

Wicked Hormones



Chapter 1

Dr. Michael Grant sat at his desk and stared down at the pages of test results. He periodically made notes with his pen. Karen Mitchell sat across the desk and nervously twisted her wedding ring around her finger. She kept telling herself that she was making the right choice as she anxiously awaited the results. After about a minute or so, Dr. Grant looked up at the beautiful mother and said, "Mrs. Mitchell...I think Jacob would be an excellent candidate for the WICK-Tropin program." Karen smiled and replied, "You think so, Doctor?" Dr. Grant returned her smile and replied, "Yes, I do...I really do." Dr. Grant continued, "Your son appears to be quite healthy, and I see no reason why we should not proceed."

Karen was by choice, a stay-at-home mom, and nothing was more important to her than taking care of her family. In addition to running a hectic household, she also kept busy with PTA meetings and occasional volunteer work at their church. Karen was now forty-three years of age, but no one would know by looking at her. She stood 5' 8" and had long brown hair, hazel eyes, and a voluptuous figure of 38DD-26-40. She credited her youthful looks to a combination of good family genes and daily exercise.

She looked over at her son Jacob who sat in the chair to her right. She patted his arm and said, "See Honey...finally, some good news!" Jacob smiled and replied, "Yeah...finally!"

Jacob had just turned eighteen and was a junior in high school. He was born premature, and during his childhood, he battled

severe health issues. Because of that, Jacob was absent from school quite a bit and was held back a year. He was in good health now, but the condition had stunted his growth substantially. By appearances, Jacob looked more like a twelve-year-old boy instead of a young adult.

Jacob had inherited his mom's brown hair and hazel eyes, and he was a handsome lad, but his slight build and stature greatly affected his self-confidence. The endocrinologist who treated Jacob had tried conventional growth hormones in the past, but they had little to no effect, and this left the Mitchells' very frustrated. Since then, they have been searching for alternatives.

Karen felt deeply for her son and desperately wanted to help him, and therefore she faithfully prayed for guidance. Several months went by until one day, she heard about Dr. Michael Grant. He worked previously with the CDC, located in Atlanta. His experimental research with glandular and hormonal abnormalities was well respected. However, he was considered sort of a maverick. He had a reputation for bending the rules and, at times, breaking them.

Karen was not discouraged by this in the least. She thought maybe someone who thought "outside the box" might have the answers for Jacob's condition. However, after the initial meeting with Dr. Grant, her husband, Robert, did not feel the same way. He was totally against the thought of anyone using their son as a guinea pig.

Karen loved Robert dearly, and being a conservative Christian, she felt her husband had the final say, but she decided to not give up without a fight. She did her best to "wear down" her husband, but no amount of pleading or arguing would change his mind.

They had tried all other options to help their son, and Karen was confident this was the answer to her prayers. She anguished, trying to decide between loyalty to her husband and her faith in God. Eventually, her faith won out, and she reluctantly decided to go against Robert's wishes.

Karen reached over and squeezed her son's hand and asked Dr. Grant, "So...what's the next step?"

Dr. Grant sat back in his large leather chair and removed his reading glasses, "Well...if you agree to the treatment, we can begin right away." "We will start with a series of WICK-Tropin injections twice a week for four weeks. This will help kick-start the effects. After that, we will change over to a pill version for the next three to six months."

Karen then asked, "And how safe is this...WICK-Tropin?"

Dr. Grant smiled at the concerned mother, "Well, Mrs. Mitchell. I fully understand your reservations. As anyone in my field can tell you, nothing is 100% guaranteed, and this is, after all, an experimental drug." Dr. Grant stood up and walked around to the front of his desk. "However, with that being the case, what I

can guarantee is this, we will make it our top priority to do everything possible to help your son along with keeping him safe."

Karen quietly thought as she pondered the doctor's words. Jacob leaned over towards his mom and said, "Mom? What do you think?"

Karen looked back to Dr. Grant, "What will be our financial responsibilities?"

"Ah! The financial burden, you ask?" Dr. Grant turned back to his desk and picked up a small stack of papers then handed them to Karen, "Here is the agreement for your review."

Karen took the papers and began to read. Dr. Grant then spoke, "We have a group of private investors that are financing the experiment."

Karen looked up at Dr. Grant, "Private investors?"

"Yes...it is quite common for research of this type. With that being the case, your responsibility will be zero."

Karen biting her bottom lip continued to read. It all looked legit, but she still felt a little guilty going behind Robert's back. Jacob then said, "Please, Mom...I want to try this!"

Karen looked into her son's pleading eyes and asked, "Are you sure, Honey?" Jacob nodded, "Yes, ma'am, I'm sure."

Karen looked up at Dr. Grant and sighed, "Well, Doctor, where do we sign?"

***** Two Weeks Later *****

It was morning, and Karen hummed one of her favorite 80's tunes as she prepared breakfast. Her plan for the day consisted of house cleaning and laundry, so she was dressed in her usual tee-shirt and yoga pants. At that time, Robert entered the kitchen and noticed his wife busy frying some bacon, and cheerfully said, "Well, hello, beautiful." Karen looked back towards her husband and replied, "Hello yourself, handsome." She turned back towards the stove and heard Robert say, "Actually, I was speaking to the bacon."

"Oh, is that so?" Karen chuckled. She set the spatula down on the counter then walked over to her husband and began straightening his necktie, "Well Mr. Mitchell...the next time you try getting frisky with me, I am going to toss you a package of bacon and then see how that works out for you." They both laughed, and Robert kissed his wife on her beautiful red lips.

Karen wished Robert would try getting frisky. Due to his workload lately, he had been exhausted, and the lack of bedroom activity had Karen very frustrated.

Karen and Robert met while in college. They went to different schools but met while attending a Christian student retreat. They were introduced by mutual friends and shortly after began their courtship.

Robert was not like the jock types that Karen had dated in her past. He was astute, courteous, and a true gentleman. With his sandy blonde hair and green eyes, she found him to be very handsome...in a "Clark Kent" kind of way. He reminded her of her dad, whom she adored. It did not take long for the couple to fall in love. The rest, as they say, is history.

Looking around the kitchen, Robert asked, "Where's Jake? He's usually down here before me."

Karen set a plate of eggs, bacon, and toast on the table and replied, "I'm not sure, but you're right." With her hand, she motioned Robert to his chair, "I'll go check on him...you sit and eat."

Karen turned off the burner then went upstairs to check on Jacob. She lightly knocked on his door and slowly opened it to find the room still dark. The only light in the room was the soft glow of the computer monitor on his desk. After a few seconds, Karen's eyes adjusted to the low light, and she walked over to Jacob's bed. She heard him gently snoring and could tell that he was still sleeping. Gently shaking his shoulder, she spoke softly, "Jake honey...you need to get up...you'll be late for school."

Jacob rolled over towards Karen and groaned, "Ughhh. I don't feel so good, Mom." Placing her hand on Jacob's forehead, "Oh Jake! You are burning up with fever...I'll be right back." She left the room for a couple of minutes and returned with some Tylenol and a glass of water. She walked over to Jacob and sat down on the bedside, "Here honey...take this." Jacob lifted himself enough to swallow the tablets and wash them down with the water. With her left hand, she brushed the hair from his forehead and then said, "You should stay home today...you cannot go to school with a fever. I will call the principal's office and explain."

"It hurts Mom," Jacob groaned.

Karen replied, "It's most likely a stomach bug. I've heard that one has been going around lately." "If you are not better in a little while, I'll see if we can get you in to see the doctor later today. Now try and get some rest. I'll check on you in a little while."

Jacob laid his head back down on the pillow and closed his eyes and muttered, "Thanks, Mom...love you." Karen's heart warmed, and she smiled. She leaned down and kissed Jacob on the forehead, "You're welcome, sweetie...love you too." She then rose from the bedside and made her way out of the room. She pulled the door behind her slowly, and she looked back to find her son had fallen back asleep.

During the morning, Karen would occasionally check on Jacob as she performed her household chores. She was relieved when his fever eventually broke.

Around noon, Karen decided to take Jacob some soup and crackers...she wanted him to get something on his stomach. She took the tray upstairs and lightly knocked on his bedroom door. "Come in," came the voice from the other side. Karen opened the door and stepped into the room to find Jacob sitting up in bed, scrolling through his cell phone. She noticed the floor littered with dirty clothes, and the trash bin beside his desk was overflowing. Karen made a mental note to make him clean his room this weekend.

Cheerfully Karen spoke, "Well...my little man seems to be feeling better". Jacob hated being called that, but he allowed his mom to get away with it. Because of his health issues while growing up, Karen always doted on Jacob...he was her "special little man." It was fine when he was younger, but now just plain embarrassing.

Jacob set his phone down on the nightstand beside his bed. He looked over at his mom, standing in the doorway. Looking at her, Jacob could not help but notice how her tee-shirt clung to her large breasts, and the tight yoga pants accentuated the curve and flair of her womanly hips. He had always thought she was beautiful, but now all of a sudden, something was different...his mom was hot! Something had flipped a switch. His friends teased him about his mom being a total MILF...now he was beginning to understand what they meant.

His mind began imagining how she would look naked, and all of a sudden, he felt this dick start to harden. "Hello? Earth to

Jacob!" Karen's sweet voice snapped him out of the trance. "Oh yeah, Mom...I feel much better."

Karen walked towards him. He watched the gentle bounce of her breasts beneath the tee shirt and felt his erection grow even more. Karen placed the tray beside him and sat down at the bedside. Placing her hand on his forehead, "Oh, you feel much cooler." Jacob picked up a cracker from the tray and began to nibble.

Karen smiled, "Are you hungry?" Jacob nodded as he finished one cracker and grabbed another. She reached out and rubbed his shoulder, "Oh good, that's always a positive sign."

Karen sat with Jacob while he began to eat. "I called the school earlier and spoke with Mrs. Anderson. I explained to her that you were under the weather, and they are going to email your assignments to you." Between bites, Jacob said, "Thanks, Mom."

Karen stood up and said, "Okay, well, you finish eating." She bent over and kissed him on the top of his head, "I am going to go and check on the laundry." As she walked out of the room, Jacob stared at his mom's shapely backside. He was mesmerized by the gentle sway of her hips in those skin-tight yoga pants. When she was gone, he shook his head and muttered, "Stop it...that's your mom, you idiot."

A while later, Jacob walked into the kitchen carrying the tray along with the empty soup bowl. He found his mom searching

through the cabinets for something. She looked over and said, "Oh, thank you, Jake! I was going to come up and get that." Jacob walked over to the sink and set the tray down, "It's fine Mom...I'm feeling much better now."

Karen went back to searching in the cabinet, "Well, I'm glad to hear that, Sweetie." Jacob stood for a few seconds, then walked over to his mom. She noticed him standing there and asked, "You need something, Honey?"

"Mom...I think something is wrong."

Karen closed the cabinet door and turned to him, "Wrong? What do you mean, Jake?"

Jacob looked down at the floor, " Well...to tell you the truth...It's kind of embarrassing."

In her sweet motherly voice, "Honey, I'm your mother...you can tell me anything." She took Jacob's hand and led him over to the kitchen table, and they sat down. "What's bothering you?"

Jacob looked up into her hazel eyes, "It still hurts."

Karen sat back, "Oh well, Sweetie...you had a stomach bug. Most likely, it's stomach cramps."

Jacob shook his head, "No Mom...it's not my stomach. It's down THERE." Karen saw Jacob looking down towards his lap, and her eyes widened, "Ohhhh...down THERE?" She could see a large lump in the crotch of his sleep pants.

"Yeah Mom...my dick is swollen."

Karen gasped, "Your WHAT, young man?"

"Sorry Mom...my...penis is swollen...my nu-...testicles too."

Karen sat back a little, "Well, honey, you are probably going through some changes...it could be the WICK-Tropin. I'm sure it's normal. It is a growth hormone, after all."

"I don't know Mom...it doesn't LOOK normal." Jacob paused for a few seconds then asked, "Would you...?"

Karen leaned in, "Would I what sweetie?"

Jacob then looked up into his mom's eyes, "Would you...look at it...for me?"

Karen replied in a loud whisper, "Your pe...penis?"

Jacob nodded his head, "To make sure everything is okay."

Karen slowly shook her head, "Jake. I don't..."

"Please, Mom? I'm sort of worried that there might be something wrong with me."

Karen could see the genuine worry on her son's face. Her son trusted her enough to come to her...she could not rebuke him.

Moments later, they found themselves in Jacob's room. Karen sat on his bed, and Jacob stood facing her. "Alright, Jake...let's see what the fuss is all about."

"Okay...here goes." Jacob hooked his thumbs inside the waistbands of his sleep pants and underwear then lowered them to about his knees. Karen jerked back in shock as his dick sprang up. She put her hand up to her mouth, "OH MY LORD!!"

Karen could not believe her eyes. Her son's penis was enormous. It was about a foot long and as thick as her wrist. His enlarged testicles were about the size of oranges. She attempted to avert her eyes but found herself strangely captivated by the sight of this monster that was attached to her son.

Karen leaned in a little closer, and an unfamiliar scent filled her nostrils. It was unlike any smell she had ever experienced. She felt light-headed and slightly aroused. "Oh my. Jake, when did this happen?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "It happened last night...I woke up like this." Jacob looked down at his cock, "Mom...do, you think this is okay?"

Karen continued to stare, "Sweetie...I'm not sure...I mean, it looks normal. It's just so...BIG!" Karen sat back up straight, "We should probably take you to see Dr. Grant. This must be a side effect of the WICK-Tropin."

"Should we tell Dad?"

Karen threw up her hand, "NO!! We can't tell your father. He was adamantly against you trying this from the beginning. I'm not ready for him to find out I went behind his back."

"So, we hide it from him?"

Karen nodded, "Yes, for now. I'm sure Dr. Grant will have a solution."

"I hope he does." Jacob grabbed his dick with his right hand. "It hurts...and it won't go down."

Karen thought for a second and then said, "Maybe try a cold shower...that's supposed to help."

Jacob sighed, "Cold shower? Seriously Mom?."

Karen scrunched her face and whispered, "Well, you could try...masturbation." Karen was raised to believe masturbation was a sin, but she was no fool. She knew every teenage boy engaged in the activity. It did, however, feel strange to suggest such a thing to her son.

"I tried already, but I can't seem to finish." He began to slowly stroke the shaft. Karen put up her hand and turned her head, "JACOB...stop that!! Just...put that thing away!"

Jacob pulled his pants back up and, with a confused tone, said, "But Mom...it was your idea."

She softened her tone, "I didn't mean for you to do it with me in the room, Silly." She stood and began walking towards the door. "That's something you should do when you're alone." Suddenly she stopped and turned back towards Jacob, "What do you mean...you can't finish?" Karen cocked her head sideways, "You can't ejaculate?"

Jacob sat down on his bed and nodded his head, "the more I try, the more my testicles hurt."

Karen put her right hand on her hip, "Jacob...every teenage boy knows how to do that."

"I know how to Mom, but for some reason, it's not working for me." Jacob then put on the puppy dog eyes, "It's getting sore Mom...what should I do?"

Karen bit her lip and thought for a few seconds, then said: "I'll be right back." She left the room for a few moments and returned with a small pump bottle in her right hand. Jacob looked at her with a confused expression as she held out the container. Jacob took the bottle and asked, "What's this, Mom?"

Karen sat down on the bed beside Jacob. "This is the body lotion that I use. It should help with the irritation."

"You want me to use this when I masturbate?"

While pointing towards his crotch, "What I want is you to get rid of THAT before your father gets home."

Karen stood up and walked towards the door, "I will go call Dr. Grant's office and see what they suggest." She turned back to Jacob before walking out, "And don't forget to check your email for your assignments."

Jacob replied as she walked out, "Yes, ma'am, I'll be sure and check."

An hour later, Karen gently knocked on Jacob's bedroom door. She slowly opened it and walked into the room to find Jacob sitting at his desk. He appeared to be working on his homework. "Hi Sweetie...how is it going?" Jacob kept working without looking up, "It's not going so good, Mom."

Karen walked over to Jacob, "No?"

Jacob spun around in his chair and faced his mom. He then looked down at his lap and sighed, "It's still not working." Karen leaned back a little, "Goodness, Jake!" The lump appeared larger now than before. In a lowered voice, she asked, "Did you try what I suggested?"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, ma'am...I even used the lotion you gave me." Jacob rubbed the impressive bulge, "I'm having a tough time concentrating."

"I'm sorry, Honey. I called Dr. Grant's office several times, but all I got was their voice mail. I'll try first thing in the morning again."

He squeezed the bulge even harder, "What do I do until then? It hurts Mom. I don't know what else to do."

"Jacob, maybe you can try again." Jacob got frustrated, "I've been trying Mom...it's not working. I swear!!" He looked up at his mom, "Maybe you should watch and see for yourself."

Karen quickly stood up, "Jacob Mitchell!! I am NOT going to watch you masturbate!"

"Please, Mom...then you will see what I'm talking about."

They went back and forth a few minutes, and Jacob kept pleading with her of his difficulty and frustration. As the minutes went on, Jacob could sense her weakening.

Karen finally relented, "Fine...I will watch you, but you better not be lying to me."

Jacob nodded his head, "I'm not lying, Mom, you'll see."

Jacob stood up from his chair, then pulled down and stepped out of his pants and underwear. Karen was once again shocked by the size of her son's cock, and she found it difficult to look away. He stood before her wearing nothing but a t-shirt, and the sight of his small body sporting the gigantic erection was almost comical.

Jacob picked up the lotion bottle from his desk and then sat down on the bed. He pumped a copious amount of the creamy lotion into his right hand and began coating the bloated shaft.

Karen took a seat in the chair and questioned her sanity. Was she actually going to sit and watch her own son masturbate?

For the next few minutes, Jacob steadily stroked his cock with no success. Karen was getting fidgety and asked, "Jake, are you getting close?" He stopped and looked over to his mother, and he found her staring intently at his erection. "Sorry, Mom...like I said earlier...it's not working." Karen's face took on a concerned look, "Well, I hope there is no blockage or anything...that could be dangerous."

Jacob's eyes went wide, "Blockage? Well, what do you think I should do?" With a worried look, "Should I go to the ER?"

Exasperated, she put her hands over her face, "Ugghhh...I don't believe this."

Karen then stood up and walked away as if she were leaving, but instead, she closed and locked the bedroom door. No one else was home, but she thought it better to be safe than sorry. Karen then returned to Jacob, got down on her knees, and stared in awe at the throbbing abomination. The smell was even more prominent up close. The scent was sweet yet masculine...almost like some exotic flower. She felt the strange arousal return. All of a sudden, she felt her nipples start to tingle and stiffen.

Reluctantly Karen said, "I think I will have to help you this one time to make sure everything is okay. But...this is only to help you for medical reasons." Jacob nodded in agreement.

"No one...and I mean NO ONE can ever find out about this Jake...do you understand?" Still in shock, Jacob once again nods his head. "This is highly inappropriate, and I am only doing this once." Karen felt she must be insane, but she also wanted to make sure everything was ok with her son.

She looked into Jacob's eyes, "You watch how I do it, and then you can take care of yourself from now on." A speechless Jacob was finally able to get out, "Yes, ma'am." He could not believe his luck that his hot mom was going to give him a hand-job. Karen then took her hands and wrapped them around the base of the fleshy pole. Even with both her hands, she was only able to cover about half of the massive erection.

Karen then began to stroke up and down and thought, "Good Lord...this thing is enormous!". She looked up at Jacob. He was leaned back on his elbows and had a slack jaw look about him as he stared at his mother working his cock.

A minute or so past and Jacob stared at his mom's hands holding his dick and saw a steady trickle of pre-cum leak down onto her fingers. Karen saw her wedding rings were now soiled with the slick discharge and felt a wave of shame and guilt wash over her, but she was committed to helping her son. She prayed the Lord would forgive her and that Robert never finds out.

"Oh, Mom...that feels so much better." Karen looked up to see Jacob's eyes were closed, and his face had a look of pure bliss. As she continued, she spoke softly, "You need to watch me, Jake,

so you will know what to do next time." Jacob opened his eyes, but they focused on his mom's big breasts as they gently bounced inside the confines of her bra and tee shirt. He so badly wanted to reach out and touch them, but he knew better than to push his luck.

Karen was also being affected. The motions she made caused her hardened nipples to rub against the fabric of her bra, and it sent little shock waves along her nerve endings. Her nipples had always been sensitive, but this felt as if they had a direct connection to her vagina. She could feel her panties getting damp from the arousal. Her eyes were locked onto the monster cock, and she wished Robert was home so he could help quench the desire building inside of her.

"Mom...I think it's getting close", Jacob moan. Karen then gripped tighter and stroked faster. She could feel his dick expand even thicker as it neared eruption.

"Mom...Mom...OHHHH, MOM!! AAAAAHHH" Jacob arched his back, and semen came out of his cock as if fired from a canon. The creamy ribbons shot into the air and landed on both of them and the bed. "OH MY GOSH," Karen shrieked as she tried her best to hold on.

After several more impressive blasts, the flow began to ease. Jacob lay flat on his back, trying to catch his breath. Karen, somewhat in shock, continued to slowly stroke her son's cock until she milked it of every drop. She let go of her grip, and the

deflating penis plopped back onto Jacob's stomach, making a "splat."

Karen examined her cum covered hands, "Well...that was definitely—"

"AWESOME," Jacob interjected before Karen could finish. She looked at her son. He was still lying there, breathing heavily and looking up at the ceiling. A faint smile curled onto Karen's lips, "The word I was going to use was "different." "Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, much better," Jacob replied softly.

"Glad to hear. I must tell you...I've never seen this much semen before."

"Is that bad?" Jacob asked and looked up with concern.

Karen shook her head, "No, not bad...it probably has something to do with the WICK-Tropin." She then pats Jacob on his thigh, "But everything seems to be working fine...I think my job here is complete."

Karen stood up and examined her condition. She had her son's semen on her hands, arms, chest, and even in her hair. Drops ran down her cheek, and some reached her top lip. Instinctively she licked her lips and tasted Jacob's cum. In the past, Karen

did not care much for the taste of semen, but this was different. Jacob's turned out to be quite sweet with a creamy texture she found to be very pleasant. She could also feel her arousal intensifying.

"Okay young man...We both need showers." She wiped her face with the back of her hand. "Be sure to strip the sheets off your bed and take them down to the laundry room. We need to get everything cleaned up before your dad gets home."

"Sure, Mom."

Wiping her hands on her shirt, "And remember...NO ONE is to know about this...is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Karen turned and walked to the bedroom door. She unlocked and pulled it open.

"Mom?" Karen turned to find Jacob leaning back on his elbows, "Yes, sweetie?"

"Thank you for helping me. The pain is gone."

Karen smiled at her son, "You're welcome, baby." She then walked out the door. A few steps down the hall, she called out,

"DON'T FORGET THOSE BED SHEETS, LET ME KNOW WHEN IT'S DONE."

Jacob lay back down and softly replied, "Yes, ma'am...anything you say."

Fifteen minutes later, Jacob was in the laundry room with his soiled clothes and bed sheets. He placed them in the empty laundry basket that sat on the floor in front of the washing machine. He then went to go find his mom to let her know he had done what she asked.

He went back upstairs and down the hall towards his parent's room, and he found the door was cracked open. "Mom?" Jacob called out as he slowly pushed the door open. He stepped into the room and could hear the "hiss" of the shower in the master bath. On the floor by the bathroom door lay his mother's discarded clothes. The thought of his naked mom in the shower was too great of a temptation...he had to try and catch a peek.

He slowly crept up to the door and peered around the corner. He could see his mom was in the large walk-in shower, but due to all the steam and the frosted glass, he could only make out a shadow of her form. She was facing his way, but he could not see any good stuff. He did, however, have an idea of what she was doing. It appeared her left hand was gripping her breast...her right hand buried between her legs.

Karen was usually against masturbation...it was a sin; however, the experience earlier had left her extremely horny. She was holding out until Robert got home, but her body radiated with desire and would not allow her to wait.

She squeezed her nipple and rubbed her clit...it was as if the two were somehow connected. Her orgasm was quickly approaching...she tried to think of her husband Robert, but her mind kept taking her back to Jacob's room and the sinful act she committed there. In her mind, she kept telling herself it was only to help Jacob. "Oh God," Karen groaned...was she stating her pleasure or asking for deliverance?

Closing in on her orgasm, she rubbed her clit faster and pinched her nipple harder. Jacob secretly watched as his mom's orgasm arrived. "OOOOHHHH," she moaned as the wave crashed down upon her. As her knees began to buckle, Karen placed her left hand on the glass door to steady herself. "MMMMMMM...oooohhhh," Karen tried to remain silent as she remembered Jacob was in the house; however, little did she know he was just a few feet away.

"Wow," Jacob whispered. Worried about getting caught, he quietly backed up and left the room. He then fled down the hall to his bedroom and closed the door. After witnessing that scene, his cock was again fully erect. Jacob desperately needed to relieve himself. He grabbed one of his dirty shirts from the floor to catch his load. He then sat on his bedside and jacked off thinking of his hot mom and if he could get her to help him again.

The Mitchell family sat at the dining room table, talking, laughing, and enjoying the dinner Karen had prepared. She had pulled out all the stops making her famous pot roast with all the trimmings. Karen did not allow cell phones at the dinner table, so Robert and Jacob took turns telling corny jokes. It made her smile to see them enjoying some family time.

After her shower earlier in the day, she felt significant guilt for her actions. Her only rationalization was the fact it was to help her son. She knew it was wrong to hide all this from her husband, but she thought this was for the best.

She prayed to God for forgiveness and then lay down for a short nap later waking to feel much better...re-energized even. She then decided to cook a great meal and spend some quality time with her "boys."

For Karen, the strange events earlier in the day were almost a distant memory. Luckily, Jacob was acting normal as if nothing had happened.

Robert then turned the conversation, "Did you hear what happened to that, Dr. Grant?"

Karen glanced over at Jacob, and they locked eyes, "No...what about him?"

Robert took a sip of his beverage, "He was arrested this morning."

Karen dropped her fork, and it made a "Clank" as it hit the porcelain plate. Robert looked at his shocked wife, "Honey, are you alright?"

Karen put up her hand, "I'm sorry...I'm fine...you said a-arrested?"

Robert nodded his head, "Yeah...the FBI raided his office. A friend at the sheriff's office me that he has been under investigation for quite some time." Robert went on to tell his wife and son that Dr. Grant was suspected of conducting experiments with illegal substances. He was most likely using these chemicals without his patients' knowledge.

Karen could feel her face go white as a sheet. She thought, "Well, that explains why all my calls went to voice mail."

Robert sat back in his chair, "Good thing we didn't let that quack inject his poison into our son. I knew when we met him, something didn't seem right."

Karen forced a smile, "Yes, Honey...you're right. Lord knows what could have happened to our Jake." She began eating again...trying to act as normal as possible.

Jacob spoke up, "But Mom...what about my situation?"

Robert frowned, "Situation?"

Karen stammered, "Oh...uh...you know...his situation with finding another doctor for help." She gave Jacob a glaring stare.

Robert smiled, "Oh...don't worry, Sport...we are not giving up. Your mom and I will keep researching doctors, and I am confident we'll eventually find the right one."

Jacob replied, "Yeah Dad, but—"

Karen cut Jacob off before he could finish, "Who wants dessert?"

"I am," replied Robert with a big smile.

Karen looked at her son, "Jake, honey? What about you?" Jacob replied, "Yeah, sure...I guess so."

Karen made her way towards the kitchen and stopped behind Jacob's chair. She put her hands on his shoulders and gave him a motherly kiss on top of his head, "Don't worry, sweetie...things will work out." Jacob could feel his mom's body heat along with her sweet scent...it was a mixture of perfume and lavender body soap. He watched her walk away towards the kitchen. She was

wearing a simple sundress that clung nicely to her sexy figure. He observed the sway of her hips, and his mind recalled the shower scene from earlier. Jacob was lost in thought when his dad stood up, "I think I'll go start some fresh coffee."

Robert walked past Jacob and patted him on the shoulder as he went to the kitchen. Jacob could hear his parents chatting away in the other room as he tried to come up with a plan. Jacob knew it was wrong to look at his mother as a sex object, but maybe if she helped him one more time, he could get it out of his system.

Later that night, Jacob was sitting at his computer playing video games. He heard a soft knock at his door and turned to find it was his mom. Karen walked into the room and softly said, "Hi Sweetie...just came to say goodnight." She walked over and sat down on the bed beside Jacob's computer chair. She was wearing pink cotton shorts and a matching tank top and her hair up in a ponytail.

Karen reached over and rubbed Jacob's shoulder, "How are you feeling?" Jacob tried not to stare at his mom's breasts, "I feel fine, but what are we going to do now that Dr. Grant is in jail? Should we tell Dad, or should I see a doctor?"

"No! I told you before, we cannot tell your father." Karen then lowered her voice, "As far as a doctor is concerned, I would rather wait. You only had four injections...hopefully, it will correct itself."

Jacob rubbed his crotch, "What do I do in the meantime? It's starting to hurt again." Karen leaned in close and spoke softly, "Sweetie, I showed you what to do. You need to try on your own." Jacob spun his chair back around to the computer and sighed, "Okay, Mom...I'll try."

Karen stood up and smiled, "That's my boy." She kissed Jacob on top of his head and then walked to the bedroom door and pulled it open, "Don't stay up too late."

Jacob replied while playing his game, "Yes, ma'am...goodnight."

On Friday, Jacob arrived home from school and entered the house through the garage. He saw his mom's SUV and figured she would be there. Entering the kitchen, he yelled out, "Hey, Mom, I'm home." Hearing no reply, he called out again, "Mom"? The house was silent except for the rhythmic ticking of the grandfather clock in the family room. Jacob set his backpack down on the kitchen table and walked over to the refrigerator. He pulled open the door and grabbed a bottle of water. After closing the door, he looked out the large bay window that overlooked the back yard, and he saw her.

Karen was out on the patio by the in-ground pool doing her daily yoga session. Jacob watched her for a few moments and thought she looked so beautiful and graceful as she went through various

moves and poses. He set the water bottle on the counter and went outside to talk with her.

Jacob walked over to where Karen was now sitting on her yoga mat...she appeared to be meditating. Not wanting to disturb her, he quietly stood at her side and enjoyed the view. Karen was wearing black Lycra shorts that showed off her long legs. Her old red tank top had the word "Bulldogs" in black written across her impressive chest...it was most likely a relic from her college days. The neckline was low-cut and showed off a decent amount of cleavage. Jacob mindlessly stared as a drop of sweat rolled down Karen's neck and then her chest only to disappear into the deep valley between her boobs.

Without opening her eyes, Karen spoke, "Hi, sweetie...home from school?" Jacob jumped a little as he was jolted from his trance. "Uh...Yeah, Mom...I just got home. I'm sorry...I didn't mean to interrupt you."

"You didn't...I'm done for the day." Karen then wiped her brow, "Whew...it's getting hot out here. Would you be a dear and hand me my towel?" Jacob walked over to the patio table and retrieved the white cotton towel for his mom. He handed it to her, and she began patting the perspiration from her face, arms, and chest. "So...how was school today?"

"It was fine, however, I'm glad it's Friday."

Karen chuckled, "I'm sure you are." She then picked up the bottle of water sitting beside her and twisted off the top. Before putting the bottle to her lips, she asked, "And how about your...situation?" She then took several sips of the refreshing liquid.

"You mean my di- my penis?"

Karen nodded her head as she tightened the cap back onto the water bottle.

"Well...it hurts again. It's been hurting since yesterday and swelling again too."

Karen glanced up at her son's crotch and could see the bulge in his jeans. "Have you tried what I showed you?" Jacob nodded, "Yes, I did..., but it's still not working for me." Karen cut her eyes at him, "Are you sure you're trying hard enough? You didn't have much trouble when I helped you the other day."

"Yes, ma'am...I tried it yesterday and today." Jacob was not truthful...he had jacked-off with no problem. "Maybe you could show me again?" Karen looked down and shook her head, "I'm not sure that's a good idea, Jake...it's unacceptable for me to do that."

"Please, Mom...I promise I will pay better attention this time...just once more?" Karen could feel her nipples begin to

harden as she thought about her hands wrapped around her son's huge cock.

Jacob spoke up, "If you're not going to help me...should I go to the doctor?"

Karen's eyes widened, 'NO! He will ask questions, and we will have to tell him about the hormone injections." She wanted to do everything possible to keep the secret between the two of them.

Jacob stood silent, waiting for his Mom's reply. Karen closed her eyes, then relented and sighed, "Fine...I will show you one more time." Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom...you're the best!!"

Karen stood up from her sitting position. She picked up her yoga mat and began to roll it up while looking at Jacob, "This has to be the last time, Jake." He nodded his head, "Yes, ma'am." She then grabbed her towel and water bottle and headed towards the house, "Let's go to your room." Jacob fell in behind her, grinning from ear to ear. He watched her shapely backside sway back and forth in the tight shorts and wondered what type of underwear she wore. He wished he had X-Ray vision.

They entered the kitchen, and Jacob grabbed his book bag and followed his mom up the stairs. They entered his bedroom, and Jacob placed the book bag into his desk chair. He then began to remove his jeans and underwear.

After closing and locking the door, Karen turned around and took a quick look around the room. The walls were covered in posters of different space movies and superheroes. Plastic models displayed on several shelves around the room...two spaceships hung from the ceiling held up with a fishing line. She also noticed the floor still littered with clothes he had yet to pick up.

This was her baby boy's room, and she felt a wave of guilt for what she was about to do, but it was a mother's job to help her child. She then looked at Jacob. He sat on his unmade bed naked except for a Captain America tee shirt and white socks. Her eyes were then drawn to the "giant-sized" erection that was attached to her baby boy. She could actually see it slightly twitch along with Jacob's heartbeat.

She walked over to the bed and tossed her rolled-up yoga mat onto Jacob's computer desk. "I want you be sure to clean up this room before dinner."

"Yes, ma'am." Jacob would agree to about anything if it meant getting another hand-job.

Karen got down on her knees in front of Jacob and dropped the towel beside her and stared at her son's cock...it was so big and intimidating. She could see the steady trickle of pre-cum already oozing out of the head, and she felt a desire to taste it again.

Karen grabbed the monster with both hands and began the up and down strokes. "Oh yeah, Mom...you do it so much better!" Karen smirked a little. She was technically a virgin when she

married Robert, but she still had some experience. In college, Karen would take care of her boyfriends with occasional hand jobs and blow jobs. She actually enjoyed performing the act and got quite good at it...she just never thought the day would come when she would practice the craft on her own flesh and blood.

Karen got into a good rhythm, and the movement of her breasts had her nipples firing off sparks straight down to her pussy, and she could feel her panties were getting wet. After several minutes Jacob groaned, "Oh yeah Mom...that is so good." She looked up to see Jacob was staring at her hands as he promised. "Jake...I am doing this to help with the pain...stop making it sound dirty."

"Sorry, Mom...I really appreciate your help...I really do."

The sunlight coming in the window reflected the sparkle of her wedding and engagement rings. She was then reminded of her husband and felt another wave of guilt and wanted to get this over with.

"Jake, honey, are you getting close?" she asked, almost sounding desperate.

"Not yet, Mom."

Minutes went by, and her arms were getting very tired...it was taking a bit longer than the other day. Karen was not sure how much longer she would last; however, she was determined to get her son across the finish line. After another minute or so, Karen

stopped her motions. With her left hand, she retrieved the towel from the floor and placed it on the bed. Jacob looked at his mom...she was biting her bottom lip and appeared to be thinking...as if conflicted. She slowly stroked Jacob with her right hand while she stared at the mighty erection.

Karen needed to start dinner soon...she had to move this along. Jacob was afraid she was changing her mind, but then Karen looked up at him and in a stern voice, "You are to speak of this to no one...EVER." Jacob, not sure where this was going squeaked out, "okay?"

Karen pulled Jacob's cock down to her mouth and wrapped her lips around the head. She had given blow-jobs in the past to some reasonably large cocks, including her husband's, but nothing prepared her for the sheer size of this monster. Her jaws were stretched and could only get a few inches into her mouth. She began stroking and sucking as best she could. She felt a jolt of excitement as the sweet fluid from Jacob's cock coated her tongue.

Jacob was totally caught off-guard and was not expecting anything like this. He could not believe his gorgeous mother was giving him his first blow-job.

A steady chant of "Oh Mom...Oh, Mom" came from her son, and she knew he would not last much longer. Karen felt a sense of pride knowing she was still able to get this kind of response, although it felt a bit twisted that it was from her son.

She clutched the towel in her left hand and could feel her son's cock begin to swell and ready to explode. Jacob warned her, "Mom...I'm really close...IT'S COMING!!"

Karen pulled her head back and covered his dick with the towel...she did not want to do more laundry tonight. Stroking with her right hand, "Okay, Jake, let it all out."

Karen vigorously stroked his cock as it fired its impressive load. "AAAAHHHHH," Jacob yelled as he came for his mom. Karen kept stroking until his cock was depleted and began to deflate. She then removed the saturated towel.

Jacob trying to catch his breath, "OH GOD!!"

Karen pinched his shaft just below the head, "No, sweetie." She then licked up the last drop of cum that bubbled up from the slit, "We don't take the Lord's name in vain."

Still breathing heavy, "Sorry, Mom."

Karen used the towel to clean the remaining cum from his cock, and she nonchalantly asked, "Do you have homework?"

"Yes ma'am...I have some, but not much." Jacob was amazed how his mom could shift gears so rapidly. Here she was asking him about homework when moments ago she was sucking his dick.

With Jacob's cock pretty much clean, Karen stood up and walked over to the desk and collected her yoga mat then placed it under her left arm. She reached back and let down her ponytail, "Well, be sure and get that done after you clean up this room."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am going to get a shower and then start dinner...your dad will be home soon." She picked up the dirty towel from the bed.

Jacob sat up straight, "Thanks again, Mom, for helping me. You're a lifesaver."

"You're welcome, sweetie. Just be sure to get your chores done." She then turned and walked over to the door where she unlocked and pulled it open. She took a few steps down the hall and called back, "HOW ABOUT CHICKEN FOR DINNER?"

Jacob called back, "SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!"

After a couple of minutes to recover, Jacob redressed and began to clean up his room. After about ten minutes or so, he decided to see if he could catch another peek at his mother in the shower. He crept down the hall to his parent's room only to find the bedroom door was closed and locked. Disappointed, Jacob went back down the hall to his room and finished his chores.

Dinner that night was excellent, as usual. Karen was a great cook and took pride in being the best wife, mother, and home-maker she could be.

Jacob noticed that Karen was dressed up a little more than usual. She always looked nice...heck, she would look good in a potato sack, but tonight was different.

She wore a knee-length skirt that clung nicely to her hips and a snug-fitting sleeveless blouse. An extra button was undone to show off her creamy cleavage, and she wore extra make-up. She was laughing at all of Robert's jokes and occasionally touching his arm. She was, in fact, flirting with her husband.

After today's activities in Jacob's room, she was again left hot and bothered. After her shower, she lay in her bed and reluctantly masturbated. The orgasm was somewhat satisfying, but it was not enough. For some reason, her libido was in overdrive, and her pussy was itching for a hard cock. Her mind was set on seducing Robert that night.

"So Sport, how was your day?" Robert asked, looking over at Jacob.

"School was fine, Dad."

"Any plans for the weekend?"

Jacob took another bite of chicken, "Matt has some new video games. If It's ok, I'm going over to his house tomorrow and check them out." Matt Johnson was Jacobs's best friend and lived just a few blocks away.

"Fine by me...as long as your mom says so."

Karen finished her sip of wine, "Sure...as long as your room is clean and homework is done."

"Yes, ma'am...finished both this afternoon."

The trio continued eating and chatting. After a while, Robert dropped his fork onto the plate in front of him, "Dang...that was great honey...thank you for a delicious dinner."

Jacob chimed in, "Yeah Mom...thanks for dinner...it was great." Karen stood up from the table and started to collect dishes, "You are both welcome...it's my pleasure to take care of my boys." Jacob stood up, "I'll help you, Mom." He figured a few brownie points couldn't hurt.

"Thank you, sweetie," Karen said as she walked toward the kitchen with Jacob close behind. "Rob, would you like some

coffee?" Robert was still at the table looking over a spreadsheet he brought from the office, "That sounds great...thanks, Hon."

After a while, Karen and Jacob returned to the dining room. Karen carried two cups of coffee and placed one down in front of Robert. "Goodnight, y'all, I'm going up to my room and play some Fortnite online with Matt." Karen held out her arms, "Goodnight, sweetie." Jacob stepped up to her, and she pulled in him for a warm hug. His head rested against her boobs...he could feel the pillowy mounds against the side of his face and thoughts of earlier came rushing back. Without thinking, he said, "Thank you for your help today, Mom."

"Help with what?" Robert asked out of curiosity.

Karen panicked a little and held Jacob by his shoulders at arms-length and blurted, "Spanish." She then gave Jacob a stern look, "He needed help with his...Spanish!"

Jacob looked over at his father, "Yeah, Dad, I've been having some problems in my Spanish class lately, and Mom has been a big help."

Robert went back to looking at his spreadsheet, "Well, thank goodness for your mom...she was always good at foreign languages. I barely passed."

"Yeah...she is the best", Jacob replied, giving his mom a sneaky smile. Karen turned him by his shoulders and pointed him

towards the door, "I thought you were going upstairs." Jacob then left his parents alone and went to his room.

Later around midnight, Jacob was finished with his online games and was getting ready for bed. He walked out into the quiet hallway and made his way to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Afterward, Jacob exited the bathroom and softly closed the door behind him. He then heard a squeal that came from his parent's bedroom. He quietly crept up to the door and could faintly make out grunts and groans.

Jacob listened and could hear the bed springs getting a real workout. He could not help but think about his mom and whispered to himself, "Dad, you are so lucky."

Robert called out, "OOhh Karen...you're so WET!!"

Karen grunted after each thrust, "Please...Rob...do it!!...go faster...HARDER!!" The sounds from behind the door confirmed her demands were being met. The bed springs lamented louder and faster, and Karen voiced her approval. "Yes!! Yes!!...that's it!!...I'm almost THERE!! AAAAAHHHH!! YEEESSS!!"

Jacob had a tight grip on his cock, and hearing his mother almost pushed him over the edge. He quickly and quietly made his way back to his room. There he fired up his computer and watched some MILF porn as he jacked-off. After finishing and

cleaning up, Jacob got into bed. He was now obsessed with his mom's sexy body and wanted to keep things progressing. As he lay there in the dark, he drifted off to sleep, trying to think of ways to make it happen.

Chapter 2

Jacob was the first one down to the kitchen on Saturday morning. He sat at the table, eating cereal and scrolling through his cell phone when Karen walked into the room. Even though she was fresh out of bed, Jacob thought she looked radiant. Her long chestnut brown hair was up in a ponytail, and she wore a knee-length pink satin robe. The sash was tied, but Jacob could still make out some of his mom's deep cleavage.

"Oh, good morning, baby." She flashed her beautiful smile. "I slept in a little this morning...your dad and I were up late last night."

Jacob thought to himself, "Yeah, I heard."

Karen went over to start some coffee, "Would you like me to make you some breakfast?"

Jacob pointed to the bowl with his spoon, "No, Mom...this is fine." "I'm going over to Matt's house as soon as I'm done."

"Oh, Okay. Well, I have a meeting at the church today. We're making plans for an upcoming bake sale."

Jacob took another bite, "What about Dad?"

Karen replied, "Your dad is going into the office for a few hours to work on some reports." She then started up the coffee maker, "We're planning on going out for dinner tonight...how does that sound?"

"Sounds good." Jacob took a sip of juice then said, "Oh before I forget, would it be okay if later today, Matt and I came back here to swim in the pool?"

Karen set out two coffee mugs onto the counter, "Of course...Matthew is welcome here anytime. In fact, you can invite him to join us for dinner if you like...just check with Nancy first."

"Okay, I'll ask him to clear it with his mom."

Karen then sat down in the chair beside Jacob and spoke softly, "Jake, you really need to watch what you say around your dad."

"I know Mom...I'm sorry about last night...it just...came out."

Karen put her hand on his shoulder, "Sweetie, we have to keep this between us. We really need to be careful until everything is back to normal."

"Yes, ma'am." Jacob then looked down at his cereal bowl, "Speaking of that...it's hurting again."

Karen leaned closer and replied in almost a whisper, "Have you tried what I showed you?"

He looked back up at his mom, "Yes, but I'm still not able to finish."

Karen leaned back, "Well, Jake, you have to keep trying. I cannot keep doing that...it's very inappropriate."

Jacob whined, "But Mom...it really does hurt."

She crossed her arms, "Jake, I have shown you twice...that should be enough."

Jacob realized that he had lost this round and best not to push it. He then sighed, "Okay, Mom...I'll keep trying."

Karen's expression softened, "That's the spirit...just remember the little engine that could." She then stood up, patted Jacob's shoulder as she walked over to the coffee maker.

As Karen poured the coffee, Jacob turned in his chair towards her, "Mom...I really wish you would stop saying stuff like that. I'm eighteen years old...I'm not a little kid anymore."

Karen smiled and walked back over to Jacob. She then leaned over and kissed him on top of his head, "I don't care how old you get, you'll always be my baby boy." She then picked up the coffee cups and walked out of the kitchen and called back, "Have fun over at Matt's."

Later that day, Karen was driving home after her meeting at the Grace Baptist Church. She was hoping Robert would be there because she was ready for a repeat of the night before. The sex with Robert was satisfying, but as time went on, the arousal returned.

As she drove in her SUV, her nipples hardened and tingled inside her bra. She mindlessly scratched at the protruding nub from outside her dress. This sent a spark to her vagina, and she squeezed her legs together, feeling the moisture in her panties.

When Karen neared the house, she clicked the garage door opener. As the door raised, disappointment set in because Robert had yet to get home.

She parked her Jeep and got out to enter the house. When she entered the kitchen, she remembered that Jacob and Matthew were probably out back in the pool. She thought maybe a dip in the refreshing water might cool her down a bit. Hopefully, in more ways than one.

In the bedroom, Karen sat her purse down on the dressing table. She then went over to the window that overlooked the back yard and pool. She saw Jacob and Matthew were there and decided to go join them.

Karen could not find the swimsuit she wanted to wear. It was a black one-piece that she wore for swimming or when entertaining guests. After a few minutes of searching, she then decided on an alternate. It was a conservative red two-piece that she had worn on vacation last year. This one showed a bit more skin; however, was still considered modest. It had wide straps and full cut bottoms that should be safe enough to avoid any "wardrobe malfunctions."

Karen removed her sundress and laid it out on the bed. She then reached back and unfastened the hooks of her lacy white bra. It was such a relief for her breasts as she removed the garment and allowed the "girls" to breathe. The cool air licked at her nipples, making them harden even more than before.

She then removed the matching white panties and tossed them onto the bed next to the discarded bra. Karen put the bikini on and made the necessary adjustments. She took a look in the mirror. There was more skin on display than she would like, but not enough to be considered improper.

After putting on sunscreen, Karen decided to wear a white linen cover she purchased not long ago. She put her hair up in a loose bun then collected her sunglasses, a bottle of water, and the

novel from her nightstand. She put all the items into a canvas bag, and she made her way outside.

She walked out onto the patio to find the boys sitting over by the pool. Karen called out, "Hi guys...I hope you don't mind if I join you." The two teens looked up and watched as the beautiful MILF walked towards the pool side table.

The boys joined her, and Matthew enthusiastically replied, "No worries, Mrs. Mitchell, you are welcome to join us anytime!"

Karen began to unload her items from the bag, "Why thank you, Matt. You are such a sweet boy." She was unaware that Matthew was taking the opportunity to enjoy the view of her exposed cleavage. "Did you boys remember sunscreen?"

Both of them replied in unison, "Yes, ma'am."

"Good because Jacob, you are fair-skinned and it's easy for you to sunburn."

Taking off her swimsuit cover, she said, "Well, boys...I think I'll go for a quick swim". Both Jacob and Matthew stared at her as she walked away towards the pool steps. Neither boy could avert their eyes...nor wanted to.

Karen swam a few laps in the refreshing water and could feel her internal "heat" begin to subside. She exited the pool and went

over to her lounge chair to catch some rays and read her novel. The afternoon sun felt great on her skin.

Karen was very relaxed until she came across an erotic scene in her book. She could feel the tingling sensations return. She thought to herself, "What is wrong with me lately?" Karen did her best to ignore it, but the feelings began to intensify, and waiting on Robert was becoming less and less a possibility.

Reluctantly Karen set her book down beside the chair, then stood up and began walking towards the house. "Would you boys like some lemonade? It's getting hot out here."

Jacob replied, "Sounds great Mom...do you want some help?"

Waving him off, "NO, no, I got it, sweetie...thank you, though."

Karen entered the kitchen and closed the door behind her. She went over and got some glasses from the cupboard and the lemonade from the refrigerator. As she filled the glasses with ice, she glanced out the window.

Jacob and Matthew were again sitting on the edge of the pool. She could not help but notice how small and frail her son appeared sitting next to Matthew. It was hard to believe they were the same age. It was even harder to believe what Jacob was packing in his swimming trunks.

The two boys seemed to be in a very animated conversation...most likely arguing over Star Wars vs. Star Trek or one of their silly comic books.

"Come on, Jake...you have to admit...your mom is smoking hot!"

"Dude...that's my mother you're talking about."

Matthew smiled, "Yeah, I know...she's the hottest MILF at our school. I mean, she looks a lot like Denise Milani. How do you live in the same house as her and not go crazy?"

Karen watched her son through the window, and her mind became clouded with memories from the last few days. The feeling between her legs was growing more intense. She could not help but run her right hand down across her tummy until her fingers slid between her legs and across her mound. Her pussy was so wet she could feel the dampness through her bikini bottoms. Her fingers only helped to stoke the flames, and she groaned, "Darn it Rob, I can't wait any longer."

She eased her right hand inside her bikini bottoms and slid her middle finger along her juicy slit. "Mmmmmmm," she moaned as her fingers found her little magic button. Karen would have to hurry and chase down the orgasm in case the boys came looking for her.

She held onto the counter top with her left hand while keeping an eye on her son. Little did Karen know that she was the main

topic of the boys' conversation as she watched them through the kitchen window.

Matthew continued, "You know every guy in school wants to do her."

"Shut up, Matt!" Jacob kicked water towards his best friend, "Hey...how about we talk about your mom. She's hot." Matthew's mom Nancy was a beautiful redhead. Jacob thought she resembled the actress Christina Hendricks.

Matthew replied, "Yeah, you're right about that. My mom is pretty hot...but I'm more into brunettes."

Meanwhile, back in the kitchen, Karen's fingers were soaked, and she could feel a trickle of fluid run down her leg. As she neared her goal, her knees began to weaken, and she gripped the counter top even tighter. She rubbed her pussy faster and bit her bottom lip in an attempt to keep quiet.

Karen groaned out loud as the orgasm quickly blossomed and radiated throughout her body. She closed her eyes and leaned forward against the counter. She whispered, "Oh yes!!" as her body jerked and twitched in ecstasy.

A few moments later, Karen remained still, enjoying the gentle aftershocks. Once she was able to catch her breath, she stood up straight and removed her hand from her bikini bottoms. She grabbed a kitchen towel and wiped the evidence from her leg.

Speaking to herself, "Well...that helped some...too bad, Rob missed out."

After a few minutes, she was able to straighten herself up. Karen then finished pouring the lemonade. Se placed the glasses on a tray and then went out to rejoin the boys by the pool.

On Sunday morning, Jacob got out of bed and threw on his robe then made his way down to the kitchen for some breakfast. When he got down there, he found his parents sitting across from each other at the table.

Like every Sunday morning, they were drinking coffee and reading the Sunday newspaper together. His mom was in her pink satin robe but appeared to have already showered, done her hair, and put on her makeup. His dad, however, still had the "fresh out of bed" look.

"Good morning Mom...Dad."

"Morning Champ," Robert replied.

Karen chimed in, "Hi sweetie...how are you this morning?"

"I'm okay."

Karen sipped her coffee, "If you want, you can eat some cereal for breakfast. After church, we're going out to lunch, and then your dad has a golf outing this afternoon. He's playing with the President of the company. This could be a good sign of his promotion."

Robert was currently a Regional Manager for Conway Enterprises. He had been with Conway for ten years. With dedication and long hours, Robert worked his way up through management. Now he was the top candidate for a Vice-President position. It would mean a bit more traveling, but the increased benefits greatly outweighed the sacrifice. He loved his family and wanted to ensure their financial future.

Jacob saw the cereal and milk already on the table. He went over to the cabinet and got a bowl and spoon then sat down beside his mom at the table. While pouring cereal into his bowl, "Dad, you haven't played golf in a long time."

Robert replied, "Yeah, it has been a while, but I am looking forward to getting back out there."

Karen interjected, "Your dad used to be quite good. In fact, back in college, he was on the golf team."

In mock amazement, Jacob replied, "Wow!...imagine that...Dad, the athlete."

Karen looked at Jacob, then winked, "Your old mom is into jocks!!"

Jacob laughed, "Wow, Dad...Tiger Woods dodged a bullet." Karen then busted out laughing.

Robert folded down the newspaper, "I'll have you know I always wanted to be more like Jack Nicklaus."

Jacob frowned as he poured the milk over his cereal, "Jack who? OH! You mean that old actor that played the "Joker" in the Bat-Man movie?"

Robert looked at his son in confusion and replied, "What? NO!! That's Jack NICHOLSON! I'm talking about Jack Nicklaus...the greatest golf champion of all time."

Jacob looked at his mom in confusion.

Karen laughed again.

Robert looked up at the clock on the microwave, "Oh, it's getting late...I better go get a shower." He looked to Karen, "Honey, did you remember to pick up some new razor blades?"

Karen set down her coffee cup, "Yes, sweetheart, I put them in the drawer in the bathroom. Do you need me to show you where?"

Robert stood up, "You might...I can never find anything in there."

Karen stood up, "Okay, come on...stop being so dramatic." She led Robert out of the kitchen.

Robert stopped and looked back at Jacob, "Jack Nicklaus...the Golden Bear." Jacob shrugged his shoulders and continued eating his breakfast. He could hear his dad as they went up the stairs, "But the boy doesn't even know about Jack Nicklaus!!"

After a couple of minutes, Karen returned to the kitchen and sat down in her chair next to Jacob. Taking a sip of coffee, "I swear...I love that man with all my heart, but he would have trouble finding his rear-end with both hands."

Jacob laughed at her comment and took a sip of orange juice. Karen then continued, "So...what do you have planned this afternoon?"

"Not much, why?"

"Well...while "Jack" is out playing golf, I was going to go to the mall and do some shopping. You want to come along?"

"Maybe," Jacob replied, "I have been saving up for the new Star Wars game that just got released, but I may be short a few bucks."

Karen put her elbow on the table and rested her chin in her hand, "Well...if a certain young man would be willing to escort his old mom today...those last few bucks might just find their way into his pocket."

Jacob replied happily, "You got a deal!!" He then stood up and took the empty bowl and glass over to the sink behind them. "Mom...I do have one problem, though."

Turning in her chair to look at him, "What's that, sweetie?"

Jacob turned back towards her and opened his robe. "I have to deal with this somehow."

Karen looked down to see the massive bulge in his boxer shorts. Motioning with her hands, "Oh my goodness, Jake...cover that up...your dad could come down here any minute!!"

"Mom, don't worry...he's in the shower, right?"

"Yes, he's in the shower, but not for very long." "Go up to your room and take care of it."

He closed his robe and retied the sash. "I tried earlier, Mom, and I am still having trouble finishing, and yes, I tried what you showed me."

Karen stood up from the table and walked over to the sink to wash her coffee cup. "Well, I am not doing that while your dad is in the house." She looked over at Jacob, "Maybe I can help you later."

"But Mom...it hurts now."

Karen turned the water off and turned from the sink, "No "buts" Jacob. Now...go try a cold shower or something." She grabbed a towel and dried her hands, "We need to get ready for church."

Jacob could tell she would not budge, especially with his dad in the house. "Oh, alright." He left the kitchen disappointed, but he could always try again later.

Later that morning, Karen was at church with her family. They sat on the sixth pew from the front with Jacob to her left and Robert on her right. Karen had been attending the Grace Baptist Church her entire life. Her grandparents were founding members. This was where she and Robert were married. Last year their daughter Rachel got married here at this church also.

Karen usually loved attending service, but today was different. She sat in her usual spot like every other Sunday only to feel guilty and anxious. She had a sense of paranoia that the entire congregation knew what she had done with her son, and it made her feel like a dirty hypocrite.

She clutched her Bible and prayed for forgiveness and guidance on how to move forward in this situation. If only she could receive some sort of sign or message to help ease her conflict. Ironically enough, the sermon from Pastor David Miller that morning would do just that.

Pastor Miller's message was about the role of the family unit in God's plan. He spoke about how families should cling together and help each other no matter the obstacle. The pastor pointed out scripture that helped Karen to realize that it was her duty as a mother to help her son. Her child was in need, and she could not abandon him. She felt, after all, partially responsible for his condition.

As the sermon continued, she began to feel better and felt the burden on her heart lifted. Karen made the decision then and there to walk with her son through this valley, but at the same time, she would need to set strict boundaries.

After lunch, the Mitchell family was back home. Jacob had changed from his church clothes and into shorts and a Star Wars tee-shirt. He was in his room playing on his computer awaiting his mom for their trip to the mall.

Robert was in the master bedroom with Karen. He was buttoning up his polo shirt, preparing to leave for the golf course. Karen stood in the walk-in closet wearing only panties and a bra, trying to decide what to wear for the afternoon. She called out to Robert, "Were you able to find your golf clubs?"

Robert walked up to the closet and leaned against the door frame. He laughed, "Yeah, I found them...had to clean off the rust. It makes me wonder how rusty my actual golf game will be."

Karen pulled out a dress that she decided to wear. She walked over to her husband and said, "Well, just remember, Honey, you haven't played in quite a while. Don't worry about impressing anyone...just go have fun." Karen then walked past Robert to the full length mirror, where she began to get dressed.

Robert admired how lovely his wife looked in her matching bra and panties. As she pulled the dress up past her curvy hips, he couldn't help but notice how the movements made her big lovely tits jiggle inside her bra, "After all these years and you still have the best rack I have ever seen."

Karen sighed as she finished putting on the dress, "Rob...you know I don't like derogatory terms like that." She then turned her back to him and asked, "Zip me up?"

As Robert ran the zipper up her back, he said, "I'm sorry, Honey, but you do have beautiful breasts."

Karen turned back around to Robert, "Thank you, Sweetheart, but when you refer to my breasts as a "rack" it makes me feel like a game animal tied down to the hood of "Billy Bob's" pick-up truck."

Robert laughed, "That would be an interesting sight."

Karen sighed and rolled her eyes.

Robert continued, "By the way, who's Billy Bob? Should I be worried?"

Karen slapped him on the arm and laughed, "You jerk...I swear...all you men are the same. It's as if your brains stop developing at the age of twelve."

Robert laughed, "Guilty as charged." He then looked at the clock and noticed the time, "I better get moving, or I'm going to be late."

Karen gave her husband a kiss, "Good luck today, and have fun. I'm going to go round up, Jake."

Karen went down the hall to Jacob's room. She stood in the doorway, "Hey Mister...you about ready to go?"

Shutting down his computer, he spun around in his chair and replied, "I'm ready...I was just waiting for you." He took a look at his mom and thought she looked beautiful.

Karen was wearing a blue cotton dress that came down to her knees. The bodice was form-fitting and showed off the magnificent curves of her bust line. She walked over and sat down on the side of the bed beside Jacob's chair. She spoke softly, "Can we talk for just a minute?"

Jacob set the game controller down on his desk, "Sure, Mom."

With her hands in her lap, Karen began, "I have been struggling this week with how to handle our situation."

"You mean my penis?"

She glanced at the door to make sure Robert was not near. She replied in an even softer voice, "Yes, your penis." Karen leaned in close, "And after much prayer and soul searching, I have decided that...for now...I will continue to help you with your problem."

Jacob began to smile, "You will?"

Karen sat back and put her hand up, "Hold on, buster...just until you can finish on your own."

Jacob nodded, "Yes, ma'am."

Karen continued, "I'm still very uncomfortable about doing this, but I don't see much choice. I cannot stand by and do nothing if I can be of help."

She continued, "We do, however, have to set some strict boundaries. I'm only going to help you when we are alone and never when your dad is in the house. We have to be very careful that no one ever finds out. I also expect you to keep trying on your own...deal?"

Jacob nodded his head, "Deal!" He then spat out really quick, "Will you still use your mouth?"

Karen dropped her head. She then sighed, and looked back up, "Jacob, my hands should be good enough. Remember, I am only doing this to help relieve the pain and prevent any possible blockage. So don't push it."

Jacob sighed, "Yes, ma'am." Then in a pleading voice, "It's just that when you used your mouth, I was able to finish much quicker."

She thought for a few seconds and remembered that it did seem to help him. Karen then somewhat relented, "Okay...maybe on occasion...IF you do your chores and keep up your grades. Can you do that?"

Jacob's nodded and smiled, "I can do that!!"

They both stood up and Karen held out her arms for a hug. Jacob moved in and wrapped his arms around his mom. With his face resting against her bosom, he said, "Thank you, Mom, for always taking care of me."

Karen rested her chin against the top of Jacob's head and replied, "Oh, you're welcome Baby. I'm your mom, it's my job." She then stroked his hair with her right hand and kissed the top of his head, "Meet me downstairs when you're ready." They ended their hug and she then turned and left the room.

Jacob called out, "Okay Mom...I'll be right down."

After Jacob finished up in the video game store, he was ready to go find his mom. After a quick text, he found out her location and went to meet up with her. When he arrived, he saw her looking at some dresses and walked up to her.

Karen noticed him and said, "Well, there you are. Did you get your game?"

Jacob held up the bag, "Yes, I did...thanks for the extra money."

She smiled at him, "You're welcome, Sweetie."

Jacob looked around, and Karen had several shopping bags at her feet, "Looks like you've been busy."

Karen giggled, "Yes, I have. Well, I found some cute outfits, plus I needed some new undergarments" Karen then turned to Jacob and held up two dresses, "What do you think of these? I'm considering buying them...they're both on sale."

"Yeah...they look great Mom." He then stepped up closer and whispered, "Can we leave soon?"

Karen gave a displeased look, "Now, Jake, just because you have what you came for does not mean I am finished shopping."

Jacob kept his voice low, "No...not that."

Karen looked Jacob in the eyes, and he motioned down with his head. She then looked down at Jacob's crotch and saw the massive lump in his shorts. "Oh, no, Jacob...now?"

Jacob shrugged, "Sorry, Mom...you know I can't control it."

She lowered her voice, "It will have to wait...there are a couple more stores I want to get to."

He whispered, "It's hurting pretty bad...plus, it's impossible to hide." Karen noticed how it bulged out, and she had to agree he was right about that.

Jacob rubbed his hand over the lump in his shorts, and Karen slapped it away. "Don't do that...someone could see."

"Well, what do I do? It won't go down."

Karen knew she could not allow Jacob to parade through the mall in that condition. She thought for a moment and then noticed the door to one of the dressing rooms was wide open. Karen surveyed the store, and it appeared all of the sales staff were busy helping customers. Grabbing the bags at her feet, she said, "Help me with these."

Jacob picked up a few of the bags and followed Karen over to the dressing room. They stopped just outside, and Karen took another glance around the store. Seeing that no one was looking, she guided Jacob inside, then closed and locked the door behind them.

She hung the two dresses on a hook and then strategically placed all the bags at the bottom of the door. Karen hoped it would be enough to hide the fact that Jacob was in there with her.

Jacob asked, "Mom? What's-?" She put her finger up to her lips to signal him to be quiet.

Karen motioned her son to the back of the small room where she had him lean up against the wall. She got down on her knees in front of him and then unbuckled his belt and pulled down his shorts and underwear. Jacob's cock sprang out from its confines and nearly slapped her in the face.

Karen knew they had to be quick, so without any hesitation, she grabbed the shaft with both hands and put her lovely mouth to work.

Jacob was taken a bit by surprise by her aggressive actions, but he had no complaints. He watched her head bob back and forth and could see the combination of her saliva and his pre-cum dribble down her chin. The feeling was exquisite, and it took all self-control not to moan out loud. He wished it could last longer, but he knew he would not be able to hold out.

All of a sudden, there was a knock at the door. Both Jacob and Karen froze. A young female voice from the other side asked, "Ma'am? Are you finding everything you need?"

Karen took Jacob's cock out of her mouth, but continued to stroke the shaft, "Yes, I have everything I need...thank you."

The sales clerk replied, "Okay then...just let us know if we can help."

They heard the sales lady walk away and Jacob mouthed, "That was close." Karen nodded her head in agreement. She then put Jacob's cock back into her mouth and continued.

Karen could not believe what she was doing...this was not like her at all. She considered herself a respectable wife and mother, but now here she was in a dressing room at the mall, giving her son a blowjob.

She thought of the people just outside the door of the dressing room. It would be so scandalous for them to get caught. The thought actually gave her a small thrill and she could feel a slight tingle in her pussy.

After only a few minutes, Jacob could feel the end was near, and he knew he had to warn his mother. He whispered, "Mom...I'm getting close. We don't...have a towel."

Karen pulled back and whispered, "Don't worry about that, just let it out." She then wrapped her lips around the head of his meaty spear and began to swirl her tongue around the sensitive tip. Along with her mouth and the vigorous stroking of his shaft, she quickly pushed her son over the edge. Jacob put his hands

in Karen's thick brown hair and held on as his cock fired it's hot and creamy load into her waiting mouth.

"Nnnnnnnnnngggggg," Jacob moaned as he tried his best to keep quiet. Karen swallowed as fast as she could, but the copious amount of each blast was too much. In order not to choke, she allowed some cum to escape her mouth. It ran down her chin and collected on her well-endowed chest.

Once Jacob's balls were emptied, Karen pulled back and licked clean the deflating cock. Jacob whispered, "Wow, Mom...that was so cool!!"

Karen gave him a faint smile and stood up. She looked at herself in the mirror and noticed the unmistakable stain on her chest. Jacob was buckling his belt and said, "Oh, Mom, I'm sorry about that."

While cleaning the corner of her mouth with her finger, she whispered, "It's okay...I'll just have to change into another dress." Karen turned to Jacob, " You go on and sneak out, but be careful no one sees you leaving." Jacob nodded and then cracked the door open, peeked out, and saw no one was around, so he was able to make a quick escape.

Karen then closed the door and took off the stained dress and stuffed it into one of the bags. She put on one of the new dresses and retouched her make-up. After straightening herself up, she then went to go make her purchase.

Karen told the clerk that she would like to wear the dress home. After leaving the store, they met back up and were able to finish shopping.

Later on, they were back home, and Jacob helped his mom carry the bags into the house. After that, he sprinted up to his room to try out his new game.

Karen put away all the new items she purchased and then changed into more comfortable clothes. She sent a text to Robert, asking him when he would be arriving home. He sent a reply text telling her that they were going to grab dinner after their round of golf was complete.

Karen set her phone down onto her nightstand and went down the hall to Jacob's room. She found him lost in his own little world as he immersed himself into his new video game, "Well, your dad is going to be late, so it will be just us for dinner. How does pizza sound?"

Jacob, busy with his game, replied, "Sure, that sounds great."

"Okay...well, I am going to lie down and read for a while. When you get hungry, just let me know."

Karen then turned to walk back down the hall, and Jacob replied, "Okay Mom...thanks." She returned to her room. There she closed the door, climbed into her bed, and then positioned the pillows behind her back.

The dressing room incident with Jacob earlier had left Karen extremely horny. She was in desperate need to masturbate, but she was determined to hold out until Robert got home. She picked up the novel from her nightstand and settled in to read for a while and then maybe take a nap.

About thirty minutes later, Jacob put the controller down onto the desk. He had been so wrapped up in the game, he did not realize it was dinner time. Jacob stood up, stretched, and went down the hall to find his mom, so they could order some pizza.

Arriving at her bedroom, he found the door closed. Before Jacob could knock, a sound came from the other side...it sounded like someone moaning. He put his ear up to the door, and he could make out the muffled voice of his mom, "Yes! Yes! Mmmmmmmmm! Ohhh, Yeeessss!"

Over the next couple of weeks, Karen would "help" Jacob about every other day as long as Robert was not home. During the week, he would come home from school and complain that his genitals were hurting and swelling. She would then lead him upstairs and lock them inside his room. Behind the locked door,

Jacob would remove his pants and underwear and lie on his bed with his back against the headboard. Karen would then climb onto his bed and settle in between his outstretched legs.

Karen would try to stick with just using her hands, but after a few minutes, she would find herself sucking and slobbering on her son's impressive cock. Lately, she had become concerned about her lack of reluctance to help Jacob and her increased sex drive. She was masturbating daily...mostly because Robert was either too tired or not around to help her out.

Karen prayed that soon, all would go back to normal. So far, luckily, Robert had no clue. Every time guilt crept in, she reminded herself that it was her duty as a mother to help her son. She kept her faith that it would not be long before all this was just a distant memory.

One Thursday, Jacob came home from school to find his mom in the garage unloading groceries from her SUV. He walked up to her, "Hey, Mom."

Karen turned to find Jacob standing behind her, "Hi, sweetie, would you mind helping me with these?"

"Sure, no problem," Jacob said as he grabbed several of the grocery bags. They walked into the house and placed the bags onto the kitchen table.

Karen began to unload the groceries, "So how was school?"

Jacob grabbed a can of Coke from the refrigerator and sat down at the table, "It went well." He popped open the cold can then took a sip. "I have some good news."

Karen smiled, "Oh? Do tell!" She then sat down at the table.

Jacob reached into his book bag and pulled out some papers, then slid them across the table toward Karen, "It's my Spanish exam from the other day."

Karen picked up the sheets, and a big smile spread across her beautiful face, "A 98?? Jacob, that's wonderful!! I thought you were worried about this exam?"

Jacob took another sip of his drink, "I was Mom. It's weird, but it seems lately I'm able to remember things much better than I used to.

Suddenly alarm bells went off inside Karen's head. She wondered if this had anything to do with the WICK-Tropin hormone. Could this be another unintentional side effect? If so, maybe, this was a sign that some good could come from this situation. Perhaps there was a silver lining in this cloud, after all.

Karen handed the test back to Jacob, "Well, I'm sure your dad will be just as thrilled as I am. Be sure and show that to him

tonight." Karen stood up from her chair and walked over behind Jacob. She put her hands on his shoulders, "I'm so proud of my smart little man." She then returned to putting groceries away into the pantry.

Jacob remained seated at the table and chatted with his mom telling her about the rest of his day. While sitting there, he watched Karen putting away the groceries. The sight of her curvy backside clad in tight blue jeans made his cock begin to stir.

Jacob stood up and threw the empty Coke can into the recycle bin. He then picked up some items from the table and walked over to his mother, "Mom, would you please help me today?"

Karen then replied while putting canned goods onto the shelf, "What about homework?"

He was quick to respond as he handed some canned beans to his mom, "I have none...tomorrow is a teacher workday so no school."

Karen placed a few more items onto the shelf, "Okay, but I need to finish this first. She then gave him a quick smile, "Go on up to your room...I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Awesome...thanks, Mom." Jacob grabbed his book bag and started to leave.

Karen stopped him, "Hey! Hold on, mister." She tapped her cheek with her finger, "You have to pay the piper."

Jacob gave his mom a quick kiss on the cheek and then took off upstairs.

That night while the trio sat at the dinner table, Jacob told his dad about the Spanish exam. Robert proudly said, "Good job Jake, especially since Spanish is the subject that seems to give you the most trouble."

Jacob took another bite of food, "Thanks, Dad...Mom has been a tremendous help lately."

Robert then replied, "Well, whatever you two are doing, it seem to be working. So keep it up." Karen could feel her cheeks blush. She thought that her sweet husband would think differently if he knew the methods of her helping.

"Don't worry, Dad, that's the plan," Jacob said as he smiled at his mom. She returned his look with an expression to convey, "don't be funny."

Karen wiped her lips with her napkin and attempted to change the subject, "Oh, I have some news also. Rachel and Scott are coming to visit this weekend."

Rachel was Karen and Robert's older child. Rachel stood 5' 7" and inherited Robert's blonde hair and sparkling green eyes. Like Karen, she had been a cheerleader all through high school and college. She was also a beauty, just like her mom.

Rachel now lived in Atlanta, Georgia, with her husband, Scott Morgan. She worked for an accounting firm, and Scott was a banking auditor. They met when Rachel was attending the University of Georgia, and the young couple was married last year.

Robert took a drink of iced tea, "Well, that's a pleasant surprise, when will they arrive?"

Karen replied, "Tomorrow evening is what Rachel said on the phone today."

Jacob felt the wind go out of his sails. He loved his sister very much and would like to see her. However, with her and Scott in the house, that could interrupt the sessions with his mom. "How long are they visiting?" Jacob asked while trying to appear excited.

Karen looked his way, "The whole weekend. She told me they have something to discuss with us."

Robert looked at Karen, "Do you think maybe she's pregnant?"

Karen replied, "I was thinking the same thing. That would be exciting, but I'm still too young to be a grandmother."

Robert then reached over and grabbed Karen's hand, "I do know one thing...you would be the prettiest grandma in the entire state."

Karen jerked back a little and joked, "ONLY the state?" They both laughed and leaned in for a kiss.

Jacob watched his parents and felt a slight thrill as his dad kissed his mother's lips...the same lips that earlier in the day were tightly wrapped around his cock. He then jokingly spoke up, "Okay, you two...get a room!"

With no school on Friday, Jacob slept in that morning. He got out of bed, showered, and dressed in shorts and a tee-shirt. He then made his way down to the kitchen, where he found his mom bent over unloading the dishwasher. Jacob stood in the doorway to admire the view of his mom's sexy round ass, and immediately, his cock began to react.

After a few seconds, Karen stood up straight and turned to find Jacob standing there, "Oh...good morning sleepy head...you finally get up?"

"Yeah...I was up a little late playing some games."

Karen was wearing a yellow knee-length cotton dress. It had buttons all up the front and fit nicely to her curvy figure and exposed a small amount of cleavage. She had on light makeup, and her hair was done up fashionably...Jacob admired how beautiful she looked.

Jacob went over to the counter to fix himself some toast. "You look nice, Mom...going out?"

Karen was putting dishes away into the cabinet, "Thank you, baby. I'm going to meet up with Nancy in a little while. She is doing some redecorating in their house and asked me to go with her to some antique shops."

Jacob sat down at the table, "Cool...I'm going over to Matt's...can I catch a ride?"

Karen replied as she closed the cabinet door, "Of course you can." She then sat down in the chair beside Jacob, and they chatted while he ate his breakfast.

After Jacob was finished eating, he took his dishes over to the sink and asked, "When do you plan to leave?"

While putting the orange juice back into the refrigerator, she replied, "Not for a while yet...an hour or so."

Jacob stepped up to Karen and spoke softly, "Do you think you can help me before we go?"

Karen, slightly taken aback, replied, "Jake, I just helped you yesterday!"

Jacob sat back into his chair, "I know Mom and I'm sorry for asking so soon, but it hurts again Look...it's swelling up too."

Karen looked down at Jacob's crotch...the bulge clearly visible. She put her right hand on her hip, "Are you still trying to take care of this yourself? Remember, mister, my helping you with this is supposed to be temporary."

Jacob nods his head and tries to sound remorseful, "I'm really sorry, Mom. I'm just not doing it as well as you can. I will try and go longer without asking, but can you please help me today?"

Karen looked up at the clock and bit her bottom lip for a few seconds. She then sighed and held out her left hand, "Okay, but we have to be quick."

Jacob smiled, stood up, and took her hand. Karen led him through the house and up the stairs. They stopped at the linen closet, and she grabbed a clean towel.

They walked into Jacob's room, and Karen said as she closed and locked the door, "This has to be the last time for the week. Your sister will be arriving later today, and I cannot do this with everyone here.

Jacob walked over to his bed and began taking off his shorts, "Okay, I understand."

Now naked except for his tee-shirt, Jacob laid on his bed with his head on his pillows. Karen walked over and stood at the foot of his bed. She stared at her son's cock, and it was already at full mast. Even though seeing it so many times now, it was still such an unbelievable thing to behold.

Karen climbed onto Jacob's bed and crawled between his outstretched legs. She then grabbed the shaft with her right hand and wrapped her lips around the enlarged head.

Ten minutes later, Karen pulled her head back and continued to pump the shaft with both hands, "Are you getting close, honey?"

Jacob moaned, "Yeah, just...about."

Karen reached over with her left hand and grabbed the towel. She began to vigorously stroke the inflated shaft with her right hand, "Come on, Sweetie, let it out."

A few more seconds and Jacob called out, "Oh Yeah, Mom...It's coming...OHHHHH MOOOMMM!! AAAAAAHHHHH!!" Karen quickly covered his dick and continued to stroke with her right hand. She could feel the monster twitching in her hand as it spewed its incredible load into the soft towel.

Once his cock was depleted, she removed the towel and continued to gently stroke the swollen shaft. Jacob trying to control his breathing, "Thanks...Mom!!"

Karen smiled and said, "You're welcome." She then lovingly licked the remaining semen from Jacob's cock. Once done, she gave a quick kiss onto the spongy tip and said, "There now...all clean."

Karen released her grip and sat up straight, "Okay, now let's finish getting ready."

She stepped off the bed and to leave, then Jacob quickly asked, "Mom, can you do it one more time?"

Karen's face took on a stern look, "Now Jacob, don't get greedy. I just helped you today AND yesterday."

Jacob raised up a little, "I know Mom, but look...it's still hard."

Karen glanced down, and sure enough, it was still standing proud as ever. It appeared to be mocking her. She cocked her

head to the side, "I don't understand...usually, it goes down after you finish."

Jacob then replied, "I'm sorry, Mom, but it still hurts...can you help me one more time...please?"

Karen stepped back towards the bed, "Jake honey...we don't have time right now."

Jacob sat up straighter, "You said earlier that this would be the last time for the week. Well...if you help me now, I promise I will not ask anymore until next week."

Karen looked at the digital alarm clock on Jacob's nightstand...it was now 11:00, and they needed to leave soon. After their sessions yesterday and today, she longed for some private time in her room before they left the house. She could feel the wetness between her legs, and a change of panties was going to be a must.

Karen knew there was no way she could take Jacob to Nancy's house with that bulge in his pants. She then accepted that there was no other choice, "Okay, buster...one more time."

Jacob lay back down on his bed and said, "Thanks, Mom."

Karen climbed back onto the bed to her former position and dropped the towel beside her. She grabbed hold and began

pumping his shaft, "But remember...this is the last time until next week." Jacob laid his head back against the pillow as his mother wrapped her lips around his cock and began the second blow-job of the day.

Minutes went by, and Karen desperately wanted Jacob to finish. Her pussy was on fire, and she wanted to go to her room and satisfy herself before leaving to meet Nancy. While bobbing her head up and down, Karen was able to glance at the clock. She noticed that time was quickly passing by. She pulled her head back and looked at Jacob, "Are you close to finishing?"

Jacob shook his head, "No...not yet."

Getting a little frustrated, Karen released her grip and whispered, "This is taking too long." She crawled backward off the bed.

Jacob thinking she was going to stop, sat up, and started to plead, "I'm sorry, Mom...I'm trying hard to finish...I really am."

Karen stood at the foot of the bed...her body was aching for release. Her pussy was soaking wet and in desperate need of some attention.

Lately, Robert has been lacking on his bedroom duties, and Karen had been able to quench her desires with masturbation. However, this time she wanted more...she needed more. There

was only one way she could help Jacob and satisfy herself, but was she willing to cross that line?

For a few seconds, she agonized over whether or not to do it, but eventually, her desire won out. She then reached down and slowly inched up the bottom of her dress. Her hands disappeared under the skirt, and she whispered, "Please, God, forgive me."

Jacob looked on in confusion as his mom slowly pulled her panties down to her knees. She then let the flimsy cotton barrier fall to her feet. Jacob's eyes went wide with shock, "Mom?"

Karen spoke softly, "Jake, Honey, I need you to lie back down." She did not look her son in the eye. Instead she focused entirely on a different part of his anatomy.

Leaving her delicate panties on the floor, Karen climbed back onto the bed. She then crawled up to Jacob, where she straddled his skinny thighs. She grabbed hold of his cock with her left hand and whispered, "Remember...you cannot tell anyone about this."

Jacob raised up a little and asked again, "Uh...Mom?"

Karen grabbed the headboard with her right hand and then lifted up onto her knees, "Yes, Baby?"

"Mom...are...are we going to...fuck?"

Karen stopped her movements and looked down at Jacob with a sharp look, "JACOB MITCHELL!! Don't you EVER use that NASTY word!!"

Jacob lay back down, "Sorry."

While raising up a little higher, Karen said, "I can't believe you had the idea it was acceptable to use such filthy language." With her left hand, she rubbed the cock head between her soaking wet pussy lips.

Karen looked down at Jacob and with a softer tone, she said, "But...to answer your question..." she then slowly lowered herself down, and the head of that monster penetrated her tight pussy. Her eyes shot wide-open as she exclaimed, "YESSSSS!!"

Karen stayed motionless for a few moments trying to get over the initial shock of penetration. She was amazed that the thing actually fit.

She then started to ever so slowly descend. Her over-stretched pussy began to swallow the huge cock inch by agonizing inch.

Karen couldn't help but moan from the overwhelming fullness and pleasure, "Oooohhh!! Jake!! Ohhhhh!!" Her vagina had never taken anything near this size, and she thought it might split her in half.

After several minutes of stop and go, Karen finally bottomed out, and she sat on Jacob's lap fully impaled on his massive dick. She closed her eyes and put both hands onto Jacob's scrawny chest. Trying to get used to the incredible girth, she began to gently rock back and forth. A little out of breath, "Oh my goodness...I have never felt anything like this."

Jacob felt a sense of pride and then asked, "Really? Not even with Dad?"

With her eyes still closed, Karen slowly shook her head and replied, "Don't talk about...your father right now." She then realized that this was only the second penis to ever penetrate her body, and it belonged to her son...her child. Her mind told her she should stop. Her body, however, would not allow it.

Jacob watched his mom while she used his enormous stick to stir up her honey pot. With her dress in the way, he could not see anything, but he could feel his mom's juices running down his shaft and onto his balls. "Wow, Mom...this is awesome!"

Karen opened her eyes and looked down at Jacob, "Sweetie...if you need to finish...oooohhh...let me know...okay?"

Jacob nodded his head.

"That's my good boy." Karen gave him a warm smile. "I will help you finish...but first...just let Mommy...Ohhhhh."

Soon her pussy adjusted some to his size, so she leaned forward and began grinding a little faster. A rhythmic "thump...thump...thump" could be heard as the headboard began to gently tap against the wall. Karen began to chant in rhythm, "Ohhhh...Ohhhh...Ohhhh."

Because of the neckline of her dress, Jacob had a great view of her bra encased boobs. He decided to be brave, and tentatively raised his hands up to cup her massive tits. Almost instantly, Karen rebuked him, "No, Sweetie...boundaries, remember?" Jacob reluctantly moved his hands back down and rested them onto his mom's thighs.

Karen grabbed hold of the headboard with both hands and rode her son even harder and faster. The bed began to protest with squeaks and cracking noises. Jacob began to worry that his bed may fly apart before she was done.

"Oh yes...Oh yes...Oh yes," Karen whispered as she chased after her orgasm. She then sat straight up and placed her hands onto Jacob's skinny legs for support while she thrashed around. Her eyes were closed, and her once nicely styled hair now flew about her face. Jacob watched in awe and thought she was the sexiest woman on Earth.

Karen could feel her release was near. Finally, after these past weeks, the itch in her pussy was adequately being scratched. She increased her efforts, "OOOHHH! Jake...It's gonna happen!!" The headboard knocked louder and faster against the wall, "THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...THUMP."

Karen opened her eyes and looked up at the ceiling and mindlessly stared at the toy Millennium Falcon that hung above them from the ceiling. She noticed how the vibrations in the wall caused it to gently swing back and forth.

Out of nowhere, her mind's eye traveled back to Christmas ten years ago. The plastic spaceship was Jacob's favorite gift from Santa that year. Now his beloved toy would be a witness to the beautiful mother as she blasted off into hyperspace, "Yes!...OH YES!! OOOOOHHHHH!!"

Jacob was front and center for the best show of his young life...his gorgeous mother climaxing on his huge cock. The expression on her face was a mixture of pain and pleasure, and her body jerked violently as if she were having some kind of seizure. She leaned forward and grabbed the headboard with both hands for support as she rode out the waves of her glorious orgasm.

As Karen slowly came back down to Earth, she remained still and quiet for a few moments to enjoy the gentle after-shocks. Jacob could feel his mom's pussy gently clutch at his cock every few seconds. "Mom? Are you okay?"

Trying to catch her breath, she opened her eyes and looked down into her son's handsome face, "Yes, baby...Mama just needed...a few seconds."

Karen patted his chest and said, "Okay, now to help you finish." Jacob, still in shock, simply nodded his head. Karen crawled back down the bed and took hold of his cock and began to jack him off with powerful strokes. She refused to put his thing back in her mouth after being inside her vagina.

Jacob was so worked up, he did not last long. After just a few seconds of his mom's skilled hands, he was about to blow his second load. "Oh, Mom...AAAHHHHHH!!"

Karen, still lost in the fog from her orgasm, gave no thought of the towel. She aimed Jacob's cock at her opened mouth and swallowed as much of its sweet load as she could...the rest ended up on her face, chest, and the bed spread.

Afterward, Jacob lay there and tried to catch his breath, "Wow...that was...awesome!! Thanks, Mom!! I feel...much better."

She used the soiled towel to clean him up as best she could, and she replied, "You're welcome. I'm glad you feel better."

After about a minute, Karen remembered they were running late. She let go of the deflated cock, "Okay, buster, we need to get

moving." She patted Jacob on his thigh and then got up from the bed. "I need to call Nancy and let her know I'm running late."

She then walked over to collect her abandoned panties that were still lying on the floor. After picking them up, she looked down at herself, "I'm going to need another shower."

She then heard Jacob ask, "Hey, Mom?"

Karen looked over to Jacob and pushed some of the loosened hair behind her ear, "Yes, sweetie?"

With a big grin on his face has asked, "Do you think we could do that again sometime?"

Hearing her son ask that question was like being splashed with cold water. The reality of the situation set in. She stammered, trying to respond, "Jake...I-I don't know...maybe...we can talk about this later."

Karen tried to push the thoughts out of her mind for now. She grabbed the towel from the bed and said, "You need to clean up before we go, and we need to leave soon, so don't dawdle."

Jacob sat up, "Yes, Ma'am...anything, you say."

After his mom left the room, Jacob began straightening up his bed. He was still trying to wrap his mind around what just took place. He actually had sex with his super-hot mom. If he has his way, it will not be the last time.

Jacob began thinking maybe his mother was right about things getting better...they were getting a lot better. He was starting to hope that things never go back to normal.

END CHAPTER 2

Chapter 3

On Friday evening, Karen sat at the dining room table with her family, and she was delighted to have everyone together. She found having her daughter at home was a nice distraction from the unusual situation with her son, Jacob.

Earlier that day, she helped Jacob with his ongoing problem. However, to fulfill her body's desires, she ended up taking it too far. Karen scolded herself as she stood in the hot shower. She was able to wash away the physical evidence of her sin; she could not, however, wash away the shame.

She thought to herself, 'You had sex with your son. What kind of mother would do that??' Then there was also the fact that she

had committed adultery against her loving husband of twenty-three years.

Karen tried her best to block it all out, but no matter how hard she tried, the memory of how good it felt kept creeping back into her thoughts. Every time she ran her hands across her lathered-up tits, her overly-sensitive nipples sent tingling sensations straight down to her pussy. That did not help in her struggle to forget.

As ashamed as she was with herself, she could not deny that it was one of the most intense and satisfying orgasms she had in years. For the first time in weeks, she felt somewhat satiated. She only wished the experience had been with her husband and not her teenaged son.

After her shower, she prayed for forgiveness and promised herself that in the future, to keep strict boundaries. It was one moment of weakness and should not...no...WOULD not happen again. No matter how strong the urges may become, she must remain in control.

Now she was having dinner with her family, and thankfully everything felt somewhat back to normal. Jacob seemed happy to see his sister. The two siblings spent some time catching up but also threw in some good-natured ribbing of one another.

Karen thought, perhaps with Rachel here, it would also be a good distraction for Jacob. It may also give her a few days to think things over and consider how to move forward.

Rachel looked across the table at her brother, "So Squirt...have you taken the SAT's yet?" She had been calling her little brother "Squirt" since he was around five-years-old. It was another nickname he ordinarily would detest, but he knew his sister, in her weird way, meant it as a term of endearment.

Rachel had always been very protective of her little brother. In her mind, it was okay for her to pick on him, but everyone else had better watch their step.

Jacob looked across the table at his beautiful sister and shook his head, "No...not yet, but I plan to soon."

Scott chimed in, "Have you decided on which school you want to attend?"

"GO DAWGS!!", both Karen and Rachel cheered in unison. They were referring to their alma mater, the University of Georgia.

"I'm am thinking about Georgia," Jacob nodded his head, "But Georgia Tech has my interest also. They have a great engineering school."

Robert pointed at Jacob, "Now, there's a smart young man...taking after his dad."

"You have GOT to be kidding." Rachel scrunched up her pretty face, "Why would you even consider going there? That's Georgia's arch-rival."

Feeling outnumbered, Robert piped in, "Hey...I went to Georgia Tech!!"

Karen looked across the table at her husband, "Yes, Sweetheart...we know you did, but we still love you." Everyone at the table burst into laughter.

Scott leaned in and said to his brother-in-law, "Jake, It appears to me that you're in a no-win situation. I'd hate to be in your shoes."

"The choice is simple," Rachel interjected. "He's going to be a Georgia Bulldog like Mom and me. No brother of mine is going to be a Yellow Jacket." She then quickly turned to her father, "Love you, Daddy!!"

Robert scoffed, "Oh, you do? Even if I am a Yellow Jacket?."

More laughter.

Karen picked up her glass, "Okay...that's enough teasing. In the end, It will be up to Jake to decide which school is best for him." Jacob looked over at his mom, and she gave him that warm smile that always made him feel better. "I'm sure he will make the right choice."

Rachel whispered across the table to Jacob, "Sure...as long as you decide to go to Georgia." She then gave her brother a wink and a smile. Jacob returned her smile and gave her a 'thumbs-up.'

Looking over to Rachel, Karen asked, "So...you said on the phone that you had some news?"

Putting her fork down, Rachel replied, "Yes, as a matter of fact, we do."

Rachel then looked over to Scott, and he began to speak, "Well, my firm has announced we are going to open a branch office here in town. They have offered me a transfer, and with it, the position of General Manager for the new office."

Unable to contain herself, Rachel interjected, "Which means we are moving back home!!"

Karen almost jumped out of her seat. She reached over and grabbed Rachel's hand, "Oh, Honey...that's wonderful!!"

Robert smiled and said, "That's great news...when do you plan to move?"

Scott replied, "Most likely, in a few months or so. They have yet to decide whether to construct a new building or purchase an existing one. That will determine the actual time-line."

Karen leaned in, "What about a house? Have you been looking?"

Rachel shook her head, "We were waiting for everything to be made official. Now that it has, we plan to start looking immediately. Scott and I would appreciate any suggestions you may have."

Robert chimed in, "There are some great houses for sale not far from here. Plus, if you kids need any help getting your current house ready for sale, we would be happy to come up and help you out."

Smiling at her father, Rachel said, "Thank you, Daddy!! Scott's workload has been crazy lately. That would be a great help."

Karen then said to Rachel, "I would love to help you with the house search, but Honey, what about your job?"

Rachel smiled and said, "Well, that's the next part of our news. Since Scott will be getting a big raise in salary, I'm going to stay

at home for a while." Her smile widened, "We want to start a family."

Everyone cheered from Rachel's big announcement...there were hugs and handshakes all around. All of this good news made Karen feel much better, and she took this as another positive sign from above. She was so happy that her family would be together again. Now, if she could just navigate safely through the turbulent circumstances with Jacob, life would be just about perfect.

On Saturday afternoon, everyone except Jacob was out of the house. Karen wanted to have a cookout that evening but needed some items from the grocery store. Robert and Scott wanted to stop by the hardware store and look at some lawn maintenance items. Robert also wanted to get some supplies for their pool.

After a while of playing video games, Jacob decided to go downstairs to get a snack. He went down to the kitchen and found the house was empty and quiet. Since no one was home, he thought this would be an excellent chance to watch some porn and relieve himself before everyone returned.

He went back up to his room and removed his shorts and underwear. Sitting in his computer chair, he downloaded a porn video. This particular video was one of Jacob's favorites because

the model resembled his mom. He was now fully erect, and he began to stroke his stiff cock.

After only a few moments of watching the video, his bedroom door burst open. An all too familiar voice, "Hey Squirt...want to come down to the--OH MY GOD!! WHAT IS THAT?!!"

Jacob, being caught off-guard, turned his head to find his sister standing in the doorway with a look of complete shock on her face. Rachel was wearing a swimsuit cover and flip-flops. She must have been out by the pool; that's why he did not see her downstairs earlier.

He quickly grabbed the towel that was draped across the armrest and covered his lap. At a loss for words, he was only able to get out, "Uh...porn." He then promptly clicked the mouse to close the video.

"No...not what's on the computer, Dork. What is that in your HAND??"

Looking down at his crotch Jacob replied, "Oh...my penis," He tried to sound nonchalant.

Rachel stepped forward, "No...that is NOT your penis." Unfortunately for Jacob, his sister was never big on knocking before entering his room. Over the years, she had caught him several times masturbating; therefore, she knew his dick was nowhere near that big.

Putting the towel around his waist, Jacob got up and began putting his underwear back on, "Why haven't you learned to knock first?"

Rachel fired back, "Why haven't you learned to lock your door?"

Jacob sighed and nodded his head, "Okay, you got me there."

Rachel walked over and stood by the bed. "You better not let Mom catch you watching that stuff. She'll have a coronary and probably ground you for about ten years."

Jacob grabbed his shorts and started to put them on, "Believe me...I know." He then looked at Rachel, "In my defense, however, I thought I was alone in the house."

Rachel sat down on the bedside, "Well...It appears you thought wrong."

"It appears I did," Jacob replied as he sat back down in his chair. He then spun around and began clicking files on his computer.

Rachel leaned forward a little and said, "Okay, Squirt...spill the beans."

Jacob remained focused on his computer monitor, "What do you mean?" He was trying to play dumb.

"What do I mean? I mean, how did you get that...that...horse cock?" Rachel asked while pointing at his crotch.

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "I must have had a growth spurt or something." He looked over at his sister, "I woke up one morning, and it was like this."

Cutting her eyes at her brother, "Jacob...I may have born at night, but not last night. Don't you dare lie to me."

Jacob sighed and spun back around to face his sister, "Okay, I'll tell you the truth, but please don't tell anyone."

Rachel held up her right hand with her pinky finger extended, "I promise I will not tell...pinky-swear?." Since they were little kids, the two siblings have always kept each other's trust. For them, a pinky-swear promise was sacred. Jacob then hooked her pinky with his in a symbolic gesture.

Jacob then began his story, "Okay...do you remember Mom and Dad took me to see Dr. Grant?"

Rachel nodded, "Yes, he was the doctor that was doing all that experimental work with growth hormones. If I remember

correctly, Dad did not trust him, so he refused to let you go back."

Jacob leaned forward, "Correct, Dad may have refused, but Mom took me back, anyway."

In disbelief, Rachel gasped, "Behind Dad's back?"

Jacob replied, "Yep."

"Wow...Mom had never done that before...that was a bold step. She must have had total faith in this guy."

Jacob nodded and continued, "So for two weeks they gave me hormone injections...some stuff called WICK-Tropin. I ended up getting very ill one night, and the next morning I woke up to this." He then pointed down at the massive lump in his shorts. "Unfortunately, It didn't work anywhere else on my body."

Rachel sat back a little, "Did you go back and show Dr. Grant?"

Jacob shook his head, "Couldn't...he was arrested the same day this happened. The authorities closed down his office, and as far as we know, the FBI took everything. It turns out the feds have been watching this guy for a long time."

"Does Mom know this happened to you?"

"Yeah, I showed her that morning. She said to wait and see if it goes back to normal on its own."

Rachel put up her hand, "Hold on a minute, so, you have not seen a doctor about this?"

Jacob shook his head, "Mom was worried that Dad might find out that she went behind his back."

With concern, Rachel said, "What if something is wrong? How do you know this WICK-Tropin stuff has not affected your health in some other way?"

"It's okay, Rachel...I'm fine. To tell you the truth, I feel better than fine. The one drawback is that I have to relieve myself at least once a day, or it gets swollen and hurts pretty bad." He was not about to tell how their mom was helping him cope with this abomination. "The only other problem, it's almost impossible to hide when it gets like this."

Rachel looked down at her brother's crotch, "Yeah, I can see where that would be a challenge." She then leaned forward towards her brother, "Jake, please promise me if you start to feel weird or strange in any way, you will let Mom or me know."

Nodding his head, "I promise."

"Speaking of strange." Rachel straightened back up and sniffed the air, "What is that smell?"

Jacob shrugged, "Probably my room. Mom was in here this morning, claiming that it smells like an old gym locker. I was supposed to have it cleaned up already." Jacob then chuckled, "As you can see, I have not gotten very far."

Taking another deep breath, Rachel replied, "No..it's not like that at all. The scent reminds me of flowers." Rachel didn't know why, but she began to feel strangely aroused. Her pink nipples began to harden and tingle.

Jacob chuckled, "Flowers? I don't know about any flowers." Jacob motioned with his head, "There's is still an old bag of Doritos under the bed. I think Matt left them here the other day."

Looking around the room, Rachel scoffed, "Why am I not surprised? Boys are such pigs."

Rachel then stood up from the bed, "I originally came in here to ask you to come down to the pool with me. It's a beautiful day out." The bathing suit cover was open in the front, and Jacob could not help but notice her sexy half-naked body.

Rachel was wearing a skimpy light blue string bikini. It complimented her former cheerleader body quite nicely. Her creamy skin was flawless, and her natural round "C" cups sat

high and proud on her chest. When it came to looks, Rachel definitely inherited their mom's genes.

Just about every family has a black sheep or a rebel. For the Mitchell family, that would be Rachel. She never got into any trouble per se; it was her choice of wardrobe that drove her mom crazy.

Karen tried to raise her daughter to have some sense of Christian modesty. Rachel, however, was proud of her curvy and athletic body and wanted to show it off. She was always wearing dresses and skirts that were a bit tighter and shorter than her parents would have liked.

Karen said on many occasions that Rachel took after their Aunt Brenda, who just happened to be Karen's younger sister. Even now, as a married mom and physician in her thirties, Brenda still likes to flirt and also wear clothes that are a little too revealing.

"Well?" Rachel asked, looking at her brother. "Cat got your tongue?"

Rachel's voice broke him out of his trance, and Jacob replied, "Uhhh...Sure, let me change into my swimming trunks, and I'll be right down." Getting up from his chair Jacob continued, "Speaking of Mom having a coronary...she's going to flip out when she sees you wearing that."

Rachel opened up the swimsuit cover, "You like it? It's new."

Nodding his head, "Yeah...I think it's cool, but you know how rigid and conservative Mom can be."

Rachel smiled then turned to walk out of the room, "Well now, there's not much she can say. I'm a married woman and over twenty-one. Besides, Scott likes it."

Before she could leave, Jacob stopped her, "Hey, Rach?"

She turned back to him, "Yeah?"

Jacob walked up to her, "Please don't tell anyone that I told you any of this...including Mom."

Rachel gave him a sneaky smile, "Tell anyone what? I don't know what you are talking about."

Jacob sighed in relief and smiled, "Thanks, Rachel."

Rachel turned and walked out of the room, then called back, "HURRY UP, SLOWPOKE, AND GET YOUR SKINNY BUTT DOWN TO THE POOL!!"

"OKAY!" he called back. When Rachel was out of sight, Jacob looked down at the bulge in his shorts and said, "C'mon dude...that's my sister."

As Rachel walked down the hall, she could not help but notice she still felt sexually aroused. She looked down and could see her hardened nipples trying to poke through the fabric of her bikini top. Using her index finger, she rubbed the hardened nub through the silky material and felt a small jolt shoot straight down to her pussy. Rachel said to herself, "Come bedtime, I hope Scott will be ready for some action."

That night, Rachel was in bed. Her old bedroom was pretty much the same as the day she left for college. The furniture and decorations were still the same; even the trophies from years of cheerleading, were still proudly displayed.

Karen kept her daughter's room that way on purpose. She was very sentimental, and her kids meant the world to her. She wanted them to know that no matter what, this house would always be their home.

When Scott and Rachel finally retired to the bedroom, Rachel had plans to seduce her husband. She put on a little white spaghetti strap tank top. It was short, tight-fitting, and showed off her enticing cleavage. Along with that, a pair of cheeky red

panties that just happened to be Scott's favorite. Unfortunately, nothing happened because Scott fell asleep almost immediately.

During the cookout that evening, Scott had several beers with his father-in-law. Not much of a drinker, the alcohol affected him more than expected. Now Rachel lay wide awake and sexually frustrated.

Even though tempted, she decided against masturbation. Instead, Rachel planned to let Scott sleep for a while and maybe wake him up later to try again.

Getting bored with Facebook, she decided to get something cold to drink. Setting her phone down onto the nightstand, she slipped out of bed and put on her sleep pants, and left to go down to the kitchen.

After exiting her room, Rachel noticed a soft light coming from underneath Jacob's bedroom door. Her mind immediately went back to earlier in the day when she walked in on her brother and caught him jacking off.

She only saw his thing for a couple of seconds, but that was more than enough time to leave a significant impression. Now she had an overwhelming curiosity to see it again.

Jacob was busy playing a video game when he heard a gentle knock at his door. He called out, "Come in." Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the door open but kept his focus on the monitor.

He was busy trying to take out an entire squadron of TIE-fighters.

"Hey Squirt, can I come in?"

He turned his head to find his sister standing in the doorway. "Sure." He quickly turned his attention back to his game.

Rachel came in and softly closed the door. Walking across the room, she once again noticed the strange scent from earlier that day. Her nipples begin to tingle, and it seemed to heighten her body's already aroused state. She sat down on the side of the bed, close to Jacob's computer chair. "So...what ya playing?"

Jacob frantically worked the game controller, "Star Wars, and I'm trying not to get killed." He took a glance over at his sister. Even in the fierce battle against the Empire, he could not help but be distracted by the cleavage of his sister's big tits.

"Crap!! They got me again!!" Jacob set the game controller down in frustration. He then looked at Rachel...his eyes were automatically drawn back down to her well-endowed chest. In the soft light, Jacob could not help but notice the gold cross pendant Rachel wore around her neck...it nestled in nicely right between her breasts. It was a gift from their parents years ago when she was baptized and became a member of their church.

Rachel spoke in a soft tone, "I'm sorry, did I distract you?"

He looked back up and shook his head, "No...I was getting tired, anyway." Since he was interrupted earlier that day, he did not get to finish masturbating. Mix that with the sight of his sister, his cock began to stir quite rapidly. He planned to wait for Rachel to leave and then masturbate to some porn before going to bed. "Where's Scott?"

Rachel looked back towards the door, "He fell asleep earlier, so I thought I would check on you. Are you still feeling okay?"

He smiled and nodded, "As I told you earlier, I'm fine. I appreciate your concern, but I don't think you have to worry."

Rachel smiled, "Of course I'm going to worry about you, Dork...you're my little brother." She just happened to glance down and noticed the lump in his sleep pants. "Earlier, you said you need to relieve yourself every day, or it begins to hurt?"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah. It's like having a severe case of blue balls. It makes it difficult to concentrate on anything. Sometimes I have to do it twice a day."

Rachel looked back down at his crotch. She could swear it was getting bigger by the second. "Have you...relieved yourself today?"

Shaking his head, "No...I was trying to earlier in the afternoon, but someone barged in on me." He gave his sister a sly look.

Rachel sheepishly smiled, "Oops...sorry. But, I did knock this time. You have to admit...that's progress."

Giving her a thumbs-up, Jacob said, "Yeah, that's true...so I guess you get a gold star."

The longer Rachel sat in the room, inhaling the exotic scent, the more turned on she became. She could feel the dampness in her panties. It took all her self control not to reach down and touch herself.

Rachel's thoughts flashed back to Scott and how she hoped he would be ready to perform when she returned to her room. However, her curiosity was at its zenith, and she wanted to see Jacob's cock one more time before she returned to her husband. She softly asked, "Are you hurting now?"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...it's starting to get pretty painful.." He mindlessly rubbed his erection through the cotton material. "I'll have to masturbate, or I won't be able to sleep."

Rachel leaned in, "Jake...I know this may sound weird..." She once again glanced over at the closed door. "But do you think...maybe...I can see it one more time?"

Jacob sat back a little, "You want to...see my dick?" He felt it jerk in his pants.

"Yeah...just for curiosity's sake." Rachel pushed her blonde hair behind her ear, "Besides, I still can't believe that thing is real."

Jacob was slightly taken aback by her strange request and replied, "Ummmm...okay...I guess...if you want." He turned in his chair so that he was facing his sister as she looked on with great anticipation. "Are you sure?", he asked one more time.

Rachel nodded while staring at his crotch, "Uh-huh."

"Okay...here goes." Jacob then slowly pulled his pants down in the front, and his cock sprang up into view.

Rachel's eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at her brother's massive tool. It was simply incredible, and she could swear it was even bigger than she remembered. The thing looked so out of place attached to her brother's little body.

In a hushed voice, Rachel said, "Ohhh, My GOD!" She leaned in for a closer look, "I've never seen anything like it."

Rachel continued to stare as it twitched, and a drop of pre-cum trickled down the side of the bloated shaft. She looked up at her brother and said, "Oh Jake, what did that stuff do to you?" She then sat back up straight, "It looks excruciating."

Jacob replied, "Yeah, it can be." He then began to shove his dick back into his pants.

Rachel put up her hand, "Don't. Not yet." She stood up and began to walk around the bed.

Jacob watched in confusion as Rachel walked over towards the door and appeared to be leaving. In a loud whisper, "Rachel, what's wrong?"

Rachel stopped at the door and said, "I feel horrible that you're in this situation and suffering like you are." She reached out and locked the door. " And I think I should help."

Jacob felt his cock twitch again. In response, he grabbed hold of it with his right hand, "Help?"

Rachel walked back around the bed and stood in front of him. "Yes. Help you." She motioned with her hand, "With this."

"Do you mean...help...me masturbate?"

Rachel giggled, "Of course, Doofus. What did you think I meant...math homework?" She then pointed towards his bed, "Move over here."

Jacob was in total shock. First, his beautiful mom was giving him regular blow-jobs, and they even had sex the other day. Now his older sister was offering to help him jack-off. The way his luck is going lately, maybe he should buy a lottery ticket.

"Rachel...are you sure about this?", Jacob asked as he moved from his chair and sat down onto his bedside.

"Yes, I'm sure. Besides, I'm the big sister. It's my job to take care of my little brother."

Jacob chuckled, "Okay, but, to be honest, I don't remember seeing this mentioned in the brother/sister relationship manual."

Rachel looked down at her brother and smirked.

Jacob then asked, "But...what about Scott?"

"What about him?" Rachel replied as she lowered herself onto her knees. She then grabbed hold of his pants at the waistband and whispered, "Lift up."

Jacob followed his sister's command and lifted his butt off the bed, "Well, he is your husband."

Rachel pulled his pants the rest of the way down to his feet. "Yes, he is...and Jake...he must never find out about this. Along with anyone else, agreed?" Rachel held out her hand for another pinky-swear.

All too eager to seal the deal, Jacob replied, "Agreed!!"

Rachel grabbed his cock with both hands and began to slowly stroke the shaft. "Since it was my fault you were unable to relieve yourself earlier, I'm going to help you this one time. After this, we never speak of it again."

Jacob laid back, supporting himself on his elbows, "Okay, Rach...anything you say."

Rachel then began stroking him faster, and Jacob watched her hands going up and down the lubricated shaft. In total awe, she said, "Goodness, Jake, this thing is huge."

Her words gave Jacob a strange sense of pride. As the sparkle of her wedding ring caught his attention, he thought how cool it was that now two women have held his cock. Both of them seriously hot, and both of them married—the fact they both were his blood-relations bothered him not.

As Rachel continued, she began to have conflicting thoughts. Doing this was wrong on so many levels. She was a happily married woman, and this was her brother for God's sake. Yet the strange arousal had her blanketed in a fog that kept her from

stopping. It was as if she were under the influence of some powerful aphrodisiac.

The sticky pre-cum continued to trickle down onto Rachel's fingers. Without thinking, she licked the tip of Jacob's cock and was pleasantly surprised by the flavor. As the sweet-tasting liquid continued to bubble up from the slit, she began to crave more.

Rachel proceeded to wrap her lips around the engorged head and swirl her tongue around the sensitive tip. Jacob immediately arched his back a little, "Oh, Rachel...that feels good!!" She always liked getting that type of response. She would have smiled, but at the moment, her mouth was stretched full of her brother's meat stick.

After a few minutes, Jacob knew it would not be long now, and he warned his sister, "Rach, I'm about to finish...here's a towel."

Rachel moved her head back from his dick with an audible "pop." She dragged her tongue up the long shaft to the spongy head and slurped the pre-cum that was leaking from the tip and whispered, "it's okay, Squirt...just let it go." Rachel then returned his cock to her mouth to finish him off. She did not care for a towel; instead, she wanted her mouth filled with this monster's load.

Jacob was about to cross the finish line. He clutched at the bedspread and groaned as quietly as possible, "Oh Rachel...Here

it...COMES!!" He arched his back and let go as powerful jets of hot cum exploded into his sister's mouth.

Rachel was unprepared for the sheer volume. She swallowed what she could, but it was just too much. She pulled her head back and shrieked, "OH MY GOD!!" She took a blast to the face, then quickly pointed the cock at her chest and continued to jack-off her younger sibling.

Several more ropes landed on Rachel's neck and funneled down into the cleavage of her twin peaks. The gold cross, a reminder of her baptism, drowned in her brother's semen.

When finally depleted, Rachel let go of her grip on his cock and began to wipe cum out of her eyes. Jacob sat up and said, "Sorry, Rachel...I tried to warn you." Again he held the towel out towards his sister. This time she took it.

With one eye closed, Rachel began to laugh, "Warn me, you did." She began wiping herself down, "Goodness, Jake! I feel like a glazed doughnut."

After wiping off her face and neck, Rachel then stood up. She looked down and laughed again, "Look at my top...It's soaked. She attempted to clean the semen from her tank top, "I may need to change your nickname because calling you "Squirt" no longer does you justice."

Jacob chuckled, "It does make a mess...again I'm sorry."

Rachel giggled, "It's okay. But I think I'll have to take a shower before I...". Suddenly Rachel's mind began to clear. She felt a sudden rush of guilt as she thought of her husband. He was back in her room, asleep in the bed where she left him. She frantically looked around the room as if she had just woken from a disturbing nightmare, "I-I need to go."

Feeling somewhat panicked, Rachel tossed the towel on the bed and started to leave the room. Jacob pulling up his pants, asked, "Rachel, are you okay?"

Rachel unlocked and pulled open the door and peeked to make sure no one was in the hallway. She then looked back at her brother, "Jake...NO ONE can find out about this! You have to promise me!!"

Jacob held up his hands, "Don't worry, Sis...I will take this to my grave." She then quickly left the room to go and take a quick shower. She hoped to get back to Scott before he woke up.

A while later, Jacob shut down his computer. He was going to brush his teeth and get ready for bed. After stepping out into the quiet hallway, he could hear muffled noises coming from his sister's bedroom that was right across from his.

He looked down the hall and found his parent's bedroom door closed. Feeling it was safe, he stepped closer and put his ear against the door.

He could make out his sister's voice, "Oh Scott...YES!! Jacob could faintly hear the slapping of skin-on-skin. Rachel then demanded, "Harder Scott...HARDER!!"

The intensity of slapping increased "Slap...slap...slap...slap." Rachel called out, "Yes!! That's it!! YEEEESSSSS!!"

Jacob backed away from the door and whispered while scratching his head, "Well...I guess Scott finally woke up." The thoughts and sounds of his sister, getting her pussy drilled, made his cock begin to harden. He looked down at his crotch, "I see something else woke up."

On Sunday morning, the entire family went to church and then out for lunch afterward. Jacob was a little concerned about the way his sister ignored him for most of the day. Rachel barely spoke to him.

Jacob figured she felt guilty for what they did the night before. The blow-job was incredible, but he thought best to give her space. He loved his sister and did not want to hurt their relationship or jeopardize her marriage.

Later that afternoon, Rachel and Scott were preparing to go back home to Atlanta. Jacob never did get a chance to talk with Rachel

alone. However, before getting into the car to leave, she came over to him and held out her arms. She gave Jacob a tight hug and said, "Good luck on the SAT's Squirt...I'll see you soon."

He smiled and replied, "Okay, I'll do my best." The hug made Jacob feel better. He took the fact that she initiated the warm embrace as a positive sign, and hopefully, it meant she also felt better.

On Monday morning, Robert and Jacob were sitting at the kitchen table. They were eating breakfast and having a lively debate over recent comic book movies. Robert was a DC fan, while Jacob preferred the Marvel universe.

At that time, Karen just happened to walk through on her way to the laundry room, carrying a full basket of dirty clothes. She smiled as she overheard her two favorite geeks go back and forth with their good-natured banter.

"Okay, Jake, you may have Thor, but we have Super Man!!"

Jacob scoffed at his father then noticed his mom walking towards the laundry room. He could not help but watch the gentle sway of her round backside. She was wearing her gray yoga pants, and it was, as always, an arousing sight for him to behold.

Before she could turn the corner, Jacob called to her, "Hey, Mom."

Karen stopped in her tracks and turned around, "Yes, baby?"

"You can be the tie-breaker. Which comic book movies do you think are better? Marvel or DC?"

Karen scrunched her brow and thought for a moment. She noticed the shield on Jacob's tee-shirt and asked, "Which one has Captain America?"

Jacob smiled and replied, "That's Marvel."

Karen returned his smile and said, "Then I'll go with Marvel."

Robert's reply was, "Really?? You're supposed to be on my side."

Karen looked at her husband, "Sorry, Sweetheart, but Captain America is such a gentleman. Plus, the actor that plays him in the movies is a real hottie." She quickly turned and walked around the corner, out of sight.

Jacob laughed, "Be careful, Dad...you might lose Mom to Chris Evans." He loved to jerk his father's chain.

Robert loudly spoke so Karen could hear, "DID YOU KNOW THAT THE ACTOR IS A FLAMING LIBERAL??"

From the laundry room, Karen shouted, "THAT'S OKAY...I COULD GET PAST IT!"

Robert looked back at Jacob, who had a big grin on his face as he took another bite of cereal. "Okay smart guy, we'll continue this later." He took a quick sip of coffee, "I have to get to the office."

Robert stood from the table and began to collect his things. Karen came back into the kitchen and walked up to her husband. Robert asked, "Are you playing tennis today?"

Karen began to straighten his tie, "No, that's Wednesday." She then tugged on Robert's tie and pulled him in for a kiss. Robert always thought Karen was a great kisser. Her red lips were full and soft like rose petals.

After several seconds Karen pulled back and looked deep into Robert's green eyes, "I love you." She was hoping to convey a message to her husband that she was in desperate need of some attention in the bedroom. Her libido was in high-gear, and masturbating was no longer getting it done.

Seeing the warmth in Karen's eyes, Robert smiled and said, "I love you too." He picked up his briefcase and began walking out to the garage and called back to Jacob, "See you tonight, Champ."

Jacob threw up his hand, "Bye, Dad."

"Be careful!!!" Karen called out to her husband as she began to clear the table. She then walked over to the sink and began to rinse the dishes.

Jacob continued to eat his breakfast and asked, "So Mom, you taking up tennis?"

Karen replied while she worked, "Well, I'm going to start back. I used to play quite a bit back in high school and college. I thought it would be a great way to help me get back into shape."

Jacob looked at his mom standing at the sink and admired her classic hourglass figure, "Mom, you're already in great shape." He reached down and rubbed the erection in his pants.

Turning off the water, Karen grabbed a hand towel and turned around. She leaned back against the counter and smiled, "Thank you, baby, that's very sweet." She then walked over to the table and picked up her cup of coffee, "Believe me, though; I have several areas that could use some help."

Karen glanced at the clock and said, "You better get moving, or you will be late for school. Don't you have an exam today?"

Jacob stood up and took his bowl to the sink, "Yes ma'am...Trigonometry."

"Oh well, you usually don't have any problems with math...you should be fine."

"I know the material." Jacob turned back and faced his mom. "It's my being able to concentrate during the test that concerns me." His erection continued to grow, and the lump in his pants continued to expand. "Mom, I think I'm going to need your help me before I leave."

Karen thought this was a strange request. She always helped him in the afternoons, not in the mornings. Trying to be stern, she replied, "Jake, you'll be late for school." She then took the carton of orange juice back to the refrigerator, "I can help you this afternoon when you get home."

"Please, Mom." Jacob took the initiative and began to unbuckle his belt slowly. "I need your help now."

Karen closed the refrigerator door then turned back to see what Jacob was doing. She put up her hand, "Jake, don't do that." Karen glanced out the window, "Your dad just left not two minutes ago. Would if he comes back?"

While Jacob unbuttoned his pants, "Dad's not coming back, but we can do it right here if you like...that way we'll hear if he does." He then pushed his jeans down until his rigid member sprang out. Karen noticed the thing bobbed up and down as if it were taunting her. His testicles were also swollen and undoubtedly ready to evacuate a massive load.

"Oh my goodness, Jake, you want to do this here? In the kitchen?" Karen stood next to the chair that her husband sat in just a few minutes ago. His coffee was still sitting on the table with a small amount of steam rising from the cup.

Jacob could sense his mom was weakening, and he grabbed his erection, "It hurts Mom. If I can't concentrate, I won't do well on my exam." She watched as his hand began to stroke the long shaft. "I really need your help."

Deep down, Karen knew she could not send him to school in this condition, and it was vital for him to do well on this test. She also found it difficult to deny her sons' request; it was, after all, her motherly duty to help him succeed. She walked over to Jacob and looked down into his face and said, "Okay, I guess...so you can concentrate."

Jacob smiled and said, "Thanks, Mom."

As Karen lowered herself down onto her knees, she said, "However, you better get an 'A' on this exam," She then grabbed

hold of her son's virile member with both hands and slowly stroked the shaft. She leaned in and licked the pre-cum that had formed on the tip.

Jacob could hear a soft "mmmm" from his mom as she savored his essence. He then watched Karen lick her lips...the same lips that just minutes ago kissed her husband bye for the day.

Karen continued to slide her hands up and down the fleshy pole. She then said to Jacob, " I also expect you to clean that pigsty of a bedroom as soon as you get home." She looked up at Jacob, and he nodded his agreement. Karen then looked back at her cock-filled hands and softly said, "Good boy."

Karen had strange and mixed feelings. It was one thing to do this inside Jacob's room behind a locked door; it gave her a sense of secrecy. Now she was doing the sinful deed here in her bright wide-open kitchen. It made her feel exposed and naughty, but also a little bit excited. She would certainly need to go to her room for some private time once Jacob was out of the house.

Minutes later, Jacob was leaning back against the counter with his mother kneeling at his feet. He groaned from the euphoric feelings of his mom's mouth and hands working his cock.

Jacob could feel the end was near, and he warned her, "Mom...I'm almost...there." Karen never looked up or slowed down. Instead, she tightened her grip and awaited the oncoming flood. She almost welcomed it.

The cum was rising in Jacob's cock, and with outstretched arms, he grabbed hold of the countertop and announced his arrival, "OHHH MMMOOOOMM!!"

As her son's cannon fired its enormous load into her mouth, Karen eagerly gulped it down. It was so thick, warm, and sweet...she wished Robert's semen could be more like this. She tried her best to swallow all of it, but some still managed to escape her mouth and drip down onto her chest.

After draining her son's balls, Karen used her tongue to clean the sticky remnants from his cock. Satisfied with her results, she carefully returned it to the confines of his underwear. Jacob held out his hand to help Karen up and said, "Thanks, Mom. You're the best!!"

She took his hand and got to her feet, and grabbed a kitchen towel to wipe her mouth and chin. Giving Jacob a sly smile, Karen asked, "Do you think you will be able to 'concentrate' now?"

Jacob grinned as he finished pulling up his pants, "Yes, ma'am...that was a big help."

Karen looked down and noticed the splotches of semen on her tee-shirt. She began wiping the towel across her massive boobs, " These things catch everything. I hope I can get these stains out because I really like this top."

After cleaning her shirt as best she could, Karen noticed the time, "Well, you will surely be late for school now."

Jacob looked at the clock, "It's fine Mom...Trig is my second-period class, and if I hurry, I should get there in plenty of time."

Karen shook her head, "No, Sweetie, I'll take you. That way, I can sign you in at the office and get your tardy excused."

Jacob smiled as he finished buckling his belt, "A ride would be great."

Karen then thought to herself how she would have to come up with a different story. There is no way she could walk into the school office and tell Mrs. Anderson the real reason for Jacob being late. That information would probably give the poor woman a heart attack.

Karen gave her son a playful swat on his backside, "Well, hurry and go get your stuff together." She followed him out of the kitchen, "I'm going to change clothes, and then we can leave."

Wednesday afternoon, Jacob rushed home from school. He was excited to show his mom the results of his Trigonometry exam. Disappointment set in when he entered the garage only to find Karen's Jeep was not there.

Jacob went on into the kitchen and sat his book bag down onto the table. He went to get a cold drink and then saw the note she left on the refrigerator door. It read, 'Jake, Playing tennis with Nancy...be home around 4:00...Love, Mom.' He looked at the clock...it was already 3:45, so he figured she would be home soon.

Since he was going to have to wait, Jacob made himself a sandwich. He took the test papers and sat them on the table at his mom's usual spot. Jacob then sat down in his chair with his snack.

About half-way through his sandwich, he heard the familiar buzz of the garage door going up. Soon after, Karen entered the kitchen, "Hi, sweetie, how was school?" On her way to the refrigerator, she sat her keys, duffle bag, and tennis racket down onto the counter.

Taking another bite of his sandwich, Jacob replied, "Not too bad. How was tennis?"

Karen closed the refrigerator and took a drink of water. She leaned up against the counter and replied, "It was great. I had forgotten how much I enjoyed playing." As Karen drank her water, she went into more detail about her match.

Jacob got lost in a daydream as he stared at his mom, who looked like a tennis goddess. She was still wearing her outfit,

which consisted of a light pink top and dark pink tennis skirt. The outfit was rather tight-fitting and molded to her curvy figure, and the short skirt showed off her beautiful long legs.

Jacob was suddenly jarred from his trance when he heard Karen ask, "What's this?" He then noticed she had picked up his test papers and sat down in the chair beside him.

Jacob could not help but smile, "It's my Trigonometry test from Monday."

Karen's face lit up as she saw the grade, "110?" She looked at Jacob with a big smile, "You made a 110?"

Jacob nodded, "Yep...mine was the only perfect score in the class." His smile widened, "I even got the bonus question."

An elated Karen reached around Jacob's shoulder and pulled him to her for a hug, "This is terrific, Jake!!" Jacob's face rested against her shoulder. He was able to breathe in the floral scent of his mom's hair. She quickly let him go and sat back a little, "Oh, I'm sorry, baby...I'm sure I smell horrible."

"No, Mom...I think you smell great." Even after Karen had been sweating in the sun all afternoon, Jacob thought the mixture of sunscreen and her natural scent to be fantastic. It was as if she had spent the day sunbathing at the beach.

Karen stood up from her chair, "Oh, goodness no. I need to go take a shower, plus I have to start dinner soon." She then stopped in her tracks, "Speaking of dinner." Karen then bent over to where her head was level with Jacob's, "Would my little genius like anything in particular?"

With Karen bent over, Jacob had a perfect view down her top. He could see the generous cleavage of her large breasts as her sports bra struggled to keep them under control.

Karen just happened to notice where his eyes were focused. She usually would have felt violated, but she reminded herself that he is just a curious teenage boy; therefore, she decided not to say anything.

Jacob looked up into his mother's eyes, "Anything will be great, Mom."

Karen stood up straight and put both hands on her hips, "Well then how about a special treat for dessert?"

Jacob thought for a second, "Well...now that you mention it...maybe there is something special I would like."

"Oh, really now? What would that be?"

He looked up at Karen and quickly spat out, "Maybe we could do what we did the other day?"

Karen cocked her head to the side, "The other day?"

Jacob leaned forward, "Yeah, you know. When you put my penis...inside you."

The smile drained from Karen's face, "Oh, Honey," She sat down in her chair, "Jake, I'm sorry, but we can't do that again."

Jacob tried to plead his case, "But Mom...it was so awesome, and you seemed to like it too."

Karen sat up straight and replied in a stern voice, "Jacob, that is not the point."

She then saw the disappointment on Jacob's face and placed her hand on his shoulder. Karen softened her tone, "Sweetie, doing that was a big mistake on my part." She looked down at her wedding rings and felt a wave of guilt as the memory came flooding back. "I cannot cheat on your father again." Poor Robert knew nothing of what they had been doing, and she prayed that it would stay that way.

Still trying to plead, Jacob said, "Mom...I would never tell anyone...I promise."

Karen continued, "Plus, there is always the possibility I could get pregnant." She leaned closer, "Jake, your dad has a very low sperm count."

Karen had little problem getting pregnant with Rachel; however, by the time they were trying for a second child, Robert's sperm count had dramatically decreased. At his current age, getting Karen pregnant would be almost impossible.

"The doctors told us that the fact I even got pregnant with you was basically a miracle." Karen looked back down at the rings on her left hand, "If something were to happen, it would be a disaster. It would destroy our family, and I'm not willing to take that risk."

Karen was taking birth control pills, but they were mainly to help regulate her periods. The overall chances of her getting pregnant were almost zero, but ANY chance was still too much. She couldn't imagine the horror of being the mother of her own grandchild.

Jacob gave a sly grin, "But you did like it...right?"

Karen refused to answer the question. Instead, she sighed then sat up straight, "Jake, I agreed to help you, but there are limits to what I can do. I am willing to do what I was doing before, but that has to be it."

A crestfallen Jacob looked down and replied in a saddened voice, "Okay." His voice began to crack, "I'm very sorry, Mom."

Karen replied, "Sorry? For what?"

"For us being in this situation. For what you have to do for me." He looked up at Karen with teary eyes, "I'm sorry for all of it."

Karen leaned in close to him, "Jake, Honey, there is no need for you to apologize. We didn't know any of this was going to happen." She gave him a warm smile, "Don't worry; I'm going to help you get through this." She rubbed his arm and said, "Remember...just like all troubles in our lives, this too shall pass."

After a few seconds, Karen stood up and said, "Now, don't be so glum. How about we go up to your room, and I help you in the usual way?" Jacob looked up to see his mom holding out her hand for him to take. "Come on; we have some time before your dad gets home." Jacob smiled and took her hand.

Ten minutes later, Jacob's bedroom door was locked. Inside his room, the old bed protested with sounds of loud cracking and squeaking. Jacob was lying flat on his back while his beautiful mother straddled his waist and gyrated on the wicked tool that was lodged deep in her pussy.

Karen was still fully dressed in her tennis outfit, minus her panties. The forgotten garment lay discarded with her son's

clothes on the floor. She was sitting upright with her hands on Jacob's legs for support as she rode her son in search of another toe-curling orgasm.

This scene, however, was not Karen's intention. Her original plan was to use her hands or, at worst, a blow job. However, after only a few minutes, the room was flooded with Jacob's aphrodisiac like scent. The exotic fragrance ignited Karen's arousal, causing her body to become inflamed with desire.

She tried to think logically, but her mind kept reliving the memory of last Friday and how good it felt. She tried her best to fight the urge, but like an addict, she rationalized it by telling herself, just one more time, and then she would quit.

