says maybe her storm of anger has passed.

The massage continues until...she wants more. She asks him to rub her back too. He can't say no to her. She moves forward on the bench seat until she is on the front edge.

Patting the seat behind her she tells James to sit down. The bench is just wide enough for both of them to sit somewhat comfortable as she is sitting between his legs.

He starts at her shoulders working his way slowly down her back just a bit then up again. He feels the tension building between them once more.

Not long into the massage she opens her eyes and looks at him in the mirror while saying softly, "Daddy I think your massage would be much better if this stupid robe was not in the way...don't you think."

He freezes for an instant his mind whirling with wicked thoughts. "What if the fact he felt no bra straps really means she is completely and utterly naked under her robe...or at the very least topless?"

He looks at her and sees her face darken when he does not answer right away. He can't bear to upset her anymore as she is still obviously in a fragile state of mind.

"Of course baby." and then before he can stop himself his fatherly instincts forces him to add, "Hmm but that may not be a really good idea... "

"Well why not Daddy..." she snorts in reply her voice taking on that scary edge that indicates a storm is brewing.

"Well because..."

"Because you are afraid of what I have on under my robe Daddy...if anything."

She smiles so sweet and innocent at him as if what they were talking about was not deadly serious. "Come on daddy ...don't be shy ..." she says in a teasing playful voice while she reaches behind her and takes his hands into hers. She guides them around to her front to where the robe is tied.

His mind races. What to do!?. If he puts up a fight and says no she will probably flip out again and get mad. Just like earlier. But if he complies with her wishes and takes off the robe and she has no bra on underneath like he suspects...

His hands are now on the tie holding her robe shut, with her hands wrapped tightly over them. She whispers, "Come on daddy, Please undo my robe...I don't mind really ..." she then adds the kicker, "You don't want to make me cry again do you."

That settles it as pure and simple emotional blackmail has done the trick. James must comply with her wishes or risk another crying jag. With her help he slowly starts to undo the tie. The robe falls open slightly - her hands never leave his. He watches in the mirror as she guides his hands up to just below her shoulders... "Go on Daddy take it off" she whispers.

His heart racing, his hands shaking, he gently slides his fingers inside the robe and pulls it off slowly. He is staring at her in the mirror his eyes glued to her chest as the robe slides down and off her shoulders.

He is wrong. She is not naked under her robe, nor topless but instead his young daughter has an absolutely gorgeous white strapless bra on.

It looks very smug on her. In fact, it looks like it is having the worst of times trying to contain those big tits of hers. His eyes grow big with amazed wonder as she stands up slipping the robe off the rest of the way. She is wearing an equally sexy pair of matching white lace thong panties. Before she sits back down he gets a real eyeful of her exquisite little ass.

She smiles at him innocently as he moves his hands to her back and starts rubbing her shoulders again working his way down - slowly - his eyes keep flickering back to the image in the mirror of his young daughter in that sexy strapless bra. No words are exchanged as of yet. Amy is merely enjoying her father's attentions on her body while for his part James seemed to have lost the power of speech such is the effect of her dazzling beauty on him.

He rubs up and down her back, massaging her nicely, scratching her back lightly with his fingernails all the way down to her bra strap and then back up. He kneads her shoulders again as his eyes flicker down to her chest helplessly.

Finally she breaks the silence. "So do you like it Daddy. It's new."

"What's new?"

"My bra and panties silly. Surely you must have an opinion on them one way or the other."

His brain is not working quite so well right now as his hands keep wanting to slide around to the front and start massaging those tantalizing, mouthwatering tits of hers through that sexy bra. It seems to be a primeval urge that is coming from somewhere deep and dark within his heart. It's a urge he has to fight with all his willpower.

"Hmm, not saying anything. Oh well I know you like them anyway, especially my bra." She says this in a very teasing voice that suggests she has a rather good idea he is having such a hard time taking his eyes off of her chest.

"Why do you say that honey." He answers and with a might effort tears his eyes off of her chest and looks away.

"Let's just say it was woman's intuition. Then as their eyes meet in the mirror she adds with a pretty smirk on her face, "That and the way you keep staring at my chest."

"Honey I...I..."

"Don't even try and deny it Daddy. I would be most insulted if you do. In fact I am already bit insulted that you have not told me how nice I look in my new bra Daddy."

He leans in and whispers in her ear, as his hands are poised on her shoulders, "Amy your new bra looks fabulous on you baby as does the matching panties...and yes I have been staring. Do you hate me for it honey. I mean does it make you ...uncomfortable."

"Of course not Daddy." She says as she reaches back and strokes his cheek with her hand. "And thank you for being so brave to tell me how good I look."

She brings her mouth up to his and plants a kiss quickly on his lips. And then another when he shows no sign of resisting. This second kiss lingers before she breaks it off causing his heart to trip hammer.

"But you really do like the way it looks on me right Daddy ...you're not just saying that to make me feel better." She turns back around while his hands come up and begins stroking her hair. "Maybe I am just trying to compete with Angie in the looks department."

"Competing and winning sweetheart." He tells her as he leans in and whispers into her ear. He wants to make her feel better, wants her to stop being so damn jealous of Angie. "And no honey... I am just not

saying that to make you feel better. He pulls back and looks at her very seriously deep in the eyes before adding, "I think you look fantastic and you're absolutely right. I am have had a really, really hard time keeping my eyes off your chest..."

"Really daddy ... I was just kinda you know kidding when I said that." She has a very bemused look on her face now as they sit staring at each other sitting so very close on her little vanity bench. "I mean really you have been staring at my chest Daddy?"

He should not be telling her any of this. Should not be here in her bedroom. Alone. But he seems to have fallen under some sorta of spell that is allowing him to throw good common sense out the window. She is being so sweet and loving to him; giving him those two small little kisses has set his heart on fire, so why not tell her the truth, especially when the truth will make her feel better about herself.

His hands now slide around her waist rubbing her sides up and down as she turns back around facing the mirror once more. He leans in and says in her ear. "Yes honey...Daddy has been staring at your chest...it's the sad awful truth."

She whispers back "Only sad and awful if he doesn't like what he sees."

"And if he does like what he sees honey...what then."

"Then he should tell me." She says her voice showing no signs of discomfort that they are discussing her nearly 50 year old father staring at his 18 year old daughter's chest.

"Well in that case then...I like what I see... very much so" he whispers in her ear as his hands slide up and down her bare arms.

"Better than Angie." His hands resting softly around her tummy stroking it in small circles with one finger.

He sighs heavily knowing she will not let him off easy. "Yes sweetheart better than Angie."

"And am I as pretty as her Daddy." She wraps her hands around his and begins to guide them upwards to the swell of her beautiful boobs but just before they can reach, with a mighty effort of willpower, he stops them just short.

His heart is speeding with forbidden excitement as he senses things are about to get out of hand. As his fingers glide gently across her flat well-toned abs his excitement only increased. It was only by some small miracle that he stops them just short of the lacy bottom of her bra.

"Promise me you won't go back to her and we can do this...all the time Daddy...that is cuddle like this I mean."

"Honey if anyone...finds out about this."

"Daddy no one needs to know. It can be our little secret."

She slips her arms behind and around his neck pulling him in closer. He lowers his mouth closer to her neck.

"Our special little secret daddy. Come on please, kiss me..."

His lips brush the slope of her neck as she lets out a soft moan as he begins to kiss her neck softly. His cock is growing ever bigger, ever harder by the second.

He showers her neck with kisses as he takes a quick glance in the mirror. He sees Amy has tilted her head back and thrust her chest out allowing him total access to her body- if only he was brave enough to take advantage.

She turns her face to his. Their lips touch. He feels the fire going up his spine; the passion exploding in his heart. They kiss soft and slow. Over and over again.

"Oh Daddy... I love you so much..." she says in a husky whisper her voice filled with forbidden passion as she breaks with him briefly in between kisses.

They continue to exchange small breathless exclamations of love while his hands begins to slip towards her boobs. He can't take it anymore! He wants to get up and leave before he loses control. Her tongue flickers out and explores his mouth, which pretty much seals the deal as he is not going anywhere.

All pretense of innocence lost his tongue glides out into her mouth as they kiss long and deep while his hands continue to drift all around the her bare mid-section.

"Daddy loves you too baby." He says his voice also rough with desire and passion. Their lips crash together over and over. His tongue snakes into her mouth, probing deeper, tasting her. She responds by shoving her tongue back against his; the kiss goes on and on, until finally out of breath both of them pull back.

She smiles at him..."that was nice."

"Yes" his heart is beating a mile a minute.

Amy turns back towards the mirror -leans her back against his chest as she grabs his hands and guides them to her mid-section. He rubs her tummy in small circles, wanting to do so much more but afraid to make the attempt.

"You can play with them now if you want..." she starts to guide his hands upwards "I mean if you really think they are nice... like you said Daddy... you must want to touch them."

His hands reach the edge of her bra. He pauses as he looks at her in the mirror. She smiles at him soft and sweet before her head lolls back, arching her back pushing her beautiful tits out to their maximum potential.

James eyes are glued to the image of his young daughter's tits in the mirror as they look so damn inviting in that strapless bra, which is barely containing them. Then she whispers what is a most enticing invitation. "Go on Daddy touch them if you want...you will be the first... ever." .

His heart nearly explodes in pure excitement from her little confession. Amy gives one final soft push upwards and his hands come into contact with the soft material of her bra. Her hands are still over his making sure they don't stray from her tits as she exerts mild downward pressure.

The soft feel of the bra combined with the firmness of her young virgin tits causes his cock to reach new heights of hardness. It is an incredible feeling, full of pure red hot passion, as he begins to slowly massage his daughter's tits through her bra. There is no escape as she holds his hands firmly in place over her boobs. Moving his hands in small circles all over the lacey material of her bra he begins to massage them more firmly warming to the task at hand.

She moans softly, "Oh Daddy...hmm...that is it ... play with your little girls boobies."

Her encouragement turns the heat up even higher- he begins to vigorously rub her boobs now all over as her hands drop away. She is confident that he no longer needs encouragement to fondle her tits so she leans back and relaxes against him while he cups her boobs from underneath feeling their soft weight through that incredibly sexy strapless bra. Amy moans even louder while closing her eyes and thrusting her chest out.

"Should I take it off Daddy," she whispers to him. The moment of truth is here. Once that bra comes off there will be no turning back. Their eyes meet in the mirror as he slowly nods his head yes.

It seems almost surreal as he watches her hands come around the back of her bra and carefully begin to unhook it as he watches. The bra comes undone and then she pauses as she stares at him in the mirror. A naughty little smile crosses her lips as the bra slowly slips from the twin peaks of her breasts.