Jacob was in his own personal Heaven as he gazed up at his beautiful mother. Her ponytail swished around as she ground her hips on his lap. She had her eyes closed, and her face had a look of total concentration. Jacob, in his delight, blurted out, "Mom...this feels...incredible!!"

Karen replied in a loud whisper, "Quiet Sweetie...Mommy's busy." She leaned forward and grabbed hold of the headboard then began moving her hips faster. The sudden surge of pleasure caused her to gasp, "Oh my goodness!!"

Jacob was captivated by the movements of his mom's breasts. He longingly watched as they wobbled inside her pink top, and he so badly wanted to grab them. However, out of fear of

rejection, he instead placed his small hands on her ample hips, his fingers digging into the coarse material of her tennis skirt.

He so desired to see his mom out of her clothes, but that would be something to work on later. For now, he was satisfied just to have her once again impaled on his massive dick.

In the meantime, Karen found herself nearing her climax, and she rocked her hips faster, "Ohhhhh!! I'm...I'm almost...OHHHH!! YEESSSS!!"

Karen's body violently quivered as incredible waves of pleasure washed over her, "OOOOHHHHH!!" Her pussy spasmed and clutched at Jacob's shaft as the orgasm worked its way throughout her nervous system.

After a few moments, Karen let go of the headboard and sat up straight, trying to catch her breath. She supported herself by placing her hands onto Jacob's chest. Karen continued to slowly rock her hips in an attempt to prolong the echo of the fantastic orgasm. She took a few deep breaths and asked, "Are you close?"

Shaking his head, he replied, "No, Mom, I'm sorry." Jacob had a secret. He jacked off earlier that morning; therefore, he was going to last longer.

Since Karen's body still tingled with desire, she gripped the headboard with both hands and began a second go. Jacob was taken aback and asked her, "Wow, Mom...again?"

Karen, getting into a rhythm, replied, "You have...to finish." It felt so good to have Jacob's cock stirring inside her vagina; however, she reminded herself this had to be the final time.

As he lay there under his mom, Jacob had a strong urge to thrust back into her, but being on the bottom and his small body frame made it very difficult. So he asked, "Mom...can I get on top?"

Karen shook her head, "No, Sweetie...it's safer if I stay in control." The headboard resumed to bang out a constant "thump...thump...thump...thump" against the bedroom wall. Hopefully, it did not cause any damage, as that would be very difficult to explain to Robert.

For the next couple of minutes, Karen rode Jacob's cock with a fluid rhythm like that of a car piston. She could sense another orgasm on the horizon, and it was coming on fast.

The tight grip of Karen's pussy had Jacob's cock ready to explode. As he neared the point of no return, he warned his mother, "Mom, I'm getting...close."

Karen replied with heavy breaths, "Please, Baby...just...hold off...a bit...longer." She was dead set on getting one last orgasm from her son's massive cock.

Sitting up straight, Karen whispered, "Oh, yes! It's so close!" Then after a few more bounces, "OH YES!! HERE IT-" Karen threw her head back and wailed, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!" Her mind went blank as she experienced untold ecstasy. This orgasm was the most intense yet; spreading throughout her whole body, even reaching the tips of her well-manicured fingers and toes.

The sight of his mom coming for a second time was pushing Jacob closer to the edge, "Mom...I'm almost...there!!" Karen did not hear the warning as she was still floating on a cloud of blissful rapture.

"MOM...I'M GONNA!!"

Luckily, that time Jacob's voice was able to cut through the fog just in time. Karen was quickly brought back down to Earth. She reluctantly jumped off, then grabbed his cock with her right hand.

Still experiencing the high from her orgasm, Karen did not even think this time before wrapping her lips around the bloated head. Surprisingly enough, she found the flavor of their combined fluids to be quite pleasant.

Karen sucked and stroked the enormous cock as it expanded in her mouth. Jacob arched his back and yelled as the first salvo was fired, "OHHH YEEEAHHH!! MMOOOMMMM!!"

Karen's mouth instantly filled with a barrage of Jacob's thick & creamy sperm. She continuously stroked her son's shaft while gulping down as much of his sweet payload as she could.

An exhausted Karen collapsed onto the bed alongside her son. They lie next to each other, staring up at the ceiling. For a few moments, neither one spoke. The only sound in the room was that of mother and son gasping for breath.

Jacob finally turned towards Karen and said, "Wow, Mom...that was—"

"Awesome?" Karen interjected before he could finish. She then turned her head to look into her son's eyes. Her face covered in a sheen of sweat.

Grinning, he replied, "Yeah...Awesome."

Karen chuckled, "Do you feel better?"

Jacob nodded his head, "Yes...much better."

Karen smiled, "That's good to hear." She then rolled away and sat up on the side of the bed. She pulled the elastic headband off her ponytail and shook out her dark brown mane. Glancing at the clock, she noticed the time, "Well, with it being this late, I think tonight we will be ordering take-out." She looked back over her right shoulder and asked, "You have any preference?"

Jacob replied, "Yeah, How about Chinese"?

Karen got up from the bed and said, "Chinese, it is." She bent over and collected her panties from the pile of clothes. "Your Dad will be home soon, and I need to get a shower." She then started to walk towards the door.

Jacob noticed Karen holding her panties and the sparkle of her wedding ring. He raised onto his elbows, "Hey Mom?"

Karen reached the door, then stopped, "Yes, Sweetie?"

In a soft voice, he asked, "Did you...like it this time?"

Karen sighed, "Jake...not this again."

Jacob sat up onto the side of the bed, "Honestly, Mom, I think you did."

Taking a couple of steps towards the bed, Karen replied, "Jacob...I told you before. It's not about what I like. it's about what is right and wrong."

She sat down on the bed beside Jacob. "Things are very confusing for me right now. I'm trying to help you, but at the same time, not feel like I betray your father. It's very complicated

to find a balance." She placed her hand on his shoulder, "Please don't complicate things even more by asking these kinds of questions...okay?"

Since things were moving along nicely, Jacob did not want to jeopardize any progress he had made. To stay in her good graces, he simply nodded his head and said, "Okay, Mom."

Karen smiled, "Thank you, Sweetie." She kissed Jacob's forehead then got up and walked to the door, "You should probably get dressed before your dad gets home."

Jacob stood up and began collecting his clothes, "Yes, ma'am...No problem."

Karen unlocked and pulled open the door, "That's my good boy." She then went down the hall to take a shower.

When his mom was out of sight, Jacob dropped his clothes back onto the floor. He then walked over and closed the door. The incredible sex had left him drained of energy. Jacob then fell back onto the bed and muttered, "I don't think a little nap first will hurt anyone." He pulled the bedspread over himself and quickly fell asleep.

Chapter 4

Karen got up early on Saturday morning. Normally she would have slept in a little, but this was no ordinary Saturday.

Her husband Robert was scheduled for another golf outing that morning with the top management of Conway Enterprises. So far, all signs were looking good for his promotion to Regional Vice President. With all the extra time and effort he had been putting in, Karen thought there was little chance that anyone else could be more deserving.

Her son Jacob also had a big day ahead of him as well. He would, later on, be going to his high school to take the SAT exams. With the sudden surge of good grades lately and Jacob's attendance to SAT prep classes, Karen felt very optimistic that her son would bring home a terrific score.

After getting out of the shower that morning, Karen stepped onto the bathroom scale. She was delighted to discover that she had dropped a couple more pounds and was well on her way to meeting her personal goals. It made her smile to think that all the exercise, yoga, and tennis were finally paying off.

She quietly walked into the bedroom, wrapped up in a thirsty white towel. She tried her best not to disturb Robert, who was still fast asleep.

Karen walked over to her dressing table, then loosened and dropped the towel onto the stool. She stepped into a pair of delicate white panties and pulled them up her long legs, adjusting them onto her curvy hips. She then put on the matching white bra and was surprised to find the cups to be tight and somewhat uncomfortable.

Confused, Karen stepped over to the full-length mirror and gasped at the sight of her bra struggling to contain her womanly charms, "Oh my goodness! Are my breasts getting bigger?" She thought, if anything, losing weight would have the opposite effect.

Karen removed the constrictive garment and stepped closer to the mirror. She then cupped both her boobs to gauge their weight and size. Whispering to herself, "Maybe they are, but it doesn't make any sense."

When first married, Karen's breast size was a delectable 36C. Now, understandably, after two kids and a little weight gain over the years, she was a buxom 38DD. She held steady at that size for almost twenty years, but now they seem to be mysteriously expanding once again.

Glancing back over her shoulder, she looked at her sleeping husband. She thought how thrilled he would be with that discovery.

Turning back to the mirror, she then ran her hands across the delicate skin, and her pink nipples instantly hardened and came to life. She gently flicked them with her thumbs, and immediately a delightful sensation spread throughout her breasts. The pleasant feeling caused her to gasp, "What is up with these things?"

Stepping back from the mirror, Karen lowered her arms to her side and gazed upon her reflection. Her body was a classic hourglass shape. Her large breasts were wonderfully round with light pink areola topped with puffy ultra-sensitive nipples. Considering her age, they defied gravity as best they could with just the right amount of sag to prove they were all-natural.

Her tummy had a slight hint of roundness, but after giving birth twice, that was no surprise. Her tapered waist flared dramatically into wide feminine hips, which lead down to her long curvaceous legs.

Being a modest woman, she would never admit it, but the image in the mirror was quite impressive, especially for a married mother of two in her mid-forties.

She then turned to view her side profile. No matter how beautiful, most women have something about their bodies they wish were different. For Karen, it was her rear end. God had blessed her with a beautiful round backside, but she always thought it was a little too big. However, Robert never failed to tell his gorgeous wife how much he likes her "junk in the trunk."

For a few more moments, Karen checked herself out from various angles. Perhaps she was thicker and curvier than in her youth, but for the most part, she was satisfied with the results so far. She knew she would never get back to her cheerleader body, but it did not mean she would stop trying.

Later on, Karen was in the kitchen. She usually did not cook a big breakfast on the weekends, but to get both her guys started on the right foot, the lovely mom decided to cook them a hearty meal.

As Karen worked her culinary magic, she sang along with the 80's music that flooded the kitchen. She was no Mariah Carey, but she could carry a tune. She was, in fact, confident enough that on the occasional Sunday, she would sing in the church choir.

A while later, both Robert and Jacob walked into the kitchen together. Robert was already showered and dressed to spend the day out on the links. Jacob, on the other hand, looked as if he had just rolled out of bed.

"Wow... what a spread," Robert said with surprise.

Jacob added, "Yeah. What's all this, Mom?"

Turning down the radio, Karen replied, "Well, today is a big day for both of you. I just want to make sure my boys get fueled up and ready to go."

Father and son went and took their usual places at the kitchen table. Robert took a sip of coffee and said, "Thank you, Honey... it all looks great!"

As Jacob poured himself a glass of orange juice, he added, "Yeah, Mom... this is awesome... thank you!!"

Karen took her seat beside Jacob and said with a big smile, "You are both very welcome. It's my pleasure to take care of my handsome men. Now both of you eat up." Father and son commenced to feasting on the delicious breakfast while discussing their day ahead.

"So Jake, are you ready for the SAT's?" Robert asked while pouring himself a second cup of coffee.

Jacob replied, "Yes sir, I think so... or at least, I hope so."

"Are you nervous?" Karen asked while she buttered a freshly baked biscuit.

"No... not much," Jacob replied as he shoved more pancakes into his mouth. After swallowing, he added, "Well, maybe a little."

Robert then said, "Whatever you do, don't go there feeling nervous or anxious. That could cause you to lose focus."

Jacob shook his head, "Don't worry, Dad... Mom has her ways of helping me with that."

"Oh? How so?" Robert looked across the table at his beautiful wife. "Maybe it's something I could try."

Karen gave Jacob's shin a slight kick with her foot. She tried not to blush as she waved her hand. "I showed him a few yoga techniques to help him relax."

Robert sat back in his chair. "Yoga, huh?" He then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, whatever works, I say." He then went back to eating his eggs.

Karen looked slightly to her left and gave Jacob a displeased look. He was smiling until he saw the expression on her face and decided it best to cool it.

A while later, Robert said bye to his family and headed out to play golf. Jacob helped his mom clean up the kitchen in hopes that it may earn him some brownie points. He rinsed the dishes while Karen loaded the dishwasher. They talked about various subjects, including the SAT exam later that morning.

Karen started up the dishwasher and turned to Jacob, "Thank you for your help, Sweetie."

Jacob grabbed a towel to dry his hands. "You're welcome, Mom."

Karen then leaned back against the counter. "It's getting late, so I think we should probably go up and get ready. After I drop you off at school, I plan to stop by the grocery store." She then took the towel from Jacob and said, "But first, I want to start a load of laundry."

They left the kitchen, and Jacob fell in behind Karen. As they ascended the stairs, he enjoyed the lovely view of his mom's backside. Without looking back, Karen said, "I noticed you are almost out of cereal. Is there anything, in particular, you want me to get for you?" Jacob loved breakfast cereal. He would eat it for lunch and dinner, too, if Karen allowed.

Still focused on the swaying of his mom's hips, he replied, "Anything is fine... you can surprise me."

They entered Jacob's room, and Karen went to the closet. She pulled out the laundry basket and set it down on the bed. As she sorted through the dirty clothes, she asked, "Is this everything?"

Jacob, sitting on the bedside, nodded his head and said, "That's everything. Plus, I cleaned up in here just as you asked."

Karen took a quick survey of the room and replied, "I can see that, and I appreciate it." She then said with a chuckle, "Now if you would just keep it this way."

Standing up from the bed, Jacob answered, "I promise to try and do better from now on." He then stepped behind Karen and said, "You know Mom, I think Dad was right about what he said earlier." He pulled down and stepped out of his sleep pants and underwear.

Still, sorting the laundry, Karen replied, "Oh? About what?"

Jacob then took off his tee-shirt, "When he said I should not go today feeling nervous or anxious. That I should be relaxed." He then stepped up to his mom's side and tossed his clothes into the laundry basket.

Karen looked over at Jacob and found him to be completely naked. Caught by surprise, she gasped. "Jacob!! What are you doing?" She lowered her eyes and could see his "monster" was fully awake and practically throbbing.

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob responded, "I was hoping that maybe you would help me. You know, as Dad suggested."

Karen put a hand on her hip, "Oh... as Dad 'suggested,' huh?"

Jacob got into his bed and sat back against the headboard. "That is what he said after all."

Picking up the laundry basket, Karen smirked, "I don't think this is what he had in mind, young man."

Jacob smiled while he slowly stroked the hardened shaft with his right hand. "I think the actual words he used were 'whatever works.'"

Karen couldn't help but be mesmerized as she watched her son's hand slowly pump his enormous cock. She could see the pre-cum steadily trickle down onto Jacob's fingers. Her body once again becoming aroused as the delightful scent began to permeate throughout the room.

"Plus, remember Mom..." Jacob's voice broke her trance, "You helped me like this when I took the Trigonometry exam." His statement made a lot of sense to Karen. She distinctly remembered helping him before the test that morning, and he ended up bringing home a perfect score.

Without thinking, Karen released her grip on the laundry basket, and it fell, making a soft "thud" as it landed. It rolled over on its side, causing a few articles of clothes to spill out onto the carpeted floor.

Karen stepped around the basket and climbed onto Jacob's bed, taking her usual position between his legs. While tying her dark brown locks into a makeshift ponytail, she said, "I have to agree with you... your Dad does make a good point." She then looked into Jacob's eyes and said, "And as your mother, I guess it's my

responsibility to help make sure that you are prepared for your test today."

Jacob smiled and said, "Thanks, Mom, you 're the best."

Later on, Karen felt as if she had just participated in a blowjob marathon, but she felt somewhat proud of herself. The entire time her pussy craved to be fully stuffed once again with her son's giant cock. She was, however, able to prevent herself from crossing that incestuous boundary. It took a long while, but she was finally able to push Jacob over the top and provide him with the physical relief he needed.

Trying to catch his breath, Jacob lay there and watched as his mom lovingly cleaned his deflating cock. She licked up every last drop of semen that she could find like a mother cat tending to one of her newborn kittens. "Wow, Mom. I can't believe Dad would rather play golf than be here with you."

Looking up at Jacob, Karen tried to defend her husband, "Jake, his playing golf today is all about his promotion." After dragging her tongue up the long shaft one last time, she added, "Besides, I thought we agreed not to discuss your dad during these times."

Not wanting to push his luck, Jacob replied, "You're right, Mom... I'm sorry."

Now satisfied with the results, Karen sat up straight. With her fingers, she wiped some residue from her lips and chin. "So... is my little man relaxed now?"

Closing his eyes and smiling, Jacob answered, "Yes... very much."

Karen giggled as she got up from the bed and said, "Okay, mister, don't get too relaxed." She bent over and picked up the laundry basket. "Remember... you still have to go take the SAT."

Sitting up, Jacob replied, "Oh, don't worry... I remember. And thanks again, Mom, for helping me. I think now I'm ready for sure."

Karen smiled and said, "You're welcome, Sweetie. All I ask is that you do your very best." She then turned to leave the room. "You should probably start getting dressed."

"Oh, Mom, before I forget..." Karen turned back to Jacob. "Would it be okay if I were to ride home with Matt? Mrs. Johnson offered to pick us up."

Karen shrugged her shoulders, "Fine with me. Just be home in time for dinner. I think your dad wants to grill hamburgers tonight."

That evening Jacob arrived home to find his dad on the patio, 'manning' his new grill. It was a high-end model that Karen had given him for Christmas last year. It had all the bells and whistles, and Robert used it as often as he could.

Walking up to his father, Jacob said, "Smells good, Dad."

"Thanks, Bud." Robert flipped a burger, then looked up and asked, "Let me guess... medium well?"

"You know it," Jacob chuckled.

They talked about how their respective days went. After a few minutes of chatting, Jacob then left to go inside. He entered the house to find his mom in the kitchen. She was standing at the island, chopping and slicing vegetables.

Karen looked up and smiled at her son, "Hi Sweetie... want to give me a hand with the salad?"

"Sure thing, Mom... just let me wash up." Jacob walked over to the sink to wash his hands.

While she continued to work, Karen looked over at him and asked, "Sooo... how did it go today?"

Finished washing his hands, Jacob walked over the island beside his mom. "Good, I think. They told us we should receive the results in the mail by next week."

Karen looked over at him and smiled, "Well, I'm sure you did just fine." She then continued to shred some carrots. The movements made her large breasts gently dance around inside her form-fitting tee-shirt. Jacob so badly wanted to see his gorgeous mom naked that it was starting to become an obsession.

Karen stopped working and asked, "Would you be a dear and finish this for me? My arms are still sore from this morning."

"Sure." Jacob then took over for her and asked, "Why are your arms so sore?"

Karen then gave him a look that conveyed, 'You know why.'

Jacob's eyes went wide. "Ohhh... I see." He started shredding the carrots and added, "Sorry about that, Mom."

"It's okay... I think I'll live," Karen chuckled and then leaned over and kissed the top of Jacob's head.

"But you know what, Mom? It probably would have gone much quicker if you had just let me fu- I mean if you had... you know... let me put my penis inside you."

Karen glanced out the window to make sure Robert was still out by the grill. She turned back to Jacob and, with a low voice, replied, "No, Jake... we can't do that anymore. I thought I made that clear last time."

"I know you did, Mom, and it was just a suggestion. I was trying to make things easier for you."

A smile curled onto Karen's red lips. "I know Honey, and I appreciate it." She put her hand on her son's shoulder, "But doing that has to remain off-limits."

Reluctantly, Jacob nodded his head. "Okay, Mom."

She then began mixing the shredded carrots into the salad. "Now go grab some plates and start setting up the patio table. I thought tonight we would dine alfresco."

Late Sunday afternoon, Jacob returned home from spending the day at Matthew's house. He had gone over there right after church. Jacob, Matthew, and a couple of their friends had spent the entire afternoon on their latest Dungeons & Dragons quest.

Jacob entered the house through the kitchen and yelled out, "I'm home." He stopped at the refrigerator and got himself a sports drink.

"In here, Sweetie," Karen called out from the family room.

Jacob found his mom sitting at the small desk, and she was writing checks to pay the monthly bills. Karen was wearing a thin cotton dress that fit her nicely and revealed a modest amount of cleavage. Along with the dress, she was wearing her reading glasses and had her hair up in a loose bun. Jacob thought she looked like a sexy version of a schoolteacher or a librarian.

While writing down some figures in her checkbook, Karen asked, "So how did you do on today's 'quest'?"

After taking a couple of swallows of his drink, Jacob replied, "We didn't get very far... Mike had to leave early, so we're going to continue next weekend."

Jacob then took a seat in the chair next to the desk and asked, "Mom, do you still pay bills with checks? Why not just pay them online like everyone else?"

Karen chuckled. "I'm just old fashioned, I guess." While putting a stamp on an envelope, she said, "Plus, I don't trust computers all that much."

Shaking his head, Jacob responded, "Mom, we gotta get you into the twenty-first century."

"Good luck with that," Karen said with a sly smile.

Looking around, Jacob asked, "Where's Dad?"

"He's back there in his office working on a report that's due tomorrow morning." Karen looked over at Jacob. "His workload has really increased lately... I hope, in the end, this promotion will be worth it."

Karen went back to focusing on writing another check. "What about you? You have any homework due tomorrow?"

"I have some, but I plan to finish it up before dinner." He watched Karen for a few seconds and then scooted his chair a little closer to her. "Hey, Mom... I've been thinking some more... about our situation."

Taking a glance to make sure Robert was not around, Karen replied, "Oh? How so?" She then continued writing in her checkbook.

Jacob lowered his voice, "Well, I've been thinking about ways that may help me finish quicker."

Shaking her head, Karen also lowered her voice, "Jacob, I told you, we are not doing that again."

"I know that Mom, that's not what I had in mind. I have some different ideas."

Putting down her pen, Karen sat back in her chair and looked over at him. "Okay... I'm listening."

Jacob leaned in closer, "I thought it might help me if I had some... visual stimulation."

With a confused expression on her face, Karen replied, "Visual stimulation?"

Jacob could not help but take glances at his mom's exposed cleavage. "Yeah... you know... something for me to look at."

Karen then got the message. Even though she was fully dressed, she felt an overwhelming sense of exposure as if sitting in the chair naked. She instinctively put her arm up across her chest and, in a harsh whisper, "JAKE!! I am NOT taking my clothes off in front of you." She then scrunched up her face. "Tell me, why would any son want to see his mother like that?"

Jacob quickly answered, "Are you kidding? When his mother looks like you..." Karen's face softened a bit, and Jacob could swear she almost smiled, so he decided to keep pushing. "Besides, Mom, all my friends say you're beautiful and that you are the hottest mom at our school. They all think you look a lot like Denise Milani."

Lowering her arm from her chest, Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Who's that? A girl at your school?"

Shaking his head, "No, Mom... she's a model and a gorgeous one at that."

A slight smile appeared on Karen's face. "Well, I do appreciate the compliment. However, I'm still going to have to say no." She picked up her pen and resumed addressing another envelope.

Trying to plead his case, Jacob replied, "But Mom... I think it would be a big help. It would also give me something to imagine when I am trying to finish on my own."

"No way, Mister." Karen stood her ground and shook her head, "Only your father should see me without clothes. No other man should see me that way, especially my teenage son."

Jacob quickly thought of a counteroffer. He stalled a few moments and then asked, "Well then, how about if I were to try watching some porn?"

"JACOB DEAN MITCHELL!!" Karen slammed the pen down onto the desk and leaned in towards Jacob. She lowered her voice again, "I will not allow that FILTH in my house." Jacob reared back because he could tell she was very irritated. Whenever Karen called him by his full name, he knew it was definitely time to retreat.

Pointing a finger in Jacob's face, "Young man, if I ever catch you watching anything of the sort, I will take that computer out of your room for good." She leaned in a little closer. "Do I make myself clear?"

Jacob could see the anger in her beautiful brown eyes. He looked down, and meekly replied, "Yes, ma'am."

Little did Karen know that her son already watched a lot of porn on his computer. He was extra careful to erase all the browsing history. Plus, Karen was not very computer savvy, so he did not worry very much about her finding anything.

Karen closed her checkbook and began putting everything away. Carefully, Jacob leaned in towards her and said, "I'm sorry, Mom... I'm just trying to come up with ideas that may help."

After closing the desk drawer, Karen swiveled the chair so that she faced Jacob. "I know you are, Jake, but you have to understand that these are things that I simply cannot do or approve."

Jacob sighed, "I understand, Mom." He then looked back up at Karen. "It's just that I'm afraid that you are going to start seeing me as some kind of burden. If you do that, you might stop helping me."

Karen's mood softened. "A burden? Honey... You could never be a burden." She took Jacob's hand in hers, "I told you before, we'll get through this, but at the same time, I need you to respect my boundaries." Smiling at her son, she said, "Just be patient and have some faith... okay?"

Jacob half smiled and nodded his head.

Standing up, Karen said, "Why don't you go on up and get your homework done. I'll let you know when dinner is ready."

Jacob stood up and went in for a hug. "Thanks, Mom. I love you."

Wrapping her arms around her son, Karen smiled and replied, "I love you too, Sweetie."

Jacob then left to go up to his room. He may have lost this round, but he was far from giving up.

On Monday, after spending most of the morning running errands, Karen returned home and parked her Jeep in the garage. As she gathered her things to go into the house, she heard the unmistakable "click-clack" sound of a woman's heels on concrete. She peered around her SUV to see a smartly dressed young lady walking up the driveway.

The woman was wearing a dark blue blazer with a pure-white blouse underneath. Her pencil skirt was also dark blue and came down to just above her knees. As she got closer, Karen could see that she was quite beautiful.

Her shoulder-length black hair styled professionally, and her outfit tailored to fit her feminine shape. She had an olive complexion with dark brown eyes. Karen thought she might be of Italian or Mediterranean ethnicity.

"Karen Mitchell?" the young woman called out.

"Yes?" Karen replied as she began to walk out to meet the attractive stranger. Getting closer, Karen thought maybe the young lady was a real estate agent. Last week she had contacted an agency in town concerning some houses that her daughter and son-in-law showed interest. Karen was not aware, however, how wrong she would be.

The young woman flashed her badge and said, "Mrs. Mitchell... I am Melissa Turner with the Fulton County District Attorney's office."

Caught by surprise, Karen stepped back, "Dis—District attorney?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Melissa put away her badge. "I am in the process of gathering additional information for the ongoing prosecution of one Dr. Michael Grant. I assume you know of him?"

Karen could feel her pulse begin to race, and her mouth went dry. She tried to remain calm. "Yes... I know Dr. Grant."

Looking down at her small notebook, Melissa continued, "Your son, Jacob Mitchell, was a patient of Dr. Grant?"

"Y-Yes... yes, he was." A knot began to form in Karen's stomach. "Are we under investigation or something?"

Melissa stepped closer to Karen and, in a softer tone, "No ma'am... it's nothing like that. I am interviewing all patients who participated in the WICK-Tropin experimental trials." Closing her notebook, she asked, "Would you be willing to answer some questions?"

Karen then went into hostess mode. "Yes, of course. Please forgive my manners." She then flashed her beautiful smile. "Would you like to come inside? It's so hot out here."

A smile formed on the young attorney's pretty face. "Yes... thank you."

Karen then led her through the garage and into the house. When they entered the kitchen, Karen motioned with her hand, "Please sit down... make yourself at home. I was going to make some coffee, could I offer you some?"

Taking a seat at the kitchen table, Melissa replied, "That would be nice... if it's not too much trouble?"

"Oh nonsense... it will just take a minute," Karen answered.

As Karen prepared the coffee, she turned on her natural charm, and the two ladies began to chat. Melissa's mother's family was originally from Italy. Back in the '60s, her grandmother fell in love and married John Turner, an American GI. Once returning to the states, her grandfather received an honorable discharge from the service, and he began a career in law enforcement.

John Turner's son (Melissa's father) followed in his fathers' footsteps and made his career in law enforcement also. So, therefore, keeping with family tradition, Melissa chose law enforcement for her career as well. Only she took a slightly different route and became a prosecuting attorney.

It turned out this was Melissa's first case since joining the DA's office. She was super intelligent and rose through the ranks very quickly. Melissa was the youngest lawyer ever to be brought into

the Fulton County DA's office. She was very proud of that fact; however, because she was so young and attractive, she felt that many of the senior attorneys did not take her seriously.

As Karen poured the coffee, she noticed the big diamond ring on Melissa's finger, "Are you engaged, Ms. Turner?"

She looked down at her hand, "Yes, I am." She then smiled and said, "My Donnie proposed to me last month."

Setting a slice of coffee cake down in front of Melissa, "Well, Congratulations! Is he an attorney as well?"

Taking a sip of her coffee, "No, ma'am... he's an ER-resident at Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta."

As Karen walked around the table, "An ER doctor, you say? I guess you don't get to see much of each other working those kinds of hours?"

Sighing, Melissa replied, "Unfortunately, no. Both of our schedules are crazy right now, so we don't get much time together." She took another sip of coffee. "Donnie's ultimate goal is one day work for a family practice... that way, he would have a more set schedule."

After Karen sat down, Melissa began to ask questions concerning her experience with Dr. Grant. Karen was truthful, for the most

part. When Melissa asked about any adverse effects from the WICK-Tropin experiment, Karen chose to fib and say that Jacob suffered no side effects. She was afraid that if anyone found out about her son's condition, everything could fall apart.

Not only was she worried about Robert finding out about her lying, but she also feared that someone might want to take Jacob and perform tests and experiments on him. Karen would not make the same mistake twice. She was not going to allow her son to be used as a guinea pig ever again.

After about twenty minutes and two cups of coffee, Melissa closed her notebook and said, "Mrs. Mitchell, I think I have all I need. You have been a big help, and I appreciate your time and hospitality." She then stood up and said, "And thank you so much for the coffee."

Karen smiled and stood up. "Oh, you are most welcome."

They walked out to the driveway and shook hands. Melissa then said, "Thank you again, Mrs. Mitchell. If you happen to think of any additional information, please give me a call." She then offered Karen one of her business cards.

Karen gladly took the card and replied, "Of course. If I think of anything, I will contact you immediately."

Melissa smiled and walked away towards her vehicle. Karen stood and watched as she started her car to drive away. A wave

of relief washed over her as the attorney drove out of sight. She hoped and prayed that this would be the last time she ever saw Assistant DA Turner or heard Dr. Grant's name mentioned ever again.

When Jacob came home from school on Wednesday afternoon, he noticed Rachel's car in the driveway. He entered the house to find both his mom and sister in the kitchen. They were sitting at the table drinking coffee and appeared to be looking at several different realty brochures.

He said, "Hi" to them as he entered the room. Both ladies turned and smiled, and Karen returned his greeting. Rachel got up from her chair and held out her arms, "Hey there, Squirt!" Like her mom, Rachel was wearing a casual summer dress; however, her skirt was much shorter and gave Jacob a great view of her beautiful long legs.

Jacob set his book bag down on the floor. He walked over to his sister and embraced her in a hug. It made him happy that there was no weird vibe between them. He also enjoyed holding her tight body in his arms and the feel of his face resting against her pillowy bosom.

He stepped back from Rachel, "Hey yourself, but why are you here?"

Rachel walked back over to the table and picked up her cup, "Well, Scott was unexpectedly sent to Charlotte for a few days to help with a bank audit." She took a sip of coffee then continued, "I thought this would be a good opportunity to begin some house hunting. Mom offered to help, so I am going to stay here for a couple of nights."

Jacob grabbed a bottle of water out of the refrigerator and said, "Cool... it'll be like old times."

Karen then spoke up, "We have an appointment at 4:30 to go view a house over in Thornblade. It's a new development not far from here. Would you like to go with us? I thought afterward we could grab dinner."

Jacob nodded. "Sure... sounds good."

After getting back home, Jacob went up to his room to work on some homework. While he sat at his desk, someone knocked at his door. Jacob turned around in his chair and answered, "Yes?." The door opened and in walked his sister. "Hey, Squirt... can I come in?"

Jacob set his pencil down onto his notebook and replied, "Of course." In a mock surprise, he said, "Hey, you even knocked... again!!"

Rachel laughed as she walked across the room, "Yes, I did... you must admit, I am getting better." Jacob smiled and gave her a 'thumbs up.'

She walked over and sat down on the side of the bed close to Jacob's computer chair. Jacob could tell she was fresh from the shower. Her honey-blond hair was still damp and slightly curly. The scent she gave off was lovely, like cherry blossoms. Without her makeup, he could see her natural beauty and just how much she resembled their Aunt Brenda.

Rachel was wearing a pair of black pajama pants and a snug-fitting red 'Georgia Bulldogs' tee-shirt that was cut short and showed off her cute belly button. Since Jacob did not get to have a 'session' with Karen today, the sight of his sister mad his cock quickly begin to react.

Rachel looked at him with her green eyes, "Jake, I just want you to know I was not angry with you the other weekend. I know it appeared I was ignoring you, but I was just confused. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings or anything."

Jacob put up his hand and waved, "No, Rachel, you don't owe me any kind of apology."

Rachel began to smell the arousing scent of her brother. It seemed even more potent than last time. She could feel the warm tingling sensation already spreading throughout her body, but

she tried to remain focused. "I did not feel bad for helping you, but afterward, it felt as if I had cheated on Scott."

Sitting forward in his chair, Jacob said, "I appreciate you wanted to help me, but I do not want to hurt our relationship, Rachel... or jeopardize your marriage. I like Scott... he's been a great brother-in-law."

The more Rachel breathed in the air around her brother, the more aroused she became. Her nipples began to harden, and the tingling sensation intensified. She thought to herself, without Scott being there, she may have to go back to her room and care of herself.

Rachel inadvertently looked down and could see the bulge in Jacob's shorts. The sight reminded her of how delightful his huge cock felt and tasted in her mouth. She then decided it may be a good idea to get out of there, or something might happen she would later regret.

She stood to leave and asked, "So, are we good?"

Jacob nodded his head, "Good as gold."

Rachel walked around the bed to leave the room, then stopped at the door and inquired, "How is it? You know... your..."

Jacob replied, "My penis?" He then looked down at his lap. "About the same as every night... it's beginning to hurt some."

For a few seconds, Rachel stood with her hand on the doorknob. She had a look on her face as if trying to make a decision or resolve some sort of conflict. She then looked at Jacob and quickly said, "Well, goodnight, Dork!!" She opened the door and made a quick exit.

Later that night, Jacob was in his bed asleep. A hand gently shook his shoulder, and a female voice whispered, "Jake."

Jacob stirred, and in a state of confusion, he whispered, "Mo-Mom?"

The visitor sat on the bedside and whispered, "No, Doofus... it's me."

Jacob sat up a little out of surprise. "Rachel? Wha... what's going on? Is something wrong?" The room was mostly dark but softly lit by the moonlight streaming in between the window blinds. He could make out his sister's shapely form. She appeared to be wearing the same outfit from before.

She spoke a little louder, "No... Nothing's wrong. I just couldn't sleep."

Jacob chuckled while sitting up, "So you thought it a good idea to come in here and wake me up?"

Rachel started to get up, "You're right... I'm sorry."

Jacob grabbed her bare arm. "No, Rachel... I'm only joking." She sat back down. He then asked, "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah... it's just... I was lying in bed, and I remembered earlier you said that you were hurting down there." She glanced towards his crotch. "So, I began to wonder if... you know... you might need my help."

Jacob leaned back against the headboard. "Oh... Okay."

Rachel leaned in a little. "Does it still hurt?"

Jacob nodded his head, "Yeah... I'm afraid it does." He then reached down and rubbed his cock through his boxers. "It makes it hard to sleep."

Feeling both arousal and sympathy for her little brother, she whispered, "Would you like me to help again?"

Jacob replied, "That would be great, but what about... you know... the guilt from last time?"

"Well, I've been thinking about that," Rachel replied as she inched closer to her brother. "I've concluded that I'm just helping my little brother with a medical issue." Rachel now had her hand on top of Jacob's, and they both were slowly stroking his erection. "But Scott must NEVER find out... agreed?"

Jacob put up his left hand, "Hey, we pinky swore... remember?"

Even in the dim light, he could see the big smile appear on his sister's beautiful face, and she replied, "Yes, we did." She then slowly climbed onto the bed and got into position at Jacob's feet. Leaning forward, she grabbed the waistband of his boxers, and without being told, he lifted his hips. As she pulled them down his skinny legs, she said, "Just remember... if anyone does find out..."

Jacob nodded his head, "I know... I know... you'll kill me."

Rachel giggled. "Just as long as you remember that."

Jacob's dick was standing straight up, and just like last time, Rachel stared in disbelief at its sheer size. Her husband's dick was by no means small... it was around 7-inches, but this behemoth was in a class all it's own.

The scent was intoxicating. Rachel grabbed the shaft and, without hesitation, wrapped her lips around the mushroom-shaped head. The delicious pre-cum was just as Rachel

remembered, and she made soft "mmmm" sounds as she sucked in search for more.

Minutes passed, and without warning, Rachel stopped and got off the bed. She then stood at the bedside, causing Jacob to fear she may have changed her mind. He whispered, "What's wrong?"

Rachel whispered back, "It's freaking HOT in here."

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bottoms and lowered them down over her shapely ass. With a wiggle of her curvy hips, they fell to the floor and pooled at her feet. Seeing this caused Jacob's pulse to race even quicker, and he asked, "What are you doing?"

She then grabbed the bottom of her tee-shirt and pulled it over her head, causing her impressive tits to gently wobble inside her bra. "I'm just trying to cool down. Remember, our dad is a cheapskate when it comes to the A/C."

She then dropped the thin garment to the floor next to her pants. Rachel stood by her brother's bed, wearing only her skimpy bra and panties. Against the faint lighting, Jacob could make out a good bit of her feminine figure. He wanted to turn on the bedside lamp to get a better view, but he feared it might ruin the mood.

"Much better," Rachel whispered. She then rejoined her brother on the bed.

Jacob, still a little shocked, asked, "What if Mom or Dad were to come in here and find you like this?"

Back in her original position, Rachel grabbed hold of Jacob's cock and began up and down strokes. "Don't worry, at this hour; I doubt either of them would be awake." She then gave a cute little giggle, "Besides Goofball, unlike you, I know how to lock a door."

Rachel gave the tip of his cock a lick and then asked, "Now... do you want my help or not?"

Jacob quickly replied, "Oh, yes, please."

"Well then shut up, Dork, and let me work." Rachel put his cock back in her mouth and continued the blowjob.

Jacob obeyed his older sibling and laid back down. His gorgeous sister bobbed her head up and down on his dick and made loud slurping noises; her long blond hair flounced all around.

He looked over to his right and saw Rachel's reflection in the dresser mirror. His eyes had adjusted quite well to the low light, and he was able to make out much of her mostly naked body. Her side profile was curvy and sleek; her well-rounded backside stuck high in the air as if waiting for some attention.

Jacob remembered the other night when he listened in on his sister as she got royally fucked by her husband. Jacob wished it could have been him instead. He began to fantasize about peeling her skimpy panties off her shapely upturned ass. He then imagined sliding his cock into her tight pussy, grabbing ahold of her fleshy hips, and taking her doggy style.

The thoughts of fucking her were pushing him over the edge, and he uttered, "Oh Rachel... I'm gonna blow!" His sister sped up her movements. She badly wanted to have his delicious cum blast into her mouth once again.

"AAAAHHHHHHHH... YES!!" Jacob arched his back off the bed as he fulfilled her wish. Rachel, better prepared this time, furiously stroked her brother's twitching cock and swallowed his creamy load.

Once Jacob's balls were depleted, Rachel raised her head and sat up straight. Then with her left hand, she wiped her mouth and licked the residue, not wanting to waste a single drop. She swept her blond hair back over her shoulders and noticed his cock was still as rigid as before. "Jake... you're still hard?"

Jacob, heavily breathing, nodded his head and responded, "Yeah... sometimes once... is not enough to make it go down."

With her right hand, Rachel took hold of his erection, "Wow! Scott is good for only once a night." She began to slowly stroke his cock. "I know one thing... if this is permanent, you're going to make some woman very happy one day."

Jacob was lying back, supporting himself on his elbows. "Yeah, I suppose. The problem is I don't have any experience with girls."

Rachel added her left hand and began a steady, stroking motion. She watched her hands as she slid them up and down the slick shaft. "Well... maybe we should remedy that."

Looking at his sister, Jacob replied, "What do you mean?"

"I could give you some pointers." Rachel lifted her eyes to meet Jacob's. "If you like?"

Sitting up, Jacob asked, "Pointers? Really?"

Tightening her grip, she replied, "Of course. After all, who was it that taught you how to ride a bike?"

Jacob chuckled. "This is somewhat different than teaching me to ride a bike... don't you think?"

Continuing the stroking motion, Rachel shrugged and answered, "Let's just think of it as a big sister teaching her little brother some... life skills."

"Life skills, huh?"

Rachel nodded, "Uh-huh. To be honest, I think knowing how to please a woman sexually should be considered just that." She gave her brother a sly look and then asked in a lowered tone, "So... want to be my student?"

Jacob nodded his head as he watched Rachel's tits gently bounce inside her bra. "Oh yeah... sign me up, please!"

She let go of his cock and said, "Okay, then... sit up for me."

Jacob followed his sister's instructions and sat up with his back to the headboard. Rachel then crawled up onto him and sat across his thighs. He could feel the heat radiating from her panty covered pussy as it pressed up against his cock.

Rachel put her hands on Jacob's skinny shoulders and looked into his eyes, "Now... first, we need to set some boundaries... okay?"

Jacob thought to himself, 'Oh great... the "B" word again.' Then he replied to her, "Okay, you're the boss."

She giggled. "Correct answer, Squirt. Now here's the deal. I'm willing to show you some things, but THIS..." Rachel poked his dick with her index finger. "Is NOT go inside my lady bits... only Scott gets to do that."

Jacob felt a little disappointed. He was hoping to get his cock into Rachel's pussy, but he was not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Reluctantly, he nodded in agreement.

Rachel smiled and said, "Good! Now rule number two," She then held up two fingers, "No, kissing!!"

With a scrunched-up face, Jacob replied, "Ewwwww... gross!! Who would want to kiss their own sister?"

Nodding in agreement, Rachel said, "I know... right?" They both stared at each other for a couple of seconds and then snickered from the irony.

While sitting on Jacob's lap, Rachel took notice of how he continued to gaze upon her ample bosom. She giggled again and asked, "See something you like?"

Jacob looked back up into his sister's eyes and stammered, "Well... yeah... I mean... you... have a nice..."

Rachel smiled and moved both of her hands behind her back, "Do you want to see your sister's tits?"

In response, Jacob simply nodded his head. He looked on in great anticipation as his sister unhooked her bra. Rachel slumped her shoulders a little, allowing the straps to fall forward. She then held the cups in place just for a few seconds

to tease her brother. Then she lowered the intimate garment from her chest and dropped it onto the floor with the rest of her clothes.

Her breasts were just as he imagined. They sat high and proud on her chest... beautifully round with little pink nipples pointing directly into his face . Jacob stared in awe and whispered, "Wow... they're beautiful."

Rachel reached down and grabbed Jacob's hands and brought them to her chest. Then she whispered, "Go ahead, you can touch them."

Jacob cupped both breasts from the bottom. They felt firm yet soft and supple. He gently squeezed them, and Rachel moaned her approval. "There you go. You should have more confidence in yourself. Girls like it when a guy takes charge."

Her nipples were rock hard, and without even asking, Jacob moved his head forward and placed his mouth to her left tit. He gently sucked and swirled his tongue like a baby trying to feed. His thumb gently flicked at the other.

Caught by surprise, Rachel closed her eyes and sighed, "Oh Jake!! Yes!" Rachel's nipples have always been very sensitive, and she loved it whenever Scott played with them. This time, however, it was different; maybe it was due to the kinky fact that it was her baby brother that suckled at her breast and not her husband.

Rachel's nipples were sending electrical shocks straight to her pussy... she could feel her juices leaking into her thin cotton panties. The overwhelming pleasure caused her to grind her panty-covered pussy against the base of Jacob's tool that stood straight up between their bodies. Her arousal was reaching a fever pitch, and she desperately needed some relief.

Rachel reluctantly pulled back from her brother's sucking lips. Looking into his eyes, she whispered, "I think you have that part pretty much down pat."

Rachel dismounted her brother and lay back onto the bed beside him to his left. Not sure where this was going, Jacob, turned towards her.

Rachel spoke softly, "Jake, I need you to help me... okay?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Okay."

With her knees pointing upward, Rachel dug her heels into the bed and spread her long shapely legs. Jacob's eyes followed her sensual curves and stopped at her panty-covered pussy. He could see the skimpy garment was soaking wet.

With her left hand, Rachel pulled the gusset of her panties to the side and whispered, "Jake... I want you to touch me." With pleading eyes, "Rub my pussy."

For the first time, Jacob's fingers touched a vagina. He found it to be smooth-shaven and extremely wet. It gave him a perverse thrill to know it belonged to his big sister.

The contact made Rachel instantly arch her back off the bed. Jacob slowly moved his inexperienced hand pretty much on instinct. He rubbed between her slick folds, and when he accidentally found her clit, Rachel squealed with delight, "Aaaaahhhhhh!!"

Rachel took hold of Jacob's hand and guided him to move it in small slow circles. She looked into his eyes and whispered, "Right there. You feel that?"

Jacob nodded and whispered back, "Yeah."

Softly, she said, "That's my clit. Or as I like to call it, my magic button. It's very sensitive, so you have to be gentle."

Letting go of Jacob's hand, Rachel then grabbed hold of his raging hard-on. She then closed her eyes and sighed, "You're doing good, Squirt! Keep going!"

For the next few moments, Jacob continued as his sister instructed. Rachel lay on her back with her eyes tightly closed, while she pinched a puffy nipple with her left hand. The only sounds in the dimly lit room were that of Rachel's soft moaning

and the absurd squelching noises created by her brother fingering her excessively wet pussy.

Rachel began pushing her pelvis up against Jacob's hand to create more contact. In a hoarse whisper, "Yes, Jake!! A little more pressure and go faster!!"

Rachel could feel her body tensing up like a spring wound too tight. She knew an intense orgasm was almost upon her, and there was no way she would be able to keep quiet.

With her left hand, she stopped pinching her nipple and groped around for a pillow. Luckily, she found one just in time, and she clutched it to her chest. "Oh, Yes!! I'm CUMMING!!" She bit down on the pillow as she screamed into it, "NNNNNGGGGGGHHHHHH!!" She tightly closed her legs and trapped Jacob's hand in between them like a fleshy vice grip. All he could do was watch Rachel squirm as she rode the waves of intense pleasure.

Once she recovered, Rachel slowly spread her legs and released her grip on Jacob's hand. She smiled up at him and said, "Not too bad, Squirt." She then sat up and returned her attention to Jacob's cock that was still as stiff as iron. Running her hand through her golden locks, she said, "We still have to take care of that thing, don't we?"

Jacob, still not sure if this was all a dream or not, simply muttered, "Uh-huh."

Rachel giggled and said, "Come and sit over here." She motioned for Jacob to once again sit on the side of his bed. As Rachel stood in front of her brother, she just happened to notice the bottle of hand lotion that was sitting on his desk. Picking it up, she read the label, "Oh... this brand is some good stuff. You swipe it from Mom?"

Unable to take his eyes off his sister's beautiful body, he replied, "You could say that, I guess."

Rachel pumped several squirts into her hand then lowered herself back down to her knees. While lathering up Jacob's cock with the thick liquid, she smiled at him, "I think you're gonna like this." She then scooted forward on her knees, and with her hands, wrapped her beautiful tits around her brother's foot-long pillar of flesh.

Dumbfounded, Jacob watched as his sister began slowly pumping his dick with her breasts. Outside of watching his mother ride on his cock, this was the most erotic thing he had ever seen in his young life. He could not help but groan in approval.

Rachel tossed her head back to get the hair out of her eyes. She looked up at Jacob and grinned. "Yeah... I thought so. Scott loves it when I do this for him, too."

A sudden splash of fear hit Jacob, as she mentioned his brother-in-law's name. He was afraid that Rachel would come to her senses and immediately quit. However, she showed no signs of stopping.

Instead, Rachel sped up as she got into a good rhythm. It was a proverbial feast of the senses for Jacob, both physically and visually. He was not going to last very long. Jacob tightly clutched at the bedspread and warned her, "Rachel, I'm getting real close."

Rachel took this as her cue and tightened the grip of her boobs around her brother's mighty tool. The extra stimulation did the trick and pushed Jacob over the edge. He cried out as his cock erupted for a second time that night, "AAAAAHHHHHH!!"

Creamy ropes of semen blasted out of Jacob's dick and hit Rachel's chin, face, and chest. She quickly wrapped her lips around the barrel of the incredible cum shooter and gulped down the rest of its load.

Afterward, Jacob fell flat on his back across the bed while Rachel spent a few moments licking the residue from his deflated cock. When finished, she stood up and whispered, "I think that will conclude our class for tonight." Jacob simply held up his arm and gave her a thumbs-up.

Rachel giggled and asked, "Do you have any towels? You soaked me once again."

An exhausted Jacob lifted his head and pointed, "There should be some in there." His sister walked over to his closet and bent over to search in the dark. He stared as she pointed her ass right at him. He could not help but admire the soft curves of her exposed butt cheeks in those cute little panties.

After finding a clean towel, Rachel quickly wiped herself off and tossed it into the clothes basket. She then picked up her bra from the pile of her discarded clothes. As she began to fasten it back in place, Jacob picked up his boxer shorts and put them back on. He then got back onto the bed and rested his head on his pillow. As he watched his sister adjusting her bra straps, he said, "Thank you, Rachel. You are the coolest sister ever."

Rachel then slipped into her pants and smiled. "You better remember that when my birthday rolls around." She then put her tee-shirt back on. "Remember, Jake; no one can ever find out about this."

Jacob yawned and then replied, "Don't worry, Rachel. I would never tell anyone... I'm not that stupid."

"You better not." Rachel then started towards the door and whispered, "See you in the morning, Dork." Grabbing the doorknob, she looked back over at Jacob. His eyes were closed, and he was gently snoring. She cracked a smile and sighed, "Asleep already?" Shaking her head, "That's a man for you."

She walked back to the bed and gently pulled the covers up over her brother and whispered, "Good night, Squirt."

The weather was terrible on Friday afternoon, so after a quick trip to the grocery store, Karen picked Jacob up from school. He scrolled through his cell phone while his mom drove and sang along with U2 on the 80's station. She turned down the volume and glanced over at Jacob in the passenger seat and said, "This week has been so hectic... you and I have not had much time to talk."

Jacob looked over at his mom and replied, "Yeah, you're right... it has been a busy week."

Looking straight ahead, Karen said, "While we are alone, I want to talk to you about something."

Jacob put his phone away and said, "Sure, Mom. What you want to talk about?"

Karen took a deep breath and began, "On Monday, I received a visit from a lawyer with the District Attorney's office in Atlanta."

Sitting up straight, Jacob replied, "District Attorney??? What did he want?"

Looking over at Jacob, "Well, 'SHE' wanted to ask me questions about our experience with Dr. Grant and the WICK-Tropin experiment."

"What did you tell her?"

"The truth... mostly."

Jacob gave his mom a confused look. "Mostly? What does that mean?"

Karen looked up into the rearview mirror. "When she asked about any side effects from the hormone treatment, I sort of lied. I told her no."

Jacob's eyes went wide with shock. "You Lied? To a lawyer??"

Karen nodded, "Yes. But only to protect you."

"Protect me?"

Karen nodded her head again, "Yes, because of what might happen." She took a glance over at Jacob's lap, "Who knows what they may want to do if they find out about your condition and that monstrosity you're carrying around." Looking straight ahead again, she continued, "I don't want anyone running tests

or experiments on you. I refuse to allow you to be anyone's lab rat ever again."

Jacob nodded, then looked out the window and said, "Plus, Dad would surely find out." He then swung his head around and in a panicked voice, "Are they going to question Dad?"

Karen shook her head. "I don't think so. Your dad's name was not on any of the paperwork from Dr. Grant's office, just yours and mine."

"So, what do we do now?"

Shrugging her shoulders, "Nothing, I guess. I think I was able to give Ms. Turner all the information that she needed." Karen looked over at Jacob, "I just wanted to make sure we are on the same page just in case she ever came back and wanted to ask you any questions."

"What is she like? I mean... is she nice?"

Karen nodded. "She is very nice. Don't worry; I think you would like her."

Jacob thought for a few seconds and then said, "Thanks for the heads up, and don't worry, Mom. If she ever does want to ask me any questions, I'll know what exactly to say."

When they arrived home, the rain had slacked up considerably, so Jacob collected the contents from the mailbox. As he entered the kitchen, he looked through the stack and found an envelope addressed to him. He then opened it to find it was his SAT scores. As he read the results, his eyes went wide with shock, and he cried out, "HOLY CRAP!!"

Karen continued to put away the groceries and said, "Jacob! Mind your language!"

Excitedly, Jacob replied, "Sorry, Mom. But you gotta see this!!"

Karen turned around and saw that he was reading something and had a big smile on his face. She then walked over to him and asked, "What's all the excitement?"

Jacob held out the paper to his mom, "Check this out!!"

Karen took it and began to read. A big smile spread across her beautiful face, "1520? You scored 1520 on your SAT??"

Jacob shrugged and replied, "I guess so."

Karen grabbed Jacob and pulled him in against her body for a hug. "OH MY GOSH!! Jake!! This is... this is..."

"Mawwwfome??" Jacob tried to finish her sentence for her, but it was difficult for him to speak with his face buried in his mother's bosom.

Karen released him and held him by his shoulders, "Yes, AWESOME!!" She sat down into the chair and took another look at the paper. Her eyes kept scanning, making sure she read it correctly. Jacob sat down in the chair beside her. She looked at her son and said, "This is wonderful, Sweetie. I think this is even higher than what your dad scored."

Beaming with pride, Jacob smiled. "And this was my first attempt."

Putting her hand on Jacob's shoulder, "Baby, I am SO proud of you!!" Still, in disbelief, she went back to reading the document.

"Well, Mom, to be honest, I couldn't have done this without you. You deserve a lot of the credit."

Looking back to Jacob, Karen replied, "Me? How so?"

"Because no matter what, you're always there for me, and you take care of all my needs. Especially now, with my crazy situation and all." He then leaned in and kissed his mother's soft cheek. "Thanks, Mom... for everything."

Karen's heart swelled. "Oh, you're welcome, Sweetie." With her fingers, she brushed the hair across his forehead, "But it's all just part of being a mom."

Karen's thoughts all of a sudden went to the hormones. She could not deny that Jacob's grades had significantly improved since all this started. Could this be more evidence that the hormones were having a positive effect on him? She always believed that God worked in mysterious ways, and maybe this was his way of taking lemons and making lemonade.

Karen stood up from the chair, "How about tomorrow night we go out and celebrate? You pick the place."

Jacob's eyes lit up, and he quickly replied, "Can we go to Crab King?"

Karen dropped her head and laughed, "I knew it!" She had a feeling that would be his choice; her son loved that place. Crab King was a seafood restaurant about an hour away, but because of its proximity to the coast, they had some of the best seafood around. It was well worth the drive.

Karen grabbed her cell phone from her purse and said, "I'm going to call and tell your sister the news. She will be thrilled."

After a few minutes of talking with Rachel, Karen ended the call and looked at Jacob, "Rachel says that since Scott has to go back

to Charlotte for a couple of more days, she is going to come down tomorrow and go to dinner with us."

Smiling, Jacob responded, "Awesome!" He was excited to know Rachel would be coming without Scott. Maybe they could find the opportunity to continue his 'life skills' lessons.

With excitement, Karen asked, "Oh! How about we invite Grandpa George? It would do him some good to get out of that house."

Jacob nodded and replied, "Sure, Mom, that would be great."

"Grandpa George" is Karen's father, George Dean, and she thought the world of him. Even as a teenager, Karen hoped and prayed to one day find a man to marry as wonderful as her dad.

While in college, she met Robert Mitchell through some mutual friends, and it did not take long for Karen to realize that he had a lot of the same qualities that she adored about her father. After a few weeks of dating, she knew without a doubt that the Lord had answered her prayers.

Ever since her mother passed away last year, Karen had been trying to talk her dad into moving in with them. George, however, was a proud man and did not want to give up his independence or be a burden of any kind. She kept a spare room ready for him in hopes that one day he would change his mind. It would be a

thrill for her to finally have all three of her 'boys' living under the same roof.

Once Karen ended the call with her dad, she set her cell phone down onto the table. As she walked to the refrigerator to get a bottle of water, she said, "We can wait until your dad gets home, and then YOU can surprise him with your big news."

After closing the door, she turned back to Jacob and leaned against the counter. As she twisted the top off the bottle, she said, "I also think that my little genius deserves a reward of some kind."

Jacob smiled. "Really? Cool!! What kind of reward?"

After taking a few sips of water, Karen answered, "Well... I don't know. Is there something you've been wanting? Something for your room, maybe?"

While Jacob pondered about his reward, he also took the time to check out his beautiful mom from head to toe. Karen was wearing a sleeveless yellow floral dress that came down to her knees with a snug-fitting bodice. She had her long hair clipped back on the sides, and she wore just enough makeup to accentuate her natural beauty. Jacob was amazed by how his mom could look so wholesome and yet so sexy at the same time.

Jacob remained quiet for a few more seconds and then said, "I don't know right off hand... can I think about it?"

While putting the cap back onto the bottle, she nodded, "Of course you can." She pointed her finger at him, "But it has to be within reason... it's not Christmas, you know."

Karen then went back to putting the groceries away into the cabinet. Jacob checked the time and noticed it would be a while before his dad left work to come home. He then got up and walked over and stood by Karen, "So Mom, how about we go up to my room and maybe have ourselves an early celebration?"

A little surprised Karen looked over at her smiling son and replied, "Celebration? Is that what we are calling it now?"

Jacob shrugged and said, "Well, I really could use your help, and I was going to ask last night, but Dad was here. And I remembered your rule about not helping me when he is in the house."

Nodding in agreement, Karen replied, "That's correct... never when your father is in the house." She put the last of the canned goods on the shelf, then turned and looked down into Jacob's eyes that were full of hope. It was the same expression he used to give her years ago when he would ask for a new toy, and usually, it would work. Today it may not have been a toy he longed for, but it pretty much worked just the same.

Karen chuckled and ruffled his hair, "Okay, smart guy, it looks like we have some time." She closed the cabinet door and took Jacob's hand, then led him out of the kitchen.

While they walked into Jacob's room, he decided to ask again, "You know Mom, we could save some time if you let me put my thing inside you again." He was hoping that with her being so thrilled about his test results, maybe she would give in.

Karen shook her head, "No, Jake... We've been through this already. Stop beating that dead horse."

"Please, Mom?"

Karen closed and locked the door. "Don't push it, mister... hands and mouth only!!" She walked over to him, "It's that way or no way."

A few minutes later, Jacob was nude and lay flat on his back, and his mom was between his outstretched legs. Except for no shoes, Karen was still fully dressed as she worked on her son's cock.

Jacob watched as his mother, fervently polished his humongous knob. He thoroughly enjoyed the feel of her soft hands as they firmly stroked his dick while her warm mouth sucked and slurped on the swollen head. He softly groaned and then said, "Mom... I've been thinking."

"Mmmffffinnnnngggg?" Karen found it impossible to speak with her mouth full of her son's incredible meat stick. She then raised

up and sat on her heels. With the back of her left hand, she wiped the combination of spit and pre-cum from her mouth and chin. Her right hand continued to slowly stroke Jacob's shaft. "Okay, Einstein... thinking about what?"

"My reward," Jacob replied.

Karen tilted her head to the left, "You're thinking about that NOW?"

Raising onto his elbows, Jacob responded, "Yeah, and I have decided on what I want."

Karen looked down at her hand as it slid up and down her son's cock shaft. She then looked back at him and asked, "Okay? And that would be what?"

Jacob quickly spoke, "Mom, I want to see you naked!"

Karen's hand immediately stopped, and she dropped and shook her head, "Oh Jake, not this again. I told you I'm not doing that."

"But Mom... you said I could have whatever I wanted."

Karen looked back up at her son and resumed slowly stroking his shaft. "Yes, I did say that, but I was thinking more like some video games or maybe something for your computer."

Jacob tried with pleading eyes, "Please, Mom... It's what I want more than anything!"

With a look of bewilderment, Karen asked, "Really, Jake? Of all the things you could ask for... that's what you want? To see your mother naked?"

Jacob nodded his head, "Yes... more than any woman on the planet."

"The entire planet?" Karen scoffed, "You expect me to believe that?" She then motioned with her left hand, "What about the model you were talking about the other day... Uh Dana, 'what's her name.'"

"You mean Denise Milani?" Jacob nodded his head, "Yes! Even more than her." Jacob continued, "Besides, it would be a big help with my imagination while I am trying to finish on my own." Jacob could see an expression on his mom's face as if she may actually be contemplating it. "Plus, Mom, this wouldn't cost you anything."

Karen thought to herself, 'Except my dignity.'

As she continued to slowly stroke her son's engorged cock, Karen thought to herself that maybe he had a point. If he can begin regularly finishing on his own, he would not need her help any

longer, and then they could go back to a normal mother-son relationship.

"Please, Mom!" Jacob continued to press.

After a while of Jacob's pleading and against her better judgment, Karen finally caved. She released her grip on Jacob's shaft and held both hands up as a sign of surrender. With a disgruntled sigh and a shake of her head, "Okay! Fine... I'll do it." She then held up one finger, "One time."

As she stood back onto the floor, Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom... you are awesome!!" Jacob then sat up on the side of the bed, and anxiously waited for his 'reward'. He could hardly believe it was actually going to happen; his super-hot mom was going to get naked for him.

Standing in the center of the room, Karen had mixed emotions. She knew it was wrong to expose herself to anyone other than her husband, but she was finding it harder and harder to tell her son 'no.' Even though this was another boundary she was about to cross, Karen did find some solace in the fact this may further help Jacob overcome his condition.

Karen began by removing her hair clips, and while she ran her fingers through her long brown hair, she said, "Remember Jake... this is a one-time thing."

Jacob, watching, and stroking his cock, replied, "Yes, ma'am."

After setting her hair clips onto the dresser, Karen begrudgingly reached behind her and began to unzip the dress. The sound of the zipper going down made the moment feel even more surreal. She then pulled the thin straps down her arms and pushed the dress slowly over her curvy hips. Jacob could feel his excitement build as he watched the dress fall to the floor and pool around his mom's feet.

Karen stood before her son, wearing a light-yellow bra and panty set. The lacy bra displayed a generous amount of her wonderful cleavage. The panties were bikini style and greatly accentuated the extreme curves of her waist and hips.

Karen crossed her arms underneath her breasts, "Now... how about this? I think this should help your imagination... right?" She was hoping not to go any further.

Continuing to stroke his shaft, Jacob replied, "You look great, Mom, but I need to see more."

Turning her head, Karen sighed, "Oh, Honey, can't this be enough? I really shouldn't go any further."

Jacob continued to push, "Please, Mom! Remember, this is my reward, and it's to help me with my imagination."

As Karen contemplated her next move, she glanced around her son's room, the walls covered with superhero movie posters. She felt as if each character was staring at her in judgment. All those eyes were about to bear witness to this Christian wife and mother as she yet again crossed another sinful boundary.

Before going any further, she said, "Now Jake, I'm only going so far... my panties will stay on."

Jacob whined, "But Mom!"

Karen put up her hand, "No 'buts' Jacob! It's this way, or I stop right now." She attempted to regain some control of the situation and maybe keep some sense of self-dignity.

Jacob sighed and reluctantly agreed. "Okay, Mom."

Karen reached behind her back and deftly unhooked the bra strap. She then held the cups to her breasts with both hands and, in a low tone, asked, "Are you sure this is what you want?" She was hoping for some way out, but unfortunately, there would be no escape.

Jacob, now pumping his monster with both hands, nodded his response.

Karen slowly lowered the cups from her breasts and placed the bra on the dresser with her hair clips. Exposing herself like this

gave her an overwhelming feeling of embarrassment and vulnerability; her sensitive nipples instantly hardened. She fought the urge to put her arms across her breasts to hide her nakedness. Instead, she stared down at the floor.

Jacob could not believe how perfect his mom looked. Her magnificent breasts hung heavily from her chest... beautifully round and full. They did not have the same perkiness as Rachel's, but nevertheless, they were just as beautiful and in Jacob's mind even sexier. Desiring a closer look, he stood up and walked over to her. "Wow! Mom... you are gorgeous!"

Karen sheepishly looked up at her son and muttered, "Thank you, Sweetie." For some reason, as she stood there, she began to feel something. They were the same emotions she experienced that day in her kitchen, a mixture of shame, reluctance, but also a dash of excitement.

Without asking, Jacob raised his hands to cup her amazing boobs, but Karen blocked his attempt. "Uh-uh... you only asked to look." Karen yearned to be touched, but she wanted to wait for Robert. After exposing herself to her son, she wanted her husband to come home and reclaim her for his own. Even though Robert had no clue what was going on with her and Jacob, she still felt a strange need to make it up to him... somehow.

Karen reached out and grabbed hold of Jacob's hand and led him towards the bed. "Come on, Jake... let's finish you up." She then sat down on the side of the bed and positioned Jacob to

stand in front of her. She began to tug on his enormous cock, causing her big tits to jiggle on her chest.

Jacob, overcome by the sheer beauty of his nearly naked mother, could not resist trying. He remembered his sister's advice and decided to take charge. "Mom... I want to do it again. Like we did the other day."

Karen was now using both hands to stroke his cock. The slit was leaking a steady trickle of pre-cum, and she could not resist licking the tip and collecting the sweet liquid with her tongue. "No, Jake... we've already discussed this." She tried to be stern, but it came across somewhat weak.

This time, Jacob was not going to accept 'no' for an answer. He gently pushed on his mother's shoulders, "Please, Mom... lay on the bed."

Karen looked up at her son. Her mind screamed 'No', but her body wouldn't listen, and she shimmied backward as Jacob instructed. He guided her to the middle of the bed, where she laid on her back.

Without asking, Jacob took hold of Karen's panties and began to pull them down. Instinctively she lifted her hips while weakly protesting, "Jake, Honey... we shouldn't do this again." Ignoring her plea, Jacob slid the delicate garment down his mother's long legs. He pulled them off her feet and dropped them on the bed beside him.

Now totally naked, Karen felt even more exposed. She put her arms over her breasts and, with her heels dug into the mattress, she tightly closed her legs. Jacob put his hands on her knees and said, "Please, Mom... it's okay." He then gently pulled her legs apart; he met little to no resistance.

Karen whimpered, "Jake... we-Oh my gosh." With her legs spread, she could feel the fresh air caressing her extremely wet pussy. She closed her eyes and turned her head in embarrassment. In her mind, she was already begging for forgiveness... whether from Robert or God... she was not sure.

Jacob's eyes gazed upon his mother's vagina. It was the first one he had ever seen clearly in real life, and he thought it was beautiful. He touched his sister's pussy earlier in the week, but the room was dark. He noticed her pussy was neatly trimmed, and the lips were light pink and extremely wet.

Jacob positioned himself between his mother's long and sensual legs. Karen looked up at her son and with a soft tone, "Sweetie... maybe I should be on top."

Jacob took hold of his fleshy stinger and placed the head against his mother's delicate flower. While he slid the head up and down her wet folds trying to find the opening, he said, "Don't worry, Mom... I won't finish inside. I promise."

Sensing he needed help, Karen took hold of Jacob's cock with her left hand to guide him home. "Yes, Jake... you have to promise... you can't finish inside... MEEEEEEE!!" At that moment, the head of Jacob's cock slipped inside. "OOOHHHH!!" Karen used both hands to grip onto his shoulders, and she spread her legs wider to assist his entry.

Jacob watched as the first couple of inches disappeared into his mom's hot snatch. "Wow, Mom... this is awesome."

"Uuuuuuhhhhggggg," Karen grimaced and pushed back on his shoulders. "Jake, Honey... please... go slow!!"

He obeyed his mom and slowed down. Karen then put her right hand on Jacob's left hip, and she guided his movements to ease himself in a little at a time gently.

Karen had her eyes tightly closed as she tried to adjust to the mammoth-sized cock entering her from this new angle. Breathlessly she muttered, "Oh, Jake... it's ssssooooo big!!"

After a few moments with Karen's assistance, Jacob was finally balls deep inside his mother. "Mom... I'm all the way in, and it feels incredible. Your pussy is so wet!!"

His mother's eyes flew open, "JACOB! Don't use that word! Say, 'My vagina is wet.'"

Jacob took hold of his mom's legs behind the knees and said, "Sorry, Mom... your vagina is so wet." He then began a steady in-and-out motion, quickly getting into a good rhythm.

Karen clutched tightly onto Jacob's shoulders. She constantly groaned, "Uh! Uh! Uh!" each time Jacob's body slammed into her crotch. After a couple of minutes of his constant thrusting, she could feel the orgasmic wave quickly approaching. Getting closer to the break, Karen arched her back and announced the arrival. "Ohhhhhh! Jake!! AAAAAHHHH!!"

Instinctively, Jacob continuously plunged his cock deep into his mom. Before Karen could catch her breath from the first orgasm, she could feel herself quickly building towards another one. After only a few moments, the second wave broke, and with wide-open eyes, she looked up at Jacob. "Oh, no! Here it comes... AGAIINNNNN!!"

Jacob never relented as he kept up a constant pace. He smiled as he looked down at his hot mom. Karen's eyes were tightly closed, and her mouth wide open as if she were screaming, only there was no sound. Her left hand tightly gripped onto Jacob's shoulder while with her right arm, she encircled her massive tits in an attempt to keep them under control.

Jacob let go of Karen's legs and placed his hands onto the mattress to support himself above her. He could feel his orgasm approaching, but he wanted to make his mother cum one more time.

Driven by his lust, Jacob began a rhythm of hard, fast strokes. The obscene slapping sound of skin-on-skin reverberated throughout the room. The bed joined in on the incestuous chorus with a melody of squeaks and groans.

Karen let go of her boobs, then reached back, and grabbed hold of the headboard. Because of their height difference, Karen's tits were perfectly in Jacob's line of sight. He had the ideal position to view them dancing around on her chest.

All her married life, Karen had thoroughly enjoyed sex with her husband, Robert. He was a very attentive lover and almost always made her cum, and occasionally he could get her off twice, but never in such close secession nor as intense as these two orgasms had been. But a third? That was simply unheard of.

As Jacob tried to pummel his mother's fatigued body into submission, Karen doubted she would ever be able to reach the pinnacle a third time. She could sense the orgasm hovering out there, but it felt too far out of her reach.

Karen looked up at her son, his face covered in sweat and a look of pure determination. With a weary tone, she sighed, "Honey? Maybe... maybe we should... stop." "I... I don't... think... I caaaannnn... OOOOOOHHHHHHH!!"

Karen pulled on the headboard and arched her back as she experienced her third and most electrifying climax of the day.

"AAAAAHHHHHH," she wailed as her body got overtaken by the unbridled ecstasy.

After the intense orgasm finally subsided, Karen's spent body fell back to the mattress. Jacob could feel the cum rising up the shaft of his cock. "Oh, Mom!! It's coming!!"

Somehow, Karen found the strength to push on Jacob's shoulders. "No, Baby! Remember... not inside me!!"

Reluctantly, Jacob pulled out of his mom's warm sheathe and sat back on his heels. He grabbed his cock and spewed his incredible load all over his exhausted mother. "OOOHHHH MOOOMMMMM!!" His cum splattered her naked body from her shapely thighs up to her slender neck.

For some time, they both lay still trying to catch their breath. After a while, Karen finally rolled over onto her side, facing Jacob, who was still staring up at the ceiling. She then raised herself onto her elbow, causing her big tits to jiggle and roll across her chest. Several streams of cum trickled down the sides of her boobs and collected onto the already stained bedsheets.

Karen glanced down at her semen covered body, "Goodness, Jake, you must have been saving that one."

Jacob looked over at Karen, "That was the best reward ever, Mom!! Thank you!!"

Patting Jacob's bare chest, Karen replied, "You're welcome, Sweetie." She then pushed some of her hair behind her ear, "Hopefully, that will help fuel your imagination for quite some time."

Jacob smiled at her. "It definitely will. Thanks again, Mom... I love you."

Karen smiled, then leaned in and kissed Jacob's forehead. "I love you too, Baby." She glanced over at the alarm clock and said, "We better get moving."

Karen rolled away from him and sat up onto the side of the bed, then slowly stood up. She was trying her best not to drip all over the floor. She looked down at herself and stated, "I am a total mess."

Jacob sat up and took in the vision of his gorgeous mom covered with his cum. "Don't worry, Mom, I think you look fantastic." While she walked over to the closet to get a towel, Karen gave him a sly look, shook her head, and said, "Men."

After cleaning herself up as best she could, Karen collected her panties from the bed and said, "I need to take a shower. Your dad will be home soon." As she collected her clothes and hair clips, Karen looked over at her son as he lay on the bed. He appeared to be watching her while he slowly stroked his cock. "Goodness, Jake, what are you doing?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "It's still hard." With a grin, he asked, "Do you think we have time for another go?"

Karen scoffed, "NO! We don't have time for another go." She draped her dress and undergarments over her left arm. "I think you've had more than enough for today, young man." Motioning with her right hand, "You need to clean up in here before your dad gets home."

Disappointed, Jacob responded, "Okay, Mom." He then got up and began to pick up his discarded clothes.

Karen walked over and unlocked the door to leave. As she left the room, she called back, "Be sure to change those bedsheets."

"Yes, ma'am!" Jacob replied as he watched his naked mother walk down the hallway, his eyes glued to her beautifully round backside. Once she disappeared into her room and closed the door, Jacob went to his bed and began to strip off the sheets. Mentally, he checked off another goal from his list. Now he could start to formulate plans to move things to the next level.

Chapter 5

On Saturday night, the Mitchell family went out for dinner to celebrate Jacob's accomplishment of scoring 1520 on the SAT's. In honour of his fantastic achievement, they made the one-hour drive to his favourite restaurant. As usual, on most nights, the

Crab King was packed. But luckily, Karen was clever enough to make a reservation a couple of days before.

At their table, Karen was sitting next to her husband, Robert. She had chosen to wear an outfit that would hopefully pique her husband's interest. She was wearing her favorite black pencil skirt that hugged nicely to her womanly curves and came down to about one-inch short of her knees. Her emerald green form-fitting top exposed a respectable amount of eye-catching cleavage. Her efforts appeared to be working as she had found him throughout the evening, taking several glances down her blouse at her expanded bust size.

Karen deeply loved her husband with all her heart; however, love was not the issue. Recently, her libido had skyrocketed to levels she had not experienced in years... or maybe ever. With Robert's increased workload and long hours at the office, their bedroom activities continued to take a backseat, which left her frustrated. She found herself resorting to masturbating more and more in an attempt to keep her arousal in check; however, it could not in any way fulfill her need for the closeness and intimacy shared with her husband.

Across the table from Karen sat her son, Jacob. He was in an animated conversation with Rachel and his Grandpa George. As she watched her second-born interact with his older sister and grandfather, she could not help but think how proud she was of him. It seemed like yesterday she was dropping him off for his first day of kindergarten. She could vividly remember how scared he was that day and the feel of his little hand grasping hers in a death grip. Now here he was taking his SATs and applying to

colleges. Her little man was growing up... where had the time gone?

Along with great pride, she also felt utter guilt as her thoughts went back to two days ago when their last 'session' went entirely off the rails. Not only did she slip up and have intercourse with her teenage son, again, but she also crossed yet another sinful boundary.

Karen reluctantly gave in to Jacob's persistent begging for her to take off her clothes. He argued that it would help with his imagination when trying to 'finish' on his own. In an attempt to keep a small amount of dignity, she decided to at least stay in her panties. Embarrassingly, however, she put up very little of a fight when her son pulled the final barrier down off her hips and tossed them aside like an afterthought.

As shameful as the experience had been, she could not deny that it was one of the most intense sexual experiences she could ever remember. Her teenage son, with his ungodly appendage, was taking her to orgasmic heights she never knew existed. That was another reason she desperately wanted... no... needed to reconnect with Robert on an intimate level. She began to fear if something didn't change soon, she may journey too far down this dark path, from which there may be no return.

Karen looked over at her husband by her side. They locked eyes, and Robert smiled at her, then he leaned in and kissed her cheek. He whispered, "You look fabulous tonight, Honey."

Smiling, Karen leaned in close and whispered, "Thank you, Sweetheart. If you think this is nice, you should see what's underneath." She leaned back and gave her husband a naughty look.

Putting his hand on Karen's knee, Robert responded, "Well, maybe you and I should skip dinner, and you can show me." They both broke out into a snicker. Flirting with her husband made her feel good, and in turn, she could feel some of the guilt lift off her shoulders.

Across the table, George handed Jacob an envelope and said, "Here you go, Buddy." Jacob smiled as he accepted the offering from his grandfather.

"What's that, Daddy?" Karen asked her father with a confused expression.

Looking back to his daughter, George replied, "Oh, it's nothing. Just a little something for my grandson. I wanted to show him how proud I am of his accomplishment."

After opening the envelope, Jacob pulled out five \$100 bills. "Woah!! Thanks, Grandpa!!"

George smiled, "You're welcome, Kiddo. I hope you can put it to good use."

Karen put up her hand, "Daddy... No. That is way too much!!"

"Oh, Sweetheart, it's not that much. Besides, I gave more than this to Rachel when she got married."

Rachel confirmed, "Grandpa's right, Mom... he gave Scott and me a lot more."

Shaking her head at Rachel, Karen replied, "That was different. He gave you that money to help with the down payment on your house. Not to blow on comic books and other nonsense."

George leaned in, "Karen... Please let Jake keep it. Just think of it as a... reward for all his hard work."

While stuffing the money back into the envelope, Jacob looked at Karen and smiled. "Yeah, Mom, it's a reward."

Without thinking, Karen leaned in towards Jacob, "I think you have gotten more than enough 'rewards' already young man." As soon as the words left her lips, she could feel her cheeks begin to burn. She quickly picked up her glass and took a sip of water.

Rachel looked over to her brother. "Really? What else have you gotten, Squirt?"

Panicking, Karen tried to think of something. Luckily, Jacob was quick on his feet, and he spat out, "Video games!"

Robert chimed in and asked, "Which ones did you get?"

Without missing a beat, Jacob replied, "Minecraft and Call of Duty."

Robert then responded, "I've heard those are great games. Maybe you can let your old man play them sometime?"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Sure, Dad, just as soon as I get them back. I left them over at Matt's house earlier today."

Feeling her heart begin to beat again, Karen sighed with relief. She then made a mental note to take her son to the mall as soon as possible to purchase those particular games. It was wrong to let him tell lies, but in this situation, Karen felt she had no choice.

"What are you going to do with all that loot?" Robert asked his son.

Giving her husband a stern look, "Rob, don't encourage him." Karen then turned back to her father, "Daddy, I still say that is way too much. You should take it back."

George waved her off. "That's nonsense! Besides, the boy will need money when he goes off to college."

Robert leaned in, "Dad is right, Honey. Maybe you should just let him keep it. He'll be going off to school before you know it."

Karen thought for a few seconds and then looked at her father, "Okay, as long as you're sure."

Jacob pumped his fist. "YESSS!!"

Holding out her hand to Jacob, Karen firmly stated, "In the meantime, I'll be taking that, Mister Money Bags."

The smile drained from Jacob's face. "What? But... but Mom!"

Cutting her eyes at Jacob, "Don't 'but mom' me. It's all going into your savings account."

Reluctantly, Jacob sighed and then handed the envelope across the table to his mother and muttered, "Dang it, Mom. You're no fun."

Karen took the money and said, "Maybe I'm not, but as your Grandpa George said, it's for college." After slipping the envelope into her purse, she then looked back to Jacob and added, "And watch your language."

A couple of hours later, Robert was driving the family back home in his Ford Expedition. He and Karen sat upfront, holding hands and chatting while George had the middle row all to himself. He was beginning to nod off.

Jacob and Rachel occupied the very back row. They both had their cell phones. Rachel was texting her husband, giving him details about the family's evening, and how much she missed him being there.

Rachel just happened to glance over at her brother in the dark to find him submerged in one of his mobile video games. His face, which lit up from the soft glow of the screen, had a look of total concentration. It was similar to the expression he wore the other week just before she coaxed the second load of cum to erupt from his massive cock.

When Rachel returned home that week, her body was in a state of constant arousal. Rachel had always had a powerful sex drive, but now it seemed to have kicked up a notch. Without Scott around for help, she resorted to masturbation... usually in the morning and then again in the evenings.

One day she didn't even make it home; she ended up relieving herself at work locked inside a bathroom stall. During these times, she tried to think of Scott, but her mind kept slipping

back to Jacob. Maybe not so much, Jacob himself, but more about his magnificent phallus.

When Scott finally arrived back home from his trip, Rachel practically raped him as soon as he entered the house. Even though he had no clue what she had done with her brother, he was happy to be reaping some pretty cool benefits.

Now, sitting beside her brother in the back seat, Rachel could feel the arousal returning as his scent began to take effect. She once again felt the overwhelming desire to see, hold, and taste the incredible beast that hung between her brother's legs.

After she finished texting with Scott, Rachel put away her phone. She then called out to Karen, "Hey Mom? Would you please turn up the radio. I like this song."

Karen called back, "Sure thing, Honey. I like this one, too."

When the music got louder, Rachel scotched across the seat closer to her brother. Jacob looked up from his phone and said, "I didn't know you like 80's music."

Rachel scoffed, "I don't, Silly, it's just a cover. I wanted to talk to you without everyone else hearing."

Jacob nodded. "Oh, Okay."

As Jacob began to put his device away, Rachel grabbed his arm, "No, Doofus... act like you're still using it." She then positioned herself so that it appeared she and Jacob were looking at his phone together.

Pretending to scroll through his phone, Jacob asked, "What did you want to talk about?" He could smell her sweet perfume, and it reminded him of that night in his bedroom. The erotic memory, along with her delightful scent, caused his dick to come to life.

In a low voice, Rachel asked, "How has your 'problem' been lately?"

Jacob looked up into his sister's pretty face and replied, "Oh, about the same, I guess."

Keeping her voice low, "Have you had time to relieve yourself today?"

Jacob shook his head 'no.' All of a sudden, he felt his sister's hand rubbing against his growing erection. His eyes went wide with surprise. The stimulation made his cock expand even more.

A devious smile appeared on Rachel's face, "Would you like some help?"

Before Jacob could answer, the loud music disappeared. Their mother's voice rang out, "What are you doing back there?" The siblings jerked their heads up and looked towards their mom. They both had the "deer in the headlights look" on their faces.

Karen was turned in her seat, looking back at her kids, "It appears you two are conspiring about something."

With her mother unable to see anything, Rachel tightened her grip on her brother's cock then giggled as she replied, "No, Mom. We're just watching some funny cat videos."

Karen laughed. "Cat videos? Uh-huh!! Sounds fishy to me, Rachel." She shook her finger at her daughter, "Even when you were kids, you were always finding ways to get your little brother into trouble."

Jacob held up his phone, "Honestly, Mom... we're just watching videos on Facebook."

Robert called out, "Whatever you have planned, Rach, don't get him arrested or anything."

Laughing, Karen slapped his arm. "Rob!! Don't give her any ideas!"

Rachel continued to slowly rub her hand against her brother's erection and responded, "Don't worry, Daddy." She then looked into Jacob's eyes and said, "I'll take real good care of him."

Later that night, Jacob's bedroom door opened suddenly. He looked over from his computer screen to see Rachel quickly come into the room. She then softly closed the door and immediately locked it.

She walked over and stood next to Jacob's computer chair. Jacob was a little disappointed that she was not wearing her usual sleeping attire. Tonight, she was wearing an old bulky green bathrobe, much different than her usual skimpy tops and shorts.

Turning back to his computer, Jacob asked, "Did you forget to do something?"

With a confused look, Rachel replied, "Huh? Oh, you mean the knocking thing?"

While still looking at the monitor, Jacob nodded.

Rachel replied, "Really, Jake? With what we have been doing lately, I think that ship has sailed, don't you?"

Jacob smiled and said, "Boundaries... remember?"

"Pffffffttt," Rachel scoffed in response. As she plopped down on the side of the bed, her brother's overpowering scent filled her nostrils. Rachel then picked up the miniature version X-Wing fighter that was sitting on Jacob's desk. As she examined the plastic toy, she said, "I forgot to tell you that Mom and I went to the mall today."

"Dang, I wish I had known, I would have liked to have gone to the comic book store."

Rachel set the toy X-wing back down and picked up a miniature TIE-fighter. "We went while you were over at Matthew's house. Mom told me she needed to get some new swimsuits." Rachel then grabbed his arm, "Oh, get this; I was able to talk her into getting some that weren't so old fashioned and conservative."

Jacob stopped typing and looked at his sister. "You did? Wait... our mom bought a swimsuit that YOU picked out?"

Smiling, Rachel responded, "Uh-huh! Some proper bikinis if you can believe it. Of course, she resisted at first, but I was eventually able to talk her into it."

Leaning towards his sister, Jacob asked, "How did you do that?"

Setting the toy TIE-fighter back on the desk, Rachel answered, "I just told her how fabulous she would look. That she shouldn't hide such a great figure in swimsuits meant for old ladies." Rachel then laid back flat on the bed. She looked up at the toy spaceships hanging from the ceiling, "I even talked her into getting some thong panties. I think she's wearing a pair of them tonight." She then turned her head towards Jacob. "Dad's in for a real treat!"

To keep up appearances, Jacob scrunched up his face, "Ewwww gross, Rachel! That's TMI." However, his teenage mind drifted as he imagined his conservative mother wearing sexy underwear picked out by his sister. Mindlessly, he began to massage his erection that was growing in his shorts.

Raising onto her elbows, Rachel caught Jacob stroking himself. She giggled and asked, "Is my little brother having a problem?"

Jacob nodded in response.

Rachel sighed and stood up from the bed and faced her brother. Jacob's attention immediately went to his sister's hands that began untying the knotted sash. The soft lighting from the lamp was setting off a sparkle from her wedding ring.

As Rachel continued to work the sash, she commented, "I didn't tell this you earlier, but... I, too, have a reward for you." Slowly, she opened her robe, then slid the bulky garment off her

shoulders and let it drop behind her onto the floor. She looked up and smiled. "I hope you like it."

Jacob's eyes bugged out, and his mouth dropped open. His sister was wearing nothing but a sexy black bra and panty set. Luckily there was enough lighting this time that allowed him to appreciate his sister in all her glory.

After standing there for a few seconds and no response, Rachel put her hands on her hips and asked, "Well, Dork? What do you think?"

All Jacob could get out was a faint "Wow!". His eyes continued to scan up and down her gorgeous body.

Rachel giggled, "That's the reaction I was hoping for." She then slowly spun around, giving her brother the full view. The G-string panties causing her shapely backside to resemble a juicy peach, just waiting to be devoured. "I picked this up at the mall today."

"To-today? You mean... Scott hasn't seen this yet?"

Again facing him, Rachel shook her head, "No, but after seeing your reaction, he will very soon."

A smile formed on Jacob's face. "Thanks for letting me see it first."

Rachel adjusted the bra strap, causing her breasts to jiggle around a bit. Her gold cross pendant beacons to Jacob from its cozy home between his sister's luscious tits. "No prob. I was originally going to get you a video game or something. But then I thought you might like this instead."

Jacob's grin widened, "Oh, definitely! I like this much better!"

Smiling from his comment, Rachel noticed her brother still rubbing his crotch. She whispered, "So... you want some help with that?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yeah, that would be great." He then looked over at the door. "But, do you think it's safe?"

Turning her head and glancing in the same direction, Rachel shrugged her shoulders, then turned back and said, "Sure, why not?" She then climbed onto the bed; Jacob admired the way the string disappeared between her perfectly shaped and naked ass cheeks.

Sitting on her knees facing Jacob, she said, "Don't forget, I locked the door when I came in." A smile formed on her pretty face, "Besides, I think Mom has plans to keep Dad quite busy tonight."

Standing up from his chair, Jacob took off his tee-shirt. "What about Grandpa George, he's spending the night, remember?"

Reaching both arms behind her back, Rachel scoffed, "Don't worry about Grandpa. He was out like a light as soon as we got home." After she got the final hook released, Rachel took off her bra and dropped it on the floor. Her firm and perky c-cups slightly jiggled on her chest.

Jacob was simply captivated as he grabbed hold of his rigid cock. The sight of his almost naked sister kneeling on his bed was simply breathtaking.

Staring at his crotch, Rachel whispered, "C'mon, Squirt, take those shorts off and get up here." She then looked Jacob in his eyes and gave him a naughty grin, "We need to continue your training."

A while later, Rachel lay on her brother's bed, wearing only her black panties. She was on her back with her head resting on a soft pillow, and Jacob straddling her flat tummy. She tightly gripped the sides of her supple, round tits while her brother constantly sawed his dick back and forth in between them.

Jacob looked up from Rachel's titties and the two locked eyes. She smiled up at her brother and asked, "You like this a lot, huh?"

Breathlessly, Jacob nodded and grunted, "Uh-huh!!

Rachel decided to tease him, and she whispered, "You like titty fucking your big sister?"

The dirty talk excited Jacob even more, causing him to thrust his hips faster. "Oh yeah!!"

Still staring into his eyes, Rachel asked, "Are you gonna shoot your big load all over them for me?" Rachel typically would save this kind of dirty talk for Scott, but due to her increasingly aroused state, she could not seem to help herself.

Jacob staring into his sister's beautiful green eyes, squeaked out, "Yes... yes!!" He watched as Rachel would lick his engorged head each time it thrust forward from between her wonderfully soft tits.

Rachel could sense that he was nearing the finish line. She could see the same tell-tale look of concentration on his face. Tightening the grip of her boobs around his bloated shaft, she whispered the words, "Go ahead... cum on... my tits!"

That was the push Jacob needed. His hips went into overdrive as he gritted his teeth and groaned, "It's coming!!"

Rachel took hold of her brother's trembling cock with both hands and aimed it towards her chest. She furiously stroked his

chemically enhanced penis as it blasted her with the incredible load stored in his oversized aching balls.

The sensations overloaded Jacob's system, and with his eyes tightly shut, he could not help but howl at the moon, "AAAAHHHHHHH!!" Rachel continued the incestuous handjob while her neck and chest got covered in her brother's thick and creamy goo.

When finished, Jacob opened his eyes to find Rachel had her lips tightly wrapped around the head of his cock. She was sucking on the spongy tip in an attempt to get every last delicious drop. He was about to thank her when there was a noise from outside his door. It sounded as if someone had tried to turn the doorknob.

Startled, they both jerked their heads around and looked toward the door. Jacob whispered, "Do you think-?"

Rachel quickly shushed him by putting her index finger up to her lips. They both stayed as quiet as possible, while Rachel mindlessly continued to pump her brother's shaft very slowly.

After a minute or so, Rachel motioned for Jacob to let her up. They quickly got off the bed, and Rachel went straight to the closet for a towel. In haste, she wiped herself off and then promptly put her robe back on.

As Rachel tied the sash, she whispered, "Just to be safe; we better cut it short." Seeing the disappointment on Jacob's face,

she added, "Besides, we better get some sleep. We have church in the morning."

Jacob sighed then nodded, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Starting towards the door, Rachel suddenly stopped and looked all around the floor, "Where did I leave my... Ah... there it is!" She picked up her discarded bra from the floor and held it up, "Don't want to forget this."

Jacob chuckled and said, "True, I'd have a tough time explaining that one to Mom."

Rachel giggled and then said, "Goodnight, Dork!" She then slowly opened the door. Once seeing that no one was around, she made a quick dash across the hall to her room.

On Sunday afternoon, Jacob and Rachel were out by the pool. After swimming for a while, Rachel decided to work on her tan. She laid out in a lime green string bikini; her lightly tanned skin was glistening in the hot afternoon sun. She was lying on her tummy on one of the lounge chairs while scrolling through her cell phone.

Jacob was sitting close by on the pool's edge with his feet dangling in the refreshing water. As they talked, he could not

help but continuously check out his gorgeous sister. With her blonde hair and dark sunglasses, she resembled some kind of Hollywood starlet.

This moment was their first time being alone together since last night. Jacob took the opportunity and asked, "So, do you think there was someone outside the door?"

As Rachel raised higher onto her elbows, it gave Jacob a perfect view of her mouthwatering cleavage. He watched as a bead of sweat rolled down her neck and disappeared between her soft globes.

"Keep your voice down, Dork.!" Rachel glanced around to ensure no one else was near. "I don't know for sure, but if someone thought I was in there with you, I would think something would have been said by now."

At that moment, Rachel noticed Karen walking out the back door and heading their way, carrying a tray of cold drinks. She sat up straight and whispered, "So don't worry... I think we're safe." She then immediately called out, "HEY, MOM!!"

Karen replied as she walked up to them, "Hey, you two!" She then looked over at Jacob, "Jake, Honey, did you remember sunscreen?"

Jacob hopped up and took two glasses from the tray; he handed one to his sister. In a slightly frustrated tone, he replied, "Yes, Ma'am... see?" He motioned to the bottle on the patio table.

Sitting back on the lounge, Rachel took off her sunglasses and laughed, "I don't think you have to worry, Mom. That sunscreen's SPF is so high; the squirt could probably survive a nuclear blast."

Putting up her hand, Karen said to Rachel, "Forgive me for being cautious. However, unlike you, Jake has a fair skin tone, and unfortunately, he burns very easily."

Jacob added, "Don't worry, Mom, I used plenty of the stuff earlier."

After taking several refreshing sips of lemonade, Rachel asked, "Hey, Mom. Why don't you put on one of your new suits and come join us?"

Karen replied, "I would like that, but your dad and I are about to run out to the grocery store. I think he wants to grill steaks tonight."

Excitedly Jacob reacted, "Cool! I'll take a ribeye."

Looking at Rachel, Karen asked, "How about you, Honey, are you staying tonight or heading back to Atlanta?"

Putting her sunglasses back on, Rachel replied, "Since Scott is not getting home until tomorrow evening, I was going to stay here tonight and then drive back in the morning." Hearing that gave Jacob a slight thrill as he hoped she might pay him another late-night visit.

"Wonderful! That means I get both my babies for one more night." Karen then added as she turned to go back into the house, "Oh, I almost forgot... your grandpa is going with us. He wants to stop by the hardware store." After taking a few steps, Karen called out over her shoulder, "We'll be back in a little while... you two behave yourselves."

In unison, the siblings replied, "Yes, Ma'am!"

Later on, Jacob followed his sister up the staircase, his eyes glued to her bikini-clad backside. The cold water in the pool had helped keep his thing under control. However, now he could feel it begin to awaken.

When they arrived at the end of the hallway, Rachel went into her room and Jacob into his. Before Jacob could fully close his door, he heard his sister, "Hey Squirt, where are you going?"

Jacob turned and saw Rachel across the hall, leaning against the door frame. Walking into his doorway, he replied, "In here to change clothes."

Dropping her head, Rachel laughed, "I swear Jake, sometimes you can be so dense." She took off her sunglasses that rested on top of her head and tossed them on her dresser. "We have the entire house to ourselves. Don't you want to take advantage of it?" She slowly shook her head, "We really have to work on your assertiveness."

Jacob felt his cock jerk in his swimming trunks. "Do you think we have enough time?"

"Why not?" Rachel replied. "You have to remember, whenever Mom goes to the grocery store, she's going to be at least an hour or so." Shrugging her shoulders, "Buuuuuut—. " She then turned away from Jacob and walked back into her room.

Rachel stood by her bed with her back to Jacob. He watched as her delicate hands began to untie the knots in her bikini top. She called out, "If you don't want to continue from last night... I guess I under—" That's when Rachel heard the click of the lock. She spun back around, holding the loosened top to her chest to find Jacob standing in front of her closed door.

Jacob's swimming trunks lay at his feet, and his hand tightly gripped his shaft. "I definitely want to continue."

Moments later, Jacob was lying on his back in Rachel's bed, and his sister feverishly worked his cock with her hands and mouth. Her right hand slid up and down the shaft while her left hand gently cradled his swollen cum-filled balls.

Jacob happened to glance to his left and caught sight of Rachel's old brown teddy bear, Buster, that had fallen on its side. His seeing her childhood toy suddenly brought back an old memory.

When he was a young child, Jacob was deathly afraid of thunder and lightning. Many summer nights, when rough storms would roll through, Jacob would flee across the hall to his sister's room. She would pull back the covers and welcome her younger brother into the sanctuary of her warm bed. Rachel would then spoon behind Jacob and wrap him in the safety of her arms.

Even today, the sound of thunder reminds him of those moments of his big sister taking care of him. Now, she was an adult married woman and yet still tending to his needs. However, she was now helping him in ways no sister should ever help her brother.

As Rachel continued with the sinful blowjob, Jacob's chemically enhanced pheromones worked their magic, and she was burning with sexual arousal. She could not figure out why her body did this to her. Why was it so easy to forsake her marriage vows? She loved her husband dearly and would never want to hurt him in any way, but for now, her body did not seem to care.

Rachel suddenly raised and sat back on her heels. Jacob looked up at her with a confused look. She said to him, "Switch places with me." The siblings quickly swapped positions, and now Jacob was at Rachel's feet.

Digging her heels into the mattress, Rachel hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini bottoms. Lifting her ass off the bed, she whispered, "Let's get these out of the way." Jacob watched as she slid the damp garment down her long legs and, with her right foot, slung them onto the floor.

Slowly spreading her legs, Rachel revealed her most intimate treasure to her brother. Jacob was in awe as he gazed upon the lovely sight of his beautiful sister laid out before him. His eyes worked their way from her ample breasts, down to the lovely naked mound between her beautiful legs.

As Rachel ran her middle finger between the folds of her clean-shaven pussy, she softly spoke, "Do you want me to teach you something new?" Jacob nodded. A smile spread across Rachel's face. Spreading her legs wider, she motioned with her hand and said, "Okay... get down in here."

Not having to be told twice, Jacob laid down on his stomach and positioned his head between her splayed open long legs. Firmly gripping Rachel's thighs, he lowered his head and tentatively licked her juicy slit. He found the taste to be sweet with just a hint of chlorine from the pool water.

The sudden contact made Rachel squeal. "Ohhh!!" Placing her right hand on the back of Jacob's head, she whispered, "Go slow." She watched and guided her brother. "Yes, Jake! Lick me... right there. That's good." After being left high and dry the night before, Rachel could feel the tension building quickly. She

laid her head back on the pillow and began squeezing her left breast.

Rachel continued to coach her brother, "Yes! Keep going! Just like that." She began to slowly roll her hips and pull on the back of Jacob's head to direct his movements. "Go faster! Oh yeah... that's it!!" As she neared orgasm, she tightly closed her eyes and began pinching both her sensitive nipples.

Jacob continued the oral assault on his sister's sweet pussy. The lewd sounds of his tongue lapping at her wet folds increased Rachel's excitement. "Yes! Yes, Jake!!" Rachel gyrated her hips faster as her brother's tongue worked on her clit and brought her to a much-needed release, "OHHHHH JAAAAAKKE!!"

Rachel tightly clamped Jacob's head between her soft feminine thighs. She violently convulsed as the relentless shockwaves of her orgasm surged throughout her body.

As Rachel slowly recovered, she pushed on Jacob's head, "Easy... easy Jake!! It's very sensitive right now."

Jacob raised up and sat back on his heels and looked down at Rachel for a few moments. She lay before him enjoying the afterglow with her legs splayed open and eyes closed. He noticed the sparkle of her wedding ring as her left hand lazily traced the outer edges of her wet and hairless vagina.

Opening her eyes, Rachel saw her brother's mouth and chin glistening with her pussy juice. She saw him staring between her legs and, at the same time, he was slowly stroking his stiff cock. Slightly smiling, she asked, "You alright?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Oh yeah." He looked into her eyes, "Did I do, okay?"

Rachel's smile widened, and she giggled. "Yes... you did fine." She then held up her hand, her fingers shiny and wet, "Better than fine, I would say." Glancing down, she noticed his hand pumping the shaft faster. "Now, we need to take care of that."

Even though she had just experienced a mind-blowing orgasm, Rachel's body still hummed with intense arousal. Needing to cum again, she came up with an idea. What she had planned was somewhat dangerous, but at the moment, her logical side was taking a vacation.

Rachel sat up and got off the bed. She then motioned towards the spot where she had been lying, "Lie down for me." Jacob did what she asked and watched as his sister got back on the bed and straddled his legs. Her naked pussy nestled against the base of his painfully hard cock.

Noticing the confused look on her brother's face, Rachel laughed. "Don't get any bright ideas, Dork." She grabbed hold of the fleshy monster and began to slide her hand up and down. "Remember,

this thing of yours is not going inside, but I do have an idea that I think you may like."

Rachel pushed the giant dick flat against his stomach. She then proceeded to mount her brother, placing her dripping wet pussy along the bottom side of his throbbing organ. With the lips of her vagina, kissing the hard veiny shaft, she grabbed onto the round bars of the metal headboard and began to slide herself back and forth.

As Rachel got into a steady rhythm, her clit continuously scraped against the underside of Jacob's rigid phallus, causing sparks of pleasure to fire off throughout her body. She couldn't help but moan with delight. "Ohhhhhhh!! Mmmmmmm!!"

Rachel opened her eyes and noticed Jacob staring up at her breasts as they swung just inches from his face. "Jake! Play with... my tits!" Jacob immediately took both of his sister's bouncing boobs into his hands. He squeezed her fleshy globes and gently pinched her hardened nipples. The extra stimulation dramatically increased the speed on which Rachel was traveling towards another orgasm. "Ohhhh!! Yessss!!"

Now furiously grinding the entire length of Jacob's cock from base to tip, Rachel desperately sawed her hips with fluid motions like the piston of an old steam locomotive. Her body was receiving an extra jolt every time her clit came into contact with the bulbous head of Jacob's dick. She let go of the headboard and lowered herself in an attempt to better the angle of contact.

Sensing his orgasm approaching, Jacob began to thrust upward in an attempt to cross the finish line. Rachel raised her hips and allowed her brother to help. "Yes Jake! That feels... so goood!!" Jacob tightly held Rachel's hips as he fervently worked over her sopping wet vagina with his massive tool.

As good as it felt, Rachel began to feel concerned as Jacob's cock worked its way deeper between her slick folds. She could feel it banging on the door to her married pussy. She tried to warn her brother, "Jake! Oh! Please be careful! Ohhhhhhh!! You can't!! OOOHHHHH!!!"

At that very moment, the head of Jacob's monster penetrated the doorway to Rachel's sacred chamber. The siblings immediately stopped their movements and looked into each other's shocked faces.

Whispering to his sister, "Oh crap!! Rachel, I'm so sorry." Jacob desperately wanted to thrust deeper into Rachel's hot pussy, but he held off to see how she would react.

Grimacing a little, Rachel replied, "It's okay. Ugggghh! Just... stay... still." She couldn't help but rotate her hips a little. "Oh, my God!" Her body lowered just a little bit, taking in another inch. Shaking her head, "No! I can't... do this!"

As Jacob tightened his grip on Rachel's curvy hips, he watched his sister fight against her body's natural urges. Rachel's mind flashed to the thoughts of her husband. Up to this point, she

could somewhat rationalize her actions, but this would indeed be a significant act of infidelity.

With her eyes closed and teeth gritted, Rachel took another inch. Shaking her head, she whispered, "I can't do this!" Her mind was telling her to stop, but her body wouldn't listen. Another inch slipped in. Rachel muttered, "I really shouldn't... do this!" Her voice laced with a hint of surrender.

During the next couple minutes, Rachel moaned in sweet agony as her pussy swallowed her brother's massive dick inch by inch. She grunted, "Oh God!!" A smile broke out on Jacob's face as it was evident that Rachel was losing the battle. His mighty cock was about to lay claim to another married woman in his life.

Finally, she hit bottom and slowly sat up straight on Jacob's lap. She looked down at her brother in bewilderment. "Oh! Jake! It's sooooo BIG!!" For a few moments, Rachel slowly rolled her hips, trying to adjust to his incredible girth. To steady herself, she placed both of her hands onto Jacob's narrow chest. She closed her eyes as she enjoyed the incredible sensations that radiated throughout her body.

Overcome by the sight of his sister, Jacob groaned, "Oh, Rachel...it feels amazing!"

Hearing her brother's voice snapped her out of the dream-like state. Reality set in, and she said, "I know we shouldn't do this. Ohhhh!! But I... I can't... stop!" She began gyrating faster. "We'll

do it. Ughhhh! This one time." Then with a pleading look on her face, she said, "But you can't... Ohhhhh!! Tell anyone!!"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "I won't, Rachel, I promise." With that, Rachel gave in to sinful desire and let herself go. In her mind, she apologized to Scott. Doing this was so wrong, but it felt too damn good to stop. She told herself just do it this one time, and that would be it. No one would ever know.

Jacob once again found himself in absolute euphoria as he watched his sister find her rhythm. As her vagina adjusted more and more to the size of Jacob's enormous cock, Rachel began to go faster and harder.

Rachel was lost in her own little world as she sped along the fast track towards another orgasm. Her eyes were closed, and she squeezed a boob with her left hand. Jacob watched as the gold cross pendant around her neck would bounce off her right breast in perfect sync with her up and down movements.

The motions of Rachel's body became more erratic and twitchy as she got closer to her climax. Nothing else mattered at the moment as her thoughts were solely bent on reaching that magnificent summit.

"Oh, yes! Ohhhhh God!! I'm... almost... THERE!!" Rachel then grabbed both breasts and pinched her painfully hard nipples. She threw her head back and yelled to the heavens, "OHHHHH YEESSSS!!" Her body immediately froze as she took flight in a

glorious orgasm. Jacob could feel his sister's pussy spasm around his cock as her body shivered from the immense pleasure surging through her nerves endings.

After a while, Rachel caught her breath and looked down at Jacob. "Wow, Jake! That was... something else!!" She gently rocked her hips and pushed the hair back out of her face. "Are you close?"

Reaching up, Jacob cupped both of her tits in his hands. He gave them a gentle squeeze causing Rachel to moan softly. He then smiled and replied, "Somewhat, I guess."

Continuing to slowly gyrate on her brother's lap, Rachel whispered, "Somewhat? Dang, Squirt! This thing is going to wear me out." Hopping up off Jacob's lap, Rachel could not help but feel the odd emptiness left in the void of her dripping wet vagina. She knew just the remedy.

Rachel was a little surprised by her behavior. Generally, after two orgasms with Scott, she would have been more than satisfied. Yet her body still buzzed with arousal and excitement. Rachel figured if this was going to be a one-time thing, she might as well take full advantage.

Positioned on her hands and knees, Rachel looked back over her shoulder and caught Jacob staring at her ass with a slack-jawed look on his face. While wiggling her butt, she giggled and said, "Get up behind me. This time you can do some of the work."

Personally, doggie-style was Rachel's favorite... in this position she never failed to cum and cum hard.

Wasting no time, Jacob scrambled up behind his sister. His pulse quickened as he realized another one of his fantasies was about to become a reality. Placing his hands on her curvy hips, Jacob looked down at his sister's shapely backside.

He couldn't help but notice the crinkly pink star nestled between her cushiony butt cheeks. His mind immediately wondered if his brother-in-law had yet to explore her final frontier. He thought seriously about running his finger across the forbidden orifice, but not wanting to risk turning her off, he decided against it.

Reaching back between her legs, Rachel took hold of Jacob's cock. She then spread her knees wider to accommodate her brother's stature as he was much shorter than her husband.

Rubbing the bulbous head against her opening, she told him, "Now Jake, I need you to go in nice and sloooOWWWWW!!"

Overcome with excitement, Jacob could not help but slide half of his length inside his sister with one stroke. Rachel jerked her head around, "Watch it, Dork! You have to slow down!"

Jacob grimaced. "Sorry, Rach!"

She then turned her head back and looked down at the pink bedding. "Just be still. Let me work it in." Over the next couple

of minutes, Rachel groaned and bit her bottom lip as she slowly impaled herself on Jacob's gigantic spear. She slowly inched herself backward until finally, her flawless ass cheeks butted up against her brother's crotch.

The heat from Rachel's pussy felt like a furnace. Jacob tightened the grip on his sister's hips and whispered, "Oh yeah, Rachel! That feels awesome!!"

Rachel tightly clutched at her comforter and groaned from the overwhelming feeling of fullness. She began to roll her hips slowly in a circular motion. Once able to accommodate his size better, she then said, "Okay Jake... now just take it nice and easy."

Jacob began to push and pull gently, getting into a slow, steady rhythm. It didn't take long for Rachel's groans of discomfort to become moans of pleasure as her little brother fucked her from behind.

Taking her moans as a positive sign, Jacob gradually sped up his hips and lengthened his strokes. Eventually, he was thrusting in and out of his sister at a good steady pace. Every time he hit bottom, Rachel would squeak out, alternating between the words. "Oh! Yes! Oh! Yes!"

The constant pounding was pushing Rachel once again closer and closer to the edge. She was now supporting herself on her forearms, grasping tightly to her pillow, and could feel an orgasm

welling up inside of her ready to explode. "Ohhhh! Yes, Jake! Harder! HARDER!!"

Her brother dug his fingers deeper into her soft fleshy hips and slammed into her like there was no tomorrow, quickly setting off the orgasm bomb with a mighty explosion. Rachel couldn't help but scream, "OHHHH MMMYYYYYY GGAAAAAAA!!" Jacob's hips continually banged into his sister's upturned ass while she screamed into her pillow. "NNNNGGGGGHHHHHH!!"

The exquisite feeling of her twitching vagina massaging his shaft had Jacob on the knife's edge. "Oh... Oh... Rachel!!"

Knowing he was about to blow, Rachel found enough energy to say, "No, Jake! Not inside... pull out!" Since she was still on birth control, pregnancy was not a concern. It was her small way to try and keep something exclusive for Scott. She may have let her brother put his thing inside her, but only her husband would be allowed to deposit his essence in her married pussy.

"Oh! Rachel!! I'm gonna CUUUMMM!!" He pulled out, and Rachel, exhausted from three orgasms, fell flat on her stomach. Jacob grabbed his cock and sprayed his massive load all over his sister's voluptuous backside. Some even landing on her shoulders and in her blond hair.

Jacob sat behind Rachel while catching his breath and admiring his artwork. He watched as several streams of his semen trickled

down the sides of her beautifully shaped ass. "Wow! That was awesome, Rachel!"

With her face still buried in her pillow, she mumbled, "Can you please get me a towel?"

"Yeah, sure," Jacob replied.

Rachel could feel Jacob get down from her bed and heard him leave the room. Now that she was coming down from the orgasmic high, she could not help but feel waves of guilt and shame.

Rachel had crossed a strict boundary and broken her promise of fidelity to her husband. What made her feel even worse was that she enjoyed it so much. However, no matter how good it felt, she told herself this could never happen again.

Once Jacob returned, he began gently wiping down his sister with a clean towel. Once finished, he noticed she was quiet and asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

Rachel finally stirred and said, "Yeah, Squirt, I'm fine." She got off the bed and then walked over to get her robe that hung from the bedroom door. The whole time Jacob watched and appreciated his sister's gloriously naked body.

After tying the sash around her waist, Rachel picked 'Buster' up from where he had fallen to the floor. She then sat down onto the bed and hugged the soft and fuzzy teddy bear to her chest. "I'm just a little confused right now."

After pulling his swimming trunks up around his waist, Jacob sat down beside his sister. "Rachel, I'm sorry about.."

Putting her hand up, she cut him off, "No, Jake. Don't apologize." She looked into his brown eyes, "I could have stopped at any time... if anyone's to blame, it's me."

Jacob could sense that she was struggling with the events that just took place. For him, it was amazing, and he was hoping they could do it again sometime. However, he thought it better not to push anything right now, so in an attempt to lighten the mood, he stated, "Well... if it makes you feel any better... at least we didn't break your rule about no kissing."

Rachel looked over at her brother, and a smile broke out on her face. She then shoved Jacob's shoulder, making him fall over. She then laughed and said, "You're such a dork!!"

Sitting back up straight, Jacob scoffed and then responded, "Yeah, well, it is me after all."

After a few seconds, Rachel asked, "How about you? Are you okay?"

Jacob couldn't help but smile. "Yeah... I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Rachel answered, "Well... you just lost your virginity to your sister. Most guys would find that super weird."

"Actually... " Jacob then stopped himself. He almost gave away the fact that she did not take his virginity. Unbeknownst to Rachel, their straight-laced conservative mother laid claim to that honor.

Jacob then started over, "Actually... I'm not like most guys." He then looked into his sister's pretty green eyes, "I'm lucky enough to have a great sister that cares and wants to help me."

Putting her arm around Jacob's shoulder, Rachel responded, "Okay, Dweeb... don't go and get sappy on me." They both chuckled; she pulled her brother to her, and they hugged. After they separated, Rachel stood up from the bed. "Okay... we better get cleaned up and dressed before Mom and Dad get home."

On Tuesday afternoon, Jacob arrived home from school a little later than usual. He had stopped off at Matthew's house for a while so they could play a few video games.

Jacob was pleasantly surprised to see his Mom's Jeep Cherokee parked in the garage. He was under the impression she would be late again, the same as Monday, due to her ladies auxiliary meetings at the church.

Jacob hurried into the house in search of Karen. He wanted to try and talk her into going up to his room before his dad got home from work. Their last 'session' had been Friday, and he was hoping she would agree to help him today.

Entering the kitchen, Jacob yelled out, "Hey, Mom! I'm home!" Hearing no response, he happened to look out the kitchen window and saw her out by the pool. She was lying in a lounge chair, wearing a pair of gray yoga shorts and a white tank top, reading one of her novels. He grabbed a sports drink from the fridge and then went out to join her.

Karen looked up and noticed her son walking towards her. "Well, there's my little man!" She then turned her attention back to her book.

Jacob replied, "Hey, Mom." He sat down on the lounge beside his mother's chair and twisted the top from the bottle. "I thought you had another meeting at the church today?"

"I did." She looked up at her son and continued, "But we finished up early, so I thought I would come out here and take advantage

of the free time." She then turned a page in her book and asked, "How was school?"

After taking a couple of sips of his drink, Jacob replied, "It was okay, I guess. How did your meeting go?"

"Quite well, actually." Karen closed her book and continued, "Turns out our bake sale was a huge success. We raised a good amount of money for the downtown mission. Now we're coming up with ideas for our next fundraiser. I think this time, we're going to have a rummage sale." She set her book on the table beside her and picked up her glass of iced tea. Before putting the straw between her ruby red lips, she inquired, "Speaking of success... is there something you would like to share?"

Jacob cocked his head. "Huh? What do you mean?"

After a sip of tea, Karen smiled, "Don't be coy with me, young man." She lowered her voice, "I heard you in your room Saturday night."

A wave of panic washed over Jacob. Trying to play it cool, he replied, "Saturday night?"

Karen sat up, turned, and faced Jacob. "Uh-huh. I was on my way downstairs when I noticed the light coming from underneath your door. I was going to check on you, but when I tried the doorknob, it was locked. That's when I heard you." She then

arched her eyebrow and returned the straw to her lips for another sip.

Jacob swallowed hard, then replied, "You... you heard me?"

"Yes, Sweetie... I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to listen in, but it sounded like you were able to... finish?"

Jacob's eyes widened, "Y...Yes! I was able to finish... on my own!!" He wanted to make sure his mother thought that he was by himself that night.

Karen smiled, "Well, that's wonderful, Jake!!" She reached over and patted his arm. "Why have you not told me?"

Jacob felt a huge sense of relief because it appeared she bought it. "Well, Mom... I would have, but it took me such a long time I didn't want to get your hopes up. Plus afterward, my penis was very sore for the next day or so."

Karen's voice took on a sound of concern. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Honey. However, I am proud of you for trying on your own and keeping your end of the bargain." The smile returned to her face, "At least there is some improvement, and that's a good sign." She was very hopeful this meant that Jacob was on the path to recovery. Maybe soon, he would no longer need her help.

Jacob replied, "Yeah... I guess you're right." Jacob stalled for a few seconds, then leaned forward and asked, "In the meantime, though, will you still help me?"

Putting her hand on Jacob's shoulder, Karen said, "Yes, of course... as long as you promise to keep trying on your own."

Nodding his head, "Yes, Ma'am... I promise." Jacob then noticed how his mom was leaning forward, and it gave him a perfect view of her epic cleavage. He also saw the glimmer from the locket that dangled between her large pillowy breasts. It was a Mother's Day gift from Robert years ago, and inside the gold pendant were two miniature photos of Rachel and Jacob when they were babies.

Jacob wanted nothing more than to see his mom's magnificent tits up close once again. "So... is Dad working late tonight?"

Reaching over and grabbing her cell phone, Karen replied, "I don't think so. He would usually call or text by now if he was." She checked for any messages then shook her head, "Nope... I guess he'll be on time."

Jacob felt the opportunity slipping away. "Well, I was hoping you could help me before he gets home? I could really use your help."

Karen stood up and responded, "I would Sweetie, but I'm afraid it will have to wait. I still have to cook dinner."

Jacob started to plead, "But Mom, I'm hurting pretty bad today. I think it may be getting backed up." He then reached between his legs and rubbed the growing erection.

Watching the lump in Jacob's crotch expand, Karen could feel her body begin to respond. She vividly remembered the forbidden yet incredible ecstasy that his thing brought to her back on Friday. Her vagina was already starting to lubricate itself, hoping for another visit. Almost disappointed, Karen replied, "Jake, I'm sorry, but there is not enough time right now. We can try tomorrow."

At that very moment, Karen's cell phone alerted her to a text. She picked up her phone from the table, read the message, and typed in a reply. While looking at her phone, she sighed then said, "Well, that was your dad." She then looked down at Jacob, "Looks like he's going to be late after all."

Jacob stood up while he tried to hide his excitement, "Sooooooo..."

Nodding her head, Karen imitated her son, "Sooooooo... I guess this your lucky day." She smiled and ruffled his brown hair, "Go on up to your room... I'll be there in a few minutes."

Jacob could not help but smile, "Cool! Thanks, Mom."

About ten minutes later, Karen opened the door and walked into Jacob's room. Upon entering, she found her son sitting on the side of his bed totally naked. He was slowly stroking his giant cock with his right hand. The shaft was already adequately lubricated from the copious amounts of pre-cum that trickled down over his fingers.

Karen was immediately hit by the overpowering scent that hung heavy in the air and instantly felt the warm tingling sensations course throughout her body. After closing and locking the door, she walked towards Jacob and said, "Well... I see someone is quite eager."

Jacob was pleasantly surprised to see his mom no longer wearing her clothes from earlier. She was now wearing a black satin robe that came down to about mid-thigh. He hoped that she was naked underneath. Letting go of the shaft, he replied, "Sorry, Mom. Like I said earlier... it hurts pretty bad today."

Getting down onto her knees, Karen took hold of the beast with both hands. She noticed it felt thicker than usual... there appeared to be a larger gap between her thumb and fingers. Even the coloring was different... the skin had an angry purplish hue to it. His enlarged testicles also looked to be more swollen than usual. Karen figured it was probably due to the fact he had not gotten any relief in the past few days. She could only imagine the absurd amount of semen that was cooking inside her son's testicles. Semen that she would undoubtedly be feasting on before too long.

As she gently squeezed the shaft with her hands, more pre-cum bubbled up out of the slit. Karen gave a soft moan as she ran her tongue around the head, collecting the creamy discharge. Looking up at Jacob, she said softly, "I'm sorry you're suffering so much today..." She then started pumping his shaft. "But, Mommy's here to help."

Jacob moaned with pleasure while looking down at his mother as she lovingly serviced his throbbing member. The top of Karen's robe had fallen away from her chest, giving him a great view of the top swell of her fantastic tits. He once again wondered if she was naked underneath. "Mom?"

Continuing to bob her head up and down, Karen replied with a "Hhhhhmmmmmm??"

"Just curious... what's with... the robe?"

Karen then pulled her head back and looked up at Jacob. With the back of her left hand, she wiped away the two long strands of spit that hung from her chin. With her right hand, she continued to stroke his cock while she replied, "Well, I gave some thought about what you said the other day, and I decided that perhaps you're right." A confused expression appeared on his handsome face. "I'm talking about your need for something visual."

Jacob's eyes lit up, "Oh, yeah... that really did help." A big smile appeared on his face, "Say Mom, maybe you can get... "

Putting her hand up, Karen interjected, "Jake, let's be straight about something, I am not getting naked." She then let go of his dick and stood up. As she began to untie the sash, "You must remember... that was a one-time thing, and I'm not doing that again." She looked back to Jacob and began to open her robe, "But... I thought maybe this would help."

Jacob's eyes widened as his mother pulled the robe off her shoulders and let it fall behind her. The thin black garment fluttered to the floor and pooled behind her feet. The God-fearing conservative mother of two was wearing a burgundy bra and panty set and looked as if she belonged in a lingerie catalog. In awe of the incredible sight, Jacob whispered, "Holy smokes."

Karen's bra was a skimpy lacy number and appeared to be a size too small. Her massive twin globes looked as if they could pop out of the dainty cups at any second. The thin straps dug deep into her delicate shoulders as they struggled to support the heavy burden.

The matching bikini-cut panties rode high on her hips and further accentuated her extreme womanly curves. Jacob's eyes continued to travel down Karen's long and sexy legs and finished at her cute little feet. He noticed her manicured toes painted the same ruby red as her fingernails.

With no verbal comment from Jacob, Karen began to feel extremely vulnerable and began to wonder if this was a mistake. Jacob started to stroke his dick again and softly asked, "Mom...

can you turn around?" Karen nodded her head and granted her son's request. As she slowly spun around, Jacob appreciated the view of her feminine back with its delicate curves that lead down to her voluptuous heart-shaped ass.

Karen then stood facing Jacob again, and she noticed he now had both hands on this cock. "It's been several years since I wore this." She tugged at the uncomfortable shoulder strap, "I forgot I had gained some weight... this thing used to fit much better."

Jacob was unable to look away. "Wow, Mom... I think you look perfect!!"

Karen smiled and softly muttered, "Thank you, Honey." The compliment was sweet, but she began to wonder if it was healthy for a mother to be exposing herself like this to her child. She had worn two-piece bathing suits around Jacob all his life, but this was different. These were intimate undergarments that were much more revealing and should only be seen by her husband, not something she should be modeling for her son. However, she guessed it was too late to worry about that now.

As soon as Karen began to get back down on her knees, her cell phone sounded an alert. She picked it up from the nightstand and noticed a text from Robert. After quickly reading it, she looked down at Jacob, "It's your dad, and he says he'll be home in about an hour."

While stroking his painful erection, Jacob whined, "But Mom! It really hurts... I don't know if I can wait until tomorrow!"

Karen set her phone back down onto the nightstand, "Don't worry... I said I'm going to take care of you." She then motioned for him to move back onto the bed. "And that's what I intend to do."

Once Jacob settled in with his back against the headboard, he asked, "Well, Mom, what about the time? Dad's on his way home."

As Karen got onto the bed, she replied, "I know he is, Sweetie." Instead of taking her usual position between Jacob's legs, this time, she surprised her son by straddling his lap. She raised up, and with her right hand, she pulled the damp gusset of her panties to the side. Then, with her left hand, she guided Jacob's fleshy pole to her juicy opening and looked in her son's eyes. "Soooo... I guess to save time; we'll have to do it this waaaAAAYYYY!!"

Karen tightly clutched Jacob's shoulders as she slowly skewered herself onto her son's cock. Her beautiful face bore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure as her wet pussy once again consumed his monster inch by inch.

After a while, Karen was finally sitting on her son's lap. Fully impaled on his incredible dick, she began to grind her womanly hips. Opening her eyes, she looked down at Jacob and

whispered, "Goodness, Jake... I think you're in my womb!" Inside, Karen chuckled to herself at the irony... in a twisted way, her son had returned to where his life first began.

Not wasting any time, Karen grabbed the headboard and began to ride her little stallion. Slowly at first, she gradually built up speed and lengthened her stride. Soon she found a good rhythm by raising up and dropping her big matronly bottom down against Jacob's swollen cum-filled balls.

"Oooohhhhh!!" Karen cried out each time she hit bottom. Before long the orgasmic tide began to swell. Her fingers tightened their grip on the headboard as she felt the enormous wave beginning to crest. "Almost... Yes... YEEESSSS!!" She then arched her back and yelled at the ceiling while the intense orgasm hit her like a tsunami. "AAAAAHHHHH!!" Jacob once again watched in awe while the MILF he called Mom gyrated and shivered from the euphoria that rolled through her twitching body.

Once she was able to catch her breath, Karen looked down at her son and sighed, "Are you close?"

Jacob simply shook his head, "Not quite... sorry, Mom."

Taking a glance at the alarm clock, Karen muttered, "It's okay... we still have some time." She then resumed bouncing on Jacob's hard cock, quickly finding her rhythm from before.

Holding onto Karen's hips, Jacob stared at her bra encased tits that bounced just inches from his face. The two magnificent

orbs, tightly packed into the overworked garment, displayed an obscene amount of cleavage. It appeared the massive twin globes were desperately seeking freedom from the source of their bondage.

Jacob also noticed his mom's heart-shaped locket now captured inside the deep and dark valley between her luscious breasts. He began to think how cool it would be to have his cock also trapped there inside the cleavage her meaty tit-flesh. He decided to make it a goal to see if he could persuade his reserved mother into giving him an epic titty fuck.

Jacob was genuinely enjoying the feel of his mom's pussy, massaging his cock, but he wanted to take a more active role. Tearing his eyes away from her jiggling cleavage, he looked up and asked, "Mom? Can I get on top again?"

Slowing her movements, Karen shook her head and replied between bounces, "No, Sweetie... it's safer... if I stay... in control."

His mind then took him back to Sunday afternoon with Rachel. "Well... how about I get behind you?"

Karen stopped her movements and looked down at Jacob as a bead of sweat fell from her forehead. She pushed the hair out of her face then shook her head, "No, Jake. I find that to be very demeaning towards women." Seeing the disappointment on his face, she continued, "Honey, you should not treat a woman you

care about like some rutting animal out in the woods... okay?" Thoughts of being dominated in that fashion suddenly flashed through Karen's mind causing her pussy to spasm just a bit.

Jacob nodded and softly replied, "Okay, Mom."

Karen smiled and said, "Okay... now let's finish you off." She then went back to bouncing on her son's cock.

As Karen continued her journey towards another orgasm, she noticed her bra becoming more and more uncomfortable. Earlier, when she put it on, it was already too tight, but now it was almost unbearable. It felt as if her breasts were expanding in size. The cups were painfully squeezing her tender flesh, and the straps were digging deeper into her soft shoulders.

Karen had promised herself not to expose her naked body to Jacob again; however, she found it impossible to continue this way. She let go of the headboard and sat still on his lap. While gently rolling her hips, Karen reached behind her back with both hands to unhook the over-burdened bra strap.

With confusion in his voice, Jacob asked, "Mom? Are you okay?"

"

Karen groaned, "My bra... it's too tight." After a couple of seconds, she was able to release the hooks. The relief was instant and almost orgasmic. She dropped the bra onto the bed beside

her and gently rubbed the undersides of her tender breasts. "Ohhh... that's much better."

Jacob watched as his mom gently caressed her now naked boobs. As Karen began rocking her hips faster, he asked, "Mom... can... can I hold them?"

Still highly aroused and caught off guard, Karen replied, "Umm... okay... I guess so." Against her better judgment, Karen released her grip, allowing her inflated tits to drop and slightly wobble on her chest.

Jacob quickly cupped both juicy melons from underneath. He gently massaged the meaty orbs and found them to be wonderfully soft and heavy. Even though it was very odd for her son to touch her this way, Karen found the sensation to be strangely erotic.

As Karen resumed bouncing on his hard cock, Jacob noticed his mom's eyes were closed as she appeared lost in concentration. "It's a good thing Dad texted you Mom... what would happen if he showed up and found me playing with these puppies?" He gave them both a firm squeeze, which caused Karen to gasp from the pleasant stimulation.

Karen sighed and whispered, "It would be... a disaster." After another couple of bounces, she continued, "But, Jake, I thought... we agreed not to... talk about... Ohhhhhhhh!!" Before

Karen could finish scolding him, Jacob moved his head forward and latched his lips onto her left breast.

Karen's eyes flew open. "Ohhh! Jake! What are you? Ohhhh!!" She knew she should stop him, but the feel of her son's wet mouth sucking on her super-sensitive teat was absolute Heaven. Instinctively she wrapped her left arm around her son's shoulders, and her right hand cradled the back of his head.

Jacob suckled at his mother's breast like a starving baby. His tongue flicked at the diamond-hard pink nipple sending a current of delightful buzzing sensations throughout her nervous system, setting her engorged clit on fire.

The sudden burst of sinful pleasure sent Karen into overdrive. She violently worked her hips while pulling her son tighter against her bosom. The room flooded with the sounds of Karen's moaning and the constant squeaks that reverberated from the bed in protest of this unholy mother-son union.

With his face deeply buried in his mother's succulent tit-flesh, Jacob was finding it difficult to breathe. He would not, however, relent in his efforts. He fervently continued to suck on his mother's delicious breast heightening her state of arousal. When he gave the other nipple a gentle pinch, Karen squealed from the unexpected shock wave, "Aaaaahhhhh!!"

Karen now teetered on the edge of a glorious climax. She so badly wanted to fall, but something held her back.

"Nnnnggggghhhhhh!!" The desperate mother groaned out of frustration as she rocked her hips faster and hugged her son even tighter. Karen began to whisper a prayer out into the universe, "Please... oh please... let it happen... Ohhhh pleeeaaase!!" Fortunately for Karen, her prayer would be answered.

Jacob pinched her nipple harder and, at the same time, took the other rubbery nub between his front teeth and gently bit down. "AAAAHHHHHHH!!" Karen screamed out from the exquisite pain as she was finally able to step off from the cliff.

The excruciating pleasure would be too much, and Karen leaned back and pulled her humungous tit from her son's mouth. "OHHH!! MYYYYY!! YEEESSSSSS!!" Karen cried out while she continued to freefall through the ecstasy of her soul-shaking orgasm.

Jacob was totally enthralled as he watched Karen suffer through the joyous rapture. Her magnificent breasts rose and fell wildly on her chest as she jerked and twitched on his cock that was on the verge of erupting. The incredibly erotic vision of his mother was better than any porn he had ever seen, and he called out to her, "MOM!! IT'S... COMMMINNNNG!!" Somewhat reluctant, Karen climbed off her son and finished him off with her hands and mouth.

Minutes later, Jacob sat back against the headboard with a dreamy smile on his face. Karen stood beside the bed, wearing

only her skimpy panties while she wiped herself down with a towel she had retrieved from the closet.

Glancing up, Karen caught her son staring at her while sporting a big smile on his face. She scoffed and then asked, "What are you looking at you, Goofball?" Remembering that she was pretty much naked, she tossed the towel into the closet and picked up her robe.

"That was amazing, Mom!! You looked so incredibly sexy!!"

Putting her left arm into the sleeve, she chuckled and responded, "Well then, maybe you can add that to your imagination list." She finished putting on her robe but left it uncinched, leaving a good portion of her impressive rack on display.

Jacob couldn't help but continue to stare at his super-hot mother. "I mean it, Mom... you're just so beautiful."

As Karen collected her bra from the bed, she coyly smiled at him and softly responded, "Thank you, baby... that's very sweet." She then took another look at the clock as she picked up her cell phone, "We better get cleaned up, your dad will be home before much longer." She then turned to leave.

Jacob swung around so that he sat on the side of the bed, "Okay, Mom, but before you go... how would you say I compare to Dad?"

Stopping in her tracks, Karen swung back around her eyes wide with shock, "Excuse me?"

Nonchalantly he shrugged and continued, "You know... do I make you... cum harder than he does?"

Cutting her eyes, "JACOB!!" Karen then took a couple of steps closer to her son. She put hands on her hips, causing the robe to open and fully expose her jiggly boobs. "How many times must we have this conversation?? We are NOT discussing that!!"

Karen's reaction was not what Jacob had wanted; he had definitely struck a nerve and was now regretting his decision to ask. The angry look on his mom's face made him slink back a little. "Yes, Ma'am."

Karen just happened to look down and see her exposed breasts. As she angrily closed and cinched up the robe, she continued, "Jake, I am trying to help you, but heed my warning young man; if you keep disrespecting your father this way, I will stop entirely. Then you'll be left to get by on just your imagination!"

As Karen turned to leave, Jacob stood up and pleaded, "Please, Mom... wait!" She stopped and held onto the doorknob. Jacob continued, "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean any disrespect... honest!" He tried to look pitiful, "I was just... curious."

Opening the door to leave, Karen took a deep breath and sighed. She reminded herself that he was still just a curious teenage

boy. Plus, it was always difficult for her to stay angry with her little man. She looked over at Jacob and nodded, "Okay... apology accepted." Trying to sound stern, she added, "But remember what I said." Her eyes then just happened to dart down to his semi-hard cock hanging from his crotch, "And get dressed already... your dad will be home any time now."

"Yes, Ma'am," he called out as Karen went down the hallway.

Even though his mom had accepted his apology, Jacob thought it would be a good idea to give her some space. She appeared fine, but his questions the other day had royally pissed her off. Her reaction pretty much gave him the answer he was searching for, but still, he wanted to hear her say it.

Friday was an early release day from school. Jacob found himself getting home around lunchtime only to discover that his mom was out. Quickly he remembered she was due to play tennis that morning with her friend, Janet. He then decided to go on up to his room and get his homework done.

After a while, there was a gentle knock at his door. "Come in!" Jacob turned his head to find his mom standing in the doorway. By the looks of things, Karen must have just gotten home from her match. She was holding a bottle of water and still wearing her tennis outfit with her hair up in a ponytail.

As she walked across the room, she smiled, "Hi Sweetie... what are you up to?"

"Hi, Mom. Just doing homework. Thought I would go ahead and get it out of the way." He then went back to typing on his computer.

Karen sat on the bedside next to his chair. "Good idea. That way, you'll be free to do whatever you want over the weekend." She then took a drink of water.

Jacob continued to type on the keyboard, "Yeah, that's the plan. The guys want to get together and continue our D&D quest from last week." He then stopped and turned to his mom. Looking at her wearing the form-fitting top made her already huge tits appear even bigger. His cock began to stir inside his cotton jogging pants. "How was tennis?"

"Oh, I had a great day. I actually beat Janet... for the first time ever! Two sets to one!" Jacob could hear the pride in her voice. Janet used to play on a college team back in the day.

"Cool, Mom... that's excellent." They exchanged a 'high-five.'

Karen laughed then said, "But believe me... it wasn't easy. Janet made me earn every point!" She then asked Jacob about his day at school, and they chatted for a few minutes.

Eventually, Karen glanced down at his crotch and could see the bulge that had formed. In a more serious tone, she asked, "So how is everything else?" Jacob noticed his mom motion slightly with her head towards his lap. "Any progress?"

Jacob shook his head, "Unfortunately, no. I've been trying, but it gets really sore, and then I have to stop."

With a surprised look on her face, Karen replied, "Oh! Well, you haven't asked for any help lately..."

Jacob quickly replied, "I wanted to, but I thought you were still angry with me."

In confusion, Karen furrowed her brow and questioned, "Angry? About what?"

Jacob softly responded, "You know... the questions I asked the other day."

Putting her hand on his shoulder, Karen smiled, "Oh, Snuggle Bear... no. I thought we were beyond that... I'm not mad."

With a look of relief, Jacob said, "Oh good. Because I could really use your help today... if you don't mind?"

Karen shook her head, "I don't mind." She sat back a little. "How much homework do you have left?"

Jacob quickly replied, "Not much at all. I just need to finish these essay questions for U.S. History, and that will be it."

Nodding her head, "Okay. Well, at least today, we should have plenty of time."

Smiling, Jacob replied, "Cool... thanks, Mom!"

While standing up, Karen continued, "But... it will have to wait until after I get a shower." She leaned over and kissed the top of Jacob's head, then started to walk away, "I need to get cleaned up."

"Okay. I'm kind of hungry anyhow. Think I'll go down to the kitchen and get a snack."

As Karen walked out of the room, she called back, "That's fine, Sweetie. I'll meet you back here in a little while."

Once in the kitchen, Jacob opened the refrigerator door and suddenly "ding-dong," the doorbell rang.

Jacob closed the refrigerator back and begrudgingly walked to the front door. He hoped he would be able to get rid of the

unexpected visitor as quickly as possible. He was anxious for some quality "mother-son time" and didn't want anything or anyone to interfere.

Opening the door, Jacob found the person to be an attractive woman dressed in a skirt and a nice blouse. She was holding a briefcase, so he figured she must be another real estate agent.

Due to his small stature, the lady's first thought was that he was much younger, maybe a pre-teen, but then it finally dawned on her. The young woman smiled and said, "You must be Jacob!"

Surprised by this, he cocked his head and replied, "Yes, Ma'am?"

"Well, Jacob, it's nice to meet you." She held out her hand, "I'm Melissa Turner with the district attorney's office. Is your mother at home?"

Chapter 6

Since having to wait for Karen to take a shower, Jacob went to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. His hand was reaching for the mustard when suddenly "ding-dong," the front doorbell rang. With a sigh, he then closed the refrigerator, and begrudgingly walked towards the front door.

Jacob planned to get rid of the unexpected visitor as quickly as possible. He was anxious for some quality 'mother-son time' and didn't want anything or anyone to interfere.

Opening the front door, surprisingly, Jacob found the person to be an attractive young woman. She was wearing a gray pencil skirt and a form-fitting blue blouse. She was holding a briefcase, so he suspected she might be another real estate agent.

Due to his small stature, the lady's first thought was that he was much younger, maybe a pre-teen, but then it finally dawned on her. The young woman smiled and said, "You must be Jacob!"

Surprised by this, he cocked his head and replied, "Yes, Ma'am?"

"Well, Jacob, it's nice to meet you." She held out her hand, "I'm Melissa Turner with the district attorney's office. Is your mother at home?"

Jacob's eyes widened as he shook Melissa's hand. He stammered in his response, "Y-yes... she... my mom.. she's here."

"I'm not sure if she told you about me or not; I visited with your mother a couple of weeks ago. She was gracious enough to answer some questions concerning your experience with the WICK-Tropin hormone trials."

Jacob tried to shake off the initial shock, "Yes... Mom told me you came by." He stood back to allow space for her to enter, "Please... won't you come in?"

Melissa's smile widened. "Thank you, Jacob."

As Jacob led Melissa into the living room, he tried not to appear nervous. He motioned towards the couch, "Please have a seat. My mom might be a little while." He then walked over and sat down on the opposite end of the sofa and continued, "She just got home from playing tennis, and she's in the shower."

"Oh, that's fine," Melissa responded cheerfully. "She wasn't expecting me today anyway."

Melissa sat down on the stylish sofa and found it to be quite comfortable. She noticed the framed picture that sat on the end table. It was a family photo that was taken at a beach somewhere. She instantly recognized Karen and Jacob, so she assumed the handsome man standing with them must be his

father, Mr. Mitchell. "What a lovely photograph. Where was it taken?"

Jacob glanced over and responded, "Hilton Head... we took a trip there last summer."

Looking back to Jacob, "My fiance has been dying to play golf at Harbour Town. Maybe when things calm down a bit for us, he and I can take a trip over there ourselves."

Trying to find out her intentions, Jacob asked, "So... you're here to see my mom?"

Melissa quickly replied, "Yes, I am." She then picked up her briefcase from the floor and proceeded to unlock it. "I was in town today conducting another interview, and some new information has come to light. Since I was leaving to go back home to Atlanta, I thought I would stop by and review a couple of things with Mrs. Mitchell."

Panic washed over him. "New information?"

Melissa nodded while she pulled her notebook and some documents out from her briefcase, "Uh-huh!" She then looked over at the teenager, "Actually... Jacob, you might be able to help me. You are eighteen... correct?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am... and please feel free to call me 'Jake.' Only my mom uses 'Jacob,' and that's only when I'm in trouble for something."

Melissa broke out with a giggle, causing Jacob to feel a little more at ease. His mom was right... she seems to be very friendly. He also took notice of just how pretty she looked. The lovely attorney had a beautiful smile, flawless olive complexion, luxurious shoulder-length jet black hair, and dark brown eyes. Her figure was athletic while still curvy and feminine. A body type somewhat close to his sister Rachel's.

Scooching closer to Jacob, Melissa settled in on the middle cushion. "Since you are eighteen and the actual patient of Dr. Grant's, you can legally answer my questions... if that's okay with you? At least until your mother is available?"

Jacob was lost in thought, wondering what this hot young lawyer would look like out of her clothes. While glancing at her big boobs straining against her blouse, he halfway heard her question and without thinking replied, "Uh.. sure."

Melissa smiled and said, "Great. Let's get started." She then opened her notebook and began asking Jacob similar questions to what she asked his mother a couple of weeks back. As they conversed back and forth, Jacob could feel his cock beginning to stir. He was already worked up from earlier when Karen agreed to help him. It didn't make it any easier now that he was sitting just a few inches away from this gorgeous stranger.

As Melissa continued the interview, she began to notice a strange yet delightful scent that filled the room. Not long after the invisible fumes penetrated her lungs, a warm tingling sensation spread throughout her breasts, causing her rose-colored nipples to harden instantly.

Melissa tried to ignore the pleasant feelings and continue with her questions. She glanced around the room, trying to locate the source of the exotic fragrance. She then looked at Jacob. "Do you smell that?"

Shrugging his shoulders in confusion, Jacob replied, "I'm sorry? Smell what?"

Shaking her head, Melissa responded, "Never mind." She then continued, "So Jake, I have interviewed twelve individuals that participated in the WICK-Tropin experiment. After interviewing these twelve participants, it seems you were the only one NOT to experience any adverse side effects. That's rather strange, wouldn't you say?"

Not wanting to blatantly lie to a lawyer, Jacob stood up and held out his arms, "Well, as you can see... I experienced no positive effects either." Remembering he had a raging boner, he quickly sat back down, hoping she didn't notice.

After putting the notebook and documents away in the briefcase, Melissa locked it and set it down on the floor. Scooching a little closer to Jacob, she spoke in a soft tone, "Jake, before your

mother comes down, is there something you're not telling me? Maybe something that embarrasses you? Could there be an issue you have not shared with your mom?"

The exotic scent had now intensified, along with the mysterious titillating sensations. Melissa could now feel the tingling not only in her breasts but also at the apex of her silky smooth legs. Her recently engaged pussy was now buzzing, and her panties were damp from unexplained arousal. Her clothes were beginning to feel constrictive and uncomfortable.

With a confused expression, Melissa tugged on the collar of her blouse and asked, "Is it hot in here to you?" Jacob shook his head in response. Feeling herself beginning to perspire, Melissa then began to fan her pretty face with her hand.

Trying to regain her focus, Melissa continued, "I just need to make sure my final report to the DA will be as accurate as possible. Jake, if there is any other information you can give me, it would really help our case against Dr. Grant."

Staring into Melissa's beautiful eyes, he could see beads of sweat breaking out on her forehead. "I don't want any trouble for my mom or me."

Shaking her head, Melissa replied in a soft tone, "There would be no trouble for you or Mrs. Mitchell. Remember, you are the victim here." Leaning in a little closer, she whispered, "You can trust me, Jake... I'm only here to help."

Jacob looked back towards the staircase, then turned around to Melissa and whispered, "Maybe I should just show you."

Melissa cocked her head in confusion, "Show me?"

Jacob nodded then stood up, and before Melissa could react, he quickly pulled down his cotton jogging pants.

Jacob's massive rock-hard penis sprung up, almost hitting Melissa in the face. The beautiful young lawyer shrieked and lurched back from the shock as she put up her hand and averted her eyes. "Good God!! What is that?"

Stepping out of his pants, Jacob replied, "You said you wanted to know of any side effects... well, here's your answer." He stood before her with his cock throbbing and a thick strand of pre-cum hanging from the tip. Trying to sound confident, he asked, "Do any of the other patients have one like this?"

Melissa slowly turned her head back around and stared at the horrific appendage along with the two painfully swollen testicles hanging below it. It seemed impossible for this underdeveloped teenage boy to have such ungodly things attached to his little body.

Melissa shook her head, "No one told me they got this big." She forced her eyes to look up at Jacob's face, "I mean... genital

growth was a common side effect for most patients..." Looking back at the monster staring her in the face. "But this... this thing is unreal."

Now that the initial shock had worn off, Melissa found herself mesmerized by the sheer size of the medical marvel. She continued to examine it from different angles. The pearly strand of pre-cum now stretched almost to the floor. Mindlessly Melissa squeezed her thighs together; her panties had gone from damp to just plain wet.

Unable to take her eyes off the pulsing monstrosity, Melissa muttered, "Does it hurt?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes... quite a bit." He then grabbed hold of the shaft, and Melissa watched as more gooey liquid oozed out from the purplish bloated head. "I could really use your help."

"Help?" Melissa squeaked. She jerked back slightly, "NO! No... I... I can't do that." In her head, alarm bells were ringing for her to get up and leave, but her body wouldn't move. It was as if some unseen force was holding her down.

Inching a little closer, Jacob continued, "Ms. Turner, I thought you wanted to help me? You said I could trust you."

Turning her eyes up to Jacob, there was a pleading look on her face, "I do want to help you, but not like this... I can't."

"It's hurting pretty bad, Ms. Turner. Maybe you could just hold it... rub it a little?"

Melissa looked once again at Jacob's member as it continued to drip the thick & creamy fluid onto the carpeted floor. She had never seen genitals anywhere near this size... they were so big and so intimidating. However, her curiosity was starting to get the better of her. She bit her bottom lip and thought if she could just touch it for a few seconds, then maybe that would satisfy the boy.

Melissa found it hard to think logically as the hormones' aphrodisiac effects had her mind wrapped in a thick fog. As if under some spell, Melissa reached out with her hands and took hold of the teenager's drooling beast. The thing felt so hot and powerful... she could feel it pulsing in her grasp. In complete awe, she whispered, "Oh my God!"

A smile curled onto Jacob's lips as he knew this lovely woman was about to fall. Without even asking her to, Melissa began to slowly slide her delicate hands back and forth along the throbbing shaft. The glitter of her diamond ring caught her eye, and she said, "I'm engaged to be married... I shouldn't be doing this." However, she tightened her grip and increased her tempo.

Melissa was quickly losing the battle, and without thinking, she bent forward with pursed lips and gently kissed the head of the imposing creature. She pulled back and instinctively licked the pre-cum from her ruby red lips.

Melissa never cared much for the taste of semen in the past, but this was much different. The flavor of Jacob's was unlike anything she could recall. It was somewhat sweet with a smooth and creamy texture that was quite pleasant. Against her better judgment, she desired another sample.

Looking up at the skinny kid standing before her, Melissa softly pleaded, "Please... don't tell anyone about this." Before Jacob could even reply, she took as much of the incredible cock into her mouth as possible. Creating a tight seal with her lips, Melissa began to suck on Jacob's incredible meat stick feverishly.

Minutes passed as Melissa furiously pumped and slobbered on the teenager's oversized cock. Jacob was somewhat surprised how quickly and easily the gorgeous young lawyer had given in to her primal desires. He put his hands on the sides of Melissa's head, running his fingers through her silky black hair.

Jacob moaned, "Thank you, Ms. Turner... you're doing a great job of helping me." Hearing his approval only made Melissa work even harder. She moaned around his dick while lewd slurping noises filled the room.

In the back of her mind, Melissa knew this was wrong, and she should stop. She was an engaged woman who loved her fiancé with all her heart, but something about this skinny kid's enormous cock had her spellbound. It felt so powerful and

vibrant as it pulsed in her grasp and slid across her tongue. She couldn't help but see it through.

Jacob began to groan as he neared the finish line. "Ms. Turner... I'm almost... there." Happy to hear this, Melissa kicked into a higher gear trying to finish him off. With her left hand, she began to gently massage his heavy ball sack in an attempt to help him along. Jacob groaned louder. "You'll have... to swallow it... Ms. Turner."

"Hhhhhuuummmpppfffff?" Melissa tried to ask with her mouth full of tasty cock.

While grunting, Jacob continued, "We can't get... any stuff... uuhhh! On my mom's couch!" He tightened his grip in Melissa's hair. "She would... uuhhh!! Totally freak... OUT!! AAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Melissa's eyes bugged out in shock as her mouth flooded with jet after powerful jet of this teenager's sweet nut cream. She swallowed as fast as she could, but it would not be enough; the excessive amount was too much for her to handle, and Melissa began to choke.

Pulling the spewing cock from her mouth, "Oh my... (cough)... GOD!!" Melissa did her best to continue pumping the shaft as it violently twitched in her hands. Her neck and chest were bombarded with creamy ropes of semen while she continued to cough and gag.

It took a few moments, but Melissa eventually collected herself. She could feel the hot, slimy cum running down her slender neck and funneling into the cleavage of her bra encased tits. She looked down to survey her condition; her new blouse splattered with copious amounts of seminal fluids.

While slowly stroking Jacob's semi-hard cock Melissa looked up at him and hoarsely whispered, "This is incredible." She then cleared her throat and continued, "Jake, I think Dr. Grant may have been trying to—"

THUMP!

Both Jacob and Melissa jerked their heads and looked in the direction from where the noise came. The sound they heard was a basket of laundry hitting the floor. Standing in the doorway was Karen with a look of complete shock. She saw the young lawyer covered in Jacob's cum, clutching his dick with both hands.

Jacob, still trying to catch his breath, spoke first, "Hey, Mom... Ms. Turner was just helping me."

With Karen's sudden appearance, it was as if the fog that surrounded Melissa instantly lifted. She looked at her hands full of the teenager's cock and quickly jerked them back as if she had touched a hot stove. She muttered, "Oh my God... what have I done?"

Humiliated, Melissa jumped up from the couch. "I have to get out of here... OH MY GOD!" She broke out into tears as she ran past Karen towards the front door.

Trying to stop her, Karen called out, "Melissa... please wait!" The mortified young woman ran out the door to her car, never looking back.

Karen stood on the front porch and watched as Melissa pulled out of the driveway and sped off down the quiet street. She dropped her head and muttered in frustration, "Great,... just great."

When Karen went back into the house, she found Jacob still in the living room. He had put his pants back on and was wiping up the semen that had dripped from his cock and Melissa's clothes. She walked over to where her son knelt on the floor, crossed her arms, and asked, "Are you trying to get us caught? We are supposed to be keeping your condition a secret... remember?"

Jacob looked up at his mom; she was wearing her 'angry face.' In his mind, he thought even pissed off; she was still gorgeous. He replied, "Don't worry, Mom... it was all part of my plan."

Taking a seat on the couch, Karen scoffed then asked, "Your plan? I didn't know of any plan."

Jacob shrugged and said, "It just came to me when Ms. Turner and I were talking about the WICK-Tropin hormone treatment."

Karen then patted the sofa cushion beside her and said, "Okay, Einstein... let's hear it."

Sitting beside his mom on the couch, Jacob went into the details. He explained to her about the eleven other participants of the program. How everyone that Ms. Turner interviewed described various types of side effects, including enlarged genitals.

Jacob concluded with, "So you see, Mom? She pretty much knew that I was trying to hide something. She is a lawyer, after all."

Sitting back on the sofa, Karen rubbed her forehead, "What's to keep her from ratting us out? There's also a good chance that now your father will find out."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "I don't think so."

Karen held out her hands, "And how do you know this?"

Jacob stood up. "Easy... when she comes back, we will just ask her nicely not to say anything."

Sitting forward on the couch, Karen responded, "That's your plan?" She huffed and said, "Jake.. you do realize that poor woman hysterically ran out of here covered in your... stuff!"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah, I know... that's why my plan is perfect."

With a confused look, Karen responded, "What?"

Stepping closer to Karen, Jacob continued, "Think about it, Mom. What self-respected female lawyer would want the world to know that she got caught giving a teenage boy a blowjob in his mother's living room?"

Karen's eyebrow arched. "Go on..."

"It would most likely be the end of her career along with her reputation." Jacob held up his index finger, "Plus... what would her fiancé think about that? It would probably be the end of her engagement too."

Karen bit her bottom lip as she gave it some thought. She then looked up at Jacob, "I must admit... you have some good points."

Jacob smiled and nodded.

Standing up, Karen asked, "Wait a minute. What makes you think she will be coming back here? Especially after what just happened."

Turning and walking across the room, Jacob replied, "Oh, don't worry, Mom. She'll be back... very soon. I can almost guarantee it."

Crossing her arms, Karen asked, "And what makes you so sure?"

Jacob turned back to his mother. "She forgot something." He then pointed towards the floor beside the couch. Karen couldn't see what he was pointing at, so she walked over to where Jacob stood and looked down on the floor beside the sofa... Melissa's briefcase.

Later on, the front door swung open and slammed against the wall as Melissa rushed into her house. After ensuring the door was closed and locked, she tossed her keys and purse haphazardly towards the living room sofa; where they happened to land, she was not sure, nor at this moment did she care.

Kicking off her heels, Melissa made a b-line straight to her bedroom. She quickly untucked the cum-soaked blouse from her equally soiled pencil skirt as she walked down the hall. She doubted any dry cleaner in the world could rid these clothes of the horrible stains.

Melissa had driven all the way home covered in Jacob's sticky and fragrant semen. The unique scent flooded the car keeping her in a high leveled state of arousal. Her panties saturated, and her pussy on fire.

She periodically squeezed her thighs together in an attempt to feel some sort of relief. At one point on the interstate, she almost decided to pull off the highway and into a rest area to masturbate. However, she somehow found the strength to keep driving and make it home.

Now standing in her bedroom, Melissa's fingers could not move fast enough as she began to unbutton her silky blue top. Her main focus was to get out of her sullied clothes and take a hot shower to wash away the boy's filth. The skin around her neck and chest felt crusty and tight, making her feel dirty, used, and cheap.

Impatience set in after the third button. Melissa ripped open her blouse with tears of frustration, sending the faux pearl fasteners flying across the room. She removed and tossed the useless rag onto the floor.

Melissa then unzipped her skirt and desperately pushed it along with her delicate blue panties down over her rounded hips and let them pool around her feet.

Now wearing only her lacy blue bra and nude thigh-high stockings, Melissa stepped out of her skirt. The tingling between

her legs intensified... the shower would have to wait. She climbed onto her bed and laid back against her soft pillows.

Melissa wasted no time as she dug her heels into the mattress and spread her beautiful long legs. With her right hand, she ran her middle and index fingers through her sopping wet gash. "Uhhhhhhh," she moaned as her exploring digits found her blood engorged clit. Vigorously rubbing the sensitive nub in a clockwise motion, Melissa quickly found the sweet relief that was so desperately needed. Arching her back, she yelled out to the empty house, "AAAAHHHHHHH!!"

The orgasm was extraordinarily intense and all-consuming, yet Melissa was still in heat. As she lay with her legs splayed open, she tried her best not to think about it, but her mind kept replaying the scene earlier at the Mitchell house.

Mindlessly Melissa lightly stroked her overheated pussy, thinking about that teenager's amazingly large appendage. She knew then what her pussy needed... a big stiff cock. The only problem was that Donnie was working the night shift at the hospital. Suddenly an idea popped in her head.

Melissa rushed to the kitchen, where she flung open the refrigerator. She pulled open the bottom drawer and rummaged around for a few seconds. A smile curled onto her ruby lips when she located the ideal surrogate.

Melissa had purchased the cucumber earlier in the week. The original plan was to use it in a salad the next time Donnie was over for dinner. When she selected it from the produce section, the thought never occurred to her that the large phallic-shaped vegetable would end up serving a much different purpose.

After closing the refrigerator door, Melissa, along with her newfound friend, made her way back to the bedroom. There she tossed the make-shift penis onto her bed and immediately reached behind her back to unhook her bra strap.

As Melissa dropped the garment to the floor, she glanced over at her fiance's picture on her nightstand. A wave of guilt and shame washed over the young attorney. What was happening to her? Why was she so desperate that she would lower herself to such depravity?

Melissa looked down at the innocent vegetable waiting for her to join it in her soft bed. Mindlessly, she cupped both of her tender D-cup breasts and pinched her tingling nipples. The hardened nubs sent shock waves of pleasure straight down to her waiting pussy, making her moan from the delightful feeling.

Climbing onto the bed, Melissa joined her green-skinned soon-to-be lover. Grabbing the organic dildo with her right hand, she caught one last glance at Donnie's picture. She still felt shame, but greater was the need to stuff her dripping wet pussy.

Taking the same position as before, Melissa slowly inserted the substitute cock into her drooling cunt; the girth made her moan and wince. She closed her eyes and spread her legs wider as she worked the chubby vegetable inside her tight pussy inch by inch, occasionally pausing to allow herself to adjust to its size. The tiny prickles along its glossy skin, caused delightful tingling sensations to travel all about her nervous system.

Eventually, Melissa was steadily banging herself with her new fuck buddy. With her left hand tightly pinching a diamond-hard nipple, she was speeding down the highway towards another toe-curling orgasm.

As Melissa neared her climactic destination, she just happened to look down between the twin peaks gently wobbling on her chest. She noticed the green makeshift dildo was now shiny from the abundant amounts of pussy juice, and her mind suddenly drifted.

Out of nowhere, she thought of a cartoon she used to watch regularly with her younger brother. The program consisted of animated fruits and vegetables that acted out stories from the Holy Bible. One of the main characters just happened to be a cucumber named 'Larry.'

The wickedness of the situation, along with her innocent childhood memory, sent Melissa into overdrive. She veered out of control and straight into a head-on collision with an amazing orgasm. "Yes! Yes! Almost... YES!! OHHHH!! GODDD!! YEEEESSSSS!!" Melissa arched her back off the bed as her body

crashed into joyful ecstasy. Her pussy clamped down so hard it would not have surprised her if the tasty vegetable snapped in half.

After a few moments of catching her breath, reality set in of what she had done. Melissa slowly pulled her partner in crime from the tight clutches of her dripping wet pussy. Out of disgust, she tossed the used vegetable across the room, landing with a soft "thud" onto the carpeted floor.

Utterly disgraced, Melissa turned onto her side, facing away from Donnie's picture. She covered her nakedness with the warm comforter in an attempt to hide her embarrassment and shame. She lay still for a few minutes, trying to come to grips with today's events. Even now, her mind flooded with the memory of that boy's God-forsaken penis.

Adding to Melissa's emotional roller coaster was a sudden feeling of dread. She just happened to remember that she forgot her briefcase in her rush to leave the Mitchell house. Now, in order to retrieve it, she would have no choice but to go back and face them once again.

The thought of being in the same room with Jacob caused Melissa's pulse to quicken. She could also feel a slight quiver in her pussy as another image of his wicked abomination flashed through her mind.

Eventually, Melissa threw back the covers and sat up on the side of her bed. She looked down at her boobs, splattered with Jacob's dried semen that was now beginning to flake off. She muttered as she stood up and began to walk towards the bathroom, "I could really use a shower."

Before entering the bathroom, Melissa stopped, then bent over and picked up the discarded cucumber that lay in the doorway. She quickly examined the shiny cock-shaped vegetable to find no visible damage. After a quick rinse in the sink and giving a few squeezes to test its firmness, Melissa turned and walked back towards her bed. She sighed then said, "C'mon Larry... you still have some work to do."

On Saturday afternoon, Karen had the house to herself. Her husband, Robert, went into the office that morning to work a half-day with plans to play golf with some coworkers after lunch. Right after breakfast, Jacob left to go a few blocks over to Matthew's house. He and his friends were going to continue their D & D adventure.

After finishing some household chores, Karen decided to spend some quiet time out at the pool. After the nerve-wracking events from Friday, she needed some time to decompress. Since she had the place to herself, she also thought it would be the perfect time to try out one of her new swimsuits.

Karen had purchased two bathing suits the other week when she went shopping with Rachel. Her daughter pushed and pushed her until she eventually relented and bought the string bikinis. Karen was very apprehensive about getting them since they were so revealing.

In Karen's mind, a married Christian mother shouldn't be wearing something that exposes so much skin, but after trying them on, she had to agree with Rachel that they did look very flattering. However, to wear them in a dressing room was one thing; to wear them out in public was a whole other story. She told herself she could always come back another day and swap them for something more appropriate.

The suits were of the same style. Both tops had triangle-shaped cups held together with ¼" wide strings, and the bottoms with their side-tie design were quite alluring. As Karen stood in front of her bedroom mirror wearing the solid yellow one, she began to second-guess her bold decision.

Even though she looked terrific, her conservative side was a bit uneasy wearing something so provocative out in public or around people outside her immediate family. As she twisted her body to get views from different angles, she commented, "Why did I let Rachel talk me into this? I feel naked!"

Feeling a bit vulnerable and exposed, Karen ventured outside in her new bikini. After taking a quick swim, she laid out in her lounge chair and read her novel. Eventually, she forgot all about

feeling awkward and just focused on enjoying the warm afternoon sun and peaceful surroundings.

Later on, clouds began to roll in, so Karen decided to head back into the house. She decided to take further advantage of her alone time and soak herself in a nice hot bubble bath before the 'boys' returned home.

Once Karen entered the spacious master bath, she turned on the faucet to fill up the large jacuzzi tub. Robert had it installed as a surprise for his lovely wife when they had the bathroom remodeled years back.

The tub was tucked away in a cozy nook located in the back of the bathroom. It was slightly elevated and surrounded by three mirrored walls. It was rather deep and spacious enough for two people, and sometimes Karen and Rob would use it for 'romantic moments.' However, Karen mostly considered it her own personal 'mom cave' to read, relax, and get some quiet time to herself.

While Karen waited for the tub to fill, she added some bubble oil and turned on the jets. She then lit some tea candles for a more relaxing atmosphere and lowered the overhead lights. After clipping her dark brown hair up on top of her head, she untied the knots and removed her bikini.

Now that the tub was full and the scented foam was about to overflow into the floor, Karen quickly turned off the faucet and

the jets. She slowly stepped down into the steaming bath, relishing the 'pins and needles' feeling of the hot water against her smooth and sensitive skin. Once fully submerged, Karen laid her head back against the cushioned support and closed her eyes. A smile curled onto her red lips, and she sighed, "Now this... is Heaven."

As the fragrant bubbles worked their magic on Karen's body, her mind began to drift. Strangely enough, her thoughts went back to yesterday when she walked in on a shocking scene. She found Jacob standing before Melissa Turner, who was sitting on her sofa. The young attorney was covered in her son's semen while still grasping onto his enormous manhood.

While she stood in the doorway, a wave of emotions washed over the speechless mother. Karen felt anger, anxiety, shock, and even jealousy. How could she feel envy? Jacob is her son... not her husband. Yet he is still her baby boy and always will be no matter what. Karen felt that until Jacob eventually takes a wife, it was her responsibility as his mother to tend to his medical needs... even those of a less appropriate nature.

As the scene kept replaying in Karen's mind, she now mindlessly had her hands cupping both of her magnificent tits. Her nipples hardened from the familiar buzzing sensations. Strangely enough, the jealousy she initially felt was now giving way to sexual arousal. While her left hand gently squeezed her left breast, she slowly slid her right hand over her soft tummy down between her beautiful long legs.

Karen lazily traced her fingers around the outer edges of her tingling muff, and she remembered something Rachel had told her not long ago. Her first-born had suggested that she should try shaving her pussy. Karen had always kept her pubes neatly trimmed, but to go completely bald down there was somewhat risque. Now, she found herself seriously considering it.. maybe doing something daring like that would help put some spice back in her sex life with her husband.

Karen's fingers gently plowed their way between her slick folds. Once her exploring digits made initial contact with her engorged clit she slightly arched her back and sighed, "Ohhhhhhhh!" Now she was wrapped up in her own little cocoon, and everything felt perfect; the water temperature, the romantic glow from the candles, and her fingers that were strumming her sensitive nub towards a beautiful climax.

The bathroom was silent except for Karen's heavy breathing and the faint sloshing noises created by her arm's movements underneath the water. As the orgasmic tide began to swell, Karen braced herself for the oncoming impact from the waves of euphoria that were about to crash down.

Out of nowhere, an unexpected sound rudely penetrated Karen's private world. From outside the bathroom door, "Mom? Are you up here?"

Like a child caught doing something naughty, Karen quickly pulled her hand from her pussy. Being so close to the edge of

climax, she wanted to scream out in frustration, but instead, she called out, "Yes, Jake, I'm in here."

Hearing his mom's voice come from the master bath, Jacob walked up to the closed door and knocked. "Hey Mom... can I come in? I have something to show you."

Rolling her eyes, Karen responded, "No, Jake... I'm in the middle of taking a bath." Even though Jacob had seen her pretty much naked twice now, she was doing her best to rebuild some boundaries. She continued, "Whatever it is, I'm sure it can wait a few more minutes."

Jacob could feel his cock begin to stir as thoughts of his naked mother, taking a bubble bath, ran through his head. He decided to keep trying to gain entry. "But Mom, it's important. An acceptance letter from Georgia Tech arrived in the mail."

Sitting up slightly, Karen responded, "Oh! Wow! Uhh... Hang on a second." She quickly surveyed her situation to make sure the foamy bubbles adequately covered her up. Once she felt confident enough in the coverage, she called out, "Okay... you can come in."

Upon entering the steamy bathroom, Jacob felt somewhat disappointed. Karen was in the tub; however, she was covered entirely with bubbles up to her shoulders. He closed the door and walked over to his mom, holding out the letter for her to take.

Sitting up straighter, Karen shook the excess water from her hands and pinched the paper between her thumb and forefinger. A smile formed on her beautiful face as she read the first few lines, "Oh, Honey... you're right." She looked up at her son. "This is an acceptance letter!" Her smile widened, "Jake, I'm so proud of you!"

Jacob grinned as he high-fived his mom. Karen's movements caused the water to slosh around, exposing the top swell of her large breasts hidden by the sudsy water. The brief glimpse only increased Jacob's determination. Taking a seat on the tiled platform that surrounded the tub, he stated, "Well, that's one. I'm still waiting to hear back from Georgia and a few others."

Handing the letter back to Jacob, Karen responded, "Don't worry, Sweetie, I'm sure they all will accept you." She then laid back into her original position.

Noticing that the bubbles were beginning to dissipate, Jacob tried to keep the conversation going. "If they do accept me, then the hard part begins... choosing which school to attend." He looked down at his mom, "Do you have any opinions?"

Holding up her hand, Karen replied, "Jake Honey, I told you before, this decision is yours and yours alone. I want you to do what's best for you." She manipulated the bubbles in an attempt to keep her boobs covered, "It's your future. Don't base your decision on trying to please anyone."

Jacob nodded his head, "You're right, Mom, but try telling that to Rachel." He chuckled as he folded the letter back up and slipped it into the envelope, "She may disown me as her brother if I choose to attend Tech."

Karen giggled and then replied, "I'm sure she would get over it.. eventually." Her face lit up, "Speaking of Tech, I have an idea." She then sat up some, "Your dad is going to take some vacation time soon to help Rachel and Scott get their house ready for selling. Since we'll be in Atlanta anyway, why don't we get your dad to set up a campus visit?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "Sounds good... will you go with me? I would still like to get your input."

Grabbing Jacob's hand, Karen replied, "Of course, Sweetie, I want to help you any way I can."

Smiling, Jacob said, "Thanks, Mom." He then stood up and decided to take advantage of the situation. "Speaking of..." He looked down at his crotch, "I could probably use some of your help right about now."

Karen glanced at the bulge in his shorts, "Oh my goodness."

"When's Dad due to get home?" Jacob asked as he walked towards the bathroom door.

Hoping she could get back to her 'private' time, Karen replied, "Not for a while yet. Just let me finish in here, and then I will..."

CLICK. Jacob locked the door.

With a confused expression, Karen asked, "Jake? What are you doing?"

Jacob walked back over to his mom and shrugged, "You said you would help me."

Nodding in agreement, Karen replied, "Yes, I did. But I also said 'after' I finish in here." She pointed down at the bubbles. "Unless you haven't noticed, I'm naked."

While peeling off his shirt, Jacob said, "Oh, don't worry, Mom, I noticed." He then tossed his shirt onto the countertop next to Karen's bikini. Then he began to unfasten his shorts.

Putting her hand up, "Hold on there, Mister!" Jacob stopped with a confused look on his face. Karen continued, "I don't know what you're thinking, young man, but we had a deal. When I gave in and let you see me nude... that was a one-time thing."

Jacob resumed taking off his shorts, "But you were mostly naked just the other day too... remember?"

Nodding again, Karen responded, "Yes... that is true, but that was just because my bra was too tight. It wasn't something that I planned to do." Her mind then drifted back to Tuesday when she removed the restrictive and uncomfortable garment. She felt a jolt of arousal, remembering the titillating sensations of her son's hands and mouth on her sensitive breasts. Her nipples that were hidden by the foamy bubbles hardened instantly.

Kicking off his shorts, Jacob stood by the tub wearing only his boxers. His stiff cock threatening to burst right out of his thin underwear. Jacob's pheromone laced scent began to fill Karen's lungs, and she squeezed her thighs together as the tingling in her pussy intensified. While staring at the tent formed by her son's erection, Karen softly spoke, "Jake, why don't you umm... go to your room and wait for me. I'll just be a few more minutes."

Sensing his mom was weakening, Jacob tried to rationalize with her. "Think about it, Mom... this way will be more convenient."

Looking up at Jacob, Karen questioned, "Convenient?" She cut her eyes, "How so?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "This way, if it makes a mess, we'll already be in the bath for easy cleanup." He then pulled down his boxers and stood before his mom completely naked; his enormous cock and swollen testicles perfectly level

with Karen's line of eyesight. As he squeezed the shaft pre-cum began to dribble out of the slit, "So Mom... will you help me?"

Without saying a word, Karen slid to the side of the tub, giving her unspoken permission for him to join her in the bath. She watched her son step up onto the platform and then lower himself into the warm, sudsy water. As he settled in across from her, Karen experienced a strong feeling of déjà vu.

Until Jacob was in kindergarten, it was not unusual for Karen to share the tub with her son. For her, it was a great time-saver. Karen could relax and unwind from her daily grind, while little Jacob would sit across from her playing with small plastic boats or some other toys he brought with him.

Now years later, her little man was once again sitting across from her in a warm bath. Only this time, the toy he had with him was neither plastic nor small. And he would not be the one playing with it.

Jacob's thick pillar of flesh resembled a periscope sticking out above the water's surface. Karen reached forward with both hands and took hold of his impressive manhood. She began to slowly stroke the shaft and said, "You may not remember, but when you were very young, I used to put you in the bath with me quite regularly."

As always, Jacob got a thrill watching his mom's delicate hands pump his oversized dick. Her wedding rings, now wet from the sudsy water, sparkled in the soft candlelight. He moaned slightly

and then responded, "Oh yeah? Well, I guess I've grown some since then."

Glancing at Jacob, Karen chuckled and then said, "Yes, Sweetie... you have grown." Looking back at her cock filled hands, she commented, "I would say... You have grown... a lot."

After a few moments, Karen stopped and said, "Why don't you sit up on edge there." She then pointed to the corner behind him. "It may be easier that way."

Jacob nodded and then took a seat on the tiled platform that butted up against the mirrored wall. Karen got up on her knees and resumed stroking her son's cock. She glanced over to her left and noticed their reflection. It felt so bizarre to see herself participating in such a sinful act as to masturbate her own son.

As Karen squeezed Jacob's cock, more pre-cum began to trickle out of the tip and run down his veiny shaft. Instinctively, she wrapped her lips around the bloated head and sucked on the spongy tip. She moaned with delight as the sweet fluid coated her pink tongue.

After a couple of minutes, Jacob noticed more of the bubbles had dissipated. His mom's tits were now almost completely exposed except for around the nipples, where some foam still clung for dear life. He watched her fabulous rack bounce on her chest as she bobbed her head up and down, blowing him like a pro.

Between groans, Jacob asked, "Hey, Mom?"

Without missing a beat, Karen replied, "Hhhmmmmmm?"

"I have an idea... how to make this go quicker."

Pulling back and looking up at Jacob, Karen shook her head, "No, Jake, we have to stop doing that."

Putting up his hand, Jacob responded, "No, Mom... I didn't mean that."

While continuing to pump his cock, Karen quickly licked more pre-cum from the tip. She then cocked her eyebrow and, with a suspicious tone, asked, "Well, what exactly did you have in mind?"

Wanting to follow his sister's advice, Jacob tried to be assertive in asking for what he wanted; however, he was afraid she might think of him as a pervert. He had trouble looking her in the eye, so he glanced down and muttered, "Well, I was thinking... that maybe... you could..."

Cutting her eyes at her son, Karen continued to stroke his penis, "Go on..."

Gaining some confidence, Jacob looked his mom in the eyes and spat out, "I thought that maybe you could use... your boobs." Not knowing how his super conservative mother would react, he braced for the explosion.

Instead, Karen's reaction was a simple, "Oh." She stopped pumping Jacob's shaft, then looked down at her now fully exposed breasts and then made the connection, "Oohhhhhh... I see." Looking back up at Jacob and cocking her head to the side, "So that's your idea?"

Without speaking, Jacob simply nodded his response.

Karen resumed stroking her son's cock, "Okay... You think that will help you finish quicker?"

Happy that she didn't blow up at him, Jacob smiled, "Yeah, Mom, I do." He looked down at the juicy melons that hung heavy on her chest and continued, "I mean, you have such a great pair of ti—breasts. I mean, a great pair of breasts." He then looked back into Karen's eyes. "They're just so awesome!"

Karen chuckled then said, "Now that's a compliment no mother ever expects to hear from their son." She then raised up higher on her knees and scooted closer to Jacob, causing the water to slosh around, exposing herself from the waist up. Her big tits gently swayed back and forth, "I guess we can give it a try." Muttering under her breath, Karen continued, "it's not like we haven't done worse."

A wide grin formed onto Jacob's face, "Thanks, Mom... you're the best!"

While reaching over and grabbing her bottle of bath wash, Karen smirked and replied, "Yeah? Well, I expect you to remember that." She then popped open the top and began squirting the fragrant soap onto her chest.

While Karen used her hands to spread the scented liquid evenly onto and between her massive boobs, she commented, "I just don't understand why you men like doing this." She then looked up at her son, "You definitely take after your father."

Surprised by her remarks, Jacob's eyes widened, "You've done this for Dad?"

While wrapping her big lathered-up tits around her son's jutting cock Karen felt regret for bringing Robert into the conversation. She replied in an exasperated tone, "Yes, Jake... I've done this for your dad." She then began slowly pumping up and down on his rigid tool. "Though it has been quite a while... and things are somewhat different this time." Karen was referring to the size of her inflated breasts and the giant pole that she had trapped between them.

As Karen got into a good rhythm, a lewd creamy 'shlick...shlick...shlick' sound began to fill the bathroom. As he watched his mom, Jacob was on cloud nine. The titty fucks that

Rachel performed for him were fantastic, but to have his conservative and straight-laced mother doing it for him was absolutely mind-blowing. He couldn't help but moan his approval, "Mmmmmmm!! Mom... I don't think I'm going to last much longer."

Looking up at Jacob, Karen gave her son a sly grin, "I guess I haven't lost my touch after all."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Oh No, Ma'am! Mom... you're doing awesome!!" He could feel his churning balls were about to boil over and send the hot steamy load of cum straight up the shaft. "Mom!! I'm getting real close!!"

Karen squeezed her tits tighter around Jacob's dick and softly coaxed him, "It's okay, Sweetie... just let it out."

Arching his back, Jacob did just that in one of the most intense orgasms of his young life. "OHHH MOOOOMMM!! AAAAHHHHH!!" His cock, tightly trapped in this mom's deep cavern of cleavage, violently erupted. Creamy ribbons of cum blasted Karen's neck and chin. Several ropes launched into the air and splashed down into the bathwater, some even landing on the mirrored wall beside them.

After it was over, Jacob felt a bit woozy and leaned up against the wall behind him. Once he was able to catch his breath, he sat back up.

Karen was using her loofa and bath wash to remove the sticky remnants of semen from her boobs. She looked up at her son and asked, "Feel better?"

Jacob nodded his response as he watched his mom run the sponge over her inflated tits, making them wobble on her chest. Out of curiosity, he asked, "So Mom... has Dad noticed the change in your... breast size?"

Looking up at him, Karen cut her eyes, "Of course he has. He is a guy, after all."

All of a sudden, there was a knock at the bathroom door, "Honey? Are you in there?"

Mother and son stared at each other with looks of utter fear on their faces. Karen instinctively crossed her arms over her breasts as if some stranger had just walked into the room. She looked at the closed door and responded, "Y-yes Sweetheart... I'm in here." Trying to remain calm, she asked, "W-when did you get home? I thought you were playing golf."

Robert called out through the door, "Just now. It started to rain, so we just called it a day." He tried the knob but found it to be locked. "You taking a bath?"

Karen looked up at Jacob, who still had a terrified expression on his face, "Yes, I am... just trying to relax while I had some alone time." With the door locked and feeling a little more at ease, she

dropped her arms from her chest and picked up the loofa. As she poured bath wash onto the sponge, she asked, "Rob, did you come through the garage? I didn't hear the door go up."

"The garage door was already up... you must have forgotten to close it."

Karen replied, "Oh, okay. That makes sense, I guess." She then arched her brow at her son and continued, "I guess Jake left it up earlier... you know how absent-minded teenagers can be."

Jacob silently mouthed, "Sorry."

Robert lowered his voice, "Is Jake home?"

Resuming to clean her son's cock with the loofa, Karen responded, "No, he's not here... he went over to Matthew's house to play video games."

Jacob was impressed with how calm his mom was acting. He, on the other hand, was freaking out. Here he was with his mom, both of them butt naked in the bathtub. His father just outside the locked door while his wife lovingly cleaned their son's penis. The same penis that just minutes ago blasted her with vast amounts of sticky cum after a world-class tit-job.

"Should I come in and scrub your back?" Robert asked, trying to sound seductive.

Jacob's eyes bugged out in fear. Karen looked up at her son and put a finger to her lips. "Uh... no, Sweetheart." She felt horrible having to reject her husband. "I'm not feeling very well right now... I'm trying to fight off a headache." Karen rolled her eyes after realizing the use of such an obvious cliché. Not wanting to discourage her husband, she continued, "However, if you let me, I will more than make it up to you tonight?"

Even though he was on the other side of the locked door, Karen hoped and prayed that her husband would accept her excuse and the offer. Robert quickly responded, "Sounds good... I'll take that deal."

Jacob relaxed his shoulders in relief and wiped his brow.

Karen began rinsing the soap off of Jacob's cock by squeezing water from the loofa sponge, "Say, Sweetheart, why don't you go down and fire up the grill? I have some chicken breasts marinating in the refrigerator. Maybe we can have those for dinner? I'll finish up in here, and then I will come down and help."

Robert happily responded, "Sounds like a plan." His voice faded as he walked away, "Take your time and enjoy your bath, Honey... I'll go and get started."

After a few moments, both mother and son breathed a big sigh of relief once it was safe. Karen, still holding onto Jacob's cock

whispered, "That was way too close. We have got to be more careful." After a quick inspection, she pursed her lips and gave his penis a quick kiss, "There... all clean."

As Karen opened the drain to release the water, Jacob stood up and held out his hand for his mom. Taking his hand, Karen smiled and said, "Thank you, Baby." As she stood up, Jacob couldn't help but admire his mom's glistening wet body. It was just so curvy and sexy it looked better each time he saw it.

As they stepped out of the tub, Jacob whispered, "Mom, even though we almost got caught... that was still so very cool."

Karen chuckled as she pulled two towels off the shelf and handed one to Jacob. As she wrapped the bath sheet around herself, "More imagination material, I suppose?"

Drying off with his towel, Jacob nodded enthusiastically, "Oh yes... definitely."

Karen walked over and took down her robe that hung from the hook on the door, "I'll go out first and make sure your dad stays downstairs. After you get dressed, I need you to clean up in here."

Jacob wrapped the towel around his waist, then looked around the tub area. He could see cum splattered all around the tile and several streaks running down the mirror. Nodding his head, he replied, "Okay, Mom."

Picking up her bikini from the counter, Karen added, "After you finish in here, go out the front door and come back around the house as if you're just getting home."

Giving her a 'thumbs up,' Jacob smiled and said, "No problem." Before Karen opened the door to leave, he stopped her and said, "Hey Mom. Thanks for helping me."

Karen smiled, then leaned over and kissed him on the forehead, "You're welcome, Baby. I'm glad you feel better." She then cracked open the door and whispered, "Now, be sure to clean up in here before you leave."

After Karen left the bathroom, Jacob closed and locked the door. He quickly put his clothes back on and picked up a towel. Jacob walked over to the tub area and surveyed the damage. Shaking his head, he whispered to himself, "Wow... that was awesome!!"

On Monday afternoon, Melissa sat in her running car, parked in the Mitchells' driveway. She arrived about five minutes ago but had yet built up enough courage to shut off the ignition. From the outside, any passer-by would assume this to be an average house in a typical middle-class neighborhood; for the most part, that would be true. However, what dwelled inside the beautiful contemporary styled home was a different story

As Melissa gazed upon the sizeable two-story house, thoughts of her last visit kept creeping into her mind. What began as a simple fact-finding interview with Jacob Mitchell quickly spiraled out of control into a scene of unwanted lust and depravity.

Jacob's mother, Karen, unexpectedly walked in and found Melissa covered in her son's semen, not to mention his enormous dick clutched in her grasp. Mortified beyond belief, Melissa quickly dashed out of the house. In her hasty departure, she left behind all her notes and case documents.

Now, Melissa had made the trip from Atlanta and returned to this quiet slice of suburbia. She would rather have not, but unfortunately, there was no alternative. Her entire career could be in ruin if she did not retrieve her briefcase and its sensitive contents. Along with that, Melissa prayed Karen would show a good sense of decorum and keep secret the horrible incident from last week.

Melissa purposefully arrived mid-day so that she could hopefully dodge any further encounters with Jacob. She figured this time of day would be safe as he would most likely be in school. Melissa also assumed Mr. Mitchell would be at work. This way, she could speak with Karen alone... woman to woman.

With a deep sigh, Melissa turned off the ignition and got out of her car. With her hands, she smoothed out the bottom portion of her dress. Since this was not an official visit for court business, Melissa decided to go a little more casual. A knee-

length yellow summer dress with buttons all up the front. Without thinking, she had left an extra button undone, which showed a hint of her magnificent cleavage.

On her feet, Melissa wore her favorite pair of platform wedge sandals. Her hair was down and casual, along with light makeup. She appeared much too young to be an assistant district attorney.

Walking up the steps onto the front porch, Melissa could feel her pulse quicken. When she arrived at the door, she pressed the button and could hear the doorbell ring throughout the house. In her mind, she kept telling herself, "Just remain calm... you can do this, Melissa... you have to."

While waiting, Melissa turned and looked back to the quiet tree-lined suburban street. Across the way, she saw an elderly couple walking hand in hand down the sidewalk. They noticed the pretty young lady standing on the porch and gave her a cordial wave. Smiling at the neighborly couple, Melissa threw up her left hand and responded with a friendly wave of her own.

Seeing the sparkle of her engagement ring brought Donnie to her mind. Melissa's heart warmed as she imagined spending her golden years with the love of her life. Many years from now, that could be them taking a leisurely stroll on a sunny afternoon.

Suddenly, Melissa was dragged back into reality when the front door swung open. She spun around expecting to find Karen;

however, someone else stood in the doorway. In a cheerful tone, she heard, "Hi, Ms. Turner!"

In shock, Melissa gasped and stepped back. "Jake!! W-What are doing here?" She looked behind him, hoping to find Karen somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob responded, "I live here."

Rolling her eyes, "I know that. I meant... why aren't you in school today?"

Jacob smiled. "Oh, I didn't have any classes. It's a teacher's workday." He stepped back and motioned for Melissa to come into the house.

Cautiously entering through the doorway, Melissa continued to look around for Karen. After taking a few steps into the front room, "Is your mom at home? I was hoping to speak with her for a few minutes." She continued to scan throughout the nearby rooms.

Closing the door and shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No, ma'am, I'm afraid not. She's out to run some errands and go to lunch with my dad. She's going to be a while, but you can wait here if you like." His face lit up, "I'm playing some new video games... want to check them out? Mom bought them for me while we were at the mall yesterday. I have 'Call of Duty'... it's really cool."

Turning back to Jacob with a confused expression, Melissa responded, "Video games?" She shook her head, "N-No... thank you." She knew it was not smart to be there alone with this boy and decided to keep the visit short. "I think if I can get my briefcase, I'll be on my way. I can speak with your mother some other time."

Shrugging his shoulders, "Okay." Jacob then began to walk towards the staircase, "Follow me. We put all your stuff up here for safekeeping."

Melissa watched as Jacob began to walk up the stairs. Inside her head, she was screaming at herself not to follow him, but her feet had a mind of their own. As if not in control of her own body, the beautiful young woman fell in behind the gangly teenager.

After ascending the stairs, Melissa followed Jacob down the hall to the last room on the right. Upon entering the doorway, her eyes took in the surroundings; it seemed as if a 'nerd' bomb had exploded.

The bedroom was a showcase of space ship toys and models. Most displayed on shelves, but some were hanging from the ceiling with fishing line. The walls covered entirely with various movie posters ranging from comic book heroes to science fiction and fantasy.

As Melissa continued to gaze upon the sights of this 'geeky paradise,' she got a whiff of that familiar fragrance from her last visit with Jacob. Her nipples instantly hardened inside her bra. Trying to keep her mind focused, she commented, "Wow... I guess it's safe to say you like Star Wars."

Smiling, Jacob replied, "Star Wars is the best!" He then motioned for Melissa to take a seat in his desk chair.

Waving her hand, Melissa declined. "I really can't stay... If I could just get my briefcase?"

Jacob walked around to the other side of his bed and got down on all fours. As he reached underneath, he continued, "My dad and I have watched the original trilogy probably a hundred times."

Taking another glance around, she spotted the 'Return of the Jedi' poster on the far wall and muttered, "I wouldn't doubt it one bit."

Jacob stood up and walked around the bed with Melissa's briefcase in hand. Walking back towards her, he said, "A lot of these toys belonged to him when he was a kid." He pointed upwards, "That X-wing fighter up there." Melissa lifted her eyes towards the ceiling as Jacob continued, "It's an original from 1980... mint condition."

Melissa looked back down at the skinny teenager standing before her holding out the briefcase. Taking it from him, she faintly smiled and said, "Thank you, Jake; I appreciate you keeping it safe for me."

Jacob sat down on his bed. "You're welcome... it's no big deal." With briefcase in hand, Melissa planned to make a quick exit; that's when her nostrils filled with more of the enticing aroma, and the warmth in her breasts began to intensify.

The tingling sensations quickly spread, reaching down to her suddenly damp pussy. In her mind, she knew it would be best for her to leave, but the same as last time, her body did not want to comply. Her mind began to drift, bringing back memories from the past few days.

After spending Friday evening in bed with her new friend "Larry," Melissa finally got her hands on her fiancé Donnie on Saturday. He was exhausted from pulling a double at the hospital, but that did not stop Melissa from having her way with the young doctor.

Even though the sex with Donnie was satisfying, the image of that young boy's abomination kept flashing through her mind all weekend. She could not understand how easily she gave in to him; it was as if some mind-altering drug controlled her actions.

The sound of Jacob's voice snapped Melissa out of her trance. "So Ms. Turner, the other day, you said something about new information?"

Shaking her head, Melissa tried to clear her mind, "Huh? Oh, information? Yes. That's one reason I was hoping to speak with your mother today."

Looking up at the beautiful woman Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "Can you share it with me?" He looked down at the bulge that was beginning to form in his crotch. "After all, I am the one who has become a freak." He then looked back up at Melissa with a sad expression. "I also want to apologize for what happened on Friday."

Melissa could feel her anxiety beginning to recede and replaced with sympathy for the boy. She began to see him in a different light. Jacob was just an average teenager with a horrible affliction that he could not control, and it was not his fault. The condition he suffered was brought upon him by that unscrupulous Dr. Michael Grant.

Melissa sat down in the desk chair and sat her briefcase down on the floor beside her. While she bent over, the top of her dress fell away just enough to give Jacob a quick peek at her delectable cleavage. He hoped if she stayed long enough, he might get to see even more of what she was hiding underneath her pretty yellow dress.

Sitting back up straight, Melissa looked at Jacob, sitting across from her. Her eyes inadvertently glanced down and caught sight of his growing erection inside his cotton shorts. The memory from Friday kept revisiting her thoughts; however, she tried to

clear her mind and remain focused. "First of all, Jake... you are not a freak. None of this is your fault."

Jacob smiled at her and replied, "Thanks."

"Secondly, I accept your apology." Melissa could feel her cheeks blush. "As far as Friday goes, I would appreciate it if we could all just forget about that unfortunate event."

Rubbing his hand along the ever-growing erection in his shorts, "Ms. Turner, you may not believe this, but you brought me a great deal of relief that day... it was such a big help, and I want to thank you."

Putting up her hand, Melissa responded, "You don't need to thank me. All I want is for us to forget the whole thing." Noticing Jacob rubbing his crotch, she averted her eyes and lowered her voice, "And Jake, I would appreciate it if you would not do that in front of me."

Pulling down the waistband of his shorts, Jacob's rigid cock sprung into view. He grabbed the shaft and began with slow up and down strokes. "It hurts again, Ms. Turner. Maybe you could help me... like before?"

Turning her head back around, Melissa caught sight and gasped, "JAKE!" She then quickly stood up. "Absolutely not!!" The exotic scent intensified and, along with it, Melissa's arousal. She could feel the tingling sensations throughout her body as

she watched Jacob's small hand running up and down the shaft of his magnificent manhood. Her voice lowered, "I can't do that again." She held up her left hand to show him the sparkling diamond ring, "I—I'm engaged to be married."

Standing up, Jacob said, "I promise I won't tell anyone." He lowered his shorts and kicked them to the side, leaving him now nude except for his Avengers t-shirt. "You helped me the other day... remember?"

Melissa watched as Jacob slowly pumped this huge dick; pre-cum dribbled from the slit and down onto the carpeted floor. Her mouth went dry, and her heart rate increased. She softly responded, "That... that was a mistake." Not able to avert her eyes, "It was so wrong... I shouldn't do that again." Melissa was weakening, and they both knew it.

Sitting back down on his bed, Jacob decided to nudge her a little more. "Please, Ms. Turner. I need help... your help."

Melissa could feel an indescribable desire beginning to swell. In her mind, she asked herself how she could do this again and betray the love of her life? Betray her fiance... the future father of her children? However, she began to rationalize it as an act of human kindness. She could help bring relief to this teenage boy that suffered so needlessly.

Knowing that she was teetering on edge, Jacob pushed again, "You may want to take off your pretty dress." Melissa looked into

Jacob's eyes with a shocked expression. He continued, "You remember what happened last time? I'd hate for it to get ruined."

Slowly nodding her head in agreement, Melissa began to unfasten the buttons on her yellow dress. Her logical mind was shouting at her to stop. She should grab her briefcase, run out of that house, and never look back. However, her slender fingers did not relent from their chore.

Jacob watched in disbelief as the beautiful young attorney unfastened several buttons on her dress. As she continued downward, the sides fell open and exposed her lacy white bra, which proudly displayed the mouthwatering cleavage of her fantastic D-cup sized tits.

Once unbuttoned down to her waist, Melissa took her arms out of the short sleeves. She then grabbed the dress at the bottom and lifted it over her head, taking it off completely. After draping the thin cotton garment onto the back of Jacob's desk chair, Melissa turned back to him as if waiting for instructions. Out of shame and embarrassment, she stared down at the floor.

A smile crept onto Jacob's face as he took in the beautiful sight of Melissa's firm yet curvy body. Her magnificent breasts threatened to burst out of her lacy white bra. His eyes traveled down her flat torso along her tapered waist to the matching bikini cut panties that tightly hugged her wide feminine hips. He noticed a dark spot forming in the 'V' of her crotch and commented, "Wow, Ms. Turner... you are gorgeous!"

While continuing to stare at the floor, Melissa replied meekly, "Thank you, Jake." She then felt herself oddly blush from the teenager's compliment.

Meanwhile, across town, Karen finished her business at the bank and began driving to Conway Enterprises. She was going to meet up with Robert for their lunch date and, along with it, a little surprise for her husband.

Since Karen's breasts had expanded in size recently, several of her blouses no longer fit properly. While at the mall on Sunday, Karen purchased some new outfits... one in particular with Robert in mind. The top was a pink form-fitting V-neck pullover. The neckline was a modest cut but still low enough to display a generous amount of her luscious melons' deep cleavage.

The black skirt fit snug to her womanly curves and was shorter than the ones she usually would wear. Most skirts and dresses in Karen's closet were knee-length. However, today the middle-aged MILF was sporting a skirt about 4-inches shorter than usual. Maybe the outfit was not scandalous by today's standards, but it was definitely outside the wheelhouse for a conservative church-going mother like Karen.

To complete the outfit, Karen adorned her long legs with black thigh-high stockings and 3-inch pumps. She hoped to be flirty and sexy without coming across as trashy. She was not used to dressing in this fashion, but if Robert reacts the same way he did with the thong underwear, Karen will make sure to dress this way more often.

Meanwhile, Jacob sat on the side of his bed while Melissa pumped his raging dick with both hands. The lips of her pretty mouth wrapped tightly around the swollen head while she swirled her tongue across the sensitive tip. She softly moaned as she swallowed more of the sweet nectar that bubbled out from the slit of Jacob's cock.

Melissa's body burned with unwanted arousal that continued to escalate. Her hardened nipples tingled fiercely inside her bra, sending pleasure signals down to her increasingly wet pussy. Ridden with guilt, Melissa prayed Donnie would never find out about her betrayal. She should have run while she had the chance, but once again, she found herself weakening and giving in to lust. Whatever that doctor and his wicked hormone treatment had done to this boy, it made him and his behemoth of a cock simply irresistible.

While Karen was driving to her lunch date with her husband, a call came through on her cell phone. Seeing it was Robert, she pressed the Bluetooth button. "Hi, Sweetheart... I'm on my way there now. Would you like to meet up somewhere?"

Robert then broke the news that he would have to cancel lunch. "I'm sorry, Honey. The production meeting is dragging on, and we are going to have lunch brought in so we can continue."

Feeling disappointed, Karen responded, "Oh, that's okay, Sweetie... I understand. I know things are horribly busy for you these days."

Robert sighed, "Yes, they are. I hope I caught you in time before you wasted a drive."

Spotting Jacob's favorite sandwich shop, Karen pulled into the parking lot. She then replied, "It's okay... I didn't get very far." Pulling up into the drive-thru line, she continued, "I'll get some sandwiches for Jake and me... he and I can have a mother-son lunch date."

Robert laughed and said, "That sounds like a plan. I'm really sorry I had to cancel, Honey... Can I have a rain check?"

Karen giggled and responded, "Of course. Any time you want."

Robert exhaled, "Well, Honey, I better go... they're heading back into the conference room."

Karen then pressed the button to lower the driver's side window, "Okay, Sweetheart! Have a good rest of your day, and I'll see you tonight... I love you."

Across town, the young and lovely Melissa Turner was still kneeling beside Jacob's bed with his pulsing leviathan lodged in her mouth. She could feel the tell-tale signs of carpet burn beginning to form on her bare knees. Her jaw ached, and the repetitive pumping of his shaft had her arms burning with

exhaustion. The other day, she brought him off pretty quick, but today seemed to be taking forever.

Melissa pulled her head back and, with her left hand, rubbed the side of her aching jaw. While continuing to stroke his dick slowly with her right hand, she swallowed hard then said, "Please tell me you're getting close."

Jacob was lying back, resting on his elbows. He shook his head, "I'm sorry, Ms. Turner, but for some reason, it's taking longer today."

Rejoining her left hand with her right, Melissa resumed to vigorously masturbate the teenager's incredible cock. With a pleading look, she begged, "Please try and hurry. I can't stay much longer." What she meant was she did not want Karen to come home and catch her half-naked and sucking on her son's dick.

In her mind, she knew the smart thing would be to put her dress back on and leave immediately. However, she found herself entirely captivated by this boy's ridiculously large sex organ. She felt compelled to see it through and help him blow the massive load that churned in his painfully swollen testicles. Trying to hurry things along, Melissa returned Jacob's drooling cock-head to the inside of her hot mouth.

Sitting up straight, Jacob watched as Melissa's arm movements caused the cleavage of her big tits to jiggle inside the tight

confines of her overworked bra. As much as he enjoyed the incredible blowjob from the gorgeous attorney, he wanted to try and take things further.

"Ms. Turner, I think I know of a way that will help me finish quicker." While continuing to bob her head up and down slowly, Melissa gave Jacob a look of bewilderment. He then continued, "But I would need you to get up here on the bed with me."

Melissa had a good idea of what he meant, and she could not allow that to happen. Pulling Jacob's cock out of her mouth with a slight "pop", Melissa shook her head, "NO!! No... I-I can NOT do that. I shouldn't even be doing this." The thought of trying to fit his monster inside her tight little pussy sent a cold shiver down her back.

As Jacob stood from the bed, Melissa released her grip on his cock, and mindlessly took the hand he offered. Guiding her onto the bed, Jacob continued, "It's okay, Ms. Turner. This way, I can finish quickly, and then you can leave... if you want."

"Leave? Yes... I should do just that... I should leave," Melissa muttered while she settled into the center of Jacob's bed... laying her head back against a soft pillow. In her heart of hearts, she knew it was too late... there would be no leaving.

Melissa automatically drew her knees up and planted her feet flat on the bed to make room for Jacob. She instinctively clamped her legs together, hoping to hide the embarrassing

wetness in the thin gusset of her delicate panties. Unwanted as it may be, Melissa's arousal was at a fever pitch, and she lacked the motivation to put up much of a fight.

As Jacob's fingers grasped the lacy waistband of Melissa's panties, an image of Donnie suddenly flashed in her head. She attempted one final stand of loyalty and whispered, "Jake, I really shouldn't do this. I-I need to go." However, she did not attempt to leave. Instead, she lifted her hips off the bed to assist Jacob in removing the final barrier.

Melissa watched in disbelief as Jacob's small hands pulled the skimpy garment over her knees and then down to her feet. Her fogged mind could not fully comprehend the ridiculousness of the situation.

Here she was, an up and coming lawyer working for a prestigious district attorney's office. She had also recently gotten engaged to a handsome young doctor who was the love of her life. Now, she found herself naked in a teenage boy's room that could only be described as 'Nerdville.' Her logical self told her to get up and run. Still, her body would not listen as the sexual excitement ran through her veins like some mind-altering drug.

Melissa offered little resistance as Jacob used his hands to pull her knees apart. As if on autopilot, the gorgeous attorney lifted her left foot out of the confines of her panties. She then spread her beautiful long legs leaving the delicate garment hooked around her right ankle.

Feeling the cool air licking at her exposed wet pussy, Melissa turned her head away in shame. Her eyes caught sight of the various superhero posters that lined the bedroom wall. She couldn't help but feel like she now had an audience and her cheeks blushed from embarrassment.

The bed jostled a bit as Jacob positioned himself between Melissa's splayed open legs. She could not bring herself to look at him, but a small gasp escaped her lips as the teenager slid his humungous cock along her juicy slit.

As the swollen head dragged across her buzzing clit, Melissa couldn't help but moan softly and grasp tightly to the comforter with her slender fingers. She closed her eyes and held her breath in nervous anticipation as she waited to be impaled by the teenager's unnaturally large sex organ. It would by far be the largest thing to ever penetrate her tight pussy.

While Melissa waited for the inevitable, she heard Jacob ask, "Ms. Turner? Would you mind helping me?" Shocked by his request, Melissa opened her eyes and turned her head back to look at him. She could not believe the audacity of this kid. First, he corrupted her into betraying her future husband, and now he dared to ask for her help in his defilement of her body.

Melissa wanted to shake her head "no", but instead, she reached out with her right hand and took hold of Jacob's incredible manhood. As Melissa held the pulsing monster in her dainty hand, she felt a sudden wave of anxiety. While she positioned

the tip of the intimidating beast between her glistening folds, she pleaded softly, "Jake... I don't think it's going to fit."

Pushing forward with his hips, Jacob replied, "Don't worry, Ms. Turner... it always does."

With a perplexed look, Melissa responded, "What?" Her eyes then shot wide open as the fat tip of Jacob's spear penetrated her tight pussy, "AAAAHHHH!!" She clutched onto his skinny shoulders with both hands, "Ohhhh!! Please! Go slow."

A few minutes later, Karen drove up to the house and noticed Melissa's car in the driveway. As she parked her Jeep alongside the young attorney's vehicle, she muttered to herself, "Well, Jake was right... she did come back." As she turned off the ignition, she thought, "I wonder why she didn't call first."

Karen pressed the button to raise the garage door only to get no response. She then remembered that the thing had been malfunctioning lately, and she forgot to tell Robert. Grabbing her purse and the sandwiches from the passenger seat, Karen made her way to the front door.

Upon entering, Karen found the house to be as quiet as a tomb. She called out as she walked through the family room, "Jake, Honey... I'm home." When she walked into the kitchen, she found it also to be empty. Karen experienced a sinking feeling as her motherly intuition kicked in... she knew something was not

right. After setting her items down onto the table, she quickly exited the room and made her way up the staircase.

Once Karen arrived upstairs, she noticed that the door to Jacob's room was slightly ajar. As she slowly walked towards her son's room, all too familiar noises made their way down the hall. It was a steady chorus of squeaks emanating from Jacob's bed frame and the rhythmic thumping of the headboard against the wall. Unfortunately, they were sounds that she now knew all too well.

Standing outside her son's bedroom, Karen could clearly make out the illicit noises of sexual intercourse. She heard the unmistakable slapping sound of skin-on-skin. Karen's heart rate increased as she listened to the pain and pleasure mixed groaning that continuously flowed from Melissa's pretty mouth.

As she peeked through the gap of the slightly open door, Karen quickly smelled the pheromone laced aroma that flooded her son's bedroom, and her eyes widened with shock. To know what was happening was one thing, but to actually see it was a totally different story. She could not help but whisper, "Oh... my!"

Jacob was on top of Melissa, his stiff arms supporting himself above her while he steadily plunged his enormous cock in and out of her overstuffed pussy. His eyes fixed on the young lawyer's impressive tits as they danced around lewdly on her chest. Because of Jacob's boyish build and stature, Karen thought the spectacle of their coupling appeared somewhat obscene.

Melissa's beautiful face carried a sheen of sweat, and her eyes had a look of awe as she stared up at the undersized teenager that was pummeling her body towards orgasm. She knew it was wrong to be enjoying it so much, but the indescribable pleasure wiped out any guilt that she may have felt... at least for the time being.

As Karen continued to witness the shameful act, she seriously considered rushing into the room and putting a stop to this nonsense. They should both be ashamed, Melissa, for cheating on her fiancé, and even though somewhat hypocritical, Jacob, for engaging in pre-marital sex. In her mind, Karen still rationalized that what she did with her son was only to help him with his physical ailment.

However, the longer Karen spied and inhaled the exotic fumes, the more aroused she became. Mindlessly, with her right hand, she reached under her short skirt and ran her fingers between her legs to find her panties soaking wet. She gently stroked her engorged clit through the thin cotton and felt electrical shockwaves run throughout her extremities.

Even though Karen had no lesbian tendencies, she could not help but appreciate the young woman's pure beauty and sexuality. She continued to gaze upon Melissa with conflicted emotions while Jacob pushed her closer and closer to orgasm.

Karen observed as the young attorney held her legs up higher and spread wider to permit Jacob deeper penetration. The delicate white panties still hooked onto Melissa's slender ankle gently swayed back and forth as if waving like a white flag of

surrender. The spying mother was amazed at how quickly and thoroughly her son had conquered the young attorney.

Melissa's eyes were now tightly closed, and her soft moans had now become labored grunts as Jacob plunged his meaty spear deep into her tight pussy. "Uhhhh!! Uhhhh!! Uhhhh!!" Melissa tried her best not to look at Jacob so she could pretend it was Donnie's cock that was quickly driving her towards the cliff of ecstasy.

As Jacob also neared the finish line, he quickened his pace and moaned, "Oh! Ms. Turner! It's feeling better... you are helping me... so much!" The sudden increase of stimulation caused Melissa's eyes to fly open and look up at him. She let go of her grip on the bedsheets and then reached back and took hold of the wooden slats of the headboard.

Melissa found herself on the precipice and shamefully could not help but exclaim out loud as Jacob pushed her over the edge, "Ohhhh!! You're... your're gonna... make meeeee!!" Arching her back, Melissa shouted, "AAAAAAHHHHHH!!" as incredible waves of euphoria washed over her body.

Karen now had her right hand stuffed down the front of her thin cotton panties while she continued to witness the sinful scene of indecency playing out in her son's bed. Her logical self wanted to burst into the room and confront them, but her highly aroused body refused to move. Instead, she stayed frozen to her spot and gently rubbed her dripping wet folds with her slender fingers.

The constant pulsing of the tight pussy around Jacob's throbbing cock quickly sent him over the edge. "Ms. Turner... I'm... almost... there!"

In a slight panic, Melissa pushed on Jacob's shoulders and shook her head, "No! Not inside! Let me use... my mouth."

Once Jacob pulled out of Melissa's tight snatch, she crawled between his legs, grabbed hold of his swollen shaft, and tightly wrapped her lips around the sensitive tip.

In her new position, Melissa gave Karen a perfect view of her lovely upturned ass and bare vagina. As she felt the trimmed hairs between her own legs, Karen then somewhat understood what her daughter meant by the attractiveness of a clean-shaven pussy.

After only a few strokes with Melissa's delicate hand, Jacob blew his massive load into her hungry mouth, "Oh, Ms. Turner!! AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!" She tried her best to swallow it all, but there was way too much. To keep from choking, Melissa pulled her head back and jacked him off to completion. His stuff ended up everywhere on her, him, and the bed.

After a while, Jacob got to his feet, and Melissa remained on all fours trying to catch her breath. She licked the sticky residue from her lips, finding the taste to be just as divine as before. After swallowing, she muttered, "I hope... that helped." She looked at her cum stained tits that hung down pendulously

towards the mattress. As several drops of semen dripped from her painfully erect nipples and landed on the sheets, Melissa continued, "Because I need to get cleaned up... and get out of here."

As Jacob got back onto the bed, he quickly responded, "Don't leave yet, Ms. Turner, I could use more of your help."

Feeling the bed shake, Melissa looked back over her shoulder. "M—More? But... you just... " She then noticed the raging hard-on that lewdly bounced around as the skinny teenager took up position behind her. Her eyes widened, and she gasped, "Good God! You have got to be kidding! How can you still be hard?" Her fiancé Donnie would require a lengthy break between rounds.

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob answered, "Sometimes it takes more than once to make it go down."

Once more the thought to jump up and flee crossed Melissa's mind, but Instead, she lowered herself onto her elbows and waited for the inevitable. She then whispered, "Damn, kid, what's your mom feeding you?"

With his left hand, Jacob gently pushed down onto Melissa's flawless backside and asked, "Ms. Turner? Could you maybe go a bit lower?" Another wave of guilt washed over her as, without question, she widened her stance and instinctively arched her back to assist the nerdy teenager.

Melissa could not believe her situation. All through high school and college, she hung out with the popular crowd dating jocks or guys from the more affluent families. Back then, she would have never given a boy like Jacob a second glance. Now Melissa found herself naked in a geek's bedroom and on all fours while awaiting him to rearrange her organs with the monstrosity that hung between his legs. It was as if she were taking part in some porno version of 'Revenge of the Nerds.'

Still peeking in from outside the door, Karen was shocked at what her son was about to do. She just had this conversation with Jacob not long ago that he should not treat women like animals. It appears they would have to revisit this topic sometime soon.

Unable to avert her eyes, Karen watched in horror as Jacob slid the head of his enormous dick up and down the dripping wet folds of Melissa's gaping vagina. She noticed a soft moan escape the young attorney's mouth as she clutched desperately at the bedsheets and bit her bottom lip in bittersweet anticipation. The aroused mother, frozen to her spot, could feel another gush of pussy juice between her fingers as she whispered to herself, "No, Jake... not like that!"

Once Jacob found the entrance to Melissa's pussy he placed his hands onto her curvy hips and proceeded to push forward. "Oohhhhh!!" Melissa groaned as the turgid head of his cock penetrated her sloppy opening taking her breath away. She gave a slight wiggle to her hips and pleaded, "Careful, Jake... you have... to go slow."

After a while, Jacob was able to work his entire length deep into Melissa's volcanic core. He tightened his grip on her wide hips and then began long in and out strokes at a slow and steady pace. For Jacob, the feeling was incredible, and he moaned aloud, "Mmmmmm!! Ms. Turner... your pussy feels so good. It's so freaking HOT!!"

The young lawyer had her eyes tightly shut, and the only response she could get out was to grunt each time the teenager hit bottom, "Ugh!! Ugh!! Ugh!! Ugh!!"

Even though she was floating in a fog of arousal and approaching her own orgasm, Karen caught Jacob's use of that nasty word. She made a mental note to once again discuss with her son the use of such foul language.

It didn't take long for Melissa's vagina to adjust to the size of the monster that violently plundered her insides. The uncomfortable feeling of fullness quickly gave way to incredible waves of pleasure that coursed throughout her body. Melissa could feel another orgasm building, and mindlessly she began to gently thrust her hips backward into Jacob's groin in an attempt to spur it along.

Jacob began slamming into Melissa's upturned ass with increased vigor. The unexpected surge of pleasure caused her to grab hold of the headboard and gasp loudly, "Ohhhhh!!"

Glancing over Melissa's shoulder, Jacob noticed her left hand that clung desperately to the wooden slat. The large diamond in her engagement ring gave off a vibrant sparkle in the afternoon sun. While he pistoned his cock in and out of her steamy depths, Jacob asked, "Where is... your fiancé... today?"

During this entire ordeal, Melissa had been trying her best not to think about Donnie. The unwarranted ecstasy brought on by Jacob's unnaturally large member had somewhat abated her thoughts. However, the teenager's unsettling question brought her sweet and amazing beau fully to the forefront of her mind.

Begrudgingly, Melissa replied, "He's working... Oh! At the... Ohhh! Hos...hospital! OHHHH!!"

Melissa was disgusted with herself as she remembered the blatant betrayal she was committing behind her fiancé's back. He was a wonderful man and deserved better than this. However, at this moment, the guilt was no match for the unbridled pleasure that continued to build deep in her core.

Sliding his hands from her hips, Jacob grabbed tightly to Melissa's tapered waist and commented, "What if... he could... ahhh!!... see you now?"

The horrible thought of Donnie walking in and catching Melissa being royally fucked by the nerdy teenager flashed through her mind. Unexplainably, it caused a spark somewhere deep inside,

and Melissa began to slam her hips back into Jacob violently as she spiraled out of control.

Now in the home stretch, Melissa was dangerously close to achieving the mind-blowing orgasm that continued to swell up inside, and she called out, "Yes... Oh! Yesss!! I'm... almost!" The spring continued to tighten until it was almost unbearable, and in desperation, she began to plead for relief, "Oh God!! Please!!"

Jacob could now feel his second load churning in his swollen testicles. He went into overdrive as he fucked the once faithful 'wife to be' into oblivion and gave her the relief she so much desired.

"It's coming!! It's coming!! Ohhhh God!! I'm... I'm CUMMIINNNGGG!! YEEESSSSS!!" At that very moment, the spring finally snapped, and Melissa's body stiffened from the mind-numbing orgasm. The experience was so intense that she literally forgot how to breathe. But after several agonizing seconds, she was able to gulp some oxygen and found her voice, "AAAAAAHHHHHH!! GOD!! YESSSSS!!"

Karen watched in complete awe as Melissa began to convulse as if suffering from some kind of episode. The spying mother had empathy for the young woman as she knew all too well the unbridled ecstasy that seized her nervous system at that moment.

With her knees weakening, Karen put her left hand against the wall for support. She bit her bottom lip as her own powerful orgasm blossomed from her gushing wet pussy and radiated throughout her body. She tried to remain silent, but a soft "Mmmmmmm" still escaped her lovely mouth.

Jacob could feel his testicles beginning to boil over, and he groaned, "Ms. Turner... I'm gonna... cum!!"

Melissa, still floating on clouds of euphoria, could only reply with, "Nnnngggghhhhhh."

While trying to catch her breath, Karen whispered, "Don't you dare... finish inside her, young man."

As if somehow he heard his mom's warning, Jacob reluctantly pulled out of the hot pussy that spasmed around his trembling cock. "AAAAHHHHHHH!!!" the teenager wailed as he unloaded his balls all over Melissa's arched back and curvy backside.

Without Jacob no longer holding onto Melissa's waist, her arms and knees gave out, and she fell flat with her head landing on a soft pillow. While slowly descending back down to Earth, she softly moaned while enjoying the warm and heavenly aftershocks.

Not wanting to be discovered, Karen slowly and quietly backed away from the door. She then went down the hall to the master

bedroom to sort some things out before confronting the salacious couple.

While lying on his back, staring at the ceiling, Jacob commented, "Wow, Ms. Turner... that was awesome!!" He then turned his head and caught sight of her beautiful naked body lying face down covered in his creamy white semen. He noticed her left leg twitch and said, "I feel so much better. Maybe you can help me again sometime?"

Unable to move from exhaustion, Melissa slowly shook her head and mumbled into the pillow, "No way!" She then took a deep breath, "I think you broke something."

Not sure what she said, Jacob reached over, placed his hand on the back of Melissa's shapely thigh, and said, "You're welcome back anytime." He yawned and then added, "Maybe you could come over a couple of days a week?"

Melissa's only reply was a frustrated, "Uuuuggghhhhh!"

After a short while, Melissa regained some strength and was finally able to move. She sat up and could feel the copious amounts of semen trickle down her back. Also, now able to think clearly, panic began to set in. "Oh my God!!"

Quickly standing up from the bed, Melissa frantically searched for her bra and panties. "I have to get out of here." She was glad to see Jacob had fallen asleep... maybe she could make a quick

exit. But first, she wanted to duck into the hall bathroom to clean up a little before the drive home.

After locating and collecting her delicate undergarments, Melissa grabbed her shoes, dress, and briefcase, then quietly walked over to the door. She took a glance over at Jacob to make sure he was still asleep. Her eyes automatically drawn to the sleeping behemoth that lay flaccid across his thigh, leaking seminal fluid onto his skinny leg.

As Melissa gazed upon the sleeping teenager, his invite to return entered her mind. For a few brief seconds, she seriously considered the offer, but then sanity returned. Shaking her head to clear her mind, Melissa quietly opened the door to make a quick 'walk of shame' to the bathroom.

It felt a little creepy for Melissa as she stepped out into the silent hallway. She would never in a million years picture herself being in this situation. Yet here she was in a stranger's house bare ass naked and covered in a teenager's cum while she attempted to sneak into their bathroom. It made her feel somewhat naughty.

After quietly closing the bedroom door behind her, Melissa spun around to find Karen Mitchell standing before her. She gasped in shock and dropped her briefcase, which made a soft "thud" as it landed onto the plush carpet. Like a little kid, Melissa looked down at the floor in complete humiliation, "Mrs... Mrs. Mitchell! I... I... I'm... "

Calmly and softly, Karen asked, "Where's Jacob?"

Glancing up at Karen, Melissa stammered, "Ja... Jacob?" She then turned and looked at the bedroom door, "He... he's in there." Facing Karen once more, Melissa whispered, "He's... asleep."

Karen glanced over Melissa's shoulder at the closed door. Then the beautiful mother looked into the dark eyes of the embarrassed young woman. With a soft smile, she said, "I think we should talk." After bending over and collecting Melissa's briefcase from the floor, Karen continued, "But first, let's get you cleaned up."

Chapter 7

Freshly showered and dressed, Melissa Turner once again found herself sitting at the table in Karen Mitchell's warm and inviting kitchen. The last time the young attorney sat and had coffee with the lovely and congenial middle-aged mother, the conversation was about Jacob and his experience with the WICK-Tropin hormone trials. Now, as she sipped the hot cup of delicious beverage, the subject was still that of Karen's son, but the situation was on a much different level.

Against her will, Melissa had once again succumbed to the overpowering aphrodisiac that radiated from Jacob's teenage body. She tried to fight the urges, but the engaged attorney reluctantly gave in to the overpowering lust and allowed the teenager to have his way with her highly aroused body.

After quietly sneaking out of Jacob's room, Melissa unexpectedly ran into Karen Mitchell in the hallway. She stood before the boy's mother, still covered in her son's sticky and fragrant semen. As the mortified young woman clutched her cotton dress to her chest in an attempt to hide her nudity, she awaited the oncoming wrath of an angry mother. Instead, Melissa was surprised to receive undeserved compassion and kindness.

When Karen first saw them together, her instinct was to burst into the room, scold the young attorney, and throw her out onto the front lawn bare ass naked. However, as she secretly spied on the beautiful woman pleasuring her son with her flawless body, a new revelation came to light.

The loving mother had faithfully prayed for God to heal her son of his affliction. In the meantime, she knew all too well as Jacob's mother; her role was to be his primary caregiver. Her original plan was to relieve her son's suffering as needed while keeping certain strict boundaries. Unfortunately, over time some of these boundaries became blurred to almost nonexistent.

What started as simple hand-jobs slowly elevated into full-out sexual intercourse. As amazing as the sex had been, it was still sinful and wrong. Karen loved her husband with all her heart. She could not, in good conscience, continue to betray her marriage vows even though Robert was, thank God, clueless to the whole situation.

While she watched from outside Jacob's bedroom door, it dawned on her that maybe Melissa was an answer to her prayers. If Melissa were willing to help Jacob, it would lessen the burden on her shoulders. Perhaps he could focus his attention on this gorgeous young woman, and hopefully, over time, she and Jacob could go back to a more normal mother-son relationship.

Now, as the two beautiful women sat across from one another, Melissa kept waiting for the 'bomb' to drop. She feared that Karen would eventually go off and rebuke her for having illicit sex with her barely legal teenage son. Pleasantly enough, however, Karen kept the conversation focused on the additional findings from the investigation into Dr. Michael Grant.

As Karen glanced over some court documents, Melissa continued with her summation, "It appears that Dr. Grant was conducting an experiment that no one at his practice even knew was going on. It was a top-secret project dealing with human reproduction."

Karen glanced up, "Reproduction?" She took off her reading glasses and sat back in her chair. "What does that have to do with treating Jake for his stunted growth?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Melissa replied, "We don't know for sure, but we do have a theory." She took a quick sip of coffee and continued, "The investigators have interrogated Dr. Grant time and time again, but he refuses to talk. We think a foreign government may be funding him and his research."

Sitting forward in her chair, Karen put up her hand, "Yes! In fact, he told me that day in his office that he was privately funded. That's why the treatment was at no charge."

Nodding her head, Melissa responded, "Most likely his benefactor is someone in Eastern Europe or the Middle-East because his records show that he has ties to both of those regions."

Crossing her arms, Karen huffed, "Unbelievable, what this shyster has done to my son and those innocent people." She was still wearing the outfit that was to be a surprise for her husband,

Robert. As she sat back in her chair, the movements caused her inflated tits to gently shake on her chest.

Melissa inadvertently noticed the slight motions of Karen's big breasts underneath her lovely form-fitting top. The pink pullover had a deep v-cut neckline that showcased a generous amount of eye-catching cleavage. Suddenly her gaze locked onto the beautiful mother's enticing flesh and the gold heart-shaped locket that nestled itself in between her big and pillowy breasts.

Unable to avert her eyes, Melissa's thoughts drifted back to a memory from her college days. She and her friend Laura had gone to an on-campus party one cold winter night. When Melissa and her gorgeous blonde roommate finally made it back to the dorm, they found their room freezing cold. Their dormitory just happened to be one of the older buildings on the campus, and they had been experiencing occasional heat outages.

The two girls climbed into their beds, fully dressed but found that to be very uncomfortable. After a while, they came up with an idea. Both of them stripped down to their bra and panties, then Laura climbed into Melissa's bed, spooning up behind her friend's soft, warm body. The two girls had slept in the same bed before, however, not quite in this manner.

Still too buzzed to go to sleep, the girls lie in bed talking and giggling about various topics. After a while, Melissa turned onto her back, and Laura mindlessly draped her arm across her friend's stomach. Her hand unintentionally landed on Melissa's

bra encased breast. Neither one seemed to notice... or at least seemed to care.

Whether it was the alcohol or the lack of sex lately, Laura began to feel a strange sexual desire for her half-naked roommate. The erotic feel of Melissa's tit-filled bra cup in her hand and the warmth of her friend's silky smooth body only heightened her arousal.

While they continued to talk, Laura began to squeeze her roommate's firm breast gently. Almost instantly, she could feel the hardened nipple trying to poke through the sheer material of Melissa's bra and into the palm of her hand.

Suddenly, through the intoxicated fog, Melissa felt her body begin to react to Laura's gentle manipulation of her bra-covered breast. Somewhat confused, she rolled her head towards her friend and whispered, "What exactly do you think you are doing?"

Caught off guard, Laura softly responded, "I... I don't know." She began to pull her hand back and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Grabbing Laura's hand, Melissa looked into her friend's eyes and said, "No... It's okay. It feels kind of... nice." A slight grin appeared on Melissa's face as she returned Laura's hand to its prior position. "It's helping to warm me up."

Laura smiled back at her friend and resumed squeezing her breast, only this time a bit more aggressive. She began to gently pinch Melissa's sensitive nipple through the silky material of her bra.

The incredible stimulation caused Melissa to moan softly and bite her bottom lip. She slowly snaked her hand down across her flat tummy until she reached the apex of her sexy long legs. Finding the gusset of her panties already wet, Melissa closed her eyes and gasped as her finger ran across her sensitive clit.

Overcome by arousal, Laura quickly kissed her friend's juicy mouth savoring the taste of her cherry lipgloss. Melissa's eyes popped open in complete shock. "Mmmmmm??" she moaned in surprise as Laura's soft tongue attempted to snake its way between her sensuous red lips.

Confused by these new feelings, Melissa's first instinct was to pull away from Laura. However, her arousal quickly intensified, and she could not help but give in. Melissa slowly closed her eyes and then, as a sign of complete surrender, opened her mouth and vigorously participated in her first-ever lesbian kiss.

After a short while, both girls relieved each other of their bra and panties, leaving their model quality bodies stark naked. They spent the early morning hours exploring together these alien and yet all too familiar territories of the female body. With their fingers, lips, and tongues, the roommates shamelessly feasted on the strange and exciting new sexual delights that unexpectedly lay before them.

Eventually, both girls slipped into a deep sleep while desperately clinging to each other's naked and sweaty bodies. Their long and silky legs remained tightly entwined from their experimental scissoring, which earlier brought them both to a final mind-blowing orgasm.

The daydream was suddenly interrupted by Karen's soft voice, "Melissa? Did you hear me?"

With her gaze still locked onto Karen's impressive cleavage, Melissa reluctantly broke out of the trance and looked up into Karen's soft hazel eyes.

With a smile, Karen asked, "Are you okay? I lost you there for a minute."

Trying to regain her focus, Melissa responded, "Y... Yes... I'm fine." With the tingling sensation returned to her pussy, she took a deep breath. "Sorry... you were saying?"

Karen handed the documents back to the young lawyer and continued, "Has anyone even asked Dr. Grant if there is an antidote? I pray there is some way to reverse these horrible side effects."

Placing the documents back into the manila folder, Melissa nodded her head, "Yes, they have asked, but he is very defiant

and will not talk to the investigators." She then slid the folder into her briefcase, "His attorneys have us stonewalled. They are demanding a plea deal that, if you can believe it, would include no prison time."

Karen scoffed, "No prison time??" She then turned her head away in disgust. Her eyes just happened to catch sight of a photograph held in place on the refrigerator door by a small magnet. The picture was of her and Jacob from nine years ago when they attended a mother-son dance at his elementary school. She thought he was so cute in his tuxedo. All night she fawned on her son, calling him her "little James Bond 007".

The sweet memory made her heart swell, and then Karen commented, "How dare that jerk, expecting just to walk away from all this." She turned her head back around to look at Melissa, "Especially after what he has done to my son."

Nodding her head, Melissa replied, "Don't worry... the DA feels exactly the same way." She then closed and locked her briefcase, "However, if Dr. Grant does not get what he wants, he may never give us the antidote... if there even is one in the first place."

Leaning forward, Karen asked, "Was there not anything in his files or on his computers?"

Slowly shaking her head, Melissa responded solemnly, "Unfortunately, no. The FBI has gone through all his hard drives with a fine-tooth comb. If an antidote exists, he must have it

stored in his memory." Taking another sip of coffee, Melissa continued, "We're not even sure of the actual contents of the hormonal cocktail he administered to Jacob."

Cocking her head slightly to the side, Karen responded, "I thought it was the WICK-Tropin?"

"That's true," Melissa nodded. "But as I said earlier, it appears he was using Jake for some other secret research. Your son shares many of the same side effects as the other participants; genital growth, increased semen production, and heightened sexual arousal. However, Jake seems to be the only patient we know of to suffer these symptoms at such incredible extremes. We think he was trying to turn your son into basically a... 'super breeder' of some sorts."

Karen put her hand to her mouth and whispered, "Oh, my goodness." Both women could feel their pussies involuntarily spasm at the thought of the young boy who slept upstairs and the unholy baby maker that, for the moment, lay dormant between his legs.

Leaning forward, Melissa continued, "There's more you should know."

Furrowing her brow, the concerned mother responded, "More?"

"The sexual partners of the other participants..." Melissa then paused for a few seconds then continued, "They also experienced some side effects."

Cutting her eyes, Karen replied, "How do you mean?"

As if telling a dirty secret, Melissa lowered her voice, "The women who ingested significant amounts of the WICK-Tropin laced semen... no matter if orally or vaginally... they too reported some physical changes."

Warning bells suddenly went off in Karen's head, "What type of changes are we talking about?"

Picking up her coffee cup, Melissa replied, "The most common that we know of include increased sexual arousal, heightened sensitivity of erogenous zones, and excessive amounts of vaginal fluids."

Feeling the increased moisture in her panties, Karen began to connect the dots and responded with a simple, "Oh my goodness."

After taking a sip of hot beverage, Melissa added, "Some even reported unexplained weight loss, breast enlargement, and in some extreme cases.... spontaneous lactation."

Hearing this caused Karen to glance down at her own enlarged bosom. Her suspicions were now confirmed... it most definitely was the hormones in Jacob's semen that had caused her physical changes. She looked back up and made immediate eye contact with the young lawyer.

Seeing a strange look in Karen's eyes, Melissa gasped in shock and whispered, "Mrs. Mitchell??"

Quickly standing from her chair, Karen interrupted the lovely young attorney, "Melissa... I assume that one day you and your future husband plan to have children?" The gorgeous MILF walked over to the counter; her generous hips swayed hypnotically underneath the tight skirt. She picked up the carafe from the coffee maker and then turned back around to lean against the countertop.

Melissa smiled and replied, "Why yes, of course. We plan to have several. I've always wanted a big family, and I have no doubt Donnie will make a great dad."

Karen walked back over to the table and began pouring coffee into Melissa's empty cup, "Well, I can tell you this with the utmost certainty. The day you give birth to your first child is the day you will come to know the true meaning of unconditional love." She then began to refill her own cup, "You will not fully understand what I mean until the exact moment when they place that precious gift from God at your breast."

Sitting down in her chair, Karen looked into Melissa's dark brown eyes, "It's at that moment you will then realize there is no stronger bond on Earth than the love a mother has for her children." Picking up her cup, Karen held her gaze and continued, "And that there is nothing.... nothing you would not do to ensure his or her well-being. I hope you understand what I'm saying."

A knowing little grin appeared on Melissa's face as she slowly nodded her head, "I think I do." Karen returned the smile and put the cup to her lips.

Staring at the big diamond on her left hand Melissa worked up the courage to ask, "Mrs. Mitchell... I may not have any right to ask this, but I was hoping we could keep all this between us? If anyone found out, it could cost me my future with Donnie and my career."

Karen happily replied, "Of course it will stay between us. All I ask is that you show Jacob the same courtesy concerning his condition."

Nodding her head, Melissa quickly responded, "Yes, Mrs. Mitchell... definitely... I can do that."

The beautiful mother smiled in affirmation, "Melissa... since our relationship has become a bit more... intimate... I think you could drop the "Mrs. Mitchell" and call me "Karen" if you like."

"I would like that a lot... Karen," Melissa responded with a smile.

Sitting in the chair, Melissa could sense the delicious tingling in her pussy beginning to intensify. She squeezed her thighs together and could feel her panties were sopping wet. The engaged woman then remembered her handsome fiancé was coming over to her place for dinner tonight. She thought to herself, "Donnie better bring his 'A' game, and he better plan to stay for breakfast."

Running her finger around the rim of her coffee cup, Melissa looked at Karen and sheepishly asked, "You know... Karen, I've been thinking... Until this case gets settled, I will be in town quite often. With your approval, of course, I would like to stop in from time to time. You know... to 'check-up' on Jacob and his condition."

Karen reached across the table and took Melissa's hand, and nodded, "I think... that would be an excellent idea." The beautiful mother smiled and continued, "Please feel free to stop in and 'check-up' on Jake anytime you like. I'm sure he would appreciate it."

On Wednesday afternoon, Karen arrived home after having lunch with Robert and running a few errands. She went upstairs and could hear Jacob in his room, and It sounded as if he was shouting at someone.

Once Karen arrived at his bedroom door, she looked in to find Jacob playing one of his video games. He was wearing his headset and shouting, "GET HIM, MATT!! KILL THAT SUCKER!!"

Noticing movement, Jacob looked over to see Karen entering the room carrying a small paper bag. As she walked towards him, his eyes went wide with shock. His mom was always beautiful, but today she was downright hot.

Karen was wearing the same short skirt from the other day and a red form-fitting silk blouse. Jacob noticed the top few buttons undone and could easily make out her incredible cleavage. As she walked, the black heels caused her wide hips to sway side to side dramatically. The outfit was a bit tighter than what his conservative mother usually wore. However, he would not dare complain.

With the sight of the hot MILF known as 'Mom' standing before him, Jacob forgot all about the game. Suddenly he was brought back to reality when he heard his best friend shout at him through the headphones. Looking back to the monitor, Jacob noticed his and Matthew's avatars lying dead on the ground.

"Sorry, Matt... I got distracted," Jacob said to his friend while he continued to stare at his hot mother. After a pause, he said, "I think my mom needs me... how about we pick up here later?" After another pause, Jacob replied, "Sure... eight o'clock should be fine."

As Jacob took off his headset, he quickly complimented Karen, "Wow, Mom... you look great! New outfit?"

Smiling, Karen looked down at herself and replied, "Thank you, Sweetie! Yes, it is new. I had lunch with your dad today, and I thought I would spruce things up a little."

As he glanced back up, Jacob's eyes locked onto the large mounds of his mother's breasts accentuated by her tight blouse. While he stared, he commented, "I bet he liked it."

Karen giggled then replied as she sat down on the side of the bed and crossed one leg over the other, "Let's just say he was... pleasantly surprised."

Jacob quickly noticed how sitting down caused her short skirt to ride up and expose more of her long stocking-clad legs. As he watched his mom's 3" heeled pump dangle from the toes of her left foot, he mumbled, "I'm sure he was."

Suddenly Jacob was jolted out of his trance by Karen's voice, "Jake... did you hear me? What about your homework?"

"Huh? Homework?" Jacob responded, trying to find his bearings.

Nodding her head, Karen emphasized, "Yes... homework! You know the rules, young man... no video games until after you're finished."

Smiling, Jacob replied, "Oh, that! No problem, Mom... I'm all finished for the day."

"Oh... well, that's good," Karen said as she nodded her head and continued, "That will give us time to discuss a few things... for instance... about what happened on Monday."

Jacob had been dreading this conversation. There was no way his straight-laced mother was going to condone what he did with Assistant DA Melissa Turner... especially under her roof. He cautiously asked, "Am I in trouble?"

After staring a couple of seconds into the same hazel-colored eyes like her own, Karen sighed, "No, Jake... you're not in any trouble... at least not yet anyway."

Jacob replied with a confused, "Huh?"

"Don't misunderstand... I'm not at all happy with what conspired in here." Karen then looked around and was happy to discover that Jacob had changed the comforter and sheets from Monday. It was the old Star Wars set she bought for him years ago. Little did she know back then that she would sit on this very comforter one day discussing her teenaged son's sexual escapade with an engaged older woman.

As Kare tried to smooth out a wrinkle in her skirt, she continued, "But after Ms. Turner shared some new information with me... I've come to realize that we may have to deal with your condition a bit longer than I had hoped."

Sounding concerned, Jacob replied, "Is something wrong? Should I be worried?"

Putting her hand up, Karen reassured him, "No! Nothing like that." She lowered her voice and continued, "Right now, Dr. Grant is refusing to give up any information concerning a possible antidote. The investigators have searched through all of his files, but unfortunately, they have come up with nothing."

Slumping his shoulders, Jacob asked, "So I'm stuck like this?"

Leaning forward and putting her hand on his shoulder, Karen replied, "No, Sweetie... I'm not saying that. We just have to wait and hope that the prosecutors can persuade Dr. Grant to cooperate. Until then..." Sitting back up straight, Karen picked up the small paper bag and held it out to her son. She then continued, "You will most likely need these."

With a suspicious look, Jacob took the bag from his mother. He unfolded the top of the bag and poured the contents onto his lap. Jacob held up one of the boxes with wide eyes and asked, "What the heck are these?" He read the label and looked back to his mother, "Condoms?"

With a giggle, Karen responded, "Yes, Einstein."

Continuing to read the label, Jacob added, "Premium extra-extra-large?"

Karen leaned forward and picked up the other box from Jacob's lap, "I bought them at a pharmacy in Macon this morning. These are designed for guys like you with... you know... special size requirements."

Looking up at his mother, "Mom, you went all the way over to Macon to buy condoms?"

Sitting up straight, Karen replied, "Well, yes. I couldn't risk being spotted purchasing the things by someone we know here in town. That would definitely raise suspicion." She then handed the box out to Jacob, "Now, you need to keep these in a safe place and out of your dad's sight."

Taking the box from Karen, Jacob replied, "I will, Mom, but I thought you said we couldn't fu-... do that... anymore?"

Karen sighed and then responded, "We're not, Jake. I bought them for you to use with... Ms. Turner."

Jacob's eyes went wide. "Ms. Turner? Cool!!!"

Trying to calm him down a bit, Karen put up her hand, "Now Jake... you have to keep all this a secret. If anyone ever found out, it would get Melissa into a lot of trouble."

With a big smile, Jacob replied, "Don't worry, Mom... I can keep a secret. I think I've done pretty well so far." He then arched his brow and asked, "Wait... you're okay with this? You know... Ms. Turner and me... doing the nasty under your roof..."

Karen quickly stood up, "JACOB MITCHELL!!" With hands-on her hips, she leaned over her son and continued, "Watch the language, young man." She quickly turned and walked over to the dresser, then continued, "And NO! I'm NOT okay with this."

As Karen tried to calm down, she gazed at the space ship models that lined the shelves on the wall. She began to remember the not too distant past when life was much simpler... when Jacob was still her innocent little boy. A time before Dr. Grant afflicted her son with his evil hormone treatment and spun their world out of control.

"I'm sorry, Mom... I shouldn't have said it like that."

Karen turned to find Jacob standing behind her. He continued, "I know this whole situation has been very difficult for you, but I want you to know that I really appreciate your help. I'm not sure how I would get through this without you."

A slight smile appeared on Karen's beautiful face. "Honey, as your mother, it's my top priority to take care of you. This... situation... has us dealing with things no mother and son should have to, but yet here we are." She held out her arms for a hug, and Jacob quickly closed the distance. He wrapped his arms around his mom's waist, his skinny limbs resting on the curvature of her flared hips.

Wearing heels made Karen stand even taller than usual. Jacob's face rested perfectly against his mother's incredible bosom, and he could smell the sweet perfume radiating from the dark cavern of her deep cleavage. The monster in Jacob's pants began to awaken.

Karen pulled Jacob's head tighter to her chest with her left hand and kissed the top of his head. As they broke the embrace, she held her son by his shoulders, "Don't feel bad, Sweetie, none of this your fault. As I've said before, we will get through this one way or another."

Mother and son sat down side-by-side on the bed. Karen continued from earlier, "No... I am not happy with you having... pre-marital sex with Ms. Turner... in the house or anywhere for that matter." Jacob began to speak, but Karen cut him off. She put up a finger and said, "However... until things are back to normal, you are going to need special help that I, as your mother, should not be providing."

Jacob spoke up, "But Mom... Ms. Turner won't be able to be here as often as I need."

Nodding her head, Karen replied, "I am well aware of that. On the days Ms. Turner cannot be here, I will still help you." A big grin appeared on Jacob's face. Putting up her hand, she continued, "But... I'm only going to use my hands and mouth. Anything else would be over the line and unfair to your father."

Jacob tried to bargain, "But Mom... if we're careful, Dad will never know."

Leaning in, she responded, "But Jake, I would know." Karen desperately wanted to stay faithful to her husband, Robert. She hoped that Ms. Turner's help would be enough to give her maybe a break here and there. The less exposure to Jacob's hormone enhanced semen, the better. She then asked, "Can you agree to these terms?"

Reluctantly nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am."

With a smile, Karen said, "Good boy." She then kicked off her shoes and turned so that her back was against the headboard. Draping her legs across Jacob's lap, she wiggled her toes and asked, "Would you be a dear, and do your old mother a favor?" Jacob looked at his mom with a confused expression. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, if your dad were here, I would get him to do it. My poor feet are killing me after wearing those heels all day."

Hoping to gain some brownie points, Jacob took hold of his mom's recently pedicured foot and began to massage gently. Without any experience and using just his instincts, Jacob ran the pad of his thumbs up and down the buttery soft sole of his mom's aching foot. He found the feel of her silky stockings to be quite erotic.

Closing her eyes, Karen moaned softly and whispered, "Oh... that feels good. Jake... you're a natural."

Over the next couple of minutes, Jacob continued to massage Karen's lovely feet. He experimented using different amounts of pressure, gauging his mom's response. When his fingers hit just the right spot, her red painted toes would curl, and Jacob would hear his mom make soft and sexy mewling sounds. Little did he know that Karen's feet were one of her most sensitive erogenous zones.

As Jacob continued with the foot rub, the heavenly stimulation began to affect other areas of Karen's body. Her sensitive nipples hardened and began to tingle. She could feel her sweet juices seeping out from her pussy and into the gusset of her brand new skimpy pink panties. She could also feel her son's giant cock hardening inside his pants underneath her shapely calves.

Trying to get her mind off of the hormonally charged arousal, she decided to begin a conversation. She opened her eyes and said matter of factly, "You know your sister and Scott will be here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Jacob gave his mom a confused look.

"Uh-huh," Karen replied, "They are going to begin moving their things into the rental house."

"Wait," Jacob responded, "I thought that they weren't moving for a couple of months?"

"Well, things have changed. The opening date for Scott's new office has been moved forward. Since their new house is still under construction, they will stay in a rental place for a while. Luckily, Scott's company is paying for everything."

The news gave Jacob some concern. He knew his mom would not help him if Rachel and Scott were around. "How long will they be in town?"

"They're going back to Atlanta early Saturday morning." Karen then pulled her right leg back and said, "That one's getting a bit sensitive... how about you change feet." Once Jacob began to massage her left foot Karen continued, "Oh, by the way, I'm going to need your help on Saturday... we're having the rummage sale at the church."

Scrunching up his face, Jacob replied, "Rummage sale? Why can't Dad help you with that?"

"Your dad won't be here, that's why." Karen continued, "He'll be in Atlanta with Rachel and Scott. They want to begin getting the house ready for sale. I would go with them, but I'm committed to helping out at the church."

Jacob stopped the foot rub and whined, "But Mo-oom... I was planning on going to Matt's house on Saturday."

Karen sighed then said in a slightly stern tone, "Jake... the rummage sale is taking place on Saturday morning, and we should finish around noon. You'll still be able to waste plenty of time over at Matthew's house afterward."

While he resumed massaging his mom's foot, Jacob started to pout. Karen then began poking Jacob's ribs with the big toe of her right foot. "Plus, I'm going to need my strong little man to help carry all that stuff."

Jerking away, Jacob laughed, "Okay... okay, Mom. STOP! That tickles."

Karen giggled as he rolled away from her and got off the bed. She then swung her legs around and stood up. Smoothing out her skirt, Karen said, "Thank you, Sweetie, for the massage. My feet feel much better. You're almost as good as your dad."

As Jacob walked to his desk, he said, "Maybe we should practice some more, and eventually, I'll be even better than him." He

picked up a box of condoms, wondering if his mother would pick up on the double entendre.

Collecting her shoes from the floor, Karen replied, "I may just take you up on that sometime." Jacob had opened one of the boxes and pulled out two of the packaged condoms. As he examined it with curiosity, Karen said, "Remember to be sure and put those in a safe place, so your dad does not find them."

Holding the little square up, Jacob asked, "How exactly do I put this on?" He looked over at Karen. "You know, Mom, I don't have any experience with these things, and I'd rather not be fumbling around with it when Ms. Turner is here."

Setting her shoes back down, Karen replied, "It's quite simple, Jake. You just take it out of the wrapper, place it on the tip of your penis, and then..." She tried to simulate with hand gestures, "Roll it down your..." Jacob gave her a blank stare. With an exasperated sigh, she held out her hand and said, "Oh, for Pete's sake! Give it here."

Karen took the condom from Jacob then said as she walked over to the bedroom door, "Take off your pants and sit down." Her son quickly got naked, then took a seat on the side of his bed.

After closing and locking the door, Karen walked back over and stood in front of Jacob. She found him slowly stroking his fully erect cock with pre-cum weeping from the slit trickling down his fingers. Even after seeing it so many times now, she still found

the sight of the monster to be simply amazing. "Goodness Jake, does that thing ever go down?"

Shrugging his shoulders, "Sorry, Mom, but I think it has a mind of its own. Besides, it has been a couple of days, and I was hoping that maybe you would help me?"

Karen could feel her body react as the exotic scent filled her lungs. She was already sexually aroused from the foot rub earlier, but now the tingling in her breasts and vagina significantly increased. Nodding, she replied, "Alright, since you did such a good job massaging my feet... I guess I owe you one."

Jacob smiled and replied, "Thanks, Mom."

Taking a seat on the bed beside Jacob, Karen held up the square-shaped package then said, "But first, I'll show you how to put this thing on properly." As she ripped open the wrapper, she continued, "Lord knows how much I want grandbabies, but I prefer you to be married first. So we should let Rachel and Scott handle that for now."

As Karen sat beside her son, she manipulated the condom, hoping it would fit his impossibly large penis. Jacob focused his attention on the exposed cleavage of his mom's incredible rack. He could see the slight jiggling of her breasts as she attempted to get the thing onto the tip of his cock.

After a few awkward seconds and no success, Karen whispered, "Sweetie, I hope this will fit... it was the largest size I could find." The lovely mother continued to stretch the condom until finally, it slid over the head, and she was able to unroll it down the swollen shaft.

With a sigh of relief, Karen sat up straight and said, "There you go. It's a tight fit, so you may want to practice some on your own."

"I'll say," Jacob grimaced. "It's really tight, Mom... and somewhat uncomfortable."

"Well, Jake, I will try and find some larger ones, but in the meantime, these will have to do." Looking at it, Karen had to agree with her son. The condom did appear too small. Even after unrolling the entire thing, it barely covered down to the base of the giant pillar of flesh.

Karen watched as the monster angrily pulsed as if trying to free itself from the tight rubber prison. She could feel her nipples throb and the dampening of her pussy. She clenched her thighs together, hoping to quell the heat that continued to build deep between her legs. The wife/mother wanted to stay faithful to her loving husband, but the chemicals running through her bloodstream were beginning to weaken her resolve once again.

Jacob pinched the condom at the base of his cock and began to remove it. Karen grabbed his wrist and said, "Wait!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "Why? Aren't we done with it? I was going to take it off. You're still going to help me... right?"

Nodding, Karen said, "Yes, Sweetie, I'm still going to help you." She then got up from the bed and stood in front of her son. "Just... leave it on for now."

Looking down at his suffering cock Jacob whined, "But Mom... this thing is not comfortable. It's—" He then looked back up at Karen to find her staring at his towering manhood. Her hands were behind her back, trying to unzip her skirt. "Uh... Mom?"

Continuing to stare at her son's throbbing leviathan, Karen said softly, "Scootch up onto the bed, Jake."

"Uh... sure!" Happily following his mother's command, Jacob quickly got into position with his back against the headboard.

"I know I told you that we were not going to do 'it' again," Karen said as she slowly pulled the zipper down the back of her skirt, making a faint "zzzzzzzz" sound as it lowered. Once loosened enough, Karen pushed the garment over her flared hips and let it slide down her long legs to pool around her feet.

Jacob's eyes widened at the sight of his mom in her tight blouse, thigh-high stockings, and baby pink panties. He couldn't help

but to take hold of his aching cock and squeeze tightly. His pulse quickened as his mother hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her delicate undies. Karen then continued, "But I think it would be a smart idea for us to give the condoms a test run."

As the excited teen watched his gorgeous mother begin to peel the skimpy panties down over her deliciously plump backside, he replied softly, "A test run?"

With her pink undies pulled halfway down over her curvy butt, Karen stopped and replied to her son, "Yes... a test run." She then pulled the panties the rest of the way down her shapely thighs, allowing them to fall and join the skirt on the floor.

As Karen stepped out of her discarded clothes, she flicked her pink panties off her foot and climbed onto the bed. As she joined her son, she continued, "I just want to make sure they'll hold up when you use them with Ms. Turner. You know... to avoid any accidents."

Jacob couldn't help but smile, "Sure, Mom... whatever you think is best."

As the half-naked mother climbed onto her son's lap, she said to him, "Smart boy... remember... mothers always know best."

Minutes later, the squeaking of Jacob's bed reverberated throughout his room. Karen's fingers tightly gripped the headboard as she bounced with total abandon on his condom

wrapped dick. The gorgeous mother had already experienced one glorious orgasm and was trying to chase down another. Karen sang out a constant chorus of "Uhhhh!! Uhhhh!! Uhhhh!!" each time she hit bottom.

Jacob's eyes were glued to his mother's chest. He stared with fascination as her large breasts bounced up and down inside the tight-fitting blouse. He dug his fingers into her meaty hips as he watched beads of sweat roll down his mom's slender neck, only to disappear into the deep valley of her cleavage.

As Karen continued to reascend to the peak of euphoria, she began to sense a familiar sensation. Similar to last time, her boobs felt as if they were expanding. It reminded her of years ago when she breastfed her then-infant daughter Rachel and how her breasts would get painfully full of milk. On top of that, her sensitive nipples were scrapping against the bra cups, inflaming them beyond belief.

Suddenly, Karen stopped and sat up straight on Jacob's lap. Trying to catch her breath, she Immediately unbuttoned her blouse and then tossed it onto the bed behind her. Jacob stared in awe as his mom's amazing tits wobbled inside her baby pink bra while she reached behind her back to unfasten the strap.

Noticing her son staring, Karen said softly, "I have to take this off... my breasts are killing me." When she got the final hook released, Karen shrugged her shoulders forward. Now free from their prison, her huge breasts dropped slightly on her chest, and with it, she sighed with relief.

After tossing the bra onto the bed beside them, Karen leaned forward and took hold of the headboard once again. As she resumed her bouncing on Jacob's lap, Karen looked down at her son and asked, "You... okay?"

Jacob nodded and enthusiastically replied, "Yeah, Mom... I'm fine." He slid his hands from his mother's wide hips up to her tapered waist, "Never better!" Her silky smooth skin felt electric to the touch.

Karen gave a labored giggle then said, "I'm sure... you are." As she continued to stuff her mommy pussy with her baby boy's incredible beef stick, she continued, "I meant... the condom. Ohhhhh!! How does... it feel... now? Ohhhhh!!"

Grinning up at his gyrating mother, Jacob replied, "It's okay. You're making it feel... much better! Thank you, Mom."

Quickening her pace, Karen breathlessly replied, "You're... welcome... Baby!"

After a few moments, Karen noticed the severe tingling in her sensitive nipples had yet to subside. It was as if they were begging for attention. Glancing down at her son, she noticed him intently staring at her breasts as they rose and fell in perfect rhythm with her up and down movements.

"Jake... Honey?" Karen asked to get her son's attention. He tore his eyes away from the dancing titties to look up into his mom's

pretty face. Some of her chestnut brown hair was stuck to her sweaty forehead, partially covering her eyes. "I'm going... to need... your help." Karen leaned in closer so that her painfully erect nipples were just inches from her son's face. "Do what... you did... Ohhhh!... last time."

Without needing to be told twice, Jacob took his hands from his mother's waist and used them to cup both of her painfully inflated tits. Karen leaned in further, and her son quickly sealed his lips around a turgid nipple and began to suck greedily.

The sensation was glorious. Karen's toes curled, and her pussy spasmed as she squealed with delight. "Aaaahhhh!!!" Her hips went into overdrive as she thrashed around on her son's lap. She let go of the headboard and grabbed the back of Jacob's head, pulling his face tighter to her bosom, smothering her child in succulent tit flesh.

Even though it was difficult for him to breathe, Jacob aggressively stimulated the rubbery nub with his mouth and tongue. "Yes... Jake!! Yes... Jake!!" Karen encouraged her son as she quickly approached climax. The strange feelings of fullness inside her breasts began to intensify. She knew something wasn't right, but the dire need for release kept her from stopping.

The groaning mother desperately clung to her son while the exquisite pressure continued to build in her pussy and breasts. Karen could feel the orgasmic volcano about to erupt, and she called out, "Ohhh, Jake! I'm almost!! Ohhh, Yes!!! It's...It's... HERE!!! OHHHHHHH!! YEEESSSS!!!!!"

At that moment, Karen pulled back from Jacob and sat up straight as the orgasm violently erupted from deep within her core. Her body went stiff, and she yelled out. "AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The shockwave of ecstasy rolled from her pussy up her chest and into her swollen tits. The fire in her nipples was unbearable. She clutched onto Jacob's hands, making him squeeze her colossal globes even harder. Another wave was about to crest, and between deep breaths, she whispered, "Sweetie... something's... happening to... Mommmmyyyy!!!" Throwing her head back, she yelled, "OHHHH!! JAAAAAAAKE!!!"

Jacob's eyes went wide with shock as a milky liquid shot out from his mom's nipples and landed on his chest. "Holy Smokes!!" he called out in amazement as his mom's tits continued to ejaculate their warm and creamy load.

For the moment, Karen was lost in ecstasy. Her body constantly twitched from the unworldly pleasure. The spasms in her breasts and pussy were in perfect unison... it was as if she was experiencing two orgasms at once.

The physical and visual stimulation was pushing Jacob over the edge. "Mom! I'm almost... there. Can I... stay inside?"

Unable to get any words out, Karen replied by shaking her head.

Jake looked at his hands. They were still groping his mom's luscious tits with trickles of her milk streaking down his fingers. He then asked, "Can I... finish on... your boobs?"

After a couple of seconds, Karen nodded her head and whispered, "O—kay."

The exhausted mother climbed off her son and crawled back to between his legs. With a little struggle, she was able to remove the skin-tight condom from her boy's penis. Jacob gave a deep sigh of relief as his mom wrapped her lips around the angry purple colored head of his dick.

Karen did not care much for the flavor left behind by the condom. She found the aftertaste to be bitter and decided that she preferred the tasty cocktail of her and Jacob's combined juices.

After a few moments of Karen blowing her son, Jacob felt his swollen balls boiling over and grunted, "Mom! It's... coming!!" She quickly removed her mouth and pointed his penis towards her hanging milk stained tits.

Jacob watched the sparkle from the diamonds in his mother's wedding rings as her left hand furiously stroked his giant cock. As his mom coaxed the creamy load up the long shaft, he couldn't help but arch his back and yell out, "OHHH YEEAHHH... MOOOMMMM!!!"

"Oh, my goodness!!" Karen shrieked as her son's cock twitched in her hand and blasted her boobs, mixing his hot and sticky boy cum with her sweet mommy milk.

The powerful orgasm had left Jacob somewhat woozy. Once he caught his breath, he noticed his mom using a towel to clean up some of the mess he made. He saw her boobs still caked with copious amounts of his semen. It was such an erotic sight, the creamy fluid dripping off her nipples and streaming down her stomach. He wished he could take a picture or video, but he knew she would never allow it. Perhaps a goal for another time.

Raising his head, Jacob asked, "Mom? What happened?"

Continuing to wipe the semen from Jacob's crotch area, Karen looked at him and gave a slight smile, "I think you passed out."

Raising onto his elbows, Jacob shook his head. "No... I mean... with your boobs. What was that?"

Karen sighed and replied almost casually, "It appears I'm lactating."

Jacob stared at her for a few seconds. "Lactating? How can that happen?" Then his eyes went wide, and he whispered, "Are you pregnant?"

Karen giggled and shook her head, "No, silly... I'm not pregnant. I guess it's from those crazy hormones. Ms. Turner told me that this was a possible side effect." She leaned in and placed her hand onto Jacob's thigh, "Although I think it may be time for us to get you checked out by a doctor."

"What?" Jacob asked as he reared back.

Nodding her head, Karen responded, "Just to make sure the WICK-Tropin has not had any adverse effects other than..." She then motioned her hand towards his deflated cock, "that thing."

"But Mom..." Jacob questioned. "I thought you said I shouldn't see a doctor? That dad could find out."

Karen began to use the towel to wipe Jacob's semen from her boobs and chest. "I'll just have to take you to a doctor that we can trust to keep our secret."

Cocking his head to the side, Jacob asked, "What doctor would that be?"

"I have someone in mind," Karen replied, "But you let me worry about that... Okay?"

"Okay, Mom," Jacob answered, nodding his head. While watching his mother's breasts jiggle as she cleaned them with

the towel, he asked, "How do they feel now? You know... your boobs?"

Looking at her son, Karen replied, "They feel fine now. I guess expressing the milk helped them go back to..."

Karen was cut short by the familiar "VVVRRRRRRR" sound of the garage door. They looked at each other in total shock, and Karen shrieked, "IT'S YOUR DAD!!" In a panic, the naked mother sprung out of her son's bed, frantically collecting her clothes.

In a hurry, Jacob began putting his pants back on. With her clothes clutched tightly to her chest, Karen opened the bedroom door and said, "You need to clean up in here... fast!!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob replied as he watched his naked mother as she ran down the hall. He quickly closed his door and began to straighten up the room.

Moments later, Karen was in the shower. She had done an excellent job of scrubbing away all the evidence with her loofah, and lavender body wash. Suddenly she heard Robert's voice. "Hi, Honey!"

Trying to act surprised, Karen shrieked, "Oh Rob! You startled me." She turned off the water, then opened the shower door and curiously asked, "Honey, you're home early.... Is something wrong?"

Shaking his head, Robert replied, "No, actually the opposite." A big smile spread across his handsome face. "I've got some great news, and I couldn't wait to come home and surprise you. You are looking at the newest Regional Vice President for Conway Enterprises."

Gasping with delight, Karen covered her mouth with her hands, "Oh my goodness!!" Naked and dripping wet, she jumped out of the shower and into her husband's arms. "Sweetheart... that's wonderful! I knew you would get the promotion!! No one deserves it more than you!!" Karen then pulled back from Robert and began wiping his dress shirt and tie with her hand, "Oh Honey, I'm sorry... I'm getting you all wet."

Laughing, Robert replied, "That's okay. It's just water."

Grabbing a towel and wrapping herself up with it, Karen said, "I'm so proud of you!!" She then took Robert's hand and led him into the bedroom and said, "So tell me everything."

After a few minutes of discussing all the details with Karen, Robert then asked, "Is Jake here?"

Pulling a fresh pair of panties up onto her hips, Karen replied, "Last time I saw him, he was in his room." A wave of guilt suddenly washed over her after she spoke. She began to feel horrible with the knowledge that while her loving husband drove

home with his exciting news, she was once again betraying him... riding their son's cock like a sex-craved harlot.