They are absolutely and utterly beautiful he sees as he stares at them in the mirror in sheer amazement over their immense beauty. They are bronzed to a golden brown with no tan lines whatsoever. He particularly likes her extra-large areolas as that has always been a secret fetish of his. His fingers immediately begin to trace small circles over his daughter's large areolas which almost immediately

causes her to moan louder as she whispers "Oh God Daddy they are so sensitive."

Her nipples snap to attention and become hard as erasers as he flicks them with his thumbs making her squirm back against him. As he looks over her shoulder down at her exquisite tits the desire in him grows. The desire to shower those tits of hers with a million small kisses before taking those delicious nipples into his mouth.

"Let's get you turned around baby." He says his voice full of rough passion. She quickly stands up and turns towards him. He easily lifts her small body up onto the vanity table sitting her down on it. Her lovely large tits are now directly in front of his face as he slides forward to the edge of the bench.

He can not resist them anymore as he buries his face between her breasts. He begins to slowly kiss his way up and down the deep valley between her breasts. Amy leans back on her arms allowing full access to her tits which James takes full advantage of. He lowers his mouth to first one breast and then another. Kissing them slowly and teasingly all over alternating breasts to give each equal attentions. His mouth lingers long and slow over her breasts, while his tongue flickers in and out over and over again tasting their sweetness.

He takes his sweet time showering them entirely with soft kisses before letting his first his lips and then his tongue go to work on her nipples. He pulls on them with his lips after flicking his tongue over them ever so slowly and then faster which causes Amy to squirm and then moan louder than ever. James is soon sucking on them with a

reckless abandon he never knew possible which Amy, based on the intensity of her moans, is enjoying very much.

His hands slips down below to her legs. Amy parts them wider allowing his fingers to deftly slip under her white lace panties. He slowly pushes one finger up inside of her tight virgin pussy which causes her to squirm and moan all the more.

"God baby you are so tight." He says in between mouthful of breasts.

"I am Daddy remember you are the first...are you going to make love to me...here and now."

"Is that what you want sweetheart for Daddy to make love to his little girl?"

"Yes please I want you inside of me...but first..." Her voice is rough with passion just the same as his. "Here let's switch places Daddy it's time for your little girl to suck on something."

James is now standing in front of Amy as she sits on the edge of the vanity table's bench. Amy boldly yanks his boxers down allowing his rock hard cock to be free. She is getting ready to do something that James thought would be impossible—suck on her daddy's large throbbing 7 inch cock. Her hands slip around to her daddy's hips, placing them on either side as she licks her lips in quiet anticipation of what she is about to do.

She simply stares at his cock for a long moment as it juts out in erect attention towards her eager young lips, letting the sexual tension build up inside of both of them. Then ever so carefully she brings her lips to it and begins to apply soft butterfly kisses to the sensitive underside of his cock. She uses one hand to hold his cock upright and the other to cup his balls as her tongue flickers expertly in and out licking at his hardness.

Her light butterfly kisses combined with the soft strokes of her licking tongue causes James knees to nearly buckle on him. He has to grip the table for support as his daughter's eager young tongue goes to work.

"Oh God baby that is so nice...don't stop please" he moans to her.

Amy pauses for a moment to look up at him and smile and then moves her lips back to the task at hand. She begins to rub her lips up and down on the backside of his cock causing it to shiver in delight. Then finally her tongue slips out of her mouth and she proceeds to give his cock several long slow licks up and down and then all around.

"This is the best lollipop I have ever had Daddy" she says giggling softly like a school girl.

"You really like it sweetheart."

"Oh God yes daddy...here let me show you."

And then she really goes to work on his cock as she begins to lather it with attention from that wicked little mouth of hers. She interchanges soft licks with sweet butterfly kisses all up and down the backside of his hard shaft causing James to moan ever louder. After what seems forever her mouth finds itself poised at the tip of his throbbing rock hard cock now poised for the final act.

"You want your little girl to put her daddy's cock in her mouth and suck on it so eagerly, huh?" She says this in the sweetest of whispers while making her voice sound oh so sweet and innocent.

"Yes please baby...put it in your mouth...suck on it for Daddy" James voice is jagged with passion, his thoughts beyond good and evil now as they have only turned to one thing and one thing only...getting his hard cock in her sweet young mouth.

Amy pulls back and looks at his cock thoughtfully saying in her sweetest coy little girl voice, "I dunno know daddy it looks kinda big ...I mean I not sure if I can get it in my mouth...I have never done anything like this before."

"Oh come on baby you can try...please" he tells her as he runs her fingers through her soft hair.

"Ok your little girl will try to take as much as your big cock as I can handle."

She opens her mouth while closing her eyes and slowly, carefully begins to swallow his swollen prick inch by inch. James looks down at his pretty little daughter perched on the edge of the vanity bench swallowing his cock inch by inch. He can hardly believe this is happening. But more to the point he can hardly believe how incredibly good she is making him feel. She begins now to bob her head up and down swallowing and sucking his cock deep into her mouth ever so slowly.

"Oh God baby that is it...you're doing so good sweetie...keep going...Ahhh Jesus that feels nice."

She looks up at him all wide eyed and innocent her mouth filled to the rim with his big hard cock. She lets it slip out of her mouth for just a moment saying "Am I doing good daddy?"

"Yes sweetie real good...please don't stop though." He places one hand on the back of her head whispering "Go on baby suck on it some more please honey."

She gives him the sweetest of smiles as she takes one hand and cups his balls gently while using the other to begin stroking his cock up and down. "It's just so big daddy...I am not sure if I can really get it all in."

"You can try you almost had it all last time...will you try again?"

"Yes of course...I will do anything for you Daddy."

"Show me...c'mon suck on it some more sweetheart...take it all in that sweet little mouth of yours this time."

She lowers her mouth once more opening wide and with more confidence than last time begins to suck on her Daddy's cock. Her mouth bobs up and down, up and down on his throbbing penis. With every downward bob she takes more of his cock into her small mouth.

"That's it honey...take it all ...suck on it ...please honey...please!!"

With his soft words of encouragement ringing in her ears Amy is soon sucking on his cock like there is no tomorrow. Every time her mouth bobs up and threatens to break contact with his cock James applies firm but gentle pressure on the back of her head forcing his dick deep into her eager young mouth. Amy is using one hand to gently massage his balls in her hand as her mouth flies up and down on his hard shaft. James is near the tipping point.

"OH GOD BABY...DADDY IS GOING TO CUM IN YOUR MOUTH IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT."

She flickers her eyes upwards at him as he says this but continues to suck his cock with unabated enthusiasm. Then just as he was nearing the point of no return she stops abruptly.

"I need you inside of me Daddy." Amy says breathlessly as she stands up. "Take my virginity Daddy pleaaaaseee."

She turns around and James spends a minute worshipping her ass with first his hands and then his tongue trying to let his cock relax just a bit so he doesn't burst as soon as he is inside of her. His lips are kissing first one of her beautiful tanned ass cheeks and then the other, while his hands snake up and start to fondle her tits once more.

Amy slowly is pulling down her panties as James goes to work on her body with reckless abandon. She steps out of her panties, which now lay next to her bra in a heap on the floor.

Amy lowers herself slowly unto his cock as she faces the mirror. He pierces her tight virgin pussy as she cries out first in pain and then in pure pleasure as her Daddy goes slow letting her adjust to his size. Amy leans forward, grabbing the table for support as she slowly begins to pump up and down on his cock. Slowly at first, and then just a little faster as they fall into a rhythm.

He lets Amy set the pace. Lets her decide how fast she shall ride his cock. She is going maddeningly slow seeming to enjoy being in control.

But soon it becomes all too much for him to take. He is gazing lovingly at her tits in the mirror as they slowly jiggle up and down as she rides him. He wants nothing more than to make them bounce up and down hard and fast so he leans forwards grabbing her by the hips seizing control.

James thrusts his hips violently upwards meeting her soft downward thrust that catches her off guard and causes her to moan louder than ever. He pushes his cock into her hard and fast unable to continue the slow pace anymore.

He then grips her around the waist pulling her backwards as he sits down on the bench. He begins to bounce her up and down onto his cock. It's easy as she is so small and light. Her moans increase in volume and intensity as she is now riding his cock recklessly.

Her head back, eyes shut, she moans louder as she is slammed harder and harder up and then down on her daddy's cock. Her beautiful tits bounce up and down each time she comes crashing down onto his cock. James is staring at them with rapt attention and decides his whole goal in life now is to make those big tits of hers, which she used to tease him all day with, to jiggle up and down faster and faster.

To this end he is now picking her up higher to where she nearly breaks contact with his cock and then holding her there for a fraction of a second before letting her down fast and hard. Her body slams down onto his hardness making those tits of her jiggle and bounce just as he has hoped for.

The effect of all this has him nearing a most explosive orgasm. He wants to slow down and try and make it last but when he does Amy takes over and begins to thrust down faster and harder onto his cock pushing backwards with her hands against the bench. She is riding his cock and moaning and groaning like a cheap little tramp. The thought of this only causes his desire for her to increase all the more.

"Come on Daddy fuck me harder please Daddy pleeeeeease..." She screams with unabashed reckless desire.

He is a slave to her needs and does as she wants. After a few more thrusts and watching those tits bounce up and down he is ready for the grand finale.

Without warning he lifts her up and off of him and stands her on the floor. She leans forward against the table as she spreads her legs wide for her him.

He goes slowly at first, with both of his hands on her hips rocking into his young daughter soft and slow. But as her moans began to become louder and louder his ability to go slow soon vanishes, especially now as she is begging him to...

"Oh God Daddy come on fuck your little girl...hard please...like I deserve it." Her voice has a rough fevered excitement to it that only causes his own excitement to increase 10 fold.

He begins to slam into her with all he has over and over as she furiously moans louder.

"Oh God daddy...that's it fuck your little girl...come on please give it to me!"

He alternates thrusting into her first harder and then harder and then slow, slower and slower still and then back to quick and hard. He is near to an overwhelming orgasm now as her cries to be fucked is sending him over the edge. Normally he would try to hold out making sure his partner would come first but he knows tonight there is no holding back. His orgasm is building like on oncoming freight train.

He once again slows down for what he knows will be the final time before he cums. He pumps in and out of her slowly, carefully preparing body and mind for the final assault.

Thankfully, she is nearly there herself as her she says in a harsh whisper, "Daddy I am going to come ...pleaseeeeeee...don't stop...pleasseeeeeeeee."

That is all he needs to hear as like a sprinter making his final kick as he nears the finish line, he begins to fuck his young daughter furiously. James begins fucking her so hard that his violent passionate thrusts nearly lift her off the ground. Amy responds just as he hoped she would.

"I am coming Daddy, your baby is coming ...OH GOOOOOOOD!!!"

He squirts a mighty load of cum into her pussy as his knees buckle and the most intense orgasm of his life washes over him. He collapses back onto the vanity bench as he notices she is trembling. Trembling from her first orgasm which has left her breathless.

He turns her around to face him not knowing if he should thank her or apologize to her. He reaches out with one hand and strokes her soft face as she is crying.

"Oh god baby...Daddy is so sorry...please don't cry honey."

"Daddy...those are tears of joy" she sobs. "That was so ...intense...so passionate...God it could not have been better."

James lets out a deep sigh of relief as he leads her over to the bed where they collapse against each other. They snuggle tight against one another both content they are safe and sound in each other's arms. Both content they just experienced a memory that would last a lifetime.

But maybe more than anything young Amy is contented just like the cat that swallowed the canary. Contented that her sweet vengeance against Angie is just getting started.

Vengeance: Wicked & Wanton

Ellen and John, after being married 27 years, decided to get a trial separation. They agree to live apart for up to a year and then see how things look. John, claiming he was bored, especially in the bedroom had cheated on her. Ellen found this to be rich since as far as she was concerned, he put the B in boring. But the idiot just didn't cheat with anyone. He cheated instead with Ellen's own little sister of all people.

Ellen wants revenge. Plain and simple. It was during this break from their marriage that she would seek her revenge. She knew an indiscretion of this magnitude probably called for an outright divorce but other than his ill-advised affair John was a somewhat decent husband and an excellent provider.

Besides, she did have to assume a degree of responsibility for his affair as she did little in the bedroom herself to spice up their boring sex life. She had put on a few extra pounds, stopped wearing makeup most of the time, stopped doing her hair, and said little when their lovemaking fell off to the "once in a blue moon" category. But still, cheating with her sister that was beyond the pale and called for a wicked sort of vengeance.

At issue was Ellen's "good girl" lifestyle. She is a simple, pretty Filipino catholic girl whose only sexual experience has been with her husband. She is at a crossroads when it comes to proceeding on getting her revenge. She desperately wanted to even the score with him, but even more important and similar to what John has done she

wants to make it personal. She does not want to sleep with some random stranger, but wants the person she ultimately has her affair with to be someone close and personal to the family.

John has no brother to cheat with so that route is closed. She considers sleeping with his one good friend, but quickly rejects the idea as he is repugnant physically to her. Even if she could get past his looks he found him to be rather crude and disrespectful towards women.

After four months of the trial separation has passed Ellen is no closer to having an affair than when she first left him. She is getting a little desperate and afraid her thirst for vengeance will go unquenched. Moreover, she was sure in her heart that she would take John back someday if for no other reason than simple financial security.

But if she did that, without having her need to even the score up between them fulfilled, she suspected there would always be a deep resentment in her heart towards him. The resentment would eventually lead to bitterness, which would lead to unhappiness, and etc. etc. etc. The situation appears hopeless.

When John moved out of the house he agreed to keep paying the mortgage and the majority of bills, but still Ellen is in need of her own money as she does not want to become too dependent on him.

She decides to get a job, but first she must improve her self-confidence. First and foremost she is determined to stop using her

age, 45, as an excuse not to look good anymore. She put herself on a strict diet and exercise regime and the extra added weight that had been accumulating over the many long years of her marriage melts off. Soon she was down from 118 pounds to 105 pounds which was a near perfect weight for her small 5' 1" frame.

She once again starts to wear makeup, along with doing her hair up nice on a regular basis. Still one thing bothers her. While she had an overall decent body, especially her legs and ass, she had always secretly been insecure about her small 32B boobs. Her husband stealing younger sister had an all-natural set of 34 c tits which Ellen secretly is jealous over--had been for many years-- and in her mind it was her sister's big tits (big to her it seemed anyways) which played a vital role in seducing her husband. So after careful consideration Ellen maxed out the three credit cards in her name and had breast augmentation surgery.

The results are spectacular. The surgeon is a real artist and sculpts her a newly minted pair of mouthwatering 32 DD's breasts. Indeed, her newly upgraded breasts looked almost huge on her small frame. After a two-month recovery period, she goes out and gets a job as a cocktail waitress at a local college bar in her hometown of Coronado, California.

It's not a perfect job as being hit on all day by horny college kids with a "Mom fetish" was starting to get tiresome but all and all it was a job and it paid well, especially since Ellen now dressed for success at work. In other words, she decided to embrace her new found role as

a MILF and dressed in such a way as to show off her big new tits to the nth degree thus maximizing her tips.

Also helping to maximize her tips is when Ellen finally buries the "good girl" act and begins to flirt outrageously with the majority of her customers. After all, she now had three maxed out credit cards to pay off she told the former "good girl" when she protested.

Now the chances for Ellen to have an affair rolled in left and right as many of her young horny customers would have been more than willing to take her to bed, but still having an affair where it was only about sex did not appeal to her. She wanted sex yes, but she also wanted some emotional bonding to go along with her sex, maybe even dare she hope—love. And, of course, she still dreamed of hitting back at John by sleeping with someone close to the family.

She knew her thirst for vengeance and her rules for what she wanted in an affair were at odds with each other, but still she hoped that just maybe by some miracle she could have her cake and eat it too.

Now seven long lonely months have passed and still nothing. She is getting really desperate at this point. Desperate bored and incredibly lonely. Then like a brave young knight returning to his castle her 18-year-old son, James, came home from college. Upon his return, the wicked hand of fate would play a major role in starting mother and son down the dark path of incest.

Like his mother James had issues. He was your typical nerd in high school—smart enough to get accepted into Harvard, while being shy and awkward just enough socially to be ignored by the girls.

It did not bother him much-- the lack of attentions from girls-- as long as his dear sweet mother paid attention to him. Truth was he was a "momma's boy" if there ever was one. While he was extremely awkward around girls, he was perfectly at peace being around his pretty mother. Around girls, he never knew what to say. He would freeze up and become tongue tied, but with his mother, he was the consummate charmer.

And Ellen simply ate up all the attention she got from James. Ate it up and returned it tenfold. In short, Ellen and James had a very special, very close and extremely loving relationship. This close, loving relationship between mother and son was a major cause of friction between her and John. He was old school and thought a boy should be free from the clutches of his "Mommy" around the ripe old age of five or so. According to him, by then it was time to grow up and start acting like a man.

Ellen ignored John's incessant complaints about her close relationship with James and continued to spoil and love the boy fiercely even as he got older. James returned her love in spades despite having to learn to be a bit of sneak about it due to his father.

But still until that day in her bedroom the thought never crossed her mind of just how special, how close, or how very, very loving her

relationship could become with her young son. Of how he was the perfect answer to her prayers of vengeance.

It was a warm early June afternoon in Coronado. Ellen was working the swing shift that day four to midnight. She had just gotten out of the shower and was half dressed in a pair of tight jeans and a new sexy black and pink bra. She had yet to decide on a top to wear to work that night as she dried her hair in the bathroom.

As for the bra, it was part of her new sexy look. Her co-worker and new found best friend Katie had told her now that she was single again that she should start looking, acting and dressing sexier and yes that included her underthings. Ellen followed her advice figuring she had to buy all new bras anyways due to her new and improved breasts. It just so happens, as fate would have it, the one she is wearing today as she gets ready for work is probably the sexiest one of the bunch.

James had just sent his mother a text the other day telling her he was planning on taking a full load of summer classes, so he would not be home after all for the summer like he originally planned.

Ellen, at first, sent him a heartfelt text back explaining how desperately lonely she was all by herself in the house. She added how very much she had been looking forward to seeing him this summer; about how much fun they might have enjoyed home alone without John to play hall monitor.

He replied explaining how his grades were suffering a bit and he really needed to make some ground up during the summer session.

But later that evening, knowing he would feel guilty, knowing he was struggling at school to maintain his grades and his scholarship, Ellen sent him a second text telling him she perfectly understood why he needed to attend the summer session. She figured with a deep sadness that was the end of it. She would be spending the summer alone.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. James was terribly homesick by the end of his first year in college. He had sent the text only as a test to see how his mother would respond. It was true his grades were suffering but despite this he desperately wanted to come home for the summer. The text was to see if she wanted the same thing.

When Ellen replied how lonely she was, how she had been looking so forward to seeing him, but mainly when she hinted about how much fun they might have had without John around that was all he needed to hear. He booked a flight home that day. He decided not to tell his mother any of this, instead wanting to surprise her with his sudden appearance.

James entered the house quietly. His mother was home as her car was in the driveway. At this point, he had no idea she worked as a waitress since Ellen did not tell him knowing he would probably be jealous of her working in a bar and serving a bunch of strange men.

He crept up the stairs after not finding her downstairs. He was holding a single red rose behind his back as a surprise gift. His mother was a sucker for roses, especially when they came as a complete surprise.

As he carefully made his way up the stairs he could hear the hum of her hair dryer coming from her bedroom. He stopped at the top of the stairs debating if he should enter her room and sneak up to the bathroom and surprise her.

Throwing caution to the wind, he decides "what the hell" and creeps up to her room. He pauses at the doorway, before tippy toeing inside the room; he maybe gets about six feet into the room, crossing towards the open bathroom door on the far side of the spacious master bedroom when suddenly the dryer snaps off and Ellen emerges from the bathroom.

She lets out a small scream caught off guard at her son's unexpected appearance, while at the sight of his beautiful half-dressed mother his heart leaps into his throat.

He had not seen her for the whole school year after he left for Harvard in late August. Had not seen her since she had went on her diet and exercise kick. Had not seen the new and improved look his mother was now sporting, which, of course, was centered on her newly upgraded tits.

Tits which now were the focal point of his attentions as his eyes became helplessly stuck on them.

"The bra she was wearing Jesus was it sexy, and double Jesus did it show off her tits in a most fantastic way," he muses to himself standing there mesmerized by her stunning beauty. The outer halves of the twin cups of the racy bra is sexy black lace, while the inner halves were a light pink lace. In the middle of the bra where the two cups joined together there was a small delicate little black bow tie. It looked simply gorgeous with the pink part of the bra serving as a background.

James eyes are helplessly drawn to that little black bow tie. He wonders briefly what it would be like to touch it; to finger it. While his eyes are stuck on that little black bow tie his mind wanders. He never remembered his mother having such a large pair of breasts, but before he could ponder further this delicious new fact about her she interrupts his thoughts.