"Great! I'll go tell him the news..." Robert then kissed Karen on her pretty mouth and continued, "Tonight, we are all going out to celebrate!" As her clueless husband left the room, the unfaithful wife made up her mind to try her best and make it up to him later that night.

With his room now clean of all evidence from the earlier mother and son 'quality' time, Jacob sat at his computer. With a quick knock, Robert entered the room. He found his son playing one of his video games, wearing a pair of sound-dampening headphones.

When Jacob noticed his dad, he immediately paused his game and removed his headset. "Hey, Dad!" He then gave his father a concerned look, "Everything okay? You're home early."

Taking a seat on Jacob's bed, Robert replied, "Yeah, Champ, Everything is fine. I just wanted to surprise you and your mother with some good news." The excited dad then went into detail about him getting the promotion at work.

After a few minutes and a couple of high-fives, Jacob just happened to glance down at the floor. That's when he saw it... his mom's baby-pink panties just inches from Robert's shoe. The delicate garment lay halfway under his bed but could easily be

seen if his dad were to look down. In the frantic rush, she must have missed them while she collected her clothes.

Jacob's pulse began to race, and his mouth went dry. He tried to desperately think of a way to keep his dad from finding his wife's sexy underwear in their son's room. That would be a hard one to talk his way out of.

The quick-thinking teenager pointed up at the ceiling and said while standing up, "Say, Dad... have you noticed what I did with your old X-Wing fighter?" He walked over to the opposite corner and sighed with relief when his father stood up and followed.

Robert stood beside Jacob, looking up at the classic toy hanging down beside an Imperial Tie-Fighter. "That's cool, Jake. I think it's great what you've done with my old toys." He then looked down at his son and continued, "I'm so glad I kept them and was able to give them to you."

Smiling, Jacob concurred, "Yeah, me too, Dad. I think they're great."

Looking around the room, Robert crossed his arms, "You know... I don't think I've ever seen your room so neat and clean." He then turned back to Jacob and said, "Your mom must be riding you pretty hard."

Jacob's eyes shot wide open, "Huh??" A vision flashed in his head from just minutes ago when his gorgeous mother was astride his lap, shouting out in orgasmic ecstasy.

Motioning with his hand, Robert replied, "Your room. I said she must getting on your case pretty good for you to keep it this clean."

"Oh... my room." With a nervous chuckle, Jacob responded, "Y-yeah! Well, Dad, you know how demanding Mom can be."

Putting his hand on Jacob's shoulder, Robert sighed then said, "Tell me about it... she can be a real mama bear sometimes." He then began to walk out of the room, and when he reached the door, he stopped and turned back to his son. "Speaking of your mom... she asked me to try and get a campus tour of Georgia Tech for you."

Grinning and nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yeah, that would be cool."

Smiling back at Jacob, Robert said, "Well, when I'm in Atlanta on Saturday, I will reach out to an old friend of mine. He is an engineering professor at the university, and I'm sure he would be happy to set something up for you."

Robert then turned, and as he walked down the hall, Jacob called out, "Thanks, Dad!"

Once his father was gone, and it was safe, Jacob went back to the other side of his bed and found his mom's panties. He picked them up from the floor and walked over to his closet. After he buried the evidence at the bottom of his laundry basket, he stood up straight and whispered, "Dang... I need to talk with Mom about her leaving her underwear on the floor. To think she's always getting onto me when she's doing the same exact thing."

On Thursday afternoon, Jacob walked out of the school, looking for his mom's Jeep Grand Cherokee. She would pick him up that day since everyone was over at Rachel and Scott's rental house, helping them move in. He scanned the long and winding pick up line but had no luck finding her vehicle.

Suddenly his cell phone rang, and he retrieved it from his pocket then quickly answered it with a "Hello?"

"Hey, Dork... look straight ahead."

Jacob looked past the line of cars and into the parking lot across the way. There he saw Rachel standing beside a black sedan waving to get his attention. Waving back, he said into the phone, "Okay, I see you... I'll be right there." He then walked down the steps and across the school grounds to meet up with his big sister.

When Jacob arrived at the car, he threw his book bag into the backseat and asked, "Where's Mom? I thought she was picking me up?"

"She's at the house in the middle of a project with Dad. So she asked me if I would come to get you."

As Jacob opened the front passenger door, he replied, "Oh, okay." He then asked, "Is this new?" He was not a car enthusiast, but he could tell this was an upgrade from the car Rachel usually drove.

As they settled into their seats, Rachel smiled and responded, "Yes, it is. It's a perk that came along with Scott's promotion."

"Nice!" Jacob commented as he ran his fingers over the buttery soft upholstery.

"I know... right?" Rachel excitedly responded as she pushed the ignition button, and the engine of the gorgeous automobile came to life. After she fastened her seatbelt, Rachel put the car in gear and said as she pulled out of the parking spot, "Don't forget to buckle up."

Rolling his eyes, Jacob pulled the strap across his chest and replied in a condescending tone, "Okay, Mom!"

Rachel quickly responded, "Hey!! Watch it, Squirt! I am NOT Mom!"

"Well, you sounded like her," Jacob said in a joking tone as he secured the seatbelt with an audible click. He looked over to find his sister's head turned in his direction. Even though the black lenses of her sunglasses hid her striking green eyes, Jacob knew she was glaring at him. He then continued, "Well... you did!"

Looking back to the road, Rachel huffed and said, "You are such a dork." The two of them then broke out into laughter.

After a couple of turns, Jacob asked, "Why are we heading home? I thought we were going to your place?"

"We are... eventually. Mom asked me to go by and pick up the new Keurig machine she bought for the rental house. She meant to bring it with her but forgot." Looking over at Jacob, Rachel smiled and continued, "Mom said Dad is in bad need of a caffeine fix."

Once arriving at the Mitchell house, the brother and sister duo got out of the car. As Jacob got his book bag out of the backseat and closed the door, he took the time to check out his sister.

Rachel had her honey blonde hair tied up in a ponytail. She was wearing some older clothes for the physical labor of handling moving boxes, but still, she looked smoking hot. Her skin-tight faded blue jeans molded nicely to her shapely hips and backside.

The top was a snug-fitting gray t-shirt with 'Bulldogs Cheerleading' in red letters printed across her chest.

After entering the house, Rachel took off her sunglasses and slid her cell phone into her back pocket. She then started up the stairway and said, "While we're here, I'm going to try and find something in my room." Jacob followed his sister up the stairs so he could admire her mouth-watering butt in those painted-on jeans. Of course, his monster cock began to swell.

Once Jacob tossed his book bag onto his bed, he then went across the hall to his sister's bedroom. As he stood in the doorway, he saw Rachel standing in front of her closet. He asked, "Well... was it in here? Did you find—"

"It's in here now," Rachel said, cutting him off while she kicked off her shoes. She then reached down, grabbed the bottom of her shirt, and pulled it off over her head.

Jacob watched with surprise as his sister tossed the tee-shirt onto her bed and then unbuttoned her jeans and began to shimmy them over her rounded hips. Rachel glanced up and caught her brother, gawking at her with his mouth hanging open. As she lowered the tight garment down her shapely legs, she asked, "Are you just going to stand there?"

Stepping into the room, Jacob replied, "After last time, I wasn't sure you would still be willing to do it again."

Rachel tossed her jeans onto the bed alongside her discarded tee-shirt. She turned and faced her brother wearing only her lacy white bra and a skimpy pair of 'Hello Kitty' panties. "I know I shouldn't, but that... thing of yours, Jake..." She reached behind her back to unhook the bra strap and continued, "It's like nothing I've ever experienced. I find myself thinking about it... a lot."

Taking off his shirt, Jacob questioned, "So... does this mean you're okay with cheating on Scott?"

Rachel dropped her bra onto the dresser and put up her hand, "I'm not cheating on Scott. Let's get that straight." She then glanced at her brother's raging boner as he lowered his pants and underwear. While peeling her skimpy panties down over her curvy backside, she continued, "I'd rather say that I'm helping my baby brother with a serious medical condition."

"Wow, Rachel," Jacob gasped as he stared at his naked sibling. He grabbed the shaft of his rock-hard cock and said, "You are the best big sister in the whole wide world."

Kicking her discarded panties towards the closet, Rachel giggled then replied, "Yes, I am, and I expect you to remember that when my birthday rolls around." As his hot sister climbed onto her bed, she said, "We don't have much time, so come on and get up here..." She looked back over her shoulder and continued, "Because It looks to me like you could really use my help."

Minutes later, Rachel was on her back, grasping tightly to the pink comforter 'helping' her little brother. Jacob lay between his gorgeous sister's widely spread legs while he plunged his huge dick in and out of her sopping wet pussy. He didn't tell Rachel about the condoms, but those are for Ms. Turner anyway.

Suddenly Rachel grabbed her bouncing tits and cried out, "OH!! MY GOD!!! YEEESSSSSS!!!" as the orgasm exploded from her vagina and radiated throughout her body.

Once the orgasmic tide receded, Rachel wrapped her long legs around Jacob's skinny teenage hips. She continued to moan in pleasure as Jacob lowered his face and took a hard pink nipple between his lips. Her brother's sucking mouth and obscenely large manhood were already priming her pump for another mind-numbing climax.

Pulling away from his sister's delicious breast, Jacob asked, "Can we change positions?"

Rachel looked up at him and replied, "Remember Jake... don't ask for what you want... TELL me."

Looking down into her beautiful green eyes, Jacob spoke with confidence, "Get on your hands and knees, Rach... I want to take you from behind."

Giving him a dirty little grin, Rachel responded, "There you go, little brother... be assertive." She attempted to turn her hips as

a sign for Jacob to let her up. Once he did, Rachel rolled over and got up onto all fours, then Jacob took up position behind his sister's beautiful upturned backside.

Once again, Jacob found himself tempted by the little pink star centered between the smooth, firm cheeks of Rachel's butt. Running his hands over his sister's flawless bum, he admiringly commented, "Dang Rach! You have such a nice ass."

The comment caused a little smile to curl onto Rachel's lips. She couldn't help but think how inappropriate it should be for a brother to compliment his sister in that fashion.

While waiting for Jacob to resume their incestuous fuck session, Rachel looked at her wedding rings and thought of her husband across town waiting for her return. Remembering they had limited time, the young wife tried to block out the guilt and said, "I'm glad you like my butt, Jake. However, maybe we should—HEEEYYY!!"

Rachel's eyes went wide with shock as she felt the tip of her brother's index finger pressing against her sensitive back passage. Twisting her body around and looking at him in bewilderment, she asked, "Jake! What are you doing?"

Jacob pulled his hand back as if he had touched an open flame. "I'm sorry, Rach! I was just... curious." He began to worry he may have overstepped his bounds.

The expression on Rachel's face softened. "It's okay. You just surprised me... that's all." She then chuckled and said, "I didn't know my little brother could be so kinky." Seeing the embarrassment on Jacob's face, Rachel continued with a soft voice, "To be honest... a lot of girls like some backdoor action... including me."

"Really?" Jacob quickly perked up. "You let Scott..."

"If it's done right." Rachel immediately interjected while holding up her hand. She then continued, "I mean... you can't just go around sticking your dry finger in a girl's butt. You have to use some kind of lube and go slow... at least at first."

Scrunching his face, Jacob apologized again, "I'm sorry."

Leaning forward, Rachel put her hand on Jacob's shoulder and smiled, "Hey... don't worry about it. Maybe I can..." She was suddenly cut off by the ringing of her cell phone. Quickly grabbing her jeans, Rachel pulled the device out of the back pocket and glanced at the screen. She looked up at Jacob and said, "Oh, crap... it's Mom. She's probably wondering where we are."

Suddenly feeling exposed, Rachel hopped off the bed and quickly grabbed her old robe that hung on the back of the bedroom door. After covering her nakedness and sitting back down, Rachel answered the phone. "Hey, Mom!" Jacob then crawled over and sat down beside his sister.

"Yes, Ma'am... we're still at the house," Rachel replied as she looked over at her brother and the erection that jutted up from his crotch. She then reached down and took hold of Jacob's throbbing manhood. Giving him a quick wink, she continued, "Jake just wanted to show me something... on his computer."

While listening to Karen, Rachel began stroking her brother's cock. It was incredibly surreal for Jacob to be getting a hand job from his sister while she had a phone conversation with their mother. Slightly overcome by the situation, he groaned out involuntarily. Turning her head back towards her brother, Rachel let go of his cock and put a finger to her lips.

Suddenly Rachel stood up. She then said into the phone, "Sure... we can stop by there on our way back to the house. Just text me a list of what we need."

Jacob looked on in confusion as Rachel started to leave the room. She put up her hand as a signal for him to stay put. Rachel then turned and walked out the door while Jacob obediently sat on the bed and waited as his sister asked.

Moments later, Rachel returned to her room, still on the phone. From the sound of their conversation, it appeared mother and daughter were discussing additional project ideas for the rental house. Jacob was quite eager for them to end the call. The only project he was interested in was getting his aching cock back inside his sister's hot pussy.

Walking up to Jacob, Rachel tossed him an object. While his sister climbed back onto the bed, he was shocked to find out he was now holding a small jar of Vaseline. Quickly turning his head around, he found Rachel had removed the robe and was once again back on all fours with her perfectly round ass perched high in the air.

Rachel motioned with her head directing Jacob to get behind her. A smile crept onto his face as he realized what she was suggesting, and he scrambled to get into position.

As Jacob dipped his finger into the greasy lubricant, Rachel whispered back over her shoulder, "Remember Squirt... take your time and go very slow." Jerking her head back around, she replied to her mother on the phone, "Huh? Oh, nothing. Jake is just trying to complete another stage. You know how these boys are with their video games." Teasing her little brother with a gentle wiggle of her hips, she continued, "He's been having some trouble with it, but I'm giving him some pointers."

A few seconds later, a smile formed on Rachel's beautiful face as Jacob began to massage her little pink star with his well-lubricated finger. The dirty sensations of having her butt played with made Rachel want to moan; however, she knew it best not to with her mother on the other end of the phone call.

Rachel suddenly gasped out loud as her brother's fingertip penetrated her super-sensitive asshole. She spoke into the phone, "Nothing, Mom... It's just Jake... I mean... on his game.

It shocked me that he was finally able to break through the bad guys' defenses."

Trying to keep quiet, Rachel bit down on her bottom lip as she attempted to listen to her mother on the other end of the line. As Jacob's exploring digit slid in up to the second knuckle, Rachel continued her commentary, "And now... he's going deeper... into enemy territory."

Moments later, Jacob slid his entire greased-up index finger in and out of his sister's butt. The incredible sensations Rachel felt in her forbidden orifice had her pussy dripping wet. She couldn't help but reach between her legs and begin rubbing her blood engorged clit.

Rachel knew she had to end the call or end up having an orgasm while on the phone with their mother. With as much control as she could muster, she spoke into the phone, "M--Mom? I—I'm going to... hurry Jake along. We'll be... on our way... ssssoooooonnn."

Rachel stopped masturbating and grabbed hold of Jacob's massive cock that was poking her butt cheek. As she positioned the mushroom tip at her sloppy entrance, she ended the call with a shaky, "Love you... too Mom... bye!"

After dropping the phone onto the bed, Rachel grabbed hold of the headboard with both hands and pushed her hips back. "Uuuggggghhhhh!!" she moaned from pain and pleasure as she

skewered herself on the entire length of Jacob's fleshy spear. When her rounded hips butted up against her brother's crotch, she called out, "Ohhhh... Yeeesssss!!!!"

Pulling his finger from the fiery chasm of his sister's ass, Jacob grabbed onto Rachel's gyrating hips. He then began to steadily fuck her juicy cunt with full firm strokes. The siblings constantly moaned and groaned from the wicked pleasure they received from their immoral coupling.

Brother and sister loudly grunted as they raced each other to the finish line. Rachel could feel her end was near as she hung onto the round metal bar for dear life. She knew the approaching orgasm was going to be epic. Through gritted teeth, "Jake!! Put your finger... back in... my ASS!!!" With her eyes tightly closed, the young wife eagerly awaiting the thrilling sensation of being double-penetrated by her baby brother.

Jacob poised his index finger at the tender flesh of his sister's rear passage. A sneaky idea suddenly popped into the teenager's head. Jacob mated his middle finger along with his forefinger and slid both digits deep into his sister's well-lubricated orifice. Rachel's eyes and mouth shot wide open from the sudden intrusion and overwhelming feeling of fullness. "Ahhhhhhh!!!" she gasped as the intense stimulation from her brother's thrusting fingers was quickly sending her over the edge. "Ohhhh Jake! Yesss... keep doing that!!"

Jacob could feel the pressure building inside his swollen balls. He knew he should pull out, but his sister's pulsating pussy felt

so good wrapped around his dick. "Rachel... I'm getting... close. Can I... stay... inside?"

Rachel was still on birth control; however, she felt conflicted to let her brother cross the boundary of finishing inside. Teetering on the edge of orgasm had her unable to think clearly, so her highly aroused body decided for her. While remaining to face forward, Rachel nodded her head in approval.

Digging his fingers into Rachel's fleshy hips, Jacob went into overdrive. He shouted as his pent up load launched into his sister's waiting hot pussy. "OOOHHHH!! RACHEL!!"

The blast of Jacob's hot cum was like a spark igniting gasoline, causing Rachel to shout as if having a religious experience, "OHHHHH!! GOOOODDDDDDD!!!" She began to violently jerk and spasm as the orgasm took control. She bellowed with noises similar to a wounded animal as her mind tried to deal with the waves of agonizing pleasure that surged throughout her twitching body.

Eventually, Rachel released her grip on the wrought iron bars and lowered herself so that her head rested on a soft pillow. She continued to moan as her brother emptied his nuts deep inside her tummy. Rachel's legs gave way, and she plopped down flat on her stomach. Jacob followed suit and lay on his sister's back while the two remained coupled, resting his cheek on her sweaty shoulder.

After a couple of minutes of catching his breath, Jacob spoke softly, "Wow, Rachel... that was awesome!!"

Giggling into the pillow, Rachel then responded, "I'm glad you liked it..." She then wiggled her ass, "But we best get moving. We still have to clean up."

After collecting her clothes, Rachel said, "Okay, Dork... Since I can't go home in this condition, I'm going to take a quick shower. So that means you need to finish cleaning up in here." Without giving Jacob a chance to oppose, she quickly darted out of the room.

As Jacob watched his naked sibling walk down the hall and disappear into the bathroom, he called out to his bossy sister, "I don't care what you say... you're becoming more like Mom every day."

Just after dawn on Saturday morning, Karen saw Robert, Rachel, and Scott off for their day trip to Atlanta. Later on, she and Jacob would be going to the church to help out with the rummage sale. For now, however, she made her way upstairs to her son's room to wake him up for breakfast.

After gently knocking on the door, Karen then entered Jacob's room to find her teenage boy still fast asleep. While leaning over

and shaking his shoulder, she said softly, "Jake Sweetie... it's time to get up."

Rolling over towards Karen, Jacob opened his eyes. "M—Mom?" After noticing the room was still dark, he asked, "What time is it?"

Karen replied as she stood up straight, "It's six-thirty, and you need to get moving."

With a groan, Jacob rolled away from Karen and whined, "But Mom... it's Saturday."

"I know what day it is, young man." Karen then pulled the comforter off his body and continued, "You knew we had to get up early today for the rummage sale. It's not my fault you stayed up late last night playing video games." She then walked over and opened the curtains, softly illuminating the room with the early morning light.

Lying on his stomach with his face buried in his pillow, he responded with a muffled, "But Mom... do I have to?"

Karen walked back over to Jacob's bed, crossed her arms, and replied, "Yes... you have to. Besides, it would do you good to get involved in some volunteer work." She stood there a few seconds, and when he didn't move, she gave him a quick smack on his backside and said, "Come on, Jake... let's go."

"Ouch!!" he replied, still face down into the pillow. Jacob then rolled towards his mom and said, "Okay... okay... I'm getting up."

Walking towards the door, Karen said, "Now, don't dawdle. Come down and have some breakfast."

A while later, Jacob finally made it down to the kitchen. He found his mom standing at the counter, pouring herself a cup of coffee. Her hair up in a ponytail, and she was wearing her pink satin robe. He liked the way the short garment showed off her beautiful long legs.

Jacob sat at his usual spot with a bowl, box of cereal, and jug of milk already set out for him. As he poured the sugar-coated flakes into his bowl, Karen sat down beside him. "Well... glad you could finally join me, Sleepyhead." She ruffled his uncombed hair.

While pouring the milk, Jacob replied, "Sorry... just finding it hard to get moving this morning." He glanced over at his mother and noticed the top of her robe parted a bit, giving him a nice view of her deep cleavage.

Karen took a sip of coffee and said, "That's because you stayed up half the night. What time did you go to bed?"

With a mouthful of cereal, Jacob grunted then replied, "You don't wanna know."

Karen sighed then said, "Jake... don't talk with your mouth full." She picked up her cup and continued, "Well, no one made you stay up that late... you only have yourself to blame."

After finishing his breakfast, Jacob stood up from his chair. As he turned to take his bowl to the sink, Karen saw the huge lump in his sleep pants. She gasped at the sight and asked while pointing at his crotch, "Jake... what is that?"

Looking down, Jacob replied with a hint of sarcasm, "It's an erection, Mom."

Rolling her eyes, Karen replied, "I know what it is, Jake. You need to get rid of it... and fast." Standing up from the table, she continued, "I can't take you to the church like that... someone might see it."

After placing his bowl in the sink, Jacob turned to his mother and smiled. "Maybe you can help me before we go?"

Placing the milk back into the refrigerator, Karen replied, "No way, mister. We don't have time for nonsense this morning." After closing the door to the fridge, she put a hand on her hip and continued, "I still have to get a shower. Go up to your room and try to take care of it on your own."

Jacob quickly replied with a fib, "I did already, Mom. That's why it took me so long to get down here." He then began rubbing the ever-growing bulge and continued, "As you can see, I didn't have much success."

Karen lowered her head and sighed. While she rubbed her forehead, Jacob questioned, "Maybe I should stay home today?" The devious teenager happily found himself in a win-win situation. Whether she helped him with his erection or he stayed home... he would be happy either way.

Quickly looking back up, Karen crossed her arms and replied emphatically, "NO! You are not getting out of this so that you can stay home and play video games." After a few seconds, she huffed a deep breath. Motioning with her hand towards the table, Karen then said, "Fine... take a seat."

Jacob pulled the nearest chair back from the table and sat down... it just happened to be his father's. The frustrated mother walked over to her son and lowered herself down onto her knees. She then pulled on the elastic waistband of Jacob's sleep pants with her right hand. While Karen fished out his rock-hard cock she muttered, "I need you to hurry... understand?"

Jacob nodded his agreement.

Stroking the shaft with both hands, Karen watched as pearly drops of pre-cum bubbled up from the tip and trickled onto her

fingers. The scent began to ignite her own arousal. She knew some private time in the shower would be necessary after taking care of Jacob.

After a few minutes of sucking and slobbering on her son's fleshy knob, Karen pulled back and looked up into his eyes. While she continued to work his dick with both hands, the aroused mother softly asked, "Are you getting close?"

Jacob shook his head 'no' as his reply.

In a frustrated whisper, Karen said, "This is taking too long... we need to speed this up." Biting her bottom lip in thought for a few seconds, she then asked Jacob, "Do you think it would help... if I use my boobs?" She figured that using her breasts wouldn't be much different than using her hands and mouth. As long as her panties stay on, it would be okay.

A smile spread across Jacob's face as he enthusiastically nodded his head. "Yes, ma'am!!"

Letting go of her son's dick, Karen stood up and walked over to the counter. Jacob intently watched the gentle sway of his mother's ample hips underneath the satin robe.

Karen opened a cabinet door and pulled out a small bottle. She then walked back over, placed the olive oil container down onto the kitchen table, and began loosening her robe's sash.

Jacob looked on with wide eyes as he watched his mother pull the satin garment off her shoulders and place it on the back of a kitchen chair. It was such a dirty thrill to watch the women in his life take off their clothes, but there was just something extra naughty about it being his mom.

Reaching behind her back, Karen quickly unhooked her bra strap. She removed the garment, which caused her boobs to drop slightly, and bounce on her chest. She then tossed the black brazier onto the table, where it landed right next to the coffee cup left by her husband earlier that morning. Now wearing only a pair of black bikini cut panties, Karen grabbed the bottle of olive oil and returned to her knees.

Jacob stroked his cock as his mother drizzled the oil onto her chest. The entranced teenager watched the make-shift lubricant trickle down into the deep valley between her magnificent breasts. Karen rubbed the oil all over her chest with her free hand, giving her tits a glossy sheen.

After placing the bottle back onto the table, Karen scootched forward and wrapped her slick and shiny breasts around Jacob's towering erection. As the caregiving mother began up and down strokes, the bewildered son whispered, "Wow, Mom... your tits are the best."

"Jacob!!" Karen gasped. She then said while continuing to slide her boobs up and down her son's greasy pole, "How many times must I tell you... do not use filthy words like that."

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob quickly responded. "But you doing that is just so cool!!"

Karen couldn't help but chuckle at her son's remark. Never in a million years would she ever think of finding herself using cooking oil to masturbate her son in the family's kitchen. Life indeed turns on a dime. Looking up at Jacob, Karen responded, "Well, it may be cool, but I need you to hurry so we can get ready to go."

Minutes later, light from the rising sun flooded the kitchen as Karen worked her son's mighty tool with her big and soft pillowy breasts. The teenaged boy groaned from the pleasure as he felt the churning of his over-sized testicles. "Mom," he grunted. "I'm getting... close!"

Letting go of her breasts, Karen took hold of the oiled-up shaft with both hands then began to furiously jack-off her son. Jacob began to moan louder as he watched his mother's impressive rack shimmy and jiggle around on her chest. "Mom? Can I... finish on... your boobs... again?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No, Jake... I just mopped this floor yesterday, and I don't have time to clean up a mess." She leaned forward and continued, "You can do it in my mouth." It probably was not a good idea to ingest any more of Jacob's body-altering semen, but she figured one more time wouldn't hurt.

Karen then tightly wrapped her red lips around the purple tip. She sucked and licked her son's angry-looking knob relishing the combined flavors of sweet pre-cum mixed with the savory taste of the olive oil. Seconds later, Jacob yelled, "OHHHH MOOOOMMMM!!!" as he blasted his load into his mother's hungry mouth. Karen gulped down several tasty mouthfuls of her boy's sticky cum with a few drops escaping and dripping onto her naked breasts.

Afterward, Jacob slumped back into his father's chair. As he tried to catch his breath, he whispered. "Thanks... Mom."

Between licks with her tongue on his deflating cock, Karen replied, "You're welcome... Sweetie. Feel... better?"

"Yes, Ma'am... much better."

Karen gave Jacob's cleaned member a quick motherly kiss on the tip, then leaned back. "Okay, Mister... go upstairs and start getting ready. It's getting late, and we need to leave soon."

Even though his legs were still a little wobbly, Jacob stood up from the chair. Karen tucked her son's penis back into his pants, then looked over at the clock and remarked, "It's a good thing your dad and Scott loaded up the jeep for me before they left this morning."

Karen stood up and said, "Okay, Jake... let's get moving."

Only Jacob didn't budge. He wanted to look at his mother's beautiful body for as long as he could. As he watched his mom gather her robe and bra from the table, he noticed several drops of semen that still clung to the slopes of her wobbling tits. He felt a spark of confidence and asked, "Hey, Mom, next time... can I take some pictures?"

Turning her head towards Jacob and with a confused expression, she replied with, "What??"

"You know... next time... maybe a few pics of your boobs?"

Totally shocked by her son's request, Karen responded in disbelief, "Absolutely NOT!!" She clutched the robe to her chest to cover herself, "Why would you even think of doing that?"

Continuing to plead his case, Jacob continued, "Just a few body shots. Plus, I'd be sure not to get your face..."

"Jacob!!" Karen cut him off. "You are not taking pictures of me... and that's final. How do you think I would even consider such an awful thing. Get upstairs... NOW mister!" She accentuated the 'now' with a slap on his backside to get him moving. "Or there won't even be a next time."

Somewhat disgruntled, Jacob disappeared out of the room. Once he was gone, Karen lowered the robe from her chest. She then happened to look down and noticed her breasts stained with several dollops of her son's cum. She scooped up the sticky

residue with her index finger and popped it in her mouth. After cleaning the slender digit with her tongue, Karen chuckled and said, "Great... now I have two boob hounds in the family."

As Karen walked up the stairs, she began to feel strangely different about Jacob's request. At first, she was offended, but now she thought differently. She still would never allow it to happen, but wicked as it may be, it is quite a compliment that a teenage boy would want nude pictures of a middle-aged woman like herself... even if it was her own son.

Later on that morning at the church, Karen kept very busy helping many buyers at the rummage sale. So far, it appeared the day was going to be a great success. She had not seen Jacob in quite a while and wondered where he got to. Once they unloaded all the donated items from her SUV and got set up, he quickly disappeared. Most likely, he was hiding somewhere playing a video game on his phone.

Finding a break in the action, Karen grabbed her bottle of water and took several swallows. Even though she wore a thin cotton summer dress, the mid-morning sun and high humidity had the temperature rising quite rapidly. Suddenly from behind, she heard, "Hey Mom."

Spinning around, Karen found Jacob standing behind her. As she put the cap back onto her bottle, she exclaimed, "There you

are! Where have you been? You were supposed to be here helping me."

"Sorry, Mom... I've been busy." Jacob grabbed a bottle of water out of the ice chest.

"Busy?" Putting a hand on her hip, Karen continued, "Busy doing what, may I ask?"

Jacob sat down in one of the two metal folding chairs Karen had brought with them. "Well, I ran into Michael, and he showed me his new iPhone. It's really cool."

Karen replied, "So when you say 'busy,' what you mean is goofing off." She then took money from a lady making a purchase and then said to her, "Thank you, and God bless."

Putting the cash into the lockbox, Karen continued, "Well, I'm glad you're back. I could really use your help." Waving her hand around, she continued, "Have you seen all these people?"

Jacob stood up from the chair and walked over to Karen. Standing close by her side, he said with a soft voice, "I'd be glad to help you, Mom, but I may need your help first."

Turning her head to look at Jacob, she asked softly, "What are you talking about?"

Stepping back, Jacob looked down, and Karen's gaze followed suit. Her eyes caught sight of the bulging lump in her son's shorts. A look of horror came to her face as she gasped, "Oh no! Jake... not now." She did a quick glance around to make sure none of the patrons or church members could see. Closing the gap between them, Karen whispered, "I just helped you earlier at the house."

"I know, Mom, and I'm sorry." Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob asked, "Maybe we should go home?"

Shaking her head, "No, we can't go home. Look around... it's way too busy right now." Karen then stepped over to the table and took payment from another customer, "Thank you, and God bless."

Jacob walked up beside his mother and whined, "But Mom! It's starting to hurt pretty bad."

As she put the money into the lockbox, Karen said in a hushed tone, "Jake... there's nothing I can do right now. You are just going to have to wait."

Jacob reluctantly took a seat back on the folding chair while his mother helped several more patrons with their purchases. Karen periodically glanced over at her son and easily made out the humungous lump formed in his shorts. She then began to worry

that someone else would also eventually notice. As absurd as the idea was, she knew what she had to do.

When they were alone again, Karen walked over to Jacob and bent down in front of him. The top of her thin cotton dress hung down just enough to give her son an unobstructed view of her glorious cleavage. He could make out several droplets of perspiration that clung to her hanging breasts trapped inside her bra.

With a stern glare, Karen asked in a whisper, "Can you be quick?"

Looking up into his mother's soft brown eyes, Jacob responded, "Huh?"

Karen took another look around, "If I help you..." She then motioned her head towards his crotch. "Can you be quick?"

Jacob's eyes lit up, and he nodded enthusiastically.

Standing back up straight, Karen held out her hand and said, "Okay... come on."

Jacob took his mother's extended hand and stood up; then, all of a sudden came a female's voice, "Hey Karen... is everything okay?"

Karen turned to find Mrs. Donna Miller, Pastor David Miller's wife, with a look of concern on her beautiful face. She was wearing a cotton dress, not too dissimilar to that of Karen's. Her long platinum blonde hair was up in a fashionable ponytail.

Donna, like Karen, was a stay-at-home mom in her mid-forties and a total MILF. With her striking blue eyes and 5' 9" stature, the preacher's wife had the looks and body worthy of Playboy magazine. Jacob once heard his mother say that Mrs. Miller used to do some modeling in her college days. It was mostly for fashion catalogs, including bathing suits and underwear, but nothing obscene like nudity or porn.

The Pastor and Mrs. Miller had three children. Their two sons had already left home for college. Their daughter Sara was still in high school and pretty much a younger version of her mother. Jacob had a crush on Sara for years, but he had yet to get enough confidence to ask her for a date.

Karen nodded to her friend, "Yeah, pretty much." She then put her arm around Jacob and pulled him to her side. She was hoping to hide his bulging erection. "It's just that Jake here is feeling nauseous."

Taking a couple of steps closer, Donna asked with concern, "Oh my goodness... are you okay, Sweetie?" She then looked back to Karen, "Should we take him to the doctor?"

Karen quickly responded, "I don't think it's all that serious... It's probably the heat."

Donna responded, "Well, it is quite hot out here today." With her hand, she fanned her face and continued, "And the humidity is just dreadful."

"Yes, it is," Karen replied. "The endocrinologist has him taking a new medication, and he's not supposed to be out in the sun for long periods of time. I was going to take him inside the church for a few minutes to cool him down."

Nodding enthusiastically, Donna responded, "By all means, of course. Take Jacob inside... I can watch your tables for you."

Karen smiled, "Oh, that would be great... thanks, Donna." She then looked down to Jacob, "C'mon, Honey... let's get you inside and out of this heat." Jacob nodded, and they started to walk away.

Donna then said, "Be sure and go by the kitchen... there should be some ginger ale in the refrigerator."

Mother and son walked across the churchyard and entered the building through a side entrance. Karen then led Jacob by the hand down some stairs into the bottom level. There they walked down the long, sparsely lit hallway, passing by the dark and empty classrooms. Tomorrow morning church members will fill the rooms attending Sunday school. However, today they were

eerily quiet, giving the environment a spooky vibe that sent chills down Jacob's back.

Once they reached the end of the hallway, Karen led Jacob into the dimly lit nursery classroom. After she locked the door, Karen asked him, "Do you remember this room?"

Looking around, Jacob shook his head and replied, "No... not really." He had forgotten all about this classroom, mainly because he never came this far down the hallway. His classroom was at the other end of the building.

The room was your typical church nursery with lots of toys, toddler-sized tables and chairs, and several cribs lining the far wall. Painted on the wall above the cribs was a big yellow sun, and below it, the words "Jesus loves the little children."

"Well, you spent many a Sunday in here when you were a toddler." Karen giggled. "You liked playing in here so much that many days you didn't want to go home."

Jacob chuckled, "Wow... that was a long time ago."

"Not for me," Karen said with a hint of melancholy as they walked to the back of the room. "For me... it seems like yesterday."

Jacob followed his mother as she opened the door on the back wall and entered another mostly dark room. Karen thought

about turning on the light but then decided against it. She would rather have the cloak of darkness, so instead, she turned on a small lamp that sat on one of the side tables. The bulb lit the room not much more than a night-light.

Even in the soft lighting, Jacob could still make out much of the surroundings. "Mom... what is this place?" It appeared to be some sort of a secret lounge. There was a sofa, two rocking chairs, a crib, a bathroom, a kitchenette, and even a TV. "This is kind of cool."

Karen laughed as she locked the door. "Most men never come in here, and some don't even know it exists."

Jacob gave her a confused look.

"We call this the 'mother's room.' It's a place where moms can bring their babies if they require special attention or if they need privacy to breastfeed."

Jacob responded with, "Oh... sort of a 'mom cave' I guess."

Karen smiled, "I guess you could say that."

Standing at the couch, Jacob pointed at the big window that looked into the nursery, "What's that for?"

Walking over and standing next to her son Karen replied, "It's a two-way mirror. It allows the moms in here to keep an eye on the toddlers out there. Plus, it ensures their privacy while they are breastfeeding."

Wasting no more time, Karen dropped to her knees and began to unfasten Jacob's shorts. Noticing the shocked look on her son's face, she said, "We don't have time to dawdle, so we need to hurry." After pulling his shorts and underwear down just enough, Jacob's enormous dick sprang up and hit her on the cheek leaving behind a small trail of pre-cum.

Karen gently pushed Jacob backward, and he took a seat on the couch, sinking into the soft cushions. "It's bad enough that I have to do this at church..." She grabbed hold of her son's erection and licked a dollop of fluid from the tip. "The last thing we need is for Mrs. Miller or someone else to come looking for us."

Minutes later, Karen sucked and slurped on her son's hunk of meat like never before. With one hand, she fervently stroked the pulsing shaft, and the other gently massaged his swollen balls. She was desperate to coax her son to blow his load before someone happened along and accidentally discover them.

Karen found herself riddled with guilt and shame. The conservative mother had now slipped to a new low of blasphemy. Not only was she giving her teenaged son a blowjob, but the sinful act was taking place in a church. However, this was not just any church; this is where Karen was baptized, where she

married her husband, and where her grandfather preached until his death twenty years ago.

Pulling her head back, Karen looked up at Jacob and asked, "Are you close?"

Jacob shook his head.

Grabbing hold of Jacob's dick with both hands, Karen continued to jack off her son. "C'mon Jake... we don't have all day... you need to hurry." She then returned his cock to her warm and wet mouth, twirling her tongue around the sensitive tip, drawing moans of pleasure from Jacob's throat.

Despite the remorse, the wickedness of the situation had Karen's body humming with arousal. She reached her left hand underneath her dress to find the gusset of her panties soaking wet. As she slid her fingers across her panty-covered mound, sparks fired off deep inside her tingling pussy. The electricity shot up into her breasts, causing her pink nipples to harden instantly.

While his mother was preoccupied, giving him a blowjob, Jacob slipped his hand into his shorts pocket and pulled out a little square packet. "Uh, Mom? Maybe we could try this?"

Karen looked up to find Jacob holding up the shiny wrapper of a condom. Leaning back, the surprised mother asked, "Jacob? Where on earth did you get that?"

"From you... remember? You gave them to me the other day."

Rolling her eyes, Karen responded, "I'm well aware of that, Jake. I mean... why do you have it with you?"

Jacob replied, "Last night, while I was setting out my clothes for today, Dad came into my room to say goodnight, and I just happened to notice it on my desk. Luckily I spotted it before he did, and I was able to slip it into the pocket of my shorts when he wasn't looking." He shrugged his shoulders, "I didn't mean to bring it, to be honest. I forgot about it and just now remembered it was there."

Karen huffed and said, "Jake... why did you leave it out in the open like that in the first place? I told you to keep those things hidden."

"It was an accident, Mom. I left it there the other day when you showed me how to use it. I forgot to put this one back in the box."

"Well, that could have been a very costly mistake," Karen replied. "Would if your father had... what are you doing?" At that moment, Jacob ripped open the gold-colored wrapper.

Dumbfounded, Karen watched Jacob struggle with the condom as he tried to stretch it over the flared mushroom-shaped head.

She put up her hand, "I don't know what you are thinking, young man, but we are not doing that... especially here. Besides, I bought those things for you to use with Ms. Turner."

Finally, Jacob was able to get the condom started, and he responded, "I know that, Mom." As he rolled it down onto his rock-hard penis, he remarked, "But as you said earlier..." Then, looking back at his mother, he continued, "We need to hurry."

"Oh... my..." Karen said under her breath as she stared at the towering behemoth that pulsed inside its tight confines. The combination of Jacob's scent and the thought of such immoral debauchery as to fornicate with her own son in the Lord's house made her light-headed. Her vagina puckered and she could feel more sweet mommy cream leak from her twitching pussy and into her already saturated panties.

Karen stood and glanced through the window that looked out into the darkened main nursery. She could see the door that separated that room from the hallway and the bright light that seeped around the edges of the barrier. Even though she locked the door earlier, all the Ladies Auxiliary members have keys to those doors. Although chances were small, still someone could make their way in at any moment.

Knowing that time was of the essence, Karen looked back down at her son and said, "You're right... we do need to hurry." Jacob's eyes went wide as his mother began to hike up her dress. Then with her thumbs, Karen pulled her white panties down over her fleshy backside and past her shapely thighs. Once at the knees,

she released the thin cotton garment and let it fall to her feet. A big smile formed on Jacob's face as he knew his gorgeous mom was about to give in once again.

Karen felt drunk with licentiousness as she stepped out of her discarded panties. She spoke with a soft tone, "You know Jake... this is a nursery after all."

The light may have been faint, but Jacob could still make out his mother's sexy profile. The cotton dress fit snugly to her curvy figure, yet the style was conservative enough to give her a wholesome and matronly look. As he gazed up at his mom, he replied, "Uh-huh?"

Karen pulled up her long skirt as she climbed onto the couch, "And what is the main purpose of a nursery?" Since Jacob only gave his mom a blank stare, she answered for him as she straddled his legs, "For mothers to take care of their babies... right?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am."

While hovering above Jacob's lap, Karen held onto the top of the couch with her left hand and her right hand clasped tightly to Jacob's painfully stiff cock. She rubbed the tip of his condom covered manhood between her slick and glistening folds. Once lined up with her tight opening, Karen placed her right hand along with her left on top of the couch. She whispered, "So I guess this mommy should take care of her baby."

Karen's eyes and mouth shot wide open as she lowered herself down onto her son's cock. "Nnnnnnggggg!" she groaned as her well-lubricated pussy gradually swallowed Jacob's man meat. Her mind caught somewhere between that of torment and pleasure. She had yet to get used to the exquisite pain associated with each initial penetration... nor did she tire of it.

Finally, Karen hit bottom, and her matronly backside rested on Jacob's lap. With heavy breaths, she began to ride her son slowly. The springs in the old couch squeaked out their objection to the immoral copulation that was taking place in the dimly lit room.

The God-fearing mother could hear the faint voices of people in the churchyard through the wall. For some reason, the thought of the depravity sent her into overdrive, and she began to bounce on Jacob's lap violently. The fascinated teenager that shared in the debauchery groaned out, "Ohhhhh... Mom!!"

Karen could feel the rising tide of an orgasm and, along with it, the familiar sensation of pressure beginning to build inside her breasts. The bra's fabric was now a source of irritation against her sensitive pink nipples that suddenly burned with desire. Originally Karen planned to stay fully clothed. It was also her plan not to have intercourse with her son again. However, it appeared she would strike out on both counts.

Karen quickly unbuttoned her dress and pulled her arms out of the short sleeves. She then pushed the unfastened garment down around her waist.

Jacob smiled as he watched the silhouette of his mother reach behind her back and unhook the overburdened strap of her bra. "Mmmmmm... that's better," Karen whispered as the restrictive garment loosened and gave way.

Even in the low light, Jacob could clearly make out his mother's magnificent breasts as they dropped and wobbled once she pulled off her bra. After tossing the garment onto the couch beside them, Karen continued her steady rhythm of riding her son's incredible beast of a cock.

Without asking, Jacob raised both hands and gently cupped his mother's big soft tits. "Ohhhhhhh!!" Karen whispered from the delightful sensation she felt as her teenage boy fondle her swollen boobs.

In the dimly lit room, mother and son continued to feast on the luscious yet forbidden fruit of their incestual union. Karen could feel the orgasm begin to billow deep in her tummy. She tightened her grip on the couch and began slamming her fleshy round backside up and down onto Jacob's lap.

Karen had been trying to remain quiet for safety's sake, but unfortunately, that would be another lost cause. Trying to keep her voice as low as possible, she began to mutter, "Ohhh! Ohhh! Yes!! Oh yes!! Almost!! I'm allmmmmooooosssst!!" At that moment, Jacob pinched both of her hardened nipples, which connected

the electrical current between her big tits and sopping wet pussy. Throwing her head back, Karen couldn't help but wail out to the heavens as the rapture took hold of her. "OHHHH YEEEESSSSSS!!!!"

A wave of heat rolled from Karen's pussy, up through her tummy, and into her tingling breasts. Her nipples began to burn with the need for more stimulation. Leaning forward, the gyrating mother grabbed the back of her son's head and pulled him to her heaving bosom. Jacob immediately latched onto a rubbery nub with his mouth and began sucking on his mom's tit like a starving baby.

Because Jacob was born prematurely with serious health complications, Karen could not breastfeed him as she did his older sister Rachel. He required a baby formula designed for his specific needs. She always regretted not having that experience with her son, creating a unique bond that only a mother and her child could share. However, today she would get a second chance.

As the pressure continued to build, Karen pushed her chest against Jacob's face. She yelled out as the dam finally burst, "AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" This time she did not care who may have heard as the second massive wave came crashing down.

The orgasm exploded from her gushing vagina and ejaculating tits spiraling her into joyous ecstasy. Karen drowned in blasphemous euphoria as she held tightly to the back of Jacob's head and filled his sucking mouth with her sweet mommy milk.

A tear came to her eye as she finally experienced with her son the most intimate moment a mother and child could share. As she bounced on Jacob's lap, she whispered, "Yes baby... yes baby... Oh Yesssss!"

Jacob was in absolute paradise. His gorgeous mother rode him like a rented mule while he caressed and suckled at her luscious tits. The flow of the creamy life-sustaining fluid had ebbed, but the teenager continued to suck on his mother's diamond-hard nipple. He found himself craving more of his mom's warm and sweet breast milk.

Jacob's swollen balls began to boil over. He tried to pull his head back from Karen's breast to give her warning, but she still held him tight with both arms to her bosom. He was amazed at the strength of his mother's arms. All that tennis she played recently seemed to be paying off.

After a bit of a struggle, Jacob was able to separate his mouth from his mother's tasty nipple. With panic, he called out, "MOM! It's about... to BLOW!!!"

The words from her son snapped Karen out of her blissful trance. "Oh goodness!" she shrieked as she hopped off of Jacob's lap and sat down on the couch beside him. Before she could even grab hold of his cock it began jerking and twitching as it blasted a huge ribbon of cum into the sheath of thin rubber.

Karen jacked off her son with her right hand as he raised his hips off the cushion and yelled out, "OHHHH MOOOMMM!!"

Now back in her right mind, Karen began to worry that someone might hear. She, therefore, put her left hand over her son's mouth and whispered, "Shhhhhhhh!! It's okay, baby... just let it happen."

"MMMMMMMMMM," Jacob continued to moan into his mom's hand as he shot rope after rope of semen into the condom. Karen watched with fascination as the prophylactic filled and expanded beyond belief. It was a wonder that it didn't burst.

Afterward, Karen relished the warm glow of a deeper bond she sensed with her son. She held Jacob's head to her chest, running her slender fingers through his mop of brown hair. Wanting to prolong the feeling, but also knowing it was dangerous to delay any longer, she asked, "Are you okay?"

Gasping for air, Jacob replied, "Wow... Mom... that was... incredible!!"

Karen kissed the top of her son's head and asked with a chuckle, "So I take it. I can tell Mrs. Miller that you feel better?"

Reluctantly, Jacob pulled his face away from his mother's pillowy breast. He then looked at her and smiled, "Oh, yeah... in fact... much better."

Looking back down at Jacob's cock, Karen said, "Goodness Jake... that's a lot of stuff in there. It looks like a water balloon about to pop." As she examined a little closer, she continued, "But I must say... these things seem to work quite well."

Jacob quickly responded with an excited tone, "Does that mean I can start finishing inside?"

Karen stood and picked up her bra from the couch. She shook her head, "No, Jake. Even with the condom, we still can't take any chances." As she refastened the hooks, she could tell Jacob was disappointed. "Sweetie, as good as they may be, condoms are not 100% effective." With her thumbs, Karen pulled the straps up onto her shoulders. As she adjusted her big pillowy breasts back into their restrictive cups, she said, "Now go into the bathroom and take that thing off."

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob replied, somewhat monotone. He could tell she was back in 'mom mode'. He then carefully stood up, holding the condom in place as not to spill any of the sticky contents.

As the teenager walked into the bathroom, his mother called out while putting her arms back into the sleeves of her dress, "Be sure to bury it in the bottom of the wastebasket." She then began looking around on the floor for her underwear, "We don't need the scandal of someone finding a used condom in here."

A minute later, Jacob came back into the room to find Karen rummaging through a linen closet. Her dark brown hair was still disheveled, and some buttons on her dress remained unfastened. He could also see that she clutched her white panties in her left hand.

After pulling a small towel and some baby wipes out of the closet, Karen walked over to Jacob. She handed the items to her son, "You can use these to clean up the couch." She then said as she walked into the bathroom, "I need to make myself presentable before going back outside."

After a few minutes, Karen opened the bathroom door and came back into the room looking pretty much as she did earlier in the day. Jacob found it fascinating how she could be screaming in the throes of sexual ecstasy one moment and then return to being a prim and proper mother and wife just minutes later. Now he understood what his dad meant whenever he said that women are God's most wonderful yet most complex creation.

Standing in front of Jacob and holding out her arms, Karen asked, "Do I look okay?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yeah, Mom... perfect as always."

Karen smiled and said, "Awwww... thank you, Sweetie." She then put her hands on her son's shoulders and kissed his forehead.

"Mom... how much longer until we can leave? I still want to go over to Matt's house."

Picking the towel up from the couch, Karen replied, "I don't know... maybe another hour or so."

Jacob sat back down onto the couch. "Well... would it be okay if I took a quick nap? I'm kind of tired from our... you know...."

Nodding, Karen replied, "Okay... that's fine. Tell you what... you stay in here and rest. I'll come back and get you when it's time to pack everything up, and then I'll drop you off at Matthew's."

Jacob smiled, "That sounds great... thanks, Mom!" He then turned longways and laid down onto the couch.

Reaching down, Karen brushed the hair from his forehead and said, "Get some rest... I'll come back and get you later."

As Karen pulled the door closed to the nursery classroom, she heard footsteps coming down the long hallway. Turning her head, she saw Donna Miller along with her daughter Sara walking in her direction.

"Oh, Karen, there you are," said Donna. "We've been looking for you."

Walking to meet them, Karen replied, "I brought Jake to the nursery. I thought it would be more peaceful and quiet." Turning to the younger of the Miller women, Karen said, "Hi Sara, I didn't know you were here." As the two ladies stood side-by-side, Karen thought it would be easy to mistake them for sisters and not mother and daughter.

Sara responded, "Hi, Mrs. Mitchell, I just got here a few minutes ago." She then asked, "Is Jake alright? My mom said that he was feeling quite ill."

Karen smiled, "Thank you for asking Sara, but he's going to be fine. He just got too much sun, but I was able to get him cooled down."

"Well, thank the Lord... I've been praying for him," Donna remarked. "Do you think it was his medication?"

Nodding her head, Karen replied, "Most likely. I'm going to call his doctor on Monday and see if they need to change his dosage." Looking back at the closed nursery door, Karen continued, "He's resting now. That episode seemed to wipe him out." The loving mother could still feel a slight buzzing in her vagina courtesy of that last 'episode'.

As the three ladies began walking down the hall, Donna asked, "Were you able to find the ginger ale?"

Before contemplating her answer, Karen replied, "No, but we found something for him to drink that worked just as well." She instantly felt her cheeks blush, and her nipples begin to tingle from the memory of her baby boy suckling at her breast. In her mind, Karen prayed that Donna would not ask for her to elaborate on her answer.

Meanwhile, back in the darkened room, Jacob lay on the couch, playing a game on his cell phone. He was trying to kill time until they could leave, but he was also thinking about his next goal. He remembered how awesome it was the other day when he blew his load deep inside his sister's hot married pussy. Now Jacob had his mind set on somehow accomplishing the same thing with his straight-laced, no-nonsense mother. A smile came to his face as new ideas of dirty things to do with his mom began to pop into his head. For Jake, life was good... and it was only going to get better.

Chapter 8

On Wednesday afternoon, Karen was busy folding some freshly cleaned laundry. While performing the weekly chore, she sang along to the Thompson Twins song that blared through her new set of wireless earbuds. Her daughter bought them for her last weekend and synced them up with Karen's cell phone. Rachel was doing her best to get her mom into the current century... technology-wise, at least. However, Karen refused to budge on her 80's music.

After finishing her task, Karen took the basket of clean clothes and headed out of the laundry room. The stay-at-home mom walked through the quiet house and up the stairs to the second level. Once she reached the landing, Karen stopped and glanced down the hall at her son's bedroom door.

As Karen gazed upon the closed wooden barrier, questions began running through her mind. Did she make the right decision? Was this, after all, the best path for her and Jacob? Like everyone else, she was a flawed human being, and she made many mistakes. However, her main worry was if she was still a good mother.

Nothing mattered more to Karen than family, especially her children. She prayed faithfully for God's help and guidance through the valley she and her son had to journey. Up until now, she was mostly at peace with her decisions. However, with things now set in-motion, doubt began to creep in, and her faith began to wither.

As she listened to the inspiring words of U2's Bono singing in her ears, Karen remembered that ultimately God was in control. She told herself to remain calm, stay the course, and believe that it will all work out for the better. The most important thing was that her son was getting the temporary relief he needed for his affliction. Karen pushed the negative thoughts from her mind, then took a deep breath and walked down the hall to the master bedroom.

After Karen put away her and her husband's laundry, only Jacob's remained. The tireless mother then carried the basket of clothes down the hall to Jacob's room.

While she stood outside her son's bedroom door, Karen held the laundry basket with one arm supporting it on her left hip. She then removed her earbuds with her right hand, and the voice of Phil Collins was suddenly replaced by a mixture of disturbing yet familiar noises.

Through the closed door, Karen could make out the indecent sounds from the other side. Her son's headboard rhythmically tapped against the wall, and his bed sang out with constant squeaks and groans from the obscene abuse. Along with the protesting piece of furniture, the loud moans of a woman experiencing sexual bliss joined in on the chorus.

Turning the knob with her right hand, Karen slowly pushed open the door. Her eyes went wide as she lay witness to the pornographic scene taking place on her son's bed.

Assistant DA Melissa Turner was down on all fours supporting herself on her forearms. Her beautiful face hidden behind a curtain of silky dark hair. A sheen of sweat coated the olive skin of the young woman's flawless and naked body. Her knees spread wide with her beautifully round backside angled upwards.

Jacob held tightly to the young attorney's flared hips and rhythmically pistoned his fleshy rod in and out of her sopping wet pussy. He was attacking her with long, fluid strokes causing her hanging tits to swing back and forth. Every time his powerful cock hit bottom, a combination of "Ohh"s and "Ahh"s were drawn from Melissa's pretty red lips.

Karen quietly entered the room, her lungs filled with the combined aroma of sex and Jacob's exotic scent. She immediately felt her sensitive nipples harden inside her bra. While watching the coital activity taking place, the mom turned reluctant voyeur could feel her vagina begin to moisten. She felt awkward standing there; however, the rutting couple never looked her way or acknowledged her presence... or maybe they just didn't care.

Walking around the room, Karen noticed Melissa's clothes piled on the floor at the foot of Jacob's bed. A discarded gold condom wrapper lay haphazardly in one of the cups of the young lawyer's white lacy bra. Karen felt somewhat relieved from the fact that Jacob was at least following that rule.

After setting the laundry basket down, she put a hand on her hip, "Jake! I thought we discussed this. You are not to treat Ms. Turner in that fashion." Her voice was soft yet authoritarian.

Jacob had his eyes glued to Melissa's delicious curves and jiggling backside. He looked up at his mother and smiled, "It's okay, Mom... she likes it this way." He then accentuated each thrust, "Don't... you... Ms... Turner?"

Pushing the hair out of her face, Melissa looked up at Karen. Her eyes glossed over with a dreamy, faraway look. The engaged woman's lips and cheeks were marked with several streaks of dried semen. Evidence that Jacob was not working on his first load. "It's... incredible... Ohh!! Karen... your son's... Ohhh!!.. cock... is... Ohhhhh!! IS... OHHHH MYYYY GOOOODDDDDDD!!"

The lovely young lawyer grabbed fists full of the Star Wars bedsheets and held on tight as her body suffered its third and most intense orgasm of the day. The sparkle of Melissa's diamond engagement ring caught Karen's eye. The sinful decadence further fueled the mother's arousal and, along with it, a slight pang of envy.

Now seated in Jacob's desk chair, the disinclined mother watched as her son pummeled the unfaithful fiancée as if she were a rag doll. Karen couldn't help but squeeze her thighs together in an attempt to quell the buzzing between her legs. She reminded herself that this is how it had to be. If they were ever going to return to a more normal mother-son relationship, Jacob would require an additional outlet for his needs. It was just something she had to accept.

As Jacob finally reached his pinnacle, he grunted, "Uggghhhhhh... It's coming!! Can I... stay... inside?"

Not sure who the question was for, Karen immediately spoke in a soft tone, "No, Jake... you know the rules."

"But Mom... the condom," the teenager plead his case.

More sternly, Karen responded, "Jacob Mitchell!!!"

The tone in his mother's voice made him automatically glance over in her direction. With a glaring stare, Karen continued, "You heard what I said." He could see by the look in her eyes that she meant business.

Reluctantly, Jacob released his grip on Melissa's hips and pulled his pulsing member from the warm confines of her wet pussy. As the exhausted young woman lowered herself down flat onto the bed, Jacob quickly ripped the condom from his twitching cock. He then took hold of the veiny shaft and unloaded his aching balls all over his gorgeous sex partner. Melissa made soft mewling sounds as Jacob's hot and sticky cum blasted onto her arched back and curvy ass.

A few minutes later, Jacob lay on his back while fast asleep taking a nap. The incredible rounds of magnificent sex with the soon-to-be-married lawyer left him drained and exhausted.

Karen wrapped a fresh towel around Melissa's cum-covered naked body. After collecting the discarded clothes from the floor, the beautiful mother put her arm around the young woman's shoulder. As they started to leave the room, Karen said softly, "Let's get you into the shower."

Before walking out the door, Karen took a final glance at her sleeping son. He looked so innocent, lying there on his back with his boyish body covered in a sheen of sweat. His hairless chest was rising and falling with his gentle breathing. Her eyes widened as she noticed the not so little anaconda resting between his legs. After spending the afternoon inside Melissa's wet mouth and hot pussy, the thing was still pulsing and semi-hard. It appeared the vile creature was gearing up for its next victim.

A while later, Melissa walked out of the master bathroom wrapped in a soft towel while drying her long black hair with another. She found Karen by the king-sized bed laying out the clothes that she had discarded earlier that day. "That shower was great... I feel like a new woman."

Karen turned and smiled at her, "I'm glad you feel better." She then looked back to the clothes on her bed. "I took the liberty to freshen up your dress while you were in the shower."

Now standing beside Karen, Melissa responded with a smile, "Wow! That's so nice of you... thanks so much."

"You're welcome," Karen replied. "It's the least I can do for... you know... your help with Jake." While Melissa continued to dry her hair, the grateful mother sat down on the bed and continued, "Speaking of helping with Jake... I hope you know you don't have to let him treat you in any way you're not... comfortable."

Stepping over to where her clothes lay, Melissa cocked her head and asked, "What do you mean?"

Starting to regret bringing it up, Karen forced herself to continue, "You know... letting him... get behind you and take you like that."

Picking up her skimpy panties, Melissa replied, "Oh, you mean doing it doggy-style?" She giggled then continued, "Don't worry about that... it just happens to be one of my favorite positions."

Karen could feel her cheeks burn with embarrassment. She looked away from the younger and more worldly woman.

Melissa sat down beside the lovely mother and asked, "Karen... you mean to tell me that you have never tried that position?"

The conservative mother shook her head.

"Ever?" Melissa asked with a hint of disbelief.

"It just looks so vulgar and... dirty," Karen said in a loud whisper.

Melissa scoffed then said, "Wow, Karen... you don't know what you're missing. I think you should at least try it once with..." Karen arched her brow, then Melissa finished with, "you know... your husband." Melissa, not wanting to make the lovely wife and mother any more uncomfortable than she already was,

continued, "I have a sneaky suspicion that you will love it." As she stood up, Melissa chuckled then finished with, "In fact... I can guarantee you will ask yourself why you waited so long."

Karen replied, "Well, I guess I can give it some..." Before she could finish her sentence, Melissa loosened and dropped the towel to the floor. Karen's eyes went wide with shock at the young woman's bold action to get naked in front of her so casually.

The conservative mother couldn't help but admire Melissa's beauty and confidence as she once again gazed upon her flawless nude body. Karen could feel the tingle in her nether regions return as she watched the engaged lawyer step into and pull her panties up her long and shapely legs. Her eyes remained locked on the gorgeous woman as she adjusted the skimpy garment on her curvy hips.

Feeling somewhat flushed, Karen quickly stood up and said, "I- I'll leave you to get dressed."

Melissa smiled and softly replied while she began to put on her bra, "Please, Karen... don't leave on my account."

The embarrassed mother tore her eyes away from the beautiful lawyer and stammered, "I- I need to get Jake up and moving anyway. His father will be home before too long."

Once outside the bedroom, Karen closed then leaned back against the door. With her pulse racing, the Christian wife asked herself, "What is wrong with me?" Karen was not a lesbian, and to have such immoral thoughts about another woman was downright sinful and wicked. She took a couple of deep breaths, then muttered, "It must be these wretched hormones... yes... it has to be that."

After collecting her thoughts and some fresh sheets from the linen closet, Karen made her way back down the hall to Jacob's bedroom. She entered the room to find her son awake and somewhat dressed. He was wearing a pair of boxers and a Star Wars tee-shirt while sitting at his computer desk typing on the keyboard.

"Oh good... you're up," Karen remarked as she set the clean linen down onto the nearby dresser. She continued, "We need to change your sheets before your dad gets home."

While keeping his eyes on the computer monitor and typing away, Jacob replied, "Sure, Mom... just a few more minutes, okay? I'm almost done with this English assignment."

Nodding her head, Karen replied, "Okay... but let's take care of it as soon as you're finished." She then turned her attention to the clothes that remained in the laundry basket from earlier. As she began putting Jacob's underwear away, she said, "Before I forget... I'm going shopping this weekend, and you are coming with me."

Jacob stopped typing, then turned to face his mom and asked, "I am?"

Karen nodded and replied, "Yes, you are... have you seen your underpants lately? Just about every pair you own are stained with semen." She held up a pair of boxers and shook them for emphasis, "Whatever is in your... stuff, will not come out in the wash."

Shaking his head, Jacob chuckled and responded, "Thanks, but uh... no thanks, Mom."

Cocking her head to the side, Karen asked, "What do you mean no? You love going to the mall."

Giving her a horrified look, Jacob said, "Not to buy underwear... especially with my mother!! What if someone I know happens to see us? I'd be the laughingstock of the entire school."

"Oh, stop being so dramatic," Karen said while putting a hand on her hip. "No one is going to see you. Besides, you can't go around in these terrible looking things. What if you happen to be in an accident or something?"

Jacob crossed his arms, "Believe me, Mom... if I'm ever in an accident... the last thing I'm going to worry about is the condition of my underwear."

Putting away his clothes, Karen replied, "Well, you're going... and that's final."

Seeing no way out, Jacob surrendered, "Okay, Mom." He then sighed, "Underwear shopping, it is."

Instead of returning to his homework, Jacob sat and watched as Karen moved about the room, putting away his laundry. He couldn't help but admire his mother's mouthwatering figure in her tight tee-shirt and form-fitting yoga pants. His eyes widened when she bent over to put his socks away in a bottom drawer. It was as if her curvy heart-shaped ass was calling out to him. He once again thought of how bad he wanted to take her from behind.

The plotting teenager stood up from his chair and decided to follow his sister's advice and try being more assertive. "Hey, Mom?"

"Yes, Sweetie?" Karen replied, still bent over sorting through her son's sock drawer.

Jacob walked over and stood right behind his mother. He had an incredible urge to reach out and grab hold of her cushiony butt cheek; however, he reminded himself the plan was to be more assertive... not stupid. Instead, he sat down on his bed and said, "After Ms. Turner leaves, maybe... you know... we could have a go."

Closing the dresser drawer, Karen stood up straight and spun around. She looked down at her son and scoffed, "No... absolutely not!" Seeing the disappointment on Jacob's face, she motioned towards the bed with her hand and continued, "Jake... you just spent the entire afternoon 'having a go' with Ms. Turner. Remember, that's the main reason she's here... so I don't have to help you as much." Putting a hand on her hip, Karen added, "Besides, haven't you had enough for today?"

Jacob quickly replied, "I always have something in the tank for you, Mom." He then gave her a sly smile, "Just remember, if Dad is not available or too tired to do his job, I'm here for you."

Karen shook her head and chuckled. "That's sweet." She then put her hands on Jacob's shoulders and continued, "A little twisted and disturbing coming from my son, but... still sweet." She then bent down and kissed the top of his head.

After picking up the empty laundry basket, Karen began walking towards the door. "You go ahead and get started changing those sheets. I'm going to go see Melissa out, and then I'll be back to help. Oh, and don't forget... Rachel and Scott will be here for dinner."

After Karen left the room, Jacob began stripping his bed. As he performed his chore, he thought to himself, 'Oh well. I may have struck out with Mom today, but there's always tomorrow.'

Later that evening, the family sat at the formal dining room table, enjoying Karen's latest culinary feat. The proud wife was in her element and tickled to have everyone together. Jacob and Grandpa George were on one side while Rachel and Scott sat across from them. Robert sat at the head of the table with Karen at the opposite end from her husband.

Since dinner was taking place in the formal dining room, Karen expected everyone to dress appropriately. It's just how her mother raised her. The lovely housewife wore a black knee-length pencil skirt along with a sleeveless blouse that was form-fitted and exposed just a hint of creamy cleavage. Rachel dressed similarly; only her skirt was about four inches shorter than that of her more conservative mom.

Robert, Scott, and Grandpa George all wore slacks with dress shirts. Even Jacob cooperated while wearing khakis and a Georgia Tech polo shirt that his dad gave him a couple of days ago. With the evil stare Rachel kept giving him, Jacob could tell she was not a fan.

"I must say, Mom..." Karen turned her head and looked to her son-in-law Scott as he continued, "This is probably the best pot roast I have ever tasted."

With a smile, Karen replied, "Well, thank you, Scott." She then picked up her wine glass and continued, "It just happens to be one of Jake's favorites. I made it in his honor." The proud mother

looked over to Jacob and said, "Honey, do you want to tell everyone your good news?"

All eyes turned to Jacob as he was in the middle of taking a sip of tea. After setting down his glass, he proudly announced, "Today in the mail, I received my acceptance letter to the University of Georgia."

Everyone cheered... especially Rachel. She looked across the table at her younger brother and stated, "Good... now you can take off that ridiculous rag you're wearing."

Robert chuckled and said, "You know Rachel... your attitude towards my alma matter... it's starting to sting a little."

Turning to her father, Rachel replied, "Sorry, Daddy. You know I love you to pieces, but I can't stand that school."

Meanwhile, George leaned into Jacob and congratulated him. "Way to go, kiddo!!" He pulled out his wallet and said, "Let's see what I have in here."

Putting up her hand, Karen said, "No, Daddy!!" Both George and Jacob turned and looked at Karen, "You cannot give him any more money. You are not Jake's personal ATM."

In a sad tone, George replied, "But Sweetheart. Just a little... for his accomplishment."

Karen said nothing more. Instead, she gave her dad a look that Jacob knew all too well when she was dead serious. Begrudgingly George put his wallet back into his pocket.

Once Karen turned her attention to Rachel, George leaned over and whispered, "Don't worry, Buddy. I'll slip you a little something when your mom's not around." In a bewildered voice, he continued, "I don't understand how I raised such a wet blanket of a daughter." The comical line caused Jacob to laugh out loud.

Hearing the boisterous laughter, Karen turned back to her father and son and asked, "Okay... what's going on with you two?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Nothing, Mom... just another one of Grandpa's jokes."

Suddenly Rachel's voice rang out, "So Squirt." Jacob looked across the table at his sister just as he took a mouthful of his mom's delicious mashed potatoes. "Have you made a final decision?"

After swallowing, Jacob replied, "No... not yet." He took a sip of his sweet tea and continued, "I still want to go visit both campuses. Plus, Dad said he's going to get me an interview with a friend of his who's an actual engineering professor."

Nodding his head, Scott contributed, "That sounds pretty cool... you should definitely do that before making any final decisions."

Turning to her husband, Rachel slapped his arm and remarked, "Don't encourage him. He already knows which school is the better choice." Looking back over to Jacob, she asked, "Isn't that right?"

Sitting back in his chair, Jacob crossed his arms. He then said to Rachel, "Well, Dad's doing an outstanding job as a recruiter for Georgia Tech. As the Georgia representative... what do you bring to the table?"

With a confused expression, Rachel replied, "What do you mean?"

"You know," Jacob waved his hand around, "What can you offer to persuade me to attend your school?"

Rachel thought for a few seconds, but before she could say anything, Jacob spoke up, "I know. Maybe you could help me with my video games again like the other day."

Rachel's eyes went wide with shock. She could not believe her brother would actually bring up their latest tryst at the dinner table and in front of the entire family... especially Scott. It made her feel as if he had broken one of their cardinal rules. As she sat beside her innocent and uninformed husband, a wave of guilt and humiliation washed over her. However, her body began to tingle with arousal as she remembered the sinful decadence that took place the other day in her childhood bedroom.

Scott chimed in, "Rach... I didn't know you were any good at video games."

Looking at Scott, Rachel replied, "I'm not really, but I used to play some with the dork here when none of his friends were around." She glared at Jacob and said, "Mostly because I felt sorry for him."

Looking over at Scott, Jacob remarked, "My sister's too humble. She was actually quite good at helping me the other day... especially when I was behind enemy lines." He looked back over to Rachel with a slight grin. "If I recall, that seemed to be your favorite part."

With a look of anger on her face, Rachel leaned forward and responded, "How about I persuade you by not kicking your dorky little BUTT!!" She accentuated 'butt' with a swift kick to Jacob's shin.

"OWWW!!" Jacob wailed as he reached down and rubbed his aching leg.

Almost in unison, Robert and Karen asked, "What's going on?"

"Jake's just being a dweeb... as usual," Rachel replied as she continued to glare at her younger brother.

Jacob could see Rachel's eyes welling up with tears, and he immediately felt remorse... and fear that maybe he had crossed a line. Little did he know that the tears were less from anger and more about frustration.

Rachel's body was now aflame with desire. Scott had just gotten back into town earlier that day from a two-day trip to Birmingham. During those two days, the young wife had to resort to masturbation, which unfortunately did not get the job done. The poor husband had no idea what his gorgeous wife had planned for him later that night.

As Jacob continued to rub the sore spot on his shin, he responded, "It's all my fault. I was picking on Rachel."

In a stern tone, Karen said, "Jacob! No fighting at my dinner table. You two can argue over schools or whatever nonsense later."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob responded softly to his mother. He then looked across the table at his sister and said, "I'm sorry, Rach."

The expression on Rachel's pretty face softened, then she nodded and replied, "Okay... I forgive you..." Then she arched her eyebrow and said with a hint of warning, "This time!"

With a chuckle, Robert chimed in, "Maybe you two should go out back later and settle it as you used to when you were kids."

With interest, Scott looked at Rachel and asked, "What's he talking about?"

"We used to wrestle," Jacob quickly replied with enthusiasm.

Turning to her husband, Rachel added, "He used to think it was wrestling when actually it was just me kicking his butt."

"Nuh-uh!!" Jacob retorted. "I used to win plenty of our matches."

Looking back over to her brother Rachel responded, "I used to let you win, Dork." Motioning her head towards Karen, she continued, "Mom made me go easy on you."

"That's not true!" Jacob remarked. He then turned to Karen, "Is it, Mom?"

After taking a sip of wine, Karen reluctantly replied, "Jake, Honey, back then, you were so much smaller than your sister... I just didn't want you to get hurt."

After hearing a giggle from Rachel, Jacob huffed, then sat back in his chair and crossed his arms. He looked over the table at his sister and said, "Well... that's all in the past. I could easily take you now."

In a mocking tone, Rachel replied, "Oh, I would love to see you try... Nerd Boy!"

At that moment, George looked over at Scott and said, "This is starting to get good."

Scott laughed and responded, "I wonder if we could build some kind of wrestling ring out in the backyard?"

In an exasperated tone, Karen said to her husband at the other end of the table, "Nice work, Rob." She then waved her hand around, "See what you've started?"

Putting his hands up as a sign of surrender, Robert laughed and replied, "I'm sorry, Honey. I didn't know it would turn into Wrestlemania." Holding up a finger, the joking dad added, "I know... maybe we could sell tickets."

"Ugghhhh!!" Karen replied as she dropped and shook her head.

Later that evening, Jacob had ditched the khakis and polo shirt. He was now in his comfort zone; an 'Avengers' tee-shirt and baggy shorts. As he walked out of his bedroom, he spotted Rachel standing in the hallway leaning up against the bathroom door. It appeared as if she were waiting for him. She looked so hot in her short skirt and tight blouse. Now Jacob wished he hadn't pissed her off earlier. He then decided it might be best to try and smooth things over.

Walking up to his sister, Jacob said softly, "Rach... I'm really sorry about earlier. I don't know why..."

Rachel cut him off, "I don't care about that, Dork... where's Mom?"

Caught off guard just a bit, Jacob replied, "M-Mom?" He pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, "She uh... just left to go take Grandpa home... why?"

Taking a quick look toward the stair landing, Rachel opened the bathroom door, then gestured with her head and said, "Quick... get in."

They both slipped into the bathroom that the siblings shared for many years growing up together. Rachel quickly closed and locked the door, then flipped a switch that brought the overhead exhaust fan to life. Once Rachel was confident it would be sufficient to drown out their voices, she began to unbutton her blouse. With wide eyes of surprise, Jacob whispered, "Rachel... what are you doing?"

While looking down at her chest, her nimble fingers continued to unfasten the buttons, exposing more and more of her creamy cleavage. She responded, "What's it look like I'm doing? I want to show you something."

Jacob began to feel a little bit better. His sister must not be too angry with him if she's willing to take off her blouse. Still a bit confused, he responded, "As much as I like looking at your boobs... I've already seen them."

Rachel looked up and cut her eyes at her brother and said, "Fine... I'll remember that next time you want my help."

Putting up his hand, Jacob remarked, "No... what I mean is... don't you think we're past the 'you show me yours, and I'll show you mine' phase? Besides, we did that when we were kids."

After unfastening the final button, Rachel scoffed, "Shut up, Dork." She then slid the unbuttoned blouse off her shoulders and said, "How about this... I 'need' to show you something." She then laid the silky garment down onto the countertop and stood before Jacob in just her tight skirt and overstuffed bra. The sight of his hot sister caused his dick to come to life.

Pointing at her breasts, Rachel said, "Look at these things!!"

Jacob couldn't help but look. His sister's bra must have been too small because her luscious tit-flesh spilled out of the overwhelmed embroidered cups. It appeared the pillowy twins were trying to break free from their lacey prison. With a smile on his face, he said, "I'm looking, and honestly, Rach... I think you look great."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Don't be such a perv, you moron." She then cupped both of her inflated boobs and said, "My girls are getting bigger!!" As she gently bounced them with her hands, she continued, "Up until lately, this bra fit me fine... now look!" Jacob felt his cock twitch as he watched his sister's fabulous tits jiggle and shimmy inside the skimpy bra.

The horny teenager knew exactly what happened to his sister because the same thing happened to his mother. He was afraid to tell Rachel the truth, so instead, he decided to play ignorant. Taking a page from his mom's playbook, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and asked, "Maybe it's hormones?"

Dropping her arms by her side, Rachel huffed and replied, "Well, of course, it's hormones, Einstein... I know that. But I don't think it's because of MY hormones." She stepped closer to Jacob and said in a whisper, "I think it's because of you and this THING of yours." As she accentuated 'thing,' Rachel reached down and grabbed her brother's cock through his baggy shorts. She was pleasantly surprised to find it awake and rigid.

"ME??" Jacob responded in shock and stepped back from his sister. His rear end butted up against the countertop.

Rachel closed the short distance between them and continued, "Yes... you, little brother." She looked down and could easily see the enormous bulge forming in the crotch of his shorts. Now her own crotch was beginning to react as if on cue; her vagina began to moisten and lubricate itself. Her super-sensitive nipples followed suit as they stiffened inside her bra.

Trying to play dumb, Jacob replied, "What makes you think it's my fault?"

She looked back to Jacob and said while pointing her index finger at her chest, "Because this happened AFTER I let you cum inside me. Remember the last time I helped you?"

Staring at his sister's bountiful breasts, Jacob nodded in response.

"I think your semen is laced with the same chemical or hormone that caused your penis to enlarge so dramatically." Rachel cocked her head to the side and asked, "Have you experienced any new symptoms or side effects?"

Tearing his hungry eyes away from Rachel's incredible cleavage, Jacob looked up and replied, "No, nothing at all." He stalled for a few seconds and then continued, "However, since my dick has yet to go back to normal, Mom said she is going to take me to a doctor. She wants me to get checked out to make sure there are no other complications."

Surprised, Rachel stepped back and asked, "She is? Did she say which doctor?"

Shaking his head, Jacob responded, "Nope... only that it would be someone she trusted to keep it quiet."

Rachel pursed her lips as she thought for a few seconds and then muttered, "Huh... I wonder who she has in mind..."

Unable to make out what his sister said, Jacob asked, "What did you say?"

Looking back to her brother, Rachel shook her head and replied, "It's nothing... I was just thinking out loud." She then reached behind her back and began to unfasten the overworked hooks on her bra strap. While keeping her brother's gaze, she continued, "Be sure and tell me the results of your visit and everything that the doctor tells you... okay?"

Nodding his head, Jacob answered, "Sure... of course." At that moment, Rachel pulled the loosened bra from her chest and dropped it onto the counter. Jacob stared in awe as his sister's beautiful tits dropped and gently bounced on her chest. They indeed were bigger and hung heavier than before. He thought they looked a lot like their mother's, only a smaller version. He wondered if she also would eventually begin to lactate like their mom. The thought of nursing at his sister's breast made his cock stiffen even more.

When Rachel reached back to unzip her skirt, Jacob asked in a whisper, "Uh... Rach? What are you doing?"

Scrunching her face, Rachel replied, "What's it look like?" Jacob continued to stare at her in confusion. She continued, "I'm not

going to ruin my outfit because of that semen of yours. For some reason, that stuff will not come out in the wash."

Jacob chuckled in agreement and said, "Yeah, I know... Mom's complained about it, too." He cringed as soon as the words left his mouth.

With her skirt pushed halfway down over her flared hips, Rachel stopped and asked, "Mom? What's Mom know about it?"

Jacob started to panic, but luckily he quickly came up with an answer, "My underwear!" He nodded his head in affirmation, "Yeah... my underwear gets stained up with the stuff, and like you, Mom can't seem the stains out either."

Rachel nodded her acceptance of his answer and said, "Oh well... I guess that makes sense." She then resumed pushing her skirt the rest of the way past her hips and down her legs. After stepping out of the garment, Rachel laid it on top of her blouse.

Looking over at Jacob, Rachel noticed he was still fully clothed. "If you want my help..." She then gestured with her hand towards his crotch, "you should probably take those off. We don't have much time... Mom will be back soon."

While Jacob unfastened his shorts, he asked, "What about Dad and Scott?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong panties and said, "What about them?" She then snickered, "I don't think they would want to watch... do you?"

"Well, of course not," Jacob replied. As he tossed his shorts and boxers onto the counter next to his sister's clothes, he continued, "What I mean is, both of them are right downstairs... Isn't this kind of risky?"

After dropping her panties onto the pile of clothes, Jacob's hot-naked sister lowered herself to her knees. She then took hold of her brother's throbbing erection with both hands and licked the pearly strand of precum hanging from the tip.

Rachel looked up and could see a worried expression on his face. She began to slide her hands along the veiny shaft of Jacob's monster cock. "Don't worry. They're in Dad's office drinking beer and watching a ball game. Trust me, the house could catch fire, and they probably wouldn't even notice." The pretty young wife then wrapped her lips around the spongy head of her brother's tasty meat stick.

Jacob moaned with delight as his sister stroked and sucked on his weeping knob. While watching her inflated tits wobble around on her chest, he asked, "Has Scott... noticed your boobs... are bigger?"

Rachel pulled her head back and smacked her lips. While continuing to stroke her brother's cock she looked down at the jiggling mounds hanging from her chest. She then looked back up at her brother and replied, "Well, of course, he has Dufus... he is a guy after all." Predicting his next question, Rachel rolled her eyes and continued, "And yes... he loves them... as what man wouldn't?"

"Did he ask how... they grew?"

Rachel answered, "All I had to say is the magic word 'hormones', and he let it go at that." She then giggled and added, "Luckily, you men are so gullible."

As Rachel continued with the incestual blowjob, she lowered her left hand down between her legs. Her slender fingers found her clean-shaven vagina to be sopping wet. Her buzzing pussy was eager for some attention. Jacob suddenly muttered, "You really are the best sister a brother could ask for... thanks again for all your help."

Pausing once again, Rachel, this time, stood up. While she held onto Jacob's cock, she whispered, "Well, little brother... I think this time I'm going to need you... to help me."

Rachel knew that Scott was a lightweight when it came to alcohol. She had even resigned to the fact that she would be the one driving them home later, and most likely, her husband would pass out as soon as they got into the bed. Therefore, she

would have to rely on her baby brother and his magnificent cock to quench the fire that now burned between her legs.

A few minutes later, from outside the bathroom, someone jiggled the doorknob. After finding it locked, the person then knocked loudly on the door three times, causing Jacob to freeze up in fear.

With her hand, Rachel flipped the sweaty curtain of Honey blonde hair out of her face. Gazing into the bathroom mirror, she could see Jacob's reflection behind her with a look of absolute terror in his eyes. She put her index finger to her lips as a sign for her brother to remain quiet.

At that moment, Rachel was in an extra-wide stance and bent at the waist over the Corian countertop. Jacob was tightly clutching his sister's fleshy hips while he was balls deep inside her hot vagina. Both siblings' naked bodies were covered in a sheen of sweat, and trickles of pussy juice ran down the insides of Rachel's silky-smooth thighs.

The highly aroused young wife had already experienced two mind-blowing orgasms in quick succession. With her brother hammering away at her from behind she was well on her way to a third before the sudden interruption. With a hint of frustration, Rachel called out to the person on the other side of the locked door, "Yeah?"

"Oh, Honey... I'm sorry." Replied Robert. "I was looking for Jake, and he's not in his room. Have you by chance seen him?"

Rachel looked back into the mirror, and locked eyes with Jacob, then responded to their father, "Well, he's not in here... that's for sure." She then gave her partner in crime a sly smile and pushed her upturned hips back into his crotch. Rachel arched her brow in an attempt to convey her intentions to her shell-shocked baby brother.

Robert chuckled then said, "Well, I figured that much, Sweetheart."

While Rachel gripped onto the edge of the smooth countertop, she began sliding herself back and forth along the stiff shaft of Jacob's cock. Trying to keep her voice as steady as possible, she then asked her father, "Where's Scott? I thought... you two were watching... a ball game?" She then bit her bottom lip, trying her best not to groan out loud as swelling waves of pleasure radiated throughout her body.

"We still are," Robert replied. "He's down in my office watching it now. I wanted to find Jake and show him an email that I received from my friend at Georgia Tech."

With her voice starting to tremble, the cheating wife responded to her father, "Dad... he may have... gone with Mom... to take Grandpa home." Having incestuous sex with her brother while having a conversation with their father just outside the locked

door had Rachel spinning out of control. Once again, she locked eyes with Jacob's reflection in the mirror and mouthed the words, "Fuck me!"

Robert smiled, "Well, that makes perfect sense... why didn't I think of that?"

"Ahhhhhhh!!" Rachel couldn't help but gasp out loud as Jacob obeyed his sister's command. As her brother began to steadily piston in and out of her dripping wet vagina, Rachel braced herself by putting her hands against the large rectangular mirror. Her only hope was that her father did not hear the lewd squelching sound of her sloppy pussy as Jacob drove her towards another orgasm.

With concern, Robert asked, "Honey... are you alright?"

Out of fear, Jacob stopped fucking Rachel once again. Giving her brother a perturbed glance in the mirror, she responded by saying, "It's my stomach, Dad... something I ate at dinner didn't agree with me. It's not a pretty sight." She knew her father was very squeamish when it came to body functions of that nature. She hoped that would be enough to make him leave so she could get back to 'helping' Jacob 'help' her.

Scrunching up his face, Robert replied, "Ewww, Rach... T-M-I." He backed away from the door and said, "I think I'll leave you to it and go back downstairs." Before walking away, the grossed-

out father said, "Check the medicine cabinet... there might be some Pepto Bismol."

Knowing that her response did the trick, Rachel smiled and began grinding her curvy ass into her brother's crotch as a sign for him to continue. Feeling a great sense of relief, Jacob reestablished his tight grip onto his sister's gyrating hips and resumed drilling away at her hot and swampy cunt.

After a couple of steps, Robert suddenly stopped and turned back to the door, then called out, "Sweetheart! When Jacob gets home, and if you see him before I do, will you please tell him to come to my office?"

Rachel could feel the building waves of another orgasm about to crest. Desperate for it to come crashing down, she looked up into the mirror once again, then shook her head, and mouthed to her brother's reflection, "Do not stop!!" With as much control as she could muster, she replied to her father, "Don't worry, Dad... I'll see to it... that he... cums!! Nnnnnngggggg!!"

The moaning sounds coming from the bathroom caused Robert's face to scrunch once again. He would be horrified to know what was really going on behind the locked door. That at that very moment, his beautiful daughter was naked and bent over the bathroom counter about to experience another mind-blowing climax. Standing behind her was his teenage son hammering away at her married pussy, pushing them both closer and closer to the cliff's edge. As the oblivious father walked down the staircase, he whispered to himself, "Whatever it was that messed her up... I sure hope I didn't eat any."

The pressure deep inside Rachel's vagina continued to build and was now reaching an unbearable level. She was at the agonizing precipice, anxiously awaiting the sweet relief of another orgasm. The constant in and out thrusting of Jacob's cock in her sensitive pussy felt utterly sublime, but for some reason, it was not enough to burst the bubble.

Trying to remain as quiet as possible, Rachel could not help but grunt out loud in frustration. "Uhh!! Uhh!!" She then arched her back, hoping a slightly different angle may help push her over the edge. With some desperation in her voice, she muttered, "C'mon Jake... Uhhh!! I'm almost... there."

Remembering Rachel's positive reaction from last time, Jacob spread his sister's beautifully round and taut ass cheeks and spied on her most sensitive orifice. He found it fascinating that her crinkly pink star appeared to wink at him.

Since there was no lubricant within reach, the sly teenager improvised and sucked on his thumb, coating it liberally with saliva. Without missing a beat or asking for permission, Jacob placed the tip of his wet digit against his sister's tight back passage.

"Ahhhhh!!" Rachel gasped from the shock of having her most private area penetrated once again. Usually, she would have protested such a move without warning. However, the deeper the wiggling probe slid into her rear chute, the more the unbearable euphoria increased.

Rachel could sense that the orgasm bubble was finally going to burst, and she knew, without a doubt, it would be her most intense of the night. The young wife hoped that no one else was upstairs because remaining quiet was going to be impossible. However, as the rapture of climax neared, the less she seemed to care. As Jacob continued to drill into his sister from behind relentlessly, she mindlessly began to spur on her little brother. "Oh! Jake! Oh... yes, Jake!! Like that!! Ohhhh!! Yeeessss!!"

With Jacob slamming even harder into Rachel's upturned ass, his married sister grabbed hold of the sink faucet to steady herself. The sparkle from her wedding rings caught her eye, and she immediately remembered her husband.

At that moment, Scott was downstairs in Robert's home office at the other end of the house. He was undoubtedly drinking beer and innocently enjoying the ballgame with his father-in-law. A mixed feeling of shame and excitement flooded Rachel's brain from the realization that she and her husband may end up shouting out at the same moment; him at the TV for his favorite team and her from the soul-splitting orgasm about to rip her apart.

The extreme tingling in Rachel's dripping wet pussy began to spread throughout her body, and her nerve endings burned with indescribable pleasure. As her breasts wildly swung back and forth, the hardened pink nipples scraped across the smooth countertop, causing the delicious buzzing sensations in her recently expanded tits to intensify significantly.

With her right hand, Rachel grabbed one of the swinging orbs dangling from her chest and took the diamond-hard nipple between her thumb and forefinger. As the unfaithful wife tightly pinched the pulsing nub, she sensed the end was near and what a glorious one it would turn out to be.

Rachel locked eyes with Jacob's reflection and groaned out, "Harder... Jake! Harder!! HARDER!!" She then squealed when her brother quickly pulled his thumb from the fiery chasm of her tightly clenched ass and grabbed hold of both of her curvy hips.

To better his angle of entry, Jacob stood on his tiptoes and commenced plowing into his sister's pussy like never before. Rachel joyously screamed out when the bubble finally did burst. "OHHHH!! GODDD!! YESSSSS!!" Her eyes rolled back into her head while unspeakable ecstasy consumed her twitching body. "AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!"

At that very moment, downstairs in Robert's office, Scott turned to his father-in-law and asked, "Did you hear something?"

"Hear what?" Robert asked while continuing to stare at the TV screen and taking a sip of beer.

"I'm not sure," Scott replied, "It sounded almost like a... girl screaming."

Robert chuckled. "Oh... it's probably the neighbors." He then motioned with his beer bottle, "The Henderson kids next door... they're probably playing in their pool. They can get pretty loud sometimes."

Scott nodded and said, "Oh, okay then." He then blissfully turned his attention back to the ballgame.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Jacob continued to relentlessly thrust in and out of Rachel's velvety smooth channel as he sought to find his own release. He could feel her pussy begin to violently spasm once again as another wave washed over his sister. It filled him with a perverted sense of pride to get this kind of reaction from a married woman while her husband ignorantly watched TV downstairs.

Rachel's arms gave way, and she lowered her head down onto the countertop, resting her cheek against the cool solid surface. Out of breath, she could only groan as her mind and body dealt with the euphoria of the latest orgasm brought on by her brother and his incredible cock.

Rachel slowly came back to earth while her brother continued to use her exhausted body to satisfy his needs. A huge load of teenage sperm brewed inside Jacob's aching balls, and it felt as if they could explode at any moment. With beads of sweat rolling down his face, he muttered, "Holy smokes, Rachel... I'm about... to cum!!"

Raising back up onto her arms, Rachel shook her head and weakly responded, "Sorry, Squirt... not this time." She then wiggled her hips as a signal for him to pull out.

Jacob moaned then replied, "But Rach... I'm so... close."

Rachel's voice became stern, "No, Jake!! You can't!!" Begrudgingly, Jacob respected her wishes and stepped back, withdrawing his aching cock from the warm sheathe of his sister's dripping wet vagina. Quickly turning around and facing Jacob, Rachel could see the disappointment on his face. She took hold of his throbbing erection with her left hand and began walking backward. With her right index finger, Rachel motioned for him to follow.

As Rachel stepped into the shower with her brother in tow, she whispered, "Sorry about that, but I can't let you finish inside anymore... it's just too dangerous."

"Because of the hormones?" Jacob asked, sounding a little downhearted while he watched his sister get down onto her knees.

Taking hold of Jacob's angry-looking cock with both hands, Rachel began to stroke the lubricated shaft. She then responded matter of factly, "Well... that's one reason." She then glanced up at her brother to find a look of confusion on his face. Rachel sighed and continued, "I stopped taking the pill yesterday, you

dork. I can't risk getting pregnant by my own brother... that's just plain gross!" Rachel then gave him a sly smile.

Jacob chuckled then moaned, "Oh Rach... that feels so good." He reached behind and placed his hands against the wall to steady himself. He then continued, "I'm getting real close."

Rachel sped up and tightened her grip. "Well, hurry up and finish... we've been in here way too long already." She then, with her left hand, cradled Jacob's swinging nut sack and tried to coax him, "Come on, little brother... I know you have a huge load for me." She then gently squeezed his aching testicles and continued, "Don't you wanna blast it all over your big sister?"

"Oh yes, Rach!!" Jacob groaned as his balls continued to churn the cum up the long and painfully stiff shaft. He glanced down at his sister and watched her breasts jiggle around on her chest. He thought it was fascinating how much they now resembled their mother's; yet, a couple of cup sizes smaller.

Rachel caught him staring at her wobbling tits and whispered, "Do it, Jake." She then rose up higher onto her knees, pointed his cock at her chest, and continued to jack him off. "Jizz all over your sister's big titties... cover them in your sticky... hot... cum!"

"Oh, God!! Rachel!! YES!!" Jacob called out as gigantic ropes of semen shot out of his cock, splashing onto his sister's boobs, neck, and face. The orgasm was so intense his knees buckled, and it felt as if the room began to spin.

"OH MY GOD!!" Rachel shrieked and giggled as she tried her best to control the twitching monster that pelted her with volley after volley of warm and creamy goo. As the helpful sister gained some control over the spewing beast, she cooed at her little brother in a motherly tone, "There you go... get it all out... you'll feel much better."

Drained of all his energy, Jacob lowered himself to the shower floor. He sat with his back against the tiled wall and noticed as his sister cleaned her face and neck with a towel she got from a nearby hook. He then watched as gobs of his semen slid down the rounded slopes of her incredible rack, dripped off her puffy pink nipples, and landed in little splashes next to the drain cover. Between breaths, Jacob said, "Wow!! Thanks, Rach... that was awesome!!"

Looking over at her brother, Rachel smiled and replied, "You're welcome, Dork. Besides, what are big sisters for?" She then gave him a wink as she began using the towel to wipe off her cum-covered boobs and tummy.

With some of his strength returning, Jacob slowly stood up and retorted, "Well... I'm not sure that's what God or our parents had in mind, but I'm not going to complain." He then held out his hand and helped Rachel to her feet. Standing toe-to-toe, he had to look up at his sister and continued, "Every guy should be as lucky as me to have such an awesome big sister."

Putting her hands on Jacob's skinny shoulders, Rachel responded with a smile, "Awwwww... aren't you sweet... and don't you forget it." Her beautiful green eyes sparkled.

Jacob added, "And I'm really sorry about what I said at dinner... I'll be more careful with what I say... I promise."

Rachel bent down and kissed her brother's cheek. "Apology accepted." She then turned Jacob around by his shoulders and gently pushed him out of the shower. "Now you need to get dressed and get out of here before we get caught."

While putting on his underwear, Jacob asked, "What are you going to do?"

The naked older sister turned on the shower faucet then stepped over to the rack to get a clean towel. "I have to get washed up before I go downstairs. I can't be around Scott in this condition." She then pointed towards the door, "Now go... Mom could be home any minute."

After pulling his shirt back on, Jacob walked over and unlocked the door. After checking to make sure the hallway was clear, he turned back to Rachel and said, "I guess I could go downstairs and see what Dad wanted to show me." He then decided to jerk her chain a bit as he grinned at his sister and alleged, "Maybe it's more cool stuff about Georgia Tech."

Rachel scowled, "Get... out!" She then threw the shower loofah she held in her hand at Jacob's head. "Get out NOW... you dweeb!!"

Jacob ducked and laughed. He then slipped out of the bathroom and closed the door behind him. Rachel huffed as she relocked the door, picked up the sponge, and then got into the shower.

While Rachel stood underneath the relaxing spray of hot water soaping up her big tits, she muttered, "What a moron... I can't believe he is still considering that school for nerds." Suddenly a nasty thought came to mind, and a sneaky grin spread across her beautiful face. The former cheerleader then whispered, "I think I know what I can offer to help steer the little dork in the right direction. Then we'll see who really is the better recruiter."

The following Monday, Karen was busy putting away the recently purchased groceries. As the lovely wife and mother stood inside the walk-in pantry, she contemplated tonight's dinner theme... Italian or Mexican? She then suddenly remembered that Melissa had given her a lasagna recipe to try. It was based on an old family recipe that dated back generations; but updated to incorporate some store-bought ingredients. Grabbing the nearby box of noodles from the shelf, she muttered, "Italian it is."

Suddenly, Karen was slightly startled to hear someone burst into the house from the garage. She quickly stepped over to the

pantry door and saw Jacob throw his bookbag onto the kitchen table. He then made a beeline to the refrigerator, slung open the door, and then grabbed a bottle of sports drink. Leaning against the door frame, she asked her son, "Goodness, Honey... where's the fire?"

Before answering his mother, Jacob twisted off the top and began to take several big gulps of the cold refreshing beverage. While he was still in mid-drink, Karen pointed towards the table and said, "Jake... you know that doesn't go there."

Jacob walked over and picked up his bookbag from the table. "Sorry, Mom... I was just in a hurry to get home. I rode my bike so fast that I think I set a new personal time record." He then placed the backpack onto the floor, leaning it against a table leg. The teenager then took a seat in his usual kitchen chair and continued to consume the orange-flavored drink.

"I can see you were in a hurry," Karen replied while she walked around the table and stood by her son. "My question is... what on earth for?"

Setting the bottle down onto the table, Jacob replied, "Two reasons really..." He then looked up at his mom and said, "First, I was held up at school, and I didn't want to be late for Ms. Turner's visit."

Karen had yet to tell her eager son about the phone call she received from the beautiful young attorney about an hour ago.

She slightly grimaced and said, "Oh yeah... now that you mention it... Ms. Turner won't-"

"And second..." Jacob interjected before Karen could finish, "I have some really awesome news!" He put the bottle to his mouth for another sip of his drink.

"Oh really?" Karen asked with surprise. She then took a seat beside her son and sustained, "Well then... tell me all about this awesome news of yours." She decided to disappoint him about Melissa having to cancel today's visit later.

Jacob turned in his seat towards his mother and smiled. "I have a date on Saturday."

Karen gasped. "A date?" She put a hand on Jacob's shoulder, "Honey... that's wonderful." The proud mom then leaned in closer, "So... who's the lucky girl?"

"Sara Miller," Jacob responded with a sense of pride.

Leaning back away from Jacob, Karen's eyes went wide with shock, "Sara Miller... as in Pastor David and Donna Miller's daughter? From our church?"

"Uh-huh!" Jacob nodded his reply. "The same one."

Karen's smile widened, "Wow, Jake... that's—"

"Awesome?" Jacob interjected. "Yeah, I know. I just took the chance to ask her today, and she said yes."

"How did this happen? I mean, I didn't know you even talked to Sara... you never mentioned it before?"

Jacob stood up and walked over and placed his empty bottle into the recycle bin. "Well, just by chance, last week, we became lab partners in Chemistry class. We started talking, and it turns out she's a big Star Wars and Marvel comics fan like me." His excitement level increased as he continued, "Oh Mom... you should hear her imitate Master Yoda... it's out of this world."

Jacob's enthusiasm made Karen giggle. She then asked, "I always thought you were too shy to talk to girls?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "Up until lately, I was. However, I decided to follow a good friend's advice to be more confident in myself... to be more assertive." He decided to keep it to himself that his 'friend' was actually his big sister, Rachel.

Karen nodded, "And you should be more confident. Sweetie, any girl should consider herself lucky to go out with you." The proud mom then stood up from her chair and said, "Plus... I'll let you in on a little secret..." She then walked over to Jacob, put her hands on his shoulders, and continued, "We 'girls' like it when

guys are a little assertive and show some confidence." Karen put up her hand, "Not arrogant or pushy... there's a big difference."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am... I understand."

The doting mother smiled down at her son then kissed the top of his head. As she went back to putting away groceries, Karen asked, "You know... not long ago, Donna told me Sara was dating Timothy Patterson... did they break up?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob replied as he handed his Mom two bags of frozen vegetables. "The way I hear it... Sara is totally committed to waiting until marriage before having sex. Tim, however, kept pressuring her until finally, she told him to get lost."

"Well, good for her," Karen responded as she walked over to the refrigerator. She then pulled out the bottom freezer drawer and said, "That's the way it should be... I wish more young women... AND young men thought that way." The conservative thinking mother then bent over and began rearranging some of the frozen foods.

Jacob's eyes bugged out at the sight of his mom's wide and curvy hips delightfully accentuated by her form-fitting cotton dress. The splendid vision caused the horny teenager's half-erect cock to expand, further becoming increasingly uncomfortable. He was tempted to try and talk his mother into helping him, but then he remembered that Ms. Turner should be arriving at any time.

Instead, he asked her, "So Mom... what about me? I didn't wait until marriage."

Karen stood up straight and closed the freezer drawer, then turning around to her son and replied solemnly, "Well, I guess that is true." Out of motherly instinct, she then tried to smooth out Jacob's wind-blown hair with her fingers, "But Sweetie... you have to remember... your situation is entirely different. Unfortunately, you really didn't have that choice, and it is in no way your fault." With each hand, she then picked up the economy-sized bottles of laundry detergent and fabric softener. With her head, she motioned towards the counter, "Will you do your old mother a favor and carry those bottles of Clorox in here?"

Jacob chuckled at Karen's remark and replied, "Mom... you're not old." He then grabbed the two large jugs of bleach and fell in behind his mother, watching the gentle yet seductive sway of her flared hips as she led him into the laundry room like a sexy pied piper. He then thought to himself, 'Far from old.'

Jacob stood behind Karen as she began placing the bottles of laundry supplies onto the shelf above the washing machine. He then stated, "Mom... I just don't want you to be disappointed in me."

While Karen turned around and took one of the jugs that Jacob was holding, she replied, "Disappointed? How so, Sugar Lump?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob responded, "Well... you know... technically I'm not a virgin anymore."

Turning back to Jacob for the second jug, Karen chuckled then said, "Honey... I am NOT disappointed in you." She then spun back around to place the bleach on the shelf and continued, "None of this is your fault, Jake. You have to remember... what you're doing with Ms. Turner is to help you with an unfortunate medical condition... even if the methods are extremely unorthodox." Turning back around to her son, Karen leaned back against the washing machine and added, "Is this the ideal situation?" She shook her head, "No, of course not, but we're doing the best we can, and you should not feel bad about anything... Okay?"

"Okay, Mom," Jacob replied with a nod and a gentle smile. He then reached down and rubbed the obvious erection in his pants and said, "Speaking of Ms. Turner... shouldn't she be here by now?"

Suddenly the buzzer to the dryer went off. As Karen pulled open the door, she responded, "Oh yeah... about Ms. Turner..." While removing the dried towels from the machine and placing them in the basket, she finished, "I'm afraid she had to cancel for today... she called about an hour ago."

Hugely disappointed, Jacob asked, "Cancel? What for?"

Karen picked up the laundry basket from the floor, then walked over to the folding table and replied as she dumped the towels out onto the laminate surface, "She said it had something to do with the Dr. Grant case." She began to fold the laundry. "It must

be of some importance because she didn't have time to talk about it."

Suddenly Karen jerked her head towards Jacob, who was standing beside her, and gasped in excitement, "Do you think that maybe he is finally going to give in and cooperate?" Jacob's only response was to shrug his shoulders. Resuming her folding of the towel in her hands, the hopeful mother stated, "That would be the answer to my prayers."

Picking up another towel to fold, Karen added, "You know... if he does start giving them information, perhaps we will find out if there is an antidote." She smiled at her son, "Maybe this will bring us closer to an answer and finally put an end to this nightmare."

Leaning against the table and crossing his arms, Jacob huffed and mumbled, "What good does that do for me now?"

Karen dropped her head and took a deep sigh, "Jake... I know you are disappointed, but you must understand Ms. Turner is a very busy woman with an important job to do." Continuing to fold the laundry, she then added, "However, she did say that she would do her very best to stop by on Wednesday."

Jacob whined, "Wednesday?? Mom... I can't wait 'til then... I need help today!" He quickly unfastened his pants and pushed them down his legs. "Look at this thing!"

Glancing over at her son, Karen couldn't help but catch sight of his hand stroking his raging boner. Jacob's cock was fully erect, pulsing, and already leaking copious amounts of fragrant pre-cum.

The heavenly scent instantly affected Karen like an illicit drug as it polluted her lungs. The beautiful wife and mother felt her nipples thicken and throb. Her vagina moistened from the immediate sense of arousal coursing through her veins.

After removing his pants and underwear, Jacob hopped up onto the sturdy table. He immediately resumed slowly jacking his aching cock, causing globs of semen to bubble from the slit on each upstroke. The thick cream-colored liquid trickled down the shaft resulting in a natural lubricant for the teenager's clutching fingers.

Crossing her arms and cocking her head, Karen asked in a heavy whisper, "Jake... what do you think you're doing?"

Giving his mother a sly grin, Jacob responded, "I'm waiting for you, Mom."

Karen replied, "Waiting for me?" She then cut her eyes and added, "How so, young man?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob said, "Well, I figured since Ms. Turner had to cancel today that you would fill in for her and help me."

Karen chuckled slightly then retorted, "Oh, you figured, huh?" She put a hand on her hip and continued, "I must say... having success in asking Sara Miller for a date has greatly impacted your confidence. You haven't even asked... you just assumed."

Nodding his head, Jacob asked, "That was our deal... remember?" He continued to stroke his pulsing erection. The up and down movements of his hand against the veiny shaft making a lewd 'schlick...schlick...schlick' noise. He then added, "On the days Ms. Turner can't be here, those are the days you help me."

With no immediate response from his mother, Jacob began to worry she may try and renege on their agreement. Suddenly, Karen sighed and walked over to the laundry room door, where she closed and locked it. She then stepped over in front of Jacob and took the clip out of her lustrous chestnut brown hair. As she gathered the flowing locks in her hands to form a ponytail, she relented, "Well, you are correct... a deal is a deal."

Karen then stepped up in between Jacob's spread legs and took hold of his throbbing penis with both of her recently manicured hands. She then looked down at the weeping monster in her grasp and said, "So I guess I have no choice but to honor our agreement." The honorable mother then bent forward and wrapped her ruby red lips around the mushroom-shaped head of her son's cock.

Jacob smiled, then leaned back, supporting himself with his hands, and said, "Thanks, Mom... you're so awesome." The

teenager's eyes then widened from shock. "Ohhhh! Mooommmmm!!" he gasped as his mother's hot mouth, and slithering tongue worked their magic on the sensitive tip of his manhood. "That's REALLY awesome!!" Jacob couldn't see, but Karen smiled from the ego-boosting compliment.

After only a couple of minutes, Karen raised up and took her son's cock out of her mouth with an audible 'pop' sound. She then let go of his saliva-covered dick and took a couple of steps back. With a confused look, Jacob asked, "Mom? Why did you stop?"

Karen stepped out of her wedge sandals, and while she began to unbutton her dress, she answered him, "Well, at lunch today, your dad expressed how much he liked this new outfit; therefore, I'd rather not ruin it by getting your... stuff all over it." As Karen's nimble fingers undid each fastener, more and more of her bountiful cleavage came into her son's view.

Jacob leaned forward and said, "You know, Mom, this is kind of a strange twist."

Looking up at her son Karen continued to unbutton the dress and asked, "How's that?"

Jacob replied, "Well... you wore this new dress for your lunch date with Dad only to come home and end up taking it off for me." The teenager chuckled then added, "Boy, I bet he would be pissed if he ever found out."

Karen had reached the final button on her dress. But she stopped and gave her son a stern look. "Now Jake... we've had this discussion before. You are not to talk about your father that way during these... sessions." It was a horrible thing for him to say, but she had to admit to herself that her son's words sent a naughty chill racing down her back.

"Yes, ma'am... I'm sorry." Jacob replied, trying to sound remorseful.

Karen nodded in acceptance of his apology. She then unfastened the final button and peeled the new dress off her shoulders, revealing her sheer white bra and matching bikini cut panties. As the half-naked mother carefully laid the garment onto the laundry table, Jacob confirmed, "However, I have to agree with Dad... It is a pretty dress, and it would be a shame to mess it up... it looked really nice on you."

"Awww... thank you, Sweetie," Karen replied and smiled from his compliment. She then stepped up and stood in front of her son, ready to continue the incestuous blowjob.

"But to be truthful..." Jacob continued while admiring his mom's curvy feminine shape, "I think you look a heck of a lot sexier out of it."

Karen sighed as she slowly pumped her hands up and down her son's throbbing phallus. "And here I thought you were a sweet

young gentleman when really you're just another horny teenager." Jacob's only reply was to grin and shrug his shoulders.

While his mother vigorously continued with the handjob, Jacob fixed his attention on Karen's incredible breasts as they gently bounced inside her overstuffed bra. He could easily make out her hardened nipples as they poked out against the silky-smooth material. "Hey, Mom?"

While continuing to work on her son's cock, Karen looked up at him and replied with a suspicious tone, "Yeeessss?"

Never averting his eyes from her chest, Jacob said, "How about using your boobs?"

Karen then noticed her second-born staring directly at the jiggling of her bra-encased mounds of flesh. After a slight chuckle, she responded, "How did I know your male brain would go there?" Without hesitation, the gorgeous mom stopped jacking off her son and then reached behind her back and deftly unfastened her bra's overstressed hooks.

Once she removed the restrictive garment, Karen dropped it onto the table next to her new dress. Jacob's eyes bugged out as he admired the wobble of his mom's incredible rack... it was as if he was seeing it for the very first time. There was no question in Jacob's mind that Ms. Turner and his sister Rachel both had

world-class tits, but in his opinion, his beautiful mom won hands down.

Now wearing only her pair of white bikini-cut panties, Karen stepped up and tightly wrapped her big soft milk jugs around the veiny shaft of Jacob's drooling manhood. The combination of her saliva and the continuous trickle of pre-cum would be the perfect lubricant. The conservative mother began sliding her breasts up and down her son's greasy pole of flesh, quickly finding a good and steady rhythm.

The erotic vision of his mother and the physical pleasure she was giving had Jacob in sensory overload. He couldn't help but groan and then comment, "Wow, Mom... your tits are the best!"

While keeping her stable pace, Karen looked sternly at Jacob and replied, "Jake... you know better than to use that word."

"But they are, Mom," Jacob responded with enthusiasm. He then said in a loud whisper, "They're just so... perfect."

Slowly shaking her head, Karen said, "I don't know about that, Sweetie... they're not as firm or as perky as they used to be. Wouldn't you prefer those of a younger woman?? Say like Ms. Turner?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Don't get me wrong... Ms. Turner's boobs are great, but Mom... I think yours are even better."

A shy smile quickly spread across Karen's beautiful face. "Well, thank you, Baby... that's very sweet for you to say." The smile then disappeared just as quickly as she added, "But still... watch the language."

After a while, the only sounds in the dimly lit laundry room were that of Jacob's moaning and the slurpy sound of his dick meat being swallowed up by Karen's luscious titty flesh. Looking up at her son, the diligent mother asked, "Are you getting close?"

With a slack jaw look, Jacob nodded then replied, "Uh-huh... yes ma'am."

"Good," Karen replied. "You need to hurry... I need to start dinner soon." However, before cooking, she wanted to have a little alone time in her bedroom to care for herself. Karen then tightened her grips, hoping it would push Jacob over the edge. Luckily, it would do just that.

The tingling in Jacob's churning balls intensified. He then arched his back as he neared the boiling point, and the sticky cream in his nuts began the long trip up his rock hard shaft. "Oh yeah, Mom... it's almost... almost..."

Not wanting to clean up a big mess, Karen grabbed one of the freshly dried towels. Also, since her recent physical changes, she thought it might be best to limit her intake of Jacob's chemical enhanced semen... no matter how good the taste. Therefore, she

covered her son's cock with the towel and used both her hands to finish him off.

Jacob's eyes squinted shut as the colossal load spewed from his cock into the soft white towel. "OHHH, MOOOMMMM!!" The teenager yelled out as his body spasmed from the overwhelming pleasure that danced along his nerve endings. He reached out and grabbed hold of his mother's shoulders to help steady himself.

While recovering, Jacob leaned back against the wall catching his breath. He watched as Karen dutifully used her tongue to rid his cock of any remaining sweet and sticky residue. She wanted to limit her intake... not cut it out entirely.

Once satisfied with her efforts, Karen stood up straight. "Huh!" she commented with surprise. She then poked the mushroom-shaped head with her finger several times and continued, "Seems that didn't help very much... you're still hard as a rock!" The horny mother was desperate to head upstairs for some alone time before cooking dinner. Now she had to fight the overwhelming urge she felt to grab her son's hand and take him up there with her.

Jacob's confidence was at an all-time high. Earlier in the day, he had successfully asked the girl of his dreams out on a date... which she accepted. He was having regular sex with his smoking-hot sister and a gorgeous young attorney who was engaged to be married. Now he was at home with his beautiful naked mother, and she told him just minutes ago that she liked

men to take control. It just so happened on this day of all days he decided to try and be that man.

Jacob hopped down from the table and said, "It's okay... it just means once was not enough." He then took his mother by her left forearm and gently steered her back to the table. "We'll just need a second go at it."

Karen replied in confusion, placing her hands down flat onto the laminate surface, "A second go?" She then shook her head, "Honey, I don't think that's a good idea."

Standing directly behind Karen, Jacob placed his hands on his mother's wide hips. Before she had time to react, he then dug his fingers into her panties' waistband and swiftly pulled them down over her big shapely butt. Caught by surprise, Karen looked back over her shoulder and gasped, "Jacob! What do you think you're doing??"

"It's okay, Mom... we just need to get these out of the way," Jacob replied. Once he had Karen's panties at her knees, he released the flimsy garment and allowed it to fall and pool around his mother's ankles.

Not able to think clearly, Karen mindlessly stepped out of her panties while weakly protesting against her son's plan. "No, Jake... not like this."

Jacob didn't respond. Instead, he put his hands onto Karen's tapered waist and tapped the inside of her dainty foot with his. The naked wife and mother reluctantly followed her son's unspoken instruction and widened her stance, lowering her hips down to his level.

Karen leaned forward as Jacob gently pushed on her back between her shoulder blades. The naked MILF gave no resistance as she bent over and rested her forearms on the tabletop. Although chemically enhanced, Karen had never felt arousal like this... even with Robert. She could feel her overheated vagina leaking copious amounts of pussy juice that ran down the inside of both her thighs.

Karen's logical side was telling herself to stand up and put a stop to this, but her trembling body would not move. It was as if the link between her body and brain was somehow disconnected. Against her better judgment, she stayed frozen in that degrading position... offering herself up like a harlot... like an animal. Even her loving husband, Robert, had never been allowed to take her like this, but it was now inevitable... she was going to let her son do it. He was going to take her... like a harlot... like an animal.

Jacob took up position behind his mother and gazed at her naked bottom. It was so round and so juicy, and so... perfect. His excitement was at its zenith... he was about to once again corrupt his straight-laced conservative mother.

Karen couldn't help but moan when she felt her son's cock head slide between the soft lips of her dripping wet vagina. In a last-

ditch effort, the desperate mother looked back over her shoulder and softly pleaded, "Jake... Honey? Maybe we should wait... and go to your room..."

The horny teenager quickly cut her off, "It's fine, Mom." Jacob knew he was way too close to reaching his goal, and he was not going to risk giving her time to collect her thoughts. Once he lined himself up with her tight opening, he grabbed hold of her curvy hips and added, "We can just do it here."

Reluctantly, Karen turned her head back around and felt a wave of guilt as she caught sight of her wedding rings. Even though her husband was not aware of what was about to happen, the defeated wife still felt the need to whisper an apology under her breath. As she felt the tip of Jacob's cock begin to bury its way into her saturated pussy, she called out, "Wait! Are you not wearing a condom? Jake! We need a-Ahhhhhhhhh!!!"

"Oh yeah!!!" Jacob moaned as his bare sword slid up into Karen's slippery sheath in one powerful stroke. He dug his fingers into his mom's child-bearing hips and began to slowly piston his entire length in and out of her tightly clutching vagina.

Karen cried out, "OHHHHHHHH!!!" as her body immediately began to spasm from the first shock wave of pleasure that washed over her. The middle-aged wife had never experienced an orgasm so quickly. She barely had time to catch her breath before Jacob's incredible cock pushed her back into the deep end once again. She couldn't help but wail as the second wave crested, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!"

Jacob smiled as his conservative mother writhed in ecstasy on the end of his dick. He picked up the pace and began to plow harder into his mom's body. His crotch's impact against her upturned ass made a loud 'smack—smack—smack' sound. He then said to her, "Wow, Mom... this is awesome! We should have... done it like this... a long time ago."

At that moment, Karen could not disagree with Jacob. Somehow, this new position allowed her son's magnificent cock to reach nerve endings she never knew existed. The two prior orgasms had her seeing stars, and a third one was quickly approaching.

Karen's mind drifted back to the conversation she had with Melissa concerning this 'vulgar' position. The young attorney assured her if given a chance; she would love it. The Christian mother began to whisper in testimony, "I didn't know... Oh Goodness!! I just... didn't... know!"

As a sign of complete surrender, Karen slid her arms forward and grabbed hold of the far end of the sturdy table. The defeated mother's torso now lay flat with her massive boobs squished against the laminated worksurface. Her pink nipples instantly stiffened from the cool texture of the Formica.

The excitement was too much for Jacob, and his cock began to swell as he quickly neared completion. He began to hammer into his mom as if his young life depended on it. Through gritted teeth, he called out, "Mom! Oh, Mom!! It's... coming!!"

As badly as she wanted to reach the summit one last time, Karen knew she could not allow her son to finish inside. It was too dangerous. Therefore, it would mean sacrificing the third orgasm. Raising onto her arms, she responded, "Stop, Jake! Ohhhhhh! Stop! You... have to finish... Ohhhhhh!! Outside!!"

However, he didn't stop. Jacob found yet another gear and began driving into his mother so hard the table started to protest with loud cracking and squeaking. "I can't... Mom! It feels... so good!! You... feel... SOOOO GOOOOOD!! AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

"No, Jake!! Noooooo!!!" Karen cried out as she felt her son's cock expand in girth then hose her insides with its steaming hot load. "Oh no! No! No! Ohhhhhh... YEEEESSSSSS!!!" she screamed as the torrential blast of Jacob's cum sparked an orgasmic explosion. The intense heat quickly lit up her nerve endings and spread like wildfire from her core and throughout her extremities.

The outside world seemed to melt away as the overwhelming ecstasy consumed the middle-aged MILF. The laundry room filled with the sounds of Karen's and Jacob's mutual grunts and groans as mother and son rode out the incredible waves of unholy delight.

The two remained coupled while they fought to catch their breath. Jacob had his skinny arms wrapped tightly around Karen's midsection, his cheek resting on his mother's sweat-covered back. After a few more gulps of air, Jacob whispered, "I

love you, Mom... thank you." Karen didn't speak. She just continued breathing heavily.

After a few seconds and no verbal reply, Jacob slid his right hand down Karen's hip and cupped a meaty ass cheek. He gave it a gentle squeeze then said, "Wow... that was really intense!"

Gathering her thoughts, Karen raised up straight, causing Jacob to rise with her and step back. Once they uncoupled, thick globs of semen began to ooze from her gaping vagina, then running down her shapely legs.

Quickly grabbing a clean towel, Karen started to wipe herself and sternly said, "You should not have done that, Jake!" As she attempted to block the steady flow from reaching the floor, she added, "I told you not to... just look at this!!" She tossed the soiled towel into a nearby basket and picked up another.

Jacob began to plead his case, "Mom... it just felt too good... I couldn't help myself."

While holding the towel between her legs, Karen glared at Jacob and said, "I told you NO! You weren't even wearing a condom! Young man... I could get pregnant!!"

Jacob replied meekly, "But Mom... you seemed to really like it... it had to feel good for you, too."

Dropping her head, Karen huffed and then replied, "Jake... we've already had this discussion. Just because something feels good does not make it right." Jacob slowly nodded in affirmation.

The angry mother continued, "My rules are to be followed... they are NOT suggestions!" She then pointed a finger in his face, "If I say no... I mean no! You better learn that and learn it quickly!"

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob confirmed softly while looking down at the floor.

Once Karen felt safe enough that she would not drip Jacob's semen all over the house, she tossed the towel into the basket with the other. She then picked up her dress from the table and began putting it back on.

Stepping up closer to Karen, Jacob tried to apologize, "Mom... I want you to know... I'm—"

"I assume you have homework?" Karen cut him off while gathering her sandals and bra. She refused to look in his direction.

Nodding, he replied, "Yes, ma'am... not much, but I have some."

Not bothering with the buttons, Karen clutched the dress closed to hide her nakedness and said coldly, "Well, I suggest you get to it. I need to clean up before your father gets home."

As Karen opened the door and started to walk out of the room, Jacob noticed her underwear on the floor underneath the laundry table. He quickly collected them, held them up, and called out as she disappeared around the corner, "Hey Mom! You forgot your... panties." She neither replied nor came back for them.

Jacob sighed then tossed the abandoned garment into the clothes basket along with the towels. He then whispered to himself, "Jake, you idiot... you may have really screwed up this time." Even though he had met another personal goal, he couldn't help but wonder what it may cost him.

END CHAPTER 8

STORY TO CONTINUE IN CHAPTER 9

Chapter 9

Since Monday and the laundry room incident, Jacob had been receiving Karen's cold shoulder. She was not acting angrily in any particular way; however, the typically caring and loving mother was very standoffish and unaffectionate towards her son.

Most days, Jacob could not leave the house without Karen insisting on a hug or a kiss on the cheek. Even on occasions when she would drop him off at school, the doting mother would demand a quick show of affection before letting her little man out of the vehicle.

Embarrassingly, Jacob would go along with it, praying that no one saw his mom kissing his forehead as if he were still in grade school. However, the past two mornings, she had asked for nothing of the sort and barely told him 'goodbye' or 'have a good day.'

Normally, when Jacob would get home from school, Karen made it a priority to find out about his day. She would pepper him with questions for every detail, no matter how dull or insignificant. Now, if they conversed at all, it was usually him starting the conversation with his mother replying with short and direct answers.

Even Robert noticed during dinner on Monday and Tuesday the strange rift between his wife and son. Usually, when Jacob excused himself from the table, he would thank his mom for a great meal and give her a quick peck on the cheek before disappearing upstairs. This night, like the night before, the two barely talked or even made eye contact.

After dinner on Tuesday night, Robert helped Karen with the dishes and asked out of curiosity, "Is everything okay with you and Jake?"

"What do you mean?" Karen replied while rinsing off a plate.

"I've noticed the last two nights you two have hardly spoken a word to each other." Robert took the rinsed plate from Karen and placed it into the dishwasher. He then asked, "Did he get into trouble at school or something?"

Karen chuckled and shook her head, "No... it's nothing like that." She then turned off the water faucet and continued, "It's just a teenager thing." She then waved her hand, "You know how boys can be."

With concern, Robert asked, "Well, maybe I speak with him. You know... man to man?"

"NO!" Karen blurted out. Shocked from the outburst, Robert stepped back just a little giving his wife a confused look.

Calming down a bit, Karen softened her voice and continued, "I mean... no... sweetheart." The beautiful wife gave her husband a soft smile, "This is more of a mother and son issue, and I just think it best if I handle it."

"Is everything alright?" Robert asked with concern.

As Karen closed the dishwasher, she replied, "He's just at that stage where he is going through some... stuff, and it has him a bit confused. Plus, he's testing my rules and trying to stretch

boundaries." She then patted Robert's chest and said, "But don't you worry... I have it all under control."

Robert leaned against the counter and smiled. "I bet it has to do with a girl... doesn't it?"

From the fact that she was the 'girl' in question, Karen could feel her pulse elevate, and her cheeks began to burn. Trying to act calmly, she nodded and replied, "Ummmm... yes... I guess you could say that. He is at that age, after all." The sudden wave of guilt made the shameful wife look away from her husband.

"Well, if you need me to get involved..." Robert said as he stepped closer. "Just know I always have your back."

Karen smiled and replied, "Thank you, Sweetheart... I know you do." Desperately trying to find a way to change the subject, Karen said, "Say... isn't your ballgame about to start?"

Checking his wristwatch, Robert replied, "Oh, you're right... it is. I didn't realize it was getting this late." Looking back at Karen, he continued, "I hope we win... I made a small wager with Tom from the office."

Narrowing her eyes, Karen replied in a joking tone, "Well, I hope you didn't bet the farm?"

Robert shook his head, "Nah... just lunch." He then chuckled and added, "I'm confident the Braves will win, but I'm not stupid."

Karen put her hand on her husband's shoulder and said, "How about this... why don't you go on into the den, and I will finish up in here?"

"Are you sure?" Robert asked with a smile, like a child asking for permission.

Smiling back, Karen replied, "Yes... I'm sure. We're just about done anyway. Once I finish, I'll come and join you."

Robert then gave his wife a quick kiss on the lips and happily left for the den. Once he disappeared, Karen breathed a big sigh of relief.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jacob hurried home from school. Ms. Turner was due to arrive in less than fifteen minutes for a visit and 'check-up' on his condition.

Jacob entered the house through the garage with his book bag over his shoulder. He called out, "Mom! I'm home!", only to hear no response. The only sounds were the gentle hum of the

refrigerator and the washing machine in the laundry room going through a spin cycle.

The teenager then made his way upstairs and yelled out again when he reached the landing. "Mom?"

"In here, Jake," Karen replied from down the hallway. Her voice was a bit flat and missing its usual sweet and pleasant tone.

Jacob made his way down the hall to find his mother in his bathroom spraying window cleaner on the large rectangular-shaped mirror. He leaned up against the door frame and gazed upon his gorgeous mom's side profile. She was wearing a black pair of skin-tight yoga pants and a form-fitting gray tank top. As always, he found her womanly curves to be simply mindblowing. After a few seconds, the gawking teenager finally spoke up, "Just wanted to let you know I'm home."

As Karen began to wipe down the reflective surface, she replied, "I can see that." The circular movement of her right arm made her lower body begin to shimmy. Jacob couldn't help but lock his eyes on his mother's juicy round ass as it slightly jiggled side to side. His mind drifted back to Monday when he had his mom bent over the laundry table, plowing into her pussy from behind and slamming his crotch into that big cushiony butt.

Jacob was suddenly brought back to the present when he heard Karen ask, "Hello? Earth to Jacob... did you hear me?"

"What? I'm sorry, Mom... did you say something?" Jacob shook his head to gather his thoughts.

Resuming to clean the mirror, Karen replied, "I said that Ms. Turner called, and unfortunately, she will have to cancel again today."

Before responding, Jacob decided to react to the disappointment with a bit more maturity this time... plus, he knew his mother was still pissed. He asked with concern, "Is everything okay? I hope nothing is wrong."

Karen shook her head and responded, "No... everything is fine. She's just overwhelmed with work this week because of the Dr. Grant case." She then looked over at Jacob and continued, "She did want me to tell you, however, that she apologizes and will do her best to come by next week."

Before Jacob could respond, Karen exclaimed, "Jake... what in the world have you been doing in here?"

Not sure where this was heading, Jacob replied, "What do you mean, Mom?"

Pointing at the bottom portion of the mirror, Karen responded, "This mirror is filthy. There are hand and fingerprints everywhere!!" The tidy mom then resumed scrubbing away the dirty smudges.

Jacob felt his heart skip a beat in panic as he remembered back to last week. The prints on the mirror were not his but, in fact, his sister Rachel's. To steady herself, she had to place her hands on the reflective surface several times while bent over the countertop 'helping' her brother.

Jacob responded with, "Sorry, Mom... I promise I'll do better." Hoping to get her mind off of the subject of the mirror, he then took a step inside the room and softly said, "Mom... I want you to know that I am truly sorry and want to apologize."

Karen continued to wipe the mirror without looking in his direction and replied, "And what exactly are you apologizing for?"

Trying to sound as regretful as possible, Jacob answered, "For what happened on Monday... you know..." He then lowered his voice as if it were a secret, "Finishing inside you when you told me not to."

Karen stopped her work and added, "And for breaking my rules and going against my wishes?" She then looked over at her son and continued, "Plus, the fact that you took advantage of the situation. When I gave an inch, you decided to take an entire foot."

Giving her a pitiful look, Jacob nodded and mumbled, "Yes, ma'am."

Karen stopped wiping the mirror and replied in a softer tone, "Jake... I'm not trying to be mean, but our situation is very delicate... almost like a house of cards. We make one wrong move, and the whole thing comes crashing down." The hard-working mother removed her rubber gloves and set them on the counter. "I'm doing everything humanly possible to keep our secret from everyone... especially your dad."

Jacob nodded and replied, "I get it, Mom... we have to be careful."

Karen responded, "Well, now we have to be even more careful since I am no longer taking birth control."