"Honey you are home. Wow what a surprise," she says standing there with a most amused smile on her pretty face. And much to his surprise she seems to be wholly unconcerned about standing there topless in front of him.

Ellen's gut reaction to when she first saw him walk into her room was to run to her closet and throw on some kind of shirt. But when she noticed how he was standing there staring helplessly at her chest it flooded her heart with self-esteem to the point where she simply wanted to bask in the glow of her son's attention.

Not only was her heart filled with self-esteem, but it seems her spirit was filled with a playfulness that was new and daring to her. She held her hands out and said quietly, "So son are you just going to stand there gaping at your mother's sexy new bra or are you going to come over here and give me a kiss."

James immediately tears his eyes off his mom's chest while turning bright red. He shuffles slowly towards her his head down feeling embarrassed.

He tries to deny her accusation that he was staring at her chest, "Mom I was n--"

But she cut him off by quickly saying as he approaches her, "Don't hurt your mom's feelings by denying it honey. Just get over here and give me a kiss."

He leans forward planning on kissing her on the cheek but as his lips approach hers she quickly snakes one hand around his back and uses the other to guide his face so his kiss lands squarely on her lips.

When their lips touched it was like a thousand firecrackers exploding all at once inside his heart and soul but, more importantly, the kiss had the same effect on her. She lets their kiss linger, using her hand to hold him in place when he tries to pull back embarrassed that he is kissing his mother directly on the lips, but maybe more embarrassed by the fact he is enjoying it.

She whispers her love for him; thanks him for coming home. Her whispered voice is hot and throaty, dripping with perfumed sweetness. It sends chills up his spine. They part; both staring longingly at each other. Both wanting more, but yet not brave enough to pursue any such course of action. Not just yet anyway.

Ellen disappears into the closet, breaking the spell, searching for a top to throw on. James is left with the taste of her kiss on his lips and the vision of her standing there looking so utterly hot in just her jeans and bra seared into the very fabric of his soul. All the while her soft whispered voice dripping with honey still rings tenderly inside his heart.

They only have 20 minutes to share before she must fly off to work. He hurriedly tells his mother about school while she tells him about her new job. She drops a hint as she leaves that if he gets lonely he could always drop by at the bar and see her. When he reminds her he is not of legal age she quickly reassures him it's not just a bar, but a restaurant too and that he would be welcome there to eat.

Ellen hurries off to work, hating to leave James behind but she has no choice. She thought about calling off her shift but she is still relatively new and it just would not look good to call off with such short notice.

When she rushes out the door her mood light and carefree. She is really happy that she will not be spending the summer alone. In fact,

she was so rushed, so flustered by James' sudden appearance that she carelessly forgot her purse. She was well on her way to work when she figured out she left it behind. She makes a quick U-turn and heads back home to grab it setting the wheels of fate turning in a most naughty direction.

As soon as his mother left James heads off to the main bathroom in the hallway intending on taking a shower and then a long nap. As he steps into the bathroom he notices his mother has three bras hanging on the shower rod drying off.

He carefully removes the bras from the shower rod and spreads them out on the bathroom counter next to the sink before hopping into the shower. Under the warm flowing water he relaxes and gives free reign to a very active and quite naughty imagination.

His mind turns to his beautiful mother as he walked in on her getting dressed. The bemused smile on her face indicated that she clearly did not mind one bit that he was checking her tits out. His cock starts to get hard as he soaps up the wet washcloth.

Then there are those goddamn bras hanging on the shower rod. Although he hated to admit it he had carefully eyed all three of them when he slowly removed them from the shower rod. He caressed each of them in turn as he carefully set them down on the bathroom counter, treating each like they were the Holy Grail.

He especially liked the middle one. It was a white ruffled lace strapless bra that was so sexy, so soft that he, before he even realized what the hell he was doing, had briefly rubbed it across his face before sitting it down on the counter.

He envisions how simply magnificent his mom and those big tits of hers would look in that gorgeous strapless bra. He had a bit of a bra fetish as it was and for some reason he loved strapless bras the best. Now his cock springs to life as the soapy soft washcloth moves downwards his mind flitting between his mother in the bedroom in her pink and black lace bra, allowing him to have his fill of staring at her, and the imagined image of his mom wearing that spectacular white strapless bra sitting just outside the shower on the bathroom counter.

His hand holding the washcloth draws close to his now rock hard seven inch cock. He is ready to do the unthinkable—masturbate in the shower while fantasizing about his mom.

But just before he can start to stroke his large cock, a small voice of reason screams inside his head, "For God's sake dud she is your Mother!!!"

His hand darts out and twists the knob on the shower wall. A sudden blast of cold water explodes his fantasy into a million jagged pieces and shrinks his hard cock quickly back to normal. He lets the cold water hit him full force for a few seconds before he feels he is back in control. He swiftly finishes his shower at a more acceptable

temperature, daring not to linger, for fear of the depraved fantasy about his mother returning.

At point his mother is just now realizing she left her purse at home and is turning the car around while James is now lying down on his bed, tossing and turning, trying to fight the sexual demons creeping into his thoughts.

After ten minutes or so he gives up. He must do something to quiet the restless sexual demons floating around in his head that is if he wants any sleep at all. He really needs to sleep or he will be too exhausted to stay up and visit with his mother when she gets home from work.

This is his sole justification for what happens next. He is alone and reasons no one will ever be the wiser and afterwards he will be able to sleep.

He hops out of the bed and heads down to the bathroom. He snatches that exquisitely soft pretty strapless bra up off the counter and heads back to his bedroom. He shuts the door, but not tightly since after all he is alone and his mother won't be home to later that evening. About this time Ellen was just entering the subdivision carried along on the winds of fate.

James tosses his boxers on the floor and stretches out on the bed closing his eyes. His mind wanders to the earlier scene in the

bedroom and how it might have played out differently as he rubs the ruffled edges of the soft bra against the growing hardness of his cock.

He has always been blessed with a very vivid imagination and now it goes to work for him in a most forbidden fashion picking up with the accidental kiss that landed on her lips and sent those firecrackers exploding in his heart.

"I missed you so much honey. Now that I am separated from your father I have been so terribly lonely. Did you miss me?" She strokes his hair softly with her delicate fingers as they gazed longing into each other eyes standing in the middle of the bedroom.

"Yes I missed you too Mom," he tells her in his usual shy, reserved, manner.

"Then show me. Show mommy how much her baby missed her." She leads him over to the bed. His heart races as she has made no move to put on a shirt.

They reach the bed. No words are needed as they start a long slow unhurried kiss. His tongue shyly flickers out tasting the warmth of her mouth. She responds by expertly swirling her tongue inside his mouth.

His cock is at full mast as the mere thought of kissing his pretty mother in such a forbidden way sends the blood rushing to it. The

ruffled soft bra feels so good on his cock as he moves it up and down slowly along the entirety of his long hard shaft.

Meanwhile, Ellen quietly enters the house figuring after his long plane ride from back east he will be sleeping. She creeps up the stairs to her bedroom and retrieves her purse. As she heads back downstairs she has to pass his room. She pauses at his partially shut door thinking she heard a soft moan.

Curious, she silently pushes the door open. She peeks inside his room to check on him like any good mother would do. What she sees causes her to let out a low gasp. She starts to back away but something, curiosity maybe, desire possibility, causes her to stand there and soundlessly watch.

She pushed him down on the bed. Takes a step forward, her big tits in her pretty bra hover before his wide staring eyes and moist trembling lips. "You like your Mommy's new bra sweetie. You must as you haven't been able to take your eyes off it."

"Yes it's beautiful like you."

"Should I take it off," she purred at him.

"I don't know it's so pretty. I almost don't want you to take it off." As he says this he fingers the small delicate black ribbon between the cups.

"Hmm well I think maybe Mommy's little boy can still have a bit of fun with her big tits even if she leaves her bra on. Let's see shall we."

She dropped to her knees and smiled at him sweetly; giving him her most kind and caring motherly smile. She reached out and undid his zipper and then carefully pulled his jeans down and off him.

"Now let's see if you got something big for your Mommy to play with." She whispered to him softly.

James is cursed, or blessed depending on one's point of view, with a bit of a "Mommy" fetish that he was deeply exploring as he stroked his big hard cock with her soft bra while dreaming of what might have happened in the bedroom earlier.

Ellen is still peeking through the partially open doorway simply unable or unwilling to turn away. A very naughty thought is beginning to take root in her mind even though from her angle the sight of her son's manhood is obscured by the footboard of the bed. Still she knows what he is doing as she can see his hand holding her bra going up and down.

Simple curiosity drives her to risk everything. Her son's head is back relaxing on the pillow; his eyes are shut so she figures it is worth the risk. She pushes the door open just a few inches wider and cranes her neck to see around his foot board thus getting a better view of the action.

She pulls his cock out of his boxers and smiles. "Wow my little boy is not so little anymore I think."

"Really Mommy."

He says this just loud enough for her to hear, eliminating any doubts in her mind of just who he might be thinking about as he jerks off with her bra. Finally, the bra slips away enough where Ellen has a clear view of her son's cock. She lets out a sharp breath as forbidden excitement floods her heart and soul.

Unlike, John who was quite small, and worse still, had problems maintaining an erection, James' cock looked big and strong with a real, real hard erection that looked like he would have no problem whatsoever maintaining.

She rubs a bit of oil on his cock whispering how big and hard it was to James in between desperate, passionate kisses. James is fondling his mother's tits through the soft material of the bra before she leaned back a bit, thrusts her chest out and whispered sweetly, "Do you like your Mommy's tits baby boy."

"Oh God yes Mom your tits are so big and beautiful. "Poor James is so caught up in his forbidden fantasy that he barely realizes he is saying this aloud.

Ellen plainly hears him utter this last from her vantage point at the bedroom door. She smiles as confidence fills her heart knowing that her son is fantasizing about her boobs. She has devoted nearly her entire life to making him happy, especially since she had so little success in making her overly critical husband happy. Although she knows it may be wrong she simply cannot help being excited that her son likes her tits.

"Well let's see how good Mommy's big tits can make that hard cock of yours feel shall we." She leaned forward pushing her tits together as they envelope his jutting well-oiled cock. He looks down and sees his cock disappear in between her tits before he involuntarily lifts his hips up off the bed spearing his cock upwards while grinding it hard against the soft pinkness of her inner bra cups. Her bra feels so good against his cock that he is already near to exploding.

Ellen ignores the gnawing feeling of guilt in the pit of her stomach and continues to watch with bated breath.

"Come on honey, fuck mommy's tits harder . . . Yeah that's it," she purrs as he as he bounces up and down on the bed matching his mother's motion as she slides up and down with him.

He is moving her bra up and down, faster and faster against his hardness. The reality of the softness of his mother's bra that he is using to jack off, matches the softness of the bra that he is fantasizing about now as he titty fucks her.

"That's it honey, fuck my tits, cum all over my pretty bra. Please baby show me what a man you are. Yeah that's it fuck em harder, harder baby."

James' hand holding her bra is flying up and down his long hard shaft as Ellen takes a step back, hiding herself better, sensing he is near to exploding. She hears him murmur, "Yes Mommy, yes I am fucking them so hard," and instantly knows he is dreaming of fucking her tits. A fiendish smile crosses her face and then pure unabashed excitement as she witness the head of his cock explode in a geyser of cum.

She stifles a giggle as she beats a hasty retreat down the hallway. She flees to her car and prays he doesn't hear it start up. On the way to work she can think of nothing but how she feels cheated. He got off thinking of her, but what did she get?

"Honestly, you got hot and bothered Ellen" she says to herself as she drives to work trying to make sense of the day's events. A kernel of a plan is forming in her brain as she pulls the car into the bar's parking lot.

The choice was obvious and made abundantly clear by that afternoon's events. If John could cheat with her sister, than she could cheat with her son. Of course, she would not be stupid enough to get caught like him and she would, of course, never tell him, but still she would have her revenge even if it was only a deep dark secret.

Now the only question left is simple—is she brave enough to turn her son's fantasies about her into forbidden reality for the both of them. Could she, would she seduce him. She smiles as she walks into the bar knowing the answer.

"Fuck," James exclaims seeing he got a bit of cum on his mom's bra. He tried to time his explosion just after his cock cleared her bra but his little fantasy of fucking her tits as she wore that super sexy pink and black bra was simply too much and he came before he could yank her bra completely free.

James hurries into the bathroom, her bra in hand, and spends several minutes doing his best to clean it up before heading back to bed. He is feeling a bit guilty but with the extreme sexual tension relieved he is finally relaxed enough to get some much needed sleep.

After contemplating what he did for several minutes, he finally decides to give himself a free pass on the guilt. She was purposely teasing him a bit this afternoon he reasons as she made no attempt to put a shirt on even after he came into her room. So if he had a depraved fantasy about her so what? She was asking for it, and besides it's not like she would ever know and with that in mind he slips off to sleep.

After a few hours of sleep James wakes up hungry. He heads down to the kitchen to get something to eat and is disappointed with his mom's new focus on eating healthy because there is nothing to eat unless he wants fruits or a salad. He is in the mood for a real meal. A burger and fries maybe.

Remembering her hint to drop by the bar, and sure they served burgers and fries there, he spends a few minutes getting ready before rushing out the door. About 20 minutes later he is pulling into the parking lot of the address that his mom gave him.

As he exits the car he glances at the marquee in the parking lot. Wet Tee Shirt Contest Tonight 6 pm cash prizes. He looks at his watch, it's a bit past five, and he wonders if he should stick around for the show but decides probably not as he is sure his mom would not approve of him drooling over some college girls with big tits trying to earn some extra cash.

James plops down at a small booth in a dark corner and surveys the place. It's a typical small bar. A couple pool tables, dart board, small stage, and a small dance floor. Nothing very special stands out, that is until he sees his mother approaching with a bright smile on her face. When she left the house she was wearing a pair of jeans and a loose fitting blouse but now - - Wow!!

Her jeans have been replaced by a slutty looking extremely short dark skirt and her loose fitting blouse by a tattered half white tee shirt of which the jagged edges leave a good portion of her lower boobs nicely exposed.

She leans in and gives him a quick kiss, on the cheek, whispering, "I knew you would make it. You missed me huh?"

He is almost too stunned by the absolute sleaziness of her outfit to respond. Respond coherently that is. "Yea ahh . . . I guess, I mean am, well hungry." He manages to finally stammer out as his eyes become helplessly, just like earlier in the bedroom with that damnable black and pink bra, stuck on her tits.

And just like in the bedroom she doesn't seem to mind one bit as she just stands there beaming at him. Finally she says with a teasing smile, "Yeah I can see you are hungry baby. Hungry to stare at," she leans in closer and whispers, "your mom's tits."

"Jesus Mom." He almost yells. "I wasn't staring. It's just you are dressed so . . ." His voice trails off as he not sure if he should really say what is on his mind.

"Slutty," she finishes for him. "Well it helps me get better tips and besides the manager wanted me to, hmm how did he say it, 'sex it up a bit tonight' since they are having a wet tee contest as I'm sure you noticed on the marquee outside."

"Yeah well I didn't say you dressed slutty Mom. You did and if" --he gestures at her outfit with a wave of his hand-- "this helps you get good tips well fine I guess."

"Relax hon. I was just teasing you a bit. First of all, I know you weren't staring at my tits. As for the way I am dressed, really, it's just for the job. You know I only have eyes for you." She says once again teasing him with that same disarming smile before she runs off to get

him a menu. His eyes involuntarily track her ass in that maddeningly short skirt the moment she turns around to leave.

The small bar served a surprisingly delicious hamburger James discovered. He enjoyed the cold beer she brought him as he ate. Apparently she told the pretty brunette bartender he was her son and he was of legal age to drink. Of course they trusted her.

At first, she still manages to find her way over to his table every few minutes and have a quick chat with him. He relishes these quick stolen moments as much for the conversation as for it affording him a nice opportunity to stare at her tits. Again she seemed to mind very little, but instead she seems to thrust her chest out at him for inspection.

As he sat eating his burger and fries there was an extremely naughty thought growing in the back of his mind. The thought was simple and straight forward. That night in bed he would probably find it impossible not to dream about his mother and in those dreams of her she would be, without a doubt, running around in the very same outfit she is wearing now. But instead of being in a crowded bar they would be alone somewhere and he would have her all to himself. He expected the same explosive result to occur in the end just as it did this afternoon when he fantasied about her.

The bar was filling up rapidly as the contest approached. Ellen was dropping by the table less now that she was busy serving, and much to his chagrin flirting with a bar full of mostly male patrons.

Finally, James grows tired of watching his mother running around, ignoring him, and flirting with everyone else it seems. His heart becomes jealous and jaded. Frustrated, he stands up and slams his napkin down on the table, preparing to leave.

He heads to the door, not even bothering to say goodbye. She is over by a corner booth filled with a bunch of college kids laughing and having a grand old time as she takes their order.

His heart was a bubbling, seething cauldron of jealous anger as he reaches the exit. He pauses at the door hoping she would maybe come chasing after him, but after a quick survey of the small bar she is nowhere to be seen. He sighs heavily hoping he is not making a grand mistake by leaving without saying good bye but he simply cannot stand to see her run around flirting with all this asshole guys anymore.

He was about to yank open the door and head out into the warm summer night, when seemingly out of nowhere she appears at his side. She grabs his arm tightly and steers him away from the door over into a dark corner by the unused payphone.

"What leaving without saying goodbye or nothing son?" she demands clearly upset.

"Well you looked awful busy with those stupid college kids taking their orders and flirting so I didn't want to bother you," he fires right back equally angry.

Her voice softens at hearing the obviously jealous anger in his voice. She reaches up and strokes the side of his face, "Honey it's my job to flirt and acted interested in my customers. Don't you understand that? I would have much rather flirted with you if you let me that is. Would you have minded . . . me flirting a bit with you?"

She tilts her head seductively to one side. Maybe it was the beer he had greedily sucked down that caused him to be brave and say what he said. He didn't drink much so even a single beer loosens him up and gives a boost to his confidence.

"Mom," he begins staring at her seriously so she will understand what he is about to say is no joke, "I have always enjoyed the way we teased and flirted and played around with each other. In fact I miss it so much and when you told me dad would be gone for the entire summer why the hell do you think I blew off school and came home to you huh?"

"To be with me of course." She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek before taking him by the hand and leading him back across the bar.

"Mom I was going to leave," he says protesting as he stops and tries to turn back around. "You have to work anyways."

"Yes but I think you should stay hon."

"Ok I mean if you really want me to I guess," he tells her as she drags him across the bar and sits him down at a table to the left of the small stage.

"Here you will have a front row seat for the contest. Stay and afterwards I will take an early out and we can spend the rest of the evening hanging out OK?"

"Oh really." He says happily surprised that she is going to leave work early just so they can hang out.

She disappears into the back of the bar leaving him alone wondering if she is going to hang out with him later this evening in the outfit she is now wearing. He sure in the hell hopes so, but then again, where in public could they hang out with her looking so slutty and not cause a fuss. He sighs figuring he is dreaming as, of course, she will change when she gets ready to leave work.

A minute or two later an extremely attractive and shapely blond waitress comes over to his table and asks him if he wants a beer.

"Oh ahh, I'm not sure," he says wondering if he says yes will she card him. He does want another beer but while he felt safe when his mother brought him a beer he is not so sure now.

Seeing his hesitation, the waitress leans down and whispers in his ear, "Oh hon don't worry. Your mom told me your situation. Your only 18 but that is our secret. I will bring you another beer if you want one."

"Well in that case sure." He says eyeing the waitress' ass in her tight faded blue jeans when she walks away.

When the waitress comes back bringing him another ice cold Budweiser he says to her quietly, "So where is my mom anyways? I don't see her on the floor anymore."

"Oh the manager wants her in the back helping the girls get ready for the contest I think. If you need anything just ask me. The pretty blonde waitress gorgeous green eyes seem to sparkle as she extends a hand to him, "Me and your Mom are good friends you know. My name is Katie by the way."

James mumbles a typical "glad to meet you greeting" while he stares briefly at her tits which are, just like his mom's on full display tonight. Katie is wearing a white blouse tied up just below her nice braless 34C tits. The fact she is not wearing a bra is rather obvious since she has conveniently left the top three buttons undone on her blouse, which also shows off a well-toned and tanned tummy.

His attention is drawn to the stage now as an attractive brunette who he noticed tending bar earlier has made an appearance up on stage holding a mike.

"Are you all ready for summer to start?"

A choruses of yeses and hoots from the crowd answers her back.

"Well what better way to get the summer started then a little mid-week wet tee shirt contest featuring a half dozen beautiful ladies."

James, having one of the best seats in the house, watches the contest while nearly finishing off his second beer. The first three contestants have come and gone. Two brunettes and a red head. All three looked like they might be in college. All had nice decent sized racks but James makes a quick mental note that his mother's tits are better.