Jacob gave his mom a confused look and asked, "Why not?"

Leaning back against the counter, Karen crossed her arms and replied, "Dr. Taylor suggested I stop them for a while. It turns out during my last exam; she found that my estrogen levels were extremely high."

With concern, Jacob inquired, "Are you worried that I may have gotten you pregnant the other day?"

Karen chuckled then replied, "No... thank goodness. Luckily it was a safe time of the month, so I think we dodged that bullet." She then gave him a stern look, "But that doesn't mean we can lower our guard because Lord forbid if I got pregnant and your father found out—"

Jacob jumped in, "He would most likely kill us."

Nodding in agreement, Karen added, "Yes... he probably would. It would destroy our family and the life we have built together. I love your father dearly, and I would rather die than see him hurt."

Seeing signs of remorse on Jacob's face, Karen then took a step closer to him, "But at the same time... I want to help you." Looking at her precious child, she couldn't help but smile just a bit. "As a mother, it has always been my top priority to take care of you and your sister... no matter your age or the situation. So, I need you to understand... that's why we must have these rules and boundaries... they're to protect everyone."

Jacob nodded and smiled and then carefully asked, "Sooooo... does this mean... you can forgive me?"

"Come here, you goofball," Karen said while she outstretched her arms. After dropping his book bag to the floor, Jacob quickly closed the distance and rushed into his mother's loving arms. He wrapped his skinny limbs around her tapered waist and rested his head against the round globes of her soft bosom. The warmth of her curvy body and her sweet honeysuckle scent was absolute Heaven. With his face buried between his mom's boobs, he said, although muffled, "I love you, Mom!"

While running her fingers through Jacob's messy brown hair, Karen sighed and responded, "I love you too, Snuggle Bear." The teenager hated the childish nicknames his mother insisted on using. However, there would be no complaints as he was just happy to be back in her good graces.

While they continued the warm embrace, Karen felt her son's hand slowly run down the small of her back to rest on the top swell of her juicy round butt. Along with that, she felt the bulge forming in Jacob's crotch pressing against her. With a laugh, she asked, "I guess someone could use some help today?"

Reluctantly pulling his face away from his mother's breast, Jacob stepped back and looked up into her beautiful face, and replied, "Yes, ma'am... I really could."

Brushing the hair from Jacob's forehead, Karen sighed and then said, "Well, since Ms. Turner had to cancel, I guess I should fill in."

Jacob's face lit up, and he exclaimed, "Awesome!!" He then quickly added, "Oh, and Mom... today I'd be okay with just hands and mouth." He figured it would make a good olive branch.

With a surprised expression, Karen responded, "Really now?"

"Well..." Jacob said while staring at Karen's chest. His eyes locked in on the deep cleavage of his mother's jutting mounds of

tit flesh concealed underneath the tight-fitting tank top, "...maybe also your boobs."

Karen giggled as she spun Jacob around by his shoulders and said, "Okay, Boobie Monster... let's go to your bedroom."

Once they entered Jacob's room, he walked around the bed to his computer desk. While Karen closed and locked the door, she asked, "How much homework do you have today?"

While setting his book bag down onto his computer chair, Jacob replied, "None... I actually finished everything in study hall."

"Well, that's good," Karen replied. "How about the condoms I gave you? Are they still hidden away?"

"Oh yeah, don't worry, Mom," Jacob replied. "They're safe. I hid them in the back of my closet... Dad will never-" At that moment, he just happened to turn around and see his mom standing by his bed with her back to him. She had her tight yoga pants and panties pulled halfway down her shapely thighs. The sight of his mother's beautifully round naked backside made his jaw drop.

In her sweet motherly tone, Karen said, "Jake, Honey... be a good boy... and fetch one for Mommy."

A few minutes later, mother and son found themselves in very familiar territory. Jacob was in his bed lying on his back totally

nude. Karen, naked from the waist down, straddled her second-born while holding onto the creaking headboard in a death grip with both hands. The groaning mother had already achieved one toe-curling orgasm and steadily rode her teenaged son in search of another.

Karen looked down into the face of her handsome little man. Between the constant "ohhh"s and "ahhh"s she was able to ask, "Jake? I don't understand... Ohhhh!! What happened... Ahhhh!! To hands and mouth... ooooh—nly?"

A smile spread across Jacob's face as he watched his mother's massive boobs rhythmically bounce underneath her tank top. He then reached up and gently cupped both of her heavy meat melons. As he gave them a firm squeeze, he replied, "I don't know, Mom, but remember... this was actually... your idea!"

Karen couldn't help but agree with Jacob... this was, in fact, her idea... her choice.

Earlier, when they entered the room, for some reason, Karen's vagina immediately buzzed to life, and trickles of sweet pussy juice began to leak into her cotton panties. She felt an overwhelming desire to be fully stuffed once again with her son's enormous appendage.

Her own words were coming back to haunt her. Just a couple of days ago, she scolded Jacob and told him just because something feels good does not make it right. In her heart, she

knew it was her place to help her son. However, she knew it was wrong to enjoy it this much... so horribly wrong. However, that wicked thing of his just made her feel so good... so DAMN good.

The continued manipulation of Karen's sensitive breasts by Jacob's young hands amplified her arousal. With another orgasm on the horizon, the gorgeous mother quickened her pace of pursuit and rode harder on her son's throbbing penis. "Ohhhh! Jake... Sweetie!! I'm almost!! Ohhh yesss!! Mommy's... almmooooosst!!"

Jacob was enthralled by what he witnessed. His sweet and reserved mother desperately bounced up and down on his raging cock like some dirty porn star. Her long braided ponytail flounced around as beads of sweat rolled down her neck and chest, only to disappear into the dark cavern of her deep cleavage. He'd jacked off to a lot of pornography over the past few years, but for him, nothing on the internet came close to this erotic vision.

The captivated teenager then noticed his mother's diamond-hard nipples trying to poke through her bra and tank top. Jacob tightly pinched the super-sensitive nubs with his thumbs and forefingers, sending an electrical charge straight down to Karen's pulsing vagina.

The sudden stimulation caused Karen's eyes to fly open, and she gasped. "Ahhhhh!!" She then threw her head back as the chase was finally coming to an end, "Oh Yes! Jake!! Yes! Yes! I'm doing it!! Yes! Yes! Yes!... YEEESSSSSS!!"

With that, Karen slammed her bottom down onto Jacob's crotch and allowed the massive orgasm to take control. She stiffened and trembled as her nerve endings went haywire from trying to deal with the waves of ecstasy that flowed throughout her body. Her eyes scrunched closed, and her mouth opened as if trying to scream, but there was only silence.

Once able to breathe again, Karen found her voice. "AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!" The climaxing mother wailed as she placed her hands on top of her son's as a sign for him to squeeze her big tits even harder. Her breasts tingled with delightful sensation as tiny jets of milk ejected from her sensitive nipples into the sports bra's soft padding.

Jacob smiled as he tightened his grip. He could feel his mom's pussy spasm around his cock as the waves of pleasure rejuvenated, and Karen's body seized once more, and she called out, "Yes... Jake!! Yes... Baby... Ohhhhh Yeeesssssss!!"

Somewhat exhausted, Karen leaned forward and grabbed hold of the headboard. She began to grind her hips and softly moan as her body would occasionally twitch from the pleasant aftershocks. Eventually, she looked down and asked her son, "Are you... close?"

Jacob nodded, then asked, "Mom... can I finish inside? I'm wearing the condom."

Continuing to rock her hips back and forth, Karen shook her head, "No, Sweetie... remember what we talked about... the house of cards." Even though Jacob wore protection, the conservative mother still did not completely trust the condom's effectiveness. She couldn't help but feel bad when she saw the look of disappointment on Jacob's sweet face.

Karen then stopped her movement and sat still. Reaching down, she grabbed hold of the bottom of her tank top and pulled it up and over her head. The loving mother then tossed the garment in the general direction where her discarded yoga pants and panties lay on the floor.

Now naked except for her sports bra, Karen smiled down at her teenage boy and said, "Besides... I think earlier you said something about these?" She tried to entice her son by slightly squeezing her massive boobs together with her biceps... further accentuating the already obscene amount of deep cleavage that seemed to swallow up the gold locket that hung around Karen's neck.

Jacob's eyes bugged out as he gazed up at his mother and her huge knockers contained inside the flimsy sports bra. The black garment was doing all it could to hold in all that succulent breast meat, but it appeared to be having a tough go at it. As a goofy grin spread across his face, he replied, "Oh yeah, Mom! Oh heck yeah!!"

Seconds later, Karen removed her bra and switched places with Jacob. Now she was lying on her back with her son straddling

her soft tummy. Using her hands, the totally nude mother cupped her massive tits together to form a slippery smooth tunnel as Jacob slid his now-naked dick back and forth between her big mommy boobs.

For the next couple of minutes, Jacob got into a good rhythm of titty-fucking his mother. He couldn't help but continuously moan from the decadent pleasure. Karen thought her son looked so cute with the look of bewilderment on his face. He appeared as if he were eight years old again playing with a new toy.

Jacob could feel the familiar tingling in his bloated testicles. His end was near, and he was about to release the massive load that churned in his aching balls. Speeding up his hips, he muttered to Karen, "Mom! I'm almost... there!!"

Tightening the grip on her breasts, Karen whispered, "It's okay, Honey... just let it out."

Speeding up, even more, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mom!! Your tits are so awesome! They're gonna make me blow!!"

It made Karen cringe to hear the word 'tits' come from Jacob's mouth. Any other time the virtuous mother would have rebuked her son for using such a filthy word; however, she decided to let it go this one time. So, she softly replied, "Go ahead, Sweetie, shoot your stuff all over me."

Jacob reared back, took hold of his quivering cock, and yelled, "AAAAAAHHHHH MOOOMMMM!!!" as he unloaded huge ribbons of sperm all over his naked mother.

Karen couldn't help but mew in approval as the hot and creamy fluid splashed all over her mouthwatering body. It splattered from her freshly fucked boobs past her matronly hips down to her curvy thighs. Lost in the moment, the loving mom softly cooed, "There you go, Baby... get it all out... good boy."

Shortly after, Karen lay propped on her elbow, facing Jacob, who now lay on his back, catching his breath. As her son's sticky man cream streamed down across her curvy body and onto the bed, she chuckled and said, "Well, I guess I'll be washing another comforter."

Turning his head towards Karen, "Sorry, Mom... for making such a mess."

"It's okay, Sweetie." Karen smiled while patting his skinny chest, then added, "As long as you feel better... that's what's important."

Nodding enthusiastically, Jacob replied, "Oh yes, ma'am. You always make me feel better. Thank you so much for taking care of me."

Karen's smile broadened, and she said, "You're welcome, Sweetie." She leaned forward and kissed Jacob's forehead, and

continued, "I'm your mother... it's my job." After glancing at the clock, the helpful mother added, "I better get cleaned up. I need to start dinner soon."

Jacob watched as Karen rolled away from him and walked over to the closet for a towel, trying as best she could not to drip semen all over the floor. He never got tired of seeing his mom's beautiful naked body. It was just so feminine, curvy, and it jiggled in just the right places.

After grabbing two towels, Karen stepped back over to the bed, tossed one to Jacob, and said, "Now, Jake, remember... tomorrow you have a doctor's appointment, so I'll pick you up after school."

Scooching over and sitting on the side of his bed, Jacob responded, "Don't worry, Mom... I won't forget." As the teenager used the towel to wipe off his deflating cock he asked, "However, I do have one question."

"What's that, Sweetie?" Karen replied while wrapping the towel around her naked body.

"Well... no offense to Aunt Brenda, but she's a gynecologist. What does she know about..." Jacob then pointed down at his crotch and finished, "You know... man-land?"

Karen burst out with laughter and replied, "Man Land??" She then bent over to collect her clothes off the floor. "You have an amusement park between your legs or something?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob responded jokingly, "Well, maybe I do. You have to admit... you did seem to enjoy the ride earlier."

Standing up straight, Karen retorted, "Jacob! Don't be crass."

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob apologized as he stood up and tossed his towel into the hamper. "But seriously, she's a lady-doctor... how can she help me?"

With her clothes draped over her arm, Karen walked over to Jacob and said, "My baby sister may be a 'lady' doctor, but she is still... a doctor." Giving him a warm smile, she continued, "Sweetie, I don't expect her to cure you of that thing... I just want her to give you a quick check-up... that's all." The concerned mother then ruffled his brown hair, "Need to make sure my little snuggle monster is good and healthy."

Jacob sighed and said, "Mom... if Sara ever comes over here... you have to do me a favor and not call me those type of names in front of her!"

Karen smiled and replied, "You're so cute", as she turned to leave. As she unlocked and pulled open the bedroom door, she

said matter of factly, "Be a dear and change the comforter on your bed... you should find a clean one in the linen closet."

Jacob followed after her and pleaded, "Mom... I'm serious... you have to promise me that you won't!" He had many humiliating moments during his teenage years with his doting mother and her embarrassing nicknames. The last thing he wanted was Karen Mitchell going into 'mommy mode' around Sara Miller.

Before walking out, the playful mother turned back to her son and sweetly replied, "I make... no promises." She then added, "Boop!" while she tapped him on the nose with her forefinger and walked out.

Jacob watched as his mother dressed in only a bath towel sashayed down the hallway. He then called out to her, "Please, Mom? Mooommm!!"

Never looking back, Karen's only reply was, "Don't forget to change the comforter!"

The next day, Jacob walked out of the school building and found Karen's Jeep parked in the pick-up line. While tossing his book bag on the back seat, he greeted her. "Hi, Mom."

Jacob then climbed into the front passenger seat, where his cheerful mother replied, "Hi Sweetie... how was school?"

After pulling the door closed, Jacob began to fasten his seatbelt. He replied, "It was pretty good, actually." He held his gaze on his mother while she steered her SUV out of the parking spot. She was wearing a summery cotton dress, dark sunglasses, and wedge sandals. Conservative and wholesome, but still sexy and beautiful.

As Karen pulled out of the parking lot and onto the highway, she asked, "How did the history exam go?"

Jacob smiled at her and answered, "I think I aced it!"

Karen went, "Woo Hoo!" and held her hand up for a 'high five'.

Jacob slapped her palm with his and said, "It was great, Mom... I felt like I knew every answer. Some of the stuff I didn't even remember studying."

"Wow...That's great, Honey." Karen then quickly followed up with, "Did you talk to Sara today?"

"Yes, ma'am... I sure did! In Chemistry class and at lunch."

The curious mom then asked, "Is everything still a go for Saturday?"

Jacob smiled and replied, "Uh-huh! We're still trying to decide which movie to go see."

"How about dinner that evening?" Karen added.

"Sara loves pizza, so we plan to hit the Mellow Mushroom next door to the theater after the movie ends."

Nodding her approval, Karen said, "Sounds like a plan. How are you getting there and back? Y'all need a ride?"

Shaking his head, Jacob responded, "No ma'am... Mrs. Miller insisted on dropping us off and picking us up."

Karen chuckled, then said, "I'm surprised she's not going on the date with you." She glanced over at Jacob to find a curious look on his face. She then continued, "Well, I mean Mrs. Miller can be quite the smother."

Jacob's brow furrowed, and he replied, "A what?"

Karen glanced at Jacob, giggled, then said, "It's when a mom constantly hovers over her kids and never gives them a minute's peace... we refer to her as a 'smother'."

Looking back at the road, Karen continued, "If you and Rachel think I'm bad... believe me... I'm no match for Donna Miller." Turning back to Jacob, she included, "When her kids were growing up, that woman watched over them like a hawk. I'm shocked she actually let her two sons go away to college."

Jacob whispered, "Now you have me worried."

Karen giggled and reached over and patted Jacob's knee, "Don't worry, Sweetie... you just be the young gentleman that your dad and I raised, and all will be fine." The smile on the loving mom's face faded, and she added, "However, it goes without saying you must keep your... thing hidden and under control. If Donna Miller found out about your situation, she would probably freak out and want to have Pastor Miller perform some sort of exorcism on you."

Even with the sunglasses covering his mother's eyes, Jacob could feel the seriousness of her stare. He replied, "Don't worry, Mom... I think I can handle it. I've done a good job so far of hiding it from other people. Plus, I don't want to blow it with Sara... I really like her."

The smile returned to Karen's face. "I know you do, Honey... I just want you to be careful and to be prepared if any problems should... arise."

Understanding her meaning, Jacob nodded in agreement. After a few seconds, he asked, "Speaking of my... problem... how much does Aunt Brenda know about my situation?"

Staring straight ahead, Karen replied, "Well... she knows all about Dr. Grant and the WICK-Tropin program. She is also aware of the effect the hormones had on your penis."

Lowering his voice, Jacob asked, "Have you told her about you having to... you know... help me?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No... of course not... and I prefer to keep it that way." She then turned to look at Jacob and continued, "I will only tell her if it is absolutely necessary."

Jacob asked, "Well, can you trust her to keep everything secret?"

Karen resumed looking straight ahead. As she drove along the busy interstate highway, her mind suddenly drifted back to a horrible event that took place about five years ago. It was a secret she shared with her baby sister... a very dark secret that no one else in the family knew to this day.

Like Karen, Brenda was tall, curvy, and gorgeous, but that is pretty much where the two sisters' similarities ended. In contrast to Karen, Brenda took after their mother and had honey blonde hair and bright blue eyes.

Unlike her conservative, straight-laced older sister, Brenda liked to party and date many different guys. She wore her clothes too tight and her skirts too short. Growing up, she pretty much drove their mother insane. Because of their similar looks and personalities, Karen swore that her daughter Rachel was actually Brenda's younger clone.

Even though Brenda was a bit promiscuous in her youth, she was very bright and an excellent student. She went on to get her medical degree and became a well-respected gynecologist. During that time, she met and fell deeply in love with Mark Sullivan, who works in international business. The two eventually married and settled into a comfortable life along with their preschool-aged son, Daniel.

The unspeakable occurrence took place during the annual Memorial Day family cookout. That particular year the event was held at the Mitchell home with Karen and Robert acting as hosts. Most family and close friends were in attendance except for Brenda's husband, Mark, who was overseas for an unexpected business conference.

Even though Brenda was a faithful wife and loved her husband deeply, she never lost the flirtatious side of her personality. She had always enjoyed the attention of men and the off-color banter. Mark knew Brenda was sort of a tease and did not mind her innocently flirting as long as, at the end of the day, it was him that ended up balls deep inside her vexing body.

Earlier that year, with her husband's support, Brenda underwent breast enhancement surgery. She had always been a little envious of her older sister and the attention Karen received from her busty rack. The lovely doctor had her breasts enlarged from a solid "B" up to a mouthwatering "DD" cup. Brenda was delighted with the results. Not only did she look like a Hollywood starlet, but her husband could not keep his hands off of her.

For the family cookout, Brenda purchased a new yellow string bikini. Her original plan was to surprise Mark with the new suit and flaunt her "assets" in front of the other men in attendance. Unfortunately, at the last minute, Mark was called away and had to travel overseas. However, Brenda decided to wear the new suit anyway.

It was a hot day, and Brenda probably drank more than she usually would have if Mark had been with her. Also, in her husband's absence, the half-naked bombshell received a lot of attention... especially from a certain twenty-one-year-old named Chris Thomas.

Chris was the son of Karen and Robert's friends from across the street and was home from college for the summer. He was fit, confident, and very handsome... a real smooth operator despite his youth. He spent most of his time hanging out with Brenda and making sure her red party cup never got empty. With the effects of the heat and the alcohol, Brenda's inhibitions were dramatically low, and her flirting with the young 'Adonis' was getting to the point of risqué.

A while later, Karen went into the house. She went upstairs, and as the lovely housewife walked past the guest bedroom, she heard noises coming from inside. As Karen stepped up closer to the closed door, she heard what sounded like grunting and moaning.

At first, Karen thought it was probably a couple of teenagers who had snuck their way upstairs. She was appalled at the lack of respect shown for her gracious hospitality and Christian home. The angered hostess then slowly turned the knob and slowly pushed the door open just a crack. Her eyes went wide with absolute horror as she gasped to herself, "Oh my goodness!!"

The dresser mirror reflection gave Karen a complete view of the evil taking place in her house. Brenda was on the bed on all fours with her hands tightly grasping at the light blue comforter. Her discarded bikini top was lying on the bed next to her and the skimpy bottoms dangled from her left ankle.

Standing behind Brenda was the young stud, Chris Thomas, from across the street. His swimming trunks pulled down to around his knees, and his hands tightly held the rounded hips of the older woman. His eyes were closed as he continuously slammed his body into the married doctor's shapely upturned ass. He grunted between thrusts, "Oh Doc!! You have... a great... pussy!!"

Karen was stunned and frozen in place as she watched the horrible scene of her sister committing the wicked sin of adultery. At first, she thought maybe Brenda was being forced

to do this. She could not believe that her sister, a well-respected doctor, and wife, would willingly cheat on such a wonderful man as Mark. However, the look of utter euphoria written on Brenda's beautiful face told a completely different story.

Brenda lowered her front and supported herself on her elbows. She arched her back and tugged harder on the comforter with both hands, and began a constant chant of "Oh yes... Oh yes... Oh yes." Chris began to speed up, and he pushed the cheating wife closer and closer to the edge.

Chris snuck his right hand underneath Brenda and grabbed one of the luscious fruits hanging from her chest. When the handsome frat boy squeezed the enlarged juicy melon, a wave of delightful pleasure spread throughout the doctor's body. She closed her eyes and exclaimed, "Oh Yes! Fuck Me!! That's it... Right there!! Don't you dare stop!!"

Putting both hands back onto Brenda's gyrating hips, Chris plowed into her dripping wet cunt with all his might. The intoxicated adulteress closed her eyes tighter and called out, "Oh Yes!! Fuck Me!! I'm gonna cum!! Ohhh God!! FUCK ME!! OHHHH GODDDD!! I'M CUMMINNNNNNGGGG... YEESSSSSSSSS!!"

The constant clenching of Brenda's climaxing vagina around Chris's impressive manhood sent him over the edge. He threw his head back and yelled, "OH FUCK YEAH!! TAKE IT... YOU SLUT!!"

Although horrified, Karen could not look away as she was captivated by the trainwreck taking place right before her eyes. She tried to comprehend how her married sister could do this... to cheat on Mark with this... boy. How could she allow him to degrade her in such a fashion and spill his potent seed into her unprotected vagina?

The two guilty parties remained coupled as they tried to get their breathing under control. Brenda had her head down with her forehead resting on the soft comforter. She all of a sudden felt her partner in crime tense up and gasp.

Instinctively, Brenda looked up, and in the mirror, she saw Karen's reflection at the door. The unfaithful wife quickly sobered up and panicked, "OH GOD!! GET OFF ME!! NOW!!" Brenda grabbed her bikini top and scurried off the bed. Chris pulled up his swimming trunks and hurried out of the room... never looking Karen in the eyes as he ran past her.

After walking into the room, Karen shut the door behind her. Brenda, sitting on the bed was trembling as she fumbled with her bikini top, trying to regain some sense of modesty. "Oh God, Karen... I'm sorry... I don't know what happened!!"

Karen walked over and sat down on the bed beside her sister, still trying to cope with what she witnessed. After a few seconds, she asked, "Oh my gosh... Brenda... what were you thinking? What if one of the children had walked in on you?"

Brenda began to sob, "I-I don't know!! I just.." She then looked at her sister with pleading eyes and added, "Please, Karen... Please... don't tell Mark!"

Grabbing Brenda's hand, Karen replied, "Speaking of Mark, how could you do this to your husband? Don't you love him?"

Continuing to cry, Brenda nodded then replied, "Yes... Oh God, yes... more than anything! That's why I'm begging you not to tell him, Karen. He would never forgive me."

Karen sighed and then said, "Well, help me understand why you would do such a thing as to cheat on him with some frat boy."

For the next twenty minutes, Brenda relayed to Karen how lately she had been feeling quite lonely. Mark's business has required him to be out of town more and more. When he was home, he was exhausted, and the lack of bedroom activity had her frustrated. With Brenda's high libido, masturbation could only do so much.

Brenda went on to explain how excited she was about this weekend. She was hoping to surprise Mark with her new sexy swimsuit in hopes it would be the spark needed to reignite her husband's desires. However, it all went down the tubes when he had to go out of town unexpectedly and left her to attend the family gathering alone.

"I know it's not Mark's fault that he had to go to London so unexpectedly," Brenda continued, "I just felt angry and abandoned. Then you add in the alcohol and the attention of a young hunk like Chris..." She then looked back to her big sister and continued, "I don't know... it just spun out of control." The regretful wife began to cry again. "Oh, Karen... what am I going to do?"

Karen couldn't help but feel bad for Brenda. She wrapped her arms around her distraught baby sister and pulled her in for a hug. After all was said and done, she agreed not to tell Mark or anyone for that matter... not even her husband, Robert. Karen loved her sister and brother-in-law and decided best to keep the secret and not ruin their marriage because Brenda made one stupid mistake... although it was a big one.

After Brenda calmed down and straightened herself up, she held Karen's hand and said, gratefully, "Thank you, Karen... thank you so much. If you EVER find yourself in a desperate situation and need my help, I will be there for you... I swear!!"

Karen wiped a tear from Brenda's cheek and replied, "Well, I appreciate the sentiment, but let's hope that time never comes." Little did she know back then that five years later, ironically, that day would finally arrive.

"Mom?" Jacob's voice brought Karen back to the present. "Mom... did you hear me?"

Looking over at her son, Karen replied, "What? What was that, Sweetie? I'm sorry... I was thinking about something."

Jacob repeated his question, "I said... do you think we can trust Aunt Brenda to keep all this a secret?"

A slight smile formed on Karen's face, and she replied, "Yes, Baby... I think we can." She turned back to face forward then confirmed, "We most definitely can."

With it being late in the afternoon, the gynecologist's office was almost deserted. Karen parked her vehicle in the back parking lot, then she and Jacob entered through the employee entrance.

Knowing her way around the building, Karen led Jacob through the labyrinth of hallways down to Brenda's office. They arrived to find Dr. Sullivan sitting behind her large mahogany desk, typing on her computer.

At first, Karen almost didn't recognize her sister. Gone was the long mane of honey-blond hair. Brenda had died it to a dark auburn and had it cut to shoulder length.

After hearing a soft knock, Brenda looked up to find Karen and Jacob standing in the doorway. A big smile spread across her beautiful face as she took off her reading glasses. She then stood up and exclaimed joyfully, "Hey, you two... come on in!" After walking from behind her desk, the doting aunt held out her arms and said to Jacob, "Get over here, you stud muffin!"

Jacob smiled and replied, "Hi Aunt Brenda!" He then quickly closed the distance and walked into his beautiful aunt's warm embrace. Like her older sister, Brenda was tall, especially in heels, so Jacob's face rested perfectly against her big soft breasts. The feel of her curvy body and sweet scent caused the teenager's monster cock to stir awake.

Stepping back, Brenda held Jacob by his shoulders and said, "I swear... you get more handsome every time I see you." She leaned in closer and teased, "Lord knows... if I were not married to your Uncle Mark and you were not my nephew..."

"He would still be way too young," Karen interrupted while she pulled Jacob away from the flirtatious doctor.

Brenda gave Karen a disappointed look, then glanced back at Jacob, "Your mom's always been a fuddy-duddy."

Jacob chuckled, and Karen quickly replied, "Well... someone had to try and keep you out of trouble."

"Me? Trouble? I have no idea what you're talking about," Brenda responded while giving Karen a naughty grin. They both giggled, and the gorgeous sisters gave each other a big hug.

Once the sisters broke their embrace, Karen inquired, "You changed your hairstyle?"

Brenda nodded, " Uh-huh! I had it done yesterday... do you like it?"

Karen smiled and ran her finger through her sister's dark red locks and confirmed, "I love it! It looks great! The color really accentuates the blue in your eyes."

Brenda smiled and replied, "Thanks! Mark hasn't seen it yet... I'm going to surprise him when he gets home later this evening."

After a few more minutes of pleasantries, Brenda motioned for Karen and Jacob to sit down in the leather chairs facing her desk. As the statuesque doctor stood between them, she leaned back against the mahogany worktop. Jacob could not help but gaze upon the stunning vision of his aunt.

Brenda's outfit consisted of a snug-fitting white sleeveless blouse and a black hip-hugging skirt that came down to about mid-thigh. She also wore black 3" heeled pumps and nude thigh-high stockings. As Jacob's eyes traveled up and down the curvy figure of his smoking-hot relative, he could not help but think to himself that his Uncle Mark was a very lucky man.

"Now, Jake, your mom has told me all about the hormone test trials and the unfortunate effects you continue to suffer. If you approve, along with checking your vitals, I would like to get some blood and semen samples." Jacob looked over at Karen, who nodded her approval.

Brenda continued, "I took the liberty to speak with an old friend of mine. He is one of the top andrologists in the entire country and has extensive knowledge in dealing with abnormal male issues." She then leaned down towards Jacob and added, "Or as your mom told me, you referred to it as... man land?" The flirty doctor looked over at her sister and gave her a knowing grin. Jacob couldn't help but blush.

Karen spoke up and asked, "Can we trust this 'friend' of yours to keep everything confidential?"

"Trust him?" Brenda nodded, "Yes, definitely." She then began walking around her desk and continued, "We've known each other since college... plus he owes me a couple of favors." After taking a seat in her chair, the lovely doctor said, "Don't worry, Sis... this is all being done anonymously. Jake's name will not be on any of the paperwork. I've made sure that nothing can be traced back to either of you."

Jacob then asked, "Do you think he can find a cure?"

Looking over at her nephew, Brenda replied, "I'm not sure about that, Stud... we'll just have to wait and see." She then sat back in her chair and continued, "His main focus is to run various tests on the samples and ensure nothing adverse is going on."

Grabbing Jacob's hand, Karen added in a concerned tone, "Sweetie, I just want to make sure everything is okay and that you're healthy."

Turning to his mother, Jacob replied, "I'm fine, Mom... I'm sure of it." He saw the look in his mother's eyes and immediately knew that Karen Mitchell was not going to take 'no' for an answer. Glancing back to Brenda, he sighed, then added, "Okay, Doc... where do we start?"

As Brenda led them down to the examination room, Jacob noticed the office was now totally deserted. In the quiet, he could hear the phone at the receptionist area ringing. That, along with the darkened hallways, gave the place a kind of spooky feel.

Once inside the examination room, Brenda had Jacob sit on the exam table. Karen sat down on the extra chair in the corner.

As Dr. Sullivan rolled a tray of medical equipment up beside her patient, she sighed and said, "I haven't taken anyone's blood in quite a long time... I only hope I remember how." She then glanced at her nephew to find a worried look on his face. The joking aunt then winked and gave him a sly smile.

While Brenda continued with the exam, Karen's cell phone began to ring. After fishing the device out of her purse, she looked at the screen and said, "Uh-oh... it's Rob." She then stood up and said, "I better go take it out in the hallway." While closing the door behind her, Karen answered her phone and said, "Hi Honey.. how's it going?"

Later on, and after drawing two vials of blood, Brenda patted Jacob on his thigh and said, "Okay, Stud... worst parts over. Now all I need is that semen sample." While she rolled the equipment cart across the room, she commented, "We don't see male patients here, and unlike a sperm bank, I don't have any porn on location."

Still sitting on the exam table, Jacob watched as Brenda bent over, rummaging through a cabinet. The sight of her short skirt tightly stretched across her curvy backside caused him to rub the growing erection in his pants. He responded, "That's okay, Aunt Brenda... Mom would just freak out if she found out I was looking at it anyhow."

Standing up straight and turning back around, Brenda giggled. As she walked back over to Jacob, she said, "You're probably right... she would freak out." At that moment, Brenda detected an unfamiliar fragrance. It was sweet and floral... it made her think of exotic flowers you might find on some South Pacific island.

"This is for you," Brenda stated while holding out a sample jar. When Jacob took the small container from his aunt, she could see a confused look on his face. Leaning in close to her nephew, she said, "It's for you to ummm..." She then made a jacking-off motion with her hand and whispered, "You know.. do your business."

Jacob scoffed, "No offense, Aunt Brenda..." He then added while he handed the small jar back to her, "But we're going to need a bigger boat."

Brenda held up the container and, with a perplexed expression, asked, "Bigger than this?"

Jacob nodded.

Lowering her voice, Brenda questioned, "Jake? How much semen do you ejaculate?"

Motioning his head towards the jar, Jacob replied, "More than that... easily."

The doctor's eyes widened, then she stated, "Your testicles must be absolutely huge in order to produce that much fluid!"

Once again, Jacob sheepishly nodded in confirmation. He then looked down at his lap and said, "They're swelling up now, and it's getting uncomfortable."

Suddenly, the pleasant scent intensified. At first, Brenda wanted to blow it off as maybe some new air freshener... perhaps purchased by one of the staff. However, that theory was quickly negated when the doctor felt her pink nipples immediately harden and her body mysteriously inflamed with arousal.

Brenda just happened to glance down at Jacob's crotch and was shocked to see a large bulge forming in her nephew's pants. She then asked, "Jake... exactly how big is your... thing? I mean, your mom told me that you had increased in size, but she didn't give any real specifics."

Jacob began to rub the erection through his pants and replied, "It's pretty big... Aunt Brenda." With a grimace, he continued, "Plus, it hurts really bad when it gets like this."

Brenda could feel the buzzing in her nipples intensify, and a warm, tingling sensation began deep inside her clean-shaven and suddenly wet pussy. Feeling a little lightheaded, the aroused doctor took a seat on the nearby rolling stool. Jacob couldn't help but stare at his aunt's stocking-clad legs as her short skirt rode up even higher on her shapely thighs.

"Aunt Brenda? Are you okay?" Jacob asked with faux concern. He knew exactly what was happening to his smoking-hot married relative, and he hoped things would continue to progress.

Taking off her reading glasses, Brenda replied, "I don't know... It feels... like I'm having a hot flash." She then fanned her face with her hand, and her eyes automatically darted back to Jacob's lap.

The bulge now appeared even larger than before. Not sure why, but the gorgeous doctor now felt a strong desire to see what her

nephew was hiding in those pants. She began to feel as if she were slightly intoxicated.

In a soft voice, Brenda said while staring at his crotch, "Jake... I should probably leave you alone so you can... express your sample. But before I do, maybe I should... perform a quick examination first." Brenda then glanced up at Jacob... her eyes filled with curiosity.

Raring back just a little, Jacob replied, "You want to look at my penis?"

Putting up her hand, Brenda responded, "Calm down, Sweetie. I just want to make sure everything appears normal... especially since you are in pain."

Brenda rolled herself back a few feet from Jacob and added, "Besides... your mom did say she wants to make sure that you are good and... healthy." A slight smile then appeared on the doctor's beautiful face. It was very similar to the devious grin Rachel gave him the other night while looking back at him in the bathroom mirror. The horny teenager could feel his pulse elevate and his cock twitch at the thought of his Aunt Brenda examining his 'medical condition.'

Jacob slid down off the examination table and kicked off his shoes. He then began to unbuckle his pants and said, "Okay, Aunt Brenda... if you're sure this is best."

While watching the teenager's hands with anticipation, the aroused doctor replied, "Oh yes, Jake... I'm definitely sure."

Once he had them unfastened, Jacob pushed his pants and underwear down to his knees. Brenda's eyes shot wide like saucers when her nephew's giant cock sprung up into view, and then she gasped, "Oh my... GOD!!" The surprised doctor put a hand up to her mouth as she stared in total shock.

Karen had told her that the hormones had caused Jacob's penis and testicles to grow substantially, but that was a huge understatement. This was unlike anything Brenda had ever seen or heard of before. Dr. Grant's experimental treatment had turned her sweet nephew's genitals into some ungodly abomination.

Brenda rolled towards Jacob to get a closer look. The chemically enhanced penis jutted straight out at least twelve inches from his skinny body. She couldn't help but think how strange the humungous appendage looked attached to her nephew's underdeveloped physique.

The purplish-colored leviathan seemed to twitch along with Jacob's elevated heartbeat. A thick string of pre-cum hung from the slit of the bulbous mushroom-shaped head. The married doctor could not look away from the pulsing nightmarish creature just inches from her face. Strangely, she found it to be terrifyingly beautiful.

Not even thinking about examination gloves, the aroused doctor gently grabbed hold of the thick vein-covered shaft. Instinctively, Brenda slowly stroked both hands up and down the boy's oversized manhood, causing her nephew to moan his approval.

The sight of her wedding ring quickly brought her husband to mind and, along with him, a wave of guilt. It was five years ago the last time she touched another man, other than Mark, in this fashion. She swore to herself that day it would never happen again, and up until now, she had lived up to that promise. However, little did she know back then that she would eventually come across something of such magnitude... a once-in-a-lifetime cock. And it would belong to a blood relative... her nephew... her sister's teenaged son.

The sweet-smelling vapors had now intensified and elevated Brenda's arousal. She had fulfilled her desire to see this otherworldly monster... now, she craved a bit more. The horny doctor looked up at Jacob and softly asked, "Jake... does that feel better?"

Nodding his head, Jacob answered, "Oh yes, ma'am... a lot better."

Brenda bit her bottom lip while she sorted out the internal conflict taking place inside herself. She knew this was wrong on so many levels; however, the powerful pheromones had her mind clouded.

Brenda's hardened pink nipples tingled insanely inside her bra, and her throbbing vagina constantly leaked her sweet essence into the gusset of her thong panties. The horny wife thought to herself, 'Mark had better buckle up, because later tonight he will be in for the ride of his life.'

While Brenda slowly jacked off her nephew, she justified the means for her next action. She looked up and said, "Jake... for today, you are technically my patient. As a physician, it is my duty to treat my patients so that they get the relief they need from whatever ailments they suffer... wouldn't you agree?"

Looking down at his beautiful aunt, Jacob nodded in affirmation.

Smiling back at her nephew, Brenda continued, "Well, I would like to administer a somewhat unorthodox treatment that I think will ease your suffering and at the same time express the sample we need for testing. That is, if you approve?"

Jacob croaked out, "Yes, ma'am!"

Brenda gave Jacob a stern glare, "Now, Jake, this type of treatment must remain a secret. What happens in this room... must stay in this room. Can you agree to that?"

Nodding enthusiastically, Jacob replied, "Whatever you say, after all, you're the doctor."

A smile spread across Brenda's beautiful face as she watched more slimy pre-cum dribble from the slit of Jacob's cock and trickle down onto her hand. She looked up at her nephew and said, "Stud... I think you're right... we're gonna need a bigger boat."

Meanwhile, out in the waiting room, Karen was finishing up her conversation with Robert. "That's fine, Rob... I'm running a bit late myself. In fact, instead of cooking tonight after I pick up Jake, I'm going to stop at the sandwich shop and pick up dinner on the way home." After a few seconds, the loving wife giggled and replied, "Of course, Sweetheart... I'll get you a barbecue brisket sub."

They chatted for another minute or so, and then Karen finished up with, "Okay... I'll see you at home... I love you, too... bye." After ending the call, Karen began walking back to the examination room. The tired mother hoped Brenda was about done with the exam so she and Jacob could go home. Little did she know that her baby sister was just getting started.

Jacob leaned back, supporting himself with his elbows on the examination table. The teenager watched with a smile on his face while his super-hot aunt sucked and slurped on his throbbing manhood like a woman possessed. He could see the dangling combination of spit and pre-cum swinging from her chin as she bobbed her head back and forth.

After a short while, Brenda pulled her head back and, with her hand, wiped the gooey string from her face. She then licked a

dollop of delicious pre-cum that oozed from the slit. Whatever was in this boy's system made his seminal fluids taste unlike any she had ever had. Still stroking his cock, Brenda looked up at Jacob and asked, "So... are you okay with your Aunt Brenda helping you?"

Nodding, Jacob replied without thinking, "Oh yes, Ma'am. Besides, most times, I have help with this anyway." Immediately he grimaced from his slip up.

Brenda stopped stroking his aching shaft and furrowed her brow. She cocked her head to the side and asked, "Help? Do you mean someone does this for you?"

Jacob's facial expression was like a deer caught in the headlights; he could only respond with, "Ummmmmmmm."

Brenda's eyes went wide with realization, "Oh... my... God!! You mean to tell me..."

The door to the examination room swung open at that exact moment, and Karen stopped in her tracks. She gasped out loud from what she walked in on. She found Jacob leaning back against the exam table naked from the waist down, and her sister was crouched on a stool holding onto her son's cock with both hands.

After a few seconds of the trio staring at one another, Karen gathered her thoughts and shrieked, "What in Sam Hill is going

on here?" She then walked on into the room and quickly closed the door.

Trying to play it cool, Jacob smiled and replied, "It's okay, Mom. Aunt Brenda is just giving me a thorough examination, just like you wanted."

Stepping up closer, Karen put her hands on her hips and scoffed, "Oh really? Well, this is unlike any examination I've ever seen." Her body quickly reacted to Jacob's familiar and overpowering scent.

Jacob countered, "Well, along with making sure I'm healthy... she's also helping me to extract the semen sample."

Cutting her eyes at Jacob, Karen responded, "Oh, is she now?" She then turned to her younger sister and asked, "And what do you have to say for yourself? He's just a boy!!"

Brenda slowly stood up from the stool. She then looked Karen in the eyes and calmly responded, "I should probably ask you the same question."

Scrunching her face, Karen replied, "Excuse me? What do you mean?"

Walking past Karen, Brenda chuckled, then commented, "It seems that my holier-than-thou sister has been a very... very naughty girl."

Quickly turning back to Jacob, Karen asked with a stern tone, "What... did you... tell her?"

Trying to act innocent, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, " Nothing, Mom... honest."

Brenda collected a medium-sized beaker from a nearby cabinet and said, "He let it slip that he has been getting help with... relieving himself."

Karen glared at her son, "Jake... how could you?"

As Brenda walked over to Karen, she held out the glass container to her sister and continued, "And since he has no girlfriend at this time... it just makes sense that the most logical candidate would be... you."

A crestfallen Karen looked down and took the beaker from her sister. Continuing to stare at the glass jar, Karen said softly, "It's just that... he has trouble ejaculating on his own, and he... needs my help."

Brenda put her hands on Karen's shoulders and said, "Hey Sis... I'm not judging you one bit. In fact, I'm quite impressed."

Looking up into Brenda's eyes, Karen replied, "You are?" Feeling a little relieved, she then asked, "So, you don't think I'm a horrible mother?"

"Horrible??" Brenda scoffed then said, "To the contrary... I think it proves you're a great mother." The remark made Karen smile just a bit.

Brenda then continued, "You did what a lot of moms wouldn't have the guts to do. It just shows how much you love your son... you did what you felt like you had to do." She then looked over at Jacob and maintained, "Believe me... if my Daniel is ever in a situation similar to this, you bet your bottom dollar, I would do whatever it took to ease his suffering."

Feeling more at ease, Karen then said, "Brenda, this has to be kept a secret... especially from Rob."

Pulling Karen to her for a hug, Brenda said softly, "Don't worry, Sis... you were there for me, and you have faithfully kept my secret. The least I can do is keep yours."

Jacob overheard his aunt's statement and curiously wondered what dark secret the two sisters shared. He was interested in finding out, but that could wait for another day. For now, his only concern was that one of these two gorgeous women was going to help finish him off. Heck... a threesome would be even better... that would be like hitting the jackpot.

After the sisters ended their embrace, Brenda turned back to Jacob and said with a smile, "Now... I think I should finish my special treatment for my special patient."

Karen grabbed Brenda's forearm, and they locked eyes. The older sister then said, "You know you don't have to do this."

Brenda glanced back over to find Jacob standing by the exam table, patiently waiting and slowly stroking his massive cock. "What kind of physician would I be if I didn't follow through and help my patient?" She then looked to Karen and added, "Besides, he's also my godson... so as his godmother, I think it only proper that I help him if I can."

"Well, if you insist..." Karen then alerted her sister, "However, I feel I should caution you... it tends to make quite a mess."

Giggling, Brenda pointed down at the beaker in Karen's hand. "That's what this is for." She then motioned with her head towards Jacob, "Stud over here already warned me."

Karen added, "I should also inform you if his stuff gets on your clothes... the stains won't come out." The embarrassed mother blushed and continued, "I've had to throw away several good blouses."

Brenda's eyes widened as she replied, "Ohhhh... I see what you're saying." The horny physician reached back and began to unzip her short skirt. She then looked over to Jacob and said, "I

really like this outfit, Jake, so I hope you don't mind if I take it off."

The excited teenager shook his head and replied emphatically, "No, Aunt Brenda... I don't mind one bit!!" Jacob's excitement increased as he watched his aunt shimmy the tight skirt down over her wide and curvy hips.

After Brenda stepped out of her skirt, she turned and placed the garment on the exam table. Jacob's eyes went wide with astonishment as he gazed upon his aunt's beautiful backside. Her skimpy thong panties left her round and juicy ass nearly naked.

Dr. Sullivan then unbuttoned and slipped her blouse from her delicate shoulders. Brenda was now down to her lacy bra, skimpy panties, thigh-high stockings, and heels. The respected physician and wife looked as if she had just stepped out of a lingerie catalog.

Jacob watched with anticipation as the walking wet dream he knew as Aunt Brenda stepped back over to the rolling stool. His eyes drank in the sight of her mostly naked body with its lightly tanned skin and ridiculous curves.

Brenda sat back down on the stool, making her enormous tits jiggle around inside the white lacy bra. She then reached behind her back and began to unfasten the hooks on her bra and said

softly, "I just bought this the other day... I don't want to mess it up."

From the chair across the room, Karen asked, "What about Mark... are you going to be okay hiding this from him?"

Brenda looked back over her shoulder at her sister and replied, "Don't worry, Sis... I'm a big believer in doctor/patient confidentiality. Besides, it's not like we're doing anything really bad like having intercourse."

Karen couldn't help but feel her cheeks burn from embarrassment. She looked down, hoping her sister did not see her blush as that could give her away.

Brenda removed her bra after releasing the final hook, exposing the big wobbling breasts to her teenaged nephew. "Wow... nice ones, Aunt Brenda!" Jacob commented softly. He wanted to touch them but decided it best to wait and see how things go before making such a bold move.

"Why, thank you, Jake. They better be nice... I spent enough money on these puppies," Brenda said while she tossed her bra onto the pile of clothes on the exam table.

"You mean they're fake?" Jacob asked in surprise.

Brenda replied, "I had them enhanced years ago with the best plastic surgeon in the southeast." She then chuckled and nodded towards Karen and said, "Not all of us were blessed with big naturals like your mom over there." The nearly naked doctor then took hold of Jacob's throbbing erection and whispered to the creature pulsing in her hands, "Now, my new friend... where were we?"

Karen sat quietly as she once again played the part of a captive voyeur. On the one hand, she felt relieved that her younger sister was so accepting of her plight and was more than willing to help Jacob, and along with it, keep their secret. However, as she watched yet another woman giving sensual pleasure to her son, she could not help but once again feel slight pangs of envy.

After a while, the chemicals in Jacob's pre-cum had increased Brenda's arousal to a fever pitch. Her nipples burned, and her thong panties saturated. The horny physician snaked her hand between her shapely legs and ran her fingers over the silky gusset, further torturing her already tingling clit. She now found herself desperate to finish up with Jacob and hurry home and take out her frustrations on her husband.

Pulling her head back, Brenda swallowed then said, slightly out of breath, "Damn, Stud, what's it gonna take to make this thing blow?" She then rubbed the side of her cheek and added with a chuckle, "My jaw is killing me."

Jacob saw an opening and decided to take a chance. He reached down and took Brenda by her hand, and pulled her up from the

stool, and said, "I'm sorry, Aunt Brenda... let's try something different."

Like with his mom the other day in the laundry room, Jacob guided his aunt to rest her hands on the exam table. With her mind clouded from the extreme arousal, Brenda gave him no resistance, but asked, "What do you mean different?"

Brenda watched in the mirror on the wall as her nephew took up position behind her, and she spoke with slight panic, "Jake... what are you doing?"

Jacob placed his hands onto Brenda's fleshy hips and said, "Aunt Brenda... I'm gonna need you to lower yourself a little more." He then tapped the inside of her foot with his.

Karen instantly realized where this was heading. The memory of the laundry room incident caused her vagina to spasm involuntarily. She wondered if she should intervene, but for some reason, the concerned mother couldn't bring herself to speak up, so instead, she kept quiet and stayed seated.

Brenda knew she should put a stop to this and quick, but her mind and body did not want to cooperate. Giving her nephew a blowjob in order to help extract a semen sample was one thing; however, full-blown sexual intercourse was a whole different level.

Against her better judgment, Brenda stepped out her heels and widened her stance as Jacob instructed. Then, as if on autopilot, she bent over and lowered her naked torso down onto the exam table. The cool vinyl cushioning gave soothing relief to her sensitive burning nipples.

The confused wife battled with internal conflict. Her aroused body wanted nothing more than to experience Jacob's freak of nature. Her well-lubricated vagina awaited to be stuffed like never before. Yet, the sight of her wedding rings brought back the memory from five years ago. She couldn't allow herself to cheat on her husband a second time... but even worse than that... with her own nephew... could she?

Jacob took hold of Brenda's thong just where it disappeared into the deep cleft between the flawless globes of her beautiful backside. He then lifted it and pulled it to the side, out of the way.

At that moment, Karen noticed Brenda's vagina was totally bald, just like Melissa's. In her mind, she asked herself, "What is it with women and shaving their pubes?" She couldn't help but be intrigued by the sight of her sister's glistening clamshell.

In a final desperate act of keeping her fidelity intact, Brenda said softly, "Jake, Honey... I don't think I can do this... I shouldn't cheat... on your uncle."

As Jacob slid the head of his enormous dick along his aunt's sopping wet gash, he replied, "It's not cheating, Aunt Brenda... remember... you're just being a good doctor and helping your patient."

The feel of Jacob's gigantic cock sliding between Brenda's pussy lips felt so good she had to fight the urge to push her hips back against it. Looking into the mirror, the frantic wife locked eyes with her sister in search of help and blurted out, "Karen... I'm not sure I should do this again!"

Looking back at Brenda's reflection, Karen could read the mixed signals in her sister's pleading eyes. There were emotions of confusion, anticipation, and fear, but primarily lust and desire. So instead of coming to her rescue, Karen tried to ease her guilt and said softly, "Don't worry, Brenda... Mark will never find out."

At that moment, Brenda's eyes went wide with shock. "Ahhhhh!!!" she gasped as the head of Jacob's cock penetrated her tight opening. As more and more of her nephew's thick phallus slowly burrowed its way deeper into her wet pussy she began to chant in quick succession, "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

Brenda contemplated telling Jacob to stop. However, in an attempt to ease some of the intense pressure, she reached across and grabbed the far end of the exam table. This position caused her torso to lay flat against the vinyl cushion and allowed her to raise her butt higher and give Jacob a better entry angle.

Unlike her older, more conservative, and straight-laced sister, Brenda dated a lot of different guys in high school and college. She even ended up having sex with quite a few of them. However, no one in her past, including her loving husband, had anything in size remotely close to preparing her for the onslaught her nephew was about to bring.

Jacob knew best to go extremely slow, with his gained experience, especially it being his first time fucking his Aunt Brenda. He wanted to do all he could to make it as pleasurable for her as possible because he hoped it would not be the last time.

After feeding her clutching vagina the first couple of inches, Jacob slowly pulled back to where just the head was inside. He would then slowly push forward until Brenda's hungry pussy swallowed another inch or two. The patient teenager would repeat this move over and over until his crotch finally came to rest against his aunt's soft and curvy upturned ass.

While Jacob paused to give Brenda's body time to adjust to his incredible size, he commented, "Wow, Aunt Brenda... I'm all the way inside you... it feels awesome!"

Taking the opportunity, Brenda raised her head up off the examination table. Her only reply was constant moaning and gentle gyrations of her hips. She had never felt so full and could actually feel Jacob's monster cock pulsing deep inside her body. It gave her a weird sense of pride to know she was able to take his entire length.

As Brenda's pussy adjusted to her nephew's incredible girth, the agonizing pressure began mixing with feelings of intense pleasure. She still fought with herself over the guilt of having sex outside her marriage again; but, she remembered what Jacob said earlier and tried to use that as justification. This would not be cheating... this was only to help her nephew... her patient.

With her mind a bit more at ease, Brenda pushed back and ground her hips into Jacob's crotch. She moaned from the delicious sensations that continued to build deep inside her cunt. Looking back over her shoulder, the committed physician said to her patient in a heavy whisper, "Okay, Jake... let's get that sample, but whatever you do... go slow."

Jacob nodded as he dug his fingers into Brenda's fleshy hips and pulled his cock almost out of her sopping wet pussy. He then sank all the way back in with one powerful stroke causing him to moan and his aunt to cry out from the overwhelming, painful pleasure, "Oh my God!!" The teenager then began a slow and steady rhythm of full in and out strokes setting Brenda on a path towards orgasm.

From the chair in the corner, Karen watched the incestuous coupling like a captive audience of one. In an ordinary world, she would be furious and horrified to see such wickedness. After all, this was her teenage son and her married sister committing this salacious immorality. However, she once again reminded herself that until they find a cure for Jacob, their world would no longer be ordinary.

Karen continued to witness the wildly sinful act... the constant groans and moans of her son and sister made her think of two rutting animals in the wild. However, the ordinarily demure housewife found herself somewhat envious of the improper pornographic scene taking place before her.

The jealous mother mindlessly squeezed her thighs together, trying to extinguish the severe tingling in her clit; however, her efforts seemed to have a reverse effect of fanning the flames of her desire and only heightening her frustration. Tonight, her husband Robert would be in for a surprise as his horny wife was going to put him to work.

"Ugh! Ughhh!! Ugghhhh!!" Brenda's grunts grew more intense as Jacob continued to thrust away at her saturated pussy. Her nephew's fleshy spear violently pierced into new areas of her body and ignited nerve endings that, until now, lay dormant.

The new titillating sensations quickly spread throughout Brenda's curvy body, causing her to tense up as the first wave quickly approached. She called out, "Ohhh!! It's cominnnnngggg!! Yessss!! It... It's... COOOMIIINNNNNG!!" Arching her back, the beautiful married physician loudly announced the arrival of her powerful climax. "OHHHHH!! YEESSSSSSSS!!"

Jacob continued to piston in and out of Brenda's well-lubricated tunnel as her body spasmed from the overwhelming ecstasy. The teenager once again felt a sense of pride, knowing he was able to bring another gorgeous married woman to climax on the end of

his incredible manhood. He then paused for a few seconds as a litany of satisfied moans came from his aunt while she slowly recovered.

Wanting to bring Brenda off one more time before his own completion, Jacob began sliding his cock in and out of his aunt's delightful pussy once again. This time, however, he quickly built up speed and attacked her with more urgency.

"Holy... SHIIIIITTTTTT!!" Brenda cried out. She had barely recovered from the first wave, and now her nephew, not wasting any time, was pounding into her like there was no tomorrow.

Brenda could already feel the early warning signs of the impending second wave. Reaching across the examination table, she grabbed hold of the far end of the vinyl cushion, turning her knuckles white as she held on for dear life.

A continuous stream of "Ohhh... yes! Ohhh... yes!" escaped Brenda's mouth as Jacob's thrusting appendage primed her pump. The tantalizing pressure continued to build deep in her core, and it became evident her next climax would be nothing short of epic.

The lovely physician still battled with a sense of guilt and reluctance. However, the sensations lighting up Brenda's nervous system were unlike anything she had ever felt, and her walls of defense were beginning to crumble. As Jacob continued

his relentless attack, the reluctant wife saw no other viable option except... total surrender.

Rising from the cushion, Brenda waved a white flag to her nephew, "Go Jake! Ughhh!! Faster! Ughhh!! Harrrderrrrr!!" The teenager obliged by increasing his tempo and ferociously slamming into her round womanly backside. Each collision of flesh on flesh sent ripples coursing throughout the flawless globes of the cheating wife's big, juicy ass. A lewd 'slap slap slap' sound reverberated throughout the small room.

The extra stimulation caused Brenda to cry out, "Ohhh, Yesss!! Yesss Jake!! Ohhh, Yessss!!" She could feel the second wave hovering just above her, waiting to crash down at any second. Raising her head up, she locked eyes with Jacob's reflection in the mirror. "Do it, Stud!! Fuck Me!! Fuck your Aunt Brenda!! Make me cuuummmmm!!" At that moment, the incredible wave crashed, and Brenda drowned in a sea of ecstasy. "OHHHH YESSSS!! OH MY FUCKING GOD!! YEEESSSSS!!"

Karen should have been appalled by the filthy language that spewed from her sister's mouth. But, she was so aroused from the immoral and vulgar scene that she mindlessly began pinching her hardened nipple through her cotton dress.

That, along with squeezing her thighs together, set off Karen's own mini-orgasm. Embarrassingly, she bit her bottom lip, hoping neither of them heard her shameful moans.

While Brenda continued to ride out the last waves of her glorious orgasm, Jacob cried out to her, "Aunt Brenda... I'm almost there... I can't hold it!!"

Until now, Karen had not even noticed that Jacob was not using a condom. Jumping up from the chair, Karen rushed over and pulled Jacob by his shoulder, "Don't finish inside her, Jake!" She then held out the glass beaker and added, " You need to use this!"

Surprisingly, Brenda turned around just in time to take the beaker in one hand and Jacob's throbbing cock in the other. She then aimed her nephew's dick at the open container and vigorously stroked his shaft. "Okay, Jake... just let it out."

In just a few seconds, Jacob howled as torrential amounts of semen shot out of his cock. The first ribbon splashed out of the jar and onto Brenda's neck and chest, causing her to shriek, "Oh my God!!" She continued to jack off her nephew and commented in shock, "It's just... so much!"

Finally, the flow ebbed, and Brenda was able to collect more than enough for the sample. After setting the beaker down, the gorgeous doctor watched as her nephew's semen streamed down across her boobs and stomach. The naked doctor ran a manicured finger through her impressive cleavage, scooped up some of the creamy liquid, and then popped it in her mouth.

Catching his breath, Jacob apologized, "Sorry, Aunt Brenda... like I said... it makes a mess."

After sucking her digit clean, Brenda giggled then said, "That's okay, Stud. But you best be careful with that thing, or you're gonna end up drowning some poor girl."

A while later, after cleaning up and getting dressed, Brenda tightened the seals on the sample jars. She then said, "Okay... I'll send the samples off tomorrow, and we should have the results back in a week or two." Looking at Karen, she continued, "Want me to call you when I hear something?"

Karen nodded and said, "Yes, please."

After Jacob finished tying his shoes, he stepped up to Brenda and asked, "Aunt Brenda? Would you happen to have anything to drink around here? I'm dying of thirst."

"Of course," Brenda replied with a smile. She pointed to her left and said, "Just go down the hall, to your left, and you'll see the staff break room. In there, you'll find a refrigerator filled with all sorts of drinks and snacks... go help yourself."

Jacob returned her smile and replied, "Cool, thanks!"

"Buuuuut," Brenda said while holding up her index finger. "Before you go, you have to pay your doctor's bill."

Jacob gave his aunt a confused look.

Tapping her cheek with her finger, Brenda said, "My fee... you gotta plant one right here."

Jacob smiled and kissed his aunt's cheek. He then said, "Thanks for everything, Aunt Brenda."

Brenda replied, "You're welcome, Stud. But remember..." She then held Jacob by his shoulders, "What happened here today... must stay here... understand??"

Scrunching his brow, Jacob jerked her chain, "I'm not sure I know what you mean." He then shrugged his shoulders and added, "Nothing happened here today that I'm aware of."

Ruffling his hair, Brenda chuckled, "Okay, smarty-pants."

After Jacob left the room, Brenda sat down in the chair previously occupied by Karen. As she slipped her heels back onto her feet, she asked matter of factly, "Sis... are you on birth control?"

"What?" Karen responded with a surprised expression.

Brenda looked up and cut her eyes at her sister, "You heard me! Are you... on birth control?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No, not right now. Dr. Taylor wants me to take a break for a while... she said my estrogen levels are a bit on the high side... why?"

Brenda stood up from the chair and walked over to the small counter. There, she picked up one of the sample jars, held it up to Karen, and gently shook it while she asked, "You see how much semen that kid is packing? I bet there's enough in this one jar to impregnate every girl in Jake's class."

Furrowing her brow, Karen asked, "What does that have to do with whether I'm on birth control or not?"

Brenda sighed then responded, "Karen... it has a lot to do with it." She then stepped up closer to her sister and whispered, "Especially if you and Jake are fucking."

Karen's face turned red, and she scoffed, "Brenda! Do you have to be so crude?" Originally, the conservative mother held onto hope not to give her sister all the horrific details of her methods. However, after witnessing her sister give in so easily and betray her own marriage vows, she decided maybe confessing to someone she trusted would help lighten the load on her shoulders.

With a soft voice, Brenda asked her sister, "Well, Sis? Am I wrong?"

Karen didn't deny the allegation, and Brenda saw the guilty look in her sister's eyes. She then gasped and put her hand up to her mouth, "You are! You're having sex with him... aren't you?"

The defeated mother sat down in the chair and nodded her head. Brenda quickly bent down in front of her sister and consoled her, "Hey... don't you dare feel bad. Remember what we talked about earlier... a good mother does what's necessary to help her children."

Karen looked up with tears in her beautiful brown eyes, "But incest? Isn't that taking it way too far? Not to mention I'm cheating on my husband." She then added, "I mean... I try to use just my hands or maybe my mouth, but most times, I end up slipping, and we... you know." The sheepish mother averted her eyes and whispered, "It's just too difficult to resist."

Putting her hand on Karen's shoulder, Brenda chuckled and said, "Yeah... tell me about it." She then pointed towards the examination table and continued, "You saw what happened to me... how quickly I gave in." She stood up straight and put her hands on her hips. "I can only imagine what you go through every day living with the boy." The curious doctor's face took on a concerned look, and she asked, "How are you doing this right under Rob's nose? Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

Nodding her head, Karen replied, "Yes, I worry a lot, but I'm very strict about not helping him when Rob is in the house." Her mind drifted back to the two times they almost got caught, but she decided not to volunteer that information at this time.

"Are you using any form of protection at all?" Brenda asked with concern.

Karen sighed, "Yes... we're using protection. I bought Jake some condoms."

Brenda laughed, "Where on earth did you find condoms big enough to fit that thing?"

"I found a pharmacy in Macon that carries them in special sizes."

Scrunching her face, Brenda asked, "Macon? You mean you went all the way to Macon to buy condoms?"

Karen answered, "Yes! First of all, I'm not going to buy anything like that in town... someone we know might see me. And second, I wanted it to be a cash transaction. If I bought them online, there's always a chance Rob could find out."

Brenda nodded her head and said, "Yeah... I see what you mean. That does make sense."

Feeling much better, Karen stood up and hugged Brenda. While the relieved mother and her sister tightly embraced, she said, "Thank you so much for understanding... and all your help!"

Brenda pulled back from Karen and said, "Hey... we sisters have to stick together." She then brushed some of the loosened hair out of Karen's face and said, "If you decide to get back on the birth control, just let me know. I have samples of a new version that shouldn't affect your estrogen levels."

Karen replied, "Thanks, Sis... I may take you up on that."

The two sisters walked down the hall back to Brenda's office. Once Karen sat down on the sofa, she asked, "Can I ask you a somewhat weird question?"

"Of course you can," Brenda replied. She sat down beside Karen, put a hand on her sister's knee, and continued, "You can ask me anything... what's on your mind?"

Sheepishly Karen asked, "Do you find that a lot of your patients completely shave... down there?"

A smile broke out on Brenda's face. "Oh... Is my big sister still going 'au natural' downstairs?"

"I'll have you know that I keep it nicely trimmed," Karen replied with an aggravated tone. She quickly added, "Especially in the bikini area."

Brenda chuckled, "Sorry, Sis... I didn't mean to offend." She then nodded her head and continued, "But to answer your question..."

yes... I find a good many of them do... especially those under fifty. Are you thinking about taking the plunge?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Karen replied, "I don't know. I mean... Rachel has been trying to talk me into giving it a try. Plus today... I saw where you..."

Leaning back, Brenda gasped, "Were you checking me out?" She then cut her eyes while grinning, "My... but you are turning into a dirty girl, aren't you?"

"Don't say that!!" Karen retorted with embarrassment. She could feel her cheeks begin to burn. Putting up her hand, she explained, "For the record, I was not checking you out. But with the way you were bent over... it was... hard to miss."

Brenda giggled, "Sweetie... don't get upset... I'm just playing with you." She leaned in closer to Karen and said, "Why not try it? I think you'll like it... I know I do." Lowering her voice, Brenda then added, "And let me tell you... Mark LOVES it! I guarantee Rob will, too."

Arching her brow, Karen replied, "Really?? You think??"

Brenda smiled and nodded emphatically. She then gasped and said, "I have an idea! Why don't I come over to your house one day when the boys are gone, and I can help you do it? The first few times can be kind of tricky." With excitement, the younger sister continued, "I'll clear my schedule, and we can spend the

entire afternoon pampering ourselves in a bubble bath while sharing a big bottle of wine."

"Wouldn't that be kind of... weird? You know... helping another woman shave her privates?" Karen asked with her face scrunched up.

Throwing up her hands, Brenda responded, "Weird?? Karen... you just witnessed a live porn show starring your married sister and your teenage son... how much more 'weird' can it get?"

After pondering it for a few seconds, Karen sighed and relented, "I guess I see your point."

Brenda continued, "Besides, we used to bathe and shower together all the time growing up. I mean, it's not like we haven't seen each other naked. In fact, you saw me today."

Brenda could tell Karen was contemplating her offer, so she leaned in closer and added, "C'mon Sis... it'll be fun... I'll even bring the wine."

Later that night, Karen walked into the family room to find Jacob on the couch with one of the Star Wars movies playing on the TV. With so many of them now, she wasn't sure which one he was watching.

Usually, Karen would sit on the sofa and read a book while her 'boys' emersed themselves in the action-packed films. Afterward, she would listen to her lovable geeks argue and debate the characters and plot lines.

The room was mostly dark except for the glow from the eighty-inch flat screen mounted on the far wall—a well-deserved splurge item for Robert after working so hard to get his promotion.

Karen reached down and turned on the side table lamp, which emanated additional soft lighting into the room. Jacob quickly turned his head to the right and noticed his mother standing close by. She held one of her novels and what appeared to be a small bottle of some sort.

Karen was wearing pajama shorts and an old gray 'Georgia Bulldogs' tee shirt. The outfit looked comfortable, but at the same time, form-fitting enough to accentuate her womanly curves. She also had her long brown hair tied up into a loose bun and reading glasses resting on her beautiful face. Jacob was amazed how this MILF could make even dull sleepwear look sexy. Hitting the pause button on the remote, he greeted his mother, "Hi, Mom."

"Hi, Sweetie," Karen replied. As she walked around the couch, she inquired, "I thought your dad was in here watching with you?"

"He was supposed to be," Jacob replied. He then pointed with his thumb over his shoulder and continued, "He's still in his office finishing up a report."

"Oh!" Karen replied as she looked back down the hall to the closed office door. She sighed, then said, "Well... mind if I join you?"

Scooching over a bit, Jacob responded, "No... please do." He then started the movie back but lowered the volume.

Karen smiled and sat down at the end of the sofa. She turned to Jacob and asked, "Would you do me a small favor?"

Nodding his head, Jacob responded, "Sure, Mom... what do you need?"

"Well... I was going to ask your dad for a foot massage, but since he's not available... would you be willing?" Without waiting for a reply, she swung her legs around and placed them in Jacob's lap. While smiling and wiggling her toes, she continued, "You did such a good job last time."

Looking down at his mother's cute little feet and long shapely legs, Jacob replied, "Uhhh... yeah... sure!"

"Great!" Karen then held out the small bottle for Jacob to take. "Here... you can use this. It's a new moisturizing lotion I picked up at the mall." She then opened her book and continued, "They say it's really good, and I've been wanting to try it."

Once giving the container a few shakes, Jacob poured some of the creamy liquid into the palm of his hand. Karen immediately moaned with relief as her son began to massage her tired and achy foot. "Mmmmm... that feels good, Sweetie." She then planted her right foot onto the couch, bending her leg at the knee.

After a few minutes, Karen asked softly, "So... are you okay with what happened today?"

Jacob looked over to Karen to find her still looking at the pages of her book. He chuckled and replied, "You mean with Aunt Brenda? Yeah, of course... why wouldn't I be?"

Glancing up from her book, Karen shook her head and said, "I guess that was a dumb question." Looking back down, she continued, "Well, after what took place today, I've been doing some thinking." She then pulled her left foot back, planted it on the couch, and then placed her right foot in Jacob's lap.

"Thinking about what?" Jacob asked as he poured more lotion into his hand and began massaging her right foot. He then noticed his mom's left knee resting against the back of the

couch, causing the leg of her shorts to gape open. The angle gave him a clear view of her panty-covered vagina.

Turning a page in her book Karen replied, "Well... I have concerns about your date with Sara on Saturday."

Looking up from his mother's crotch, Jacob quickly asked, "What kind of concerns?" He stopped rubbing her foot and asked, "Mom? You're not going to make me cancel, are you?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No, Honey... I wouldn't ask you to do that." Glancing back down at her book, she added, "But we don't need your hormones going haywire like they do when you get all worked up. If Sara or Mrs. Miller caught your scent... it could cause us serious problems." Turning another page, "So to be safe, we better take some precautions."

Sliding his hand up from Karen's heel, Jacob began gently massaging his mother's shapely calf. He asked out of curiosity, "What kind of precautions?"

Before replying, Karen mewed, "Mmmmm... that feels nice... can you squeeze just a.. little bit harder?" She then took a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure Robert was nowhere around and then said softly, "For starters... from now on, I want you to keep a condom with you at all times."

"Really?" Jacob replied with surprise.

"Slow down, cowboy... I'm not giving you permission to go out sow your wild oats; it's just for emergency purposes only." She then added, "But Jake... you have to be careful and not let your dad find you carrying it around... I mean it."

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Don't worry, Mom... I understand. Anything else?"

Returning her attention to her book, Karen said, "Yes... one more thing. Before your date with Sara on Saturday, I think I should help relieve you before you go. Hopefully, that way, you can keep things under control while you are around Sara and her mother."

Jacob could not believe his good fortune. Not only was he going on a date with one of the prettiest girls in his school, but before that takes place, he would be getting bonus time with his super-hot mom. Saturday was going to be awesome. The thought made his cock twitch.

"I felt that," Karen said matter of factly while continuing to read her book. "Don't get any bright ideas, Mister. I said I would help you on Saturday... you know the rule."

With a sigh, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am. I know the rule... no helping me when Dad is in the house."

"That's right!" Karen replied with a quick nod.

Jacob then asked, "Wait... with it being the weekend... won't Dad be here?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied matter-of-factly, "No... your father will not be here. He's going to play golf Saturday afternoon."

Karen suddenly noticed that somehow Jacob's hands were now massaging her thigh just above the knee and inching higher. Not looking up from her book, the curious mother inquired, "Young man... what do you think you're doing?"

Without stopping, Jacob replied, "What do you mean, Mom?"

While turning another page, Karen said, "You're a long way from my feet... aren't you?"

Trying to sound innocent, Jacob responded, "Well... I just figured if your feet and calves needed massaging that maybe it would help to do the rest of your legs also." He held hope she would buy his excuse.

Karen looked up from the book and locked eyes with her son for a few seconds. "Okay," she finally said in acceptance. "I will admit, it does feel nice." Lowering her gaze back to her novel, she added, "But if you're going to do it... use more of the moisturizer."

For the next few minutes, mother and son sat in silence. Karen dove back into her book while Jacob dutifully massaged her legs and watched television. However, the teenager only pretended to care about the fate of the rebel alliance. He focused primarily on the sensual feel of his mother's silky smooth legs and sneaking more glimpses of the moisture-stained gusset of her pink cotton panties.

Karen was also finding it hard to concentrate. Her body still felt the warm embers of arousal from the earlier sex scene she witnessed starring Brenda and Jacob. She found her son's wondering hands to be not only therapeutic but also a catalyst that now transformed the glowing embers into a small flame.

The delightful tingling in Karen's vagina was becoming too much of a distraction to continue reading. After taking one last glance over her shoulder, Karen closed her book and set it down on the floor. She then scooped down just a bit to get more comfortable. This move inadvertently caused her long legs to widen even more, and Jacob couldn't help but notice the dark spot in her panties growing larger.

Karen became more and more aroused as she waited for Robert to finish up with his reports. Therefore, the horny wife decided in the meantime to relax and let Jacob's youthful yet skillful hands continue with the excellent massage and, along with it, fan the flames that continued to grow. She tilted her head back slightly and closed her eyes, then softly said, "That's doing wonders, Sweetie... keep doing it... just like that."

Jacob did as his mother asked and continued to gently knead the tender flesh of her inner thigh. His right hand was now dangerously close to the soft apex of his mother's long legs. So close, in fact, he could sense the body heat of her weeping vagina emanating through the thin gusset of her cotton panties.

While squeezing Karen's thigh with his left hand, Jacob inched his right one closer to where his fingers were now touching her panties' lacy outer edges. He watched for any adverse reaction; however, all he witnessed was his mother's lips purse, and her big tits rise and fall underneath her tee shirt as her breathing became more shallow and rapid.

With the battle for Endor all but forgotten, Jacob now fought an internal war with himself. He wondered if he should try and push things further with his mother. If they were alone in the house, his chances would be better; but tonight, his father was just a couple of rooms away and could quickly emerge at any moment. Then again, the thought of bringing his mom to orgasm while her oblivious husband worked away in his private office gave the teenager a slight thrill.

As Jacob continued the gentle manipulation of Karen's muscles with his hands and fingers, he glanced at her face. His mother's eyes were still closed, and he noticed that she now bit her bottom lip. Her breathing was more rapid, and he could now hear his mom's soft mewling sounds growing louder.

Daring to be more aggressive, Jacob slid his hand over to where his middle finger now rested on the wet spot of Karen's panties.

He then slowly dragged the digit up the center of the cotton gusset pressing the fabric in between the hungry lips of his mother's vagina.

As Jacob ran his finger along Karen's juicy slit, he noticed she stopped biting her lip and formed an "O" with her mouth and took a deep intake of breath. "Ahhhhh!" she gasped when her son found her blood-engorged clit hidden behind the sodden garment.

After a few moments of sliding the single digit up and down the same path, Jacob joined his ring and forefinger along for the ride and applied more pressure. "Ohhhhh!!" Karen gasped once again... only this time a bit louder. She also dug her heel into the couch and mindlessly spread her legs a bit more to assist her son with his angle of attack.

Now, instead of sliding his hand up and down the entire length of Karen's pussy, Jacob concentrated his efforts on her buzzing clitoris. The teenager began rubbing his trio of fingers in a small circle across his mother's tingling nub, which had an immediate positive effect.

Karen threw her head back with her eyes still closed and, with her left hand, grabbed hold of the back of the couch. "Nnnnggggghhhhhh," she groaned as the sudden surge of pleasure radiated from her magic button and all throughout her nervous system.

It was evident to Jacob his mother was nearing climax. He watched as she gently rolled her hips and curled and flexed her cute feet and painted toes. He could also see her hardened nipples tenting up through her bra and tee shirt.

Jacob knew time was of the essence and pondered to try another bold move in hopes of getting Karen across the finish line. He slid his hand from his mother's crotch and up to the waistband of her pajama shorts. His fingers now poised at the border where her tender skin met the cotton garment. He slowly pushed his wondering digits underneath the thin elastic band while watching his mother for any reactions.

Karen had been pushed to the very edge of orgasm and only needed one final nudge in order to fall from the cliff and into the arms of sweet ecstasy. With her husband nearby, Karen knew she was playing with fire; however, the heat between her legs caused the highly aroused wife to throw caution to the wind. Knowing what her son intended to do, she gave her approval by nodding her head and by mouthing a barely audible, "Yes!"

Jacob slid his fingers underneath the fabric of Karen's shorts and panties and headed due south towards the promised land. Unfortunately, at that moment, they heard the 'click' sound of a doorknob turning.

"Oh, crap!" Karen whispered in panic and disappointment as she jerked her son's hand out of her panties, and they quickly scrambled to regain some sense of decency. The guilty mother hastily picked her book up from the floor and opened it to some random page. She then sat up a bit and laid her legs out straight across her son's knees.

Robert announced as he entered the room, "I'm sorry that took so long, y'all, but I had to get that done before tomorrow." He then quickly surveyed the wife and son duo on the couch. Karen was sitting sideways reading her book with her long bare legs draped over their son's lap. Jacob was watching the television while he dutifully massaged his mother's aching feet. He then commented with a laugh, "Well... It's nice to see you two no longer ignoring each other."

Glancing up from her novel, Karen trying to breathe normally, looked at Robert over her reading glasses and replied, "Well, Sweetheart, you were understandably busy, but luckily Jake was willing to help his mother in need."

Smiling down at Jacob, Robert said, "Thanks, Pal, for filling in for me... I guess I owe you one."

Continuing to gently squeeze his mother's foot, Jacob shrugged and replied, "Nah... don't worry about it, Dad." He then glanced over at Karen and added, "It's my pleasure to help Mom with any of her needs."

Karen gazed over the top of her book and locked eyes with Jacob. She then scrunched her brow as a signal to her son as if to say, "Don't push it."

Turning back towards the television and noticing the movie was almost over, Robert said, "Sorry, Jake... I know we were planning

on watching this together." He then turned back to his son and offered, "We can restart it if you like?"

"Uh... Honey?" Karen interrupted as she swung her legs around and stood up from the couch. She then stepped over to Robert and continued, "I think it might be best if we go ahead and get you to bed." The lovely wife then laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and continued, "After all, you do have that important meeting in the morning." Karen tilted her head and arched her brow to give Robert a knowing look.

Karen's wet pussy still throbbed with desire for the orgasm Jacob was about to give her. Since her husband interrupted them and cheated her out of her climax... the horny mother figured the least he could do is take her to bed and finish what their son started.

"Oh!" Robert responded while catching her hint. "The meeting... yes, I do have... a meeting in the morning." Turning back to Jacob, he apologized, "I'm sorry, Buddy... how about we watch it tomorrow night?"

Jacob chuckled and waved him off, "It's fine, Dad... no big deal... really."

Karen stepped over to where Jacob still sat on the couch. The loving mother leaned over and kissed the top of her son's head and then said, "You get to bed too, young man... you have school

in the morning." She then took her husband by the hand and began leading him out of the room.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob replied as his parents walked out the door and towards the staircase.

After the movie ended, Jacob walked up the stairs to go to his room. The incident on the couch with his mom had left him with a raging boner, and he planned to spank off to some porn before going to sleep.

When Jacob reached the landing, he just happened to glance down the dark hallway towards his parent's bedroom. He then observed a faint glow emanating between the French style doors to their room. As he slowly crept for a closer look, he noticed that one of the doors was not entirely closed, explaining the escaping light.

Stepping up to the door, Jacob could hear the unmistakable sounds of sexual activity. He could easily make out the familiar sensual moans of pleasure escaping his mother's lips and, along with it, the soft rhythmic squeaking of bedsprings.

Jacob found the thought of secretly watching his beautiful mother have sex to be strangely exhilarating. However, he ran a considerable risk peeking in on his parents... especially if his father caught him.

As Jacob debated his decision, the erotic sounds coming from his mother grew louder. The nervous excitement made his pulse quicken and his mouth go dry. The aroused teenager finally decided against prudence and gave in to temptation.

Putting his eye to the door crack, Jacob peeked inside. He found his parents' bed-chamber warmly lit by several candles strategically placed around the room. However, because of a less than perfect angle, he was unable to spy upon his main target... his super-hot mother.

Against better judgment, Jacob pushed the door open just a bit more until the entire bed came into view. His eyes widened, and his cock twitched as he witnessed the erotic scene taking place across the room.

Karen was facing the door straddling Robert's waist. Her long brown hair, no longer in a ponytail, flounced all around her face as she rode on her husband's cock in a steady rhythm, and her massive tits hypnotically bounced up and down on her chest.

The erotic vision of his mother enthralled Jacob. With the flickering candlelight dancing on her gyrating naked body, she looked less of a mom and more like some pornographic angel that had fallen to Earth. Dangerous as it may be, he couldn't help but pull his throbbing cock out of his pants and begin to slowly stroke the fully erect shaft.

"Ohhh!! Ohhh!! Ohhh!!" Karen's sweet motherly voice called out each time she hit bottom. Robert's dick felt good in her dripping vagina, but it was definitely not the same as Jacob's monster cock. She could sense an impending orgasm on the horizon, but in the same amount of time, her son's pussy pleaser would have brought her off at least twice by now. Shamefully she had to admit the apparent truth... size does matter after all.

For the next few moments, Jacob secretly jacked off while spying on the live porn scene taking place in his parents' marital bed. His primary focus was the arousing beauty of his mother as she rode up and down on her husband as if she were on a mission. He intently watched her while she grabbed her bouncing milk jugs and pinched her diamond-hard nipples as she neared closer and closer to climax.

Jacob glanced up at Karen's face and noticed her looking in his direction. He locked eyes with her for a split second, then jerked his head back in fear. Before bolting down the hall, he listened for any clues that he had been caught. Luckily, it appeared not, because instead of stopping, it sounded like Karen quickened her pace. Taking this as a positive sign, Jacob resumed peeking through the crack.

"Ughh! Ughh! Ughh!" Karen grunted louder and more frequently.

"Wow, Karen!" Robert exclaimed while watching his wife act like a sex goddess. "What has you so aggressive tonight? Not that I'm complaining!"

Knowing the true reason for her arousal, Jacob whispered sarcastically, "You're welcome, Dad."

Between grunts, Karen replied, "I just... Ughh!! Miss being... Ughh!! With you... Ughhh!!... Like this!!"

Robert reached up and cupped both of Karen's bouncing breasts and gave them a gentle squeeze. He then pinched her pink rubbery nubs, ratcheting his wife up to another gear.

"OOhhhhhhh!!" Karen gasped from the intense stimulation. "Yes! Squeeze them!! Yes... Yes!!" She then threw her head back and called out, "AAAHHHHH!! YEESSSSS!!"

From the other side of the door, Jacob furiously stroked his cock while watching his mother climax. He could see her trembling as the orgasm ripped through her body. Witnessing his conservative mother have sex was more thrilling than any porn Jacob could ever watch. In fact, the scene had him so excited he had to stop fapping so as not to ejaculate and make a mess in the hallway.

For the next few moments, it was mostly quiet. Jacob could see Karen still straddling Robert's waist while they whispered to one another and tried to catch their breath.

Once his parents began shifting around on the bed, Jacob slowly backed away from the door and headed down the hall. He decided best not to push his luck any further and risk getting

caught. Plus, he was desperately ready to finish himself off watching some MILF porn in the safety of his room.

On Friday morning, the Mitchells were in the kitchen having breakfast. Robert and Jacob sat across from each other at the table, and both were dressed for work and school. As usual, the two spent the time debating over superheroes and comic books while eating their morning meal.

Karen sat beside Jacob, drinking her coffee while listening to her 'nerds' go on and on about nonsense. She was still in her pink satin robe with only her bra and panties underneath. She had noticed Jacob taking several peeks at her exposed cleavage, but luckily Robert seemed oblivious to their son's wandering eyes.

"Thanks again, Jake, for helping your mom last night," Robert said after taking a sip of his coffee.

Jacob responded with, "Huh?" while giving his dad a confused look.

"The foot massage," Robert replied before taking a bite of pancakes.

A relieved smile spread across Jacob's face. "Oh... that!" He then sat back in his chair and continued, "No problem, Dad... as much as Mom does for me... I was glad to do it."

Karen smiled and placed her hand on Jacob's shoulder, then said, "You did an excellent job." She then looked over at Robert and added, "It appears the acorn does not fall far from the tree."

Robert chuckled and said, "I guess it doesn't." He then asked Jacob, "But tell me... did your hands get really tired after a while?" He then held his hands up while opening and closing his fingers rapidly and added, "I know mine do."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No, not really." While picking up a piece of the pancake with his fork, he added, "I used what's called the 'finger tip' method. Mom seemed to really like it." As he shoved the food into his mouth, Karen kicked her son's foot and, along with it, gave him a disapproving stare.

"Fingertip method?" Robert pondered while sitting back in his chair. "I've never heard of it. How did you find out about that?"

"Internet," Jacob replied nonchalantly. "Nowadays, you can find just about anything on the web." The teenager then went back to shoving the delicious food into his mouth.

"Huh! I guess you can," Robert commented. At first, he thought it strange his son would be looking up massage techniques on the internet, but then the curious father asked, "Do you happen

to remember the website? Maybe I can read up on it and try it out myself the next time your mom wants a massage."

Thinking it best to squash this conversation, Karen quickly interrupted, "Oh my goodness, Honey... look at the time!" She then stood up from the table and continued, "Sweetheart... you're going to be late for work!"

Glancing at the clock, Robert agreed, "Oh, you're right... I better get going." He then took one last gulp of coffee and got up out of his chair. After picking up his briefcase, he said, "See you later, Jake. Maybe tonight we can watch a movie."

"Sounds good, Dad!" Jacob called out as his father and mother walked out the door and into the garage.

After a few moments, Karen walked back into the kitchen to find Jacob still eating his breakfast. She then picked up her cup from the table and commented, "Really, Jake? Fingertip method?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "It could be a real thing... you never know."

Karen sighed, rolled her eyes, and then walked over to the kitchen counter. While she poured herself another cup of coffee, she said, "I think we need to talk about last night."

"You mean the foot massage?" Jacob inquired. "I thought you liked it... you said I did a good job."

Walking back over to the table, Karen responded, "I'm not talking about the massage, even though we should probably discuss that also." After sitting in Robert's chair, she continued, "However, seeing that I could have put a stop to it, we'll have to blame me for that one."

While stirring cream into her coffee, Karen said, "I'm talking about what happened afterwards... your spying on your father and me."

Jacob's pulse quickened, and he thought, "Crap! She did see me."

Karen then picked up her cup to take a sip and added, "And don't even try to deny it... I know you were there."

Knowing he was trapped, Jacob softly replied, "Sorry, Mom."

Putting her cup down, Karen leaned forward and said, "Sorry? Young man... I don't think 'sorry' would cut it if your dad had caught you."

Nodding in agreement, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am... I know." He then added, "But the door was left cracked open."

Karen huffed, then responded, "I don't care... that does not give you the right to invade our privacy. That was highly improper."

"Well, you watched me... with Ms. Turner and then yesterday with Aunt Brenda," Jacob replied, trying to offer some justification.

"Jacob! I don't watch you because I get some perverted thrill out of it," Karen retorted. "I'm doing it more as a chaperone. That is much different than peeking in on your parents during an intimate moment in their bedroom."

"But Mom... you're just so... beautiful. I couldn't help myself. I mean... watching you was so exciting, and you looked so dang sexy." Jacob was trying to steer this in a different direction by showering her with compliments. The softening of Karen's facial expression gave him hope that he was succeeding.

"You found that sexy?" Karen asked in disbelief. "Seeing your middle-aged parents do that got you excited?"

Jacob nodded and said, "Well, my focus was on you, Mom. But, yeah... in fact, after watching you I went back to my room, and I was able to finish on my own."

Karen's eyes widened, and she responded, "Really?"

Jacob saw an opportunity and continued, "Uh-huh! So it got me thinking about something."

"Oh goodness," Karen said with a sigh. "I'm almost scared to ask, but what have you thought up now?" She leaned forward and rested her chin on her hand.

Jacob replied with a sly smile, "Well... maybe we could video record one of our sessions some time."

Sitting back in the chair and crossing her arms, Karen replied, "Years ago, your father wanted to record him and me having sex. I'll give you the same answer I gave him then... No... No and... No!" She shook her head for emphasis.

Leaning forward, Jacob responded, "Please, Mom?"

Karen huffed, then asked, "Jacob... what part of 'no' do you not understand?"

Jacob replied, "C'mon, Mom... Just once? Besides, It might help me finish on my own more often if I had something to actually watch while doing it." After a few seconds and no reply from his mother, he added, "We could always revisit the porn thing?"

Leaning forward, Karen responded with a severe tone, "Jacob!! We've been down this road before. You know how I feel about

that... filth!!" She then pointed a finger in his direction, "You best remember what I said about your computer."

"Yes, ma'am... I remember," Jacob replied solemnly while flicking his food with his fork. He then tried to get back on the right track, "But I do think it would really help me if I had something like that."

Karen sighed, "Jake... I can't, in good conscience, allow you to record us that way. Not to mention the incredible risk of having something like that on your phone." She pointed towards the garage and continued, "What would happen if your father were to see it by accident?"

Jacob chuckled, "No need to worry about that, Mom... Dad never looks at my phone." With no reply from Karen, he continued, "I swear on my life... no one would ever see it."

Karen scrunched her face and countered, "I don't know, Jake... we would be going into some very dangerous territory." Glancing down at herself, she continued, "Plus, I'm no spring chicken... I don't look like I used to when I was younger." The middle-aged mom looked up at her son, "People look very different on film... you may not like what you see."

Jacob was pleasantly surprised by Karen's response. He was expecting a defiant refusal, but instead, she appeared to be wearing down. Trying to gently nudge her closer to a 'yes' he responded, "Mom... believe me... you would look fabulous."

Karen couldn't help but smile at her son's compliment. "Thank you, Baby... that's very sweet for you to say. But... I still think it's a very bad idea."

Trying to keep the negotiations going, Jacob replied, "How about this, Mom... we try it once, and afterward, if you still have reservations, I will delete the video and never ask again?" He watched as his mother took a sip of coffee, and then after a few seconds of silence; he asked, "So... what do you think?"

Karen bit her bottom lip as if pondering how to reply. However, instead of giving Jacob an answer, she commented, "You know what I think? I think you better get going, or you'll be late for school."

Jacob sighed then begged, "C'mon, Mom... just one time? If not a video... how about maybe some pictures?"

Standing up out of her chair, Karen picked up her coffee cup and said sternly, "School... now."

Begrudgingly Jacob got up from the table and carried his dishes to the sink. He then threw his book bag over his shoulder and walked over to the back door with Karen following close behind. When he opened the door, he turned back to his mother and asked, "Will you at least consider it?"

Putting a hand on her hip, Karen replied, "I tell you what... if you get all A's on your upcoming report card... I'll think about it." Seeing a big smile appear on Jacob's face, she put up her index finger and added, "I said... I'll 'think' about it... no promises."

Nodding his acceptance, Jacob said, "Okay... okay, that sounds fair."

Karen giggled and leaned over and kissed Jacob's forehead. She then gave him a quick swat on the butt and said, "Now get out of here, or you're going to be late."

On Friday evening, the Mitchell family was having dinner, including Rachel, Scott, and Grandpa George. Karen had once again prepared another great meal, and everyone was in a festive mood.

During the conversations, Robert said to Jacob, "So Jake... just to let you know... I have a campus tour at Georgia Tech set up for you in a few weeks from now. I figured you, your mom, and I could go to Atlanta and make a weekend of it."

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Sounds cool... thanks, Dad." He looked across the table at Rachel, and just as he expected, her expression was less than happy.

Robert then added, "Oh yeah... before I forget. Both of you pack something nice to wear for dinner. Jim told me he plans to take us to Bones on that Saturday night."

Karen replied, "Oh! That sounds lovely. That will allow me the opportunity to try out the new dress I've been dying to wear."

"What is 'Bones'?" Jacob asked with curiosity.

"It's a steakhouse in Atlanta," Scott replied to his brother-in-law. "Upscale and very pricey... but quite good."

Karen then looked over at Jacob and said, "So that means you'll need to pack something other than tee-shirts." After a quick pause she added, "Better yet... I'll help you pick something out."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob replied before putting the fork in his mouth.

Karen then asked her son, "Are you looking forward to your date tomorrow night?"

With his mouth full of food, Jacob replied by nodding his head emphatically.

Somewhat shocked, Rachel asked, "Wait a minute... the dweeb here has a date?"

Robert chuckled and replied, "Yes, Rachel... your brother has a date."

Turning to her father, Rachel asked with astonishment, "With a girl? And it's not Mom?"

"Yes, Rachel... she's a girl.. and no... it's not Mom," Jacob replied somewhat emphatically.

Looking across the table at Jacob, she asked, "Did she arrive in the mail and require an air pump to blow her up?"

"Rachel!!" Karen gasped. "What a horrible thing to say. You apologize to your brother this instant!!"

After rolling her eyes, Rachel said half-heartedly, "Sorry, Jake."

Karen added, "I will never understand why you two insist on torturing each other. You are brother and sister; you should love and support one another..." While their mother continued her monologue, Rachel looked over at her brother and gave him a sneaky little wink. Jacob's mouth curled into a knowing smile.

"You're right, Mom, and I apologize... I should be more supportive," Rachel commented. She then looked to Jacob and asked, "So, Squirt... who's the lucky girl?"

"Sara Miller," Jacob replied before taking a bite of the delicious baked salmon.

"Wow!!" Rachel replied. "Sara Miller? How did a dork like you pull that off?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob swallowed and responded, "I guess she's into dorks."

Rachel laughed, then said, "Well, apparently she is."

Karen interjected, "Now Rachel... any girl should consider herself lucky to go out with our Jake." She then reached over and rubbed Jacob's shoulder. The proud mom then included, "Evidently, Sara finds your brother to be what we already know... a fine young gentleman." She then gave her son a warm, reassuring smile.

Grandpa George chimed in, "Isn't that Pastor Miller's daughter?" He looked to his grandson in the chair beside him and said, "Way to go, kiddo... she looks just like her mother. I've always thought Donna was a real hottie."

"Dad!!" Karen exclaimed.

"What?" George replied innocently.

Karen calmed herself and said, "I know that Mom is no longer with us, but Donna Miller is half your age... and married to our pastor, for goodness sake."

"Sweetheart," George replied with a smile. "I may be old, but I'm certainly not blind."

"Dad... you're horrible," Karen retorted while shaking her head.

The other three men at the table laughed at George's response. Karen sighed, then sat back in her chair and said, "Well, I'm glad you all think this is funny."

Later that evening, Rachel was in the kitchen helping Karen with the cleanup. "Are you excited to finally be moving into your new house?" Karen asked while loading the dishwasher.

Rachel replied emphatically, "Yes!" As she rinsed off more dishes, she continued, "Don't get me wrong... the rental place is nice, but Scott and I are so excited to get moved into what will be our forever home and start our family."

Leaning in and lowering her voice, Karen asked, "I know it's a little early, but uh... any luck yet?" She looked at her daughter with hopeful eyes.

Rachel giggled and replied, "No, Mom... not yet. I just recently stopped taking birth control." She then looked at her mother and

asked, "You haven't told anyone that Scott and I are trying, have you?"

Shaking her head, Karen responded, "No... I haven't told anyone." After starting up the dishwasher, the hopeful mother said, "Forgive me for prying, Honey Bear; I'm just excited about the idea of my first grandbaby." Honey Bear is a nickname Karen gave to Rachel because of the color of her blonde hair.

Rachel chuckled, then rubbed Karen's shoulder and said, "Well 'Grandma'... you're just gonna have to be patient. But I promise when it does happen... outside of Scott... you'll be the first to know."

On Saturday afternoon, Jacob arrived home after spending part of the day over at his best friend Matthew's house. The two teenagers spent the time trying to set a new personal best on Fortnite.

As Jacob came around the house to the backyard, he quickly noticed Robert on the patio on his hands and knees. He appeared to be doing something with the bricks that bordered the patio and flower bed.

Seeing his father was home caused a wave of disappointment to wash over Jacob. He was really looking forward to some mother-

son "quality time" before going on his date. However, this unexpected turn of events put a significant crimp in his plans.

Walking up onto the patio, Jacob called out, "Hi Dad!"

Stopping his task, Robert took off his safety glasses and replied, "Hey there, Jake. You just get home?"

Nodding, Jacob answered, "Yes sir... I've been over at Matt's house since lunch." In a confused tone, he asked, "I thought you were playing golf today?"

Robert tittered then replied, "That was the original plan, but something came up, and it got postponed." Picking up a decorative brick, he continued, "Your mom's been after me to make these additions to the patio for a while now. Since golf got canceled... I figured today would be as good as any." Wiping his brow, the hard-working husband continued, "I just didn't realize it would be this hot today."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yeah, I agree with you, Dad... it is rather sticky out here."

It was indeed a very warm and humid autumn day, even for the state of Georgia. However, unbeknown to Jacob, the temperature was about to rise even higher.

"Hi Sweetie... you want something cold to drink?"

Jacob turned to see Karen walking towards them carrying what looked like a glass of iced tea. His eyes almost popped out of their sockets when he saw what his reserved and conservative mother was wearing... or what little she was wearing, that is.

Karen Mitchell strode across the patio that steamy afternoon in nothing but a string bikini. Jacob had seen his mother in bathing suits hundreds of times over the years; usually, she wore either a one-piece or a conservative two-piece. However, this get-up looked more like something his sister Rachel would be parading around in.

The top consisted of two baby pink triangle-shaped cups trimmed in white and showcased a generous amount of Karen's womanly charms. The white strings that held it together seemed to be struggling and could fail at any moment. The matching bottoms were medium coverage and a daring side-tie design.

Jacob couldn't help but gawk at his mother. It was like time slowed down, and Karen walked in slow motion as in some teenager's dream movie sequence. His cock instantly jerked to life as he watched the roll of her wide hips and the rippling of her breasts as they gently bounced in her bikini top.

The vision of Karen reminded Jacob of a photo saved on his computer. In that particular picture, Denise Milani donned a similar suit; only her bikini was blue with white polka dots and trimmed in pink. At that moment, his MILF of a mom greatly

resembled a slightly older and thicker version of the gorgeous internet model.

"Jake, Honey? Did you hear me?" Karen's sweet voice brought the teenager out of his daydream.

Trying desperately to clear his mind, Jacob replied, "I—I'm sorry, Mom... did you ask me something?"

Karen giggled then repeated, "I asked if you wanted anything to drink?" She then handed the glass to her husband, in which Robert began to guzzle down the cold refreshment. The concerned mother then inquired, "Jake, Honey? Are you feeling alright? You look a little flushed."

Before Jacob could answer, Robert chuckled then stated, "It's quite obvious! We know what you're thinking about... don't we, Jake?"

Afraid his father knew of the unwholesome thoughts he had for his wife, Jacob replied nervously, "W-what do you mean, Dad?"

Robert responded, "Well, clearly, your mind is elsewhere. I bet you're already thinking about your date with Sara." After taking another sip of his drink, he continued, "It's just like when I was dating your mom... she was all I could think about day and night."

Jacob chuckled and replied, "Yeah... you're right, Dad..." Taking another quick glance at his bikini-clad mother he continued, "My mind was definitely elsewhere."

Robert continued, "I used to get so nervous before going out with your mother." The reminiscing father laughed then added, "In fact, one time I bought a new suit for a dance we were attending, and I forgot to take the tags off. Luckily your mom here discovered them before we went inside and saved me from a lot of embarrassment."

Karen hooted, "I remember that night." Looking at her husband, she continued, "I thought you were so cute to get flustered over me like that."

Jacob then interjected, "I don't mean to interrupt the trip down memory lane, but now that I think about it, I could use something to drink after all. Plus, I should probably go on inside and start getting ready to go to Sara's."

"Oh, it is getting late, isn't it." Karen noted. As she walked over to the lounge chair, Jacob couldn't help but once again stare at his mother's heavenly body. Her scent of coconut suntan lotion only spurred on his arousal.

After Karen collected her swimsuit cover, book, and cell phone, she then walked over to Robert. While she slipped on the lightweight garment, she said, "Honey, I'm going to go inside also

so I can shower and get changed. I need to drop Jacob off at the Millers' before picking up Dad... he's coming over for dinner tonight."

Handing the empty glass to Karen, Robert gave his wife a quick kiss and replied, "That's fine. I'm going to keep working on the patio. If time permits, I plan to get it done today." As Karen and Jacob began walking towards the house, Robert called out, "Good luck tonight, Jake... just be yourself and have fun."

Turning back towards his father, Jacob answered, Thanks, Dad... I will."

Once they entered the kitchen, Jacob closed the back door. He then walked over and sat on one of the island stools and said, "Holy smokes, Mom... when did you get that bikini?"

Karen giggled while she filled a glass with ice for Jacob. "I have two actually... this one and a black one. Your sister talked me into getting them a while back."

"Well, that makes sense," Jacob commented. "It looks like something Rachel would have picked out." He then asked, "Is this your first time wearing it?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No... I've worn the black one a few times, but only when I was alone here at the house." While getting the pitcher of lemonade out of the refrigerator, she continued, "Today was the first time I actually had the

confidence for anyone to see me wearing one of them." She originally wore it to try and seduce Robert. She hoped it might signal to her husband that she was good and ready to continue from the other night.

Even though Karen was wearing the swimsuit cover, she left it undone in the front, giving Jacob a clear view of his mother's enticing cleavage. Reaching down to his crotch, Jacob grabbed hold of the erection growing inside his khaki shorts and commented, "Dang, Mom... there's no need to worry about confidence... you look absolutely awesome!"

While pouring the lemonade, Karen replied sweetly, "Well, thank you, Baby." She then turned and sat the glass down onto the island top in front of Jacob. As the sexy mom watched her son take several gulps of the cold drink, she chuckled, "Your father seemed to like it also. However, I don't think it would be proper to wear something this revealing out in public or around anyone outside the family."

Jacob glanced out the window to find his father still working away on the patio. His dick was almost fully erect and getting very uncomfortable. Feeling it was safe enough, the horny teenager asked, "So Mom... what do we do about you helping me before I go to Sara's?"

While placing the pitcher back into the refrigerator, Karen replied, "Well, with your father here, I'm afraid that's now out of the question." After she had closed the door and turned back around, she maintained, "You remember my rule, don't you?"

Jacob got off of the stool and said with concern, "But Mom, what am I supposed to do? You said yourself that I couldn't go over to the Millers with this!" He then pointed down towards his crotch and added, "You said you would help me."

Karen couldn't help but glance down to find the huge bulge that had formed in Jacob's shorts. She crossed her arms, causing her massive twin globes to push up and further out from her chest, creating even more tantalizing cleavage. She shook her head, then said, "I'm sorry, Jake. I admit... I did say I would help you, but that was before I knew your dad would be here."

"But Mom," Jacob said as he stepped closer to Karen. "I think you can still help me, and it will not break your rule."

Karen replied in an exasperated tone, "Jake... what are you talking about?" She then pointed towards the window and added, "Your father is right out outside!"

Jacob smiled and said, "Yeah... I know." He then took hold of Karen's left hand, feeling the diamonds of her wedding rings pressing into the pad of his thumb. As he led his mother over to the kitchen sink, he added, "Your rule states that we cannot do stuff whenever Dad is in the house."

Nodding in agreement, Karen replied, "Yes... That is absolutely correct."

"Well, Mom," Jacob began as he pointed towards the backyard. "Dad is not 'in' the house."

Karen gazed out the window for a few seconds and watched as her husband tapped another brick into place with his rubber mallet. Looking back to Jacob, she huffed and said, "Jake... I think you're trying to split hairs on me here."

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and said while unfastening his shorts, "I'm following the rule as you stated, Mom." He then quickly pulled his throbbing cock out into the open air of the kitchen.

"Jake!!" Karen gasped. "Are you insane? Your father could walk in here at any moment."

Sliding his hand up and down the veiny shaft, Jacob replied, "Sorry, but it's starting to hurt pretty bad. He then looked down at his throbbing dick and added, "As you can see, Mom... I could really use your help."

Karen automatically glanced down as well to find Jacob's cock throbbing with need. A long strand of pre-cum hung from the spongy purple tip. Her son's vibrant scent took immediate effect as her vagina began to moisten in quick response. She licked her top lip and said softly, "Okay, but it's too dangerous here. Maybe we should go to your room and lock the door."

Jacob stepped closer to Karen and replied, "Actually... it's probably safer if you do it here."

Giving him a confused look, Karen responded, "What? How so?"

"Think about it, Mom." Jacob then glanced out the window and persisted, "This way... I can keep an eye on Dad while you..." He then turned back to Karen with a slight grin and added, "Do your thing."

The hormones had now taken more effect as Karen's arousal continued to grow. Her hardened nipples pleasantly buzzed inside her bikini top. Taking one last glance outside at her husband, she fought with her internal conflict.

Karen knew very well Jacob could not go on his date in this condition. And the thought of relieving her son with Robert just on the other side of the glass made her head spin. Begrudgingly, Karen turned back to Jacob and then, with a sigh, said, "Fine... but we need to be quick."

"Sure, Mom," Jacob quickly replied. "But first... could you ditch the swimsuit cover? You look insanely hot in that bikini!"

As Karen slipped the thin garment off of her delicate shoulders, she cut her eyes at Jacob and asked, "Answer me this, how are you going to keep an eye on your dad if you're busy looking at me?"

With a smile, Jacob replied, "Don't worry... I can do both." His smile broadened as his mother once again revealed her scantily clad MILF body. The pink and white bikini accentuated her womanly curves perfectly. "Wow, Mom... you are so dang beautiful!!"

As Karen tossed the swimsuit cover on the back of a kitchen chair, she said, "As much as I appreciate the compliment, it's more important that you do not lose sight of your father. If he takes one step towards the house, I'm stopping immediately."

Nodding in agreement, Jacob replied, "Understood."

After Karen lowered down onto her knees, she took hold of Jacob's pulsing member with both hands and began stroking the long stiff shaft. She then licked the spongy head, collecting his pre-cum as it trickled out from the pee slit.

"Mmmmmm," automatically came from Karen's throat as she savored the sweet and creamy liquid. After swallowing and licking her lips, the increasingly aroused mother looked up at her son and whispered, "Okay... let's hurry up and do this."

A few minutes later, Karen fervently blew her son. While her hands tightly gripped and stroked the pulsating rod of flesh, her hot mouth and limber tongue double-teamed Jacob's sensitive cock head. Whether it was the sexual arousal or the dangerous situation, or maybe even a combination, the conservative mother

attacked her little boy's man-stick with never-before-seen passion. Now, she definitely was going to need a replay with her husband tonight.

The kitchen was mainly quiet other than Karen's lewd slurping noises and Jacob's constant moans of pleasure. He would occasionally glance out the window to ensure their safety; however, his primary focus was on his nearly naked mother as she gave him a first-class blow job.

While looking down, Jacob watched as Karen bobbed her head back and forth with a glob of drool running down her chin. The teenager found himself mesmerized by the gentle sway of her massive tits wobbling inside the bikini top. He then groaned, "Wow, Mom... you're the best!"

Pulling her head back, Karen gently cupped Jacob's enormously bloated testicles with her right hand while her left hand continued to slide up and down his lubricated pole. The diamonds in her wedding rings sparkled in the afternoon sun. She swallowed and said in a nervous tone, "Jake, Honey... you really need to hurry up and finish. I'm worried your father may decide to come into the house."

Taking a look out the window, Jacob noticed his father tediously measuring the ground for the placement of another decorative brick. He then turned back to Karen and replied, "You're right, Mom... we need to hurry." The teenager then took his mother's left hand to help her up and said, "I think this calls for plan B."

Standing up, Karen asked out of curiosity, "Plan B? What's Plan B?"

As Jacob positioned Karen at the kitchen sink, she looked out the large picture window. About thirty feet away was Robert as he diligently worked on the patio. The teenager put both his hands on Karen's matronly hips and said, "Plan B is where you keep an eye on Dad, and I'll do the work from back here."

Karen's eyes went wide as she now realized what Jacob had intended for them to do. The panicked mother spat out, "Jake... this is not a good plan... in fact, it's a terrible one! Your father can see me through the window."

"Don't worry, Mom," Jacob reassured her. "With the sun's glare hitting the glass, he won't be able to see a thing... I promise."

At that moment, Karen heard the crinkling of plastic. She turned to look back over her shoulder and gasped when she saw Jacob holding a gold condom wrapper. "Jake? Where on earth did you get that?"

"My pocket," Jacob responded nonchalantly as he ripped open the small package. "Remember, you told me to keep one with me at all times." He then chuckled and continued, "That was good planning on your part, Mom." He then began to roll the condom down onto his raging boner.

"Ugghhh!" Karen groaned as she remembered it was her idea for Jacob to carry one with him. She took some solace in the fact he actually listened to her for once.

Standing directly behind Karen, Jacob could not see out the window. He asked, "What's Dad doing, Mom?"

Feeling a bit lightheaded from arousal and anxiety, Karen replied softly, "He's still working on the patio." Suddenly, she felt Jacob's hands on her hips and gasped with surprise as she felt the side knots of her bikini bottom come undone. The loosened garment then slid down her thighs and fluttered to the kitchen floor.

Instead of rebuking Jacob, Karen acted on pure instinct. The aroused mother widened her stance while lowering herself down and resting her forearms on the kitchen counter. She broke out in goosebumps when the kitchen's cool air licked at her steaming hot pussy. It made her feel dirty to present herself in such a submissive position to her son, but in a way, it felt strangely natural.

Karen continued to watch Robert as he contently proceeded to work on the project that she had requested. The conflicted wife sensed a pang of guilt as her loving husband was oblivious to the fact that she was about to give herself to their teenage son while he dutifully labored just a few feet away.

"Mmmmmm!!" Karen closed her eyes and involuntarily moaned as the head of Jacob's cock slid up and down her juicy slit. Sparks of immense pleasure danced along her nerve endings each time the fat tip scraped across her throbbing clit.

Karen opened her eyes and watched Robert out on the patio. She then noticed the stack of decorative bricks had dwindled to where there were only a few left. The horny mother began to feel more anxious, and in a heavy whisper, she said, "Jake... we need to hurry." Looking over her shoulder, she added, "Your father's getting close to being done."

Wearing the condom made it more difficult for Jacob to find the entrance to Karen's vagina. However, after another second or so of trial and error, the undaunted teenager located the gateway to paradise.

With the sheathed tip of his spear now poised and ready to penetrate the passageway, Jacob grabbed hold of his mother's wide, fleshy hips and told her, "Okay, Mom... I'm going in." He then surged forward with his hips burying half of his massive cock inside her slick tunnel with a single stroke.

"AAAAAHHHHH!!" Karen yelped in surprise as her eyes shot wide open. The intense mixture of pain and pleasure brought the shocked mother to rise onto her tiptoes. She then glared back at her son and scolded him, "Jake!!"

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob responded. "But you said we need to hurry."

After glancing out the window to ensure Robert did not hear anything, Karen turned back to Jacob. "We're not in 'that' big of hurry... you have to take it easy." Jacob nodded in compliance.

Turning back to face the window, Karen readjusted her position. She pushed the faucet head out of the way and placed her hands onto the backsplash. She then lowered her torso with her large tits bobbing down into the deep empty well of the kitchen sink. Her gold locket gently bouncing against her hanging breasts.

Over time, with each small thrust, Karen's grunts turned into moans, as the painful fullness quickly faded and gave way to total pleasure.

"Ohhhhhhh!!" Karen groaned as Jacob wasted no time and began a slow yet constant rhythm of pistoning his condom-covered phallus in and out of her overheated vagina. The half-naked mother's hanging jugs wildly swung back and forth inside the bikini top, causing her hardened nipples to scrape against the soft fabric. The slight friction enflamed the rubbery nubs sending pleasure signals from her jiggling globes directly to her overstuffed pussy.

"Ohhh! Ughhh! Ohhh! Ughhh!" Karen grunted each time Jacob hit bottom. Every agonizing thrust was pushing the groaning mother closer and closer to climax. Like on Monday in the laundry room, this new position allowed her son's cock access to places that have never been touched. It was as if the beastly invader had gained entry into some secret chamber hidden deep inside her vagina.

Karen so badly wanted to give herself over to the incredible sensations that flowed through her veins like an illicit drug, but

she dare not. The cheating wife had to remain quiet and focus on monitoring her husband just on the other side of the window. However, her highly aroused body refused to cooperate, and her focus began to wane.

Jacob's monster cock was constantly battering Karen's new special place, causing her nerve endings to tingle with ecstasy. It was apparent that resisting would be futile, and her climax was inevitable.

Karen raised her torso off the counter, grabbed hold of the faucet head, bracing herself for the oncoming storm. She muttered, "Ohhhhh! It's... it's... almost! Oh Jake... yes... I'm almost... yes yes yes!!"

Karen then closed her eyes and bit down on her lip in an attempt to remain quiet as the euphoria took control. "NNNNNNNNGGGGG!!" the climaxing mother groaned as not just one, but multiple waves washed over her body. She instinctively grabbed one of her huge breasts as tantalizing pressure began to build inside the swinging orb.

Feeling the spasms of Karen's vagina around his cock, Jacob chuckled and said, "Wow, Mom! That must have been... a good one!"

"Uuuuggggghhhhhh!" was Karen's only reply as she lowered her head and tried to recover. She could already feel the next powerful wave beginning to swell.

Jacob tightened his grip on the pliable flesh of Karen's hips as he banged away at her steaming vagina. His eyes followed the tapering of her delicate back then along the extreme curvature of her flared hips to land on her round matronly bottom. He found it mesmerizing to watch the wicked undulations of his mother's butt cheeks each time he impaled her with his veiny shaft.

Spreading Karen's delectable butt cheeks with his hands, Jacob caught sight of his mom's little pink star. He wondered if she would enjoy his finger exploring her 'final frontier' the same as his sister Rachel. The teenager was tempted to test the waters; but, he decided to play it safe and make that a goal for another day.

Instead, Jacob asked his mother, "Mom? What's Dad... doing now?"

Karen raised her head and tried to regain her focus on Robert. Between labored grunts, she replied, "He's still... ughhh... on the patio... ughhh... hammering... the bricks."

Jacob grabbed hold of Karen's long ponytail and pulled so that her head tilted back. The teenager then asked, "What would Dad say...uh... if he knew... while he was working in the yard... you were here in the kitchen... uh... letting your son... hammer your hot pussy?" He then slapped his mother's magnificent butt with his right hand, causing her supple flesh to bounce and wobble.

"OHHHHH!!" Karen squealed. She wanted to rebuke Jacob's crude and disrespectful language; except, her mouth could not form the words. Being manhandled in this fashion was totally out of character and had her dazed and confused.

Karen was not used to being treated this way. Her husband, Robert, was always gentle and loving when it came to sex. Jacob, however, was tapping into something brand new... something basic and primal... and strangely, she kind of liked it.

With Jacob pulling on Karen's ponytail, she looked out the window. She saw her sweet husband continuing with his task in the backyard. As the housewife grew closer to another incredible orgasm, she reluctantly had to admit the obvious truth... her son may not be the official 'man' of the house, but he was definitely becoming the 'cock' of the house.

The debauchery and tormenting pleasure were taking their toll. Karen pulled the pink triangle of fabric down below her trembling breast and tightly clamped down onto the burning nipple with her right hand. "Ohhhh... yeeessss!!" she groaned from the delightful sensations brought on by her pinching fingers that would act as a spark and ignite the orgasmic flames. "Ohhhh... Jake! You're gonna... make me... do it... aaaggaaiinnnn!!"

During this whole time, Karen had been able to remain mostly quiet; however, things were about to change radically. As the raging fire spread throughout her body, the climaxing mother

lost control and reared back and cried out, "AAAAAAHHHHHHH!! YEEEESSSSSS!!"

While the orgasmic inferno raged on, jet after jet of breast milk shot out from Karen's pulsing nipples. The creamy liquid splashing onto the countertop and the glass of the double-pane window.

Robert, at the time, was on hand and knee bent over, tapping another brick in place. He suddenly shot straight up when he heard what sounded like the scream of a female. He looked around for a few seconds trying to determine a location or direction from where it came.

When Karen noticed Robert staring in their direction, she put her left hand over her mouth to stifle her cries of forbidden pleasure. It was as if they were staring into each other's eyes, yet because of the glare on the window, he could not see his wife or the sinful act she engaged in just on the other side of the glass.

After a few more seconds, Robert shook his head and chuckled, "Must be those darned Henderson kids again." He then returned to his former position and continued with his chore.

Back in the kitchen, Jacob was quickly approaching his finale. He let go of Karen's beautiful brown hair and returned his hands to her curvy and meaty hips. Squeezing tightly on her soft flesh, he grunted, "Mom... Mom!! I'm... gonna cum!!"

Still riding the high from her orgasm, Karen replied, "You can... stay inside."

With surprise, Jacob responded, "Really... you... you mean it?"

Nodding her response, Karen then softly said while looking out the window, "Yes... the condom... it's okay."

Jacob began slamming even harder into Karen as his cock swelled inside his mother's vagina. As his bloated testicles released their pent-up load, the excited teenager threw his head back and called out, "Oh Mom.. here it comes! Oh yeah! You're the coolest, Mom!! OHHH YEEAHHHHH!!!"

Karen watched her husband out in the yard while her son blew his massive load into the condom while balls deep in her cunt. The wickedness of it all unexpectedly pushed her over the edge once again.

Karen frantically grabbed hold of the edge of the countertop and wailed, "OOOOHHHHHHH!!!" as her overworked pussy spasmed through a third mind-wracking orgasm. She hoped Robert didn't hear, but the sublime pleasure she felt at that moment had her almost not caring if he did.

After carefully pulling his condom-wrapped cock out of his mother's twitching vagina, an exhausted Jacob took a seat on a kitchen chair. Karen remained bent over the counter while catching her breath and keeping an eye on Robert.

A few moments later, Karen stood up straight, readjusted her bikini top, and then grabbed her bathing suit cover from the back of the kitchen chair. While slipping on the garment, Jacob commented, "Wow, Mom... that was awesome!!"

Karen giggled and grabbed a nearby kitchen towel. While the clean-freak mother wiped away the milky evidence from the window and countertop, she replied, "I have to agree with you... that was pretty intense." She then turned to Jacob and asked, "Where in the world did you get the idea of hair-pulling and spanking?"

Jacob froze. He had seen that maneuver hundreds of times before in porn videos. However, that was not something he could ever admit to his squeaky, clean pornophobic mother. Luckily for him, his father of all people would save the day.

"Uh oh!" Karen said in a slight panic. She then quickly collected her discarded bikini bottoms from the floor. While clutching her bathing suit cover closed, she added, "Looks like your dad could be finishing up... we better hurry upstairs and get in the shower."

With an expression of excitement on his face, Jacob replied, "You mean together?"

Karen furrowed her brow in confusion and replied, "What?" She then scoffed and continued as they walked out of the kitchen,

"No, goofball!! You in your bathroom... me in mine. I think we've pushed our luck way too much already today."

While ascending the stairs, Jacob offered, "Well, it was just an idea. I thought we could... you know... save on water usage."

After they reached the landing, Karen stopped and asked with slight sarcasm, "Oh really? Well, tell me, Mr. Greenpeace... since when did you start worrying so much about the environment?"

Jacob replied, "Need to start somewhere."

Karen chuckled and responded, "Well, Jake, I'm sure enviromnemtalists everywhere would be glad to hear that you are now so Earth-conscious. But how do you think your father would react if he caught us in the shower together?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "We just tell him we're on a mission to save the planet... we all should do our part... right?"

Karen rolled her eyes and said, "It's getting late... you should probably go and start getting ready."

"Soooo... how about it, Mom?" Jacob asked with a smile. "I'm willing to make the sacrifice if you are."

Karen then shook her head while pointing towards his bathroom. With an exasperated tone, she said, "Jake... you need to go take a shower... now!"

With his smile now a frown, Jacob replied, "Oh alright." He then begrudgingly walked down the hallway towards his bathroom to take a shower... alone.

Chapter 10

Melissa Turner sat on the comfortable sofa in the living room while Karen was getting them some fresh coffee in the kitchen. The young attorney finally made it back to the Mitchells' home after a couple of hectic and busy weeks. She came today with two things on her agenda; first, update Karen on the progress of the case against Dr. Michael Grant, and second, a "visit" with Jacob concerning his medical condition.

For Melissa, the past couple of weeks felt like an eternity. Due to a staff shortage, her fiancé Donnie Baxter spent most of his time at the hospital. When the young doctor was at home, he mostly slept and rested to gear up for more double shifts. Therefore, Melissa's sex life had come to a virtual standstill.

The hormones in Jacob's semen had spiked Melissa's already high libido into the stratosphere. With Donnie either not around or out of commission, the young attorney had to shamefully resort to more masturbating to maintain a sense of normalcy. She found herself occasionally going to the ladies' room and

locking herself in a stall for orgasm breaks in order to function at work.

Melissa loved Donnie with all her heart, and there was no doubt they would one day be married. She would be his adoring wife and the doting mother to their future children. However, with their professional lives leaving them little time together, Melissa had physical needs and cravings that Donnie at this time could not fulfill. Therefore, Melissa returned to the Mitchells' lovely suburban home like a junkie looking for a fix, and Jacob, her discreet teenaged dealer.

As Melissa waited for Karen to return, she realized she was sitting in the exact spot where it all began. The young attorney's mind suddenly drifted back to when she first met Jacob Mitchell and was introduced to his intimidating and incredible freak of nature.

The memory of their salacious encounters and the immoral pleasures Melissa experienced caused her hungry vagina to salivate. She could already feel the moisture collecting in the gusset of the skimpy panties she wore underneath her black skirt. She hoped that soon her office attire would be lying on the floor in Jacob's bedroom while the teenager fed her ravenous pussy with endless servings of his delicious man-stick.

Karen soon returned with a tray of coffee and refreshments then the two ladies picked up with their conversation. Melissa continued to summarize the status of the case and the plans going forward.

"So if I hear you correctly, the DA is planning to go ahead and cut a deal with Dr. Grant?" Karen asked while stirring her coffee.

After taking a sip from her cup, Melissa replied, "Yes... it does appear so."

Picking up her cup, Karen asked, "So the victims and their families are on board with this? Letting Dr. Grant walk away with no jail time?"

Nodding, Melissa replied, "As long as the defense agrees to all the stipulations presented by the District Attorney's office... then yes."

With an angry tone, Karen said, "I don't like it one bit! That man is a criminal and should be locked away for a very long time." The irate mother then sighed and softened her tone. "But... I guess the most important thing is that Dr. Grant turns over the antidote, so Jake and the others get cured of their afflictions."

Melissa chuckled and responded, "Let's hope karma will end up getting his ass!" After taking another sip of coffee she noticed Karen straighten up and grimace as the lovely mother rolled her shoulders. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Karen replied, waving her hand. "I played tennis this morning, and somehow I twisted my back. My shoulders

have been hurting ever since." She chuckled and added, "My old body isn't what it used to be, I guess."

Setting her cup down onto the coffee table, Melissa said, "Well here, maybe I can help." She then scooped over closer to Karen and added, "Turn your back to me."

Karen scrunched her brow. "What?"

Melissa put her hands on Karen's shoulders and said with a smile, "Trust me... I think I can help."

"Okay..." Karen responded with a confused tone as she turned away from the young woman. Melissa then slipped off her three-inch heeled pumps, got up onto her knees for better leverage, and then began to massage Karen's delicate shoulders. The effects were immediate, and the middle-aged mom groaned, "Ohhhhh... my goodness!! Melissa... where did you learn to do that?"

Melissa giggled and replied, "My mom's sister owns a day spa back in my hometown. When I was in college, my aunt used to let me help out during the summers to earn some cash."

Leaning her head forward and sliding her hair off her shoulder, Karen asked, "You mean you gave people massages?"

Running her thumbs up and down the back of Karen's slender neck, Melissa replied, "No... I wasn't licensed for that. I mostly helped out at the front desk. However, I was able to pick up a few things from the head masseuse."

"Mmmmmm," Karen moaned. "I think you may have missed your calling."

Melissa chuckled and replied, "Well, I don't know about that, but it most likely would have been a less stressful career choice." The young lawyer then returned to massaging the stay-at-home mom's shoulders through the thin material of her cotton dress. She then commented, "Speaking of stress... Karen, your muscles are as tight as a drum. It's no wonder you're in such pain."

Karen sighed then responded, "It's most likely from everything that's going on right now. First, there's Jake's condition and trying to keep that a secret from everyone. Plus, you throw in the..." Suddenly the confused mother stopped speaking when she felt the zipper on the back of her dress lowering very slowly. Turning her head in an attempt to look back at Melissa, she asked, somewhat shocked, "W--what are you doing?"

Continuing to run the zipper down, Melissa answered, "If I'm going to do a proper job, I need to get you out of this dress." She then began to slide the loosened fabric off of Karen's shoulders and added, "The material is preventing me from being able to fully manipulate your muscles. Trust me... you'll feel a remarkable difference."

Karen turned her head back around and allowed her new friend to slide the top portion of her cotton dress down to her waist. She felt awkward sitting on her living room sofa with her bra encased breasts exposed out in the open; however, she went along with it and replied, "Okay... if you're sure."

Melissa then repositioned herself behind Karen and resumed massaging the supple flesh of Karen's delicate shoulders. The young lawyer noticed a soft mewling sound as the lovely mother dropped her head forward. She then softly asked, "How does that feel?"

"Wonderful," Karen replied in barely a whisper. "It feels... wonderful." The stressed-out housewife couldn't help but give herself over to Melissa's gifted hands. She closed her eyes and moaned her approval as the young attorney skillfully kneaded her shoulders as a baker would a ball of dough.

Positioned on her knees behind Karen allotted Melissa a perfect bird's eye view of the middle-aged mother's chest and her more than generous bosom. The young woman was mesmerized by the enticing deep cleavage of the luscious twin globes trapped inside the overworked lacy white bra. The heart-shaped piece of jewelry that nestled inside the deep cavern also caught her eye. Melissa commented softly, "That's a lovely locket."

Without opening her eyes, Karen replied, "Thank you. It was a Mother's Day gift from my husband years ago. It contains Rachel and Jacob's baby pictures." Then, after another soft moan, she

added, "I know it may sound silly, but in some small way, it makes me feel like I carry them close to my heart."

"I don't think it's silly at all," Melissa replied in a whisper. "In fact, I think it's very sweet."

Since she was sexually frustrated, Melissa was already burning with desire when she arrived at the Mitchell home. However, Karen's sweet scent and the feel of her silky smooth skin only further heightened the young woman's arousal. The MILF known as Karen Mitchell had inadvertently awoken lustful feelings inside Melissa that she had not felt since her college days.

Melissa Turner did not consider herself a lesbian or even bisexual, for that matter. She usually would never think of another woman in a sexual way. However, while in college, she and her roommate/best friend Laura accidentally slipped into a mini-affair that, to this day, remained a secret.

It began when the heat in their dorm room went out. Initially, the drunk co-eds only shared the same bed in order to keep warm. However, the two friends ended up finding more than warmth in that twin-sized bed on that cold winter night. They ended up discovering each other's sexy young bodies along with new and unexpected sensual pleasures.

They continued their covert liaison for the rest of their senior year. After graduation, Laura married her military boyfriend, and they started a family. While Melissa continued her education,

became an attorney, and eventually met her now-fiancé, Donnie. To this day, the two ladies remain the best of friends and share a special bond with untold precious memories.

Now all these years later, Melissa unexpectedly felt those stirrings once again. Only this time, it was not her best friend but a married mother she was just getting to know.

Melissa slid her hands off of Karen's shoulders and began massaging the area between her shoulder blades. The move to new territory caused increased moans of appreciation to escape the lips of the middle-aged mom. "Ohhh... that's a good spot," Karen whispered as she closed her eyes and slumped her shoulders.

A smile crept onto Melissa's pretty face. A devious plan ran through her mind to see if she could push things a little further with the gorgeous MILF. Without asking, she deftly and quickly unfastened the hooks of Karen's overworked bra.

Karen gasped in surprise when she felt the straps go loose and the cups supporting her magnificent breasts give way slightly. Then, instinctively, she used both hands to catch and hold the bra to her chest as she asked, "Oh my gosh! Why did you do that??"

As Melissa slid the bra straps from Karen's shoulders and down her arms, she calmly replied, "Relax, Karen. With the bra out of the way, it will help me better massage this area of your back."

Melissa then gently ran her fingers over the deep indentions left behind by the straps... clear evidence of the intimate garment's heavy burden. She then added, "Besides, a proper massage usually requires the client to be nude."

Karen lightly scoffed, then said, "Maybe so, but I'm not very comfortable with being half-naked in my living room."