When contestant four struts up on stage James feels his world suddenly tilt on its axis. She is nothing short of spectacular looking. She is a pretty young beauty, with golden honey brown hair that is nicely accented by an equally golden sun baked tan. A tan make quite obvious by the extremely short tight blue jeans she is wearing, along with a skimpy little half tee shirt that made Ellen's half tee shirt look prudish in comparison.

But it is the biggest, most colossal pair of tits that are just barely contained within the tight confines of her wet tee shirt that totally capture James' attention. As this golden goddess struts her stuff up on stage, shaking her big tits to and fro James is awe struck by this stunning beauty and those gigantic tits to the point where in his

mind the contest is over there and then. No need to see the last two contestants—it's a wrap, a done deal. We have a winner.

Indeed, if pressed he could probably tell precious little about contestant number five, a hot Latino with dark hair and a suitably large sized pair of tits, such was the warm afterglow he was still experiencing from seeing contestant number four strut her stuff just prior. But then comes contestant number six and his world would once again be sent hurdling off its axis.

James was in the middle of taking a large drink of beer when he nearly spits it out as who comes strutting up on stage but his mother of all people. She is still wearing the same slutty outfit except now her tattered half white tee shirt with its jagged edges is soaked and clinging to her large breasts. And now adding to her already over the top sex appeal she is wearing a pair of fancy silver and black five inch heels.

She beams at him as she bounces across the stage wiggling her large breasts this way and that way at the cheering crowd. She comes to the side of the stage where he is sitting and pauses; they make eye contact briefly before she makes a rather exaggerated attempt at totally capturing his attention by shaking her big tits at him with reckless abandonment.

It works. She notes happily that their eye contact doesn't last long as he simply cannot resist letting his gaze fall down to her chest. The wet tee shirt clings to her double D breasts allowing the outline of

her large brown nipples, poking through the thin wet material of the tee shirt, to be clearly noticed.

She clops back and forth on the small stage, casting him sly sidelong glances and pausing before his table several times allowing him a nice long look at her big bouncing tits under her tantalizing wet tee shirt before disappearing to the cheers of the audience. The moment gone now seems especially surreal to a very stunned James.

The pretty brunette bartender comes back on the stage and tells the audience that the winner will be determined by which of the contestants gets the loudest cheers once she brings them back up on stage one last time.

All six of the girls come back out and line up. Each of them step forward, one by one, smiling and shaking their chests to the cheers of the crowd. The young sweet blond with the huge tits gets the loudest cheers thus far of the first five contestants that have stepped forward. Now it is Ellen's turn.

She smiles sweetly and takes a step forward. She thrusts her chest out shaking it for all the world to see. James is still too stunned to cheer much but the rest of the rowdy young crowd doesn't seem to have that problem as they cheer rather loudly. James may not be cheering much but he certainly is staring as his eyes have locked onto his mother's tits like a pair of laser beams.

James is so focused on his mother's tits that he nearly jumps when Katie appears behind him. She leans down and addresses him in his ear, "I think she has a real chance of winning hon."

"Y-yeah you think," James says nervously looking back at her wondering if Katie had noticed how fixed his gaze was upon his mom's tits.

Indeed it was close. James thought his mother might win as he was sure the cheers from the crowd were at least as loud, if not louder, for her compared to the young blond. If nothing else it was surely only a two horse race.

Sadly, the pretty brunette bartender, besides being the MC also doubled as "cheering judge" determined that the young blond received a bit more enthusiastic cheers than Ellen did. Ellen was judged first runner up, the young blond the winner.

James was unsure how he should express himself to his mother who appeared, despite the dignified way she congratulated the winner, crest fallen as she walked off stage. If he told her she was ripped off was that the same as making a de facto statement saying he, her son of all people, judged her to have a great set of tits worthy of winning a wet tee shirt contest. And if that was the case how would his mother take such a statement.

She has been backstage for an inordinate amount of time while James nervously sips his beer still unsure of how he will handle it when she

reappears. When Katie drops by asking if he needs anything he responds by telling her that his mom had mentioned taking an early out and that they were then going to hang out together.

"Oh yeah she mentioned that. She is in the back changing. Making herself beautiful for you sweetheart. You know she feels real bad about not winning. Her self-esteem is hurting."

"Yeah well she should have won." James says quickly and then wonders suddenly if Katie will think him weird for being so quick to point out how his mother should have just won a wet tee shirt contest.

"Well make sure you tell her that tonight when you are hanging out. You know she really"--Katie leans in close to him and quietly says-- "needs to hear that you don't think she was maybe too old for having her boobs done."

"Really, I . . ." James almost blurts out that he thought his mom's tits looked spectacular when he realizes how this might sound to her friend so he quickly shuts his mouth and rethinks what he will say.

"I will do my best to reassure her."

"I'm sure you will as I get the feeling you two have a very special relationship and that you would do most anything to make her feel good about herself."

Then much to James' surprise Katie sits down next to him and stares him deep in the eyes before saying in a low tone of voice, "If you want my advice you should know your mother really needs a whole lot of love and affection as she has been so lonely this past few months. Desperately lonely. And tonight if you two start drinking, which I suspect she will suggest you do, you need to be doubly sure that you are sweet to her. She gets real touchy feely, along with ultra-sensitive if you know what I mean when she is drinking."

"Yeah I know," James sighs remembering just how very sensitive and playful she gets a bit drunk.

"You know what sweetheart?" Ellen says surprising her son as she had slipped up to the table from behind unnoticed.

James whips his head around, "Oh Mom I was saying . . ." He stops unsure of how much of their conversation she had heard. Fortunately Katie comes to his rescue, giving him a nod and a wink before saying, "He was just saying he knows you will both need a shot and a beer to get your night started. And I will return shortly with both."

"Thanks Katie," she replies settling herself down next to him. Although she has a smile on her face he senses a sadness about her that might go deeper than whatever disappointment she feels for not winning the stupid contest.

He admires her as she sinks down in the chair across the small table from him. She is dressed in a pair of tight faded Levi jeans, same as Katie he notes, but it's her top that is drawing his attention. He stares, drinking in every detail of how good it looks on her, while simply loving how she went all out just to look good for him.

She is wearing a tight fitting, neon pink crop top that shows off a copious amount of skin. It has a rounded neckline, long flared sleeves that are slit underneath with tie closures at the wrists, and is short enough where it leaves her sexy flat tummy bare. But it is the lightweight sheer chiffon fabric, with the emphasis on sheer, that maybe captures his attention the most as the he can't help but to notice the outline of her dark nipples under the pink fabric. She is clearly not wearing a bra he happily realizes.

"So you like your Mom's new top," she asks once she settles down next to him. "I hope so as I picked it out with you in mind." She smiles at him once again her heart filling with pride as his eyes keep flickering down to her tits. "I know how you like pink dainty things on women."

Besides being pink the top is indeed dainty as there is a line of pretty crochet lace panels at the sleeves, but more noticeably is the row of crocheted lace that runs up and in between her breasts and also under them at the hemline adding a rather dainty touch to her fabulous top.

A feeling of de ja vu comes over him, as just like this afternoon when he seen her most unexpectedly without a top on, he marvels at what

great shape she is in for a women in her mid-forties. Just as he marvels at how much of a show off she seems to have become since he last saw her. Her fabulous top makes one thing abundantly clear - she wore it as a way to ensure those big new tits of hers would be the main attraction for the rest of the evening.

"Yeah Mom. It looks really nice on you," he finally responds shaking off that feeling of de ja vu.

"Nice huh. Is that all?" she says with a warm smile fishing for further information.

James promptly understands she wants more. "Well honestly" —he leans in closer to her, letting the beer do the talking — "it looks really fabulously sexy on you Mom."

"Nice to hear you are brave enough tell me that," she responds with a contented grin. "Speaking of sexy, well I tried. I guess I am not as sexy as that stupid little blond that won the contest."

"Mom Jesus I . . ." He had planned on lecturing her while professing his absolute shock that she entered the contest, but just as the words are coming out of his mouth Katie appears with two beers and two shots.

She sets them on the table, and then apparently reading his mind, she leans and whispers discreetly to him, "Remember what I said hon, she needs praise not a lecture."

After she disappears Ellen asks, "What did Katie whisper to you?" before she picks up the shot glass and surprisingly downs it in one fell swoop.

"Oh that, ahh just that I should like give you praise instead of a lecture." He decides on telling the truth since his mother always had a keen sense of whenever he tried to be less than honest with her.

"Yeah well I have a feeling of just what you might want to lecture me about and just save it for later, along with any praise, until after we have left and have a quiet moment to ourselves." She picks up the beer and takes a large swallow of it while nudging his shot glass closer to him.

James picks up the shot glass full of clear liquid and sniffs it making a face.

"Just drink it son. C'mon you can't let your mother outdrink you."

His pride properly stung he downs the shot of what turns out to be tequila in one swallow. The fiery liquid burns its way down his throat and into the pit of his stomach.

"Jesus that is strong."

"Yeah it's Herradura, potent stuff hon. Drink your beer it will give you balance." Ellen tells him as she tips back her own beer once again taking a large swallow.

They make small talk for a minute as Katie brings them both a second shot of Herradura. James has never had tequila before but he is quickly becoming a fan as he likes the way it is totally relaxing him.

As they talk he fights to keep his eyes off his mom's tits but it's a losing battle, especially after the second shot of Herradura burns its way inside of him.

"So you never answered the question. Still feel like hanging out with your mother tonight. I officially am off duty and yours for the evening." She leans forward across the table with a most mischievous smile on her face before she adds suggestively, "That is if you still want me."

"Of course I always want you Mom." He answers her emphatically while making sure to emphasize the word "want" in just the same teasing manner she did to him.

"Hmm you do huh. Hope you are willing to show that to me later baby boy," she says ruffling his hair a bit.

"Mom stop," he says all the while loving the way she is flirting with him. "Anyways, yeah I'm ready to go home, but I mean should either of us be driving."

"Who said anything about going home?"

"Oh, I just assumed."

"Rule number one. Never assume what a woman might do when she is drinking tequila." Katie says cheerfully as she reappears suddenly sitting a small bottle of the potent tequila down on the table.

"That is right baby. Is that for us?" Ellen says gesturing at the bottle.

"Yes and on the house even. Mark said you could have it for being such a good sport and entering the contest on short notice."

"Mark, who is Mark?" James says jealously before he can stop himself.

"Hmm someone is quick to be jealous over their pretty mom huh." Katie says in obvious playful jest directed at him.

"Mark is our boss hon, the manager."

"Oh." James says feebly, feeling pretty damn stupid now, especially since Katie noticed his obvious jealousy.

Katie joins them at the table as James excuses himself to use the bathroom. The last thing he hears as he departs is Katie asking his mother where they are going to share their nice little bottle of tequila since they are not going home.

"A good question indeed," James mumbles wondering about that himself.

When he gets back to the table they are ready to leave. He again suggests neither of them should be driving to which his mom laughs and points at Katie and says, "Oh we have a driver already."

"Yeah I am going to drop you off and then pick you up around ten when my shift is over."

"Oh really and where are we going?"

"Surprise," his mom simply says giggling at some inside joke with Katie as the three of them head out the door.

The surprise turns out to be a close beachside park. Katie drops them off at the far end of the nearly deserted parking lot reminding them she will pick them up there around ten. Before Katie takes off she

opens the trunk of her car and gives them a pair of large blankets for them to use in case they want to go hang out on the beach.

The sun is about to set so Ellen, who has always been a sucker for watching sunsets, suggests they find a quiet spot to watch it together while they enjoy their small bottle of Herradura along with the two bottles of beer Katie grabbed for them on the way out the door for chasers.

They wander around searching for a quiet bench on the edge of the park portion of Hidden Cove Recreation Area that is secluded enough for Ellen's liking. Unfortunately, the park is just crowded enough where they really can't find a secluded enough spot for the picky Ellen.

"Do you feel like being naughty," Ellen says glancing over at him as they walk side by side.

The comment nearly stops him dead in his tracks. He already has been being naughty since he has not stopped taking long sideway glances at his mom's large bouncing tits trapped in her tight pink crop top as they strut across the walkway looking for a suitable park bench. She has left her high heels on which only increases the bounce factor it seems he has happily noticed.

"What do you mean?" he says slowly his mind leaping at the possibilities.

She points to the end of the path they had been walking on. It ends with a pair of crisscrossing yellow danger tape strung between a pair of cement posts and some orange cones. A sign posted nearby says SORRY-- THIS AREA OF THE PARK IS CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS.

"I bet it's nicely secluded in there for us to enjoy my romantic sunset."

"Mom they are working in there. Can't you read anyways we are not allowed past the tape?"

"First of all," she says turning to him with a sly smile, "they are done working for the day. You see any work trucks around? Any guys in hard hats? No. Second as for not being allowed you, as I recall are still only 18."

"Yeah so," he retorts defensively.

"So you should not have been drinking alcohol but you are doing it anyways."

"Touché" he responds conceding the point as grabs his hand and pulls him towards the yellow tape.

"Look as long as we are quiet and don't raise hell no one will notice us. C'mon lets go while no one is around to see us."

He sighs heavily as they duck under the caution tape feeling scared for doing something they could get in trouble for but at the same time feeling thrilled that they will most assuredly be able to enjoy his mother's "romantic sunset" alone.

He relaxes once they get deeper inside the tape and out of eyesight of anyone that might wander close by the tape. Just as she had assured him it is totally deserted beyond the tape.

It appears they are extending the cement path to this area of the park overlooking a nearby sandy stretch of beach along with, much to Ellen's delight, adding some brand new park benches just off the path.

"There, that will be perfect." Ellen cries with glee as she spots a bench about 30 yards ahead and to their left. She takes his hand and hurries him along while kidding him about being reluctant to come inside past the yellow caution tape in the first place.

As they near the bench, still holding hands, Ellen sees it is situated perfectly nested back among a small stand of trees giving it some cover from prying eyes while it faces the nearby beach and ocean.

They settle down on the long, nearly seven foot cement park bench after Ellen spreads the blanket out on it to make it more comfortable. The sun is just diving slowly into the water casting long beautiful fingers of dying fiery red and orange light across the calm ocean.

Mother and son sit side by side, holding hands again, content to enjoy the dying light of this most adventuresome day in silence. They pass the small bottle of tequila back and forth both taking small sips only further relaxing them.

The coming night is beginning to get chilly to the overly sensitive Ellen. A cool breeze is now coming off the ocean causing her to shiver a bit. Hoping to ward off her sudden chill she takes a larger drink of the powerful tequila. The fiery liquid burns its way down her throat casting a warm glow to come over her.

As she relaxes on this secluded park bench watching a most romantic sunset with her son she suddenly realizes he would be everything she was ever looking for in a -- lover. The unbidden thought causes her heart to race as her mind, helped along by the tequila, becomes filled with soft romantic fuzzy thoughts that she can deny no longer.

As the sun disappears into the sea throwing off a blaze of crimson glory, Ellen finally breaks the silence. "Wow what a gorgeous sunset," she whispers as she clutches his hand tighter.

James looks at his mother and smiles. He remembers what Katie had told him earlier about how she needed to be reassured, especially since they are drinking, so he screws up his tequila fueled courage to its maximum and decides to lay on the charm.

"Yeah but not half as gorgeous as you Mom."

"Hmm what a cute little charmer you are," she says beaming back at him her heart singing due to his uninvited and most welcome praise. But her beaming smile quickly disappears as she sighs sadly after taking another large swallow of tequila.

In a soft voice barely rising to a whisper she says, "If only you truly felt that way."

"But I do. You are gorgeous Mom. Beautiful, lovely, delicious even," he tells her meaning to tease her a bit with his over the top accolades. He leans back against the cement arm rest, drawing her next to him, waiting to see what kind of reaction this will get him.

Delicious is the key word as his eyes glance down and notice small goose bumps are beginning to form all over her bare tummy. Now that the sun has set, and with the breeze picking up further adding to the dropping temperature, she is obviously starting to get chilly.

Although they are very cute it's not the goose bumps forming all over her beautiful bare tummy that has so enthralled his eyes, but instead it the fact her lovely nipples have hardened and become rather erect due to the cold. A fact made abundantly clear as they are pressed tightly up against the sheer fabric of her pink crop top.

"You know why I say that?" She says sweetly touching his face and drawing his attention away from her tits although she is secretly thrilled she caught him --again-- staring helplessly at them.

"N-no." James says nervously as the way his mother discreetly directs his gaze away from her chest by the light touch of her hand indicates to him she probably understands he was checking her tits out.

"In the bedroom earlier this afternoon. The way you tried to move so quickly away from me when we kissed tells me that you think kissing me is not such a . . ." She trails off sniffing while almost appearing on the verge of tears before she finishes her complaint, "Attractive option."

"No, no I was just embarrassed because when we kissed"—he takes her hands softly into his before looking shyly away—"I liked it too much. More than I should have I guess for someone my age."

He looks back at her to see her reaction. Her face is neutral revealing nothing unlike that sheer pink crop top which his eyes flicker down to for about the tenth time since they arrived at the park. Her nipples are fully erect as the cool breeze blowing in from the ocean has picked up in intensity. His eyes linger—she smiles sensing the moment is right to pounce.

"Honey a son, no matter how old he is, should never be embarrassed because they like their mother's kisses." The moment of truth is upon her. Ellen, without thinking, most likely due to being blasted on tequila, plunges ahead adding recklessly, "Or their breasts."

"Mom I--" He, of course, is about to protest but she silences it with a soft finger to his mouth.

"Sweetheart you have been staring at them all night and . . ." She pauses, preparing to play her trump card, while letting the tension build.

"And what?!" he barks embarrassed and exasperated.

She talks slowly, telling him everything. "And well you know I forgot my purse this afternoon. I had to come home. I went upstairs to get it."

James starts to fidget; the horror of what she is saying just starting to hit him.

"I seen you."

He looks away wanting to flee.

"Look at me hon," she says gently before using her hand to turn his face towards her. "I was at your doorway, watching. I seen, heard everything this afternoon."

He now does try to flee, jumping up from the bench. "Oh Jesus I am going to kill myself," he nearly shouts. Before she shushes him as she

reaches up quickly and snatches his arm. "Please sit down. You need to hear my confession."

He pauses, still wanting to run, wanting to crawl away and hide, but when she pleads with him once again to please sit he obeys her.

"I could have left, but I stayed and watched. My heart was racing, especially when I heard you say, the words are burned into my soul sweetie, 'Oh God yes Mom your tits are so big and beautiful.' That warmed my heart and put butterflies in my stomach knowing you were fantasizing about your mom's tits."

"Y-you . . . are not mad. Disgusted."

"Not at all," she answers quietly.

He takes a large swallow of the tequila suddenly wanting to be very drunk.

"I will say it again sweetie. Your mother is not mad or disgusted."

"I can't believe that. I mean you must have seen what I was . . ." He tries to draw his hands from her but she pulls them back and pushes them against her bare stomach.

"Using my pretty white strapless bra to help get the job done. Yes I seen and was proud that you found it ahh alluring enough to help you."

There is a moment of silence as James simply is at a loss for words. His hands are flush against her bare tummy now trapped by hers.

"Relax baby. If I was disgusted even in the least I would not have stayed and watched. I would not have had butterflies in my stomach while watching. I would not have invited you to the bar tonight knowing I was going to be wearing a half tee shirt barely big enough to cover my boobs."

She starts to slowly, ever so slowly, guide his hands upwards. "Hmm your hands are warm baby."

"The wet tee shirt contest. Y-you knew you were going to be in that so that is why you insisted I stay."

"No hon that was pure and simple fate. I was only backstage to help with the preparations when one of the contestants got stage fright at the last moment. Mr. Wells, Mark that is, asked me to fill in."

"I can't believe you said yes."

"Neither can I and honestly I would not have if you had not been sitting out there." She has paused in guiding his hands north over the flat plain of her well-toned stomach.

"Why?"

"Stupid I know but I wanted to show off for you. Wanted to impress you. Did I?"

"Did you show off? I would say most certainly. You should have won the damn contest."

"You really think so?"

"Yes."

"So I guess I impressed you then too huh?"

"Very much so. You have been impressing me all damn day with your . . ." He pauses somehow, despite everything, reluctant to say the word in front of her.

"My tits. Go on you can say it. Tell me you are impressed with my new bigger breasts." She removes his hands from her stomach and kisses each in turn lightly, "Please baby tell me you like them."

"Oh God mother I do." He finally blurts out after a long pause.

"Thank you for being brave and telling me that. Now I really think you should snuggle with your mother a bit. With that wind picking up and the sun gone I am cold now hon."

They take the second blanket and fold it in half, before bunching it up in the corner against one of the arm rests.

The folded soft blanket makes perfect padding for James to lean against as he reclines back against the arm rest. His mother then snuggles next to him under the blanket leaning her back against his chest.