"Don't worry about that," Melissa responded. She gently pulled on the loosened bra as a signal for Karen to release her grip. The modest wife and mother continued to hold the cups to her chest, attempting to conceal her bountiful bosom. The young attorney continued in a soft tone, "It's okay, Karen... no need to feel embarrassed. There's no one here but us girls." She chuckled then added, "Besides, you've already seen me naked several times... it's only fair, don't you think?"

Karen blushed as she remembered the time she saw Melissa fresh out of the shower in her bedroom. She felt embarrassed and ashamed about the impure thoughts that inadvertently crept into her mind that day regarding the young attorney's beautiful feminine body.

Reluctantly, Karen released her grip on the bra cups and allowed Melissa to pull the garment away, dropping it onto the sofa cushion next to them. Then, for purposes of modesty, the conservative mother instinctively crossed her arms over her chest.

Melissa then guided Karen to turn and sit sideways on the couch. The younger woman then sat directly behind her friend and said while gently pushing on her shoulders, "Now just lean forward a little and relax."

Hesitantly, Karen did as Melissa asked. Then, while leaning over, she placed her hands on the sofa's armrest, allowing her naked boobs to hang down and swing freely from her chest.

Melissa quickly resumed with the massage. She began kneading the muscles in Karen's back, paying close attention to the area close to her spine.

Karen couldn't help but find this situation extremely awkward. Somehow she found herself sitting on her living room sofa, naked from the waist up, while receiving a back rub from another woman; not exactly proper behavior for a married Christian. However, the church-going mother had to admit she found the talented hands of the young lawyer to be quite soothing and therapeutic.

From Melissa's current position, she could see the sides of Karen's magnificent breasts peeking around at her as they gently swung from the half-naked wife's chest like two ripe and juicy melons. The aroused young woman now had a burning desire to get her dainty hands on those heavy globes of flesh.

Melissa could tell the massage was having a positive effect as Karen's sensual moans grew louder, and her body relaxed more

and more. Taking this as a good sign, she slowly slid her hands outward to where they gently manipulated the muscles along Karen's rib cage.

Thanks to the skillful ministrations of Melissa's talented hands, Karen could feel the tension draining from her body. The effects were so tranquilizing that the conservative mother almost forgot she was half-naked in her living room. However, she was quickly reminded of the fact when she felt Melissa's soft hands creep forward and gently cup the sides of her tender breasts.

Karen's breathing became more rapid and shallow. She noticed her vagina seeping fluid into her panties and her nipples hardening even more and beginning to tingle. Shamefully she was becoming sexually aroused by another woman.

The Christian mother knew this was wrong to allow another female to touch her this way. It was sinful and went against God's plan. However, at the same time, it felt so relaxing and soothing. She told herself it was just part of the massage and that Melissa was only trying to help relieve her stress.

Melissa felt Karen tense up just a bit as she gently kneaded the sides of the married woman's supple orbs of flesh. Then, leaning in a bit, she asked in a husky whisper, "Are you okay?"

"Uh-huh," Karen softly responded while nodding her reply. Melissa was indeed talented at this craft, and the married mother could not deny how wonderfully relaxed she felt at the

moment. Somehow the young lawyer had skillfully manipulated Karen's body to where she felt downright inebriated.

Karen could sense Melissa's gifted hands inching closer and closer to her hardened nipples that tantalizingly buzzed with excitement. Up until now, she could justify everything as a friendly massage. The conflicted wife prayed Melissa would stop before things went too far; however, she secretly hoped her new friend would continue.

Biting her bottom lip in anticipation, Karen tightened her grip on the armrest of the sofa. Another involuntary moan escaped her mouth as Melissa's skillful hands crept closer to their target. As sinful as it may be, the faithful church-going wife wanted nothing more at that moment than to feel the young woman's nimble fingers tightly clamp her sensitive nubs that begged for attention.

With her fingers only millimeters away from reaching Karen's burning nipples, Melissa released her grip on the aroused mother's quivering breasts. The sudden lack of sensation caused Karen to open her eyes... The dreamy fog, unfortunately, began to lift.

Melissa leaned forward and whispered in Karen's ear, "You know... I could do a much better job... if we went upstairs."

The feel of Melissa's warm breath on her ear made Karen shiver. Then, turning her head towards Melissa, she softly replied, "Up... upstairs?"

Suddenly from the kitchen, "Hey Mom! I'm home!!"

"Oh my goodness! It's Jake!!" Karen shrieked. She quickly scootched away from Melissa and desperately began putting her dress back on. "Oh no, no, no!!"

"Mom?" Jacob called out again as he made his way through the house. He had rushed home with the hopes Ms. Turner this time would be able to make her scheduled visit to 'check up' on him. The mere thought of spending some quality time with the gorgeous attorney in his room gave him an instant erection.

After getting her arms back into the sleeves, Karen whispered to Melissa, "Quick... zip me up!!" She then called out to her son, "In here, Jake!"

As Jacob neared the living room, he said aloud, "I saw Ms. Turner's car in the driveway, and I thought she..." At that moment, he turned the corner and entered the room to find Karen and Melissa sitting on the couch side-by-side. He then finished his statement, "Must be here. Hey Ms. Turner!"

"Hi, Jake!" Melissa greeted him cheerfully but a little out of breath while putting her heels back on.

As calmly as possible, Karen asked, "Honey? Why are you home so early?"

While setting his bookbag down onto the floor, Jacob replied, "My last class got canceled... so they let us go ahead and leave for the day." The teenager may not be a detective, but he could easily sense something was amiss. Both ladies were breathing heavier than usual. Melissa had been barefoot, and his mother's dress appeared somewhat wrinkled and disheveled. He then asked suspiciously, "Is everything okay?"

Trying to appear as normal as possible, Karen picked up her cup and, with a smile, responded, "Of course, Sweetie." She then took a quick sip of her coffee and added, "Ms. Turner was just updating me on the status of their case against Dr. Grant."

As Jacob stood in front of the coffee table, he noticed something on the far-end cushion of the sofa. Then, realizing what it was, he asked, "Who's bra is that?"

Both women looked over and noticed the discarded piece of lingerie. Karen gasped with embarrassment and quickly grabbed the forgotten garment and jumped up from the couch. Then, with her cheeks burning from the humiliation, she picked up the carafe and said the only thing she could think of as she left the room, "I'll go make some fresh coffee."

After getting her heels back on, Melissa stood up from the sofa and attempted to distract Jacob. "So Jake..." she began while stepping around the coffee table and then walking towards the teenager, "It's been a while since I've seen you. How are things lately with your uh... condition? Are things getting any better?"

When Jacob took a good look at Melissa, he forgot all about the mysterious bra... at least temporarily. Instead, he couldn't help but think how gorgeous Ms. Turner looked in her sexy office attire.

Melissa was wearing a knee-length black pencil skirt which was somewhat tight but still professional-looking. Her top was a red form-fitted button-up sweater with three-quarter length sleeves. The neckline scooped down just enough to expose some cleavage of her big mouthwatering tits. Jacob couldn't be sure, and maybe it was just the sweater, but her boobs appeared bigger than the last time he saw her. On the other hand, perhaps the hormones had affected her, too.

"No... not really. It's about the same, I guess," Jacob responded while he rubbed the uncomfortable bulge that continued to grow inside his pants and, along with it activating his powerful pheromones.

Now standing close to Jacob, Melissa breathed in the teenager's unique scent, which further heightened her state of arousal. Her nipples began to hardened and tingle with the familiar buzzing sensation, and her hungry vagina drooled with anticipation.

Wearing her heels made Melissa even taller than Jacob than usual. Looking down and noticing his 'Return of the Jedi' tee-shirt, she inquired, "So ummm... how is your Star Wars collection coming along?"

With excitement, Jacob replied, "Funny you should ask, I'm working on a new model that Mom bought me last week. It's an Imperial star destroyer."

'Once a nerd... always a nerd,' Melissa thought to herself as she suppressed a chuckle. She then asked softly, "Weeeelllll... would you like to... show me?" The gorgeous older woman then bit her bottom lip and arched her brow.

"Oh!" Jacob responded as he finally realized what Melissa was referring to. Then, with a grin, he replied, "Yeah! As a matter of fact... I would."

Now, up in Jacob's bedroom, Melissa had taken off her outfit and laid it across the back of the computer chair. Then, wearing only her skimpy bra and saturated thong panties, the lovely attorney knelt in front of the teenager while he sat on the bedside.

Melissa quickly took hold of Jacob's throbbing erection and wrapped her sensual lips tightly around the drooling cock head. "Mmmmmm," she moaned as her tongue swirled around the tip, collecting the creamy discharge and savoring the unique flavor.

After a couple of minutes into the blowjob, Jacob let go of Melissa's beautiful black hair and leaned back on his elbows. While he watched the gorgeous woman sucking on his dick like a pro, he asked curiously, "So tell me... what exactly did I walk in on earlier?"

Melissa pulled Jacob's cock from her mouth with a noticeable 'pop' sound and reared back just a bit. Then, after licking her lips and swallowing, she answered, "Nothing really." While stroking Jacob's rock-hard shaft with her right hand and cradling his bloated testicles with her left, she commented, "God... this thing is huge!!" She was hoping to divert the conversation.

Jacob, however, continued, "Nothing? I don't buy it." He then leaned up some and included, "Come on Ms. Turner... something was going on. I mean, Mom left the room in an awful hurry carrying her bra, and she seemed to be quite embarrassed."

Seeing that Jacob was not going to let this go, Melissa sighed then responded, "Well, if you must know... I was giving your mother a shoulder massage. I was simply trying to help relieve some of her stress."

Oh... okay," Jacob responded. He then asked, "Wait... for you to massage her shoulders, she had to take off her bra?"

Continuing with the hand-job, Melissa responded, "Well yes... its standard practice for the person receiving the massage to be nude."

Jacob's eyes went wide. "You had her naked? In our living room?" The wrinkled dress now made sense. He knew something had been going on because his mother took great pride in her appearance. She was not a vain woman, but she would never entertain a guest with her clothes out of sorts that way.

Stopping her hand movements, Melissa replied, "No! Well... not totally nude... just from the waist up." Then, resuming to jack off the teenager, she lowered her voice and continued, "I was about to talk her into coming upstairs so I could give her a proper massage, but then you unexpectedly arrived home."

The thought of his super-hot Christian mother getting naked for the gorgeous attorney made Jacob's head spin. He said with a smile, "That would have been so awesome!"

Melissa abruptly stopped her hand movements and insisted, "You cannot tell your mom I told you any of this."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Don't worry... I won't say a word." He then added, "I'm just sorry I interrupted."

In a heavy whisper, Melissa replied, "Me too." She then smiled, got up from her knees, and looked down at Jacob, still wearing his tee-shirt. She then reached behind her back and began to

unfasten the straps of her overstuffed bra. "Maybe it's time we move things along... what do you say?" She had waited long enough... her wanton pussy was drenched and ready to swallow every inch of this boy's magnificent cock.

Upon removing her bra, Melissa's breasts dropped and bounced enticingly on her chest. Again, Jacob's suspicions were correct... they were bigger and hung heavier... very similar to his mother's and sister's beautiful racks.

Melissa caught Jacob starrng and asked, "What? See something you like?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Your... your boobs... they're..."

"Bigger? Yeah, I know." Melissa then cupped both of her meaty orbs and added, "I guess I should give thanks to you and your hormone-laced semen that I've ingested."

Not knowing what else to say, Jacob said, "Sorry."

Shaking her head, Melissa replied, "Don't be... I love them. Personally, I think they look great... I've always wanted to be a D-cup." She put her hands on her hips and turned to the side as if she were an underwear model. "What do you think?"

Staring at the beautiful woman in her skimpy thong panties, Jacob nodded once again and said enthusiastically, "Ms. Turner, I think you look perfect."

A big smile spread across Melissa's face, and she gushed, "Thank you, Jake... you are so sweet."

Jacob stood up from the bed and went over to his closet, where he kept the condoms safely hidden and pulled two gold wrappers out of the box. He planned to take advantage of his limited time with Ms. Turner and hopefully get multiple goes at her juicy quim.

After rolling the uncomfortable condom down his pulsing shaft, Jacob looked up to find Melissa on his bed. She had discarded her panties and now lay on her back with her head slightly elevated on a pillow.

Melissa's heels dug into the Star Wars comforter with her knees slightly spread apart. Her right arm above her head was gripping the headboard while her left hand lazily traced the outer edges of her freshly shaved vagina. Her swollen nether lips were glistening like the shiny diamond in her expensive engagement ring.

Melissa knew she shouldn't be in this situation. After all, she was a well-respected assistant district attorney who promised herself to another man... a man she loved deeply. Yet here she was, naked as the day she was born in a nerdy teenager's bed.

That same teenager was about to rearrange her insides with the insanely oversized cock attached to his skinny boy-like frame. She probably should have felt guilt or shame, but instead, she was as giddy as a high school girl on prom night.

"You know you don't have to wear those on my account," Melissa said in reference to the condom. "After all, I'm on birth control."

While climbing onto the bed, Jacob replied, "Maybe so, but if Mom comes in here and sees me not wearing one, she'll have a cow."

Melissa giggled at Jacob's response. Then, with no show of modesty, she slowly spread her long legs, giving the teenager at her feet an unfettered view of her steaming hot cunt. She then asked in a sultry voice, "Well then... how do you want me?"

Moments later, Jacob steadily plunged his monster cock in and out of Melissa's clutching vagina, and his churning nuts slapped against her curvy butt. His mouth was greedily sucking on one of her tasty nipples while her other boob danced wildly around on her chest.

Melissa had her right arm tightly wrapped around Jacob's shoulders. Her left hand cupped the back of the teenager's head, pulling him tight to her breast. A steady stream of "Oh yes! Oh, Jake! Oh, yes!!" poured from her pretty mouth. After weeks of frustration, the engaged woman was finally getting her itch scratched... and Jacob was scratching it perfectly.

At that moment, the bedroom door slowly opened, and Karen quietly entered the room. Upon entry, she was immediately immersed in the overpowering fragrance that flood the air elevating her own arousal.

As Karen sat down in Jacob's computer chair, she accidentally locked eyes with Melissa. The fiery look in the young woman's eyes and the tingling in her own breasts reminded Karen of the improper and sensual massage from earlier. Still feeling somewhat embarrassed, the conservative mother averted her eyes.

Shamefully, Karen couldn't help but appreciate Melissa's beautiful young body as her eyes traveled along her feminine curves down to where she and Jacob were coupled. However, she did feel some sense of consolation when she noticed Jacob was wearing a condom.

Melissa became more vocal as the tension in her body increased. She ran her hands down Jacob's back and rested them on his skinny rear end. "Ohhhhh yes! Go, Jake! Harder!! Ohhhhh!! Hardeeeeerrrrr!!!"

With her orgasm now within reach, Melissa then began pulling on Jacob's hips, trying to spur him on. When the teenager pushed her over the edge, she reached back with both hands and grabbed hold of the headboard.

"OHHHHHH!!!! YEEEESSSSSS!!!!" Melissa cried out with joy as she arched her back off the bed and let the long-awaited orgasm take her away.

After the massage incident from earlier and now watching Melissa thrash around underneath her son, Karen's clit was like a live wire. It took every bit of self-control Karen could muster not to hike up her skirt and slip her hand into her increasingly wet panties. Instead, she clutched her thighs together, relishing the sweet torture of teetering on edge.

Jacob's thrusts became erratic as he neared climax. "Ugh... Ugh... Ms. Turner! Ugh! I'm gonna... Ugh!! Cum!!"

Still lost in a cloud of euphoria, Melissa couldn't form any words. She simply wrapped her widely spread legs around Jacob's skinny body as a sign for him to stay inside.

Jacob couldn't help but speed up. "Oh, Ms. Turner... here it... COMES!! AAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

"Mmmmmmm" Melissa moaned as she felt Jacob's monster cock expand as it released his viral load into the condom. Even through the protective shield that surrounded his twitching phallus, she could feel the heat of the teenager's semen radiate deep in her tummy.

At first, Karen worried about the risk and thought she should intercede; however, since Melissa was on birth control and Jacob wore a condom, she decided it should be okay.

A few moments later, the unseemly couple fought to catch their breath. Jacob lie on top of Melissa with his face resting on her soft and pillowy bosom. The engaged attorney clung possessively to the teenager as if reluctant to let him go.

As Karen sat idly in the chair watching them, she could not help but feel the familiar pang of envy along with her arousal. However, this time, she could not decipher which of the two she felt her jealousy towards... perhaps both. Suddenly her cell phone began to vibrate. Realizing the call was from Robert, she quickly stood up and left the room.

After Melissa released her grip on the boy, Jacob lifted up and carefully removed his cock from her steaming hot snatch. The sudden feeling of emptiness caused her to moan in disappointment softly.

Jacob quickly disposed of the condom and walked back to the bed where Melissa reclined back, resting on her elbows, still recovering. "You up for round two?" he asked with a hopeful grin.

Melissa's eyes shot wide as she noticed the teenager's monster was still fully erect and lewdly bouncing with each step. "Uh-huh!" the smiling attorney replied with a nod.

As Jacob picked up the second condom from his nightstand, he asked, "Will you try with Mom again sometime?"

Sitting up, Melissa questioned, "With the massage, you mean?"

"Yeah... and hopefully, you can get further along next time," Jacob responded while climbing onto the bed. "It would be so cool to see you two together. Heck... maybe sometime I could even join in... that would really be awesome!"

Somewhat shocked, Melissa asked, "You want to have a threesome... with your mom?" She suspected from earlier conversations with Karen that the prim and proper mother was conducting some form of "hands-on" treatment to relieve her son. She just wasn't sure if the help included intercourse. The young attorney usually would have been appalled at the idea of incest, but in this instance, she found it kind of hot.

Motioning for her to turn around, Jacob replied, "Heck yeah! Would you be up for it?"

Turning with her back to Jacob, Melissa replied, "I know I would... but do you think your mother would be open to it?" Then, knowing what he had in mind, she went ahead and got down on all fours and widened her knees apart, lowering her curvy backside.

Jacob replied, "I think she would eventually, but we should probably take it one step at a time," He then changed his mind

about the condom and tossed the unopened packet onto his cluttered desk with it landing next to a textbook.

Jacob then got into position behind Melissa and added, "For starters, maybe loosen her up with some lesbian stuff." The teenager then began sliding the tip of his bare cock between the juicy lips of Melissa's gushing wet vagina. "Will you do that?"

"Mmmmmm," Melissa purred from the electrical sensations of having her clit stimulated. She gave her flawless rear-end a seductive wiggle. "Yeah, I can try at least. However, it may take me a little ti--Ohhhhh Yesssss!!!" she hissed as Jacob thrust forward, penetrating her dripping sex with his unsheathed manhood.

The engaged lawyer moaned and grabbed fist-fulls of the soft comforter and arched her back as inch after inch of Jacob's pulsing spear pierced deeper and deeper into her core. While gritting her teeth, Melissa commented in amazement, "My God! That thing is unreal!!"

Soon, Jacob got into a steady rhythm of sinking his fleshy rod in and out of Melissa's sloppy vagina. A frothy ring of the cheating fiancée's juices began to form around the base of the teenager's cock. Jacob would playfully slap Melissa's right butt cheek every few thrusts or so, causing her to yelp in between the "ohs" and "ahhs."

Since forgoing the condom, Jacob reluctantly decided it might be best to finish quickly in case his mother returned. He did not want her to come back and discover him riding Melissa bareback. He tightened his grip on the engaged woman's curvy hips, digging his fingers deeper into her soft, yielding flesh. The teenager began thrusting harder, and Melissa conveyed her approval with a steady stream of "Oh Yes! Oh, God! Oh, Yes!"

Melissa lowered herself down onto her forearms and raised her butt higher into the air. This angle gave Jacob a perfect view of her asshole as it winked at him each time he plunged balls deep into her squelching pussy. The lawyer's dark pink rosebud already glistened with an abundance of vaginal lubricant; however, to be safe, the teenager popped his thumb into his mouth.

Once properly lubricated, Jacob slowed his thrusting, then placed the pad of his thumb onto its target and began massaging the slick, rubbery ring. Suddenly, Melissa became quiet and raised her head as if confused and trying to comprehend what was happening.

Jacob pushed forward, and his lubricated digit slid knuckle deep into Melissa's dark, forbidden passage. An audible gasp escaped her pretty mouth as she clutched tighter to the bedspread. The engaged lawyer was no stranger to anal play, and she was quite fond of it, but she was caught a bit off guard by the teenager's assertiveness.

Sensing no protest, Jacob gained confidence and slid his invading finger even deeper into her most sensitive and intimate orifice. As the probing digit sank further into her steaming hot rectum, Melissa confirmed the naughty pleasure with a long drawn out moan, "OOOhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

With his hand firmly pressed up against Melissa's curvy backside, Jacob could feel her anus tightly grasping on the base of his finger. He then began wiggling his thumb, and the additional stimulation caused the cheating attorney to push her ass back into him and whisper, "Ohhhh my....God!!"

Jacob quickly regained his former pace and rhythm of plowing into Melissa's dripping wet vagina. While he ravaged her body with both appendages, he also attacked her mind. "Ms. Turner? Do you plan... ugh... to tell the good doctor... ugh... what a bad girl you've been today? How you fucked a teenager... with his thumb... in your butt?"

The intense sensations of having Jacob's cock reaming her pussy and his finger drilling her ass had Melissa quickly ascending to a glorious orgasmic summit. An image of Donnie crept into her mind and, along with it, a wave of guilt. She could only imagine how devastated he would be to find out how she spent her afternoon.

While Donnie was pulling an exhausting double-shift at the hospital, Melissa was getting double penetrated by a nerdy high school boy. While her soon-to-be husband was helping people and saving lives, she was bare ass naked on all fours allowing

the gangly teenager to violate her quivering body... And like a shameless slut... she was getting off on it.

Hearing no reply, Jacob asked, "How 'bout it... Ms. Turner? Are you gonna... tell him?"

Shaking her head, she replied, "No! God... NO!!!"

Jacob pulled his thumb from the fiery chasm of Melissa's rectum and quickly replaced it with the combination of his forefinger and middle finger. Both digits easily slid up to the hilt in the lawyer's tightly grasping anus, and he then began to steadily finger-fuck Melissa's ass.

The intense stimulation caused Melissa to throw her head back and cry out to the toy spaceships hanging from the bedroom ceiling, "Ohhh, Yess!! Fuck Me!! Fuck Meeee!!! Ohhhh GODDD!!!! FUCK!!! MEEEEEE!!!"

Somewhere deep inside Melissa's brain, a fuse blew. She began to convulse as the orgasm surged through her sweat-covered body. "AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" she continuously wailed while she experienced the sweet agony of the electrical-like currents lighting up her nerve endings.

The tight clutches and spasms of Melissa's climaxing pussy pushed Jacob over the edge... there was no turning back. He removed his fingers from her pulsing asshole and grabbed hold

of her gyrating hips. "Ms. Turner... I'm gonna cum. Can I... stay inside?"

Still riding the tail-end of the glorious orgasm, Melissa forgot all about the other possible side effects of Jacob's semen. Lost in the euphoric cloud, the young attorney simply nodded her approval.

"Oh yeah! Ms. Turner!! Here it comes!! Take it... take it... ALLL!!!" At that moment, Jacob's cock erupted.

Melissa's eyes shot wide open as the teenager's man lava hosed her insides. "OH MY GOD!!" she cried out in shock as the torrential blast of Jacob's massive load sparked a third orgasm.

"Ohhhhhhhh!!", Melissa groaned in ecstasy as her arms gave way, and she lowered her head down onto the mattress. The climaxing woman kept her ass perched high in the air allowing Jacob to empty his churning nuts deep into her accommodating womb.

Moments later, Melissa savored the occasional aftershock while she descended back down from Heaven. Then, finally, she lay flat on her tummy with her legs splayed wide open while trying to catch her breath.

While sitting between Melissa's spread legs, Jacob proudly watched a steady stream of his thick and creamy jizz ooze out of the engaged woman's freshly fucked pussy. Because of the

growing puddle, he knew later he would be changing the comforter on his bed, but it was well worth it.

"Hey, Ms. Turner..." Jacob began as she reached over and gave Melissa's juicy ass a playful slap which resulted in a soft yelp. "I need you to do me a favor."

Without lifting her head, Melissa grunted her reply, "Huh?"

"Whatever you do... don't tell my mom what I did. She would freak out if she found out that I finished inside you without a condom." Little did Jacob know that his mother knew what he had done.

After ending her phone call with Robert, Karen returned upstairs; but she didn't go back into the bedroom. Instead, she stood outside and listened to the final moments of their indecent mating session.

Karen Mitchell was just on the other side of the closed bedroom door and heard his little confession. Yet, at the moment, she was not in a position to confront the guilty parties.

The conservative mother stood breathing heavily while supporting herself with her left hand against the door frame. Her panties pulled down to her knees with her right hand tightly pressed against her sopping wet vagina while recuperating from her own massive knee-buckling orgasm.

It made Karen feel ashamed that she had listened in and masturbated while her son had illicit sex with the engaged woman. Not long ago, she had scolded Jacob for basically doing the same thing to her and her husband. Now here she was, skulking around like some sort of pervert while having impure thoughts about another woman.

After straightening herself up, Karen quietly went back down the hall. She told herself repeatedly it must be more side effects from the hormones because these were not the actions or thoughts of a proper Christian woman. The justification was a bit feeble; however, it was good enough to make her feel a little better and also helped to ease some of her guilt.

Once dressed for school, Jacob left his room to find Karen and remind her about his plans with Sara Miller. While walking down the hallway, he could faintly hear Karen's angelic voice coming from the master bedroom... it sounded as if she was singing.

Finding the door to his parent's room partially cracked, Jacob slowly pushed it open further to see his mother making up her and his father's bed. She was singing a gospel hymn, but not one in which he was familiar.

Like any other day, Karen looked beautiful. Today she had her long chestnut hair done in a side pony style. She wore an old

"Journey" tee-shirt, and her black yoga pants fit as if painted onto her womanly curves.

Looking up, Karen noticed Jacob standing in the doorway. She then greeted her son with a bright smile, "Good morning, Sleepy Head!" After fluffing a pillow and tossing it back onto the bed, she added, "I was just about to check and make sure you were up."

Entering the room, Jacob could hear the hissing sound of the shower alerting him that his dad had yet to leave for work. "Morning, Mom! I could hear you singing all the way down the hall."

With a giggle, Karen replied, "Sorry about that. I'm standing in for Mrs. Connors in the choir this Sunday."

"No need to apologize, Mom..." Jacob always liked to hear his mother sing. It reminded him of when he was very young, and she would sing to him after reading a bedtime story. "I mean... you sounded great... I just don't think I've ever heard that song before."

Karen replied, walking around the bed, "It's new... well, at least it is for the choir. Mr. Crenshaw thought it would be a good idea to add some new hymns into the rotation." Sitting down on the side of the bed, she continued, "With it being a while since I participated in the Sunday choir, I figured I might want to practice the old pipes."

Sitting down beside his mother, Jacob said, "Well, I think you sound perfect, Mom."

Karen patted Jacob's thigh and responded with a slight chuckle, "Thank you, Baby, but I'm a long way from perfect." She then cocked her head and asked, "Did you need something?"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am. I wanted to remind you that Sara is coming over after school to work on our Chemistry project."

Grinning from ear to ear, Karen put a hand over her mouth. "Oh my goodness! That's right... your first study date with your girlfriend... how cute!"

Putting up his hand, Jacob replied, "Woah... slow down, Mom... she's not my girlfriend. I mean, I'd like her to be, but we've only been on one date."

"Well, we all know it's only a matter of time until she is," Karen said reassuringly.

Jacob sighed then said, "You really should take off the 'mom goggles' once in a while."

"Why would you say that?" Karen replied with a surprised tone. Then, with her fingers, she brushed the hair on Jacob's forehead and added, "What girl in her right mind wouldn't want to be with my little snuggle monster?"

Pulling back just a bit, Jacob grimaced, "Yeah... about that." He then said, "Mom... remember... we discussed this? No silly nicknames when Sara is around."

Pulling back, Karen replied, "I vaguely remember you saying something about that, but I don't recall my ever agreeing to it."

Staring at Karen, Jacob said with a serious tone, "Mooooom???"

Throwing her hands up, Karen replied, "Okay... okay. I'll behave."

"You promise?" Jacob asked.

With a sigh, Karen said, "Yes... I promise... cross my heart." Then with her finger, she marked an "X" on her chest.

Feeling relieved, Jacob smiled and responded, "Thank you!"

Noticing that the shower had gone silent, Karen could hear Robert at the sink brushing his teeth. She leaned in and whispered, "What about your situation?" She then motioned

with her head towards Jacob's crotch and added, "You think you'll be okay? I mean, with Sara around all afternoon?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob softly replied, "Sure... why not? I've been able to hide it so far."

Arching her brow, Karen held her son's gaze and asked, "Are you certain?"

Something about the look in Karen's warm hazel eyes caused Jacob's monster to awaken and begin to stir. He then responded, "Ummmm... you know what? Maybe it would be best if you helped me before she comes over... just to be safe."

Karen's plump red lips curled into a smile.

"No, wait!" Jacob added. "Mrs. Miller insisted on picking Sara and me up after school and then dropping us off here.... so that means you and I won't have a chance to be alone."

From the bathroom came the sounds of Robert continuing his morning routine of preparing for his day. Glancing at the partially opened door, Karen said softly, "Just hang around until your dad leaves for work." Then, turning back to Jacob, she added, "Afterwards, I'll drive you to school... that way, if you're late, I can sign you in."

After kissing her husband bye for the day, Karen returned from the garage to the kitchen to find Jacob still at the table eating breakfast. She immediately took her son by the hand, and led him into the laundry room.

Jacob paid no mind to the familiar humming sound of the garage door lowering down as his father left for the office. Instead, his sole focus was that of Karen lowering down her yoga pants and panties across her magnificently soft and round backside. The teenager stood behind his mother, unbuckling his pants while watching her slide the skin-tight garment down to her knees.

Now bent over the operating washing machine resting on her elbows, Karen turned and, looking back over her shoulder, said, "Okay, Sweetie... we don't have much time." She then noticed Jacob stroking his fully erect and bare cock. "Jake... don't forget the condom."

Tearing his eyes away from his mother's fleshy upturned ass, Jacob replied, "Uh... condom? Sorry, Mom... I forgot to bring one down with me... it's still upstairs."

Turning her head back around, Karen dropped and shook her head. She sighed with frustration and said, "Jake... you must always use a condom."

Stepping up closer, Jacob rested his throbbing dick in the crack of Karen's soft and shapely butt. "Maybe we could skip it this one time?" He put his hands on Karen's wide hips and began to

slowly slide his cock back and forth in the cleavage of her juicy naked bottom. "Mom, I promise, I'll pull out before I finish."

The feel of Jacob's rock-hard shaft sliding along her butt crack caused a soft moan to escape Karen's lips. For safety's sake, the aroused mother knew it would be better if they used a condom. For a few seconds, she contemplated sending Jacob upstairs to retrieve one; however, against her better judgment, she relented, "Fine... but Jake, you have to promise."

"I will, Mom... I swear!!"

"Don't swear, Honey... just make sure you pull-- Oooohhhhhhh!" Karen groaned aloud as the tip of Jacob's incredible cock penetrated the opening of her tight vagina.

Once given the green light, Jacob wasted no time. Soon, he was thrusting into Karen's pussy with long, deliberate strokes. The teenager noticed his shaft glistening with an abundance of her natural lubricant. "Wow, Mom... this feels great! Your pussy... is so wet!"

Karen's cheeks burned with embarrassment. Her vagina was not only wet... it was saturated due to her arousal from the previous night. Robert, exhausted from a long day, fell asleep early, and left her alone to suffer with her chemically charged libido. She ended up sneaking into the bathroom and masturbating. But that would only be a temporary solution.

Earlier this morning, Karen could feel the tingling sensations in her nether regions had returned, and she attempted to seduce Robert for some early morning action. However, with him oversleeping and running late, the horny housewife was once again denied some much-needed relief. Since she could not depend on her husband to fulfill his duties, she turned to her teenage boy and his enormous pussy pleaser to satisfy her needs.

Even though teetering on the edge of her first orgasm, Karen couldn't help being a mother, "Jake! Don't use... that nasty word!! Oh my! Ohhhhhhhh... my goodnessssss!!!!" To brace herself, she reached over and grabbed hold of the washing machine control panel as the first waves of immense pleasure rolled through her quivering body. "OOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Jacob could feel Karen's vagina twitch and spasm. "Mom? Does that... feel good?"

The term 'good' was an understatement. The orgasms Karen reached with Robert were considered 'good'. However, what Jacob's freak of nature did to her was on a totally different plane...more like an out-of-body religious experience.

With her brain still dealing with the sensory overload, Karen could only reply with a series of grunts and groans. "Ughh!! Ughh!! Ughh!!" She sounded like a wounded animal as she pushed her ass into her son's crotch, desperate to experience the thrill and ecstasy once again.

For the next couple of minutes, Jacob continuously slammed into Karen's matronly backside. He was fascinated by the ripples in her cushiony flesh each time their bodies collided.

In that time, Karen achieved a second climax. Afterward, she lowered herself so that her torso lay flat across the washing machine. While she floated in a post-orgasmic fog, Jacob continued to plow away at his mother's sopping wet pussy.

At that moment, the washing machine went into the spin cycle. The powerful vibrations worked their way through the thin fabric of Karen's tee-shirt and bra to her sensitive nipples. The intense stimulation in her breasts only added to her euphoria, causing her to moan. "Ohhhh! That feels... niiiiiccce!"

Jacob could feel his release getting near. He grabbed hold of the bottom of Karen's tee-shirt and used it as a harness as he began slamming into her even harder. "Mom... ugh! I'm gonna cum... where should I... Ugh... finish?"

Because of the loud vibrating appliance, Karen didn't hear Jacob's question. Plus, she was lost in the combined heavenly sensations that were attacking her pussy and wobbling tits. She was quickly building up to a third mind-blowing orgasm.

Not hearing a reply, Jacob grabbed hold of Karen's lustrous chestnut brown hair. He pulled her head back, causing his mother to arch her back and squeal out in surprise and delight.

The conservative mother was beginning to like her son being a bit more aggressive.

"Mom... I'm almost... there! Can I... stay... inside?"

Karen was also about to peak. Her logical side knew she should tell Jacob no. However, she was desperately close to once again reaching paradise and did not want to give up the incredible feelings flowing through her nervous system.

Karen tried to figure out if it was a safe time of the month; however, her mind was scrambled... so scrambled, in fact, she could not even remember what day it was. Finally, she decided to roll the dice and replied to Jacob, "Y--Yes... Yeeesssss!!!"

Delighted by her answer, Jacob let go of Karen's brown locks and grabbed onto her wide and fleshy hips. "Oh yeah! Hang on, Mom... here it... comes! I'm gonna dump my load... deep inside you... AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!" The teenager's climax was so intense it felt as if his swollen testicles exploded, and it caused a chain reaction for his mother.

"OOOOHHHHHH!!! MYYYYYYYYY!!! YEEEESSSSSSS!!!" Karen cried out as her son filled her womb with his steaming hot man seed. The worry of pregnancy faded away and was replaced by pure orgasmic joy. Her only wish was that she could stay lost in this feeling forever.

After a while, Jacob reluctantly pulled his deflating cock from Karen's twitching vagina. A river of cum immediately began to cascade out of her gaping pussy and travel down her long legs.

Turning around, Karen noticed Jacob's dick and testicles covered in a frothy mixture of their combined fluids. With her yoga pants still halfway down her legs, she dropped to her knees and took hold of her boy's penis. She then lovingly used her mouth and tongue to clean away the sinful evidence of their unholy mother-son union.

Karen pinched Jacob's cock just below the mushroom-shaped head. A final dollop of his creamy semen emerged from the slit, and the loving mom quickly lapped it up with her tongue. After a quick inspection, she gave the spongy head a motherly kiss, then stood up and said, "There now... do you think you'll be safe around Sara today?"

With a goofy grin, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am." Then, as he noticed the stream of fluids running down her thighs, he added, "Thanks, Mom, for letting me finish inside. That was awesome!!"

Grabbing a towel, Karen began to wipe between her legs and responded, "You're welcome, but don't get too used to it. We still have to be on guard and use condoms." Seeing the smile drain from his face, she added, "I know they're uncomfortable and annoying, but I ordered some that hopefully will fit you better than the ones you have now."

Jacob reluctantly nodded in agreement.

In her mind, Karen agreed with Jacob... it was awesome. Probably the most incredible thing she had ever experienced, however, it was too dangerous, and she had to stand firm. She knew if they played with fire, they would eventually get burned.

After pulling up her yoga pants, Karen said, "Okay... Let's get cleaned up, and then I'll drive you to school." They both noticed the small puddles of their body fluids on the floor. She then said, "I'll take care of that when I get back home."

Later on, Karen stood at the counter in the office at Jacob's school. She was in the process of signing him in and fibbing about the reason for Jacob being tardy. Her excuse was that they overslept because her alarm clock did not go off due to a freak power outage on their block.

While Karen continued explaining her case to Mrs. Anderson, the doting mother could feel some of her son's baby batter drip into the gusset of her clean panties. What a shock it would be for the mild-mannered secretary to know the truth... to know the actual reason why this prim and proper mom was late bringing her son to school. The thought made Karen shiver.

After handing the clipboard back to Mrs. Anderson, Karen looked down at Jacob and smiled. "Bye, Sweetie... have a good day." She then leaned over and kissed the top of his head.

While Jacob gave his mother a displeased look for her display of affection in front of the school secretary, Mrs. Anderson commented, "Awwwww... that's so sweet!"

Feeling his cheeks turn red from embarrassment, Jacob threw his bookbag over his shoulder and quickly replied, "Bye, Mom." He then turned and made a hasty exit out of the office.

While Karen watched Jacob through the window as he walked down the hall, Mrs. Anderson said, "They grow up so fast."

Turning to Mrs. Anderson, Karen huffed and replied, "Tell me about it. It seems like yesterday, I gave birth to him. Now my little man is going on dates and applying to colleges."

Mrs. Anderson chuckled then said, "My kids now have kids of their own, but one thing never changes for us moms..." The older lady then leaned on the counter and continued, "No matter how old they get... they will always be our babies."

Karen turned back just in time to see Jacob turn the corner and disappear. She smiled and replied, "You're right about that, Mrs. Anderson... they will always be our babies..." The sentimental mother then felt a delicious little quiver take place in her vagina as more of her "baby's" virile seed trickled into her panties. Then, taking a deep breath, she added, "They always will be."

Chapter 11

On Friday, Jacob was in the middle of English class when he unexpectedly received notice to report to the main office for early dismissal. He remembered Karen telling him that the weather forecast was calling for afternoon storms, and she would pick him up after school; however, this was still the middle of the day. A bit confused, Jacob collected all his belongings and made his way upfront.

Once Jacob entered the office, he saw his sister, Rachel, leaning forward on the counter, speaking with the secretary Mrs. Anderson. His eyes immediately locked onto his older sibling's mouthwatering backside.

"Yes, ma'am... Scott and I recently moved back to town. We're in a rental for now, but our new house is being built and will soon be ready." Just then, Rachel turned and saw her brother, then greeted him with a happy tone, "Well, there you are... you ready to go?"

With a confused expression, Jacob replied, "Go where? Rachel... why are you here? Where's Mom?"

Rachel scoffed then replied, "Don't tell me you forgot? I'm here to take you to your appointment with the endocrinologist. Something came up, and Mom asked me to take you instead... remember???" She gave Jacob a glaring stare for him to play along.

"Oh... right! Is that today?" Jacob chuckled while shaking his head. "My bad... I totally forgot."

Turning back to Mrs. Anderson, Rachel shook her head and sighed, then said, "These teenage boys... I swear those video games are turning their brains to mush."

Once they reached Rachel's car, Jacob tossed his book bag into the back seat. He then got into the front passenger seat and asked, "So, will you please tell me what's going on?" After buckling his seat belt, he added, "I know for a fact I do not have a doctor's appointment today."

Pulling out of the parking spot, Rachel replied, "Mom called this morning and asked me if I would pick you up after school. She said she may not be able to get here in time and was concerned about the possibility of some rough weather later today."

Jacob took a few seconds to admire his gorgeous big sister. Along with her painted-on jeans, Rachel wore a red short-sleeve top with a scooped neckline that displayed a decent amount of her incredible cleavage. He could see the gentle wobbling of her bra-encased tits as she steered the car onto the highway. Her honey-blond hair was in a ponytail and styled in such a way that she resembled their mother.

"But why so early? Not that I'm complaining or anything."

Staring ahead at the highway, Rachel replied. "Don't worry... I have my reasons. For starters, I thought it would give us a chance to catch up." She then looked over at her brother and asked, "First of all, how did your doctor visit go the other day? We agreed you would tell me everything he said."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yeah... I remember. Only the doctor wasn't a 'he'... it was Aunt Brenda."

Rachel chuckled and said, "I had a feeling that's who Mom had in mind. So... what did she say?"

"Not all that much, really. Aunt Brenda gave me an exam, and she said physically, I'm fine."

Looking over at her brother, Rachel responded positively, "Well, that's good to hear." With her hand, she then motioned toward Jacob's lap and asked, "But what about the main issue? Did she have any opinions concerning that?"

"Aunt Brenda sent samples of my blood and semen to a doctor friend of hers. Apparently, he specializes in all sorts of male reproductive issues."

Rachel asked, "Does Aunt Brenda think he will be able to find a cure?"

Jacob shrugged, "Not sure, but Mom mainly wants him to run some tests to make sure nothing serious is going on. At least no more than what's already happened."

Nodding her head, Rachel said, "Okay... so when should the results be back?"

Glancing once again at his sister's cleavage, Jacob replied, "Aunt Brenda said it could take a couple of weeks."

Turning on the blinker to make a right turn, Rachel asked, "Well, as soon as you hear something, let me know?"

"Sure thing," Jacob affirmed. Noticing they were headed down Oak Street, he asked, "Uhhh... Rach? Why are you going this way? Home is in the opposite direction."

Looking over at Jacob, Rachel replied, "I'm not taking you home yet. I'm helping Mom with dinner tonight, and she asked me to bring a few things. So we're gonna stop off at my place first... is that okay?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob answered, "Sure... fine by me." Out of curiosity, he then asked, "Did Mom happen to say why she couldn't pick me up today?"

Shaking her head, Rachel responded, "Nope... she just said that she had an appointment that she forgot about and may not be back in time to get you from school."

Meanwhile, at the Smith Pharmacy over in Macon, Karen stood by the magazine rack. She mindlessly flipped through the latest issue of 'Southern Living' magazine while anxiously awaiting for the line at the drug counter to disperse. Luckily the quaint family-owned establishment was not very busy this time of day, and she only had to wait for a couple of minutes.

Once the other patrons had walked away, Karen stepped up to the counter. The pharmacy clerk was an attractive blonde lady around Karen's age, maybe a few years older. The pretty woman smiled, and with a classic southern accent, she asked, "Hi there... how can I help you today?"

Karen noticed the name 'Darlene' on her name tag. Taking a glance to make sure no one else was nearby, Karen said, "I received a call this morning that my special order had arrived."

Darlene enthusiastically replied, "Well, sure thing, Hun... what name is it under?"

"Uhhh... Davis... Emily Davis." Karen used her mother's maiden name.

Darlene noticed Karen's wedding rings and graciously responded, "Okay, Mrs. Davis... let me go get that for you." She then disappeared into the back.

While Karen waited, she just happened to notice a display of early pregnancy tests on a nearby shelf. She was reasonably sure it was safe when she allowed Jacob to finish inside her the other day. However, as more time passed, a small amount of concern did creep its way into her mind.

Suddenly, Darlene returned, and she appeared to be reading the writing on one of the packages. Setting the two boxes down onto the counter, she remarked in a curious tone, "Excalibur? I don't reckon I've ever heard of this brand before. Heck, I didn't even know they made condoms this big."

Last week during Jacob's office visit with Brenda, Karen told her sister that she was having trouble finding condoms big enough for her son. Originally purchased ones worked okay but did not fit properly, and Jacob found them quite uncomfortable. Luckily, Brenda knew who to call, and her contact recommended the 'Excalibur' brand.

The clerk then asked, "Will that be cash or charge?"

"Cash!... please," Karen quickly responded. She glanced around once again to be sure there were no prying eyes.

While Darlene ran the package over the scanner, she softly remarked, "So I take it he's quite gifted."

Turning back to Darlene, Karen replied with confusion, "Excuse me?"

Shaking the box of condoms before putting it into the bag, Darlene clarified, "Your husband... he must be uh... quite gifted... if you catch my drift."

Without thinking, Karen shook her head and blurted out, "Oh, these are not for my husband." She immediately regretted the statement and felt her stomach drop, and her heart began to pound in her chest.

Darlene noticed the telltale expression on Karen's face. Her eyes went wide and, with a big grin, said, "Oh, I see." She then leaned in and whispered, "You go, girl!!"

Trying to backpedal, Karen stated emphatically, "No! No! No! It—it's not like that!"

Darlene put up her hand and added in a soft tone, "Hey... don't worry... your secret is safe. Trust me... after almost thirty years of marriage, my husband is at that point where he would rather be on the golf course or in a fishing boat." Keeping her voice low, she continued, "I say If the husbands can have their hobbies... we wives should too... am I right?"

A little flabbergasted and not knowing how to respond, Karen replied, "I don't know..."

Leaning in closer, Darlene asked with a big smile, "So who is he? Let me guess... the pool boy?"

Trying to repair the damage, Karen chuckled and insisted, "I'm afraid you have it all wrong. You see, my daughter is getting married next weekend, and we're going to throw her a bachelorette party on the night before. These are just for a practical joke... that's all."

Darlene could tell the middle-aged mother was fibbing. She had seen it many times before, a beautiful upper-middle-class wife still in her sexual prime and her husband, for whatever reason, not taking care of his bedroom duties. She knew the type well because it just so happened she was that type herself.

Darlene wondered who the insanely well-hung mystery man could be that was servicing the gorgeous married mom. The most common suspect would be a younger coworker or, if she were real kinky, maybe a college classmate of one of her kids.

The sinful fantasy caused a slight quiver to take place in the sales clerk's pussy. Deciding not to push her embarrassed customer any further, Darlene nodded and relented, "Okay, Hun... my mistake... I apologize."

After ringing up the purchase, Darlene asked politely, "Will there be anything else?"

Karen took a quick glance over her shoulder. After stalling a few seconds and without saying a word, she grabbed one of the early pregnancy tests and quickly placed it on the counter. She couldn't bring herself to look Darlene in the eye.

As Darlene rang up the total and placed the EPT into the bag along with the condoms, the pretty blonde woman remarked with a wink, "Practical joke, huh?"

Karen could feel her face turn red as she handed a \$100 bill to the clerk. As Darlene opened the register drawer to get Karen's change, she asked softly, "So tell me... after taking something that big... are you even able to walk the next day?"

Feeling a bit panicked and humiliated, Karen grabbed the bag and began briskly walking away. Darlene called out, "Mrs. Davis? What about your change?"

"Keep it!" Karen called out in reply... she never looked back.

Meanwhile, back at the Morgan household, Rachel handed Jacob a bottle of water from the refrigerator. After opening her bottle and taking a few sips, she asked, "So tell me, Squirt... are you any closer to making your choice between Georgia and Tech?"

Shaking his head, Jacob sat down at the kitchen table and replied, "No, not really. But remember... Mom and Dad are taking me to Atlanta to visit Georgia Tech's campus the weekend after next."

Stepping closer to Jacob, Rachel responded, "What about Athens? Shouldn't you take a visit there too?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Don't worry... I plan to. Mom said she would take me for a weekend visit soon; however, Dad probably won't be able to make that trip."

Rachel's face lit up. "Hey... how about I go with you, too?? I would love to show you around campus and all my old hangout spots."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob commented, "Well, I think that's what Mom has planned... to show me around, I mean."

Shaking her head, Rachel replied, "The stuff that Mom will want to show you will be boring and lame. I, on the other hand, could take you to some really cool places."

Jacob was hoping to somehow discourage Rachel from tagging along. The teenager was excited about a weekend trip alone with his mother. The two of them staying in a hotel without his dad around... the possibilities were endless. He then asked, "What

about Scott? I mean... would he be okay with you taking off for the weekend?"

Rachel huffed, then said, "Most likely, he won't even be here himself." After taking another sip of water, she continued, "Ever since Scott got promoted to branch manager, he spends more of his time at other offices than he does his own." She threw up her hand and continued, "This week, he's in Birmingham, and I think they're sending him back to Charlotte the week after next. It's starting to wear him out." In Scott's absence, the lack of bedroom activity started to take its toll on the young wife. She really needed someone to wear her out.

Jacob responded, "Poor guy... I know he hates being away so much." He tried to sound sympathetic, but truth be told, Jacob liked it when Scott was out of town. With his brother-in-law out of the picture, it bettered the chances that Rachel would give in to her hormonally charged urges.

Rachel sighed and said, "I hate it too, but unfortunately, there's not much we can do about it." She then set her water bottle on the kitchen table and leaned over with her face just inches away from Jacob's. "So what do you say, Squirt? Let your big sister tag along? It'll be fun... you'll see."

Bending over in that position caused the neckline of Rachel's blouse to hang down and give Jacob an unobstructed view down her top. As he stared at her mouthwatering cleavage and the gold cross pendant that hung from her neck, he replied, "Well... I guess I can't say no to my big sister."

Standing back up straight, Rachel exclaimed, "Great! I promise... you won't be sorry." Noticing Jacob opening up his bookbag, she then asked, "What are you doing?"

Pulling out his schoolbooks, Jacob replied, "I've got a good bit of homework due tomorrow. If we're going to be here for a while, I thought I would go ahead and get started."

Putting a hand on her hip, Rachel commented, "Look, Jake... I didn't sign you out of school early for you to sit here and do homework." She then leaned in a little and said softly, "I brought you here so we could maybe negotiate."

"Negotiate?" Jacob replied, trying to play dumb.

"Yeah... you know... about your choice of school. I thought I would show you some of my true recruiting skills."

Leaning back in his chair, Jacob crossed his arms, then smiled and said, "Oh, okay... well, let's hear what you have to offer."

Rachel rolled her eyes and said, "Not here, Dorkus! I can do a much better job of negotiating in my umm... conference room upstairs." She then gave her brother a wink as she began loosening her ponytail.

Jacob watched as Rachel began to leave the kitchen. His eyes locked onto her curvy heart-shaped ass while she walked away. He found it mesmerizing to witness the sway of her hips in those skin-tight jeans. He jumped up from the chair and followed his big sister up the staircase, forgetting all about the homework.

Once they entered the master bedroom, Rachel kicked off her shoes and peeled off her blouse. She asked, "So tell me... how did your date with Sara go the other night?"

Lost in the excitement of watching his sister take off her clothes, Jacob responded, "Huh? Oh, my date?" Unbuckling his belt, he added, "It was good... great actually. In fact, she invited me over to her house for a cookout tomorrow."

Sliding her jeans down her long legs, Rachel commented, "Way to go, Romeo!" However, being the big sister, she couldn't help but take a quick jab. "I guess you were right after all... she IS into dorks." Tossing her jeans into a nearby clothes hamper, Rachel added, "Wonders never cease."

Taking off his pants, Jacob scoffed, "Rach... if this is what you mean by improving your recruiting skills... you're not doing a very good job."

Rachel giggled while she unhooked and removed her lacy red bra; her amazing boobs dropped slightly and wobbled on her chest. Her pink nipples, exposed to the cool air, instantly hardened to life. She then tossed the garment onto a chair that

sat in the corner and replied with a shrug, "I can't help it that you are an easy target."

Seeing the slight scowl on Jacob's face, Rachel said, "Relax, Baby Brother... negotiations are about to start." She then turned and climbed onto the bed, giving Jacob an excellent view of her flawless and nearly naked backside.

Rachel lay down with her back resting against the big fluffy pillows, and her left knee bent and heel dug into the comforter. To Jacob, her lying there in that position, she resembled some sort of Playboy Magazine model. Looking at her brother's throbbing erection, she chuckled and added, "And it appears to me that you are more than ready to begin."

As Jacob joined his older sibling, he caught sight of the picture on her nightstand... It was hers and Scott's wedding photo. He then realized he was about to bang his smoking hot sister in her marital bed. Up until now, they had only messed around in his bed or Rachel's childhood bed back home. The surrealness of it all further increased Jacob's excitement.

Positioned at Rachel's feet, Jacob noticed how she lazily ran a manicured finger over the gusset of her skimpy panties where a dark spot was forming. In a soft voice, she asked, "I know it was your first date and all, but did you get anywhere with Sara?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No... of course not. Like you said... it was only our first date. Plus, in case you have forgotten,

Sara is our pastor's daughter, and she is dead set on saving herself from marriage. Her last boyfriend tried to pressure her into having sex, and that's why she broke up with him. I, however, plan to respect her wishes."

Rachel scoffed. "Trust me, little brother... preacher's kids are sometimes the wildest ones out there."

"Really?" Jacob responded.

"Uh-huh... and their wives too."

Jacob's eyes went wide, "What?" He then shook his head, "No way!"

Nodding her head, Rachel responded, "Yes, way! Don't be fooled by the holier-than-thou attitudes and their prim and proper appearances. Some of those Bible-thumping wives are the biggest sluts you could ever come across. They just happen to have a knack of hiding it from everyone... especially their husbands."

Stunned by this revelation, Jacob was silent for a few seconds. He then said, "Well, I'm still going to play it safe and not push Sara for anything she's not comfortable with. Besides, Mom and Dad would kill me if I were to cause some sort of church sex scandal. That's the last thing I need."

Jacob's scent had further enflamed Rachel's arousal. As she began sliding her saturated panties down her long shapely legs, the curious sister asked, "Well, did you at least kiss her goodnight?"

"Yes," Jacob quickly responded. He then sighed and added, "Well... sort of."

With her foot, Rachel flicked her skimpy panties towards the bottom of the bed. She chuckled, "Sort of? What's that supposed to mean? Either you did, or you didn't."

Jacob replied, "I kissed her on the cheek before I left to come home. Mom said that would be appropriate for a first date."

"Pfffft", Rachel responded. "If Mom had her way, you wouldn't hold hands until you're engaged."

Jacob added, "Well... it's probably for the best... since I have never really kissed a girl. I'd probably end up embarrassing myself."

Rachel laughed then asked, "Never kissed a girl? You're kidding... right?"

Jacob shook his head.

"Oh!" The smile left Rachel's face. She then bit her bottom lip and scrunched her brow as she pondered how to proceed. "Well, Squirt, I may have a way to remedy your situation."

"What do you mean?" Jacob replied with a suspicious tone.

Sitting up straighter, Rachel explained, "What I mean, Dofus, is that I could give you some pointers. That way, when the time comes to lock lips with Sara, you won't embarrass yourself... at least no more than usual."

Jacob's eyes lit up, "Really? You would be willing to do that?"

Without speaking, Rachel nodded.

Cutting his eyes, Jacob then asked, "Wait a minute... what about your so-called 'no kissing' rule?"

Twirling her honey-blond hair with her index finger, Rachel countered, "Well... I might be persuaded to overlook that rule... that is, if we can come to an agreement."

Jacob realizing her intent, replied, "Ohhh... You mean if I go ahead and choose to attend Georgia?" He shook his head, "No offense Rach, but I don't think kissing you is going to be enough for me to commit four years of my life."

With her right foot, Rachel began sliding the pad of her big toe up and down the underside of Jacob's dick. His cock was at full mast and well lubricated by the precum bubbling out of the slit and trickling down the veiny shaft. "Well, I know that... I'm not a moron." Her lips curled into a mischievous smile, "I just thought it might at least swing the pendulum a little in my favor."

Jacob watched as Rachel's sexy foot continued to slide up and down the shaft of his throbbing dick. The pressure she applied caused globs of precum to steam down onto her cute little painted toes. She then asked, "So what do you say, Squirt?"

Glancing up into Rachel's beautiful face, Jacob felt strangely tempted by her offer. He never thought about kissing his sister before, but now he found the idea to be quite compelling. He suddenly had an unexpected desire to taste his sister's ruby red lips. Nodding in agreement, he replied, "Okay... sure."

Not certain how to proceed, Jacob slowly leaned in towards his sister, but Rachel placed her index finger against her brother's lips before their mouths could touch. She chuckled then said, "Not so fast, Lover Boy... first, I think you need to practice."

With a confused expression, Jacob pulled back and replied, "Huh? What do you mean? I thought that's what we were going to do?"

Scooching lower on the bed until her head rested on a pillow, Rachel responded, "It is... but I think it would be a good idea..."

She then slowly let her knees fall away to the sides and continued, "...If you were to first practice on my other lips."

Jacob's eyes dropped down to the apex of Rachel's spread open legs and her clean-shaven pussy. His sister ran her middle finger between her pink vaginal lips that glistened with her sweet essence. The probing digit caused a slight squelching noise.

Suddenly there was a bright flash and clap of thunder in the distance announcing the arrival of a storm. The siblings turned their heads toward the second-story window and noticed rain beginning to pelt against the panes of glass. As the room slowly darkened from the cloud coverage, Rachel turned to her brother and asked, "It seems like old times... doesn't it?"

Jacob looked back to his sister just as another flash of lightning illuminated the bedroom. As the sound of thunder rumbled throughout the house, she added in a soft tone, "Remember? Just like when we were kids. It would be storming outside, and you would climb into your big sister's bed seeking safety and comfort." As the rain and wind intensified, Rachel asked, "So what do you say, Baby Brother? How about this time we... comfort each other?"

Minutes later, Rachel arched her back and chanted, "Yes Jake! Yes... right there... right there!! Yes... yes!!". "Ohhhhh... Gaawwwdddd!!" she cried out as a massive orgasm washed over her quivering body. She pulled on the back of Jacob's head, trying to maximize the contact of his mouth against her gushing

pussy. The bedroom was once again flooded with light for a split second before the roll of more thunder.

"Okay... okay... okay," Rachel mumbled as she pushed Jacob's face away from her oversensitive vagina. Trying to catch her breath, she said, "Damn... you're surprisingly good at that!" As she began to sit up, she added, "But enough practice... let's move on... to the next stage."

For the next few minutes, Rachel tutored Jacob on the fine art of French kissing. Initially, she thought the idea of tongue wrestling with her younger sibling to be downright gross. However, it turned out that her twerp of a baby brother was quite the natural.

While they kissed, Rachel lazily stroked Jacob's achingly hard cock. The steady trickle of precum increasingly soiled her fingers, including her engagement and wedding rings.

After ending the kiss and pulling her head back, Rachel chuckled then said, "Hmmm... not bad... for a dork." She then gave him a playful wink.

Reaching out and cupping one of his sister's fantastic boobs, Jacob replied, "Well, I owe all the credit to you... Jedi Master."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Ugh... there's the nerd." At that moment, Jacob ran his thumb across his sister's diamond-hard nipple,

sending a delightful jolt straight down to her pussy, causing her to gasp.

Rachel then looked down at the monster she held in her hand. Another dollop of precum had formed on the tip, and she instinctively leaned over and lapped it up with her tongue. Jacob moaned from the stimulating pleasure. Giving him a sly grin, Rachel said, "Looks to me you could use some help with this thing."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yeah... I think I do."

"Oh My God!!! YEEESSSSSS!!!!" Rachel called out. Jacob held tight to his sister's curvy hips while he pounded her from behind through another glorious orgasm. Even as the young wife groaned and lowered her head down to the mattress, her younger brother kept up his relentless pace.

While Jacob continued to slam his crotch into Rachel's shapely upturned ass, he commented, "Dang it, Rach! Your butt is just so... awesome!!" He then began to massage his sister's crinkled star with the pad of his thumb. Because of the natural lubricant already present, the teenager's finger easily slid past Rachel's sphincter and on into her rectum.

Rachel couldn't help but moan from the dirty pleasure. "Ohhh... Yesssss!" she groaned as she gyrated her hips in response to her brother's exploring digit.

Soon later, Jacob pulled his thumb from Rachel's butt and placed the tips of his middle and forefinger against her tight opening. When she realized what her brother was planning, she raised up and said, "No, Jake... wait."

Thinking he may have pushed things too fast, Jacob stopped and replied with confusion, "Is something wrong? You seemed to like it last time?"

Rachel crawled over to the edge of the bed and pulled open the top drawer of her nightstand. "I didn't say I didn't like it... just hang on a minute." After rummaging around for a few seconds, she turned back around and held up a small plastic bottle.

"Is that... what I think it is?" Jacob asked with a hint of confusion.

Nodding, Rachel replied, "Yep... anal lube." She then motioned with her head towards Jacob's cock as it visibly twitched along to the rhythm of his heartbeat. "And I would be willing to let you use it... if you agree to my terms." Suddenly there was another round of thunder and lightning. The flash of light illuminated Rachel's face causing her expression to look slightly evil and sinister.

Jacob's eyes widened, and he grabbed hold of his pulsing shaft. "Let me get this straight... you mean you'll let me put my cock in your..."

Rachel cut him off, "As long as we can make a deal." She glanced back down at Jacob's dick. The young wife was no anal virgin; however, she knew taking her brother's incredible monster up her tight little pooper would be quite the challenge. Her pink rosebud involuntarily puckered.

Gently shaking the brand-new bottle of lubricant, Rachel asked, "So what do you think, Little Brother? You commit four short years of your life to attend a great school, and in exchange, you gain full access and benefits to my... I think you called it... awesome butt." She arched her brow just as another volley of lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled throughout the house.

Jacob was now stroking his cock. The mere thought of ass-fucking his gorgeous sister in her marital bed was mind-blowing.

Rachel had pulled out the big guns in the recruitment of her younger brother... she felt confident it was going to work. Little did she know that Jacob was already leaning seriously towards choosing Georgia as his college choice even before today's negotiations began.

Jacob felt both were great schools, and he could get a quality education at either institution. However, he preferred the idea of attending school in a smaller college town like Athens over the bustling metropolitan city of Atlanta. The horny teenager was not about to reveal any of these facts to his sister... especially since she has offered up her sweet ass as part of the deal.

With a hint of fake resignation in his voice, Jacob replied, "Okay... you win... I guess I'm going to Georgia."

A big smile spread across Rachel's pretty face. "You mean it?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yeah, I mean... how can I say no to such a great offer. Plus, I have to admit... you're a pretty good negotiator." Yet, he knew without a doubt that he was the big winner today.

Jacob went to take the bottle of lube, but Rachel shook her head, pulled her hand back, and said, "Nu-huh! Not yet." She then held out her right hand with her pinky finger extended.

"Pinky swear? Why? You don't trust me, Jedi Master?" Jacob asked.

Rachel scoffed then replied, "Look, Nerd ... if I'm going to take that gigantic 'lightsaber' of yours up my 'dark side'... you better believe I want a guarantee that you will not back out of our agreement."

Without hesitating, Jacob hooked Rachel's extended finger with his to seal the deal. He then held out his hand again for the bottle, but Rachel shook her head and said, "Not so fast... I think for our first time, it would be best if I do all the driving." She then pointed towards the headboard, "Now... come sit over here."

After Jacob positioned himself with his back against the headboard, Rachel settled onto his lap. All of a sudden, there was another loud clap of thunder that seemed to shake the house. "Sounds like the storm is getting worse," Rachel commented while glancing at the window. She then looked back to Jacob and said, "I guess it's a good thing Mom asked me to pick you up today."

While staring at Rachel's magnificent tits and the gold cross pendant snuggled in her cleavage, Jacob replied, "Yeah, you're right... thank you, Mom... wherever you are."

Rachel then popped open the bottle of lubricant and began to drizzle it down onto the mushroom-shaped head of her brother's throbbing manhood. She then used her left hand to smear the gooey liquid up and down the massive shaft creating a lewd slurping noise. Jacob softly moaned from the intense feelings of pleasure and the sight of his sister's wedding rings drenched with the slimy clear fluid.

Rachel now hovered above Jacob's well-lubricated dick. She used her right hand to hold onto the headboard and her left to guide the spongy tip between her curvy butt cheeks to her sensitive rear passage.

Suddenly a sobering thought occurred to the young wife. In her mind, Rachel began to question her sanity in her choice of allowing this monster to pillage her most intimate orifice and basically rearrange her guts.

However, even stronger than the fear was the arousal Rachel experienced from Jacob's super-charged pheromones. Her trembling body buzzed with excitement and nervous anticipation.

Rachel held tightly to the headboard as she slowly lowered herself down. She bit her bottom lip and squeezed her eyes shut as the bulbous tip of Jacob's cock pressed against the entryway into her forbidden fortress.

Jacob placed his hands on Rachel's rounded hips as she gyrated her bottom. The determined sister moaned in frustration while attempting to skewer herself on her brother's pulsing rod of flesh. She moved her left hand from Jacob's greasy pole and placed it on his skinny shoulder. Through clenched teeth, she groaned, "NNNngggggghhhhhh!!!"

As Rachel began grunting louder, Jacob asked, "Are you okay?"

Nodding her head, Rachel answered, "It's like trying to sit... on a... baseball bat." She then pressed her ass down a little harder and relaxed her sphincter. Her eyes suddenly flew open, and she cried out, "HOLY SHIIITTT!!!"

The tip of Jacob's spear had penetrated Rachel's ass. She dug her fingernails into her brother's bony shoulder while she gasped for air, desperately trying to will her body to accommodate the unnaturally large penis.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Rachel chanted while her obscenely overstretched anal ring swallowed Jacob's incredible fuckpole one centimeter at a time. Surprisingly, the pain faded quickly, leaving just an overwhelming sense of fullness that she actually found to be quite pleasant. She was bewildered how her body was able to adjust so quickly, but she suspected the hormones had something to do with it.

After a few minutes of manipulating her ass muscles, Rachel was sitting on her brother's lap, fully impaled on his giant phallus. The only sounds in the room were that of her heavy breathing and the continuing storm outside.

Rachel's body was aflame with newfound sensations. She slowly rocked her hips back and forth while adjusting to Jacob's insane girth and enjoying the unexpected pleasure. "Ohhhhhh... it's so big... sooooo deep," she moaned as she gently used her brother's cock like a spoon to stir up her insides.

Jacob couldn't believe his luck. He was balls deep inside the dark recesses of his sister's steaming hot rectum. It felt as if his cock was bathed in lava and could melt at any moment. Watching Rachel gyrate on his lap only further increased his excitement. "Wow, Rach! That feels... awesome!"

While biting her bottom lip, Rachel grabbed the headboard with both hands. She then began the long slow rise up Jacob's greasy shaft. With only the tip of his cock remaining inside her anal cavity, she then slowly slid back down until bottoming out. The siblings gasped in unison.

Over time Rachel was riding Jacob at a solid and steady pace. A constant 'slapping' sound reverberated throughout the room each time her shapely butt made contact with Jacob's crotch. When she hit bottom, Rachel would squeal with delight from the pulses of pleasure that radiated between her ass and pussy. "Oh... Fuck!... Oh... Shit!... Oh... Yes!"

As Rachel continued to work towards her release, Jacob watched his sister's big boobs swing around in perfect rhythm. Her gold cross pendant bounced wildly off the dancing orbs of her soft, titty flesh.

Taking his hands away from Rachel's rising and falling hips, Jacob grabbed hold of her mouthwatering jugs, catching the diamond-hard pink nipples between his fingers. Pinching the sensitive nubs pushed his sister into a higher gear. He felt the clinching of her anus around his veiny shaft as she cried out from the added stimulation. "Oh, God!!!"

With her nipples tingling almost to the point of pain, Rachel lowered her chest to Jacob's face. In a desperate tone, she whispered, "Suck on them, Jake! Suck... my tits!!" As soon as her brother wrapped his lips around her burning teat, she groaned aloud, "Ohhhh... Yeeessss!!"

Rachel's hips found yet another gear as she tirelessly slammed her beautiful bottom down onto Jacob's lap. As her climax quickly approached, she wrapped her arms around Jacob's shoulders. While her bother continued to suckle at her breast,

she instinctively cupped the back of his head with her right hand as a mother would her nursing child.

While Rachel and Jacob moaned and grunted from the decadent pleasures of their wicked and immoral behavior, the raging storm intensified. The gusty wind howled along with the roar of the torrential downpour of rain. It was as if Mother Nature herself was making clear her opposition to this unholy union of brother and sister wallowing in the sins of adultery and incestual sodomy.

"Oh Yes! Ohh Goodd!! Ohhh Yeessss!! OOOOHHHHH!!! GOD!!!... YEEESSSSSS!!!" Rachel called out as the flood gates burst open, and she experienced her first ever anal orgasm. As the ecstasy wracked her mind and body, another barrage of lightning lit up the darkened room. Tightening her fist in Jacob's hair, she pulled his face against her bosom and threw her head back. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" she screamed in chorus with the explosion of thunder as if defying the raging tempest that nothing or no one was coming between her and this euphoric experience.

A few moments later, Rachel tried to catch her breath. As she gently rocked her hips, enjoying the orgasmic aftershocks, she noticed the storm outside had begun to quiet down. Now all she could hear was the pitter-patter of rain and the occasional rumble of thunder in the distance.

The weather outside the house was improving, but the storm inside the bedroom was far from over. Pulling his head back and

removing his mouth from Rachel's soft and succulent breast, Jacob looked up at his sister and said, "Rach... I think it's my turn to drive."

Rachel knew what Jacob wanted, and without thinking, she softly replied, "O—okay." The sense of excitement mixed with slight fear caused her asshole to clench around her brother's incredibly hard shaft. Then, as she dismounted her steed, the strange emptiness left in her bowels caused a slight moan of disappointment to escape her lips.

As a sign of handing the keys over to Jacob, Rachel positioned herself on all fours. She arched her back, offering up her curvy ass while allowing her brother to take the position in the driver's seat. She held the bottle of lubricant out for Jacob and said, "To be safe... you better use more of this."

Now on his knees behind Rachel, Jacob took the bottle and popped open the top. While applying more lube to the already slimy shaft, the teenager was captivated by his sister's obscenely gaping asshole. He watched the greasy orifice twitching as if begging for him to feed it more of his throbbing meat stick.

Rachel could feel the lubricated tip of Jacob's dick sliding along her butt crack. Once it settled just outside the sensitive opening of her stretched-out anal ring, she looked back over her shoulder and said, "Now Jake... go in slow... I don't think I can take it all at... OOOHHHHH.... SHIT!!!"

Being drunk with desire, Jacob ignored his sister. Instead, he grabbed hold of Rachel's flared hips and sank his throbbing phallus back into her steaming hot guts with one smooth stroke. Once his crotch pressed up against her cushiony backside, the teenager smiled and moaned, "Oh yeah! Now that's the stuff!!"

Desperately clutching to the comforter, Rachel scolded her brother, "Dammit, you dork!! I told you to go slow... FUCK!!"

Jacob quickly got into a good, steady rhythm of sliding his entire length in and out of his sister's rectum. The combination of lube and body fluids created a lewd 'slurping' noise from each plunge into her fiery chasm. "Oh my God, Rach! Your ass feels... so good!"

With the initial pain and discomfort faded, Rachel now only felt the pleasant sensations from Jacob's cock as it pressed against never-before-touched nerve endings. She had to agree with her brother... it did feel good... really good. "Yes! Oh yes... Jake! Oh Yes!!" She could feel another climax rapidly building and began rocking her hips back to meet his powerful thrusts head-on.

Jacob began slamming into Rachel's gorgeous ass with increased authority. He, too, was nearing climax, and his only mission in life at that moment was emptying his swollen balls deep inside his sister's fantastic butt.

Rachel's arms and legs gave way, and she lowered herself down flat onto the mattress with her ass slightly arched up in the air.

Jacob followed suit, supporting himself above her with his arms, and continued to fuck her in a prone-bone position. He tirelessly plunged in and out of Rachel's backside with a constant rhythm similar to that of a car piston.

With her eyes closed and face pressed into the soft comforter, Rachel grunted aloud each time Jacob hit bottom. Her fingers tightened their hold on the bedspread while she anxiously awaited the blissful explosion that was about to take place.

Rachel opened her eyes and caught sight of the wedding photo on her nightstand. Suddenly her husband Scott came to mind. He was probably no doubt in an office in Birmingham, stuck in some dull meeting. While in the meantime, his loving wife was at home in their marital bed, about to reach another climax while taking her baby brother's giant dick up her tight little asshole.

Rachel loved Scott, and she did feel guilty; however, the chemical hormones and the excruciating pleasure had become impossible to resist. She no longer could justify her actions as simply 'helping' her brother with his medical condition... She longed for this.

To ease her guilt, Rachel would do all she could to somehow make it up to her oblivious husband when he returned home. However, today, she was an adulteress willingly giving herself to her brother and his magnificent monster cock.

Rachel arched her back, raising her ass a bit more into the air. The new angle sparked even more stimulation as she drew ever

closer to her peak. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she chanted aloud as another orgasm began to blossom.

Jacob could feel the familiar sensation of his churning testicles about to boil over. Then, as his massive load began to surge up through the shaft of his bloated cock he called out, "Oh God, Rach!! It's happening... I'm gonna cum!!!"

Through gritted teeth, Rachel replied, "Do it! Do it, Jake!! Cum inside... your sister's ass!!! OHHHHH MYYYY.... FUUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!!" She screamed as her second anal orgasm overtook her nervous system, and she clawed at the bedspread and sheets while her body convulsed from the pleasure overload.

"RAAACHHHEEELLLL!!" Jacob yelled out as he slammed his hips down one last time and unloaded deep in his sister's quivering ass. "AAAAHHHHHH!!!!" the siblings called out together while they simultaneously rode the wave of orgasmic bliss.

"Yes! Oh, Yes!" Rachel mumbled as she experienced the unusual yet pleasant sensation of having her guts filled with her brother's creamy hot jizz. "Yes, little brother... fill me up!"

Afterward, Jacob collapsed onto Rachel's sweat-covered back with his face resting between her shoulder blades. The siblings remained coupled while fighting to catch their collective breath.

As Jacob's cock slowly deflated, he could feel Rachel's overstretched and abused anus occasionally twitch.

Eventually, Jacob raised up off of Rachel and slowly pulled his spent manhood from the warm dark tunnel of her rectum. He sat back on his heels while his exhausted sister remained to lie flat on her stomach, breathing heavy, emitting an occasional moan.

Rachel's legs were spread wide, giving Jacob an unfettered view of her buttocks and the sloppy mess he left behind. He watched with fascination while a constant stream of fluids trickled from the gaping hole pooling onto the soft comforter. His sister's most intimate orifice would spasm ever so often as it struggled to close itself back up.

Jacob commented with a smile, "Wow, Rachel... that was freaking awesome!!"

Remaining motionless, Rachel mumbled into the bed's comforter, "Ugghhh! Oh my... God!! I think you... broke my ass!!"

Giving her firm right butt cheek a few playful pats with his hand, Jacob replied, "Nah... you're fine... it looks good to me." He then got off of the bed and asked, "Is it okay if I take a shower? I better clean up and get some homework done before you take me home."

Along with a faint moan, Rachel nodded without lifting her head.

After gathering up his clothes, Jacob turned back to Rachel and said, "Rach... I must say... you turned out to be a first-class recruiter... you should be proud!" He then gave a 'thumbs up' and added, "Go Dawgs!!"

As Jacob went into the master bath to take a shower, Rachel finally moved. She held up her right arm and returned her brother's 'thumbs up' with her own and replied weakly, "Woo hoo... go dawgs!"

Later that evening at dinner, Grandpa George commented, "That was some nasty weather we had today. I heard a small twister might have touched down about a mile from my house."

Jacob turned to his grandfather and replied, "The storm was pretty rough over here, too."

Karen then said, "Well, thank the Lord it was not any worse than it was." She then turned to Rachel and stated, "And thank you, Sweetie, for picking up Jake after school today."

Waving her hand, Rachel replied, "Think nothing of it, Mom... it was my pleasure." She then grimaced a little as she shifted in her chair. Her tender bottom was extremely sore from the "pleasure" of spending the afternoon with her brother. In her

mind, it was a small price to pay to know that her younger sibling would be attending her alma mater.

Across the table, Jacob noticed Rachel's discomfort and thought about teasing her, but instead, he went a different route, "Yeah... thanks again, Rach, for all you did and putting up with me today."

Looking at her baby brother, Rachel responded, "You're welcome, Squirt... maybe we can do it again sometime." They both grinned at each other.

Karen was shocked by the civility between her precious children. Then, out of curiosity, she asked, "Wow... what did you two do today that have you getting along so well?"

The siblings answered simultaneously. Jacob blurted, "Homework," while Rachel replied, "Video games."

After taking a sip of wine, Karen gave them a perplexed look. Rachel chuckled and explained, "What we mean is that after Jake finished his homework, he then showed me his new video game."

Smiling, Karen replied, "Oh, that's nice. Well, I'm just glad you two didn't spend the whole afternoon going at one another like usual."

The siblings stared at each other for a moment... both with a slight smile on their faces. Suddenly Rachel felt another twitch in her recovering rear passage and, along with it, a small dribble of Jacob's deposit leaking into her clean panties. It was a little reminder of how she and her brother did in fact go at each other earlier that day... just not the way their mother imagined.

Jacob then shook his head and said, "No, Mom... nothing like that at all. Believe it or not, I had a great time with Rachel today. She went out of her way to make it fun." He then stuffed some grilled pork chop into his mouth.

Thinking it might be best to change the subject, Rachel asked with a smile, "So, Squirt... anything you want to announce to everyone about your college choice?"

Before Jacob could answer, his father interjected, "Oh, that reminds me. Jake, I have some news for you." Everyone turned their attention to Robert, and he continued, "At the hotel in Atlanta, I was able to get two suites for the price of one."

Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Sweetheart? It's just going to be the three of us. Why would we need two suites?"

Robert replied, "Well, I just thought Jake might enjoy having his own space."

"But an entire hotel suite for a single teenage boy? That's a little overkill, don't you think?" Karen reemphasized.

Robert shrugged. "It's not like we're paying for it." He then smiled and added, "Don't worry, Honey... the suites have adjoining doors; that way, you'll have quick access, and you can still tuck him in at bedtime if you like."

Karen replied in a joking manner, "Oh well, when you put it that way... I guess I'm on board." She then reached over and rubbed Jacob's shoulder. "I love tucking my little man in at night."

Rachel tried not to, but she couldn't help to snicker from their mom and dad's comments.

Jacob could feel his face turn beet red with embarrassment. However, he bit his tongue and replied, "Thanks, Dad... having my own room does sounds cool."

Because of Rachel's reaction to their father's joke, Jacob decided to jerk on her chain. He then looked across the table at his sister and said, "To answer your question, Rachel, I'll probably wait until after I visit both campuses to make my final decision."

Rachel's eyes went wide with shock as she could not believe what she had just heard. They had a deal, and they sealed it with a pinky swear. She even let him fuck her in the ass for Pete's sake. She then gave Jacob a look that conveyed her anger and that there would be a further discussion.

Later on, after dinner, Jacob was up in his bedroom completing the homework that he didn't finish while over at Rachel's house. Suddenly, the door to his room swung open, and his sister rushed in, and it appeared she was very stimulated.

"What the hell, man?" Rachel asked as she closed the door then walked over to Jacob. The tight skirt she wore accentuated the sway of her curvy hips.

Looking up from his computer screen, Jacob replied, "Hey there, Sis."

Putting a hand on her hip, Rachel responded, "Don't you 'hey there, Sis,' me, you dork." She then pointed towards the bedroom door and continued, "What was all that crap at dinner? How come you didn't tell everyone that you've decided to go to Georgia?" She then tried to imitate Jacob's voice, "I'm gonna wait until after my campus visits to make my final decision."

Turning in his chair to face Rachel, Jacob replied, "Calm down, Rach... I was only joking with you. I'm going to Georgia... just like I told you."

Rachel's expression softened. She sighed and then asked, "Joking?" She then plopped down onto Jacob's bed and added, "That's not a very funny joke."

Leaning in towards Rachel, Jacob replied, "Now you know how I felt after you laughed at Mom and Dad's humiliating comment about tucking me in at night."

Rachel scoffed, "Awww... come on, Jake... you have to admit it was funny. But, you know, in a way, Dad's right. Mom has always babied and doted on you... and most likely, she always will. After all, you are her little... snuggle bear." She couldn't help but giggle.

Jacob threw up his hand, "Don't remind me!!" He then added, "It's so embarrassing. I'm just waiting for her to go into 'mommy mode' and say something like that in front of Sara."

Putting her hand on Jacob's thigh, Rachel said, "Hey... I know she can be annoying at times, but seriously, we were lucky to be raised by such a wonderful mother that would do anything in the world for us."

Jacob pondered for a few moments and concluded that what Rachel said had merit. He also thought about their mother's sacrifices over the past couple of months to help and protect him. She even constantly lied to the love of her life... their father, Robert.

Jacob then nodded and agreed, "I guess you're right, Rachel. Our mom is pretty awesome... even though she can be embarrassing sometimes."

Rachel then added, "Tell you what... I'll have a talk with her and relay your concerns. Maybe I can convince her to tone it down a bit on the nicknames... at least whenever Sara is around."

Jacob quickly replied, "You would do that? Really?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Rachel replied, "Sure... why not? What are big sisters for?"

Jacob smiled and said, "Thanks, Rach... that would be a big help."

Rachel then smiled and added, "Besides, let's face it. A dork like you can't do much better than Sara Miller. If you blow it with her... most likely, it's all downhill from here."

The smile on Jacob's face faded away. "Thanks for the vote of confidence... you really know how to make a guy feel good about himself."

Rachel giggled then replied, "You're welcome." She then patted Jacob on his shoulder and said, "So... let's get back to something more important. When do you plan to break Dad's heart and tell him that you're not going to Georgia Tech?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "I don't know... probably after the campus visits."

Rachel leaned forward, "Why are you going to wait until then?" She cut her eyes and continued, "You better not be stringing me along."

Putting up his hands, Jacob replied, "I'm not... It's just that Dad seems so excited about the trip to Atlanta. I'd hate to ruin it for him."

After a few seconds, Rachel sighed and responded, "Alright, Squirt. But remember, if you try and renege on our deal, I will altogether stop helping you with everything... and I mean... everything!" She arched her brow to ensure he caught her meaning.

Jacob put up his hand and quickly replied, "Honest Rach... I'm not backing out. I promised you with a pinky swear, and I would never go back on our deal."

Rachel nodded and smiled, "That's true... you may be a nerd, but you've always kept your promises." She then leaned forward and added, "Just do me a favor when you do tell him; make sure I'm around to witness it."

Jacob reared back just a little and responded, "Okay... I'll tell him one night when we're all together for dinner." He then scoffed and added, "Dang Rach... you sure take this college rivalry thing seriously, don't ya?"

"Uh-huh... you better believe it," Rachel replied. She then patted the spot on the bed beside her and said, "Now come and sit here for a second... I need to ask you something."

Scrunching his brow, Jacob asked with suspicion, "What for?"

Grabbing his left arm Rachel pulled on him and said, "Would you just get over here, you moron." After Jacob took a seat beside her, she asked, "Now was that so hard? I'm not gonna bite you... I just wanted to ask you a question."

"Okay... ask me what?" Jacob inquired, still somewhat suspicious.

Rachel took a quick glance at the closed bedroom door and asked softly, "After today... do you feel more confident about... you know... kissing Sara?" She then arched her brow and bit her plump bottom lip.

The questions quickly reminded Jacob of the sensual feel and sweet taste of his sister's juicy lips. While staring into Rachel's sparkling green eyes, he replied in a whisper, "Uhh... I think so."

"You think so?" Rachel softly chuckled. She took one last glance at the door and then said, "Okay, Romeo... show me what you learned."

Jacob's eyes went wide with surprise. "You mean... kiss you? Now? Here?"

Rachel mocked, "No, Dufus... downstairs where everyone can see. Yes, here!" She then cut her eyes and asked, "You're not chicken, are you?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No! It's just... you kind of... caught me off guard, is all."

"Aww, Jees!" Rachel said, then grabbed Jacob's shoulder and pulled him to her until their lips met. After a few moments of making out, they both pulled back. Jacob could feel his cock beginning to stir, and Rachel could smell his pheromone-laced scent. Her body began to react.

Rachel smiled and said, "Not bad little brother. You should probably loosen up your lips a little and cut back on the aggressive tongue action. But all in all... not too bad. But don't worry... with more practice, we'll get you there."

Jacob smiled a goofy grin, "Thanks... I'm looking forward to it." He then asked with hopeful anticipation, "Are you spending the night here?"

Rachel could feel the effects of the hormones increasing. Her hardened nipples began to tingle with delightful sensations. "I was planning to, but Scott is driving as we speak, and he'll be home around midnight." The cheating wife was glad that she had

the forethought to change the sheets and comforter on her and Scott's bed before bringing Jacob home earlier.

Jacob couldn't help but feel disappointed. He had hoped Rachel might stay the night; however, he fully understood that Scott was her husband and top priority.

Rachel giggled. "Don't look so glum. I promise there will be plenty of time for you to practice." She leaned in closer and added, "Maybe sometime when Scott's out of town, I'll come by and sign you out of school again... How's that sound?"

The smile returned to Jacob's face. "Yeah... that would be awesome." He then asked in a soft tone, "Just so we're straight about our deal, now that I have chosen to attend Georgia, I'll get to do it in your butt again... right?"

Rolling her eyes, Rachel replied, "Yes... that's the deal." She then put up her index finger and added, "But only after you tell everyone and make it official."

Jacob sighed and responded, "Okay... I guess that's fair."

Shifting her hips around, Rachel said, "Besides... I'm going to need some time to recuperate." She chuckled and added, "That monster of yours did a real job on my backside."

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Well... you've said for years that I'm a big pain in your ass."

Rachel shook her head and laughed. "You are such a dork!"

Suddenly Jacob felt an overwhelming desire to kiss his beautiful sister again. Without warning, he leaned in and pressed his mouth against Rachel's tempting lips.

Pleasantly surprised by Jacob's assertiveness, Rachel gladly reciprocated her brother's kiss. She couldn't help but think what he lacked in experience; he definitely made up for it with enthusiasm.

Rachel's arousal began to strengthen, and she could feel increased moisture collecting in the gusset of her cotton panties. Pulling back from Jacob, she said in a husky whisper, "I better go." She stood up and began walking around the bed to leave.

"Hey, Rach... wait!" Jacob said as he stood up and followed his sister. While they stood at the door, he continued, "I just wanted to thank you again for today... it was awesome, and I appreciate all your help... with everything. You really are the greatest sister a guy could hope for."

Cutting her eyes, Rachel asked, "And how about Jedi Master?"

Nodding, Jacob responded, "Yes! And a great Jedi Master! The best!!"

Rachel giggled, then said, "Well, you are most welcome, and I look forward to continuing your training very soon... my young Padawan."

"Hey... you got it right that time... that's so cool!" Jacob exclaimed.

Scrunching her nose, Rachel replied, "Well, if you hang out with a nerd long enough, eventually some of it is bound to rub off on you." She then leaned in and kissed Jacob on his cheek. As she opened the door, she said, "Goodnight, Squirt."

"Goodnight, Rach," Jacob replied as he watched his sister walk away down the hall.

Still buzzing with sexual arousal, Rachel returned to the kitchen to help Karen with the rest of the cleanup from dinner. She found her mother bent over, placing some pots and pans into the dishwasher.

Unexplainably Rachel's eyes locked in on Karen's upturned backside. She couldn't help but admire the way the skirt wrapped tightly around her mother's matronly bottom. Karen's ass resembled a giant peach, and it looked so ripe and juicy. The horny young wife bit her bottom lip and couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to taste that forbidden fruit.

Rachel shook her head and tried to clear the impure thoughts from her mind. "Stop it, Rachel," she whispered to herself. "You are not a lesbian.. what is wrong with you?" However, she immediately had an idea. It undoubtedly had something to do with the hormones. Until all this started with Jacob, she never would have thought of another woman in that way... especially her own mother.

Karen raised up and noticed Rachel standing behind her. "Oh, there's my Honey Bear... you disappeared on me. I was starting to think you may have gone home."

Stepping up beside Karen, Rachel replied, "No, Mom. I'm still here... I would never leave without saying bye." As she turned on the water faucet and began to rinse some dishes, she added, "I was just upstairs hanging out with Jake."

While Karen loaded more plates into the dishwasher, she commented, "I must say... I'm rather shocked how well you two got along today." Leaning over closer to Rachel, she asked, "Now tell me the truth... what's really going on with you two?"

With a nervous chuckle, Rachel answered, "What do you mean what's going on?" She refused to look her mother in the eyes in fear that she might have some suspicions of what she and Jacob were doing.

Karen leaned against the counter and crossed her arms. "Since when do you voluntarily hang out with Jake up in his room? And

I can't remember the last time we got through a family dinner without some kind of name-calling or shenanigans." Putting up her hand, Karen added, "Don't get me wrong... it was a wonderful change, but also way out of character for you two."

While continuing to rinse dishes, Rachel reiterated, "Mom... nothing is going on."

Karen huffed, "Have you forgotten that I am your mother? Rachel... I know when you're hiding something."

Rachel knew it would be best to nip this in the bud. She turned off the faucet and turned to Karen, and relented, "Alright... you got me." After a deep breath, she continued, "I'm trying to be nicer to the dork in hopes it may help with his decision to pick Georgia over Georgia Tech. That's why I spent the afternoon playing video games with him. You know what they say... you catch more flies with honey than you do with vinegar."

Karen cut her eyes. "You sneaky little devil... you know I should get onto you for trying to manipulate your little brother like that." She then leaned in and said softly, "However, I guess I can overlook it this time since I'm also hoping he chooses Georgia." The two ladies giggled, and then Karen put up her index finger and added, "Now, your dad thinks I'm neutral on this subject... so keep this between us."

Rachel nodded and replied, "Don't worry, Mom... your secret is safe with me."

After finishing his homework, Jacob decided to play some video games for a while. Because of the massive hard-on caused by kissing Rachel earlier, he planned to wait until his parents went to bed, and then he would jack off while watching some porn on his computer.

While Jacob conducted his latest campaign against the dreaded evil empire, he failed to notice the door to his room suddenly opened. Seeing her son wearing the noise-reducing headphones, Karen entered, walked over, and stood behind his chair.

As Karen watched Jacob playing his game, she suddenly caught his unique scent. It wasn't overpowering but still potent enough to ignite the delightful tingling sensations in her breasts and vagina.

A wave of horror suddenly washed over the concerned mother. She remembered that Rachel had not long ago been up here with Jacob. In fact, they had spent the entire afternoon with each other. She even noticed the little smiles they shared across the dinner table. There was no name-calling... no insults...

In the kitchen earlier, Karen asked her daughter what was going on with her and her brother. At first, Rachel seemed flustered by the question before finally coming up with a plausible excuse. Was it possible?

Karen's pulse began to race. Normally it would have been a result of the sexual arousal caused by the chemicals coursing through her veins. However, this time was different, and terror clamped around her heart like a vice.

Could Rachel have fallen victim to the hormones? Was it possible her married daughter had betrayed her sweet husband for the sinful pleasures brought on by her little brother's obscenely large manhood? Had Rachel been corrupted like herself?

Suddenly, disturbing images of her children engaging in the unspeakable depravity of incest crept into Karen's mind. The ungodly thoughts repulsed the Christian mother to the point she felt sick to her stomach. Even more horrifying was the unwanted dark thrill that caused her vagina to spasm and trickle droplets of moisture into her panties. "NO!" Karen called out in defiance.

Startled by this, Jacob finally noticed Karen standing behind his chair. He paused his game and took off the headphones. Seeing the look of complete horror on his mother's face, he asked with concern, "Mom? What's wrong? Are you okay?"

Karen pushed the obscene thoughts from her mind. She then forced a smile on her beautiful face and replied, "Yes, Sweetie... I'm fine. I apologize if I startled you." She sat down on the bedside and added, "I got caught up in watching you play your game. When I saw your character about to get shot, I guess I overreacted."

Jacob replied, "That's okay, Mom... it can get pretty intense." He then held out the controller. "Here... you wanna give it go?"

Karen put up her hand and smiled again, only this time it was genuine. "No, Baby... thank you, though. I just wanted to check on you and tell you goodnight." She leaned in closer to Jacob and asked, "Is everything okay? Have there been any changes with your situation?"

Jacob shook his head and replied, "No, Mom... no changes... for the most part, everything's the same."

Leaning in, Karen asked, "And no one else has found out about your..." She then motioned with her head towards his crotch, "...growth?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No, Ma'am... the only people that know are Ms. Turner, Aunt Brenda, you, and me." He hated lying to his mother, but he knew it was imperative to keep his and Rachel's arrangement a secret.

Jacob could sense the stress radiating from Karen. He asked, "Mom? Is something wrong? You seem a bit tense."

Karen chuckled, "Is it that obvious?" She sighed and then continued, "I'm just somewhat worried that with you spending more and more time with Sara, the chances are greater of her or someone in her family finding out."

Jacob put up his hand. "Mom... don't worry. I'm doing all I can to make sure that doesn't happen."

Putting her hand on Jacob's arm, Karen replied, "I know you are, Sweetheart, and you are doing a great job. But if something were to happen and you're afraid to tell me, please don't be scared. You can come to me no matter how bad it might be. Remember... I'm your mother, and I'm here for you... always."

Not sure where the conversation was going, Jacob, replied suspiciously, "Ohhh... kay." He thought for a second and then continued, "Mom... there's nothing to tell. Honestly, I'm good... well maybe, except..." He then rolled his chair out from under the desk and continued, "I really could use some help with this." He then looked down at his lap.

Karen's eyes dropped down to Jacob's crotch. Seeing that lump in his shorts caused her to feel a major sense of relief. Could it be that her suspicions were misplaced? Maybe she overreacted about her children sinfully fornicating under her roof. He had an erection, which most likely meant he had not recently ejaculated.

Karen's worry gave way to arousal and her sense of motherly duty. Even though Robert was in the house, she was very tempted to throw caution to the wind and break her number one rule. The loving mother imagined herself locking the door, removing her clothes, and using her curvy matronly body to fulfill her boy's needs.

Suddenly Jacob said, "Don't worry, Mom... with Dad being here, I know the rule."

Jacob's statement of logic snapped Karen out of her naughty daydream and back to reality. She smiled and asked, "Are you still going to Sara's tomorrow for the cookout?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am. I'm supposed to be there at six o'clock."

While running her fingers through Jacob's unruly brown hair, Karen said, "Well, I'll be sure to help you tomorrow before you go... okay?"

Jacob smiled, "Okay, Mom... thanks."

Karen then stood up. She kissed the top of his head then said, "I love you, Sweetie... don't stay up too late."

As Karen walked across the room to leave, Jacob replied, "I won't, Mom... I love you too."

After closing the door behind her, Karen leaned her back against the wall. She was still somewhat troubled by the possibility that something could happen between Rachel and Jacob if things continued. Lord forbid nothing already had.

Karen thought it was one thing for her to "help" Jacob with his condition. She was his mother, and ultimately his well-being was her responsibility. It was her cross to bear.

Rachel, however, was Jacob's sister and should not get involved in this situation. She was happily married and trying to start her own family. If something were to happen and Rachel did get exposed to the hormones, it could mean total disaster for the entire family.

As Karen walked down the hall towards the master bedroom, she decided it would be necessary to keep a close eye on her offspring. With Rachel spending more time with her brother, it would increase her chances of exposure. She would have to carefully watch for any signs of possible mischief going on between her children.

Three women now have fallen victim to the overpowering effects of Dr. Grant's hormone experiment. Karen hoped and prayed she would be able to keep the number from reaching four... or more. Little did the concerned mother know that when it came to protecting her daughter... she was already too late.

As Karen entered the master bedroom, she noticed Robert already in bed, gently snoring. She went into the walk-in closet and undressed down to her black bikini-cut panties. After slipping on a matching black spaghetti strap cotton top, the horny mom went into the bathroom to get ready for bed and hopefully arouse her husband.

While she brushed her teeth, Karen couldn't help but notice how her arm motions caused her inflated free-hanging boobs to gently sway side to side. Suddenly a harrowing thought crept into her mind and she stopped and looked at her reflection in the mirror.

With her mouth full of foamy toothpaste, Karen asked herself, "Do Rachel's breasts appear bigger lately?" After a few seconds of pondering, the concerned mother then remembered that her daughter has a habit of wearing her tops a little too tight. Karen shook her head and chuckled, "No... It's probably just my imagination running wild." At least she hoped and prayed that's all it was.

On Saturday afternoon, Jacob walked into the kitchen from the garage to find Karen on the phone. She leaned over on the island wearing a green tank top and an old pair of tight-fitting khaki shorts that greatly accentuated her long legs and shapely bottom. With her hair up in a ponytail, Jacob thought his mom resembled a real-life version of Lara Croft.

After getting a sports drink from the refrigerator, Jacob took a seat on a stool across from Karen as she continued her phone conversation. While bent over the countertop, the domestic housewife inadvertently gave her son a perfect birds-eye view of her incredible cleavage. The tiny droplets of perspiration that clung to her massive boobs and the dirt smudges on her tank

top were clear evidence that his mother had been outside working in her flower garden.

Noticing her son, Karen smiled at him. She then said into the phone, "That's no problem, Donna... I can help out with the beginner's Sunday school class. How long is Mrs. Garner planning to be away?"

After a few seconds, Karen stood up straight and replied to Donna, "A month?" She then shrugged her shoulders and added, "Sure... I'd be happy to fill in until she returns." Her eyes then shot wide, and she said, "Oh wait! I won't be able to the week after next... we'll be out of town. But other than that, I'll be available anytime you need me."

Karen chuckled then said, "Don't mention it... It would be my pleasure to help out." After another pause, she said, "I'm sure Jake would be happy to come over and help... in fact, he's standing right here... let me ask him."

Jacob gave his mother a confused look. Karen took the phone away from her ear and said, "Mrs. Miller wants to know if you could go over there a bit early. They have some family coming over for the cookout, and she wants to set up some additional tables. Since Pastor Miller and Sara are running a bit late getting home, she hoped you could go over and help her set up."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "Sure... no problem. When should I be there?"

Karen spoke into the phone, "Donna? When do you need Jake to come over?" After a few seconds, she replied to Jacob, "She said, just whenever you can."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Okay... I'll go take a shower and start getting ready." He then left to go upstairs.

A couple of minutes later, Jacob came back downstairs to find his mother still on her phone conversation with Mrs. Miller. Karen said to Donna, "I've spent most of my day planting those fall perennials I was telling you about last Sunday. I think they will be beautiful once they start to bloom."

Karen noticed Jacob standing next to her with a look of frustration on his handsome young face. She said into the phone, "Donna... will you hang on a second?" She then took the receiver away from her ear and asked, "What's wrong, Jake?"

"I can't use my shower," Jacob replied. "Dad is in there trying to fix that leak again, and he has it completely torn apart."

Shaking her head, Karen responded, "Well, just go use the one in the master bath... it's no big deal." She then put the phone back to her ear and continued speaking to her friend, "Okay, Donna... what were you saying?"

Jacob interrupted again, "But Mom!" When Karen turned to look at him, he continued, "With Dad here... how are you going to help me with this?" He pointed down at his crotch.

Putting her hand over the transmitter, Karen replied in a harsh whisper, "Jake! Be careful what you say."

Jacob whispered, "Sorry, but remember... you said you were going to help me before I went over to Sara's house."

Karen then replied, "Sweetie... I'm trying to finish this phone call. Just go on up and get started with your shower."

"But Mom..."

In a harsh whisper, Karen responded, "Jake! Just do as I say. Go upstairs and get in the shower."

Jacob furrowed his brow and responded, "Yes, ma'am." He then turned and left to go upstairs.

Karen then took her hand from the receiver and continued her conversation, "Sorry about that, Donna." After a pause, she said, "No, nothing's wrong. Just trying to get Jake moving in the right direction. You know how scatterbrained teenage boys can be."

After laying out his clean clothes, Jacob undressed and put on his bathrobe, then made his way down the hall to his parent's bedroom. Once inside their bathroom, he took off his robe and hung it on a hook near the glass cubicle. He then stepped into the large walk-in shower and closed the door.

Jacob then turned on the jumbo-sized rain shower head. While standing under the cascade of water, he remembered years ago when his parents had the bathroom remodeled and a remark made by his dad. Robert joked back then, "This shower is so big we could probably fit half of a football team in here."

Meanwhile, down the hall in Jacob's bathroom, Robert continued to work on the leaking shower faucet. Suddenly from behind him, he heard his wife's voice, "Hey there Handsome... how's it going?"

Robert turned to find Karen standing in the doorway leaning up against the frame. He couldn't help but notice how sexy his gorgeous wife looked in her khaki short-shorts and tight-fitting tank top. Her arms were crossed underneath her breasts, creating more than a generous amount of eye-catching cleavage.

"This dang thing is giving me fits," Robert replied. He threw up his hand and said, "Maybe I should have taken your advice and called a plumber."

Karen dropped her head and giggled. She looked back up and said, "When are you men ever going to learn to listen to your wives? You know we're always right."

"I thought this would be an easy fix," Robert replied with a hint of frustration. He then noticed Karen cock her head and arch her brow. He then set down the wrench, huffed, and said, "Okay... okay... you're right. I should have listened to you."

A smile returned to Karen's face as she entered the bathroom. "Well, Mr. Fix It... could I ask you to take a break and do me a favor?"

Wiping his dirty hands with an old towel, Robert replied, "Anything... as long as it has nothing to do with plumbing."

Karen chuckled then replied, "No... no plumbing... I promise." She then leaned up against the counter and said, "I was planning to make that Cuban beef casserole for dinner that you like so much."

Robert immediately perked up. "You mean the one with the peppers and onions?"

Nodding in reply, Karen responded, "That's the one. However, I'm short on some of the ingredients." She then held up a piece of paper and continued, "Would you be my hero and go to the store for me? She looked down at her soiled tank top. "I would

go myself, but I'm all dirty and stinky from working in the garden all afternoon."

Robert tossed the towel onto the countertop and said, "No problem... I think my keys and wallet are still downstairs."

As Karen handed the list to Robert, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips. "Thank you, Sweetheart." As her husband began to walk out of the bathroom, she called out, "Oh, Rob? One more thing before you go..."

Robert turned back around and asked, "Sure, Honey... what do you need?"

"Dad wants to come over for dinner tonight. After you finish the shopping, would you be a dear and swing by and pick him up on your way back?"

Robert smiled and replied, "Can do!" He then turned and left the room.

"Love you!" Karen called out.

From down the hall, she heard Robert reply, "Love you, too!"

While Jacob rinsed the shampoo out of his hair, he couldn't help but feel frustrated. When he arrived home earlier, the teenager

had high hopes for some quality mother-son time before going to the cookout. However, his balloon quickly deflated when he discovered his father was home and working on the shower faucets in his bathroom. Now it appeared his only option would be jacking off before going on his date.

Suddenly from behind, Jacob heard Karen's voice, "I hope you're not using up all the hot water."

Somewhat startled, Jacob quickly turned around to find his mother standing in the doorway to the shower. His eyes went wide when he saw she was no longer wearing her gardening clothes. The gorgeous mother now donned her favorite pink satin robe.

The sight of the MILF that Jacob knew as 'Mom' caused his semi-erect cock to lurch and stiffen even more. Somewhat surprised, he asked, "Mom? W—what are you doing in here?"

While taking the clip out of her hair, Karen replied, "I thought you wanted us to shower together." She then chuckled and added, "You know... to save water?"

"I did! I mean... I do!" Jacob then looked towards the bathroom door and asked with concern, "What about Dad? He's right down the hall."

Karen chuckled and replied, "Not anymore, he's not." She then shook her head so that her chestnut brown locks fell loose and

framed her beautiful face flowing down past her delicate shoulders. "I sent him on an errand."

"So... Dad's not in the house?" Jacob asked with cautious excitement. Karen shook her head in response.

All of a sudden, the air went back into Jacob's balloon. It appeared he was going to get that special mommy-son time after all. The thought made him grab hold and start stroking his aching shaft. "What happens if he comes back too soon?"

"Don't worry... I have that covered. Luckily your dad left his garage door opener sitting on the kitchen counter. Plus, I made sure to lock all of the exterior doors." She then pulled her cell phone out of the small pocket on her robe and held it up. "So, the only way he's getting back in is if he calls me first."

Karen then placed her cell phone down on the bathroom counter beside a small picture frame. It was a photo of her and Robert on their honeymoon in Cancun. Her seeing the image brought on a sense of nostalgia for the middle-aged wife. She couldn't help but think about the young newlywed couple and that wonderful trip all those years ago.

As Karen continued to gaze upon the photo, a wave of guilt suddenly washed over her. She had shamelessly manipulated Robert to leave the house so that she could be alone with Jake. But not only that, she had actually locked her loving husband

out of his own home. The hormones were definitely clouding her morals and her judgment.

While untying the sash on her robe, Karen tried her best to justify her actions as she felt it necessary to do this. The cautious mother could in no way allow her son to go to the Miller's without first relieving the massive load that undoubtedly churned in his oversized testicles. To do so could end up being catastrophic for everyone.

Karen turned back to face Jacob. Her robe hung open down the front exposing her cleavage, belly button, and her neatly trimmed muff. She then held up a familiar-looking square packet and said, "On top of your idea of saving water, I thought this would also be a good opportunity to try these out."

"Seriously, Mom? More condoms?" Jacob asked with a hint of disdain.

While sliding the pink robe off her shoulders, Karen nodded and replied, "Yes, young man... more condoms." As she hung the silky garment on the empty hook next to her son's robe, she added, "Jake... as I said the other day, you still have to use them. It would be too risky not to... especially with me not on birth control right now."

"I know," Jacob replied with a sigh. "It's just that... they're uncomfortable, and it feels so much better without them."

"Well, I'm sure it does..." Karen said as she stepped into the glass cubicle filling her lungs with her son's overpowering scent. She then stated, "But Jake, you have to remember.... the main objective is to relieve the pain and pressure without you impregnating anyone."

Jacob couldn't help but stare as his naked mother walked through the steamy shower. Her wide hips rolled seductively, and the big mommy boobs that hung from her chest swung hypnotically side to side. There was no doubt in the teenager's mind... his beautiful mom was a heavenly goddess that just happened to be residing on Earth.

While Karen placed the square packet down onto the long bench seat, she continued, "Hopefully, these will fit you better." She then stepped underneath the large showerhead. The hot cascading water tantalizingly rolled down the extreme curves of her mom body.

Jacob asked with curiosity, "Where did you find these?"

Karen then grabbed a bottle of shampoo and began to lather up her long dark brown hair. "A friend of your Aunt Brenda recommended this brand, and I special ordered them through the pharmacy in Macon. I picked them up yesterday... that's why I asked Rachel to get you after school."

"Ohhhh... okay. Well, I just hope you're right about them fitting better." Jacob replied.

"I guess we'll soon find out," Karen responded with a slight grin as she turned her back to Jacob. The teenager stood behind his mother while she rinsed the shampoo from her hair.

Jacob's eyes followed the continuous stream of frothy suds as they traveled southward along Karen's tapered back, then trickled into the deep cleft between the rounded cheeks of her cushiony backside.

While Jacob stared at Karen's big juicy bottom, his mind drifted back to yesterday. He remembered how awesome it felt to be balls deep inside Rachel's steaming hot ass and blasting his enormous load deep inside his sister's guts. He began to wonder if there was any chance at all his conservative mother might be willing to come over to the dark side and allow him to explore her final frontier.

Jacob was suddenly snapped out of his daydream by Karen's sweet voice, "Helloooo... Earth to Jake."

Jacob tore his gaze away from Karen's beautiful butt and then found his mother applying conditioner to her long brown hair. "Sorry, Mom... did you say something?"

Karen giggled and replied, "I said if you're finished with your shower, how about making yourself useful and washing my back for me." She pointed towards the nearby shelf and added, "You can use that loofah and shower gel."

Jacob took the bottle and drizzled a liberal amount of the creamy liquid onto the sponge. He then stepped up behind Karen and began to scrub the soap onto her silky-smooth skin... starting with her shoulders and slowly working his way down.

Before long, Jacob covered Karen's entire back and bottom with lavender-scented foam. After she rinsed the conditioner from her hair, she placed her hands onto the decorative tiled wall and leaned forward just a bit. The slight arching of her back caused her curvy ass to bump against her son's fully erect cock.

Jacob placed the loofah on the nearby shelf and began to caress his mother's naked back with his bare hands. He began to knead her soap-covered flesh as if giving her a makeshift massage.

Karen's mind suddenly drifted back a couple of days when Melissa gave her a similar massage on her living room sofa. Jacob's teenage hands were not as skilled as the young attorney's, but Karen still found herself moaning from the relaxing pleasure.

The soft mewling sounds that Karen made helped Jacob to feel emboldened. He stepped up closer to this mother so that his rock-hard dick slid between her shapely thighs, and his flat stomach butted up against the slippery globes of her rounded bottom. He heard his mother say in a husky voice, "Now Honey... don't forget to wash my front."

The horny teenager reached around Karen's torso, where he ran his soap-covered hands all over her soft tummy. Jacob slowly worked his way up until his fingers found the smooth undersides of his mother's hanging breasts. He then gently cupped and kneaded his mom's incredibly soft and heavy boobs while slowly thrusting his hips upwards, causing his throbbing erection to rub against her drooling vagina.

Karen moaned louder as the long shaft of Jacob's spear ran across her buzzing clit, causing sparks of pleasure to burst from her nether region. She felt tempted to spread her legs wider and lower herself down to ease penetration when she suddenly remembered the condom.

Standing up straight, Karen quickly rinsed herself off underneath the showerhead and then turned to Jacob and took his hand. "Come over here, Sweetie," Karen whispered as she led him over to the bench seat, where she had him sit down, and then she lowered herself onto her knees.

Jacob watched in awe as his super-hot mother used both hands and her hot mouth to give him an incredible blowjob. Karen's freshly showered body glistened from the leftover moisture and water droplets.

Because her hair was still wet, Karen's chestnut brown tresses were plastered to her head and shoulders and looked almost black. Jacob's eyes shifted focus back and forth between his mom's big wobbling tits and her wedding rings that would occasionally glimmer when hit by the overhead lights.

After a few moments, Jacob croaked, "Mom?"

Keeping in perfect tempo, Karen replied, "Hmmm?"

"Are you sure Dad won't be getting back early?"

Karen pulled her head back and licked the combination of drool and precum from her lips. As she continued to stoke Jacob's towering erection with both hands, she replied, "Trust me... with the shopping list I gave him, he's going to be a while." She then looked up at her son with her warm hazel eyes, "On top of that, I asked him to stop by and pick up Grandpa George on his way back. So don't worry... we have time."

Karen reached over with her right hand and picked up the square packet beside Jacob on the seat. She then tore open the wrapper and said, "Now... let's see how well these are going to work."

After placing the condom on the spongy tip of Jacob's pulsing member, Karen rolled the prophylactic all the way down the veiny shaft with surprising ease. "Wow," she exclaimed with a smile. "That was much easier!" She couldn't help but notice how the monster appendage angrily throbbed as if trying to escape the confines of the rubber sheath. "Honey... It appears these might just do the trick."

Trying his best not to sound negative, Jacob replied flatly, "Yeah?... I hope so." After a few seconds, he then asked, "Hey, Mom... If you're worried so much about pregnancy... there is an alternative we could try?"

While Karen examined the condom to ensure it fit properly, she replied almost absent-mindedly, "What's that, Sweetie?"

With as much confidence as he could muster, Jacob spat out, "Well... we could always try doing it... in your butt."

Karen immediately froze and looked up at Jacob with complete shock on her face. For a moment, she was speechless, as if her mind was still trying to comprehend what she had just heard come from her son's mouth.

"JACOB DEAN MITCHELL!!" Karen shrieked. She stood up and aggressively leaned over towards her son. Jacob, in turn, leaned back until his shoulders butted up against the tiled wall. He then decided that maybe his suggestion was too much too soon.

Karen stood over Jacob. With her left hand on her hip, "I can't believe my own son would suggest such a nasty thing!! Jacob... that's sodomy! It's dirty... it's immoral... it's... it's an abomination!!"

Even though his mother was scolding him for all he was worth, Jacob couldn't help but stare up at the two glorious mounds of titty flesh that swung just inches from his face.

To get Jacob's attention, Karen snapped her fingers twice and growled, "Hey! Eyes up here, Mister!!"

Jacob tore his gaze from his mother's heavy hangers and looked up into her anger-filled eyes. Karen then asked, "Young man... where in the world did you even get such a perverted idea like that? Do you remember my warning about porn in my house? I better not find out you've been watching that filth!"

However, the horrified mom knew the answer as soon as the words left her mouth. Her son's dark and ungodly idea probably originated from the same place as hers... those wicked hormones.

The chemicals had already poisoned her with improper thoughts of Melissa Turner, not to mention horrific images of her children committing incest. Now they had corrupted Jacob also... filling his young, innocent mind with appalling concepts of sodomy.

Trying his best to backpedal, Jacob replied weakly, "Sorry, Mom... I know how concerned you are about getting pregnant. I just thought it might be a possible solution."

As Karen gazed into Jacob's remorseful eyes, it was then she accepted it was not his fault. Softening her tone a bit, she responded, "Jake, as much as I worry about getting pregnant... that is NOT an option. Sodomy is a terrible sin, and it totally goes against nature... not to mention God's plan."

Jacob cautiously asked, "So Dad's never tried that with you?"

Karen shook her head and replied emphatically, "No... and he knows better not to." She took a couple of deep breaths and said softly, "Jake... we are not Sodomites. Do you remember the Bible story and what happened to those people?"

Jacob whispered his reply, "Yes, ma'am."

Putting her hand on Jacob's shoulder, Karen continued, "So you need to forget it and try to keep those awful ideas out of your head... understand?"

Jacob nodded in resignation. He knew it was best to let it go... atleast for now anyway.

Karen's mouth curled into a smile and then said, "That's my good boy... now with that settled..." She then tapped on the tip of Jacob's cock with her index finger and continued, "How about we move along with our test run?"

That brought a smile to Jacob's face, and he replied, "Yes, ma'am!"

Karen climbed onto the bench and settled onto Jacob's lap. As she took hold of his massive dick, a random thought invaded her

mind. She couldn't help but wonder what it must be like to engage in such debauchery as anal sex. What was the appeal? How could it actually feel good? The suggestive image that flashed in her brain sent a slight chill up her spine.

Karen tried to push the wicked thought out of her mind. She commented, "To be honest... I don't see why on earth anyone would want to put something like that in their bottom? I mean, how would a penis your size even fit? It would most likely end up killing someone."

Without thinking, Jacob quickly answered, "No worries about that, Mom... it would fit."

Karen arched her brow and cocked her head to the side. "Oh really? And how can you be so sure?"

Just yesterday, Rachel had taken Jacob's monster up her backside twice. It took some work, but his sister enjoyed it thoroughly once she got the hang of it. However, he knew without a doubt he could not confess that to his strait-laced mother. So instead, he improvised, "Well... what I meant to say is... I'm pretty sure it would... you know... fit. The human body is capable of miraculous things."

After lining up Jacob's condom-covered phallus with the tight entryway into her vagina, Karen put both hands flat on the tiled wall above Jacob's head. She then looked down into her son's eyes and, with a slight grin, whispered, "Well, I think we'll stick

with doing it the old-fashioned way... just how the good Lord intended."

Karen's eyes went wide, and an audible gasp escaped her mouth as she lowered herself down onto Jacob's enormous cock. Like every other time during the initial penetration, a sudden rush of euphoric sensations flowed from the aroused mother's pussy up her spine and throughout her extremities.

Before long, mother and son found themselves once again lost in the forbidden world of incest. Karen's hips rose and fell in a steady fluid motion as she took every available inch of her boy's flesh. Her hands pressed flat against the tiled wall as she shamelessly rode Jacob in search of blissful release. Karen's sweet voice reverberated throughout the glass cubicle, "Oh... Ugh! Oh... Ugh! Oh... Ugh!"

Jacob was in teenage boy Heaven. While he watched his mom ride his enormous cock like a porn star, he groped and squeezed her huge tits, overflowing his youthful hands. He relished the softness and heaviness of his mother's magnificent breasts.

Karen found her perfect stride. Her big meaty ass rose and fell, landing on Jacob's lap, causing a 'flop!' 'flop!' 'flop!' sound each time she hit bottom. Her soaking wet vagina was dripping its sweet juices down along the length of her son's latex-wrapped fuck pole as she neared closer and closer to climax.

Taking her hands from the wall, Karen placed them onto Jacob's thin shoulders. Breathlessly, she asked, "Jake Honey? Ohh!! Do these... condoms... Ohhh!! Feel any... b--better?"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yeah... a little... I guess."

Karen could feel the spring deep in her core beginning to tighten. The familiar pressure building in her breasts along with the tingling of her nipples... her release was near. Her voice quivered in response, "That—that's good... S-Sweetie!" Her hips sped up. Flop! Flop! Flop! Flop! "Ohhhhh!! That's soooo goood!"

Jacob released his grip on Karen's jiggling breasts and dug his fingers into her soft matronly bottom. "But Mom... even though it is better, it's still not—"

Karen quickly interrupted Jacob by pulling his head to her left boob and forcing the rubbery nipple into his mouth. With an urgent tone, she said, "Baby... hold that thought... Ohhhhh!! Just... a second... Ohhhhh!! Mommy's... about toooo..."

Jacob could feel Karen's vagina tightening its grip on his penis, and he knew without a doubt that she was going to pop. He began to suck on his mother's tit like a starving infant, hoping he was about to receive a tasty treat.

Karen slammed her big juicy butt down onto Jacob's lap. She then threw her head back and cried out, "OHHHHHHH!!!! YEEESSSSSSS!!!!" The climaxing mother trembled and lurched

about as the orgasm claimed her vibrating body. She squealed her approval, and she pulled Jacob tighter to her breast as her sweet mommy-milk filled her son's hungry mouth.

Jacob moaned into Karen's bosom as he happily drank her warm elixir. The pulses of creamy liquid burst from his mother's nipples in perfect sync with the spasms in her quivering pussy.

A few moments later, Karen had her eyes closed and held tightly to Jacob. She rested her chin on top of his head as she worked to gain control of her breathing. She sat perfectly still on his lap except for the occasional shudder caused by the aftershocks that made her vagina twitch around her son's powerful erection.

Finally, Karen opened her eyes and whispered, "Wow... that... was..." She then just happened to notice the decorative tile behind Jacob's head. The milk that expelled from her right breast landed on the wall. Several streaks of the white liquid slowly ran their way down the multi-colored surface. She finished her statement with "...really intense."

Because of the hard surface of the bench and Karen sitting on his lap, Jacob could feel his lower extremities going numb. He reluctantly pulled his face from his mother's bosom and grunted, "Mom? You're getting a bit heavy, and my legs are falling asleep. Mind if we change positions?"

Karen looked down at Jacob and said, "Sorry, Sweetie... of course we can." She then raised up and got down from the

bench. As she bent over to examine the condition of the condom, she commented, "Jake.. let me give you some friendly advice from a female perspective."

Jacob furrowed his brow and replied, "Uhh... sure?"

Standing up straight, Karen continued, "Never... and I mean NEVER should you tell a woman that she is 'heavy'... especially if she is naked. That is something a lady never wants to hear."

Jacob's eyes went wide, and he stood up. "I--I'm sorry, Mom... I didn't mean to offend you."

Karen knew full well that Jacob meant no disrespect. With his underdeveloped boy-like stature, the top of his head barely came up to his mother's shoulders when they stood side by side. Plus, she most likely outweighed him by forty pounds or more. It was no wonder his skinny legs were going numb... she was most likely cutting off his circulation.

Putting her hand on Jacob's cheek, Karen chuckled. Then she responded, "Sweetie... I'm not angry with you. I know that I have extra 'junk in my trunk'. I just want you to remember not to say something like that in the future... especially someday to your wife."

Karen then lowered her hand from Jacob's face and took hold of his raging boner. Slowly stroking the condom-wrapped shaft,

she said, "It's getting late, and I need to finish you off so you can get to the Miller's."

The loving mother then looked into her son's eyes and asked, "You mentioned changing positions... did you have something in mind?" Before he could answer, a smile curled onto Karen's lips, and she said, "I think I know."

While pulling Jacob in tow by his cock, Karen stepped back over to the wall. She turned her back to him, leaned over the bench seat, and placed her hands flat onto the smooth tile. The aroused mother then widened her stance, lowered her bottom, and arched her back to make it easier for him.

For some reason, Jacob found himself glued to the spot. He couldn't help but take in the erotic presentation laid out before him. His sweet God-fearing mother was facing the wall looking downward... her chestnut brown hair like a long, wet curtain hung towards the shower floor.

Karen's matronly backside was so round and juicy. The teenager thought the extra 'junk in her trunk' made her ass a thing of absolute beauty. He could make out the sides of the soft and heavy tits that hung enticingly from her chest. His mom was indeed a work of art.

With her left hand, Karen reached back and pulled her meaty butt cheek to the side. Jacob now had an unfettered view of his

mother's vagina... her pink feminine lips splayed open and her downy pubic hair darkened from the excessive moisture.

Not long ago, Karen told Jacob doing it from behind like this was animalistic and dirty. Now, without a second thought, the conservative mom bent over shamelessly, offering up her voluptuous body for her son's pleasure. His mother's slow easing of her sexual inhibitions gave him hope that maybe she would be open to some of his more dark and sinful desires.

Jacob's gaze then locked onto the ultimate prize... Karen's tightly clenched asshole. It was as if the cute little pink star was beckoning to him... almost teasingly. He badly wanted to go where no man had gone before and be the one to take her final virginity.

Looking back over her shoulder, Karen said softly, "C'mon Jake... you need to hurry up so you can get ready for your date."

Shaking the wicked thoughts from his mind, Jacob stepped up closer behind Karen. He shifted his feet to better his position, then took hold of his aching prick. The teenager then slid the sheathed tip between his mother's sopping wet folds in search of her vaginal opening.

At that exact moment across town, Robert was pushing a shopping buggy around the store, blissfully collecting groceries from the list given to him by his loving wife. Little did he know that meanwhile, back home, that same wife was naked in the shower, bent over, about to get her married pussy stuffed to the max by their teenage son once again.

Jacob pushed his hips forward and penetrated Karen's tight pussy. He placed his hands on her wide and curvy hips as he slowly moved deeper and deeper into the velvety-smooth tunnel of his mom's cunt.

They gasped in unison when he finally hit bottom. Jacob then began to steadily saw in and out of Karen's magnificent milf-body. The heat and snugness of his mother's juicy twat were overwhelming. "Ohhhh... Mom! You're the... best!!"

Karen, quickly approaching climax, replied in a series of grunts, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" She pushed against the wall for leverage as she slammed her ass back into Jacob as a sign of encouragement.

Receiving his mother's unspoken message loud and clear, Jacob began pounding into his mom with long powerful strokes. The constant collision of their wet skin caused a loud hollow slapping sound that echoed throughout the enclosed glass cubicle.

Jacob's cock was like a well-oiled piston as it thrust in and out of the slippery channel of his mother's dripping sex. Karen could feel herself being pushed over the edge. "Yes... Jake! Yes! Yes! Yes!" As the orgasmic tide rolled in, she threw her head back and cried out. "OOOOHHHHHH.... JAAAKKEEEEEEE!!!!"

Karen's mind spiraled out of this world and into an abyss of pure ecstasy. She mumbled incoherently as her nerve endings went haywire, causing her body to spasm from the pleasure overload.

Eventually, the waves receded. Still fully embedded inside Karen's twitching vagina, Jacob hugged his trembling mom from behind as she attempted to find her way back to reality.

Because of her weakened state, Karen's arms and legs gave way, and she slowly descended the wall. Jacob followed suit until they were both on their knees on the wet shower floor.

Karen bent forward and rested her forearms on the bench seat. Glancing back over her shoulder, she asked between breaths, "Honey... are you... getting close?"

Jacob nodded, "Sort of. Sorry, it's taking so long, but with these condoms, it seems to take longer for me to finish."

Karen found herself tempted to remove the protective shield and take him bareback. However, the wise-thinking mother forced herself to stand firm and err on the side of caution.

Karen had already dodged one bullet from the other day when she dangerously allowed Jacob to plant his young, virile seed deep into her unprotected womb. To her great relief, however, the early pregnancy test came back negative. At that moment, she decided it may be prudent to rethink Brenda's birth control offer.

Karen turned away from Jacob. She then widened her knees and arched her back, offering herself up once again to her son. Staring at the tiled wall, she said, "Okay, Sweetie... let's get you finished up... Mrs. Miller is expecting you soon."

On his knees, Jacob mounted up behind Karen. He then reinserted his condom-covered phallus into the warm confines of his mother's gaping vagina. When he bottomed out, Karen moaned with pleasure, lowered her head, and rested her cheek onto the smooth surface of the bench.

Jacob couldn't resist giving Karen's round bottom a playful slap. He loved the jiggling of her soft and succulent butt meat. "Wow, Mom... I don't care what you say... you have a fantastic ass."

Without lifting her head from the bench, his mother replied, "Thank you for the complement, Jake, but you shouldn't use that—AAHHH!!" At that exact moment, Jacob's hand met with Karen's wet flesh once again... only this time harder. The contact sounded like a gunshot causing a squeal of surprise and delight to escape her pretty mouth.

Wasting no more time, Jacob grabbed hold of his mother's sexy flared hips and began thrusting in and out of her juicy cunt. He quickly built up to a frantic pace... like a man on a mission. The teenager thrust hard... so hard in fact Karen placed her left hand against the wall to steady herself and absorb the impact. Both of them were grunting like a couple of wild beasts.

Jacob's testicles ached from the incredible load that churned inside his swollen balls. The pressure in his nutsack was almost to the point of agony. "Mom... It really hurts! I need... to cum!"

Karen was also on the precipice. The constant rubbing of Jacob's veiny shaft against her engorged clit had her primed and ready to burst once again. With the fuse lit, she was just a few strokes away from the imminent explosion.

Turning her head to look back, Karen reacted, "Do it, Sweetie!! You'll feel better. Just... just let it... GOOOOOOOOO!!!!" At that moment, the bomb went off, sending a shock wave of pleasure from deep in her pussy, up through her soft tummy, and into her dangling tits.

With her right hand, Karen grabbed a swinging orb and pinched the buzzing nipple. "OOOOOOHHHHHH!!" she howled as more mommy-milk shot out from her rubbery teats, splashing onto the bench and shower floor. The delightful pulses in her breasts further elevated the ecstasy of her orgasm.

Karen's climaxing vagina squeezed her son's aching cock coaxing his oversized nuts to release their massive payload. Jacob could feel the heat of his semen as it made the journey up the long shaft.

Digging his fingers into the supple flesh of Karen's hips, Jacob called out, "Oh Mom!! Its... its coming!! IT'S COMING!!" The teenager slammed his crotch into his mother's upturned

backside one final time. He held her body tight to his while he remained fully embedded inside her overheated pussy. Throwing his head back, Jacob yelled out, "OOOOHHHHH!!! MOOOOMMMM!!!"

Jacob's cock violently lurched around inside his mother's vagina as it fired rope after rope of hot creamy liquid into the condom. While resting her head back down onto the bench seat, Karen could feel the latex barrier expand as it filled with her son's potent seed. She whispered, "Mmmmm... there you go, Baby... Get it all out."

With the pain in his testicles eased, the orgasm was as much a relief for Jacob as it was a pleasure. He leaned forward onto Karen, wrapping his arms around her torso and resting his cheek against the moist skin of his mother's back. As he gulped air back into his lungs, the sweet scent of her lavender body wash filled his nostrils.

For the next couple of moments, mother and son remained coupled while steam from the hot shower billowed around them like a thick fog. Jacob slid his right hand up across Karen's soft tummy and gently cupped the enormous milk jug that hung down from her chest.

While Jacob softly kneaded his mother's tender breast, Karen chuckled then asked, "I take it you feel better?"

Without lifting his head, Jacob nodded and replied, "Thanks, Mom... I love you."

Karen smiled and responded, "I love you too, Snuggle Bear. But we better get moving." She then raised up onto her forearms and added, "We went a bit longer than I originally planned, and I'd rather not have to try and explain to your father and grandfather why they arrived to find the house locked up."

With that, Jacob reluctantly let go of his mom's pillowy boob and then carefully pulled his spent member out from her warm vagina. He paid close attention to ensure the condom stayed in place on his deflating cock.

After standing up, Karen noticed the comical sight of the inflated condom as it hung from the end of Jacob's dick. It resembled a water balloon about to burst. With a chuckle, she said, "My goodness, Jake... that's a lot of your stuff in there. You really were backed up!"

"Yeah... no kidding," Jacob replied as he removed the condom and poured the contents over the shower drain. "I honestly thought my nuts were going to explode."

Karen retorted, "Jake... they're your testicles... don't call them... nuts." She then held out a bar of soap and added, "Now get over here and wash up... you need to go get dressed."

Taking the soap from his mother, Jacob snickered and replied, "You said 'nuts'... that's funny, Mom."

While picking up her shower gel and loofah sponge, Karen sighed. "What is with you men and your 'twelve-year-old' sense of humor? You're as bad as your father."

As Jacob lathered himself up with the soap, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I guess I had to get it from somewhere." Karen rolled her eyes.

Once dried off, Karen wrapped herself in her towel and cinched it into place. She then checked her phone, and to her relief, there were no missed calls or texts.

Taking her robe down off the hook, Karen said, "Let's go get dressed, and then I will drop you off at the Miller's."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob replied while he wrapped his towel around his waist.

Taking Jacob's robe down off the hook and handing it to him, Karen said, "Will you need a ride home tonight?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "I don't think so. Sara told me that they would give me a lift."

With her hand on the doorknob, Karen responded, "Well, if something changes, just give me a call." Jacob nodded his reply and gave her a thumbs up.

Karen pulled open the door, then suddenly spun around to Jacob and asked in a slight panic, "Oh my goodness... where's the condom?"

"Right here, Mom... I have it along with the wrapper," Jacob replied as he held up his hand with the empty sheath and gold packet pinched between his thumb and forefinger.

Karen breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, Good... now just be sure and dispose of it somewhere safe. The last thing we need is your dad finding it."

"Don't worry," Jake replied. "Like always, I'll bury it in the rolling trash bin out by the garage."

Karen smiled and ruffled Jacob's damp hair and said, "That's good thinking." She then finished with, "Have fun tonight, but be sure to mind your P's and Q's... especially around Mrs. Miller."

As they exited the bathroom, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am... I plan on doing just that." The teenager then left his mother's room and went down the hall to his bedroom to get dressed.

Jacob slid the last of the chairs underneath the outdoor dining table. At that moment, Donna Miller exited her house to join the teenager in the backyard. He quickly noticed that she had changed clothes from when he first arrived earlier.

As Donna made her way across the patio, Jacob couldn't help but appreciate the grace and beauty of the middle-aged mom. Karen recently told Jacob that Mrs. Miller worked for a short while as a fashion model in her youth. That was easy to believe as the blonde goddess appeared to glide across the concrete in her wedge sandals as if she were on a fashion runway.

Donna was wearing a casual summer dress that was more relaxed than her usual attire. It was teal blue and covered in a pattern of white flowers and had a billowy skirt that came down just above her knees. The top was a spaghetti strap style with a fitted bodice and a dipping neckline that revealed a slight amount of cleavage. The outfit was a bit suggestive for a preacher's wife but still conservative enough to be considered respectable.

The former model had her long platinum blonde hair partially pinned up, and she wore a gold cross pendant around her long slender neck. The bottom of the pendant rested just above the gap of Donna's cleavage. Jacob noticed that the piece of jewelry greatly resembled the one his sister Rachel wore.

As Donna approached, she commented, "I just got off the phone with David. Unfortunately, he and Sara are running a bit later than I expected."

"I hope everything is okay?" Jacob replied.

Nodding, Donna responded, "Oh yes... everything is fine. David insisted on purchasing the steaks and burgers from a specialty butcher that's located over in the next county." She then chuckled, "I told him to get an earlier start, but sometimes that sweet man can be so hard-headed."

Donna then glanced around and asked in a surprised tone, "Wait? Have you finished already? I thought it would take longer than that!" She then put her hand on her hip and added, "Jake... you're a real dynamo!"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I don't know about that. Besides, it wasn't that big of a deal... just a few tables and chairs."

Donna's bright blue eyes sparkled. "Well, it was a big help to me, I assure you... and I greatly appreciate it."

Jacob smiled, "Don't worry about it, Mrs. Miller... it was my pleasure. Come to think of it... is there anything else I can do to help?" He remembered how his mom described Mrs. Miller as a super strict and overbearing parent. If he had any hopes of Sara

becoming his girlfriend, he figured he'd better impress her mother with good manners.

Looking around, Donna shook her head and answered, "No... I think that's it for now." She then asked, "How about we go inside and get something cold to drink?" She began fanning her face with her hand, "It's quite warm out here today."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller, that sounds great! As long as it's not too much trouble." He was doing his best to follow Karen's advice and mind his P's and Q's.

Donna flashed her beautiful smile, "Don't be silly... It's no trouble at all. Now come along." She turned and began walking back towards the house. As Jacob fell in behind her, Mrs. Miller said, "I pray it will cool off when the sun goes down. It seems like summer just does not want to end."

Jacob found himself hypnotized by Donna's backside as it swayed side to side. With her being a former model, her slender figure may not have the extreme curvy shape like the other women in his life, but he found her super sexy all the same. Trying to regain his focus, he responded, "Yes, Ma'am, I agree. It's hard to believe it will be Halloween soon."

Jacob sat on a stool at the kitchen island while Mrs. Miller muddled around the room. As Donna filled two glasses with ice, she asked, "So, how is the Chemistry project coming along? I know you and Sara have been putting in a lot of work."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am, we have. It's coming along fine, though... mainly because Sara is awesome at science."

Pulling open the refrigerator door and looking inside, Donna commented, "She gets that from her father. David has always been a whiz at math and science. If the good Lord had not called him to the ministry, he most likely would have made a career in teaching." She then looked back over to Jacob and asked, "What would you like to drink? We have just about everything under the sun."

"A Coke would be great," Jacob replied. After Donna placed the ice-filled glass and can of soda on the countertop in front of him, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller."

"You're welcome," Donna replied as she took a seat on the stool beside Jacob with her ice water. While the teenager poured his drink into the glass, she asked, "Have you decided on your choice of college? Karen mentioned that you are thinking about attending the University of Georgia in Athens?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am... I'm also considering Georgia Tech. My parents are taking me to Atlanta to visit the campus, but I'm leaning heavily towards Georgia. That's where my mom and sister went to school."

Donna said, "I'm hoping that Sara will choose Georgia as well. I'd feel better with her being close by, and she could come home on the weekends."

"Is that where you went to college Mrs. Miller?" Jacob asked, then took a swallow of his drink.

Smiling while shaking her head, Donna replied, "No. I attended the University of Florida in Gainesville... that's where I'm originally from."

Jacob took another drink of his Coke. "Wow... Florida and Georgia are big-time rivals. I'm surprised you wouldn't rather Sara go to your alma mater."

Donna chuckled, "Don't get me wrong... I'm still a proud member of the 'Gator Nation', but over the years, I have come to realize that there are much more important things in life to worry about than college rivalries."

Jacob scoffed, "You're much different than my sister Rachel. She is dead-set on me going to Georgia no matter what. I mean, she is way beyond passionate about it... it's to the point where she's almost rabid."

"What does Karen have to say?" Donna inquired.

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob said, "Mom's pretty much neutral. She tells me that ultimately it is my future, and I must decide what's best for me. Even though she doesn't say it, I think she secretly hopes I will choose Georgia as well."

After taking another sip of water, Donna replied, "Well, she's right. It is your choice... and the decisions you make today can greatly affect your future going forward... for good or for bad."

Donna paused for a few seconds, then continued solemnly. "It reminds me of a young woman from my hometown. Poor thing ended up making a total mess of her life."

With curiosity, Jacob asked, "I take it she made some not-so-good choices?"

Nodding her head, Donna replied, "Yes... exactly." She then looked away from Jacob and gazed at the glass of ice water sitting in front of her. She stared at the ring of condensation beginning to form on the countertop as she continued, "She was raised in a conservative Christian home with loving parents that tried to keep her on the straight and narrow. However, she was young and very headstrong... thought she had all the answers."

Jacob could sense the conversation taking a dark turn. It was as if a black cloud had somehow settled over the bright sunlit kitchen. With curiosity, he asked, "What happened to her?" He then feared he might have overstepped his boundaries, so he added, "That is, of course... if you don't mind me asking?"

Shaking her head, Donna replied, "No... it's fine." Mrs. Miller then took a deep breath and continued, "She got involved with some very unsavory people who pretended to be her friends. However, they did not care for her at all. Instead, they used her for what she could do for them. In turn, they tricked the young woman and led her down a sinful path paved with iniquity and personal destruction."

Jacob cautiously asked, "Do you know whatever became of her? Is she okay?"

Donna looked over at Jacob. The sparkle was gone from her crystal blue eyes and replaced by dread... maybe anger... the teenager was not sure. Instead of answering the question, Mrs. Miller said, "I have something I need to show you... follow me."

Feeling a bit perplexed, Jacob followed Mrs. Miller out of the kitchen and down a hallway. Neither one spoke. The only sound was the 'clap clap' noise created by Donna's wedge sandals on the hardwood floor.

Donna led Jacob into a room that appeared to be some kind of office. The walls were adorned with several framed Christian motivational posters and a Miller family portrait that seemed relatively recent.

There was a desk with a computer chair facing the door and a couch against the far wall. On the desktop was a computer

monitor, keyboard, a Bible, and several stacks of papers. Jacob recognized the documents because he had seen similar ones before on his mother's desk at home. They had something to do with the Ladies Auxiliary group at their church.

Motioning towards the couch, Donna said, "Please... have a seat." The tone of her voice made it sound more of a command and less of a request. Jacob, recognizing Mrs. Miller as his elder and an authoritarian figure, did as she asked.

Once Jacob settled onto the sofa, he glanced over at the far wall. There, he noticed a giant framed photo. Actually, it was a reproduction of a magazine cover that featured a familiar-looking beautiful blonde woman. Pointing at the picture frame, he then asked, "Mrs. Miller? Is that you?"

After sitting down in her chair, Donna looked over to where Jacob pointed. With a sigh, she then waved her hand and replied, "Yes... that's me... from another time and another life. That was my first big-time modeling job."

While staring at the photo, Jacob couldn't help but notice how much Mrs. Miller resembled Sara at that age. He then turned back to Donna and said, "My mom told me you once were a fashion model. However, she didn't say you were on magazine covers... that must have been very cool?"

A smile crept onto Mrs. Miller's beautiful face. Donna then nodded and answered, "It was... for a while. After the release of that photo spread, the offers began pouring in. Some people in the industry said I was going to be the next Claudia Schiffer."

Jacob then asked, "If things were going so well... why did you... you know... give it up so soon?"

The smile on Donna's face faded as she replied, "It took me a while to figure it out, but that was not the life for me. It left a void that could not be filled by riches or fame. It turns out I wanted a simple and stable life, with a home and family... to be part of a community where I could serve God and help others."

"So you don't miss any of it?" Jacob inquired.

Leaning back in her chair, Donna smiled and quickly responded, "No... not one bit. The good Lord blessed me with a loving husband and three beautiful children. On top of that... a wonderful church family and purpose for my life. I have everything I could ever want."

Jacob chuckled, "Well, Mrs. Miller... sounds like you made the right choices."

Donna placed her forearms on the desktop and leaned forward. "You see, Jake... the choices we make can greatly affect our lives. For instance, the people we hang out with, the college we attend, the career path we choose, and the person we take as our spouse. All of these are critical life-altering decisions and should not be taken lightly."

Taking a deep breath, Donna continued, "When I think back on that young woman from Gainsville that went against her parent's teachings, I thank God that my life turned out the way it did." She then looked down at the rings on her left hand and added, "On my wedding day, I made a secret vow... A promise to God that if I were ever blessed with children of my own that I would do everything in my power to ensure they do not make those kinds of mistakes."

Jacob simply nodded and agreed, "Yes, Ma'am... I think I understand."

Donna smiled just a bit. "I know a lot of other mothers think I am a bit conservative and overbearing when it comes to the way I raised my kids. I'm sure they talk behind my back, but I don't mind." Jacob suddenly remembered what his mother said about Mrs. Miller being a 'smother' and had to bite his lip to keep from chuckling.

Donna continued, "Every woman in the world will tell you that their children are the most important things in the world to them. The difference with me is... when I say it, I back it up! I will move Heaven and Earth to make sure my babies are safe and stay on the right path. And may God have mercy on anyone who tries to interfere with that."

Jacob began to feel a bit nervous as he looked back into Mrs. Miller's blue eyes. Something about her stare sent a chill up his spine.

Softening her glare, Donna said, "Jake... I have a confession to make. I had an ulterior motive for you coming over early today. I've needed to speak with you about something of a delicate nature, and I wanted it to occur without anyone else around. Plus, since you are of legal age, I thought it only fair to come to you first before approaching your parents."

With a quizzical look, Jacob replied, "I'm sorry?"

Donna leaned back in her chair and pulled open the bottom desk drawer. She continued, "Let me start by saying I was honestly thrilled when Sara told me that she was going on a date with you. I've known your family for quite a long time, and I consider your mother as one of my closest and dearest friends. I know Robert and Karen raised you in a good Christian home, and you appear to have grown into a fine young gentleman. I also want you to know that Sara is quite fond of you."

Feeling a bit better, Jacob replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller... that's very kind of you to say."

Donna's tone took a sudden change, "However, with that being said, something has been brought to my attention as of late that has me very concerned. I am worried that perhaps Sara has made a critical error, and maybe you are not as good a match for my daughter as I originally thought."

Jacob sat forward on the couch cushion. "Mrs. Miller, I'm not sure what you are referring to, but I can assure you that I like

and respect Sara very much and would never do anything to hurt her or intentionally offend your family. I'm sure whatever it is... it has to be a misunderstanding."

Donna nodded her head and replied, "Jake, I pray you are correct that it is a misunderstanding, and hopefully, we can get this cleared up." She then leaned over and pulled something out of the desk drawer. Sitting back up straight, Mrs. Miller looked at Jacob with a steely glare and asked, "So I'm going to expect your complete honesty when I ask... can you please explain THIS??"

Jacob's eyes went wide with shock, and his heart began to pound in his chest. In her professionally manicured right hand, Mrs. Miller was holding up a ziplock bag. He instantly recognized the contents... it was one of his used condoms. He tried his best to think up an answer, but his mind froze. After a few seconds, all the panic-stricken teenager could get out was a sigh and the words, "Ohhhhh... Crap!"

Chapter 12

"Well, Mr. Mitchell?" Donna then waved the clear plastic bag and asked, "What do you have to say about this?"

Mrs. Miller's hand movement broke Jacob out of his panic-induced trance. With his mind still jumbled with shock and confusion, the teenager could not form any words... instead he replied, "Ummmmm..."

Mrs. Miller then sighed as she sat back in her chair. She could easily read the tell-tale signs of guilt in Jacob's soft brown eyes. Being a mother of three, Donna had seen that look many times over the years on the faces of her own precious children.

Tossing the ziplock bag onto the desktop, the preacher's wife then said, "So... my fears were correct... it is yours." Donna slowly shook her head. "I can't tell you how much I hoped that I would be wrong. However, since you were the last known male to be in that room, it only makes sense that you would be the prime suspect."

Still trying to gather his thoughts, Jacob stammered, "M--Mrs. Miller? How? I mean... where did you..."

"Find it?" Donna finished Jacob's question for him. She then leaned forward and continued, "First of all, I didn't. It was Mr. Rayford who accidentally discovered the paraphernalia from your wretched activities."

John Rayford was the custodian and groundskeeper for Grace Baptist Church. In his late fifties, John was tall and heavy built, with less than average looks and a bad comb-over. Except on Sunday, his everyday attire consisted of a dingy tee shirt worn underneath denim overalls and work boots.

Mr. Rayford's family was originally from a small coal mining community in the mountains of West Virginia. While John was

a teenager, his father died in a mining accident. After his father's death, his mother, Elizabeth, moved them to Georgia to be near other family members. She took up work in a cotton mill, and she and John began attending Grace Baptist Church.

Mr. Rayford never married. He was sort of a simpleton, a recluse... reticent, and never talked much. It was a widespread belief that the long-time janitor suffered from some mental handicap. The older man was benign enough, but he could come across as strange and creepy... especially to some female church members. He had a habit of sometimes staring a bit longer than necessary... mainly when it came to the more attractive ladies of the congregation.

Mrs. Miller then added, "Surprisingly, Mr. Rayford found it right where you left it."

Jacob's eyes went wide, and he whispered, "The trash can."

Donna stood up from her chair and began walking around her desk. "Correct... so you do remember." She then leaned her shapely bottom against the desktop and crossed her arms underneath her ample bosom. Even in his nervous state, Jacob's eyes automatically drew to the middle-aged wife's modestly exposed cleavage.

Mrs. Miller looked down at Jacob and continued, "A couple of days after the rummage sale, Mr. Rayford just happened to be cleaning the church nursery." She then turned and picked up

the ziplock bag from her desk and continued, "As he emptied the bathroom garbage, this accidentally fell out of the wastebasket." She held it up again as if it were 'exhibit A' in some murder mystery court case. "It's evident that you have much to learn when it comes to covering your tracks."

Jacob thought for a moment. His mind returned to that Saturday afternoon and the mind-blowing sex with Karen on that old couch in the so-called 'mother's room'. The teenager vividly remembered that after the incredible session with his mom, he tightly wrapped the used condom with excessive toilet paper and buried it at the bottom of the wastebasket. There is no way it 'accidentally' fell out. Mr. Rayford likely found it while rummaging through the garbage like some weird pervert.

A new fear grasped at Jacob's heart. What else did Mrs. Miller know... was she aware of what actually took place that day with him and his mother?

Donna placed the bagged and used condom back down onto her desk and recrossed her arms. She then took a deep breath and sighed. "Jake, I must say... I'm not sure which I feel more... anger or disappointment. I honestly thought you were a good boy. I don't understand how you could be so brazen as to defile the Lord's house in that manner. You should be ashamed... I'm sure your parents raised you better than that!"

The middle-aged wife began walking around her desk and back to her chair. "Now... before I alert Karen and Robert of your vile and degenerate behavior, I want you to tell me one thing..."

Donna then sat back down and leaned onto her forearms. With a cold stare, she asked, "Who was she?"

"Ma'am?" Jacob asked with delighted surprise. Evidently, Mrs. Miller did not suspect his mother to be his partner in crime. To Jacob's relief, it appeared that his and Karen's incestual tryst was still safely under wraps.

Donna asked again, "Who was she? Your culprit in all this!" She leaned back in her chair and continued, "Is the harlot a member of our church or just some skank you sneaked in after your mother left you alone to supposedly recuperate from being out in the sun too long?"

It was then Jacob was given a small glimmer of hope. Maybe there was a way out of this situation while still protecting the secret relationship with his mother. Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Mrs. Miller... there was no 'she'... I was alone in the room."

Donna scoffed, "Jake... don't insult my intelligence. It's clearly evident the condom has been used." She picked the ziplock bag up again and said while scrunching her face, "Your... residue... is all over it."

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am. What I mean to say is... " He then looked away in an attempt to show shame. "I... masturbated."

With a look of horror on her face, Donna retorted, "Masterba-- in our church??" She leaned forward and continued, "What kind of little pervert are you?" Before Jacob could say anything, the freaked-out mother put up her hand and added, "I can tell you what kind... the kind that will NOT be dating my daughter!!" She then stood up abruptly from her chair... her ice-blue eyes slinging daggers at the boy.

Jacob quickly stood up and stepped towards the desk, trying to plead his case. "Mrs. Miller, it's not what you think. I can explain if you just give me a chance... please?"

Donna crossed her arms and cocked her head to the side, and thought for a few seconds, "Okay... explain." She then chuckled, "This should be good."

Jacob took a deep breath and then said, "Well, you see, I have a rare... medical condition."

Immediately Donna dropped her head and laughed, "Oh good Lord!" She then looked back to Jacob and added, "You really expect me to believe that? Young man... I may have been born at night, but it wasn't last night."

Nodding, Jacob replied, "It's true, Mrs. Miller... honest!"

Arching her brow, Donna asked, "A medical condition? That requires you to... masturbate?"

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No, Ma'am, I'm not required to... but it helps with the pain and swelling in my genitals."

Giving a look of disbelief, Donna asked, "Pain and swelling?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob then glanced down at his crotch. "My testicles have a condition that causes overproduction of semen. If I don't ejaculate regularly, the fluids get backed up and cause me great discomfort."

Still skeptical, Donna asked in a slightly softer tone, "And how long have you had this so-called... condition?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "A couple of months or so. Ever since the WICK-tropin program."

Donna recoiled just a bit and asked in curiosity. "WICK-tropin?"

Jacob nodded. "Yes, Ma'am."

"What on earth is that?" Donna asked with a flat tone.

Jacob replied, "It's a prototype growth hormone. You see... I participated in an experimental trial headed up by Dr. Michael Grant. He's a scientist who used to work with the CDC in Atlanta."

Donna cut her eyes and asked. "Grant, you say?" She then whispered, "Why does that name sound familiar?"

Jacob offered, "Maybe you heard about him on the TV?"

Donna's face lit up with recognition. "On television? Yes! I do recognize--wait!!" She then walked around her desk towards Jacob. "You mean the doctor that was arrested not long ago? That Dr. Grant??"

Jacob confirmed, "Yep... that's him."

Donna scoffed, "I saw that on the news... something about he was conducting illegal experiments on people." She then scrunched her face and asked, "How in the world did you get mixed up in all of that?"

Jacob held out his arms. "Well, for starters, look at me." He sat down on the couch and continued, "For years, Mom and Dad took me to several different endocrinologists all over the southeast. They tried all types of experimental drugs and hormone therapies, but nothing seemed to work. It appeared I was destined to live my life the size of a twelve-year-old kid."

Donna took a seat beside Jacob and said, "Karen has told me many times all about the treatments and the frustration you all felt from no successful results. So how did they find Dr. Grant?"

Looking into Mrs. Miller's striking blue eyes, Jacob replied, "Mom found him somehow... she spent a lot of her free time researching different doctors and treatments. I'm not sure, but I think someone online might have suggested him. At first, Mom thought he was the answer to our prayers."

"And that's when your parents decided to let you participate in the program?"

Jacob shook his head, "No... not really."

Donna gave him a quizzical look and asked, "No?"

Jacob continued, "After the initial meeting, my dad thought Dr. Grant was a real quack, and he, therefore, refused to let me participate." The teenager derided and continued, "He said he would not allow me to be used as a guinea pig for that, as my father called him, nutcase."

Cocking her head to the side, Donna inquired, "But you say you participated in the program?"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am, I did... only my dad doesn't know about it."

Donna's eyes went wide with shock when suddenly, from the kitchen came Sara's voice, "Hey Mom... we're home! Is Jake here? We could really use some help unloading the car."

Jacob looked up at Donna and offered, "Mrs. Miller... If you want me to leave... I'll understand."

Donna pursed her lips and took a deep breath. She stood up, shook her head, and said, "No!"

"No?" Jacob asked in surprise.

"Although it goes against my better judgment... you can stay... for now..." Mrs. Miller then walked around the desk, placed the used but secure condom back into the hiding spot, and closed the bottom drawer. "However, know this... if you were anyone else other than Robert and Karen Mitchell's son, I would have thrown you out with last night's garbage."

With a sigh of relief, Jacob stood up and said. "Thank you, Mrs. Miller."

"Don't thank me yet," Donna said with a hand on her hip. "I'm still not totally convinced that all of this is true. To make a final decision, I will need more details, but we can discuss that later." Stepping up to Jacob, Donna added, "In the meantime, we will keep all this between the two of us... agreed?" She then motioned towards the door with her open hand.

As they began to leave the room, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am... agreed... and thanks again, Mrs. Miller."

Later that night, Donna stood in the doorway to her husband's study. Pastor Miller sat at his desk, working on some last-minute changes to his Sunday morning sermon. He just happened to look up to find his gorgeous wife standing in the doorway with her purse, car keys, and a large envelope tucked under her left arm. She looked so lovely in her blue cotton dress. David joked, "Well, hello beautiful... where are you taking off to?"

Stepping into the room, Donna mocked and responded jokingly, "Oh nowhere special... just meeting up with my boyfriend for a date."

Sitting back in his chair, David watched the former model glide across the room and was mesmerized by the swing of her curvy hips. Now standing beside her husband, Donna perched her shapely backside against the desktop. Looking up at the blonde beauty, he said, "Well, I must say... he's a very lucky man."

With a sultry voice, Donna bent down and replied, "Well, Preacher Miller... play your cards right, and who knows, you may get lucky yourself." She chuckled and leaned into David for a kiss.

Donna loved David with all her heart. She gave thanks to God every day for bringing them together. He was a terrific husband and wonderful father.... she could not have asked for a better life partner.

If Donna had any complaints at all about her marriage, it would be in the bedroom. She found sex with David to be like vanilla ice cream... it was satisfactory and got the job done, but it lacked spice and variety. Her husband approached love-making as he did everything else in life... ultra-conservative.

The other slight grievance the gorgeous wife had for bedroom activities was the lack thereof. David's libido had always been somewhat lower than Donna's, but now with her husband nearing fifty years of age, it seemed his appetite for sex was declining more and more.

After sitting back up straight, Donna said, "Actually, I wanted to let you know I'm leaving to run Jake home."

Taking off his reading glasses, David replied, "Oh Honey... you've done so much today. You don't have to do that... I can take him." He started to rise from his chair.

Donna pushed down on David's shoulder for him to stay seated. "No, Sweetheart." She glanced down at the sheets of text on the desk and added, "I can see you're working on tomorrow's sermon... you need to stay here and finish."

David shook his head and replied, "I can finish this when I get back... I don't have much--"

"Besides," Donna gently interrupted. She held up the envelope and continued, "I'm going to drop off these receipts for Karen to review from the rummage sale the other week."

"Receipts?" David asked. "Was there a problem?"

Standing up, Donna placed the purse strap over her shoulder. "Nothing major... a few of the sales numbers aren't quite matching up, and Karen has the original tickets. It will be much easier if I go over it with her in person."

Shrugging his shoulders, David relented, "Okay... if you're sure." He then looked down at the scattered pages of documents and added, "I'll stay here and work on these last few notes. I should be finished by the time you get back."

David watched his middle-aged wife as she walked away. Even after years of marriage and giving birth to three kids, Donna still had the body of someone in their twenties. While gazing upon her slender yet curvy figure accentuated by the form-fitting dress, he asked, "Is Sara going with you?"

Donna stopped at the doorway and looked back at her husband. Shaking her head, she chuckled then replied, "No... I told her she needs to get to bed."

Glancing at his wristwatch, David replied, "It's not all that late. I thought she might want to spend more time with Jake. They seem to be hitting it off."

Donna nodded and replied, "Oh, she wanted to go. The problem is that daughter of ours is just like you."

David gave his wife a quizzical look.

"You're both stubborn and difficult to wake up in the mornings. I have a hard enough struggle just getting you out of bed... I definitely do not want to deal with both of you in the morning. We'd for sure be late for church."

Laughing, David replied, "I guess I see your point." As he put his reading glasses back on, he added, "Please, promise me you'll be careful... I love you."

Giving her husband a warm smile, Donna replied, "I will... I love you, too." She blew him a kiss and then disappeared down the hall.

Minutes later, while driving across town to take Jacob home, Mrs. Miller continued with the inquisition. As the teenager answered her questions concerning the WICK-tropin program, he felt the sleeping leviathan in his pants beginning to stir.

Jacob was pleased with himself for making it through the entire afternoon and evening without incident. Plus, the fact that his mother drained his bloated testicles earlier in the day didn't hurt either. However, it seemed the relief from the shower session was beginning to wear off.

While Donna was with David in his office earlier, Sara took advantage of the alone time. She snuck Jacob into a room away from prying eyes and said, "Before you go, I just wanted to say I really had a great time today." Before Jacob could respond, the beautiful girl leaned in and placed her mouth against his for their first French kiss. Afterward, Sara smiled at him and asked, "See you at church in the morning?"

With a goofy grin, Jacob replied, "Yeah... you bet!!"

As Jacob rode along with Donna in her SUV, he tried further to describe the WICK-tropin experiment in greater detail. He also explained how the District Attorney offered a plea deal to Dr. Grant. For his complete cooperation, the maverick scientist would receive a lighter sentence under the strict condition that he turn over any and all information pertaining to the experimental drugs and a viable antidote.

While Jacob did his best song and dance in hopes to appease the skeptical preacher's wife, he noticed his wakening monster continued to enlarge. The lump in his shorts was becoming quite visible.

It didn't help matters much that he was still feeling the excitement from kissing Sara, but now he was just inches away from her gorgeous mother. Mrs. Miller's sweet perfume invaded Jacob's nostrils, and his eyes feasted on the former model's striking beauty. Even in the dim light emitted from the dashboard, he could easily make out her curvy side profile. The snug-fitting dress made her ample bosom appear even more prominent.

While Jacob was in mid-sentence, Donna looked over at him and interrupted, "Excuse me, Jake... do you smell something... odd?"

Trying to play dumb, Jacob replied, "No, Ma'am, I can't say that I do. What's it smell like?"

After coming to a stop at a red light, Donna looked around with a quizzical expression on her face. "It's very floral... and sweet. It reminds me of flowers or... fruit, maybe?" She twisted as best she could to glance in the backseat. Seeing only her purse, she turned back around and looked to Jacob, and asked, "Are you sure you don't smell anything?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Miller, I don't; however, my sense of smell is not the best in the world, to begin with."

The light turned green, and as Donna began driving again, she said, "I must say I'm surprised you can't... it's quite intense."

Taking another glance around, she added, "I just wonder where it could be coming from?"

Attempting to keep up the ruse, Jacob suggested, "Maybe it's coming in through the air vent?"

Donna leaned in towards the dash and inadvertently closer to Jacob, then inhaled deeply through her nose. From this position, she found the fragrant scent to be even stronger. Little did she comprehend that the source was actually the teenager sitting right beside her. Sitting up straight in her seat, Donna concurred, "I think you might be right... it seems to be coming through the air conditioner vent."

Soon the airborne chemicals began reacting inside Mrs. Miller's body, and Donna felt a sudden wave of heat. She immediately reached over and turned the air conditioner fan up a notch and stated, "Goodness... it's getting very warm in here." When the increased flow of cool air kissed the exposed skin of her arms and chest, Donna sighed, "Ahhhh... that's better."

Continuing the discussion about Jacob's situation a little more, Donna asked, "So Karen actually went behind Robert's back so that you could participate in the program?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied solemnly, "Yes, ma'am."

Looking over at Jacob, Donna asked, "And Robert knows nothing about any of this?"

Jacob shook his head in response. When he noticed Donna's eyes widened with surprise, he added, "She only did it because I wanted to try it so bad. Please understand, my mom is not a liar, but I guess in this situation, she felt she had no choice."

Looking straight ahead again, Donna said, "Well, don't worry... your father will not hear anything about it from me."

Somewhat relieved, Jacob replied, "Really? Oh wow... thanks, Mrs. Miller."

Glancing over at Jacob, Donna replied, "Karen only did it because she thought it was best for you." Turning back straight once more, she added, "I can't fault a mother for putting the welfare of her child first... even if it means hiding something or telling her husband a little white lie or two."

Noticing the look of bewilderment on Jacob's face, Donna chuckled then continued, "People who are not moms can never truly understand the bond between a mother and her children. For a woman, it's unlike any other relationship she could ever experience... unconditional love in its purest form."

Jacob asked, "So... have you ever lied to or hidden anything from Pastor Miller?"

A bit shocked by such a bold question, Donna turned to Jacob and replied with a stern tone, "Young man... you should not ask me such things!" After a few seconds of silence, Mrs. Miller

softened her tone and added, "But I will say this... if I had to tell a lie to protect or help one of my children... yes, I would. Their happiness and well-being are my top priorities."

Donna continued to breathe in the fragrant scent that flooded the enclosed cabin of her SUV. The invisible vapors now had her body experiencing unexplainable sexual arousal. The married mother's sensitive clit engorged and buzzed to life, and she mindlessly squeezed her thighs together in an attempt to squelch the maddening sensations. The gusset of her brand new pair of panties became increasingly wet.

At first, Donna thought the cold air from the A/C vents caused her pink nipples to harden; however, that could not explain the pleasant tingling in her rubbery nubs spreading throughout her bra encased C-cups. If the aroused mother were alone, she would be groping herself, but since her friend's teenage son sat beside her, she had to fight the overwhelming urge.

In an attempt to distract herself, Donna continued with additional questions. "So Jake, if you're telling the truth and you were alone that day and... masturbating... then why pray tell the need for a condom? Especially one that is evidently way too big for a boy of your stature?" The conservative mother surprised herself with how nonchalantly she asked questions of such a sensitive nature. Normally, she would not dream of discussing something so scandalous with a man other than her husband, especially when that man was of barely legal age.

"Mrs. Miller... do you remember when I told you earlier that my testicles produce an excessive amount of semen?"

Donna nodded and replied, "Yes... I remember."

Jacob continued, "Well, you see... I wear the condoms because when I ejaculate, there's so much stuff that it... makes a huge mess."

Donna mocked, "Oh come on... a boy your size? You can't possibly produce so much semen that you would need a condom that large." Her husband David was a full-grown man and, on his best day, only produced a few squirts of ejaculate during sex. The teenager had to be exaggerating.

Looking down at his lap, Jacob chuckled, then answered, "Mrs. Miller... you'd be surprised."

Donna's eyes followed Jacob's line of sight. Even in the dimly lit vehicle, she could easily make out the huge lump that had formed inside the teenage boy's baggy cargo shorts. While staring with laser focus, the intrigued mother whispered, "What in the world?"

Suddenly a car honked, snapping Donna out of her trance. She had inadvertently drifted over into another lane of traffic. After jerking the steering wheel and correcting her path, the startled wife quickly turned into the empty parking lot of an abandoned

restaurant. She then inadvertently parked her SUV on the unlit side of the building, hidden from the highway.

After shifting the vehicle into park, Donna looked over to Jacob and, with motherly concern, asked, "Jake... are you alright?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am... I'm fine." He chuckled, "Boy... that was close."

While trying to catch her breath, Donna confirmed, "Yes, it was... and I'm terribly sorry."

Waving his hand, Jacob said, "Don't worry about it... everything's good." He then noticed the beautiful mom's chest heaving and asked, "Mrs. Miller... are you okay?"

Between the near-miss on the highway and the puzzling arousal, Donna began to feel lightheaded. She placed her hand on her chest and felt her pulse racing. She nodded and replied, "Yes... thank you, Jake... I'm fine. I think I'm just a bit frazzled from almost getting us into an accident."

After catching her breath and settling down a bit, Donna's gaze automatically locked onto Jacob's crotch. She could swear the enormous bulge that resided inside the teenager's shorts was even bigger than before. The enthralled older woman's eyes widened with astonishment when she noticed the strange lump slightly jerking underneath the cotton fabric.

Rearing back just a little, Donna asked in a husky whisper, "Jake? W--what is... that?" The aroused housewife's eyes remained focused on the mysterious growing mass.

Looking down at the now painful lump, Jacob replied, "It's the other side effect..." He then turned his eyes to Mrs. Miller and continued, "from the WICK-tropin."

Turning her gaze to meet Jacob's, Donna asked, "The other side effect?"

Nodding his head, Jacob confirmed, "Yes, ma'am. As you can see, the highly aggressive hormones had virtually no effect on the stature or size of my body. However, the serum did cause abnormal growth in one part of my anatomy."

Gazing back down at Jacob's crotch, Donna shook her head and whispered, "That cannot be real." The captivated mother found herself intrigued while she watched the bulge inside Jacob's shorts lurch about as if it were some monster trying to escape its prison.

With a low tone, Jacob stated, "I assure you, Mrs. Miller... it's real... very real." Even in the dim light, he could see the beautiful blonde wife had broken out into a sweat... her breathing now shallow and rapid. The teenager decided to roll the dice.

Jacob unfastened his seat belt, and as he began to unbutton his shorts, Donna snapped out of her trance and asked in a slight panic, "W-what? Jake? Young man, what do you think you're doing?"

While lowering the zipper on his shorts, Jacob replied, "Mrs. Miller, I'm just giving you the proof you said you wanted." He then raised his butt off the seat and began to slide the loosened garment off his hips.

Donna knew she should stop Jacob from going any further... this was becoming highly improper. The God-fearing Christian woman wanted to tell the teenager to stop, but her mouth would not form the words. Instead, her piqued curiosity took control, and the highly aroused MILF waited with bated breath for the boy to reveal his so-called proof.

When Jacob lowered his shorts enough, his rock-hard penis sprung up into view. Donna lurched back and shrieked in complete shock, "GOOD HEAVENS!! Instinctively, the stunned woman put up her hands and turned her head away from the ghastly sight.

"Jacob Mitchell!!" Donna rebuked the teenager like one of her own kids. "Young man, pull your britches up this instant!!"

Jacob couldn't help but smile just a little. The reaction from the pastor's wife gave him a slight thrill. "Sorry, Mrs. Miller... I thought you wanted proof that I was telling the truth."

Even with her gaze averted, Donna could still see the reflection of Jacob's towering abomination in the side window. She replied sternly, "Perhaps I did, but exposing yourself like this is very inappropriate... especially in the company of a married woman." While her blue eyes remained locked onto the mirror image in the glass, she added, "This is very unchristian-like behavior, and I demand you cover yourself."

Jacob ignored Donna's command. Instead, he took hold and began to slowly stoke the veiny shaft of his fully erect cock, which caused additional pre-cum to bubble up from the mushroom-shaped tip. The teenager then spoke softly, "I understand it may not be proper... But Mrs. Miller, I just wanted to show you what the hormones have done to me."

The exotic scent that flooded the cabin had intensified, and along with it, Donna's unexplainable arousal. She could feel her blue cotton panties were saturated due to her weeping vagina. The middle-aged wife's body now buzzed with inexplicable sensations and incredible vivacity she had not experienced for many years.

Even though Donna tried to remain firm in reprimanding the teenager, Jacob could sense the prim and proper wife's resolve beginning to wither. Deciding to exploit her weakness further, he continued, "Mrs. Miller, I did not mean any offense. I just hoped that you, of all people, would have some sympathy for my unfortunate situation and the suffering I deal with every day."

Without thinking, Donna turned back to face Jacob. Her gaze was instantly drawn to the horrendous beast attached to the teenager's underdeveloped body. She noticed how small his hand appeared as it gripped onto his menacing and unnaturally large phallus. She softly replied, "Me of all people?"

Continuing to lazily stroke his aching prick, Jacob nodded and confirmed, "Yes, ma'am. Not only are you mother, but earlier today, you said you considered your purpose in life was to help people in need."

The airborne chemicals continued to cloud Donna's thoughts as she continued to watch Jacob casually stroke his freakishly huge genitalia. Even in the dim light, she could see the pearly beads of precum trickle down the long veiny shaft of the teenager's monster cock.

An overwhelming sense of compassion had now replaced Donna's initial feelings of panic and disgust. She no longer felt the inclination to turn away; instead, her motherly instincts took control. Continuing to stare, she commented softly, "I do want to help, but what can I do?"

Jacob removed his hand from his achingly hard cock and replied, "I think you know... Mrs. Miller."

Donna felt hypnotized as she continued to gaze upon Jacob's throbbing erection, and she knew good and well what the teenager was referring. She stammered, "I--I shouldn't... I

mean... I can't help you... not that way. It just wouldn't be right. Jake... I'm a married woman, for goodness sake."

Noticing Donna's eyes still locked onto his giant dick, Jacob pushed, "Please, Mrs. Miller! I'm in a lot of pain here, and I could really use your help."

Donna found herself trapped between her Christian duty to help someone in need and the sinful desires of the flesh. She leaned in a little and whispered, "It looks so painful."

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am... it is." The teenager then fibbed, "Unfortunately, I haven't had the chance to... relieve myself today."

Somehow, Donna found the once frightful sight of Jacob's deformity now to be strangely irresistible. As if it had a mind of its own, her trembling right hand slowly reached out and took hold of the boy's towering cock.

Donna couldn't help but gasp when she felt how rigid and powerful the thing felt in her hand. She could feel the teenager's vibrant pulse beneath her slender fingers. Mrs. Miller was amazed at the amount of space in the gap between her thumb and fingertips. "Oh my... goodness!" she whispered in disbelief.

Instinctively, Donna began to slowly slide her hand up and down the lubricated shaft. After hearing Jacob's moan of approval, she

looked into his eyes and said, "I guess it won't hurt if I help you this one time. Especially since I almost got you in an accident."

Jacob smiled and replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller."

Donna then stopped and held up the index finger on her left hand and stated emphatically, "But Jake... no one... and I mean NO ONE can ever find out about this."

Jacob quickly replied, "Yes, ma'am!"

Donna unbuckled her seat belt and shifted around to better her position. Trying to put some steel in her voice, she added, "I mean it, Jake... this HAS to stay between us. I'm only doing this for the sake of Christian charity, and we are to never speak of it again."

Nodding his head, Jacob confirmed, "Don't worry, Mrs. Miller... I will never breathe a word to anyone... I swear!!"

Donna replied, "Good boy." She then placed her left hand along with her right one on the teenager's swollen shaft. The faint sparkle of the wife's wedding rings in the dim light caught Jacob's eye. As she began to jerk off her daughter's boyfriend, the strait-laced mother added, "But Jake... you really shouldn't swear."

After just a couple of minutes, Jacob was already on the verge of climax. The combination of Donna's incredible skill and the fact he was receiving a hand job from the pastor's beautiful wife had him teetering on edge. He was somewhat taken aback at the conventional church lady's surprisingly great prowess.

Jacob continuously moaned from the mounting pleasure as the former model worked his cock like a seasoned professional. He watched as she tirelessly pumped his raging cock with both hands. Her gold cross pendant shimmied on her chest while her bra-encased ample bosom bounced around inside the bodice of her blue cotton dress.

As if in a trance, Donna stared at the teenage boy's monster appendage. Streams of precum trickled down the veiny shaft onto her well-manicured hands. The pearly liquid coated her slender fingers and soiled her golden wedding and anniversary bands.

Donna glanced up at Jacob and asked in a husky whisper, "Is this helping? Does it... feel better?"

Looking back into Donna's beautiful face, Jacob nodded, "Yes... ma'am!" The teenager felt Mrs. Miller's grasp on his cock tighten even more. Even in the dim light, he could make out the look of pure determination in her crystal blue eyes.

Jacob could sense the end was near as he felt the familiar tingling sensations inside his enlarged testicles. He sank back

into the comfortable leather seat as the churning load in his huge balls began the long trek up through his throbbing shaft. The teenager grunted out a warning, "M-Mrs. Miller... It's getting... real... close!"

Suddenly Donna remembered what Jacob said earlier when he mentioned the excessive amount of semen that he ejaculates. Her Buick Enclave was practically brand new, and the last thing she needed was for this teenager to blow his load all over the pristine interior. That would not be something easily explained to the guys down at the car wash... or her husband, for that matter.

Donna was not sure how much an "excessive amount" would end up being, but she thought it better to be safe than sorry. With slight panic in her voice, she asked, "Jake? Do...do you have a condom?"

Whether he didn't hear the question or simply ignored her, Jacob raised his hips and arched his back. "Mrs. Miller! Ohhh... Mrs. Miller!!! It... It's coming!!!!!"

Common sense told Donna the wise thing to do would be to stop masturbating the teenager until she could find something to catch Jacob's payload. However, her hands and arms kept pumping the incredible cock at a furious pace. It was as if the conservative wife's willowy limbs were controlled by some invisible force that would not allow her to resign from her task. Or maybe due to morbid curiosity... she didn't want to stop.

Jacob called out in a final warning, "Mrs. Miller!!! I--I can't... hold back!!!"

Donna could feel the pulsing shaft expanding in her delicate hands... the gap between her thumbs and fingers widened considerably. Seeing no way to avert the impending eruption nor any other viable option, the inebriated wife licked her plump lips and whispered, "Oh Lord... please... forgive me." Out of desperation, she then proceeded to wrap her pretty mouth around the mushroom-shaped crown of Jacob's kingly staff.

Instinctively, Donna sucked on the spongy tip drawing out even more viscid pre-cum. The middle-aged wife moaned her approval as the syrupy liquid ignited her taste buds.

In her past life, Donna had sampled more than her share of semen... some she liked more than others. However, in all her years, the formal model could not remember ever experiencing male ejaculate of this quality... including that of her husband.

Donna was instantly hooked on the flavor and texture of the teenager's semen as she slid her talented tongue all around the swollen head. She stabbed the tip of her probing digit into the slit, searching for more. Her skillful mouth was pushing Jacob over the edge, and the gorgeous mom of three was about to hit the motherload.

With both hands, Jacob grabbed hold of the passenger seat. He groaned aloud as he raised his hips, forcing more of his inflated

cock deeper into Donna's hot, sucking mouth. The teenager closed his eyes and called out as the dam finally burst, "OHHH!! MRS. MILLER!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Donna's crystal blue eyes widened in surprise as the first salvo shot down her throat. Jacob's cock twitched violently as a second and even larger rope of his thick, voluminous seed instantly flooded her mouth, causing her cheeks to bulge out. The preacher's wife swallowed what she could, but she began to choke when a third pearly ribbon immediately blasted into her already overfilled gullet.

Donna couldn't help but gag as cum overflowed and began shooting out the sides of her mouth. She pulled her head back and started coughing as Jacob's cock continued to jerk in her hands and spit more and more of his creamy spunk onto her neck and chest. The shocked mother could feel the teenager's slimy cum funneling down through her exposed cleavage and collecting in her recently purchased powder blue bra.

"Oh my... (cough)... LORD!!!" Donna exclaimed. While collecting herself, she continued to pump the veiny shaft drawing out the final trickles of semen. With Jacob's beast finally spent, the amazed wife cleared her throat and commented, "You weren't... (cough)... kidding. That stuff Dr. Grant injected you with really did a number on you. I've never seen anything like it." Donna released her grip, then examined her cum stained dress, and added with bewilderment, "This is insane!!"

Donna opened up the center console and pulled out a package of clean-up wipes. She learned way back when her kids were toddlers to always keep some handy... you never know when messes will happen. She took several of the towelettes and began to clean herself up.

Jacob was trying to catch his breath and sank back into the passenger seat. With a smile, he muttered, "Wow... Mrs. Miller... that was... awesome!"

Donna vigorously wiped the front of her dress, trying to minimize the damage. She then asked matter of factly, "So I take it you feel better now?"

Nodding his head, Jacob replied, "Yes ma'am... much better... all thanks to you."

Before Donna could reply with 'you're welcome,' Jacob asked, "So... I guess this will be a secret you will want to keep from Pastor Miller?"

The slight smile drained from Donna's beautiful face as the memory of David came crashing down. As if being doused in ice-cold water, Mrs. Miller suddenly sobered up... her mind cleared from the fog. Now, along with the arousing effects from the hormones, she also experienced incredible guilt.

Donna surveyed her surroundings. Here she was, a happily married woman... a pastor's wife even. She was parked in her

SUV behind an abandoned restaurant alone with a barely legal teenage boy that she had just finished masturbating... the same boy that was dating her daughter.

Now realizing the complete horror of the situation, Donna put her hand to her mouth and whispered, "Oh no... what have I done? Oh God!! Oh... David!!!" She quickly buckled her seat belt and added, "I need to get home!!" The distraught wife shifted the SUV into gear and pulled out of the parking lot and back onto the highway.

While Jacob sat in the passenger side seat, stuffing his deflating cock back into his cargo shorts, Donna sternly reminded him, "Jake... I need you to promise me you will NEVER speak of this to ANYONE!! It was a one-time mistake. I was only trying to help you with a difficult situation, and it simply got out of hand." She then looked over at him and added, "As a matter of fact... it... never... happened!!"

While rebuttoning and zipping up his shorts, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am... I totally understand. I don't want to cause any trouble for you, Mrs. Miller."

Donna looked over at Jacob and added, "I appreciate your discretion. And as a show of good faith... I will not reveal your... condition to anyone. Nor will I go to your parents about what you did in the church nursery. I guess it will be our... little secret."

Jacob smiled and responded, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller. I really appreciate that." He then put up his hand and asked, "Wait...

what about Mr. Rayford? Aren't you afraid he may say something to Pastor Miller or someone else about finding the condom?"

While looking straight ahead at the highway, Donna shook her head and replied, "No... he won't say anything."

Jacob inquired, "How can you be sure?"

Donna looked over at Jacob and replied, "Well, Mr. Rayford answers to me... not my husband." She then turned her head back around and looked out at the dark highway ahead, "He may be a bit slow and backward, but he is good at his job and very loyal to me, so you don't have to worry about Mr. Rayford at all... I assure you."

After Mrs. Miller dropped him off at home, Jacob went straight upstairs to clean up and change his clothes. He didn't want to risk his mom smelling any semen residue as it might alert her that something had happened tonight.

Jacob returned downstairs and headed to the family room, where he found his parents. Robert was seated in his Lazy-Boy recliner, watching Georgia Tech play the University of Miami in a football game.

Karen was seated sideways on the sofa with her long legs stretched out on the cushions. She was wearing an old REO Speedwagon tee-shirt and a pair of black satin pajama pants. Her chestnut brown hair was in a ponytail, and, as usual, her face was buried in a mystery novel.

Jacob entered the room and greeted his parents. Looking up from her book, Karen smiled and returned the greeting, "Hi, Sweetie!! You're back from the cookout, I see. Did you have a good time?"

Walking around to the sofa, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am... it was great."

In a somewhat excited tone, Karen said, "Well... sit down and tell me all about it." She then closed her book and pulled her legs back to make room for Jacob to take a seat close to her.

Once Jacob settled on the sofa next to Karen, she straightened her legs and laid them across his lap. He knew exactly what his mother wanted when she began to wiggle the painted toes of her cute little feet.

With a warm smile, Karen sweetly asked, "Do you mind?" With her thumb, she then pointed toward Robert and added, "I would ask your dad, but he's not in the best of moods right now. You know how uptight he gets on game day."

It was a bit of a downer for Jacob since Karen happened to be wearing long pajama pants... he liked the sight of and being able to touch his mother's silky smooth legs. However, it was probably for the best since his dad just happened to be sitting right across the room.

Jacob then heard Robert groan in disgust. As he began to massage Karen's left foot, he asked her, "So... how is the game going?"

Suddenly Robert jumped up out of his recliner and yelled at the television, "OH COME ON REF!! THAT'S OBVIOUS PASS INTERFERENCE!! HOW COULD YOU MISS THAT??" The passionate father paced around for a few seconds, then sat back down and finished with, "Get some eyeglasses, you moron!!"

Karen shook her head, smiled, and whispered, "Same as always."

Jacob grimaced and replied, "That bad, huh?"

Karen and Jacob turned their heads towards Robert when they heard him shout, "I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!! EVEN I COULD MAKE THAT CATCH!!" They both looked at each other and quietly snickered. The dejected father then added, "Oh well... at least basketball season will be starting soon... maybe that team will do better."

Jacob then resumed massaging his mom's foot. Karen took off her reading glasses and asked, "So... did everything go okay tonight?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "Yeah, Mom! Like I said... everything was great."

Karen took a quick glance over at Robert, whose attention was still on the television. She then looked back to Jacob and whispered, "What I mean is... did everything go okay..." She then motioned towards his crotch with her hand that held her glasses and added, "...with that?"

When Jacob realized what she meant, his eyes widened, and he replied, "Oh... that!" He then nodded and added, "Yeah... it went fine with that, too."

Slowly shaking her head, Karen asked, "So nothing unexpected happened? There's nothing you need to tell me?"

Shaking his head in reply, Jacob answered, "Nu-huh... no ma'am... nothing to report." Keeping his voice low, he added, "I guess your help in the shower earlier today did the trick." He hated to lie to his mother, but he did not want her to freak out. He also promised Mrs. Miller to keep what happened a secret... he still had slim hopes that maybe she would allow Sara and him to continue dating.

Karen smiled as she put her reading glasses back on. After opening her book back to where she left off, the relieved mother said, "Well, I'm glad to hear it. It's good to know you were able to make it through the evening without incident." As Karen began reading, she let out a soft moan and added, "That feels nice, Jake. How about changing to my right foot and squeezing just a bit harder?"

"No problem", Jacob replied. As he complied with his mother's request, he softly stated, "As I told you, Mom... there's nothing to worry about. I have it all under control."

Meanwhile, across town, Donna had returned home to find David already in bed. He was partially sitting up with the back of his head resting against the headboard, his eyes closed, and his right hand was holding the stack of notes for the Sunday morning sermon. She thanked God that he had fallen asleep watching TV. She was even more grateful that her husband was a heavy sleeper.

After creeping into the bathroom and quietly closing the door, Donna turned on the lights. The sight of herself in the mirror's reflection caused her to gasp. With her disheveled hair and smeared makeup, the ordinarily well-put-together pastor's wife looked more like the party girl model from many years ago.

The condition of her dress was even worse than Donna had feared. The bodice and neckline were soaked with Jacob's virile and fragrant semen. While lowering the zipper, she shook her head and whispered, "Looks like I'll be throwing this dress in the garbage." She didn't know the possibility of saving the dress, plus there was no easy way to explain to the dry cleaner how the poor garment came to be in this condition.

After Donna stepped out of the heavily soiled dress, she started up the shower. While waiting for the water to warm, she stood before the mirror in just her powder blue bra and panties.

Donna had recently purchased the sexy garments as a special treat for David. Today was her first time wearing the alluring items, and she had planned to surprise him once she returned home with hopes to entice her husband for some 'Saturday Night Delight'.

However, as fabulous as Donna looked in her lingerie, the beautiful wife would probably never get the chance to model this particular set for her husband. The bra was severely stained with Jacob's slimy teenage spunk, and like her dress, it was most likely ruined.

Another wave of guilt washed over Donna when she noticed the cross pendant that rested at the top of the gap between her boobs. Just like her mouthwatering cleavage, the small gold symbol of her Christian faith was covered in Jacob's flakey dried-up semen.

Reaching behind her back, Donna unfastened the hooks and loosened her bra. The restrictive yet skimpy garment relaxed and allowed copious amounts of trapped ejaculate to escape from inside the lacy C-size cups and steam down the middle-aged mother's surprisingly flat torso.

Donna completely removed the bra and tossed it haphazardly into the corner, where it landed on top of her dress that lay on the floor. She then slid the matching powder blue panties down across her curvy hips and allowed them to slide down her long slender legs. With her right foot, she slung the scanty garment into the corner, where it landed on the small pile of clothes.

Before entering the shower, Donna removed the clips from her hair. After shaking out her long platinum blonde locks, she took one final glance at herself in the mirror. She noticed the trails of seminal juices that streaked down her flat stomach... some collected in her cute little belly button.

Donna used her right index finger to rake up several lines of the creamy fluid and, without thinking, popped it into her sultry mouth. The exotic flavor caused her to moan with delight as she sucked clean the recently manicured digit.

While in the shower, Donna lathered herself up with a generous amount of her lilac-scented body wash. Her only wish was that the guilt she felt could be scrubbed away as easily as the dried cum from her silky smooth skin.

Donna stood under the hot water and cleansed herself of the physical evidence. Even with the heavy burden of guilt, her body continued to hum with extreme arousal. As hard as she tried to block it out, her mind continued to replay the scene of her masturbating Jacob's impossible cock and swallowing much of its incredible payload.

With her vagina tingling and begging for attention, Donna gave in and leaned forward, placed her left hand against the wall, and spread her legs. She then dropped the loofa to the shower floor, buried her right hand between her legs, and began desperately stroking her sopping wet pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhh," Donna moaned aloud as her fingers slid between her slick folds and found her buzzing clit. With her body now burning with arousal, she attacked the erect little nub with extreme enthusiasm. In no time at all, the orgasm began to blossom from deep in her core, causing her knees to buckle.

It took all of Donna's self-control not to scream out as the orgasmic wave crested. "NNNggggghhhhhh!!!" she groaned as the incredible ecstasy took control and her body began to seize as the euphoria lit up her nervous system.

Moments later, Donna leaned further forward until her forehead rested against the tiled wall. As the orgasmic tide receded, her glistening body jerked from the occasional aftershocks.

While catching her breath, a feeling of self-loathing came to the forefront. Donna could not understand how she could lower herself to masturbate to the memory of basically cheating on her loving husband. Even more than that, how could she still be so sexually aroused?

Donna cupped her hanging breast with her right hand and gently pinched the tingling nipple. "Mmmmmm," she moaned from the stimulation and then whispered, "What did that boy and his vile abomination do to me?"

Donna could feel sensations flowing through her that she had not sensed for decades. Something had been awoken deep inside the pastor's wife.... something she buried a long time ago and swore never to reveal to anyone... especially her husband.

Back in the early days of her modeling profession, Donna started off wide-eyed and very naive. Because of her youthful vibrance and natural beauty, she experienced instant success. Her career was soon off and running, and after moving to South Beach in Miami, her circle of friends quickly multiplied along with her popularity.

However, some less savory individuals took advantage of Donna's innocence. They lured the young woman into a dark world of gross sin and depravity. They showered her with worldly materialism and lavish parties that included illicit drug use and lewd sexual behavior.

Donna relished the wickedness of wallowing in the foul pit of excess and iniquity... for a while. However, as the Bible states, the pleasure of sin is only for a season. The young backsliding Christian found herself sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of corruption and eventually despair.

By pure grace, Donna broke free and escaped that vile world fueled by lechery and depravity. Hoping for a fresh start, she moved back home to Gainesville, where she found comfort in her family and strength in her church. After rededicating her life to serving the Lord... Donna found forgiveness, peace, and even the love of her life.

Not long after returning home, Donna met a young assistant pastor by the name of David Miller. He was a gentle soul... intelligent, handsome, and a true man of faith. They began dating, and it did not take long for her to realize God had blessed her with her own Prince Charming.

As things progressed with their courtship, it became evident that marriage was in their future. As more time went by, Donna worried about disclosing her shameful past. David knew all about Donna's former career as a model; however, he was not aware of just how depraved her lifestyle had become during that time.

In matters of sexuality, David was very conservative and old-fashioned and did not believe in premarital sex. Handholding and kissing were as far as he would take things during their entire courtship and engagement.

Donna found the attitude of her betrothed to be both refreshing and endearing. However, she also feared the reaction if he ever found out the truth about her life before him and the fact that she was not a virgin. Luckily, David never asked, and she was definitely not going to volunteer any information.

The last thing Donna wanted was for David to view her as impure or as a trashy harlot. She loved him way too much to risk losing him. As far as she was concerned, her past was dead and buried, and she would take those horrible secrets and memories to her grave.

Now, after all these years, the lustful yearnings of Donna's youth had been revived. Somehow tonight's unfortunate event with Jacob and his monstrosity had opened a sealed vault. The teenager's chemically enhanced semen had affected her in ways similar to the recreational drugs from her past. She had an insatiable craving... a hunger... for cock.

After exiting the shower, Donna quickly wrapped herself in a thirsty white towel. After securely hiding her stained clothes in the closet, she turned off the TV and joined her sleeping husband in their king-sized marital bed.

Donna took the notes for David's sermon from his hand and placed them on the far side of the bed. Several of the pages slid off the comforter and down to the floor. Wasting no time, the horny wife climbed over the top of David and pulled his boxer shorts down, exposing his flaccid penis.

Using her hot skillful mouth, Donna had her husband's cock fully erect in no time. When she noticed David watching her groggily, it gave her a thrill knowing she could still arouse even the heaviest of sleepers.

Still waking up and a bit confused, David asked, "Honey? Oh my... wh--what's going on?" He'd received blowjobs from Donna in the past, but never with this much enthusiasm. Her mouth and tongue were doing things he'd never experienced before... this was amazing. Little did he know his wife's zeal was fueled not only by incredible lust but also by crushing guilt.

Donna pulled her head back. While continuing to stroke David's saliva-coated shaft, she responded in a sultry whisper, "I'm sorry I woke you, Sweetheart, but I couldn't help myself." With a heavy sigh, she added, "I just felt this overpowering desire to show you how much I love you." She then lowered her head and stuffed her husband's throbbing manhood back into her beautiful mouth.

David constantly moaned from the exquisite pleasure he received from his wife's soft hand and talented mouth. While watching Donna's head bob up and down with unbelievable fervor, he reached out and touched her long blonde hair. Finding her platinum locks to be damp, he asked, "Donna? Did you just shower?"

Sitting up straight, Donna wiped the drool from her mouth with the back of her left hand and replied, "Uh-huh... just a quick

one." While continuing to work David's rock-hard dick with her right hand, she thought up a quick excuse and continued, "I wanted to freshen up a bit from being outside in the heat all day."

With both of Donna's dainty hands vigorously stroking his cock, David was quickly approaching the point of no return. He grunted, "Oh... Honey... that feels so good! You're gonna make me... explode!"

David moaned in disappointment when suddenly Donna released her grip on his penis. It continued standing straight up and twitching as if begging her to continue.

While his wife scooped up onto his lap, David asked with a desperate tone, "Donna? Why... why did you stop?"

Looking down at her husband, Donna giggled and replied, "Oh, Sweetheart... did you really think you would be getting off that easy?" A sly grin spread across the horny wife's beautiful face as she undid the tuck of the towel between her breasts. "I have plans for you, my dear husband," she whispered as she removed and dropped the towel behind her.

David's eyes went wide as he gazed upon the naked beauty straddling his lap. Donna held her shoulders back, which proudly thrust her mouthwatering tits forward... her pink nipples hard enough to cut glass. Her freshly showered body bathed in the moonlight that illuminated the darkened bedroom,

giving her milky white skin a haunting glow. The sweet scent of Donna's lilac body wash filled his nostrils, enhancing his arousal. Over the twenty-three years of their marriage, he had seen his gorgeous wife nude too many times to count; however, this time, something about her seemed new and exciting.

While looking up at Donna, David could see an expression on his loving wife's face he did not recognize. Her blue eyes conveyed what appeared as a longing... a lust... maybe it was hunger. It made the good pastor feel less of her husband and more like helpless prey. He found it be somewhat terrifying yet at the same time strangely exhilarating.

With her eyes holding David's stare, Donna rose up and hovered just above his rigid manhood. Using her left hand, she positioned the spongy flared head at the tight entrance to her starving pussy. She then leaned forward and grabbed hold of the headboard with both hands. They simultaneously moaned as Donna lowered herself down, slowly and completely swallowing her husband's cock with her saturated cunt.

As she rocked her hips back and forth, Donna leaned down lower towards David and pressed her lips to his. Little did her husband know that not long ago, her beautiful mouth greedily sucked on the ejaculating penis of a teenage boy. The same boy was dating his daughter and dined at his home earlier in the evening.

After passionately kissing David for a few seconds, Donna pulled back and whispered, "Okay, Preacher Miller... you better buckle up... cause you're in for a wild ride."

David watched in awe as Donna began riding his average-sized cock as if she owned it. Still speechless from her surprisingly brazen manner, he gazed up into the undersides of his wife's jutting breasts that wobbled just inches from his face. He then reached up and grabbed hold of her swinging tits and pinched her rubbery nipples in the process.

The extra stimulation sent a jolt of electricity from Donna's pencil eraser-shaped nubs straight down to her buzzing clit. "Oh Yesssss!!" she hissed as her hips went into overdrive, causing the headboard to begin tapping against the wall. "Ugh! Yes! Ugh! Yes!" Donna called out in rhythm each time she hit bottom.

As she quickly reached the summit, Donna's hands tightened their grip on the headboard. She closed her eyes and tossed her head back as she took flight and called out, "Yes... Oh... Yesssss!!!"

While the euphoric waves spread throughout her convulsing body, an unintended thought crept into Donna's mind. A vision of Jacob's monster cock flashed in her head... intensifying the orgasm. She felt guilty, but it was no match for the incredible sensations lighting up her nerve endings. She couldn't help but scream, "OOOHHHHH GAAAWWWWD....YEEESSSSSSS!!!!"

David could only smile as he ignorantly assumed he was responsible for Donna's thunderous outburst. Little did he know his loving wife's thoughts were elsewhere. Her writhing body was with him in their marital bed, but her mind transported back to

her SUV parked behind the deserted restaurant with her hands and mouth full of Jacob's gigantic sex tool.

Moments later, Donna lay atop of David, softly moaning while catching her breath. Still coupled together, she could feel her husband's rigid member twitch periodically inside her juicy quim.

David lay underneath Donna, still a bit confused and intrigued. In all their years of marriage, he had never witnessed his prim and proper wife so sexually wild and aggressive... so wanton. It was as if she was a different person... using him for her own personal pleasure. Even though she acted totally out of character, the conservative pastor had to admit... he kind of liked it.

Slowly Donna raised and sat up straight on David's lap. While brushing her platinum blonde hair out of her radiant face, she smiled and commented, "Wow... I needed that!" She then let out a soft moan as she closed her eyes and rolled her hips... ever so gently stirring her honey pot.

David stared up at Donna. She looked so sensual and sexy while gyrating her sweat-covered body. Her creamy skin seemed to glisten in the pale moonlight. She appeared less a conservative mother and pastor's wife and more like a lusty porn star. The sensations of her warm pussy clutching his aching cock caused him to groan. He then said, "Honey... I must say that was... incredible! But... ummmm... I didn't finish."

Donna stopped moving her hips and looked down towards David. She then leaned forward and supported herself by placing her hands on her husband's shoulders. Staring into David's eyes, she gave him a wicked smile and whispered, "Silly boy... you weren't supposed to." She then leaned closer and gave him a peck on the lips.

Seeing the confused expression on David's face, Donna giggled as she sat back up straight. With a deep sigh, she added, "Don't worry, sweet hubby of mine, you'll get yours... eventually." The horny wife then grabbed the headboard and resumed grinding her hips, stoking the flames of arousal again.

Donna bit her bottom lip and moaned, "MMMmmmmmm!!" She then once again looked down at David and said, "Sweetheart... I hope you're comfortable... I have a feeling it's gonna be a long night."

Gazing up at his bewitching wife, David could see a lusty... almost evil gleam in Donna's eyes. His throbbing member twitched as he whispered, "Oh Lord!!"

On Sunday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell walked into church together, carrying their Bibles and holding hands. Robert was dressed in a standard gray suit and blue tie. Karen wore a knee-length Sunday dress with short sleeves, sensible heels, and a matching purse. Usually, Jacob would have been with them, but

he came down with a stomach bug, so his parents thought it better if he stayed home to rest.

The Mitchells eventually parted ways as they mingled with other church members. After a few minutes of shaking hands and pre-service pleasantries, Karen noticed Scott across the sanctuary talking with a small group of young men around his age.

Karen eventually worked her way over to Scott and greeted him with a warm hug. After pulling back from her son-in-law, she asked, "Where's Rachel? I wanted to speak with her about something before service began."

Shanking his head, Scott replied, "She's not here, Mom."

Cocking her head to the side, Karen asked, "Not here? Why not... where is she?"

Scott replied, "She woke up this morning with an awful stomach bug. I offered to stay home, but she insisted I go ahead and attend without her. Rachel said she probably just needs to sleep it off."

Karen could feel the color drain from her face. She had attempted to stay home with Jacob, but he also insisted she not miss church on his account.

Scott noticed the sudden look of horror spread across his mother-in-law's beautiful face. With concern, he put his hand on Karen's upper arm and asked, "Mom? What's wrong? Are you alright?"

Trying to stay composed, Karen stammered, "Y--yes... I'm fine, Sweetie... thank you." Stepping back, she added, "I--I just remembered something, and I need to go to find Robert."

Karen quickly made her way back over to her husband, where she found him discussing football with a fellow deacon of the church, Jeffrey Graham. She lightly tugged on her husband's arm and said, "Honey... please give me your car keys... I need to run home real quick."

Robert could see a worrisome look on Karen's face. He said, "Honey If you're concerned about Jake... I'm sure he's fine. He was soundly sleeping when we left."

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No... it's not that. I think I may have left one of the stove burners lit from breakfast this morning. In fact, I'm almost sure of it."

Robert chuckled, "Well, why not just call Jake and ask him to check?"

Karen fibbed while trying to remain calm, "I did, but he didn't answer his cell phone. Most likely, he has it on vibrate, and if he

is asleep, he probably won't even hear the house phone." She held out her hand.

Reaching into his pocket, Robert asked, "Aren't you supposed to teach a Sunday School class this morning? I can go if you want."

Karen shook her head and replied, "NO!" The sudden outburst startled Robert, causing him to recoil just a little. She then placed her right hand on her husband's chest and added, "I mean... no, Honey... I'll go... if I hurry, I'll be back in plenty of time." She saw the look of concern on her husband's face and added in a soft voice, "Okay, okay... you got me... I also want to check on Jake while I'm there."

A knowing grin appeared on Robert's face. He nodded and said, "That's what I thought." He then chuckled and continued, "Once a mom... always a mom."

Karen returned his smile with one of her own, "Sweetheart... You know me all too well."

As Robert held out the car keys to Karen, he stated, "Just please be careful. Don't rush and get into an accident or anything."

Taking the keys from Robert, Karen replied, "I'll be careful... I promise." She then quickly kissed his cheek and added as she walked away, "I'll be back before you know it."

Minutes later, Karen drove up to the house, and her stomach immediately sank. "Oh no," she whispered to herself as she saw Rachel's car sitting in the driveway.

After parking behind her daughter's car, Karen exited her own and quickly walked towards the front porch. The 'click-clack' sound of her heels on the concrete was in perfect rhythm with the beating of her racing heart.

Karen quietly entered through the front door and closed it behind her. She found the house to be as silent as a tomb. The only sounds were the ticking of the grandfather clock and her quickened pulse thumping in her ears.

After setting down her purse, Karen begrudgingly began to ascend the stairs. She found the climb to be physically demanding, as if trying to walk through quicksand. In her head, she prayed over and over, 'Please, dear Lord... let me be wrong.' However, deep in the concerned mother's heart, she already knew the answer.

When Karen finally reached the landing on the second floor, she looked down the hallway towards Jacob's bedroom. The door was left ajar, and she immediately heard the familiar sound of the headboard to her son's bed rhythmically tapping against the wall.

Dreadfully, Karen forced herself to walk down the hallway, fearful of what awaited her. As she approached the partially open

door, additional noises joined up with the constant tapping against the wall--the continuous squeaking of bedsprings along with the sensual moans of a young woman approaching climax.

Now standing right outside the door, Karen found taking the final step to be a difficult one. While she prayed for strength, the melody of suggestive sounds coming from inside the room greatly intensified.

The headboard went from rhythmic tapping against the wall to all-out thumping. The soft feminine moans had become a constant chant of "Yes!... Yes!... Yes!" as the female participant neared closer and closer to her joyous release. Even the overworked bedsprings creaked and groaned louder in their protest. Karen's pulse quickened as she could only imagine what she was about to discover.

Peeking around the door, Karen gasped at the sight. Even before peering into the room, the horrified mother knew what was happening, but witnessing the scene taking place on her son's bed was a whole different level.

Lying on his back, Jacob wore nothing except his 'Battlestar Galactica' tee-shirt, and his head rested on a pillow. He gazed up at his naked older sister while gently fondling her big, jiggling tits.

Rachel held onto the headboard with both hands while she rode Jacob's incredible monster. She would raise up until only the

head of her brother's massive dick remained inside her dripping vagina, then drop herself back down. Her firm and meaty butt cheeks made a loud slapping sound each time they met with Jacob's crotch.

Frozen with shock, Karen witnessed helplessly from behind the door as her two precious children eagerly dined at the table of incestuous delights. While watching her offspring feed their ravenous hunger, the dumbfounded mother's lungs filled with the exotic fumes escaping the bedroom. It was an intoxicating combination of raw sex and Jacob's chemical-laced pheromones.

Horried by her children's lack of decorum, Karen's mouth went completely dry. Yet, her leaking vagina had created a swamp in the gusset of her cotton panties.

Karen found herself mysteriously captivated by her beautiful daughter. She watched as Rachel sat up straight and increased the speed and intensity of her thrusting. No longer trapped in Jacob's hands, Rachel's mouthwatering boobs were free to swing around on her chest wildly. The older sibling called out, "Oh Yes... Yes... God!! Yessss!!"

Karen suddenly felt pity for Scott, who was back at church innocently attending Sunday service. He had no reason to doubt that Rachel was at home nursing an upset stomach. Little did her sweet son-in-law know that his loving wife was breaking her wedding vows and about to climax while riding her baby brother's insanely large manhood.

Even though the spying mother's stomach turned while witnessing her children's salacious act, she could not help but feel somewhat envious of her daughter. Karen knew all too well the immense pleasure Rachel's body was experiencing at that moment and the mind-blowing ecstasy that was yet to come. Without thinking, she raised up her skirt and slid her right hand inside her soaking wet panties.

Gripping his sister's gyrating hips with both hands, Jacob announced, "Rach! I'm almost... there!!"

Hearing this, Karen then noticed Jacob was not wearing a condom... Rachel was riding her brother bareback. Fear grasped her heart when she remembered her daughter was no longer taking birth control.

The lack of protection, however, did not hinder Rachel. She reached back and placed her hands on Jacob's skinny legs. Her hips then went into overdrive, and she grunted, "Do it... Dork! Plant your... nerd seed... in my... pussy!!!"

Jacob arched his back and yelled, "OHHHH RACHEL!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!" as he blasted his massive and virile load into his married sister's unprotected womb.

Rachel slammed her hips down and threw her head back. Her body went into convulsions as she screamed with joy to the heavens, "OH YESSS!! OH MY GODDD...YEEESSSSSSS!!!!" She then grabbed hold of her wobbling tits and pinched her tingling

nipples, further enhancing the euphoric experience.
"OOOHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Karen wanted to scream for them to stop this abomination, but she could not form the words. All she was able to do was groan from the wicked pleasure of her self-induced orgasm.

Moments later, Karen fought to catch her breath. To steady herself, she held onto the doorframe... her weakened knees felt like jelly. A wave of terror washed over her as she realized she may have just witnessed the conception of her illegitimate grandchild.

Rachel, still sitting atop of Jacob, began slowly rocking her hips. She chuckled and said, "Wow, Squirt... After that huge load, I can't believe you're still hard!" After a soft moan escaped her lips, Rachel continued, "Well, little brother... I take it you'd be up for round number--" She stopped short when she noticed movement outside the bedroom door and shrieked, "Oh my God!! MOM!!!!"

Karen's eyes flew open, and she gasped at the very moment she woke up. Dazed and confused, It took her a few seconds to realize she was in her bed and it was Wednesday morning.

While gathering her thoughts and recuperating from the horrible nightmare, Karen noticed her right hand stuffed inside her panties with her fingers buried deep in her vagina. She pulled her arm from underneath the comforter to find her digits coated with her sweet and slippery essence.

Still huffing for air, Karen jerked her head to the right and saw Robert was not in bed. She then noticed the bathroom light on and the shower running. Karen could faintly hear her husband singing in the shower... way off-key. She then straightened her head, looked up at the ceiling, and whispered in relief, "It was only a dream! Oh thank you, God... it was only... a dream."

Karen scrunched her brow and muttered, "What in the world?" as she felt around her spaghetti string tank top and found it unexpectedly wet. She then quickly sat up in bed, threw off the comforter, and looked down at her chest to discover she had lactated during the horridly vivid nightmare. Karen whispered in exasperation, "Oh great... now I'm lactating in my sleep?" She sighed and chalked it up as something new from the hormones to deal with.

Hearing the shower shut off, Karen hopped out of bed, removed her stained top, and tossed it into the closet to hide the evidence. She then grabbed a sports bra from one of her dresser drawers and quickly put it on. She then rearranged her big boobs inside the tight-fitting garment until they were properly adjusted.

After slipping on her robe, Karen cinched it up then left the bedroom to go to the kitchen and start breakfast. First, however, she decided to go down the hall to check on Jacob and make sure he was up for school.

Upon entering his room, Karen found Jacob still fast asleep. The doting mother smiled as she stood over her son for a few seconds

watching his boyish chest rise and fall with his steady breathing. Even though it had been only a bad dream, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of relief to find her little man in his bed... alone.

While preparing breakfast, Karen kept thinking about the disturbing nightmare of Rachel and Jacob. She couldn't get over how vivid and real it felt. Even though some of the salacious details had begun to fade, she couldn't help but wonder what the dream could mean. Maybe it was some kind of warning, or could it just be the hormones playing on her fears?

Either way, Karen knew going forward, she would have to closely monitor the interactions between her son and daughter... especially if they were spending a lot of time alone. She was well aware of how easily women could be seduced by the mind-altering chemicals of those wicked hormones. As a concerned mother, it was her primary duty to protect her children... even if it meant protecting them from themselves.

Later on, in the kitchen, the Mitchells were having breakfast. Robert and Jacob sat at the table scarfing down Karen's delicious pancakes and sausage. In between bites, the father and son discussed some plans for the upcoming trip to Atlanta.

After taking a sip of coffee, Robert said to Jacob, "Now, on Sunday, your mom wants to go shopping. While she's at the mall, I thought you and I could run over and visit the College Football Hall of Fame." Jacob replied with his mouth full of delicious food by nodding in agreement.

Unlike his father, Jacob had no interest in college football or any sports for that matter. However, he figured spending some time with Robert might help soften the blow when he eventually breaks the news to his dad that he plans to attend the University of Georgia and not his alma mater, Georgia Tech.

After pouring herself some fresh coffee, Karen turned around and leaned back against the counter. As she brought the steaming cup to her lips, she asked her boys, "Anything interesting on the docket today?"

Robert shook his head and replied, "Not for me... just a typical workday... I hope."

Karen then turned her attention to Jacob and asked his son, "How about you, Jake? Don't you have a field trip or something today?"

Jacob nodded, then said, "Yep.. we're going to visit Fort Morris for our US History class."

Robert nodded, "Oh yeah, that's down near Savannah. We went there was I was in high school. I found it to be very educational." Before taking a sip of coffee, the curious father then asked, "Aren't report cards due to come out soon?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes sir... next week, I think." He then locked eyes with Karen and casually added, "Don't forget about our deal, Mom." The teenager then resumed eating his breakfast, and his mother's eyes went wide when she realized what her son was referring to.

A while back, Jacob pestered Karen about allowing him to take some nude photos and videos of her. His mother's initial response was a resounding NO. Not only would it be highly improper, but also very dangerous for something like that to exist... especially on her son's cell phone.

Jacob claimed having something visual might assist him when 'helping' himself. Karen was adamantly against Jacob watching porn, and her son used that fact when pleading his case. He eventually persuaded his mother to change her 'no' into a 'maybe'... as long as he brought home a straight-A report card. It was not a complete victory, but at least he had his mom heading in the right direction.

"What kind of deal?" Robert asked with curiosity.

Between bites, Jacob replied, "Mom said she would reward me if I brought home a good report card."

Sitting back in his chair, Robert scoffed, "Man... things have certainly changed since I was a kid. It used to be if you didn't bring home a good report card, you got punished... there were no rewards for doing what your parents expected."

With her mug of coffee, Karen pulled out the chair beside Jacob and took a seat. She then looked across the table at Robert and said, "Your son is misleading you just a bit. He is to bring home a straight-A report card... nothing less." She then took a sip of her hot beverage.

Robert looked across the table to his son and commented, "Straight-A's, huh? That's a pretty tall order... do you feel confident that you can achieve that?"

Jacob replied, "Yeah... I think so." He then glanced over to Karen and added with a smile, "Mom can be a great motivator." His mother replied by scrunching her face in disapproval.

Robert then asked, "Well, if you do pull it off, are you going to ask for something different than video games this time?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, sir! What I have in mind is way better than video games."

With curiosity, Robert asked, "Oh really? Like what?"

Picking up a piece of toast, Karen quickly interrupted, "What Jacob also forgot to mention is that I said I would 'think' about this so-called reward... nothing is definite." She then looked to her son and added, "My decision will hinge on several factors."

Scrunching his face, Jacob asked, "What kind of factors?"

While spreading grape jelly onto her slice of toast, Karen replied, "Well, for starters, your chores." She then looked up and caught Jacob's gaze. "Don't think I haven't noticed you slacking off lately... that room of yours is becoming a pigsty once again." She then bit off a corner piece of her toast.

At that moment, Robert's cell phone began to ring. Once he noticed it was a work colleague, he said, "Excuse me y'all... I better take this."

After Robert stepped away from the table and she knew it was safe, Karen leaned in and whispered, "Young man... that mouth of yours is going to end up getting us in trouble."

Jacob replied, "I'm sorry, Mom. It's just that the possibility of getting to photograph you nude..." His eyes then glanced down to where Karen's robe fell open, exposing the deep valley of cleavage created by her sports bra "...is very exciting."

Noticing where Jacob was staring, Karen pulled her robe closed. She looked over to find Robert with his back to them as he looked out the window, continuing his phone conversation. Turning back to Jacob, Karen whispered, "Well, even if you get all A's... and I mean ALL A's... I'm still going to have to give this a lot of thought."

Jacob nodded and replied in a whisper, "Yes, ma'am... I understand."

Karen took another glance at Robert and continued, "And I meant what I said about your bedroom. I expect you to clean it up later today as soon as Ms. Turner leaves."

Jacob's face lit up. "Ms. Turner's coming over?" He asked with a little too much volume in his voice.

"Sssshhhhhhhh!!!" Karen replied as she put up her hand. She then looked over to make sure Robert had not heard the exuberant outburst by their teenage son. Luckily her husband was still preoccupied with his phone conversation.

Turning back to Jacob, Karen said in a heavy whisper, "Yes... Ms. Turner will be here later today. It's her day off, and she plans to come by and update me on the situation with Dr. Grant and the plea deal."

"Well... what about me?" Jacob asked with optimistic curiosity.

Karen sighed, then replied, "And she also plans to check up on you while she's here."

Jacob knew exactly what Ms. Turner's code word "check-up" meant. He most likely would be spending that time with his huge cock inside the gorgeous lawyer's hot mouth and wet pussy. The teenager could tell this was going to be a great day, and a big grin broke out on his handsome face as he said, "Awesome!!"

That afternoon, with the housework completed, Karen went for a run through the neighborhood. Afterward, she took a quick shower, put on a pair of comfortable jeans and a button-up blouse, and made her way down to the family room. Since Melissa wasn't due to arrive for another hour, the lovely housewife decided to relax on the couch with her novel.

Before Karen could even get settled on the sofa, the front doorbell rang. Setting the book down onto the side table, she made her way to the front door and opened it to find Ms. Turner standing on the other side.

"Melissa!" Karen said in surprise. "I wasn't expecting you this early."

With a warm smile, Melissa replied, "I know, and I apologize... I hope I'm not intruding?"

Karen couldn't help but notice the difference in Melissa's appearance today. Usually, the beautiful lawyer would be wearing a cute dress or a professional-looking skirt suit. Today, however, was much different.

Melissa stood at the front door looking as if she were on her way back from the gym. Her ensemble included a two-piece spandex

yoga workout suit. Gray in color, the outfit consisted of a sports bra and tight-fitting high-waist leggings. On her feet, she wore a pair of solid white sneakers. Over her shoulder, she carried a duffle bag that was dark gray and baby pink in color.

Melissa wore light makeup and her long black hair in a braided ponytail, giving her a fresh and youthful look. To Karen, she appeared less of an attorney and more like one of Rachel's cheerleader friends from college.

After gathering her thoughts, Karen replied emphatically, "No, of course not... don't be silly." She then moved to the side to make room for Melissa to enter. "You're not intruding at all... please come on in."

"Thank you," Melissa replied with an even bigger smile, then walked past Karen and entered the house.

After closing the front door, Karen offered, "Let's go to the kitchen, and I'll make us some tea." She then motioned for Melissa to lead the way and fell in behind her guest.

While Karen followed Melissa through the house, she couldn't help but appreciate the young woman's trim physique. The workout suit molded perfectly to Ms. Turner's fit body, accentuating all her heavenly curves. The middle-aged housewife scolded herself when realizing she was staring at Melissa's juicy rear end as it swayed hypnotically from side to side while wrapped up in the skin-tight fabric.

When they entered the kitchen, Karen went straight to preparing the tea. She knew her cheeks had blushed from the improper thoughts brought on by the hormones. Trying to get her mind cleared, she asked, "So... did you go to the gym today?"

Taking a seat at the table, Melissa replied, "To be honest, I dressed for it, but I changed my mind at the last minute." She then placed her duffle bag onto the empty chair beside her.

While setting the kettle on the stove, Karen responded, "Oh, okay. Well, since you have your duffle bag, I just assumed that you did."

"Oh, you mean this?" Melissa asked as she patted the duffle bag with her left hand. She chuckled and added, "No, no, no... I brought some supplies with me... these are for you."

While setting the cups and saucers down onto the table, Karen furrowed her brow and asked with confusion, "For me? Whatever for?" She then went back over and stood at the counter, gathering additional items for their afternoon tea.

Melissa leaned forward in her chair, resting her forearms on the table. "Well, Since I don't have any real updates that pertain to Dr. Grant to discuss, I thought after we finish our tea, I could try giving you another massage. This time I figured I could do it properly."

Karen's eyes went wide with shock. Without turning around and staring straight ahead at the cabinet door, she replied softly, "Ma--massage?" Her mind immediately flashed back to the last time Melissa visited. What began as an innocent shoulder rub between friends quickly escalated into something entirely inappropriate.

Melissa used her talents masterfully and enticed the conservative stay-at-home mom to disrobe in her own living room. The combination of the young lawyer's skillful touch and effects from the hormones had clouded Karen's judgment to the point she allowed Melissa to touch her in ways that were downright sinful. Only God knows what may have happened if Jacob had not arrived home that day earlier than usual.

Karen could feel a slight wave of anxiety wash over her as she turned around and walked over to the table. While setting the tea bags and a bowl of sugar cubes in place, the anxious mother tried to graciously decline, "Oh, that's not necessary, Melissa. I wouldn't want to put you through any trouble."

Melissa quickly countered, "Don't worry about that... it wouldn't be any trouble at all." Just like Karen, the young attorney's thoughts drifted back to her last visit and the massage session on the living room sofa.

At first, Melissa attempted to seduce Karen as a request from Jacob; however, things quickly changed because of the mind-altering chemicals that resided in her bloodstream. While performing the massage, the beautiful lawyer experienced sexual

stirrings she had not felt since her college days with her best friend, Laura. Now the engaged woman had a deep desire to continue the enticement of the lovely housewife for herself.

At that moment, Karen returned to the stove and retrieved the whistling tea kettle. While pouring the boiling water into the waiting cups, she countered, "Besides... it's your afternoon off. Wouldn't you would rather spend your limited free time doing something more productive?" After returning the kettle to the stove, she took a seat in the chair directly across from Melissa.

Melissa chuckled while shaking her head and responde, "No... not really." She then began dabbing her tea bag into the steaming hot water and added, "Besides, I enjoy giving massages. I do it for Donnie quite often, and it really helps him to relax after his stressful days at the hospital."

Karen began to give another excuse, "I don't know... last time things..."

"Aaannnd..." Melissa quickly interrupted. "With everything going on right now, I know you're under a lot of pressure... I could feel the tightness in your shoulders last time I was here... that's not healthy." She then added in a more soothing tone, "Karen... trust me; I'm sure it would help relieve some of the stress. A proper massage is just what you need. I can almost guarantee you will not regret it."

Karen attempted another kindly argument. While dropping two sugar cubes into her tea, she commented, "Well... to do a proper job wouldn't you need a massage table or something?" She then chuckled and added, "I doubt you have one of those in your duffle bag."

Melissa scoffed, "We don't need one... I'm sure you have a bed we could use." The young lawyer lifted her cup to her lips and took a sip of hot beverage. She then arched her brow as if challenging the beautiful housewife to give another feeble excuse.

While stirring her tea, Karen tried to think of another reason to turn down Melissa's offer and escape the situation, but nothing valid came to mind... she had lost the debate. Karen then relented and decided that maybe Melissa was correct in her thinking and a proper massage would do her some good.

After a few moments of silence, Melissa locked eyes with Karen and asked, "Well? I didn't get your answer... You do have a bed... don't you?"

While staring back across the table into Melissa's dark brown eyes, the defeated mother replied to the attorney's question in a heavy whisper, "Yes... I have a bed."

Later on, Karen entered the guest bedroom wearing her favorite pink satin robe and her long brown hair put up in a loose bun.

"Wow," she softly gasped in surprise, seeing the difference in the atmosphere of the seldom-used bedchamber.

Melissa had drawn the blinds and closed the curtains to block out all outside light. She lit several strategically placed scented candles to give the room a soft, warm glow. The spicy-sweet aroma hung heavy in the air and filled Karen's lungs. The gentle sounds of a bubbling brook accompanied by new-age music filtered out from the mini-speakers attached to Melissa's cell phone.

While straightening out the plain white sheet she had laid across the bed, Melissa said, "I hope you don't mind, but this environment should make it easier for you to relax. After all, that is our main goal today."

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No... I don't mind at all... I think it's nice." When she saw Melissa pull two bottles of what appeared to be massage oil out of the duffle bag, she looked around the room and asked, "So I take it these are all the supplies you mentioned earlier?"

Setting the bottles down onto the nightstand, Melissa nodded and confirmed, "Uh-huh!" With a slight grin, the attorney added, "Well... mostly." There were a few "supplies" remaining inside the duffle bag. Hoping there would be a need for them later, Melissa thought it best to leave the items safely hidden for the time being.

Melissa stepped closer to Karen until their magnificent breasts were barely touching. Then, with her hand, Melissa motioned towards the bed. "Okay... if you take off the robe and lie down, we can get started?"

While staring down at the bed, Karen felt nervous anticipation as she fiddled with the tied sash of her robe. Melissa quickly picked up on her friend's reluctance and said, "If it would make you feel better, I have an extra sheet to cover you with."

Karen smiled and nodded, "Yes... that would most definitely help... thank you." Feeling more at ease, she untied the knot while Melissa stepped over to retrieve the forementioned extra covering. She then slid her pink robe down and off her shoulders and draped it across the headboard. The young lawyer felt a bit disappointed to find the conservative mother wearing a plain beige supportive bra and a matching pair of high-cut brief panties.

While unfolding the sheet, Melissa said, "Okay... go ahead and lie down flat on your stomach."

With a quick nod, Karen did as Melissa instructed. Once in position, she turned her head away from Melissa and placed her arms down by her sides. Even though Karen donned the boring 'mom' underwear, Melissa couldn't help but admire the enticing curves of the beautiful MILF that lay before her.

After draping the sheet over Karen's prone half-naked body, Melissa pulled the covering down to the small of her back, leaving her butt and legs concealed. She then took her position at Karen's side and asked, "Are you comfortable? Is the room warm enough?"

Nodding her head, Karen replied with, "Uh-huh!"

While running her hands lightly over Karen's exposed back, Melissa said softly, "Good! Now, I thought I would give you an all-over body massage, and as I come across any problem areas, I will give those muscles additional attention. That sound okay?"

Already starting to feel relaxed from Melissa's gentle touch, Karen nodded again and replied with a soft, "Mm-hmm."

Continuing to stroke Karen's buttery soft skin with her fingertips, Melissa said, "Karen... I need you to trust me and just breathe and relax." She then slid her hands up Karen's back to her delicate shoulders and whispered, "Now... I want you to imagine we're inside a cocoon... warm and secluded from the outside world. Try to clear your thoughts and just let your mind drift."

Karen's only response was a barely audible, "Okay."

For the next several minutes, Melissa gently massaged the supple flesh of Karen's neck and shoulders. Neither one spoke... the only noises in the room were the new-age sounds from the

mini-speakers and the occasional contented sigh from Karen. Knowing her friend was in a state of relaxation gave the young lawyer confidence to move to the next step.

Without asking, Melissa deftly unfastened the hooks of Karen's conservative support bra and pulled the straps off of her shoulders. This move brought the middle-aged mother out of her sleepy trance. She lifted and turned her head towards her friend, giving her a questionable look.

Melissa quickly reassured Karen, "Remember, I told you last time... for me to massage your muscles properly, I need to get your bra straps out of the way." She then retrieved the vanilla-scented massage oil from the nightstand. She held up the bottle and added, "Plus, I'm going to apply this to your back, and if it gets into the fabric, the stains will not come out." After a brief moment, Melissa said, "Trust me... okay?"

Even though Karen had reservations about removing her bra, she could not deny what Melissa said was true. The previous massage felt much better once she took off the restrictive garment and allowed her 'masseuse' total access.

As a sign of consent, Karen pushed up with her arms, lifted her torso off the mattress, and assisted Melissa in removing her bra. While the young lawyer placed the garment in a nearby chair, the topless mom returned to her previous position on the bed. As she lay flat onto the mattress, the sides of her now naked breasts oozed out from underneath her chest like flattened balls of dough.

Melissa resumed the massage by applying a generous amount of massage oil onto Karen's upper back and gently spreading it all around. She then began to concentrate on her neck, shoulders, and upper arms. As the warming agent in the oil took effect, the near-naked mom began to sigh once again as she quickly slipped back into a state of sleepy relaxation.

After a while, Melissa worked her way down Karen's tapered back, paying close attention to the areas near her spine. Once she located a problem area, the young attorney would use her thumbs and apply additional pressure to the knotted muscles.

When Melissa's fingers found a sore spot, a soft gasp would escape Karen's mouth. "Breathe in deep for me...." Melissa whispered. "Now... exhale. Good... good... that's it."

Once Melissa had thoroughly massaged Karen's back and shoulders, she moved down to the foot of the bed. She then moved the sheet up, exposing Karen's shapely long legs to where only her panty-covered backside remained hidden.

Melissa once again took the bottle and poured some of the fragrant liquid into the palm of her hand. She then asked, "Are you doing okay?"

"Mmm-hmmm!" Karen replied enthusiastically. She then moaned with pleasure as Melissa began to massage the bottom

of her left foot. The housewife lifted her head and gasped, "Oh!! That feels... amazing!!"

A smile crept onto Melissa's face. "You like that?"

"Oh yes!" Karen replied while trying to look back over her shoulder. "I simply love a good foot massage."

Motioning with her hand, Melissa said softly, "Now put your head back down." Once Karen complied, the 'masseuse' added, "Now just relax... relax and breathe." For the next while, Melissa used her thumbs and the heel of her palm to vigorously massage the tender soles of Karen's dainty feet.

Melissa's professional-like foot massage ignited the nerve endings in Karen's feet. Sparks of pleasure radiated from the housewife's erogenous zone, up her long legs, and settled into her vagina. Karen couldn't help but moan from the tantalizing sensations brought on by the young attorney and her skillful talents.

Slowly, Melissa worked her way from Karen's feet to her long legs. While applying some additional oil to the housewife's calves, she asked again, "You doing okay?"

Without looking up or saying anything, Karen nodded.

Melissa continued massaging the back of Karen's legs. Once she reached the upper part of her left thigh, Karen flinched and grunted, "Ouch!"

With a slight chuckle, Melissa said, "Sorry... it seems that I found another trouble spot."

Karen replied, "Uh-huh. I guess it's from my run earlier today."

"I didn't know you were a runner?" Melissa softly enquired while continuing to work on the knotted muscle.

Through gritted teeth, Karen forced, "I just... ouch... started back... recently. It serves me right, I guess, for not... stretching properly beforehand."

While digging her thumbs deeper into Karen's taut flesh, Melissa suggested, "Don't tense up on me... try to relax and breathe deeply." After a few moments, the masseuse said, "Good... good... I can feel the muscle starting to unwind."

Karen breathed a deep sigh of relief when she felt Melissa softly release the pressure. "Okay... that wasn't so bad," she whispered.

While wiping her hands with a towel, Melissa replied, "Oh, I'm afraid we're not done yet."

"Huh?" Karen inquired. She then felt Melissa slide the sheet up, hook her thumbs into the waistband of the conservative mother's panties and begin to pull them down across her matronly bottom. Out of shock, she raised her head and asked, "Wh--what are you doing?"

Melissa released her grip on Karen's panties, leaving them pulled halfway down her shapely rump. Standing up straight, she said, "Unfortunately, the knots extend way up into your glutes... here." She then pointed out the problem area by running her finger across the juncture point of Karen's thigh and buttocks. "The only way I can manipulate the muscle properly is if I have full access."

Karen asked curiously, "But does it require taking off my underwear?"

Melissa replied, "For the full benefit of the massage... yes." Sensing Karen's reluctance, she added with a soothing tone, "Believe me... it will make a world of difference. And remember... it's just us girls alone in the cocoon... nothing to feel embarrassed about."

Karen, riddled with conflict, turned her head and looked back down at the mattress. The memory from the last time the "girls" were alone came flooding back, reminding the conservative housewife how things quickly veered into a less than wholesome direction.

Still, Karen wanted to continue with the massage as the results so far were simply wonderful. With a piqued interest to experience the full effects, Karen convinced herself it would be okay... she was in total control and could stop things at any time.

Melissa watched as Karen lifted her hips, reached back with her right hand, and slid the panties further down over her rounded butt cheeks. "Here... let me help you," the young attorney offered as she leaned over and assisted the housewife with the removal of her underwear by sliding them down her long legs and off her feet.

Melissa stood at the foot of the bed holding Karen's panties... the garment still radiating the warmth of the gorgeous mom's body heat. Her eyes traveled up and down the soft curves of her client's totally naked body, drinking in every glorious inch.

Karen repositioned herself and laid back down, resting her head on her forearms. Being nude and feeling vulnerable, she asked softly, "Can I have the sheet back? I uh... feel kind of exposed."

The question snapped Melissa out of her trance. "Oh... yes... of course," she replied, then tossed her friend's panties into the chair next to her bra. After draping the sheet over Karen's naked back, the masseuse positioned the covering where only Karen's legs and the bottom third of her buttocks were on display.

Melissa removed her shoes and climbed onto the bed to better her position. Once applying additional scented oil to the back of

Karen's left thigh, she resumed the massage. With unfettered access, Melissa could manipulate Karen's overstressed glute muscles properly. While doing so, a new litany of groans escaped from her client.

Melissa spoke softly, "Remember to breathe deeply, Karen." While applying additional pressure to the tender area, she added, "Your gluteal muscles are knotted up pretty bad, and it requires I get deep into the tissue. I know it can be uncomfortable, but just try to relax." Hearing her friend take a few deep breaths, she whispered, "That's it... good girl... nice and deep."

For the next few minutes, Melissa aggressively massaged Karen's upper inner thigh. Her nimble fingers kneaded the delicate juncture of her client's leg and crotch. The motion of rolling the muscles outward caused the knuckles of Melissa's hand to scrape against the married mother's vagina. The gap between Karen's legs slowly widened, giving the masseuse her first peek at the housewife's moistening pussy.

Over time Karen's groans of discomfort had been replaced with the sounds of soft mewling. Melissa noticing the back of her hand becoming increasingly damp, decided to turn up the heat on the gorgeous wife. The young lawyer slightly adjusted her hand motion which allowed more contact with Karen's now dripping wet sex.

The added stimulation caused an immediate gasp to escape the conservative mother's beautiful mouth. Embarrassed by her

body's reaction, Karen bit down on her plump bottom lip to silence herself.

Logic told Karen this was just a typical therapeutic massage; however, the effects from Melissa's skillful hands, the WICK-tropin coursing through her veins, and the memory of the horrifying yet strangely erotic dream from this morning had her body aflame with shameful arousal. Unsettling as it may have been, Karen could feel the approach of an unintended orgasm... the wave quickly swelling.

Melissa smiled when she noticed Karen grasping at the bedsheet and her wide hips ever so subtly moving in rhythm with her hand. It was as if the married mom was actively seeking more direct contact.

The sheet draped over Karen had now ridden up to where her entire juicy backside was on full display. Either the strait-laced mother didn't notice or, at the moment, simply didn't care.

Melissa asked in a husky whisper, "Are you okay?"

With her eyes closed and biting her bottom lip, Karen nodded and whimpered, "Mmm-hmm."

With her own arousal causing a swamp to form in the gusset of her panties, Melissa decided to push things a little further. She once again adjusted her hand to where the pads of her fingers 'accidentally' grazed Karen's blood-engorged clitoris.

The added stimulation had an immediate effect. Karen gasped, "Oh my gosh!!" as she slightly lifted her hips off the bed, shamefully enjoying the unintentional surge of sensations. She tightened her grasp onto the bedsheet... the diamonds in her wedding rings glimmered in the soft candlelight.

In a reassuring tone, Melissa commented, "You're doing great, Karen... the knots in your muscles are almost gone... can you feel them starting to release?"

While nodding her head, Karen replied in a shaky voice, "Yes... oh yes! I... I feel it." As improper as it may have been, the married mother surrendered herself to Melissa. Karen shamefully lifted her curvy round bottom higher to give her masseuse total access.

Taking the move as a green light, Melissa reached into her duffle bag with her left hand searching for one of her hidden "supplies." At that moment, the gentle sounds emitting from the mini speakers went silent and were replaced by a text alert. "Dammit... not now!!" the young lawyer muttered in frustration as she quickly recognized the familiar tone... it was the district attorney's office.

With the moment ruined by the untimely interruption, Melissa begrudgingly left the bed and retrieved her cell phone. After reading the message, she looked back over to Karen and solemnly said, "Sorry about this, but that was a text from the office. I'm afraid I have to leave now."

Karen was now sitting up on the bed, holding the sheet across her breasts with her right arm to hide her nakedness. She asked, "Leave now? Why? Is something wrong?"

Melissa shook her head and replied, "I don't know." She then collected her shoes from the floor and added, "I'm being called in for a meeting."

With a hint of disappointment, Karen inquired, "But... I thought this was your day off?"

While slipping on her shoes, Melissa replied with a bit of disdain, "Oh, it is!" She then sighed and added, "However, when you work for the district attorney, unfortunately, you're always on call." Grabbing her duffle bag and zipping it up, Melissa then asked, "Is it okay if I leave the candles and sheets here for now?"

Karen nodded her head and replied, "Sure... they'll be safe here until you come back over. I'll wash the sheets for you."

With a smile, Melissa said, "Thanks."

"Well, I hate that you have to leave so soon," Karen said softly. "I'm sure Jake will be greatly disappointed."

Stepping over to her friend, Melissa glanced down and caught sight of the impressive cleavage created by Karen's arm holding the sheet to her breasts. "Believe me... I hate it, too. We were making such good progress today. If you like, we can try again on my next visit?"

Even in the low light, Melissa could see Karen's face blush a deep red as she nodded her response. She then asked, "Will you apologize to Jake for me?"

Looking up at Melissa, Karen replied softly, "Yes... of course."

Leaning in closer, Melissa whispered, "I promise to make it up to both of you next time." Without any warning, she then gave the middle-aged mother a quick peck on the lips. The kiss may have lasted only a millisecond, but neither woman could deny they felt a powerful spark. Karen's eyes went wide with disbelief from her friend's action, and her pink rubbery nipples that were hidden behind the bedsheet hardened instantly.

While Melissa backed away, she smiled and said, "Don't worry... I can see myself out." She placed the strap of the duffle bag over her shoulder. After opening the bedroom door, she looked back and stated, "Bye for now, and tell Jake I'll be back soon."

After Melissa walked out of the room, Karen sat on the bed with her oiled-up naked body wrapped in the white cotton bedsheet trying to make sense of what just happened. She found herself confused, conflicted, embarrassed, and... extremely aroused.

Later on, Karen straightened up the guest bedroom and took a shower to wash away the slick and sticky residue of the massage oil from her body. After getting herself cleaned up, she put on a fresh pair of panties, a bra, and a knee-length yellow sundress with buttons all down the front.

With a few moments of alone time remaining before Jacob got home from school, Karen decided to take advantage and relax on the sofa with her book. She found it extremely difficult to concentrate, however. Her thoughts kept returning to Melissa and the massage from earlier.

It wasn't the actual massage that Karen felt conflicted about. It was more how her body reacted to Melissa's touch. In fact, if they had not been interrupted by the text from the DA's office, she would have allowed another woman to bring her to orgasm. The prudish mother felt a slight quiver in her vagina, remembering how close to the edge her friend had taken her.

Karen knew for a fact she was not a lesbian. She felt homosexuality was a grave sin and an abomination. However, she couldn't help but admit that she felt somewhat disappointed when Melissa was interrupted and unable to push her off the cliff. Karen could still sense the phantom sensations of her friend's talented fingers massaging and exploring her most personal of spaces.

Once again, Karen blamed her body's reaction to the chemical-laced hormones of the WICK-tropin... there was no other logical explanation. She hoped and prayed that Dr. Grant would eventually agree to the plea deal offered by the DA's office. If he would do so and give the authorities the antidote, then perhaps they could reverse the effects, and things would go back to normal for everyone.

A few minutes later, Karen heard Jacob call out from the kitchen, "Hey Mom... I'm home!!"

While turning a page in her book, Karen turned her head towards the doorway and replied, "In here, Sweetie."

When Jacob entered the family room, he found his mother on the sofa reading one of her novels. Karen was wearing a yellow cotton dress with the top two buttons undone, giving just a hint of cleavage. Her hair was in a stylish ponytail, and her reading glasses gave her that 'sexy librarian' appearance. He couldn't help but think his mother looked simply radiant.

Without looking up from her book, Karen asked, "You're running a bit late today... is everything alright?"

Setting his bookbag down on the opposite end of the couch from his mother, Jacob replied with a sigh, "Yes, ma'am... everything is fine. We were late getting back from Fort Morris, is all."

"Oh, that's right... your field trip... how did it go?" Karen asked.

Jacob replied, "Great, mostly... the only downside was that the bus driver, Mr. Harris, didn't believe in going over thirty-five miles per hour."

Karen chuckled then replied, "Jake, you have to remember... Mr. Harris is close to eighty-years old. Driving a bus of that size at his age is probably a challenge. I'm sure he was just trying to be cautious."

With an exasperated tone, Jacob commented, "Mom! Caution is one thing, but we were going so slow that on the way back, a girl on a bicycle passed us on the highway."

Shaking her head, Karen retorted, "You must be exaggerating... I'm sure it wasn't that bad."

Jacob plopped down in his father's La-Z-Boy recliner and responded, "I know he's old, but you wouldn't think it would take that much effort for him to push down just a little harder on the accelerator. Maybe he should go ahead and retire."

Karen looked over at Jacob and said, "Now, Jake... don't be rude. I bet you wouldn't appreciate it very much if someone was disrespectful like that towards your Grandpa George... would you?"

Softening his expression, Jacob shook his head and replied, "No, ma'am... I guess not."

Glancing back down at her book Karen confirmed, "I didn't think so." She turned a page and added, "Besides, the most important thing is that you are home safe and sound... better late than never."

With a sigh, Jacob replied, "I guess you're right." He then sat up straight and asked, "Speaking of being late... where is Ms. Turner? I thought she was coming over today?" While rubbing the erection growing inside his pants, he added, "I could really use her help right now."

Continuing to read, Karen replied, "She was here earlier, but unfortunately, she had to leave and go to her office for a meeting."

"Oh... did it have something to do with the Dr. Grant case?" Jacob asked.

Karen nodded, "Most likely. I mean, she didn't say for sure, but I would guess that's what it was about." Looking over at Jacob, she added, "Ms. Turner did ask me to give you her apologies, by the way. I told her you would be greatly disappointed."

With a despondent tone, Jacob sighed and said, "Yeah... I suppose I am." He then added with a more cheerful voice,

"However, that means you will stand-in for Ms. Turner... right? That was our deal after all."

Karen replied while taking off her glasses, "Yes, Jake... that was our deal." After marking her page, she closed her book then leaned over and tossed it onto the coffee table. "However, it is getting late, and your dad will be home soon." After standing up, she smoothed out her skirt and continued, "So I suggest while there's time, we head up to your room and... Oh my goodness!!"

Karen was slightly shocked to find Jacob had unbuckled his pants and pulled out his fully erect penis. It was very odd for her to watch her son sitting in his father's recliner, casually stroking his unnaturally huge cock. Putting a hand on her hip, she asked, "Young man... just what do you think you're doing?"

With a grin, Jacob replied, "C'mon, Mom... what's it look like?"

Rolling her eyes, Karen retorted, "Okay.... I know WHAT you're doing. I'm referring to where you are doing it. You know that's your dad's favorite chair."

Without slowing down, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "He's not using it right now. What's the harm?"

Karen stepped closer to Jacob. His overpowering scent filled her lungs, further fanning the flames of her already aroused body. "The harm is the disrespect you are showing your father. You know how I feel about that." She bit her bottom lip while

watching her son's hand make the long slow journey up and down the pre-cum-slickened shaft. Trying to be stern, she added, "Plus, you could get stains in the fabric... now, let's go to your room before it gets too late."

Jacob asked casually, "Why not just do it here, Mom?"

"Here?" Karen replied. She scrunched her face, "In the family room?"

Jacob nodded his head. "Sure... I think it would be a nice change of scenery... don't you?"

Shaking her head slowly, Karen replied, "I don't know, Jake... what if one of the neighbors were to see us?"

Jacob looked over at the large window. "Mom... no one is going to see us. Who would be in our backyard anyway?"

Karen thought for a few seconds. The frustrated mother knew it would be safer to go upstairs, however for some reason she didn't argue. Instead she sighed and relented, "Fine." She then walked over and spoke while pulling the strings on the blinds, "I'm still closing these, however... I don't want us to end up being part of the 'scenery' if you catch my meaning."

Karen was on her knees a while later, giving Jacob a world-class blowjob. He groaned and said, "Wow, Mom... you are so good at

that!" The teenager had both his hands clutching his mother's head with his fingers entwined in her long ponytail.

"HHhhhhaaaaammmmmssss," Karen tried to reply while bobbing her head up and down. A gooey combination of her spittle and Jacob's pre-cum dripped from her chin and ran down her slender fingers that tightly clutched the throbbing shaft of her son's ungodly penis.

With everything that had happened today, Karen's aroused body was now humming like the well-tuned V8 engine of a muscle car. She desperately needed release, and with it getting late, she did not want to risk another interruption.

Knowing the only solution, Karen cut the blowjob short. She sat back on her heels and looked up at Jacob, staring down at her from his father's recliner. After swallowing, she used the back of her left hand to wipe the slime from her mouth. She cleared her throat and asked, "Jake... do you have any condoms with you?"

With an exasperated sigh, Jacob whined, "Aww... c'mon, Mom... can't we just skip the condom this time?"

While she continued to lazily stroke Jacob's throbbing cock with her right hand, Karen tilted her head to the side and asked, "What's wrong? I thought the new ones were better. In the shower the other day it seemed to fit just fine.

Jacob grumbled, "It's not that they don't fit. It just feels better without them."

Karen had to agree with her son... the skin-to-skin contact did feel better. Not to mention the absolute euphoria she felt whenever Jacob would blast her insides with the incredible loads of his hot and steamy jizz. The orgasms associated with having her womb flooded with her son's chemically engineered semen only further heightened the forbidden ecstasy.

There was another downside to using the new brand of condoms for Karen. The day after the shower session, she noticed that the protective sheath left her lady bits' delicate skin feeling somewhat irritated. She hoped that it was only temporary and that her body would eventually adjust to the different material.

As in a dream state, Karen stared at the magnificent phallus in her right hand, and she seriously considered forgoing the condom. The hypnotized mother felt tempted to give in to lust and let Jacob have his way; however, she was brought back to reality when alarm bells suddenly went off in her head. For some reason, the disturbing vision from the nightmare of Jacob inseminating his married sister's unprotected womb suddenly came to mind.

Karen looked back up at Jacob and said calmly, "Honey, you know we have to use a condom."

Jacob pleaded, "Please, Mom! Just for today?"

Karen released her grip on Jacob's rock-hard penis and stood up with a deep sigh. She then looked down at Jacob and replied, "Jake... unless you have forgotten... I am not on birth control right now."

Jacob whined, "I know that Mom, but--"

"No 'buts' Jacob!!" Karen held up her hand as she quickly interrupted with a stern voice. She then added, "It's way too dangerous of a time for me right now, and I am not going to risk getting pregnant... and that's final."

After a deep breath, Karen continued in a softer tone, "Now... the way I see it, there are two options. We can use protection, and I will help you as we agreed, or... you can sort things out on your own. The choice is yours."

Wisely, Jacob relented and replied while nodding, "I choose the condom."

A faint smile broke out on Karen's beautiful face. With a chuckle, she responded, "I kind of figured that would be your choice. Now I will ask again... do you have a condom with you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," Jacob replied. He motioned his head towards the couch and added, "Over there... in my bookbag."

Karen stepped back as a sign for Jacob to fetch one of the protective sleeves. With slight desperation in her voice, she said, "You should hurry... we don't have much time."

Jacob hopped out of his dad's La-Z-Boy and went straight to the sofa. While he rummaged around in his bookbag for a condom, Karen stood behind him and reached under her dress. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her cotton panties and pulled them down over her wide hips. The sodden garment slid down her long legs and pooled around her feet. "Found it!" Jacob exclaimed. He turned around just in time to see his mother stepping out of her white bikini-cut underwear.

After Karen dropped her panties onto the couch cushion, she took the condom from Jacob. As she ripped open the package, the horny mom looked into her son's eyes and said, "Go ahead and take a seat. I'll get you suited up."

Minutes later, Karen and Jacob were on the couch. The dutiful mother sat on her son's lap, facing away from him while bouncing on his incredible dick. Jacob's cock entered her vagina at a different angle in this position, hitting untouched areas deep inside and igniting sparks of new feelings and sensations.

Karen still wore her yellow sundress, however. She had the skirt bunched up around her waist, and several buttons were undone down the front, exposing her lacy white bra. Gasps of delight escaped her beautiful mouth in perfect rhythm with the creaking springs of the family room sofa. A lewd slapping sound rang out

each time her big bubbly ass cheeks made contact with Jacob's skinny thighs.

Jacob groaned from the pure pleasure of having his mother on his lap, impaling herself on his rigid teenage cock. With his pants down around his ankles, he rested his head against Karen's back. His arms wrapped around his mom's waist while his youthful hands groped at the fleshy melons stuffed inside her overworked bra.

Karen just happened to catch sight of the family portrait that hung on the wall. The photo was taken years ago when Rachel was just starting high school, and her little man was still pure and innocent.

Sensing the judgmental gaze of the four people in the portrait, Karen couldn't help but feel guilt grip her heart. However, the wave of self-reproach she experienced was not near enough to stop her from riding her son like a rented mule and finally reaching her long-awaited release.

"Oh, Jake!! Ohhhh yeeessss!!!!!" Karen called out as the much-needed orgasm lit up her nerve endings like a Christmas tree. She threw her head back and yelled out in victory, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" The middle-aged mother's voluptuous body violently twitched from the electric-like pulses of ecstasy.

It took no time at all for Karen to recover. As much pleasure as she felt from the first climax, she could sense another mind-blowing wave quickly building. The unsatisfied mother instantly regained her rhythmic bouncing as she chased after a second release.

Jacob could feel the exquisite torment of his bloated testicles about to boil over. He sank back into the couch, grabbed his mother's matronly hips, and mumbled, "Mom... It's happening!! Oh, Mom!! I'm gonna... cum!!!"

Suddenly they heard the familiar humming sound of the garage door opening announcing Robert's early arrival. Sensing her son's body tense up with fear, Karen shook her head in defiance and said with a shakey voice, "We are... not... stopping!"

Karen's body was aflame with desire, and she was downright determined not only to take care of her son... but also herself. Because of the hormones, she had needed this all day, and the desperate mother was not about to be denied again.

Karen then sped up the piston-like movements of her gyrating hips and continued, "We have time, Sweetie... yes... oh yes!! Just relax and let it... happen... relax and... FFFFINNNIISSSHHHH!!"

Karen couldn't help but arch her back and shout as a second and more powerful orgasm ripped through her buxom body. "OH MMYYYYYY... GGAAAAAAA!!!!" The euphoric tide rolled from her vagina, flowed up her spine, and into her wobbling boobs,

causing her tingling nipples to excrete jets of breast milk into the lacy cups of her tight-fitting bra.

Jacob's eyes bugged out when he felt his mother's steaming hot pussy clutch even tighter around his pulsing shaft. As his prick began firing huge ropes of semen into the condom, he cried out, "OH MOM!! THAT FEELS SO... AWESOME!!!! AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Luckily for them, the garage was on the other side of the house. If not for that, Robert, who was finishing a call and collecting his briefcase and other items from the backseat, would surely have heard his wife and son caught up in the passion of their unholy union of sin and blasphemy.

With her eyes closed and catching her breath, Karen remained sitting on Jacob's lap. The now satisfied mother, lost in post-orgasmic bliss, gave a contented sigh while relishing the tiny aftershocks rippling through her vagina.

Karen could sense the dampness inside her lacy bra cups from lactating during the second glorious orgasm. She now wished she had faced the other way on Jacob's lap so that she could have felt the exhilaration of her son suckling at her breast while feeding him her sweet mommy milk.

"Mom?" Jacob whispered from behind her. "Maybe we should get up. Dad's home... remember?" On top of that, he also needed Karen to get up off his lap. He didn't want to make the same

mistake as last time and offend his mother by saying she was beginning to get heavy.

Karen's eyes flew open and she gasped, "Oh my goodness... I almost forgot." She quickly stood up and carefully dislodged herself from her son's deflating cock. The skirt fell back into place, covering the beautiful cheeks of her big and perfectly round backside.

While frantically refastening the buttons on her dress, Karen heard the faint sound of Robert's car door slam shut. After a quick glance in the direction of the garage, the mother looked down at her son and said, "Quick... go to your room and get cleaned up, then make sure you properly dispose of that condom."

Jacob nodded, stood up from the sofa, and pulled his pants halfway up. After grabbing his bookbag and starting to walk awkwardly out of the room, Karen added, "Be careful, Jake... don't drip anything on my floors. And don't forget what I said about cleaning your room!!"

As he rushed up the stairs as best he could, Jacob called back, "Yes, ma'am... I'll take care of it!!"

Hearing the entry door from the garage to the kitchen open, Karen collected her panties from the sofa cushion. She then quickly darted into the downstairs powder room to straighten

herself up before going to greet her husband, who was home from a long day at the office.

Later that night, Jacob was in his bedroom when he heard a gentle tap on the door. "Come in," he called out.

"Hey, Sweetie," Karen greeted him as she entered the room and was happily surprised to find he had followed her directions and cleaned up. "Good job Jake... it looks much better in here."

Karen noticed Jacob standing in his closet with an opened suitcase on his bed. As she took a seat beside the piece of luggage, the curious mom peeked inside to find underwear, socks, and undershirts. Karen then asked, "What 'ya doing?"

While sorting through his clothes, Jacob replied, "Just thought I would get a head start on packing for our trip to Atlanta this weekend." He turned around to face Karen and noticed her wearing a spaghetti strap tank top and matching pajama shorts. The neckline dipped down just enough to give him a peek at the creamy swells of her large breasts. Trying to refocus, he asked, "Which uh... suit did you want me to take?"

Karen waved him off. "Don't worry about the suit. You just pack your normal stuff, and I'll take care of the dress clothes." She then smiled and added, "Oh, that reminds me... last week at the

mall, I found you a really nice tie to wear. A proper one actually... not one of those hideous clip-on types you insist on using."

Jacob plopped down beside Karen on the bed. "I appreciate it, Mom, but I don't even know how to tie a real one."

"It's easy, Silly," Karen replied while nudging Jacob with her shoulder. "I'm sure your dad can teach you... he wears one every day." She patted his knee and added, "And of course, your old mom could show you also."

Jacob chuckled, "You're not old, Mom... far from it." He then looked up into Karen's warm hazel eyes and suddenly was overcome by a desire to kiss his beautiful mother. It was strangely similar to the feelings he experienced not long ago when his sister Rachel was sitting on his bed in the exact same spot.

Jacob couldn't help but wonder what his mom's lips would be like. Would they have the same sweet cherry flavor as Rachel's? Would they resemble Sara's and be soft like rose petals? He never gave it any thought before, but now the teenager felt an intense yearning to find out.

"Mom," Jacob began. "I may not say it enough, but I want to thank you for taking care of me."

Karen smiled, "Oh, Sweetie... you're welcome." She leaned in towards Jacob and added, "Remember... I'm your mother... it's my job to take care of you."

"Seriously," Jacob added softly. "I'm not just talking about you helping me with my situation. I mean all the stuff you do... the sacrifices you make... each and every day." He paused for a second, then added, "Mom... I would simply be lost without you." While holding his mother's gaze, the teenager leaned up to press his mouth against Karen's full juicy lips.

Shocked by her son's actions, Karen reared back, put her hand on his chest, and asked, "Jacob Mitchell? What in the world are you doing?"

Feeling slightly embarrassed from being rejected, Jacob replied, "I--I was just trying to kiss you."

Cutting her eyes at Jacob, Karen asked, "And what pray tell gave you the idea that was acceptable?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob replied, "Well... I mean... c'mon, Mom. We've been... you know..." He then lowered his voice and added, "Having sex. Wouldn't kissing be something normal by now?"

Karen dropped her head and sighed. She then looked back up at Jacob and softened her tone, "Jake Honey... kissing on the mouth like that is for love... not necessarily sex."

"But Mom, we love each other... right?" Jacob asked with confusion.

Nodding, Karen confirmed, "Yes, of course, we do."

"So, what's the problem?" Jacob inquired with a hint of sadness.

Karen sighed then said, "Look, Sweetie... you are my child... my son... and I love you more than anything on God's green earth, but... not in that way. Kissing is for romantic love, which I have with your father. For a mother and son to kiss in that fashion would be... well... highly inappropriate."

Jacob quickly retorted, "Mom... I'm confused. You're telling me it's inappropriate for us to kiss on the mouth, but it's okay for us to have sex?"

Karen shook her head and replied emphatically, "No, of course not. Jake... when we have se-...." She glanced over at the closed door and restarted, "When I "help" you, I do it to relieve your pain and suffering due to a medical condition... sort of like a nurse or a caregiver." With her hand, she then brushed the hair on Jacob's forehead and added, "Since romantic kissing is unnecessary for the situation, it would not be proper. I should only kiss your father that way, and I hope you understand that's how it has to be... okay?"

Jacob was not happy but reluctantly nodded in agreement. He would let it go for now but was also determined to breach this barrier eventually.

"Besides..." Karen started with a smile. "I think I know of a young woman you would rather be kissing more than me anyhow."

A smile crept on Jacob's face, "You mean.... Sara?"

Karen rolled her eyes. "Yes! Sara, you goofball... duh!!" To try and steer him away from the subject, she then leaned in and asked, "So how are things going with you two?"

Nodding emphatically, Jacob replied, "Pretty good, I think. We hung out at school a lot this week. I wanted to spend as much time with her as I could since I will not be able to see her this weekend."

"Well, I do know one thing," Karen said with a smile. "You must have made a very good impression with Mrs. Miller the other day at the cookout."

Leaning back, Jacob replied nervously, "I did? How do you mean?"

Karen said, "Well... she just happened to call me earlier and asked if you could come over to their house tomorrow after school."

Jacob scrunched his brow and asked, "Tomorrow? I thought Sara and Pastor Miller were going to Augusta for the day. They're supposed to attend some Father-Daughter Christian Conference thing."

Karen nodded. "They are... but Mrs. Miller wants you to come over while they're gone and set up a new computer. They purchased it as a surprise gift for Sara."

"She wants me to set it up... why?" Jacob asked with a hint of suspicion.

Karen replied, "Well, a while back, I may have let it slip that you are kind of a whiz when it comes to computers and things of that nature. I told her if they ever needed help with anything to do with electronics, that you would be happy to help." She scrunched her face and added, "I hope you don't mind?"

Jacob shook his head, "No... I don't mind at all. In fact, I'd be happy to help Mrs. Miller any way I can. I'll go over there right after school."

With a smile of relief, Karen said, "That's what I was hoping you would say. Besides, it never hurts to score a few extra brownie points with a girl's mom... especially a mother like Donna Miller."

Putting up his hand, Jacob replied, "Oh believe me... when it comes to Mrs. Miller, I want to take every opportunity to score as many points with her as possible."

Karen's beautiful mouth spread into a big smile. She ruffled Jacob's hair and said proudly, "That's my smart little man. I'll go let her know that you'll come over tomorrow right after school." The proud mom then stood up, leaned over, and kissed the top of his head. As she walked to the door to leave, she said, "Now don't stay up too late... you have school in the morning."

"Don't worry... I won't." Jacob replied as he walked back over to his closet. "I'm gonna hit the sack as soon as I finish some more packing."

Before closing the door behind her, Karen said, "Okay... see you in the morning. Love you, Sweetie."

As Jacob collected the box of condoms hidden in the back of the closet, he replied, "Good night, Mom... love you too." After Karen softly closed the door, Jacob walked back to his suitcase. He then pulled two foil packs out of the box and buried them between his undershirts. With his dad along on the trip, he was not sure if there would be an opportunity to use the condoms or not, but like his mom always tells him, he should prepare for anything.

A little while later, Jacob lay in bed staring up at the ceiling with his mind racing. Since there had been no contact with Sara's

mother since Saturday night, he felt nervous excitement about going over to the Miller's tomorrow after school.

Jacob wondered what might happen with being alone with Mrs. Miller again. Would there be any uncomfortable tension between them? Should he just comply with what Mrs. Miller demanded and act as if nothing happened on Saturday night?

Then there is the question concerning Sara. With what Mrs. Miller now knew about his condition, would she allow him to continue dating her daughter?

Jacob sensed that he could be walking into the lion's den tomorrow afternoon, and he may need to score points with the gorgeous mother in more ways than one. With that in mind, he followed his mom's sound advice. When finishing up his packing earlier, the cautious teenager also hid a condom in his bookbag.... just to be safe.

Chapter 13

Thursday afternoon saw Jacob riding his bicycle to the Miller's home right after school, just as he had planned the day prior with eager anticipation. His heart was pounding in his chest madly like a drum. He wasn't sure if it was from all the nervous energy he had, or from the fact that he was pedalling his bike as if he were trying to set a new land speed record.

Upon arriving at his destination, Jacob immediately saw Donna Miller's SUV. He quickly noticed that its liftgate was up, with the former glamor model (now turned suburban mom) unloading what appeared to be bagloads of groceries.

Jacob rode his bike up the driveway and quietly stopped just a few feet behind Mrs. Miller, who was bent over at the waist. She appeared to be strained stretching herself into the cargo area, attempting to retrieve a can which had rolled out of one of her grocery bags.

Jacob couldn't help but stare in admiration at the gorgeous MILF. Because of Mrs. Miller's vulnerable position, her form-fitting black skirt had ridden up snugly and was now pulled tighter around her hips, giving the lucky teenager a fantastic view of her shapely backside.

As soon as Donna had grabbed the runaway can of vegetables, Jacob announced his arrival, "Hi, Mrs. Miller! Need any help? "

"OH!!" Donna exclaimed in shock. Mrs. Miller quickly spun around to find Jacob behind her, still seated on his bicycle, with his book bag over his shoulders. She quickly noted that he was wearing his usual attire: cargo shorts, some sort of comic book character T-shirt, and sneakers. Placing her hand on her chest, she continued, "Oh my goodness, Jake...I didn't realize you were there!"

"I'm sorry if I startled you, ma'am." Jacob replied. "I just thought maybe you could use a hand." He reckoned this would be a good way to start ingratiating himself and earn some 'brownie points' with her.

Glancing around at the bags of groceries in her SUV, Donna concurred, "Well, now that you mention it, yes...I definitely could use some help." She smiled and added, "Thank you, Jake...that would be most kind of you!"

Parking his bicycle next to the Millers' garage, Jacob replied, "Sure thing, Mrs. Miller...it's no problem at all."

As they both gathered up the bags of groceries from Donna's trunk, Jacob took the opportunity to check out the rest of Mrs. Miller's outfit. Along with her knee-length pencil skirt, Donna was wearing a flattering, emerald-green, pullover blouse. The top was sleeveless, with a ribbed pattern, and fitted her just enough to showcase the housewife's ample bosom. Donna's platinum blonde hair was done up in a fashionable bun, and she donned a pair of high-heeled leather pumps on her feet. Even when grocery shopping for her family, it seemed the former model was still ready for the runway.