She finds his hands and once more traps them against her bare midriff. "Are you comfortable enough?"

"Sure," he says honestly as he has had just enough tequila where being comfortable is becoming real, real easy. He is, much to his surprise, even becoming somewhat comfortable with the idea that his mother was watching him whack off that afternoon while he knew he was fantasizing about her.

Once again she starts moving his hands for him in slow semi circles allowing them to flicker across her bare tummy. "Are you starting to get warm Mom?" he whispers in her ear.

"Maybe a little bit." She smiles sweetly and turns around enough to face him. "A kiss or two might help the warming process though."

She brings one hand up and snakes it through his hair around the back of his head. She moves her lips closer and closer whispering as she does, "Don't pull away this time please baby."

Their lips come softly together. They exchange several light kisses, their lips barely brushing against one another. It is like they are testing the waters before they dive in.

They kiss and part before she whispers, "Show me your words are true baby. That you really do think I am gorgeous."

"I do," he whispers back his heart racing; his mind reeling as to what is happening between them. Determined to show her, feeling brave from the alcohol, he brings his lips to hers. This time, instead of pulling back from embarrassment, he plunges forward, forbidden lust ruling his heart, as he lets his lips linger on hers while they share a much more meaningful kiss this time.

She offers no resistance, but instead encourages him by returning his kiss with equal fervor. If the earlier kiss in her bedroom this afternoon sent small firecrackers exploding in his heart, this kiss, here on their lonely secluded park bench, causes his heart to experience nothing less than a virtual earthquake of explosions.

The earthquake becomes even stronger when he feels her tongue slip into his mouth. His response was natural as he lets his tongue out from behind clenched teeth. He had keep it there previously afraid that it would escape before he knew that is what she wanted.

His hands slip around to her back, crushing her against him as their tongues intertwine slowly. The several small light kisses they shared earlier has morphed into one long slow wet dream of a kiss. How long the kiss lasts neither could say for time seems to have lost all meaning under the dark June sky, but finally she breaks it off wanting to only tease him at this point.

"Hmm that was nice," she purrs as she settles down back under the blanket against him. She finds his hands under the blanket, and now for the third time, guides them back to her exposed tummy knowing in her heart of hearts the third time will be the charm.

Again James finds his hands being directed by his mother's into stroking that maddeningly sexy bare tummy of hers in soft semi circles. Soft semi circles that sends chills up and down her back, while causing his cock to begin to twitch with untold excitement inside his jeans. She leans back against him closing her eyes as she has guided his hands up to the pretty crotched hem line of her crop top.

"Are you still cold Mom," he whispers in her ear.

"Kinda of baby. I guess I picked a bad night not to wear a bra. My poor tits, they feel like a pair of icebergs."

Instead of being too embarrassed to comment about her running around in front of him braless, determines to tease her about it. "Well," he begins slowly, "I guess that is the price you pay for being such a consummate showoff mother."

She is starting to move his hands in a slow upward trajectory across her tummy. "Well don't you pity your mother and her cold breasts? I mean your hands are so very warm . . . so nice and toasty."

"You know what they say, warm hands means a warm heart."

"Yes they do say that. So why don't you use those warm hands of yours to" -- she has guided his hands right up to the lower edge of her pretty crop top--"warm your Mommy's poor little boobies up sweetie."

His hands slip up and onto her crop top. The whole experience seems surreal as he begins to carefully knead her large tits through the sheer material of the crop top. He expects to wake up in bed at any moment sporting a huge boner as this most illicit dream of his bursts into a million pieces.

But it's not a dream he is experiencing but instead a most lovely reality. Her tits feel soft and natural as he fondles them shyly. She

leans her head back onto his shoulder sighing, "Baby why don't you be brave and slip your hands under my top? That way my boobs can feel the full effect of your hands warmth."

She doesn't have to ask twice. James slips his hands up and under the lower edge of her top and cups her breasts gently. He fondles them with great reverence. Tenderly, sweetly exploring them like a new born baby explores a fresh new toy.

"You really like your Mom's tits huh James?"

"Yes they feel so nice," he says his voice coming out in a nervous hoarse whisper. He is nervous as the growing erection inside his pants is starting to become an issue, especially when his mother turns and begins to shower him with a series of light kisses as she whispers, "This can only help warm me further baby."

And warm her he does. He fondles her boobs with swelling confidence urged on by her soft words of encouragement in between the sinful little kisses they are sharing which, just as before, is turning into one long tongue twisting kiss.

"Hnhh . . ." Ellen lets out a soft moan as she breaks off a deep and passionate kiss with her son. He has found her weak spot that turns her into butter. He is flicking his fingers lightly over her fully erect nipples making her moan and squirm with increasing desire.

"Jesus honey that feels good," she whimpers as James sensing he has indeed stumbled onto something is flicking her ripe erect nipples with growing enthusiasm.

It all becomes like a soft dream for the both of them. A moment lost in time as he continues to fondle her tits while they snuggle under the blanket. His fondling, her moaning, their kissing—it goes on and on until finally Ellen simply cannot take that rock hard boner of his poking against her back.

She knows her son must be desperate for relief and she intends on giving it to him. Without a word she slips off the park bench and onto her knees. She looks up at him with maybe the sexiest look he has ever seen a woman possess in his life.

It all seems so incredibly fantastic as she reaches out with one hand and slowly undoes his jeans. "Mom w-what are you doing?" James whispers barely able to find his voice.

"Hmm well honey, your mother let you play with her big tits now it's time you let me play with your big"—the belt comes undone—"hard"—she carefully is pulling down his zipper—"cock."

She reaches inside his boxers, and with a smile such as a cat might have before it swallows the canary, she pulls his raging erection out. James watches with dreamlike excitement his beautiful mom lick her lips, running her tongue back and forth over them, before she slowly lowers her mouth to his cock.

She pauses mere inches from the trembling head of his cock. She looks up at him saying sweetly, "Will I be the first baby."

James nods his head yes. She opens her mouth slightly to tease and excite allowing the raw sexual tension between them to build even further. She breathes on his cock, then blows on it, before pulling back just a bit and sticking her tongue out to reach for him.

She works some saliva up in her mouth making sure her tongue is dripping wet and then begins at the bottom of his shaft and licks upward slowly. Ellen turns her head sideways as she circles her tongue all around the tip of his penis.

She opens her mouth and takes him inside gradually inch by precious inch. He moans as one hand involuntarily reaches for the back of her head. As she increases the speed of bobbing up and down on his cock she looks up letting his cock slip from his mouth.

The simple fact was James size was almost too much for her. Ellen does not have much experience sucking cock as John was not big into oral sex, but what she lacks in experience she is determined to make up with sheer enthusiasm and wicked sweetness.

"Do you like your mom sucking your cock little boy," she says so tenderly. The sweetness of her voice is totally at odds with what is happening.

"Oh God yes Mom," James hisses, "please don't stop!"

Determined not to go too fast and make him cum too soon she lingers deciding to make him beg a bit.

"Are you sure that is what you want hon. For me, your Mommy to suck on that big cock of yours."

She has decided to ratchet up the whole forbidden idea of what is happening between them by reminding him that it is his mother on her knees sucking his cock. She figures the taboo nature of what is happening will only serve to increase the sexual tension between them and thus ultimately the pleasure derived from it.

She was absolutely right in this line of thinking. James, thanks to her soft whispered words, is getting more turned on by the whole idea of it being his mom on her knees taking his hard cock in her mouth.

"Yes Mommy please suck on it. More please!!" he moans to her.

She hesitates, batting her eyes at him seductively, before going back to work, determined to take his whole seven inches deep in her mouth this time. She again goes slow, progressively taking him into her warm mouth inch by inch until she has nearly the entire length of his rock hard shaft buried in her mouth.

She alternates between bobbing up and down on his cock and letting it slip from his mouth to attack his sensitive underside with a series of soft kisses and gentle licks. She brings one hand up to massage his balls liking his almost immediate reaction which is a loud "Oh God that feels nice."

"Yes honey. Mom is making her baby feel so nice I bet. I want you to . . . cum in my mouth sweetie. Please baby!" she sighs to him between teasing licks of her tongue.

When she opens her mouth, taking him fully inside, he quickly entangles one hand deep in her hair forcing her to bob up and down faster and faster on his cock. He is beyond the breaking point now feeling his orgasm growing. He thanks his lucky stars now that he masturbated earlier or he would have by now surely blew a wad deep in her mouth.

He is moaning louder; his breath coming in short gasps; legs shaking, hand tightens around the back of her head forcing her to suck him harder. "Oh God Mom I am" — she pounds her mouth quicker up and down on his twitching cock while jiggling his balls — "cumming."

He finally explodes in her mouth with a loud groan of exquisite pleasure. She quickly gets to her knees as she swallows his cum and wraps her arms around him. Bringing her mouth to his ear she whispers a question with a most obvious answer.

"Did you like that baby?"

"Oh God and Jesus yes Mom that was so . . . so good," he says his voice still quacking with excitement.

They spend the next few minutes cuddling under the blanket just holding each other, both doing nothing but enjoying the moment.

The wind has died down while the temperature has stabilized prompting Ellen to suggest they go for a short walk on the beach. James gladly accepts, eager to please his mom now, after the incredible thing she had just done for him.

She checks the time on her phone and sees it is now past nine. Not sure how long their walk will last and remembering that Katie gets off work at ten, she decides to call her and inform her that they are going for a walk along the beach a bit beyond the yellow caution tape. Ellen knows Katie is twice as adventuresome as she is so she won't have a problem going past the yellow tape to find them.

But what Ellen doesn't know, as she takes James and leads him down the short path to the beach, is Katie will not be coming alone to pick them up. Further, she doesn't know that calling Katie adventurous would be like calling the Pacific Ocean that are about to walk along a small body of water.

The fact is Katie, her new best friend, is a stone cold sex freak as is her 22 year old daughter who will be tagging along with her mom when she goes to pick up her beautiful best friend and her shy but extremely cute son.

Adding to the intrigue is a few rather alluring facts. Number one is Katie's daughter, Alexis, is none other than contestant number four that had so captured James heart earlier during the wet tee shirt contest. But more important is that Alexis is, just like her mother, a huge sex freak, maybe even bigger even.

Adding a bit of spice to the night's coming attractions is the reality that Alexis is extremely attracted to the older Ellen, while her mother is equally attracted to James.

A perfect storm of passion is brewing that will make what just happened between James and Ellen, forbidden and passionate as it might have been, look like nothing but a soft summer rain.

THE END