With several bags in hand, Jacob followed closely behind Mrs. Miller through their garage and into the kitchen...keeping his eyes glued to the gentle sway of her curvy hips the entire time. At once, the lecherous teenager could sense his flaccid cock beginning to stir anew in his cargo shorts.

After placing her bags and purse onto the kitchen countertop, Donna commented, "My apologies for you having to do this, Jake. I'd really intended to be home by this time already. However, my weekly lunch meeting with the pastor's wives group ran a little bit late. Then after, I stopped by at the grocery store and must've just completely lost track of time!"

Setting his set of bags down on the counter next to Donna's, Jacob replied, "Honestly, Mrs. Miller...it's no trouble at all. I'm glad to be of any help!"

Donna turned back to smile at the eagerly helpful teen, and only then happened to notice that Jacob's face was covered in a sheen of perspiration. "Oh, my goodness! Jake...you're sweating!"

Jacob chuckled, "I guess that bike ride from school was a bit more taxing than I'd anticipated!"

Donna inquired, "Can I at least get you something cold to drink?"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am...some water would be great...as long as it isn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," Donna replied as she walked over to the refrigerator. With each step, her high-heeled pumps clacked audibly against her tiled and polished kitchen floor. As she bent over and rummaged around for a cold bottle of water, Jacob took the opportunity to adjust the growing erection threatening to tent inside of his shorts. At the same time, he took advantage of

the chance to once more surreptitiously check out Mrs. Miller's shapely backside.

"Ah-ha! Here we go..." Donna commented, as she stood up straight again and closed the refrigerator's door. Handing a frosted water bottle to Jacob, she added, "The colder ones are always in the back." She then motioned towards the stools at the kitchen island. "Now go on, have a seat and drink your water while I get to putting these groceries away."

Setting his book bag on the floor and taking a perch on one of the stools, Jacob replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller." He then twisted off the bottle's cap and took several gulps of the refreshingly cold liquid.

Soon after she began putting the groceries away, Donna suddenly caught a whiff of a familiar scent as she chatted with Jacob. It was the same exotic smell from the previous Saturday night, and the vapors caused an immediate reaction in the preacher's wife. Exactly the same as last time, Mrs. Miller's body began experiencing a warming sensation spreading throughout her breasts, along with a pleasant buzzing within her suddenly hardening nipples.

Jacob watched as the beautiful mother busied herself with her domestic chores and couldn't help but be surprised at how well things were going so far. As of yet, there'd been no uncomfortable silence or awkward tension of any kind between them. It was as if nothing at all had happened the previous Saturday night...perhaps just as Mrs. Miller wanted.

As Jacob finished his bottle of water, he felt his confidence growing— along with the monster in his pants. Fixating his lustful gaze at the former model as she glided around the kitchen, the teenager then asked, "So Mrs. Miller...my mom mentioned that you wanted me to help set up a new computer?"

Donna closed her pantry door and responded, "Yes...that is, if you don't mind?" She then walked over to the island and added, "Karen had mentioned that you were quite good with electronics, and things of that nature." As Jacob started to get down from off the stool, she put up her hand and added, "But only when you're ready...there's really no rush."

Twisting the cap back onto the empty bottle, Jacob replied, "It's no problem. I'm ready now...just show me the way!" As he followed Donna through the house, the teenager's ogling eyes once again locked onto her wide, swaying hips. He wasn't totally certain, but Jacob could swear that the gorgeous housewife was putting a bit more swing in her gait as she walked ahead of him.

Once in their family room, Donna pointed over at several boxes stacked against the wall next to the television. "The new computer's right over there...the delivery man just dropped it off this morning."

Jacob walked over to a desk in the family room and surveyed their old, existing computer. After a few moments, he commented, "Wow...this thing's really out of date."

Donna walked up next to Jacob, and once again, the chemically-laced scent filled her lungs. She replied, "Yes...well, we've been thinking about upgrading it for a while now. With Sara needing something more advanced, we figured the time had come to finally pull the trigger."

Jacob walked over to the stack of boxes and said, "Well, I think you've made a great choice. This new computer should definitely be more than powerful enough to meet Sara's needs. This model's actually better than the one I've got back at home."

The warm, tingling sensations intensified and spread throughout Donna's body. It was then that her suspicions were confirmed...Jacob was the actual source of the exotic scent! Somehow, the teenager was producing highly-charged sexual pheromones, causing her libido to skyrocket off the charts. Evidently, this was another side effect of the experimental growth hormones which Dr. Grant had injected into the poor boy.

Needing some space to clear her mind and to think, Donna excused herself abruptly, "Jake, if you'll pardon me...I'll just leave you to it, then."

Jacob opened the box for the CPU tower and responded, "Sure thing, Mrs. Miller. This setup shouldn't take me too long."

Before leaving the room, Donna stated, "Well, take your time. Once you finish, come meet me in my office...you do remember the way?"

Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am...just down the hall, last room on the right."

Nodding in affirmation, Donna responded, "Correct. Now, if you need anything in the meantime, be sure to let me know."

Moments later, Donna sat at her desk, reviewing all the information that she'd compiled about Dr. Grant and his controversial hormone experiments. It was now no longer in doubt that a powerful aphrodisiac was to blame for her slipping up, causing her to perform all those salacious acts with Jacob in her SUV behind the old abandoned restaurant the previous weekend. The preacher's wife felt a great sense of relief, knowing now that her actions on that Saturday night were not entirely her fault. This new knowledge might not have taken away all her guilt, but it at least helped to lighten the burden of remorse she had felt.

Donna's mind over the past week had seemed obsessed with reliving the indecent incident from Saturday night. After the regrettable event with Jacob, she'd returned home to her husband with a sexual hunger which she hadn't felt in years. Mrs. Miller had even resorted to using David and his average-sized cock in a desperate attempt to satisfy her ravenous appetite. Unfortunately for Donna, her middle-aged, preacher

husband and his declining libido could never hope to keep up with his sexually-starved wife, nor sate her unbridled lust.

Over the next several days, Donna's body had continually buzzed with arousal. Since her inadequate husband wasn't capable of keeping up with her, the horny preacher's wife had shamefully resorted to masturbating whenever David was out of the house.

Only the previous night, Donna had suddenly awoken from a deep slumber that had been disturbed when Jacob and his ungodly appendage invaded her dreams. The vile and sinful visions that she'd seen had ignited scorching flames of sexual arousal within her. With an unseemly desire burning throughout her lithe body, the married mom knew there was only one way she would ever find relief (and hope to get back to sleep).

In the wee hours of the night, Donna turned her head to find David peacefully sleeping on his back. Keeping a careful eye on her husband, she slowly snaked her right hand down between her long, silky legs and ran her fingers over her panty-covered vagina. A sudden gasp escaped her pretty mouth as she applied pressure to her buzzing clit, causing little shock waves of pleasure to emanate from her loins.

David's gentle snoring confirmed that he wasn't likely to wake up anytime soon. Feeling emboldened that it was safe enough, Donna spread her legs wider and slid her right hand inside of her cotton panties, to find herself soaking wet.

Donna ran her fingers along her slick vaginal lips and trimmed, wispy, blonde pubic hair. She gasped again, (even louder than before), when her exploring digits made direct skin-contact with her blood-engorged clitoris. Trying to remain as still and as quiet as possible, the preacher's wife began strumming her sensitive little nub, even as she lay right beside her oblivious, slumbering husband.

Over the next couple of minutes, Donna frantically diddled herself towards a much-needed climax. When she felt her orgasm about to blossom, she closed her eyes, and her soft moans turned into steadily louder whispers, "Yes...Yess...YESSS!!"

Suddenly, David snorted loudly, partially waking himself up, and Donna's eyes flew open as she froze in fear. After a few seconds, the startled wife breathed a sigh of relief when her husband quickly rolled over, faced away from her, and instantly fell back to sleep.

Donna kept her right hand buried between her legs as she remained motionless for the next few moments. Once she heard David had resumed his snoring, she carefully snuck out of bed. The pastor's wife then crept into the master bathroom and softly closed and locked the door behind her. A small nightlight on the near wall was faintly illuminating the bathroom, just enough to where Donna felt confident that she could leave the lights off.

Wasting no time, Donna reached under her nightie and pulled her drenched panties off her hips and down her long legs. After

stepping out of the skimpy garment, the horny housewife sat on the toilet. She then returned her fingers to her steaming-hot snatch and began building herself up again to the orgasm that her husband had unwittingly denied her.

As she fingered herself closer and closer to climax, Donna's mind drifted back to the disturbing, yet erotic dream which had woken her up earlier...It was a replay from the previous Saturday night, when she'd returned home. However, this time it wasn't her husband whom she rode as they vigorously coupled in their marital bed. It was Jacob's lap that the preacher's wife straddled!

With the sinful and immoral vision of riding Jacob's cock emblazoned in her imagination, Donna's vagina suddenly felt empty...it desperately needed something to fill the void. She was about to shove two fingers into her juicy quim, when she noticed her hairbrush resting on the countertop. Suddenly, a wicked thought came to mind.

Conveniently within her reach, Donna grabbed the brush by its smooth, plastic handle. As she examined its thick, cylindrical shape, she remembered having bought the item a couple of weeks prior at her favorite salon. Little had Donna known at that moment, (when her hairdresser Tiffany had rung up the purchase), that she would eventually debase herself and stuff that innocent haircare product deep into her needy, hungry pussy.

Reluctantly, the desperate housewife held the hairbrush by its soft bristles as she placed the rounded tip of its handle between

the lips of her drooling vagina. Donna then took one last glance at the bathroom door.

Though the bathroom lighting was very dim, there was just enough of a glow for Donna to confirm that the lock was indeed engaged. The last thing she needed was for her ultra-conservative, preacher husband to open the door and find the mother of his children seated at the toilet, with her legs splayed wide open, and violating herself with a plastic hairbrush!

"OOOhhhhhhhh!!!!" Donna moaned in relief, as she slid the brush's handle as deep as possible into her quivering sex. She held it in place for a few seconds whilst twisting it around, relishing in its sublime, penetrating feeling. It was as if a terrible itch within her was finally being scratched.

Donna leaned herself back against the toilet's water tank and spread her legs open even wider. Closing her eyes, she then commenced to immodestly masturbate herself with her makeshift hairbrush-dildo. Her thoughts instantly drifted back to the vivid and haunting dream she'd had of Jacob. In her mind's eye, she could clearly see the underdeveloped, teenaged boy laying on his back, with his head resting on her absent husband's pillow. The boy was confidently smiling up at her as she shamelessly rode his monster cock like some cheap, brazen harlot.

It took barely any time at all for Donna to reach her orgasm. The sudden explosion of pleasure came on her suddenly...so quickly in fact, that the climaxing wife couldn't catch herself before

shouting out in joyous, ecstatic release. She immediately clamped her left hand over her mouth in an attempt to stifle any further inadvertent outbursts.

Still trying to catch her breath, Donna remained seated on the toilet, recovering from her long-desired climax. She continued to slowly stimulate her wanton pussy with the hairbrush, listening carefully for any signs that David may have woken up from her illicit cries of passion. Hearing no evidence of any stirrings from her husband, the aroused preacher's wife relaxed and resumed her sinful self-pleasuring in the darkened solitude of her master bathroom.

Several minutes and another orgasm later, Donna tossed the violated hairbrush back onto the counter, feeling disgusted with herself as it fell clattering into the sink. Her aching lust now somewhat sated, the humiliated housewife cleaned herself up and gathered her discarded panties from the floor.

As quietly as possible, Donna snuck back into the bedroom, where she dropped her sodden underwear into the dirty clothes hamper. After stepping into a fresh pair of cotton panties, she pulled the thin garment up her sexy, long legs and adjusted them onto her curvy hips.

Donna then carefully climbed back into bed with David. Her husband's gentle snoring reassured her that he was still very much asleep, blissfully unaware of what naughty acts his lovely wife had been up to.

After slipping under the covers and getting herself comfortable, Donna lay numbly in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Still wide awake beside her sleeping husband, her imagination ran wild as it replayed once more her unsettling dream. Even after having achieved two orgasms in the darkened bathroom, the mere thought of Jacob's incredible manhood caused her sensitive clit to come buzzing back to life.

Donna had to fight the overpowering urge to slide her hand back into her panties and try to diddle herself to a third orgasm. She then rolled over onto her side, with her back to David, and attempted to ignore the building heat between her legs. As she lay in the warm bed, fitfully trying to find sleep, the frustrated wife whispered into the dark, "Dear God...what has that kid done to me?!"

Back in the present, Donna sat at the desk in her office, staring blankly at her computer monitor. Even though her crystal-blue eyes were locked onto the screen...nothing registered. She was preoccupied with only one thing...the teenaged boy just down the hall. Well, maybe not so much as him, but the impossibly huge appendage that hung between his legs! Still lost in thought, Donna could feel the familiar heat spreading from her vagina, up through her belly, and into her bra-encased breasts.

Due to the tingling in her pussy, Donna involuntarily squeezed her thighs together, which only further heightened the arousing sensations that she was experiencing. She couldn't help but notice the gusset of her silk panties had moistened with her womanly essence, as it seeped from her weeping vagina.

As if in a trance, Donna lifted her right hand and began to gently cup her left breast through the thin material of her blouse. She closed her eyes, and a slight moan murmured in her throat as her thumb grazed across the hard, sensitive nipple poking into the sheer cup of her emerald-green bra.

The memory of the events from the previous Saturday night replayed itself vividly once more in Donna's head. She remembered how Jacob's chemically-enhanced penis had felt in her hands...so rigid and so powerful. The pastor's wife could still recall the sensation of his mushroom-shaped tip as the teenager's cock slid across her tongue, and how it violently jerked in her mouth as it spewed rope after huge rope of his thick and creamy manseed down her throat.

Donna's daydream reverie was unexpectedly interrupted when she heard, "Excuse me, Mrs. Miller?"

"Ahhh!!" Donna shrieked as her eyes flew open to find Jacob standing in her office doorway. The startled housewife quickly removed her hand from her breast, hoping to God he hadn't seen what she was doing. She instantly chastised herself for not having closed the door.

Donna stammered, trying to act as normal as possible, "Jake...you, uh...startled me just a bit." Sitting up straight in her chair and collecting herself, she continued with a smile, "I, umm...was feeling a bit tired, and...I guess...I nodded off for a bit."

Jacob took a couple of steps into the room and said to the flustered wife, "Sorry, Mrs. Miller." The teenager's eyes locked onto Donna's painfully erect nipples trying to poke through the thin material of her blouse and added, "I didn't mean to interrupt your uh...'nap'."

Waving him off, Donna responded, "It's quite alright." She then turned off her computer monitor and added, "I didn't sleep very well last night, and I suppose it's finally catching up with me." Little did Jacob know, but he had been the cause of Mrs. Miller's current bout with insomnia. She had spent a good part of her waking moments that morning hiding out in the master bathroom, masturbating to the memory of his incredible dick. She then asked, "Did you need something?"

Jacob replied, "I just wanted to let you know that I've finished setting up the computer."

Glad to be able to change the subject, Donna happily replied, "Finished already? That was quick."

"Yes, ma'am. It wasn't all that difficult, actually." He took a couple more steps to where he stood right in front of Mrs. Miller's desk and continued, "The printer is working fine, and I made sure that it was connecting properly to the Internet. I've also mirrored all of Sara's files from the old computer to the new one, plus I took the liberty of installing a newer version of antivirus protection. I think she's all set."

With Jacob in the room, the overpowering scent had returned, further enflaming Donna's arousal. Trying to mask her excitement, Donna smiled and said, "Thank you so much, Jake. I really appreciate your time and trouble...and I'm sure Sara will, too."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "Eh...it's no big deal, Mrs. Miller...honest."

Donna responded, "Well, it is to me. It would've taken poor David all day to set all that up...that is, if he could do it at all." With her forearms on the desk, she leaned forward and added, "Unfortunately, my husband isn't very computer-savvy."

Suddenly the mention of her husband brought on a sense of guilt for Donna. David Miller was a wonderful man...a loving husband and father...a pillar of the community, and a true man of faith. However, (at that moment), all his loyal wife of 23 years could think about was getting another taste of this teenager in front of her, and his amazing cock.

Jacob chuckled, then said, "Well, if you ever need my help again...with anything...please don't hesitate to ask." The teenager hoped this would gain him some more favor with Mrs. Miller, and she would permit him to continue dating Sara.

With a slightly serious tone to her voice, Donna replied, "That's very kind of you to offer, Jake." She then stood up from her chair and said, while walking around her desk, "I'll definitely keep that

in mind." She then crossed her arms, leaned back, and rested her shapely rump against the edge of the desktop.

After a brief and somewhat awkward pause, Jacob commented, "Oh, by the way...I didn't know what you wanted to be done with the old computer, so I just packed it up in the boxes left over from the new one." He pointed with his thumb back over his shoulder and added, "I can carry them out into the garage if you'd like...or wherever you think is best."

Donna nodded and replied, "The garage should be fine, but we can worry about that later." She then motioned towards the couch, indicating for Jacob to take a seat. She added, "I think for now it's best if we discuss a few things while we have a chance."

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob responded, as he walked over and took a seat on the sofa. As he sank into its comfortable cushion, he could feel his pulse quicken as he wondered where this conversation might lead. After all, it seemed Mrs. Miller had been wanting them to act as if nothing had happened between them last Saturday night...it now appeared she may have changed her mind.

Donna took a deep breath and then said, "For starters, I want you to know that I've done some research on the WICK-tropin test trials and the pending case against Dr. Grant. It just so happens that I have a contact in the state government who was able to supply me with some information which I found to be quite interesting."

As Donna summarized her findings, Jacob nodded as if he were hanging on to her every word. However, staring up at Mrs. Miller wearing her tight pencil skirt and form-fitting blouse as she leaned back against her desk, his mind began to drift. His thoughts turned to a porn video he'd watched on his computer the other night. In one scene, a blonde actress portraying a school teacher was about to punish one of her rowdy, teenaged students. Thinking of how much the MILF standing before him resembled the gorgeous model from the video now caused additional stirrings in Jacob's pants.

Jacob snapped out of his daydream when Mrs. Miller stood up straight and walked behind her desk. As she bent over and pulled open the bottom drawer, she said, "Therefore, Jake, now that your story's been corroborated, I do accept your explanation concerning your situation and the condom Mr. Rayford found in the church nursery. I also want you to know that I'll keep this matter strictly between us." Donna then tossed the Ziplock bag onto her desktop and added with a stern, motherly tone, "However, I expect you to behave yourself from now on and to never do anything like that in our church ever, EVER again...do I make myself clear?"

Staring into Donna's piercing blue eyes, Jacob responded, "Y—Yes, ma'am...I promise...never again."

Donna's glare softened, and the corner of her mouth curled into a slight smile as she said, "Good boy."

Feeling a great sense of relief, Jacob then decided to venture a question, "Mrs. Miller...if I may ask...what does this mean as far as...?"

"You continuing to date Sara?" Donna asked, finishing Jacob's question for him as she walked over to the couch.

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob meekly replied, as he watched Mrs. Miller take a seat beside him on the sofa.

Folding her hands onto her lap, Donna sighed and then said, "Jake, over the past few days, I've given it a great deal of thought, and I must say...I still have my reservations." Before Jacob could protest, Mrs. Miller added, "First, I want to ask you a question...and I need you to be completely honest with me. Does Sara know anything about your...condition?"

Shaking his head adamantly, Jacob replied, "No, ma'am...she knows nothing at all! I can promise you that."

Mrs. Miller nodded reassuredly, "Okay. Don't worry...I believe you." Since her daughter was never very good at lying or hiding things from her, Donna had pretty much already known the answer. Like her father, David, Sara was always honest, almost to a fault.

Donna continued, "I want you to know I meant what I'd said the other day. I truly was happy when you and Sara started seeing

one another. You come from a fine family, that raised you to be a good and respectful young man."

Feeling cautiously optimistic, Jacob responded, "Thank you, Mrs. Miller."

Donna held up her index finger and added, "However, things have significantly changed now that we've had to deal with your unfortunate 'situation'." Mrs. Miller's eyes glanced down at Jacob's lap, and she could easily see the huge lump forming within the restricted confines of his khaki cargo shorts. The intoxicating scent Jacob emitted had by now caused her entire body to tingle with sexual desire.

"My 'situation'?" Jacob asked. "Mrs. Miller...I've had this condition the whole time that Sara and I have been going out and I promise, nothing has ever happened."

Nodding her head, Donna replied, "Yes...that's true, but now I that know about your condition, and we're both well aware of what could possibly happen..." She took a breath and continued with a stern tone, "Jake...Sara's a virgin, and I intend her to remain as such, pure and innocent, until the day that she takes a husband. She has a bright future ahead of her, and I refuse to stand by and watch her make bad choices, or fall prey to outside influences. I've seen it all happen before, and I will not allow 'it' to happen to my daughter." She emphasized the word 'it' whilst pointing directly at the growing bulge in Jacob's shorts.

With a reassuring tone, Jacob responded, "Mrs. Miller...I know Sara is committed to abstaining from pre-marital sex, and I respect her choice. You have to believe me...I really do like and respect your daughter very much and would never pressure her to go against her beliefs, or do anything to betray how she was raised."

"I do believe you, Jake," Donna replied. "I'm certain your feelings for Sara are true and honorable." She paused for a few seconds and then added, "I'm also certain that Sara is just as fond of you as you are of her...and that's how I've arrived at this critical crossroads."

Jacob asked, somewhat perplexed, "'Crossroads', Mrs. Miller? I'm not sure I understand."

Donna replied with a sigh, "Jake...I'm no fool...I've been 'around the block' enough times to know what you teenage boys want—" She rolled her eyes and added, "Well...what ALL men want, actually. No matter how nice and respectful you may come across as...deep down and to a certain degree, all men are just basically...well...filthy pigs."

Mrs. Miller noticed the shocked look on Jacob's face and continued, "I mean you no offense, Jake...it's not your fault...you men are just wired that way. What's important now is how well you're able to show self-restraint and control your base impulses." Once again, Donna glanced down at Jacob's crotch. Once she saw his monster again, twitching inside of its cotton

fabric prison, she added, "And if you're going to continue seeing my daughter, you'll most definitely need to control yours."

With a smile, Jacob asked, "Wait...did I hear you correct, Mrs. Miller? You're okay with allowing Sara to continue seeing me?"

Donna then stood up from the couch and faced Jacob. Looking down at the teenager, she replied, "Well, young man, that all depends on you."

"It does?" Jacob asked, with slight confusion.

Donna put her right hand on her hip and responded, "Yes, it does...it most certainly does. Jake...until a cure is found for your condition, I need a guarantee from you that you will keep that...nasty thing of yours...away from my innocent daughter." Mrs. Miller couldn't help but look once more at Jacob's so-called 'nasty thing', fighting to break free from its constricted bondage. Along with the tingling sensations now dancing along her nerve endings, Donna could feel herself breaking out in a sweat, and her pulse had noticeably quickened.

"So, what you're saying is that I have to show self-restraint and control my impulses whenever I'm around Sara?" Jacob asked.

Nodding her head, Donna replied, "Yes...that's exactly what I'm saying."

Jacob sat up straighter on the couch and pleaded his case, "Mrs. Miller...I think you've gotta admit, I've done a pretty good job of doing that so far. I'm sure if you'll allow me, I can prove your faith in me to be well-deserved."

Donna scoffed, "Faith? In you? A teenaged boy whose body is nothing more than a human sex-hormone factory?" She shook her head and continued, "No, Jake. I'm sorry...but I can't trust myself to have faith in you, any more than thinking I could just pick you up right now, and throw you out that window!"

Donna then softened her tone, "Jake...the problem is this...up until now, you've been controlling your 'condition' by frequently masturbating...am I correct?"

Jacob nodded and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"Think about it for a second," Donna continued, "If you and Sara continue your courtship, you two will more than likely be spending more and more time together. Whether that time together is spent on dates, at each other's houses, school, or church...let's face it, Jacob...you, young man, are basically a ticking time bomb just waiting to go off."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob asked, "Mrs. Miller...with all due respect...what else do you suggest? I'm doing the best that I can."

Donna returned to her seat on the couch beside Jacob. "Well...after much thinking and soul searching, I've come up with an idea...a proposal, you might say."

Intrigued, Jacob furrowed up his brow and asked, "A proposal? What kind of proposal?"

Donna leaned in closer to Jacob and replied, "An arrangement...between the two of us."

"I take it you mean, a 'secret arrangement'?" Jacob asked with even more curiosity.

Sitting back a little, Donna sighed and confirmed, "Yes, Jake...a secret arrangement...and one that's not to be taken lightly." She took a deep breath and then offered, "For your promise to keep your...'condition' in your pants and away from Sara, I will keep your secret and allow you and her to continue dating. And along with that..."

After another brief moment of awkward silence, Jacob asked, with slight confusion, "Yes...Mrs. Miller?"

A mixture of guilt and self-loathing swirled inside of Donna as she tried to continue with her statement. The pastor's wife knew that the deal she was about to put forward to Jacob was sinful and disgraceful...and on top of everything else, very dangerous.

Donna was about to risk everything: her marriage, her family, her reputation, and the wonderful life that she had built. However, she thought the risk to be fully justified if it meant it would protect her daughter's virginity from Jacob's ungodly abomination...(and not to mention, satisfy her own morbid curiosity, and wicked craving).

Mrs. Miller took another glance at Jacob's lap, and the longing she felt to get her hands on that incredible beast of his once again gave her the motivation to complete her offer. She continued, "Along with you keeping your end of the bargain, I will be willing to...'help' you...from time to time." She looked up and locked eyes with the teenager, arching her brow as she gauged for his reaction and waited for his reply.

As Jacob stared into Mrs. Miller's icy-blue eyes, he felt his inflated cock twitch with excitement. The teenager couldn't believe his luck! Not only was he going to continue to be allowed to date Sara, but her gorgeous mother was now offering up her 'services' to him as a bonus...this was most definitely a win-win!

Trying to stifle his enthusiasm, Jacob asked, "You're actually gonna be willing to do that, Mrs. Miller? 'Help' me, I mean?"

Holding his gaze, Donna replied, "If that's what it's going to take to ensure my daughter's happiness, while still preserving her virtue...then yes." Noticing a bewildered look on Jacob's face, Mrs. Miller added, "Remember what I've told you, Jake...my main priority is the safety and well-being of my daughter. Even if that means I have to make certain...sacrifices, to do so."

Jacob couldn't help but smile as he commented, "Wow, Mrs. Miller...that's a pretty big sacrifice!"

With a severe tone in her voice, Donna responded, "Yes, it is, and a dangerous one, too. That's why it's imperative that we keep this arrangement of ours a close, well-guarded secret. No one can ever find out!"

Jacob could tell Donna was dead serious from the glare she had in her crystal-blue eyes. He chuckled, "Don't worry, Mrs. Miller...over the past couple of months, I've learned a lot about keeping secrets. You can depend on me!"

Donna sighed and replied, "Well, Jake, that's exactly what I'm counting on...for both our sakes!" Her eyes then drifted downward until she again found herself staring at the sizeable lump in Jacob's shorts. In a softer tone, she asked, "So, Jacob, I take it you haven't relieved yourself at all today?"

Jacob shook his head, "No, ma'am...since I came straight here right after school, I haven't had a chance."

Because of the inebriating effects of Jacob's pheromones, Donna could no longer fight the temptation. The aroused mother slid off the couch and positioned herself on her knees in front of Jacob. She could feel the gusset of her panties had already become wet and sticky. Looking up at the bewildered teenager, she stated softly, "Maybe I should go ahead then...and help you?"

Jacob responded with a smile, "Really?"

Donna nodded and replied, "Yes...really. We can consider this as the official signing of our 'contract', and as a 'thank you' for your services today."

Staring back into Donna's striking, blue eyes, Jacob nodded and said, "That sounds good to me, Mrs. Miller!"

Wasting no time, Donna began to unfasten Jacob's shorts. As she worked to unbuckle the teenager's belt, she calmly stated, "Now, here's the way I see it, Jake. As long as we stick to certain 'boundaries', we can look upon this situation as me simply helping you with your rare medical condition."

Jacob's level of excitement plummeted a bit when he heard the dreaded 'B-word'. "Boundaries, Mrs. Miller?" he asked, as he watched the gorgeous, older woman pull down his zipper with her slender, French-manicured fingers.

"Yes, Jake...boundaries," Donna replied, grabbing a hold of Jacob's shorts at the waistband. She began tugging on the strained garment and said with a grunt, "Lift up for me."

As Jacob raised up his hips to assist, he asked, "What kind of boundaries?"

Once Donna had gotten Jacob's shorts to down past his hips, she refrained from pulling and looked up at the teenager. "You know...as in limitations." Seeing the disappointment in Jacob's eyes, she sighed and said, "Look, Jake, even though I've agreed to help you with your condition...there are some things which I simply cannot, and will not, do. Unless you've forgotten...I am a married woman."

Whilst staring at the shiny wedding rings on Donna's left hand, Jacob replied, "No ma'am...I haven't forgotten...not one bit."

With a slight smile, Donna said, "Good...then as long as we're both on the same page...everything'll be fine." The middle-aged housewife then resumed her tugging on Jacob's shorts, along with his underwear. As she slid both garments down his skinny thighs, she scoffed, then added, "I hope you didn't think we were actually going to — GOOD HEAVENS!!"

Just as Donna had pulled Jacob's shorts down to around his knees, she was caught by surprise when the teenager's raging cock sprung right out and stood straight up in all its impressive glory. Though partially horrified, the pastor's wife was nevertheless utterly captivated by the impossibly-large phallus throbbing just inches away from her face.

Donna had already seen Jacob's deformity the previous Saturday night in the darkness of her sparsely-lit SUV. However, now that the thing was out in the open in broad daylight, it looked even larger and more menacing — with its purplish hue

and huge, bulging, blue veins crisscrossing all around its intimidating length and girth.

Donna watched as if hypnotized, as Jacob's mesmerizing monster jerked in time with his heartbeat. Every few twitches or so, another pearly dollop of pre-cum would come bubbling out of its slit and trickle tantalizingly down the pulsing leviathan's long shaft.

Jacob's exotic scent intensified and only served to heighten the arousal of the beautiful pastor's wife. With her head spinning and her pulse racing, Mrs. Miller felt downright intoxicated.

Timidly, Donna reached out and took a hold of Jacob's cock with both hands. With her slender fingers tightly wrapped around the unbelievably thick pole of manflesh, she could feel Jacob's pulse and his blood pumping throughout its sinuous network of veins and arteries.

Completely fascinated, Donna gasped in awe and whispered, "My goodness...it's...it's...magnificent!" Like a moth drawn to a flame, the enthralled married woman leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on Jacob's mushroom-shaped tip.

Donna pulled back, and a thin strand of pre-cum stretched from her bottom lip and lingered onto the bulbous head of Jacob's cock. The former model used her tongue to break the stringy connection and moaned in approval as she lolled the savory, slimy liquid around in her hot mouth.

A faint groan broke Donna from her trance and reminded her that she and her new 'friend' were not alone. She looked up to find Jacob staring down at her with a needful look in his soft, hazel eyes. As she leisurely slid her hands up and down the lubricated shaft, Donna muttered, "My goodness Jake...you must be suffering something awful!"

Nodding, Jacob replied, "Yes, ma'am...it's getting pretty bad, and uh...I could really use your help."

The corners of Donna's mouth curled into a mischievous grin as she replied, "Of course...that is our agreement after all." She then tightened her grip on Jacob's aching cock and added, "Don't you worry...I'm going to help relieve you, but don't forget...I also expect you to hold up your end of the bargain."

Donna's death grip on his raging boner caused Jacob to moan and sink back into the soft cushions of the sofa. He responded with a slightly desperate tone, "Oh yes, ma'am...I promise to keep up my end!" At that moment, the teenager would've promised Mrs. Miller almost anything in the world...including his firstborn child, if she had asked. All he could think about though, was how badly he wanted to see and feel his enormous meat stick stuffed inside of this gorgeous married woman's sexy mouth.

As Donna pumped Jacob's throbbing manhood with a constant and steady rhythm, more of his sticky pre-cum came bubbling out of its slit, trickling down his shaft and onto her tightly-grasping fingers. Without thinking, the preacher's wife dragged

her tongue across the mushroom-shaped head of Jacob's cock. After swallowing the collected sample of sweet pre-cum, she warned the teenager one last time, "Alright, young man... you'd better not let me down!" After Jacob nodded in agreement, she wrapped her juicy red lips around the drooling tip of his enormous spear.

Jacob smiled and groaned in relief as Donna began using her hands and mouth like a seasoned professional. As he watched the married mom's head bob up and down, he said with a grunt, "Ohhh, Mrs. Miller! That feels awesome!!"

The mention of Donna's married surname brought on thoughts of David to her mind and, along with it...a sudden wave of guilt. She couldn't help but feel horrible about committing this act behind her husband's back. He didn't deserve any of this...he was a kind, loving, and faithful life-partner who'd always treated her like a queen.

Donna tried to rationalize and justify her actions by reminding herself that this was a sacrifice she was doing for Sara, and that the unholy pact with Jacob was a necessary evil she had to do. She felt she would be vindicated if ultimately, she was successful in protecting her innocent daughter's virtue from this gangly teenager's wicked abomination.

After a minute or so of performing fellatio, Donna pulled her head back and reared up straight. Jacob watched in confusion and slight concern as she got up off of her knees. Somewhat

lightheaded, the former model felt her long shapely legs wobble just a bit whilst walking in her heels over to her desk.

Disappointed that Donna had stopped and worried that she might be having second thoughts, Jacob asked, "Mrs. Miller? Is something wrong?"

"No, no...nothing's wrong...I've just remembered something," Donna responded whilst using the back of her hand to wipe away a strand of goo which hung from her chin. Kicking off her high-heeled pumps, she continued, "It just so happens that this is a new outfit, and I don't want to get it stained." Untucking her top from her skirt, she added, "Thanks to you and that...thing of yours, I had to throw out my dress from Saturday night. I simply refuse to ruin any more of my clothes!"

Jacob was slightly shocked when Donna grabbed her blouse at the bottom hem and quickly pulled it up and over her head, exposing an emerald-green, corset-type bra. Her delectable, C-cup breasts wobbled slightly inside of the restrictive yet sexy-looking garment.

After draping her blouse over the back of her desk chair, Donna began to work the zipper on her pencil skirt. As the former model struggled with the aggravating little fastener, she glanced over at Jacob sitting on the couch and found him staring wide-eyed at her. "What's that look for?" she asked him. Sliding the zipper down the back of the form-fitting skirt, she chuckled slightly, then added, "You shouldn't be so shocked. As you may

remember, I used to be a model...back then, being seen in my bra and panties was just a part of the job."

Jacob watched entranced in awe as Donna bent forward, shimmying her hips whilst sliding the skirt down her long legs. He couldn't help but notice the shiny gold cross pendant dangling from around her neck, reflecting in the light as it swung gently back and forth. He then asked, "Did you ever model stuff like underwear?"

Stepping out of her skirt, Donna replied nonchalantly, "Oh yes...quite a bit." She then stood up straight and placed the garment on the chair atop of her discarded blouse. Donna then added, "As a matter of fact...much of my early work consisted of posing for various lingerie catalogs."

Donna now stood in her office alone with Jacob, wearing nothing but her green, satin corset-bra and a matching pair of bikini-cut panties. The preacher's wife couldn't help but think that she ought to be ashamed for exposing herself so boldly to the teenager, but instead, a naughty little shiver ran up her spine.

As Donna stepped over towards the couch, Jacob asked, "Mrs. Miller? What about the rest of...you know...your outfit?" If she wasn't going to allow him to have sex with her, Jacob was hoping that he could at least see the former model in all of her nude glory.

Donna replied with a hint of confusion, "The rest of my outfit?" It quickly dawned on her what Jacob had meant. She huffed and said, "Young man...I am NOT getting naked in front of you! As I said before...I'm happily married, and there are certain boundaries that I simply will not cross." She put a hand on her hip and continued, "I'll have you know, that ever since the day that I retired from modeling more than two decades ago, no man except my husband has yet to see me naked, and I intend to keep it that way."

Trying to sound genuine and salvage the situation, Jacob replied, "I'm sorry if I caused offense, Mrs. Miller. I just remembered you'd said earlier that you didn't wanna ruin any more of your clothes...that's all that I meant."

"That's all, huh?" Donna replied, somewhat sarcastically. "Well, Jake...as much as I appreciate your gentlemanly concern over the condition of my wardrobe, you can rest easy with the knowledge that this is an older set. Therefore, it wouldn't be such a big loss if it gets soiled or stained."

Donna then took another glance down at the unworldly thing that was attached to Jacob's loins. As she breathed in more of his potent vapors, her desire to continue blowing the young teenager returned to the forefront. "Now," she began in a softer tone. "Why don't we get back to the process of 'sealing our deal'?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Jacob replied enthusiastically. With his eyes continuing to drink in the lovely sight of the MILF known as

Sara's mom, he smiled and commented, "Mrs. Miller...I wanna thank you again for your agreeing to help me like this."

Donna lowered herself back to her knees, and with a stern voice, she said, "Now Jake...you must remember two things. First, I'm only doing this mainly to protect Sara and her virtue. Secondly...this agreement is only temporary. I mean, once Dr. Grant gives up the antidote and you're back to being normal...this arrangement of ours will stop immediately, and our 'deal' will come to an end. Are we clear on that?"

Jacob nodded his response.

As Donna watched Jacob continuing to stroke his impossibly-large dick, she replaced his hands with hers. She then sighed, and said with a sympathetic tone, "I only pray for your sake that there is a cure. Otherwise, I'm not sure that this thing would even fit inside of a woman...if you're not careful, you could end up killing someone!"

Jacob replied, "I'm hoping for a cure also, Mrs. Miller, but even if there isn't, I have a feeling that things will be okay."

"Really?" Donna reared back and replied in a surprised, incredulous tone. "You mean to tell me that you'd be willing to live the rest of your life with this deformity? This...abomination?"

Jacob responded, "If it's God's will, then...yes. After all, we're taught that everything happens for a reason...right?"

Donna continued sliding her hands up and down Jacob's lubricated shaft. Noticing more and more of his sticky discharge trickling down onto her fingers, she replied, "Well, yes, but Jake...I'm pretty sure that God never planned for this to happen to you!"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Who knows? God does work in mysterious ways." After a few seconds, he added, "Besides, I think that you're wrong, and it would fit inside of a woman just fine..."

"Oh, do you now?" Donna asked, as she stopped her hand motions. "And how, pray tell, could you be so certain of this?"

Jacob smiled to himself, knowing for a simple fact that it would fit, (and there were currently four women that he knew of who could testify and prove his claim). However, he also knew that sharing this knowledge with Mrs. Miller wouldn't be a very wise route to take at that moment. So instead, he answered confidently, "Just a hunch...as you know, the human body is a miraculous thing. God did design women to give birth, after all."

Donna scoffed, "Yes, I'm well aware of that, Jake! Unless you've forgotten, I've given birth to three children of my own."

Jacob smiled, "Exactly...that's why I'm certain it would fit."

With a chuckle, Donna replied, "I agree...He did design women to give birth...meaning to exit the body. I'm not sure, however, that He ever meant for something like this...thing, to enter into a woman's birth canal."

Jacob then muttered, "Well...there's only one way to find out..."

Donna looked up and caught Jacob's determined stare. "What did you say?" she replied in a whisper.

Jacob met her eyes and posited with a slight smile, "How about it, Mrs. Miller? Wanna give it a go?"

Donna's eyes went wide with shock, and she shook her head. "NO!!" She then stood up and added, "Absolutely not! Jake... I'm appalled that you'd be so bold as to even ask me such...such an outrageous question!"

Jacob felt encouraged by Donna's shaky response. This time, she'd mentioned nothing about her husband, or her marriage. He also noticed a dark spot forming on the front of her emerald-green panties. Gaining in confidence, he prodded, "C'mon, Mrs. Miller...Aren't you just at least a little bit curious?"

Donna stared at Jacob's towering serpent, swaying from side to side right in front of her. She found the idea of copulating with his monstrosity to be terrifying, yet strangely enticing. Her pulse quickened when she remembered the disturbing dream she'd had of Jacob, laying beneath her in her marital bed, whilst she

straddled the teenager and rode atop his ungodly appendage. The thought of being impaled upon the unsightly monster (for real this time, in the flesh) caused her dripping-wet vagina to quiver. Donna whispered, "I— I don't think that we should. I mean...that would just be...wrong."

Jacob could tell Donna was at least contemplating the idea. Her chest was heaving, and her eyes were transfixed upon his throbbing erection. The dark spot in her panties had expanded, whilst her eraser-shaped nipples threatened to poke through the smooth fabric of her bra. "Well, Mrs. Miller...why not give it a go? At least that way, we could know for sure and settle the debate. It'll be our little secret... sort of a subclause in our 'contract'."

Donna's mind was clouded with conflict, a combination of curiosity and indecision, as she nervously spun her wedding rings round and round her finger with her thumb. She chewed on her bottom lip as if to refocus her willpower and fight the temptation. She silently prayed for deliverance and renewed resolve. However, in the end, there would be no escape for the faithful wife...not today at least.

Donna's body tingled, almost burning with desire. The gusset of her panties was by now thoroughly soaked. The chemically-laced pheromones she'd been breathing in had all but taken total control of her. An irresistible arousal was overpowering all her previous thoughts of remorse and overwhelming any efforts by her to resist.

"Lord...please forgive me!" Donna whispered, as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her emerald-green panties and slowly pulled them over her shapely bottom. She instinctively wiggled her hips to assist the flimsy garment into sliding down past her sexy, long legs, before they finally pooled down around her dainty feet.

Donna didn't remove her bra...she stubbornly refused to bare her breasts for the impudently persuasive teenager. She convinced herself it was a way of trying to keep something sacred for her poor husband, as well as a feeble attempt to preserve some sort of her self-dignity.

Leaving her discarded panties on the floor, Donna stepped up to Jacob. He now had a mischievous grin spread across his handsome face as he once again started jacking himself off. In her past life, Donna had seen and sampled more than her fair share of cocks...some bigger than others. However, nothing from her past experience could even come close to the hideous weapon being wielded by the young teenager who was now sitting on her office couch.

Jacob could see Donna slightly hesitate as she appeared to be lost in thought. He wondered if she was perhaps losing her nerve and reconsidering, or maybe she was just waiting for further instructions. "Come on, Mrs. Miller...climb right on up!"

Expressing a sigh of resignation, Donna crawled onto the sofa and straddled the teenager, with both of her knees now on either side of his hips and sinking into the couch's soft cushions. The

former model then took a hold of the boy's intimidating phallus with her right hand, and whispered, "We're just going to find out if it fits inside me...that's all."

Jacob nodded his head in agreement. At that moment, he remembered that he had a condom. It was still in his bookbag in the kitchen. He debated whether it would be a good idea to offer up its use, but the teenager quickly decided not to. Jacob feared that it could break the spell if he did, and Mrs. Miller might change her mind.

As Donna slid Jacob's enormous cockhead in between the glistening lips of her vagina, a feeling of guilt and dread washed over her. For more than two decades now, no man other than David had ever touched her in any way sexually. Now, she was about to break her sacred marital vows and allow a cock that didn't belong to her loving husband inside of her married and hitherto, unsullied pussy.

With the mushroom-shaped tip of Jacob's cock poised menacingly at her sopping, wet entrance, Donna mumbled, "Why? Why am I even doing this?" The smiling teenager didn't respond. He, like the married woman hovering just inches above his erect penis, already knew the answer. Mrs. Miller was under the overpowering influence of Dr. Grant's wickedly-engineered hormones. She needed to see if Jacob's cock would fit inside her because...deep down, she just had to know.

Donna closed her eyes as she reluctantly lowered herself and muttered, "I'm so sorry, David...please...please forgive

meeEEEEEE!!!" Suddenly, her eyes shot wide open as the bulbous glans of Jacob's spear penetrated her tight opening in one swift thrust. With both of her hands, Mrs. Miller grabbed a hold of the back of the couch above Jacob's head and gasped, "Oww! Oww! Oww!"

Ever since she'd left the world of modeling more than two decades prior, Donna had only ever had sex with one man...her husband. Because David's penis was of average size, trying to accommodate Jacob's monster was causing Mrs. Miller to feel as if she was a virgin being deflowered all over again.

Trying to catch her breath, Donna sought to relax and control her vaginal muscles, in order to allow herself some time to adjust to Jacob's immense girth. Surprisingly, after only a few moments, the initial pain had slowly transformed itself into a strange, yet pleasant feeling. "Ohhhhhhhh... " Mrs. Miller moaned, as she dropped down a little further and her quivering cunt swallowed another inch or so of penetration.

Jacob looked up into Donna's beautiful face, wearing a mixed expression of pain and pleasure. He put his hands on her wide, curvy hips and said, "You're doing great, Mrs. Miller...only ten more inches to go."

Donna glanced down at Jacob, and with an exasperated look of horror, asked, "Ten??!" She then closed her eyes and whispered, "Oh dear Lord...help me!"

Over the next few minutes, Donna would repeat the process of sinking in another inch or two, then stopping and allowing her tight pussy to adjust to the size and length of Jacob's humungous manhood. Not since she'd given birth to Sara, the last of her three children, had the married mom experienced such an immense pressure and fullness within her clutching vagina.

After a while, Donna finally reached bottom, and had fully impaled herself on Jacob's immense man-pole. With her flawless buttcheeks now resting against the teenager's thighs, Mrs. Miller slowly gyrated her hips in a circular motion. She bit her bottom lip and moaned from the constant, new, pleasant sensations that were now radiating from deep within her core.

Jacob looked up at Donna and found her radiant face covered in a light sheen of sweat. Her eyes were closed, as if she were concentrating on something, and she had a slight smile on her lips. Speaking softly, he commented, "See Mrs. Miller? I told you that it would fit!"

Opening her eyes, Donna glanced down at Jacob. With disbelief, she replied, "You were right, my boy." As she continued rolling her hips on top of him, she gasped, "Oh my goodness...you were so right! It's just so...BIG!"

Coming back to her senses, Donna stopped her gentle, rhythmic motions. Showing somewhat of a hint of disappointment in her voice, she commented, "Well...with that debate settled...I think perhaps...umm...I should probably...get off now." The married

woman noticed Jacob's grin from her inadvertent double entendre. Donna shook her head, "I meant, get off...of your lap." She then added under her breath, "Oh, for goodness' sake...dirty-minded teenagers!"

Several seconds passed, and Donna still hadn't gotten up from off of Jacob's lap. Instead, she stayed in position, with his dick thoroughly nestled in her pussy, and absentmindedly resumed rolling her hips in a circular fashion. A small moan escaped her lips, and she closed her eyes again. Scrunching up her brow, she gasped, "Ohhhh!!" In her mind, Donna was yelling at herself to stop...there was now no longer any need for them to continue fornicating. However, it was beginning to feel too good...and it took little convincing of herself when she justified that a few more seconds wouldn't hurt.

Jacob could feel Donna's pussy clutching tightly on his shaft and noticed her hips were now gyrating a bit faster than they were before. He could also sense her womanly essence dripping profusely onto his bloated testicles as she continued stirring her overheated vagina. "Uh...Mrs. Miller?"

Keeping her eyes shut and slowly shaking her head, Donna replied, "SShhhhhhhhh!!!" She tried her best to imagine that it was her husband with whom she was currently engaging in intercourse, and not the gangly teenager who was actually beneath her. In a husky whisper, she added, "Don't...don't talk."

Jacob lowered his voice, "But I thought you said you were gonna get off now?"

This time Donna couldn't help but smile at the suggestive comment. "Oh, don't you worry...unghh...I am...ohhh!!" As her body adjusted more and more to Jacob's unnaturally-sized appendage, Mrs. Miller began aggressively grinding herself on top of his lap.

Donna could sense her impending orgasm building up like the dark clouds of an approaching storm. Her blood-engorged clit was continuously scraping against the skinny teenager's pelvic bone, and the delicious friction of their coupling was causing sparks of pleasure to dance all along her frayed nerve endings. Her voice started to crack as she continued, "I won't...ohh!! Be long...now. Just give me...ahhh!! A few...more...ohhhh goodness!! Sssseconds...unghhhhh!!"

A big grin spread across Jacob's face. "Take your time, Mrs. Miller." Staring at her bra-encased boobs that were wobbling just inches away from his face, he added cheekily, "I'm in no hurry!" It felt great to Jacob having Donna's hot, married, MILF pussy wrapped around his cock, and feeling her exquisite tightness. Plus, the horny teenager was getting a wicked thrill at watching the upstanding preacher's wife debasing herself, as she used him for her own personal sex toy.

Donna's moans quickly turned into a soft, steady chant, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her hips became a blur as they went into overdrive bearing down onto Jacob's lap, and causing him to sink deeper into the sofa's cushion. His now bouncing testicles slapped lewdly up against the sweaty cheeks of her ass as they whoomphed rhythmically onto his crotch.

Without warning, the lightning struck, causing Donna's eyes to fly wide open and her fingers to tighten their grip on the back of the couch. She cried out as the electrical shocks burst from inside her clit and quickly ran up the length of her spine. "Oh, my!! OOohhhh, yesssssss!!!" The intense pleasure caused Donna to suddenly tremble and flail wildly about on Jacob's lap.

"Uuunnngggghhhh..." Donna moaned, as the powerful orgasm ran its course through her body and (much too soon) began to wane. The married mother then rolled her hips in frustration, trying to prolong the ecstatic euphoria for as long as possible. Her brain was telling her that she ought to stop before she made things worse than they already were. However, her body simply refused to listen...it was hungering for more.

Donna suddenly went from grinding to gently bouncing on Jacob's lap. She quickly found a steady rhythm of raising halfway up the teenager's lubricated pole and then dropping herself back down, emitting a highly-pitched shriek each time she hit bottom. With each cycle, a tingling sensation would flow up from her belly, through her breasts, and settle into her diamond-hard nipples. Soon, the friction from Donna's sensitive nips scraping against the cups of her bra became too much for her. With some sadness, she realized she was about to fail her husband once again.

Donna stopped bouncing and reached with both hands behind her back. Whilst unfastening her bra, she resumed slowly gyrating her hips in an attempt to maintain stoking the flames burning between her legs.

Jacob watched in anticipation as Donna slid the loosened straps off of her delicate shoulders and lowered her corset-bra, revealing to him the last of her hidden treasures. Her breasts may not have been as big as the knockers possessed by the other women in Jacob's life. However, Mrs. Miller's perky, delectable C-cups sat surprisingly high and proud on her chest, accentuating her slender figure perfectly.

The teenager's eyes widened at the sight of the beautiful (and now completely naked) mother of three straddling his lap. He imagined that this must be what Sara might eventually look like nude, since she was basically a younger version of her mom.

"Wow!" Jacob commented with a sense of awe. "Mrs. Miller, I've just gotta say...you are so freakin' gorgeous! Without a doubt, you could easily still be a model today, if you wanted to."

Donna couldn't help but find Jacob's comments to be quite flattering. She knew that for a middle-aged mother, she was considered very pretty. However, to be complimented in this fashion by the same teenaged boy who was dating her beautiful (and very much younger) daughter doubtlessly boosted her confidence. Beaming with pride, she responded with a husky whisper, "Why, thank you, Jake."

As she dropped her bra beside them and onto the couch's cushion, Donna suddenly realized that Jacob wasn't wearing a condom. At first, she contemplated asking if he had one with him to use. However, she quickly decided to forgo the notion. Donna refused to dislodge herself from Jacob, and the intense pleasure

brought on by having her insides stirred up by the teenager's unbelievably thick phallus. Each time the tip of Jacob's dick tapped eagerly at her cervix, Donna felt both a yearning need as well as impending warning bells going off inside her.

Continuing to roll her hips, Donna commented in between her sighs and moans, "Now Jake...Oh! You cannot...Ahh! Finish inside...me!"

The way that Donna was grinding her steaming-hot pussy on his dick had Jacob drifting on a euphoric cloud. He lazily nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am! I understand...you don't wanna...risk pregnancy."

Donna had gently resumed bouncing on Jacob's monster, causing her to quickly approach a second orgasm. Shaking her head, she replied in a breathy whisper, "No...it isn't that. Ungh!! You just can't...Oh!! Promise me...Jake! Ah!!" Since Mrs. Miller had gotten tubal ligation surgery right after Sara had been born, the risk of pregnancy wasn't her fear. Her request was simply a feeble attempt by her of keeping some sense of loyalty to David, in not allowing another man's seed to fill her womb and desecrate her married pussy.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Miller," Jacob replied. He then grabbed Donna's rising and falling hips with his hands. "I promise...to warn you!" Digging his fingers into her soft and supple flesh, Jacob assisted in taming Donna's frantic bouncing motions by thrusting up into her.

"Yes...yes...warn me...Unghh!" Donna moaned, sensing another bolt of lightning about to strike. "We must...keep some...bou...BOUNDARIEESSSSS!!!!" Mrs. Miller once again began to thrash about on Jacob's lap as a second wave of the onrushing storm hit. The climaxing mother let go of the couch and instinctively grabbed both of her jiggling boobs. Squeezing her firm, luscious breasts with her dainty hands greatly enhanced the onset of her oncoming orgasm. "YES!! OHHHHH...YEEESSSSSS!!!!" Donna cried out, as she shamelessly rode out the crest of her tsunami in a paroxysm of sinful pleasure.

Donna quickly recovered...or rather, she had never really stopped nor lagged. Jacob was quite impressed by the middle-aged mother and her surprising stamina because even his younger women partners (Rachel and Ms. Turner) would normally need a break after having had two such powerful orgasms. Perhaps his sister Rachel was right...Mrs. Miller might've appeared outwardly to be a prim and proper preacher's wife, but deep down, she was a closet slut.

Donna glanced down and saw the appreciative look in Jacob's eyes as he drank in her beautiful, naked form on full display. The pastor's wife knew she ought to feel guilt and shame—however, the pheromones continued to fuel her arousal and was clouding her judgment. Instead of reluctance, Mrs. Miller was experiencing an overwhelming sense of vivacity and felt a strange desire to put on a show. It was as if the conservative churchwoman was reverting to a younger version of herself which she thought she'd left far behind: a thrill-seeking attention whore.

Completely giving in to lust, Donna picked up her pace, swallowing more and more of Jacob's enormous meat stick with her hungry cunt. She sat up straight, arched her back and threw back her shoulders, proudly displaying her perky and juicy tits for Jacob's titillated viewing pleasure. The previous Saturday night, the vault containing Mrs. Miller's secret past had been cracked open...Today, however, the doors were quite literally being blown off their hinges.

It wasn't long before Donna was riding Jacob with full and complete strokes— letting his massive cock almost leave her body, before plunging downward and taking his entire length to the root. The lewd sound of Mrs. Miller's sopping-wet vagina engulfing the teenager's throbbing manhood now accompanied her squeals of delight which were reverberating throughout the house.

Jacob found himself captivated by Donna's performance. The way she was riding him with absolute abandon made her appear more like an experienced porn star than the strait-laced preacher's wife that she purported to be. Her hair, which had once been in a stylish bun, had now come loose, and her platinum-blond locks were flouncing wildly about her gorgeous face. The gold cross pendant she wore around her neck was also continuously bouncing from the swell of one creamy breast to the other. The teenager grunted, "Wow, Mrs. Miller! This is...awesome!!"

"Oh...God!" Donna muttered, somewhat out of breath. Her sweat-covered body had begun to tire, but she found herself unable to halt. As if no longer in control of her actions, she

continued to rise and fall, and in a husky whisper, she asked, "You nasty boy... what...have you...done to me?" Due to the pheromones' overpowering effects, she felt like she couldn't stop fucking the teenager, even if her husband David had entered the room at that very moment.

With each long round trip up and down Jacob's cock, Donna could feel herself closing in on another electrifying orgasm. However, this time she sensed that something was different. Unlike her previous two climaxes, Donna now felt a sensation of extreme warmth beginning to build deep within her core. The intense heat quickly spread up into her chest, and her diamond-hard nipples soon burned as if being licked by searing-hot flames.

In search of relief, Donna leaned forward so that her bouncing boobs were mere inches away from Jacob's young and handsome face. She mewled in a slightly desperate tone, "Help! Help me...Jake! They're...burning!!!!"

Without needing to be told twice, Jacob gladly moved his hands from Donna's gyrating hips and grabbed a hold of her wobbling tits, with their firm and yielding flesh. He leaned his head forward, placed his mouth against Mrs. Miller's delectably enticing titty meat, and began greedily sucking on one of her pink, eraser-shaped nubs.

Switching from one boob to the other every few seconds, Jacob's efforts finally had the needed effect as the teenager's swirling tongue brought on the cooling relief to her overheated nipples

that Donna craved. Soon, Mrs. Miller's moans of discomfort became chants of pleasure. "Ohh!! Ohh!! Ohh!!"

Violently slamming her hips down onto Jacob's lap, the electrical current flowing between Mrs. Miller's saliva-covered tits and sopping wet pussy became greatly intensified. The closer she neared her climax, the higher the voltage became, until Donna began praying for a merciful relief from her sweet torture. "Oh, God! Please...God!!"

Donna placed her right hand on the back of Jacob's head and pulled his face tighter into her burning bosom. With her eyes shut tight and through gritted teeth, she coaxed her teenaged partner on, "Harder...Harder!!"

Jacob squeezed Donna's pillowy breasts tightly together and began suckling on her rigid nipples as if there was no tomorrow. To Donna, the increased stimulation of Jacob lapping on her breasts was exhilarating. However, the desperate wife continued to beg. "I said...harder...Jake...HAAARRRDDDEEEERRRR!!!!"

At that moment, Jacob sank his teeth into the rubbery flesh of one of Mrs. Miller's painfully-erect nipples, sending a spark straight to her powder keg. At the same time, he thrust his hips upwards, plowing the tip of his cock directly onto the ravished entrance of Donna's womb. The explosion was immediate and breathtaking, causing Donna's eyes and mouth to fly open as she was engulfed in flames.

Donna stopped bouncing and froze as the mind-blowing orgasm took total control of her. She quivered uncontrollably as the all-encompassing inferno swept throughout her body, from the top of her head to the tips of her cute little manicured toes. The middle-aged wife attempted to scream, but the sound she made was more like the whimpering of someone being tortured.

As the euphoric firestorm inside Donna continued to rage, she began to fear that the crippling ecstasy would never end. Mrs. Miller again arched her back, pulling her breast from Jacob's mouth. With her saliva-slickened tits pointed towards the ceiling, she called out to the heavens, "Dear Goooodddd!! Help me!! It...it's not...stopppinnnnnngggg!! AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Jacob watched in total awe as he witnessed the pastor's wife suffer through her body-wracking orgasm. Donna continued to shudder violently, and her voice shrieked a long, high note that resembled what she sounded like when she sang in the church choir on Sunday mornings. "Holy smokes!" the teenager whispered, as he felt the chokehold that Mrs. Miller's vagina had on his cock, as if trying to coax out the batch of baby batter that he had brewing in his balls. At the same time, more and more of Donna's warm pussy juice was trickling onto his nut sack. Now, the young teen was regretting that he had promised earlier to pull out. Jacob would've loved nothing more at that moment than to pump Sara's hot, MILF mom full of his churning, thick load so that their sexual fluids could mix deep inside of Donna's tight, married pussy.

Moments later, Donna lay atop Jacob, with her head resting on the back of the sofa as she enjoyed the occasional aftershocks

still permeating throughout her body. With each breath, she whispered, "Oh God!" as she slowly drifted back down to earth and tried to regain her focus.

Donna then noticed the twitching sensation of Jacob's throbbing cock stirring deep within her vagina. Pushing herself up, she looked down at him and commented, "Oh my goodness! You poor thing...you still haven't finished yet."

Jacob shook his head and replied determinedly, "No, ma'am. I'm getting really close, though."

Donna lifted up off Jacob's lap and slid to the floor, then got onto her knees. Tightly gripping his pulsating rod with her nimble fingers, Mrs. Miller added, "Don't you worry...I'll take you the rest of the way." She then began fervently working the teenager's cock with her hot mouth and skillful hands.

As Jacob neared the finish line, he looked past Donna's bobbing head and to the wall just behind her. He again noticed the framed replica hanging there, of the magazine cover which featured a much younger Mrs. Miller during her modeling days. An incredible thrill then ran through him, as Jacob realized that he'd just had sex with a real-life fashion model, and hopefully, it wouldn't be the last time! The only drawbacks he could think of though, was that he hadn't been able (this time) to cum in her...and that he could never brag about it to any of his friends.

Thanks to Donna and her magnificent cock-pleasing talents, the load inside Jacob's aching testicles quickly went from simmering to boiling. He grabbed a hold of the soft cushions and sank back into the couch. "Ohhh...Mrs. Miller! Ahhh!! It's...cumming!!!!"

Donna moaned in approval as the first rope of Jacob's creamy load blasted down her throat. Being better prepared this time, Mrs. Miller swallowed almost all the hot, thick liquid that squirted into her hungry mouth and settled inside her belly. The little that did escape oozed down her chin and dripped onto the slopes of her soft and perky breasts.

Catching his breath, Jacob watched as Donna used her tongue to clean his manhood of any remnants of sticky residue. Noticing her enthusiasm (and due to the fact that his cock was still erect), he decided to be bold and ask, "So Mrs. Miller...how about another go?"

Donna pulled her head back and stared at the behemoth she was holding in her hands. A slight flutter took place in her vagina as she contemplated Jacob's cheeky offer. After a couple of seconds, and with a mischievous glint in her eye, Mrs. Miller licked the corner of her mouth to collect the last drops of Jacob's semen from her lips. Before she could reply, though, her cell phone inopportunately began to ring.

Noticing the ringtone was that of her husband's, Donna thought it best not to ignore the call. Mrs. Miller stood up and quickly made her way over to her desk. This gave Jacob his first

opportunity to view the naked wife's sleek and shapely backside. He was more than pleased.

As Donna picked her phone up from off the desk, she quickly noticed several missed text messages. After swiping the screen with her index finger, she put the phone up to her ear. "H--Hi, sweetheart!!"

Donna's voice cracked with a risky lilt as Jacob snuck up behind her, and without warning, brusquely rubbed the tip of his cock suggestively against the cleft of her sweaty ass. The clammy mound of her pussy was leaking its sweet nectar once again, coating Jacob's shaft as he aimed lower in between her thighs. Donna bent forward slightly (almost imperceptibly), her body seemingly having a mind of its own— reacting with anticipation in getting pounded from behind by Jacob as she spoke on the phone with her clueless husband...

After a few seconds, though, Donna's sanity returned, and she reared up. Pulling away, she turned around to face Jacob, an admonishing look in her eyes. "Uh...yes...Jake's still here." She then happened to lower her gaze and noticed the streaks of his semen still marking her naked breasts. "He uhh...just finished up." The innuendo of what she'd just said immediately made her feel guilty. She then asked, "Where's Sara? Isn't she with you? I mean, is it okay to talk about...you-know-what?"

David explained that Sara was in the convenience store buying a Coke, whilst he was filling up the car with gas. Therefore, it

was safe to discuss the surprise gift that they had gotten for their daughter.

As she listened to the sobering sound of her husband's voice, Donna suddenly felt very exposed and had a sobering sense of humility. Even though David couldn't possibly see her, she still picked up her blouse from the desktop and held it up to her chest in a meek attempt to hide her nakedness and immodest shame.

Donna's eyes abruptly went wide. "Really? You...you're almost home?" She then pointed at Jacob and motioned for him to get dressed. "Oh...I'm sorry I missed your text messages earlier, Honey. Like I said...I've been busy...you know...helping Jake." Another wave of guilt washed over her, as she glanced over to find Jacob stuffing the obscene object which had needed her 'help' back into his pants.

Trying her best to put her blouse back on as she spoke on the phone, Donna asked, "I thought you and Sara were spending the night there and then coming back home tomorrow?"

As she listened to her husband, Donna stepped into her skirt and began working it up and onto her slender hips. With the phone supported between her cheek and shoulder, she continued, "Well, I'm afraid I didn't plan anything for dinner. Maybe you could stop on the way in and pick up a pizza? I'm sure Sara would be more than happy with that." The cheating wife also reckoned this would allow her more time to get things back to normal before their arrival.

After collecting her discarded panties from the floor, Donna ended the call. "Okay, Honey. Please be careful, and I'll see you two when you get home." After a short pause, she replied to David, "I love you too...bye."

Donna walked over to the couch and said to Jacob, "You'll need to get going." After picking up her bra from the back of the sofa, she added, "They'll be back home in just a little bit, and I need to go take a shower." She then noticed the large stain of their combined bodily fluids on the couch cushion and added, "Plus, I need to get this place cleaned up."

As he fastened his shorts back on, Jacob inquired, "I thought they were gonna be spending the night in Augusta...did something happen?"

Donna shook her head. "No, nothing's happened. The event ended early, that's all, so they decided to drive back home tonight."

Jacob smiled, "Cool...that means Sara's gonna be at school tomorrow and I'll get to see her before we leave for Atlanta."

The mention of Sara's name caused another wave of guilt and shame to wash over Donna. She'd not only betrayed her loving husband, but also her precious child. She had just committed adultery with the boy who just so happened to be dating her sweet and innocent daughter. Her only way to justify the whole

situation was telling herself that this had been a sacrifice she'd done in order to protect Sara and preserve her virtue.

As Donna hurried Jacob back down the hall and into the kitchen, she reminded him, "Now remember Jake...no one...and I mean no one can EVER find out about this!"

Collecting his book bag from the floor, Jacob replied, "Don't worry, Mrs. Miller." Slinging the satchel over his shoulder, he added, "I promise to take our secret with me to the grave."

Donna responded with a firm, yet pleading tone, "Please ensure that you do!" She then opened the door for Jacob to leave. Trying to act as if everything was normal (and, in case any nosy neighbors were looking), Donna added in a formal tone, "Once again, Jacob...thank you so much for your help today in setting up the new computer."

Before walking out the door into the garage, Jacob replied, "You're welcome, Mrs. Miller! I guess I oughtta be thanking you as well." Before taking a step, he asked, "So...I take it this means you'll be helping me again?"

Donna sighed, then said, "Yes, Jake...I'll help you again." She then put up her finger and firmly stated, "That is...so long as you hold up your end of the bargain."

Jacob smiled, "Yes, ma'am...you can count on me and uh...I'm already looking forward to it."

Donna could feel an involuntary twitch in her yearning pussy, and without even thinking, she replied inadvertently under her breath, "Yeah... me too..." Her face immediately turned beet-red, when she realized what she'd just said. In a stern tone, she added, "Now go...they'll be getting home soon."

After watching Jacob get on his bicycle and pedal away, Donna closed and locked the door. She then began the process of (as quickly as possible) ridding herself and the house of all the evidence of her sinful fornication before her unwitting family arrived home.

"Ohhhhhhhh!!!!" A drawn-out moan escaped Karen's mouth, as she lay flat on her belly. She instinctively raised her naked hips off of the guest bedroom mattress, as Melissa Turner continued with her deep-tissue massage. Lifting her head, the nude mother asked in a heavy whisper, "Is it really necessary to...ungghhh!! In that particular region? Ohhh!!!"

Melissa giggled, "I'm afraid so..." Sliding her nimble fingers all around Karen's dripping-wet vagina, the young lawyer added with a soft tone, "To do this properly, I have to focus on your most stressful parts. And believe me, Karen, this is a primary source of all your stress."

Karen replied softly, "But I thought this was going to be...ohhhh...just a regular massage. She then glanced over her shoulder at her friend and gasped, "Melissa! W—Why are you...naked?"

Melissa didn't respond. Instead, she smiled when Karen's meaty hips began to gyrate in rhythm along with her busy fingers. "Trust me...you'll feel much better after all of your tension is released. Now...I need you to breathe deeply and relax."

Karen nodded and laid her head back down on the mattress. She gasped audibly and grabbed a hold of the bedsheets when Melissa added more pressure to the sensitive area between her legs. "Oh, my goodness!!!" she exclaimed, as the tension continued to grow.

Melissa whispered, "Keep breathing, Karen...that's the key to a good release." The young lawyer now concentrated on the areas around the married mom's buzzing clit.

A steady stream of "Oh! Oh! Oh!" poured from Karen's mouth as the building pressure became of paramount urgency.

Melissa's fingers were soon soaked in Karen's sweet nectar, as she began lightly strumming her client's blood-engorged clitoris. The young lawyer said with encouragement, "Don't hold back, Karen...let all that tension flow out of you."

The additional stimulation caused Karen to grip the bedsheets even tighter. "Yes...yes...yes!" she chanted, as she waited for the explosion to take place, and bring with it her sweet relief.

In a husky whisper, Melissa added, "Good girl...it's almost over. Now, just let it happen...you're gonna feel so much better!" Using the pads of her fingers, Melissa pressed them directly against Karen's sensitive clit and then began rubbing firmly in a circular motion.

"YESSSSSSS!!!" Karen yelped, as she sat up, only to find herself in bed in her darkened bedroom. She quickly realized that she'd been dreaming and looked over to see that Robert wasn't in bed beside her. A light escaping from underneath the closed master bathroom door was evidence that he was already in the shower, (and hopefully hadn't been able to hear his wife calling out).

Karen mumbled in frustration, "Oh, for Pete's sake!!" She then lay her head back on her soft pillow and added, "Just another crazy dream..."

After a few moments of lying in bed listening to the early morning rain, Karen realized that her vivid dream had left her quite aroused. Glancing over to the closed bathroom door, she could make out the faint sound of the shower still running. Reckoning it was safe enough, the horny, frustrated wife then snaked her right hand down between her long, silky legs.

Karen found the gusset of her panties to be quite moist. She gasped in surprise when her slender fingers scraped across her tingling clit that was hidden beneath the cotton fabric. For some reason, her little nub seemed to be even more sensitive than usual.

Knowing that Robert usually took a while to get ready for work, Karen figured that she would have ample time to give herself some much-needed relief. However, masturbating herself wasn't what the gorgeous housewife yearned for at that particular moment.

Throwing back the comforter, Karen got out of bed. She then opened the door to the master bathroom and walked in, to find that her husband was still in the shower.

Robert turned around, pleasantly surprised to find Karen standing at the shower door. "Well, good morning, gorgeous..." he greeted his lovely wife, with a hint of desire. He couldn't help but notice how sexy she looked, clad in just her form-fitting T-shirt and bikini-cut panties.

"Good morning yourself, handsome," Karen replied with a smile to his greeting. "And, since it's still early, I thought that maybe I could come in and join you..."

After shutting off the water, Robert stepped over to Karen. He could see her hardened nipples pushing out against her tight-fitting top. With obvious reluctance, he answered, "Dang,

honey...any other time, I'd most gladly take you up on it." He then grabbed a towel from the nearby rack and continued, "Unfortunately, today's not a good morning for me."

Undeterred, Karen replied with a sneaky, mischievous grin, "Not even for a little quickie?"

Drying himself off with the towel, Robert chuckled, "As tempting as that sounds, I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline. I'm due over at the office in less than an hour."

"You have to go in early again? What for this time?" Karen asked, now with an audible hint of frustration.

Wrapping the towel around his waist, Robert replied, "Top management's going to restructure the region I oversee, and I've got a budget meeting scheduled with all of my sales managers this morning. We need to discuss how the changes will affect them, and our plans for the next quarter." He then took another glance at his voluptuous wife, "Believe me...if I could blow the whole thing off, I would."

Karen sighed, "I know...it's just that..." She put her hand on Robert's smooth chest and added, "It's been a while since we...you know." She arched one of her eyebrows, and bit her bottom lip for emphasis on her unsubtle hint.

Robert nodded and lovingly stroked Karen's cheek, "I'm well aware, and I am sorry...it's all my fault. I've just been so busy

with work lately, and now you're the one who's suffering for it." He leaned in closer and said, "I promise though, that I'll make it up to you this weekend."

"This weekend?" Karen replied, with some confusion. "You do remember that we're going to Atlanta?"

Stepping over to the sink, Robert responded, "Well of course, I remember." As he prepared to shave, he continued, "I thought it might be a little fun to take advantage of some alone time in the hotel suite...it'll be just like a mini-honeymoon!"

Karen leaned against the counter and retorted, "Have you forgotten that Jake will be going with us?"

Looking at Karen's reflection in the mirror, Robert replied, "No, certainly I haven't forgotten. Remember though, Jake's going to have a suite all to himself."

Karen scoffed, "Yeah...with a connecting door. I don't want our teenaged son to...you know...hear what we're doing!"

Rinsing off his razor, Robert answered back, "I don't think you'll have to worry about that. Jake will most likely be too wrapped up in his video games to even think about us. Plus, he has those noise-canceling headphones that you bought for him. Whenever he wears those things, I swear, a bomb could go off and he wouldn't even notice!"

Karen giggled, then said, "Don't swear...but you're probably right." She took a deep breath and added, "Alright, but I'm going to hold you to it, Mister! Besides, I just might have a little surprise in store for you..."

Grinning, Robert looked over to Karen and responded, "Well, what a coincidence...I just so happen to have a surprise for you, too."

Karen smiled, "Oh really, now? That's intriguing...I wonder what it could possibly be? How about giving me a little hint?"

"Nu-uh!" Robert quickly shot her down.

Karen pressed harder, "Oh, come on...not even just a little one? You know how much I hate waiting."

Wrapping up with his shave, Robert shook his head and responded with a chuckle, "Nope...you'll just have to wait and find out this weekend."

Scrunching her face, Karen pouted, "Okay...go ahead and keep your secrets. In the meantime, what would my darling hubby like for his breakfast?"

Towelng off his face, Robert replied, "I probably won't have time to eat anything, but coffee would be great."

"Well, I guess I'll go downstairs and get some started." Karen kissed Robert's cheek and then went back into their bedroom.

After putting on her robe, Karen made her way downstairs to the kitchen. Upon arriving, she was surprised to find that Jacob was already there, dressed for school and seated at the table, eating his cereal.

Seeing his Mother standing in the doorway, Jacob greeted her, "Mornin', Mom!"

Somewhat perplexed, Karen replied, "Good morning, Sweetie! Wow...you're up earlier than usual for a school day! I figured you'd still be sound asleep in bed, and I'd have to come upstairs like always and wake you."

Jacob shook his head and smiled, "Well, you don't have to worry about doing any of that today."

"I can see that," Karen giggled, amused. As she began preparations to make some coffee, she asked, "So what's got you motivated to be up so early today? Excited about the trip to Atlanta?"

Before taking in another spoonful of cornflakes, Jacob shrugged and replied, "Yeah, sort of...I guess."

Karen scrunched her face, "'Sort of...you guess'?" She turned around and leaned back against the countertop. "Well, it must be quite a bit of something. I mean, on most school days, I'd have to practically drag you out of bed...especially on a rainy morning such as this."

Jacob nodded, unable to hide a grin, "It's Sara...she's gonna be at school today!"

Karen's eyes widened, "Ohhhh...I see." She then cocked her head to the side and asked, "Wait...I thought she and Pastor Miller were still in Augusta?"

Jacob continued, "Actually, they came home early yesterday evening. Sara texted me last night and asked if I wanted to meet up at the lab before class started, so we could work on our chemistry project together." He then took another bite and mumbled, "I plan to leave, right after I finish eating."

"Jake, don't speak with your mouth full," Karen stated as she turned to look outside the window...the rain was now coming down even harder. She added, "And I hope you don't plan on walking to school in this weather...it's raining cats and dogs out there!"

Jacob turned in his chair towards the window and sighed, "It wasn't so bad earlier." He then turned to his mom and said, "I was just gonna ride my bike again, but now I guess I'll have to ask Dad for a lift."

Karen shook her head, "No, Sweetie, your dad won't be able to take you today. He needs to go straight into the office this morning, and plus your school's headed in the opposite direction." After starting the coffee maker, she offered, "Let me get dressed, and then I'll go and take you."

Making sure to swallow this time before answering, Jacob replied, "Thanks, Mom...that'd be great!"

Before walking out of the kitchen, Karen stepped over to Jacob and leaned over, asking softly, "Are you okay this morning with...you know?" She then tilted her head slightly, motioning down towards his crotch.

Jacob nodded, "Yeah, Mom...I think I'm good." He couldn't believe what had just come out of his mouth. He was actually going to turn down his gorgeous mother's offer to 'help' him again that morning. However, Jacob didn't want to risk being late getting to school, because he wanted to spend some extra time with Sara.

Still aroused from the vivid dream which she'd had earlier, Karen pushed a little harder, "Are you sure? We don't need something bad happening at school...if you know what I mean." She was

doing her best to make it sound as if this was more for Jacob's benefit...and not hers.

After the mind-blowing sex that he'd had with Mrs. Miller the day prior, Jacob had spent a good part of the previous night in his room, jerking off several loads to porn models who resembled the good preacher's wife. He felt confident that things would be fine this morning and replied, "I'm sure, Mom. Like I told you the other night...I have everything under control."

Standing up straight, Karen put a hand on her hip and sighed, "Okay...so long as you're sure." She then turned and began walking out of the kitchen, calling back as she left the room, "Just give me a few minutes to get dressed, and then we can leave."

Jacob gazed admiringly as Karen departed, his eyes glued to her swaying backside and the enticing panty lines that were outlined against the silky material of her robe. He chided himself somewhat for turning down the chance of having another morning 'go' with his mom. Adjusting the stiffening rod in his shorts, Jacob promised himself not to jerk off again that day to try and save the fresh batches he had churning in his balls for the coming weekend...

As Karen ascended the stairs, she mused to herself, "I must be losing my sex appeal. Two men have just turned me down in a matter of minutes." She decided then and there to pull out all the stops that weekend and remind her husband Robert just exactly what it was that he'd been missing lately...

Pulling into the parking spot at Jacob's school, Karen mentioned to her son, "Aunt Brenda called me last night. Your blood and semen test results are back, and she'll be bringing them over to the house later today."

Jacob cocked his head to the side. "To the house? Why not just give the results to you over the phone?" His eyes then widened, and he asked with some concern, "Does this mean that they found something bad?"

Karen giggled, then reached over and smoothed out Jacob's unruly hair. Shaking her head, she replied, "No, sweetie...nothing bad! Your Aunt's just coming over so she and I can hang out...sort of like a sister spa day."

"Spa day?" Jacob asked with slight confusion.

"Yeah... a spa day," Karen replied. "You know... gossip a little... drink some coffee... maybe do our nails..."

Jacob scrunched his face. "Oh...so you mean like, 'girl stuff'?"

Karen nodded her head and replied mockingly, "Yeah...'girl stuff'."

Noticing Mrs. Miller's SUV parking across the way, Jacob said, "Well, y'all have fun with that...guess I'll see you at home after school."

As Jacob grabbed the door handle to depart, Karen responded, "Hold on there, Mister...aren't you forgetting something?" She tapped her cheek with her finger.

Jacob sighed. "Mom...do we have to do this?"

Karen replied, "These rides aren't free, you know...you still have to pay the piper." She added, "Besides, you were all fired up to kiss me the other night in your room...you didn't seem too embarrassed of your old mother then."

Jacob scoffed, "Mom...that was different... we were in private." He pointed out the window, "Plus, there are people walking around, and Sara's right over there!"

"Don't worry...she's still in the car...she won't see anything." Karen then turned her head and again offered her cheek.

Jacob knew there would be no escaping from Karen Mitchell. The reluctant teenager took a quick glance outside to ensure that no one else was around to see. He then leaned in and kissed his mother's soft cheek. As he opened the door to get out, he quickly blurted, "Thanks for the lift!"

With a smile, Karen teased, "You're welcome, snuggle bear...love you!"

"Mooooommmmm!!!" Jacob whined, through clenched teeth. He then looked over his shoulder to ensure that no one had heard his mother's use of the embarrassing nickname. Feeling that it was safe, he replied in a low voice, "Love you, too." He then quickly closed the door and left to go meet up with Sara.

Karen noticed that Sara was standing underneath the awning, waiting for Jacob. As she watched her 'snuggle bear' walk across the parking lot toward the pretty, blonde teenager, the loving mother felt a strange sense of loss.

Karen was genuinely happy that things were going so well between Jacob and Sara. After all, she'd always known that the day would eventually come when she'd no longer be the most important woman in her little man's life...it was the natural order of things. She knew it was wrong to feel anything else other than happiness for them. However, as the two teenagers disappeared into the school building, Karen's heart began to ache just a little from the tightening grasp of what she knew to be jealousy.

Around lunchtime, Karen was sitting at the patio table by the pool, reading her Bible and drinking some iced tea. Since the skies had eventually cleared up, she'd taken advantage of the break in the weather to do a little work in her flower garden.

Now, she was taking a well-deserved break to catch up on reading the Word. One particular passage from the Second Book of Samuel that she'd been reading stuck out to her: "So they pitched a tent for Absalom on the roof, and he slept with his father's concubines in the sight of all Israel..."

Suddenly, Karen heard the honk of a car horn. Perking up her ears, she then recognized the familiar engine purr of Brenda's BMW pulling up into her driveway. After marking her page in the Good Book, she got up from the pool recliner and walked over to the front yard to greet her sister.

After getting out of her car, Brenda opened her trunk and began pulling out bags from the cargo area. "Hey, Sis...mind giving me a hand?"

"What's all this?" Karen asked, with a giggle.

"Oh, just some stuff," Brenda replied with a slight grunt, as she leaned over to collect a bag from the front part of the trunk.

"Stuff?" Karen asked.

Brenda stood up straight and responded, "Yeah...you know...supplies for our 'girls only' afternoon." She then motioned toward the two bags closest to Karen. "Grab those, won't you? I think you're gonna like what's inside!"

After picking up the bags, Karen reached inside one and pulled out a bottle of wine. After checking out the label, she smiled and said, "Pinot grigio...my favorite!" She then glanced at her sister and added, "Brenda...this brand's kind of pricey...you shouldn't have spent so much."

Brenda closed the trunk and shrugged, "Ehhh...nothing's too expensive for my big sister." She then asked, "So what do you say we put that thing on ice, while we go over Jacob's test results?"

Karen nodded and replied, "Okay...sounds good to me," as she led Brenda into the house.

Moments later, the two sisters sat on the living room sofa drinking coffee. Karen handed over the lab documents back to Brenda and asked, "So, according to these blood test results, Jacob is fine, physically?"

Brenda took a sip of coffee and nodded as she placed the cup on the table. "Yes...he's perfectly healthy...nothing to worry about there."

Karen smiled with relief, "Well, praise the Lord for that!" She then asked, "What about the other thing? The abnormal growth of his...penis?"

Brenda crossed her long, stocking-clad legs and sat back on the couch. "Now, that's a whole other story."

"What do you mean?" Karen asked, with a frown.

Brenda sighed, then said, "Simply put...my colleague said that he's never seen anything even close to Jacob's condition, in all his years of practicing medicine. He's completely baffled by the complex chemical makeup of Jacob's semen sample."

Karen said concernedly, "Well, that doesn't sound very good."

Brenda uncrossed her legs and leaned forward. "As I've said...technically, Jacob is fine. His reproductive system is just a bit...different. I suppose you could say, it's been...supercharged."

Karen replied, "'Supercharged'?"

Brenda nodded and explained, "Look at it this way...a high sperm count for most healthy men is around 200 million sperm per milliliter."

"Okay?" Karen replied, with a bit of confusion.

Brenda continued, "Jacob's sperm count ratio, on the other hand, measures five times that amount."

With a look of horror, Karen leaned back slightly and replied, "Five times? Good heavens!"

Brenda added, "Plus, there are the overpowering pheromones that Jacob's body produces whenever he becomes aroused." With a slight giggle, she said, "We already know how those bad boys can cause women to act...shall we say...out of character."

Karen couldn't help but blush at Brenda's unsubtle comment and nodded in agreement. "Yeah...I know what you mean."

"So, when you consider everything that's happened and the absurd amount of semen that he ejaculates...well, let's face it...Jacob's now basically a human stud service."

Karen cut her eyes and replied harshly, "Stud service? Brenda...you make it sound like he's some sort of freak. We're talking about my son!"

Sensing that Karen was getting upset, Brenda scooped closer to her sister and said, "Karen, I want to help Jake as much as you do. After all, he is my nephew, and I think of him as if he were my own son. I didn't mean to offend you...please forgive me."

Karen sighed, then softened her tone, "I'm sorry, Brenda...I shouldn't take it all out on you. I know you're only trying to help. I'm just very frustrated that the district attorney's office and Dr.

Grant have yet to work out a plea deal, so that maybe Jacob can be healed of this mess."

Picking up her cup of coffee, Brenda inquired, "So, no news of any kind at all from the district attorney's office? What about that assistant DA you'd told me about?"

"You mean Ms. Turner?" Karen shook her head, "No...yesterday she did drop by, but not long after she arrived, she'd received a call from her office and had to leave abruptly to go to a meeting."

Brenda arched her brow. "What kind of a meeting?"

Karen shrugged, "She didn't say...but with the way she'd left in such a hurry, I assumed it had something to do with Dr. Grant."

Brenda pondered Karen's information for a moment and then said, "Well, let's hope some good news will come of it."

After a deep breath, Karen asked, "Until then...is there anything we can do, in the meantime?"

Brenda replied, "Well, I'm glad you asked." She then set her cup back down and continued, "For starters...my colleague has requested another round of samples from Jacob."

Karen cocked her head to the side. "More samples? Why?"

Brenda responded, "For a couple of reasons. First, he'd like to get his friend's opinion, someone who just happens to be a biochemist."

Karen reared back. "A biochemist? Do you really need to bring more people into this? I thought we'd agreed to keep it discreet."

Trying to sound reassuring, Brenda replied, "We are...remember...this is all being done anonymously. No one will ever find out your or Jake's identities. Trust me, Karen, this doctor is top-notch in her field of genetic chemistry."

"And she can help, how?" Karen asked with a hint of skepticism.

Brenda replied, "Hopefully, she'll be able to break down and identify the unknown components found in Jacob's semen. Then, theoretically, they'd be able to reverse-engineer the abnormal effects that've occurred to his body."

Karen smiled just a bit. "You mean, find a cure?"

Brenda returned the smile. "That's the plan...yes. Consider this a 'plan B' just in case the DA's office can't hash out a deal with Dr. Grant."

Karen then asked, "You'd said there were a couple of reasons for more samples?"

Brenda nodded, "Yes...from the first round of samples, my colleague had established a baseline for Jacob's condition. He'd like to obtain additional samples every two weeks or so, as we advance. This way, he says, he ought to be able to track any changes that may still occur to his body."

Karen nodded her head, saying, "Well, that makes sense, I suppose. Would I need to bring Jake back to your office, then...to provide the new samples?"

Shaking her head, Brenda replied, "Nope...I've already brought everything I needed with me today. I reckoned that if you and Jake would agree to it, I could go ahead and extract the needed samples, while I'm here."

"You're going to be doing the extracting?" Karen asked. "Of his semen, I mean?"

Brenda nodded, "Sure, I can do it." After a pause, she added, "Although...I can't let it get crazy like last time. Now that I know what to expect, I should be able to control myself, and not cheat on Mark again."

"Good luck with that..." Karen muttered under her breath. Looking up at the clock, she said, "Well, Jake will be home from school in a couple of hours...you can ask him then."

"Perfect!" Brenda replied with a smile. "That should give us plenty of time before he gets here."

"Plenty of time'? For what?" Karen asked, a bit perplexed.

Brenda stood up from the sofa and picked up the bags that she'd brought in from the car. "How about you go get that wine from the chiller, and we head on upstairs? As I seem to recall, I've got another patient whom I need to tend to today." Seeing the look of confusion on Karen's face, the beautiful gynecologist added, "And for whom I need to perform an operation of a...more delicate nature." She then gave her sister a naughty little grin as she headed out of the room.

"Oh yeah...that operation," Karen realized, sheepishly. "I'm definitely going to need some alcohol."

A while later, in the master bathroom, Karen took a sip of wine from a long-stemmed glass. She then placed the fluted vessel beside a flickering candle on the tub's tiled platform, which butted up against the mirrored wall. The lovely mother then sank back down until the warm, sudsy water calmingly covered nearly her entire torso up to the neck. As she rested her head against the cushioned support, she closed her eyes and said softly, "I must say, Brenda...you did a great job in picking out that wine."

Brenda sat directly across from Karen. She, like her sister, had her hair clipped up in a bun on top of her head. However, seated

a bit more upright, the bath bubbles rested just above the gynecologist's cosmetically-enhanced breasts. With a chuckle, Brenda replied, "I could tell that you liked it...you pretty much drank that whole bottle by yourself!"

Feeling quite tipsy, Karen giggled and replied, "It's not my fault...that stuff's really good!" Normally, she'd never have dared to drink so early in the day. However, the Christian housewife had felt that she needed some 'liquid courage' that afternoon. After all, it wasn't every day that she shared a bath with another woman, especially after getting her most intimate areas waxed...(even if it had been her younger sister who'd done the deed).

At first, Karen had been a little apprehensive about allowing Brenda to conduct the 'operation'. However, the delicious wine she'd drank had quickly settled her nerves. The normally strait-laced mom now felt utterly relaxed, with the calming atmosphere soothing her fears and the alcohol now coursing through her veins.

After taking her own sip of wine, Brenda placed her hand on Karen's knee beneath the water and asked, "So, tell me, Sis...how does it feel...down there?" She then arched her brow, as she waited for her sister's answer.

Karen sat up a bit and then rubbed her thighs together. She scrunched her face and replied, "It feels, well, kind of weird...but in a strange way, also..."

"Good?" Brenda interjected, as she eagerly attempted to finish her sister's sentence.

Karen chuckled. "I was going to say, kind of...naughty."

Brenda's eyes went wide. "'Naughty'? Oh my...my uptight sister seems to be loosening up in her old age!"

"'Old age'? " Karen replied with a laugh. She then splashed some water at Brenda and added, "You're not that much younger than me, you know!"

Brenda giggled and then responded by splashing water back at Karen. "That may be true...but you'll always be the older sister, no matter what!"

Karen scrunched her face and stuck her tongue out at Brenda mockingly.

"I saw that!" Brenda said with a gasp. "I'm gonna go tell Daddy on you!" She then resumed mischievously splashing water at Karen.

For the next few moments, the two sisters joyfully re-lived a bit of their youth. They laughed and shrieked as they playfully splashed each other as if they were once again childhood bath mates.

After the grown women had finished their rambunctious playtime, they settled back down and resumed enjoying their leisurely bubble bath. "So, tell me..." Brenda said before taking another sip of wine. "Which one of your men will get to see the 'new you' first?"

"My 'men'?" Karen asked, bewildered with confusion. After seeing Brenda arch her eyebrow, she scoffed and replied, "There's only one man...and that's Rob, of course. I'm planning on surprising him Saturday night."

Brenda set her wine glass down on the tiled platform and asked, "Does this mean that you're no longer fuc— having sexual intercourse with Jake?"

Karen hesitated for a moment, then replied meekly, "Well...only when it's necessary."

Brenda giggled, "'Only when it's necessary'?" She then asked, a little more seriously, "And what about birth control? As I seem to recall, Dr. Taylor had wanted you to stop taking the pill for the time being."

"Yes, that's true, but we've been using the larger condoms that your friend suggested," Karen replied.

With growing intrigue, Brenda prodded further, "Sis, are you allowing Jake to stay inside of you when he ejaculates?"

Karen nodded guiltily, "Sometimes...yeah."

Brenda sat forward. "Karen...as you know, those things are not 100% effective. Several of my patients have ended up falling pregnant because of a defective, burst condom. All it takes is one time, for just one of your son's little swimmers to meet your egg... and with the payload that Jake is packing...the chances make it even more dangerous."

Brenda placed her hand on Karen's thigh under the water. "I strongly suggest that you reconsider trying the Midoxinol. Let me tell you, I've been taking it for months, and I've really liked it...I've experienced no negative side effects, whatsoever." What the good doctor failed to disclose to her sister was the drug's one common side effect...heightened female estrous and libido. Brenda had practically caused her own pussy to gush with excited moisture as she described (in so many words) the thrilling, kinky risk of Jacob impregnating Karen.

Brenda's wicked, naughty fantasy was interrupted when Karen replied, "And what about estrogen? That's the one reason Dr. Taylor had wanted me to go off the pill in the first place."

Brenda shook her head, "As I told you that day in my office, it won't affect your estrogen levels because it works like a spermicide. It creates a protective barrier that'll kill any sperm

before entering your uterus. Plus, it's convenient because one pill a day will give you 24-hour protection, just like traditional birth control."

"I wonder why Dr. Taylor hadn't suggested that I try it before?"

Brenda replied, "Probably because Midoxinol isn't yet available to the general public...technically, it's still in its clinical testing phase."

Karen asked, "So, in order to try it, I'd have to participate in a test trial?" She dreaded having to become another 'guinea pig' for the medical community, like her son had succumbed to.

Brenda shook her head, "No need. Since I'm already a participant (as well as a licensed gynecologist), I have access to as much supply as we need." A coy, knowing smile spread across the doctor's beautiful face. "In fact...I just so happen to have brought some with me today, for you to try. That is...if you're interested."

Karen thought for a few seconds, then chuckled, "Well...I just might give it a try, because those condoms that we've been using can be quite irritating to my vaginal area."

Brenda's smile faded somewhat as she warned, "You need to keep in mind that it can take several days for the Midoxinol to reach its full effectiveness. Therefore, if you do start taking it, I

suggest you continue to have Jacob use the condoms for maybe a week, just to be safe."

Brenda noticed that Karen suddenly winced her face and had begun to rock herself from side to side slightly. "Are you okay?"

Karen nodded. "Yeah, I guess so. It's funny, that I just mentioned how the condoms irritated my vagina, and now...it feels like it's burning down there."

Brenda set her empty wine glass down and stated, "You might be experiencing some increased sensitivity from the waxing solution." The lovely doctor then got up onto her knees, exposing the amazing top half of her naked body. She motioned her hand towards the padded seating surface and said, "Sit up here, and let me take a look."

Karen raised up and sat on the soft cushion...her naked body glistening in the soft candlelight from the sheen of frothy bathwater. Keeping her right foot in the water, she placed her left one on the tub's edge.

Brenda scooped in closer and gently pushed Karen's left leg to the side with her right hand. Feeling some resistance, she said to her sister, "Now, now...no need to be bashful...I need to take a closer look. Besides...I'd like to see all of my lovely handiwork." She then followed her statement with a wink and a smile.

Karen rolled her eyes and said, "You're horrible." However, she relaxed and allowed her sister to spread open her long legs.

Because of the dimly-lit bathroom, Brenda had to lean in close to examine Karen's vagina. As she ran her manicured fingers lightly along the outer edges of her sister's now hairless pussy, she couldn't help but notice her hardened clitoris peeking out from between the delicate folds of her labia.

"You know..." Brenda said softly, "Being a gynecologist, I've seen my fair share of vaginas over the years...but I just have to say Sis...you have an absolutely beautiful pussy."

Caught off guard by Brenda's comment, Karen replied, "Thanks...I guess?" She didn't know what else to say. After all, that wasn't exactly the type of compliment she'd expected to hear from her younger sister.

Karen couldn't help but shudder from the shameful, yet pleasant sensations created by her sister's exploring fingers, as well as Brenda's warm breath on her completely bald vagina. For some reason, she felt strangely disappointed when Brenda abruptly pulled back and said, "Just as I'd suspected, there's some redness and irritation, but don't you worry...I came prepared."

Brenda picked up a small plastic jar and removed its top. As she dipped two fingers into the creamy, white solution, she commented, "I've seen this happen quite often with first-timers like yourself. However, this lotion always seems to do the trick."

As Brenda applied the fragrant concoction to her sister's pubic area, Karen asked, "First-timers? You mean to tell me...you've done this before for other women?"

Keeping her attention focused on the job at hand, Brenda replied casually, "Oh yeah, sure. Occasionally, some of the girls at the office and I will stay late and do this for each other." She then looked up at Karen with a cheeky grin and added, "Those examination stirrups really do come in handy!"

Karen's eyes went wide, and a small gasp escaped her mouth. It was partially from a reaction to Brenda's statement, but mainly it was because of the lotion's immediate effects on her nether regions. The burning itch was now completely gone and had been replaced by a pleasant, tingling sensation.

Brenda looked up to gauge her sister's condition and asked, "Are you okay?"

Karen nodded, while biting her bottom lip and replied, "Mmm-hmm..."

Brenda dipped her fingers back into the jar to obtain an even larger dollop of the lotion. As she gently rubbed the affected area with the creamy solution, she said with a confident smile, "Feels better...doesn't it?" The gorgeous doctor then began sliding her nimble digits in between the delicate folds of Karen's vagina, steadily getting dangerously close to her sister's buzzing clitoris.

Karen once again felt betrayed by her own body. The usually conservative housewife knew it was sinfully wrong to enjoy another woman's touch, (especially when that woman was her younger sibling). However, due to all the intoxicating alcohol mixed with the radical hormones now flowing throughout her bloodstream, Karen didn't stop Brenda, nor her exploring fingers. Instead, she leaned back against the mirrored wall and shamelessly spread her legs even wider for her baby sister, asking groggily, "W—what's in that stuff?"

As Brenda continued to slather the relief-giving cream onto Karen's now weeping pussy, she shrugged her naked shoulders and replied, "To tell you the truth...I'm not really sure. It's some sort of homemade remedy that one of my nurses brings in from time to time. I think she said it's a secret family recipe brought over from the 'old country'. It's all natural...and even edible, believe it or not."

Karen's arousal continued to grow and her thoughts meandered, until she inadvertently created an unbecoming vision in her mind of Brenda and the nurses in her office. She imagined them all naked, taking turns in the exam stirrups as they waxed each other's vaginas...until they were all as bare and smooth as a baby's bottom.

A lustful moan accidentally escaped Karen's mouth. Brenda glanced up to find her older sister with her eyes closed and her right hand gently cupping one of her big, hanging tits. It was plain to see that Karen was now fully aroused...therefore, the young doctor decided to help relieve her 'patient's' obvious suffering.

Dipping her fingertips back into the jar of lotion, Brenda spoke softly, "Okay...I'm almost done. I just need to ensure we have complete coverage so that you get the most benefit out of this stuff...alright?"

Karen nodded in agreement and mouthed a barely-audible "Okay..." She immediately gasped and lurched forward when Brenda's exploring digits slid across her blood-engorged clitoris. A shock wave shot straight up to her breasts, causing her pink nipples to harden instantly and begin tingling.

"W—what are you...d—doing?" Karen asked in a breathy whisper as she closed her legs, trapping Brenda's hand in between her thighs.

In a calm voice, Brenda replied, "Relax, Karen. Like I said...I just wanna make sure we're getting proper coverage." She added with a smile, "After all, we don't want any redness or irritation down there, when you reveal this beauty to Rob over the weekend...do we?"

Karen replied by shaking her head.

Brenda put her left hand on her sister's right thigh, gently pushed, and said, "Okay, then...let me finish." Karen complied and slowly spread her legs, allowing Brenda unfettered access to her hyper-sensitive vagina.

Over the next few minutes, Brenda used her skillful fingers to administer the unusual 'treatment' to Karen's most-intimate regions. She did her best to maintain the 'clinical' act of what she was doing, going. However, witnessing her beautiful, naked older sister squirming in obvious sexual excitement was simply too much for the good doctor. The aroused, younger sibling couldn't resist sneaking her left hand down in between her own legs and stroking herself underneath the sudsy bath water.

Karen and Brenda's conversation had ceased. The soft moans from the two women were the only sounds emanating from inside the candle-lit master bathroom, (other than the gentle sloshing of bathwater). The married doctor's tireless and talented fingers worked both of their respective pussies into a frenzy and soon had them both racing towards a thunderous climax.

Karen's breathing became fast and shallow as she neared closer and closer to her orgasm. Trying to remain silent, she told herself that this was wrong, and that she ought to stop Brenda and her inappropriate touching. However, she did no such thing and instead, leaned back against the mirrored wall and reluctantly surrendered to her sister and their unseemly pleasure.

With Karen moaning louder and groping both of her big, pillowy breasts, Brenda knew that her sister was teetering on the edge. The aroused doctor now struggled with a sinful desire to remove her fingers and instead, finish Karen off using her hot, juicy mouth.

Brenda was no stranger to eating pussy. She'd experimented quite a bit with it back in college and, unbeknownst to her husband Mark, would secretly indulge herself with an occasional helping of the musky, sweet delicacy. Her latest experience had been the previous Thursday night, when she and Nurse Jenny had been alone in the office. Together, they'd taken care of one another's needs, following their monthly 'waxing session'.

After struggling with her illicit thoughts, Brenda deemed it best not to push Karen too far, too quickly. As tempted as she might've been to sample her succulent, forbidden fruit, Brenda decided to wait until another day to perhaps dip her tongue into her conservative sister's sweet honeypot.

Eager to get Karen across the finish line, Brenda stopped touching herself and focused all of her attention on her sister's buzzing clitoris. She applied additional pressure with her fingers and furiously strummed Karen's magic button, causing the aroused mom to gasp "Oh my..." as she abandoned all pretense of decorum.

As the tide continued to swell, Karen could sense the familiar pressure building inside of her breasts, along with the intense tingling within her hardened nipples. What she'd once considered disturbing, the middle-aged wife now welcomed the strange sensations in her bosom, as she knew all too well the euphoric pleasure that was soon to follow.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Karen's whimpering soon became a soft and steady mantra of "Ohhh...Ohhh...Ohhh's!"

She released the grip she had on her swollen boob and then placed her left-hand flat against the mirrored wall. Leaning forward, Karen braced herself for the experience of the shameful orgasm she knew was about to be brought on by her younger sibling.

The combination of lotion and natural lubricant had turned Karen's overheated vagina into a hot, creamy mess. Brenda's busy fingers were causing a lewd 'shlucking' sound to accompany her older sister's moans of barely-restrained pleasure.

Karen locked eyes with Brenda and saw the naughty glint in her younger sister's beautiful baby blues. With a sudden sense of embarrassment, and in a last-ditched effort to preserve some of her dignity, she whispered in between gasping breaths, "Brenda...I—I think I'm good...the lotion worked. M—maybe...you should...s—stop, be—before...."

Brenda didn't listen to her sister. Instead, she grinned wickedly. She then applied even more pressure to Karen's sopping-wet pussy, pushing her beyond the point of no return.

Karen closed her eyes and called out in desperation, "Oh, Brenda!! You...you're gonna...make meeee...Ohhhhhh, Brendaaaaaa!!!" Karen arched her back and grabbed a hold of both of her tits, as the waves came crashing down. "OHHHHH MYYY...GOODNESSSSSS!!!" she shouted, throwing her head back in sheer ecstasy.

Brenda watched her older sister lurch about in paroxysms of pure pleasure, as her orgasm ran its course. "HOLY SHIT!!" The doctor shrieked in surprise, as warm breast milk began shooting forth from Karen's throbbing nipples, landing on Brenda's neck and chest. Whilst getting hit by the friendly fire, the young doctor instinctively slid back, as more creamy liquid jetted out in rhythmic spurts from Karen's lusciously lactating boobs. Brenda whispered in total awe at the highly-erotic scene, "Oh my...God!!"

A few moments later, Karen leaned back against the mirrored wall as she recovered from her latest, intense orgasm. Still holding onto her leaking boobs, she closed her eyes as she relished in the little aftershocks that continued to spark off inside of her tingling nipples.

Somewhat amazed by what she'd just witnessed, Brenda looked down at her chest. She watched awestruck, as tiny droplets of Karen's breast milk trickled from her tits and slid down her tummy. Looking up at her sister, Brenda asked, flabbergasted, "Karen? What the heck was that? You—you're not, pregnant...are you?"

Brenda's baffled voice snapped Karen out of her relaxed and dreamy reverie. Once she'd realized what had just transpired with her sister, Karen's post-orgasmic contentment suddenly vanished and was replaced by a sense of shame.

With her legs still splayed open, Karen now felt oddly exposed and embarrassed. She then slid back down to rejoin her sister in the tub, causing the warm bathwater's surface to ripple and

kiss the bottoms of her glorious Mom-boobs. Once settled in, she softly replied, "No, Brenda...I can most certainly assure you, that I'm not pregnant." She then shrugged her shoulders and said meekly, "It just sort of...happens."

Brenda cocked her head to the side, "So...you just lactate whenever you experience an orgasm?"

Karen confirmed by nodding her head.

"Is that normal? I mean, have you always done that?" Brenda asked, as she scooted in closer to Karen, draping her long legs over her sister's equally-sexy gams.

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No...not always. It began not long after I started helping Jake out with his...problem. At first, it just happened once in a while, but now it's become more frequent, as time passes. Now, it happens just about every time that I climax. I've also noticed that the amount I express has also increased, as well."

Intrigued, Brenda pondered for a second, then asked, "Have there been any other changes?"

Karen nodded. "My nipples have always been sensitive, but now they're like, super sensitive. On top of that, my breasts have gotten bigger."

Brenda's eyes went wide. "Really?"

Looking down at her chest Karen replied, "Yep. Before all this started, I was a 38DD...now, I'm up to a 40DDD. I had to go out and purchase all new bras."

"Are they still growing?" Brenda asked, with some concern.

Karen shook her head. "No...thank goodness. It seems to have leveled out."

"Well, I'm sure Rob has noticed the changes. What did he have to say about it?"

Karen chuckled and replied, "All I had to tell him is that it was due to 'hormones', and he let it go immediately. Luckily, he's gullible (just like most other men) when it comes to the female body."

Without asking permission, Brenda reached out and gently cupped Karen's breasts with her hands. "My God... they're incredible," she whispered as she softly caressed her sister's magnificent, heavy hangers. The younger sibling had always been envious of Karen's naturally big tits.

After a few seconds, Brenda commented, "It's fascinating how the hormones in Jake's semen have also affected your own

body." Continuing with her mock examination, she asked, "So tell me...what's it like?"

Karen's voice choked in her throat when she caught herself nearly confessing the pure bliss that she felt, whenever she allowed Jacob to unload his semen (either condom-clad, or especially, bareback) inside of her vagina. Those had likely been the root cause of her original breast growth and lactation, along with her earlier oral ingestions. She definitely hadn't done so prior to that, and now only ever expressed milk with the intense orgasms that only Jake's inseminations would trigger...but she couldn't possibly tell her sister that. Realizing (and hoping) that she'd probably misread Brenda's question, Karen stared off blankly as her mind wandered in pensive thought.

Karen had been watching Brenda's hands fondle and explore her sensitive breasts as she searched for a proper answer. She knew that her sister was a doctor, and therefore, this was pretty much routine for her. However, she found Dr. Sullivan's touch to be soothing and strangely erotic. It reminded her of when Melissa had gently massaged her boobs that one day on her living room sofa.

Looking back at her sister, Karen finally came up with an answer and asked, "Do you remember what it had felt like, when Daniel was still an infant and breastfeeding? That uncomfortable engorgement you felt in the mornings, when you first woke up?"

Brenda nodded in agreement, "Oh yes...I remember it well."

Karen continued, "Well, it was just like that for me at first. Then, as I got more sexually aroused, my breasts began to swell up with more pressure until finally, I climax...and then the milk gets released, as you saw earlier."

"What's it feel like?" Brenda asked, with aroused curiosity.

"Well, I've got to admit...when it does happen, its..." Karen then paused for a second.

"It's what?" Brenda asked, in a whisper.

A sheepish little grin appeared on Karen's face as she replied, "It's...amazing!" As Brenda continued to fondle her older sister's incredible boobs, Karen's arousal reignited, causing her to secretly stroke her freshly-waxed pussy underneath the soapy bathwater. She explained further, "The orgasm starts in my vagina and then spreads to my breasts. It's unlike anything I've ever experienced!"

Cutting her eyes at her sister, Brenda complained, "Now you're just trying to make me jealous!" She then noticed that Karen's pink nipples had become erect, and droplets of milk had begun to leak from one of her hardened nubs. Instinctively, the younger sibling bent forward and licked a lactating nipple, collecting her older sister's sweet liquid with her tongue. The unexpected move caught Karen off guard, causing her to gasp in shock and pleasure.

After swallowing her sister's creamy breast milk, Brenda contemplated, "Mmmm...you know...next time I'm over here, I'd also like to get some samples from you. It might be a good idea to run some additional tests...just to be safe."

Before Karen could reply, they heard Jacob's voice coming from the other side of the bathroom door. "Mom? Are you up here?"

As if from a natural reflex, Karen immediately lurched back away from her sister. "Jake? You... You're home from school already?"

Jacob scrunched his face. "Home already? Mom...it's 3:30...the same time I always get home every day."

In a shocked tone, Karen replied, "Oh my goodness...I guess we must've completely lost track of time!"

"We?" Jacob asked, pleasantly surprised. He smiled and added, "I noticed Aunt Brenda's car in the driveway...is she in there with you?"

Brenda called out from the other side of the door, responding, "Hey there, stud! Yeah, I'm here."

"Cool!" He then tried turning the doorknob, only to find it locked. "Can I come in?"

"No, you may not!" Karen quickly replied, as she stood up out of the bathwater and grabbed two nearby towels. Even though Jacob couldn't see anything, she still felt embarrassed at having been caught naked and in the tub with her full-grown sibling. As she handed Brenda a towel, Karen added, "Besides...I'm sure you've got homework to get started."

"Awww, c'mon, Mom..." Jacob whined. "I promise, I won't peek!"

Brenda giggled as Karen rolled her eyes and replied, "Jacob Mitchell! You heard what I said." After wrapping herself up in her fluffy, white towel, Karen stepped out of the tub and continued, "Now, go to your room...we'll be out in just a minute. We're just finishing up with our, uhhh..."

"Girl stuff...yeah, I remember." Jacob commented, referring to the conversation he'd had with his mother earlier that morning. Realizing that it was a losing battle, he relented and said, "Alright...I'll be in my room, then."

"Girl stuff?" Brenda inquired, as she put on her robe. She then commented with a chuckle, "That's a very 'G-rated' way to put it!"

Tying the sash on her robe, Karen replied, "Well, what did you expect me to say? I wasn't about to tell my teenage son that his aunt was coming over today to wax his mother's most private area!"

"And a few other things that'd probably blow his mind..." Brenda added with a sly grin.

"That stays between us...understood?" Karen replied, emphatically. She then sighed and added, "I know I should've stopped you, but these hormones have been causing me to do all sorts of crazy things, recently."

Brenda picked up the small jar of lotion and, as she replaced its lid, said, "Oh, don't be so hard on yourself. After all...we were just two grown women doing some...'girl stuff'."

Karen reiterated, "I mean it, Brenda. You must promise me that you won't tell anyone."

Brenda waved her hand nonchalantly at Karen, but finally relented, "Don't worry, Sis. I promise to never say anything that'll tarnish your squeaky-clean image."

"I appreciate that." As Brenda handed her the jar of homemade lotion, a puzzled Karen asked, "Don't you want this back?"

"You can keep that one...I have plenty more at home." Brenda replied. "Besides, just to be safe, you probably ought to do another application tonight in order to prevent any additional irritation." After picking up the wine glasses, she asked, "Or if you'd prefer...I could apply it for you... You really seemed to enjoy it earlier." The younger sister then bit her bottom lip and arched her brow.

Karen slowly shook her head and sighed, "Brenda...you're horrible!"

After straightening up her bathroom, Karen put on a fresh bra, panty set, and a comfortable, cotton dress. She then made her way down the hall to Jacob's bedroom. There she found Brenda sitting on the side of the bed with her son, as her sister explained the need for another round of sperm and blood samples.

Karen couldn't help but notice that Brenda had yet to get dressed, and was still attired in just her bathrobe. She figured it was alright, since Robert still wasn't due home for a while.

As Brenda got set up to obtain the blood samples from Jacob, Karen asked, "Brenda...would you like to stay for dinner? Dad's coming over."

Enthusiastically, Brenda replied, "Sure thing...that'd be great!" Turning to Karen, she added, "Mark and Danny won't be home, anyway."

Before leaving the room, Karen said, "Alright then, well, since you'll be busy doing this, I'll go ahead and get down to the kitchen to start prepping for dinner...I'll be back in a few."

Brenda turned to Karen and replied, "Take your time Sis...I've got this under total control." She then smiled and winked at her older sister.

Karen slowly shook her head and sighed, "Yeah...I know. That's what I'm afraid of..."

A few minutes later, Brenda was finishing labeling the vials of Jacob's blood that she'd obtained with the date and time. After storing the glass tubes in her medical kit, she then proceeded to produce two large sample jars out of her bag. Holding up the plastic containers, Brenda said, "Okay, stud...one sample down...one more to go." As she removed the white plastic caps, she asked, "I take it you would like some help, same as last time?"

Jacob smiled and replied adamantly, "Yes, ma'am!"

Brenda rolled her eyes and chuckled, "I guess that was a dumb question to ask!" Returning to her satchel, she added, "Alright, young man...you know the drill."

As Jacob removed his pants and underwear, he noticed Brenda was retrieving what appeared to be some sort of a medical device. It was white, and rectangular in shape...about the size of a shoebox. With some curiosity, Jacob asked, "Aunt Brenda? What's that?"

"This?" Brenda replied, placing the strange box down onto Jacob's desk. "This, my dear nephew, is a state-of-the-art specimen transport unit. It'll help keep your semen samples viable until I can get them back to the lab for proper storage."

"Cool." Jacob remarked, sitting back down on the side of his bed. Now naked, except for his 'Dr. Who' T-shirt, he began stroking his hardened cock as he watched his gorgeous aunt fiddle with the storage unit.

"Okay," Brenda commented, turning to Jacob, "Let's obtain that sample." Her eyes widened once she saw her nephew sitting on his bed, slowly jacking himself off. She muttered under her breath, "Good Lord...that thing is HUGE!" In fact, it appeared even larger than it had been, only two weeks before.

As Brenda made her way across the room, the exotic scent given off by Jacob soon filled the doctor's lungs. The pheromones reacted immediately, causing a warm wave of arousal to spread throughout her luscious body. She was reminded of the promise she'd made to herself not to give in to any more temptation. The loving wife and mother had every intention of only using her hands and mouth with her nephew, then going home later and taking out her unfulfilled frustrations on her husband, Mark.

Brenda got down on her knees in front of Jacob, setting the two plastic containers on the floor beside her. She then replaced her nephew's hand with her own and looked up into his eyes. Slowly stroking his rigid shaft, she said, "Jake, before we begin, I need to lay down some ground rules. As you may recall, last time in my office, things got a little...crazy."

Jacob quickly replied, "I'm sorry, Aunt Brenda, if I overstepped my boundaries...I didn't mean to cause you any trouble."

Brenda shook her head, "You didn't...and there's no need to apologize. I'm the adult, and the professional. I should've had more control over the situation, but everything caught me off guard."

Jacob couldn't help but smile, "You did like it, though...right?"

As Brenda slid her dainty, manicured hands up and down Jacob's bloated shaft, her mind drifted back to that day in her office. The memory of being bent over her examination table, while her darling nephew had his way with her, caused her moistening vagina to quiver.

The sparkle of her wedding rings in the afternoon sunlight brought Brenda back to reality, in the present. As much as she wanted to experience Jacob's incredible monster again, she remembered her promise. "Jake...I can't break my marriage vows again." She'd already cheated on Mark, twice. Deep down, Brenda knew it wasn't a good idea to continue pushing her luck.

Jacob tried to reason, "Aunt Brenda...Uncle Mark would never find out...at least not from me. Besides, you said it yourself. Technically, since you're my doctor, that this was just your way of helping me."

Her slow, yet constant stroking of Jacob's penis was now causing beads of pre-cum to come bubbling out of his slit and trickle down onto Brenda's slender fingers. Trying to remain strong, she replied, "Jake honey, I am trying to help you. I know this may sound strange, but from now on, we need to keep this as clinical as possible. Therefore, I'm willing to help you with a handjob, or maybe using my mouth, but that has to be the limit...understood?"

Grudgingly, Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

Brenda smiled. "Good boy."

Jacob then tried to bargain. "You know, Aunt Brenda...this would probably go along much faster, if maybe...you gave me something to look at."

Brenda giggled, "Is that your way of trying to get me out of my robe?"

Jacob replied as he shrugged his shoulders. "If it works...sure. Let's face it...you may be my aunt, but you're still one smoking-hot MILF!"

Brenda blushed and said, "Why thank you, Stud...I appreciate the compliment!" She then tightened her grip on her nephew's cock and added, "But let's try it my way first..."

Minutes later, Brenda, (still wearing her robe) stood at Jacob's desk as she tightened the lids onto the two full specimen jars. Jacob lay flat on his back, recovering from the world-class blowjob that he'd just received from his aunt, Dr. Sullivan. Looking up at the toy Millennium Falcon hanging from the ceiling, he commented as he caught his breath, "Wow, Aunt Brenda... that was freakin' awesome!"

Brenda giggled, as she labeled one of the sample jars with the date and time. "And here you thought I was just another pretty face!"

Jacob raised up to where he was supporting himself with his elbows. "I mean it. Where'd you learn to get so good at that?" He was by no means belittling the blowjobs that he'd received from the other women in his life...but his Aunt Brenda's oral skills were on a totally different level.

Placing the labeled plastic bottle into the special medical storage container, Brenda replied, "Simple...from years of practice. Plus, I've been told that I have a natural talent."

Jacob nodded his head in agreement. "You can say that again!"

Brenda smiled as she began labeling the second jar. "Your mom always thought that I was notorious for being an 'easy lay' back in high school and college. But the truth of the matter is, I could keep most of the boys whom I dated satisfied with only handjobs and blowjobs. Don't get me wrong— unlike my 'fuddy-duddy'

sister, I wasn't a virgin when I got married. However, I was very particular about which boyfriends I would allow to get inside of my panties."

Jacob then asked, "What's so different from last time? I mean...that day in your office when you couldn't get me to finish...that way, and we ended up having to...you know."

Brenda placed the second plastic bottle into the storage unit and replied, "Let's just say that I was out of practice and had been unprepared for such a unique...challenge. With our hectic lives and horrible work schedules, it's been quite a while since I've been able to do that for your Uncle Mark. And like most talents, you either use it or you lose it."

Jacob chuckled, "Well, there's no doubt about it, Aunt Brenda...you haven't lost any of your talents!"

Jacob was correct. Brenda's talents had indeed returned, mainly due to her having recently brushed up her skills with her husband. Ever since that day in her office, the young doctor had attacked poor Mark at almost every opportunity. It was as if the incident with Jacob, (and his unnaturally-large penis), had heightened Brenda's already strong female libido. Even now, she was already making plans for later that night... Or at least, that had been her intention.

Jacob sat up straight and added, "Aunt Brenda, just so you know...I really do appreciate your help in all this."

Brenda fastened the lid onto the storage unit, closing it with a hiss as wisps of dry-ice vapor dissipated into the air. Turning to Jacob, she replied, "You're welcome, stud. After all, we're family, and I'm always glad to be of—" She then saw her nephew on the bed. Jacob was still naked from the waist down, but what caught her eye was the fact that his impossibly-large dick was still very much erect and standing up at full mast.

"Oh my God, Jake!" Brenda gasped. "How in the world can you still be in that condition?" She pointed toward the storage unit and continued, "Especially after ejaculating that much semen." She'd been certain that her 'talented' treatment had been more than enough to sufficiently drain his enlarged testicles of their contents. Now it looked like Brenda had been proven wrong.

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "You'd think so, but...sometimes I have to do it twice, for it to go down." The teenager then scoffed and boasted, "Heck...there've been instances where even two times wasn't enough!"

"More than two times?" Brenda asked in an intrigued whisper. If she was lucky, her husband Mark could perhaps go twice every once in a while, but that required him taking a long rest period in between rounds. Even on his best day, the loving wife couldn't remember Mark ever being able to go three (let alone more than three) times. That was simply unheard of!

Brenda took a step towards the bed, with the scent of Jacob's pheromones hanging heavily in the air. She could feel the

pleasant tingling intensifying in her wet vagina, while hidden beneath her fluffy, white bathrobe, her nipples quickly became rock-hard. Along with her chemically-charged sexual arousal, the married doctor soon began to feel something else...envy.

Brenda couldn't help but feel a tad bit jealous of Karen. Because her older sister lived and slept in the same house as Jacob, she had unlimited access to his freakishly-large phallus. Brenda imagined them spending their afternoons (or whenever they could get a chance) locked away together, fooling around in the teenager's bed...having hot, casual sex and using up countless condoms...The loving mother easing her son's 'suffering', whilst simultaneously satisfying her own, repressed sexual needs.

Ever since that day in her office, Brenda had felt extreme guilt and remorse for giving in so easily to her sinful urges. She became adamant that henceforth, she would remain faithful to Mark and keep her pussy exclusively for his dick.

Brenda loved her husband more than life itself. However, at the same time, she knew that if a cure was ever found, she'd only have a finite number of chances of experiencing the unbridled ecstasy with her nephew's unworldly manhood. The gnawing fact that Karen had no such worries (or so she believed) bristled the envious younger sister.

Brenda's internal struggle continued as she stared longingly at Jacob and the obscene abomination attached to his underdeveloped, teenaged body. She could see the thing pulsing

as if it was beckoning to her...tempting her...daring her to soil her wedding vows once again.

"Jake..." Brenda began softly. Her eyes were still locked onto her nephew's towering erection, as she continued, "It appears you're still in need of some assistance."

Jacob nodded enthusiastically, "Yes, ma'am!"

As if she was speaking to one of her lady patients at her clinic, Brenda instructed, "Why don't you go ahead and scooch up onto the bed."

Unquestioningly, Jacob complied with his Aunt's request. He had high hopes of where this was headed...if not sex, then perhaps at least another one of her fantastic blowjobs. After getting into the position with his back against the headboard, he tried to contain his excitement and asked, "Is everything okay, Aunt Brenda?"

As Brenda untied the sash that was keeping her robe secure, she answered, "Everything's fine, stud. It just occurred to me that, since I'm technically your acting physician..."

Jacob's eyes went wide with shock as soon as Brenda slid the robe from off her delicate shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor in a puddle behind her. Gazing at his gorgeous aunt in all her naked glory, he whispered, "Holy smokes!!"

A naughty grin spread across Brenda's beautiful face. Cupping the undersides of her mouthwatering tits, she continued, "...I cannot in good conscience leave you in this current condition."

Even before Karen had turned the doorknob, she could hear an all too familiar song escaping from Jacob's room. The duet of the headboard's steady knocking against the wall was accompanied by the bedsprings squeaking aloud in a noisome protest.

Once Karen had pushed the door open and entered the room, additional sounds joined in on the vulgar chorus. The groans and moans of two people lost in blissful sexual abandon served as harmony, while the lewd slapping of skin on skin provided its frantic rhythm.

Karen sat down at a nearby desk chair, giving herself a front-row seat for the obscene incestual concert transpiring before her. The air was infused with the musky scent of sweat and sex, along with the fragrant, exotic odor of Jacob's pheromones. These combined fumes permeated Karen's lungs and caused an immediate reaction in her body, igniting her own sexual arousal.

The female star straddled her much younger male co-star's skinny waist, riding him for all she was worth. The teenager's cock glistened with a lubricating coating of her sweet and creamy

pussy juice as it plunged deeper and deeper into her sexy, MILF body.

Brenda leaned forward, placing her hands on her nephew's rocking headboard. Lowering her torso allowed Jacob to capture one of her rock-hard nipples in his mouth. Once latched on, he began to suckle on the delicious little teat, causing her to cry out, "Oh my God! Yes, Jake!! Suck your Aunt Brenda's titty...suck it hard...harder!!!"

Jacob complied with Brenda's request as he moved his boyish hands from his aunt's gyrating hips and grabbed a hold of her wildly-swinging jugs. He began to pinch one of her nipples, whilst at the same time ferociously attacking the other with his mouth and tongue. The teenager caught her sensitive nub in between his front teeth and bit down, sending an electric spark from Brenda's jiggling breasts straight down to her overstuffed pussy.

Brenda was experiencing sensory overload, as things swiftly spun out of control. The married doctor began slamming her wide and curvy hips down onto Jacob's lap. Her fingers clutched tighter to the headboard, "Oh, God!! Oh, Fuc—!! I'm...I'm cum...cumming!!" With one final plunge, she threw her head back and yelled, as her pussy exploded, "OHHH GAAAWWDDDD!!!!"

Karen couldn't help but feel a slight pang of envy, as she witnessed the scene of her sister, thrashing about in the throes of climactic ecstasy, unfolding before her. The increased tingling

in her vagina was causing Karen to squirm and squeeze her thighs together. Already, she could sense the gusset of her panties dampening with excitement.

After her incredible climax had run its course, Brenda rolled off of Jacob and laid down on her back. Catching her breath, she glanced over at Karen and noticed an admonishing look on her sister's face. "What?" she asked, with a slight giggle.

Karen replied sternly, "I thought you'd said that you were going to resist and not let things get crazy again this time. Something about, 'remaining faithful' to your husband?"

Brenda sighed in between her heavy breaths and responded, "Well, that had been the original plan. But, as it turns out, my patient needed more of my...special care."

Karen scoffed, "'Special care'? Is that what you're calling it now?"

Brenda noticed Jacob was now at her feet, clutching his raging boner. Recognizing his intention, she raised her knees and spread her long, silky legs to better allow him easy access. She replied to Karen, "Believe me, Sis...I had every intention of relieving him with another blowjob, but my uh...jaw was too sore."

Cutting her eyes at her sister, Karen replied incredulously, "Oh...your jaw was too sore...I see." She then witnessed with dismay as her son used the tip of his dick to casually reenter

Brenda's wanton, welcoming pussy. "Jake! Where is your condom?"

Jacob halted, looked over at his mother and replied, in between hesitating strokes, "But Mom...Aunt Brenda said I didn't need one."

"No 'buts', young man!" Karen scolded, "You know the rules." Reluctantly, Jacob disengaged and prepared to get off his bed.

Brenda interrupted, "It's alright, Karen...remember, I'm on that birth control." She took hold of Jacob's manhood by its shaft and placed his bulbous head back against her glistening-wet pussy lips. She added, "Don't worry, Sis...it'll be okay...I promise."

After a moment's misgiving, Karen relented, and (against her better judgment) gave a slight nod for them to proceed.

Brenda motioned for Jacob to continue and immediately gasped once the tip of his huge dick penetrated the threshold of her tight opening. "Oh shit! Oh shit..." she whined, as she watched her nephew's mighty sword slowly sink deeper and deeper, until it was balls deep inside of her fiery depths. Laying her head down on the comforter and closing her eyes, she muttered, "Oh...God!!!"

Karen winced at Brenda's profane blasphemy assaulting her ears, but could only watch as she and Jacob got into a good rhythm. Like a marathon runner, he soon found his perfect pace.

"Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah!" Brenda yelped, having quickly remembered to tone down her language, since her pious older sister was in the room. With every plunge of his unnaturally large phallus, Jacob had steadily reached nerve endings inside of her pussy that up until now had never been touched.

The potent fumes and salacious acts playing out before her soon had Karen squirming once more in her seat. Her nipples were aching for attention, and her freshly-waxed vagina was soaking wet and burning with desire. She considered leaving them and going to her room for some 'private time', but for some reason, Karen found the sex scene between her married sister and her teenaged son too riveting to ignore and abandon.

Brenda now had her eyes closed, as she squealed words of encouragement to Jacob. "Yes, Jake! Deeper!! Harder!!!" Her left hand cupped the back of her nephew's head, as he resumed sucking on his aunt's big, pillowy breasts. Her right hand rested on the teenager's skinny rear end, as if helping to guide his movements.

Hoping that Brenda and Jacob were too caught up in their passion to notice her for the moment, Karen went against her better judgment and slowly hiked up her dress. Keeping her eyes focused on the incestuous couple, she slid her right hand down into her cotton panties and traced her fingers along the slick and wet folds of her hairless sex. The conservative mother still found it strange, and a bit risqué, to be totally bald down there. However, she couldn't deny that she now also found it quite exciting.

Karen felt that she'd reached a new low. Here she was, masturbating in her own son's bedroom, lewdly watching as her married sister had illicit sex with her barely legal-aged nephew. The aroused mother reminded herself that it was solely because of those wicked hormones that all of these horrible things had come to pass. However, at that moment, she could only weakly rationalize and chastise herself as she pushed those thoughts aside. Any shame or fear of being caught had also been overpowered by the deliciously wicked sensations coursing through her body. Focusing her mind back on surrendering to lust, Karen spread her legs wider as she delved deeper into her quivering cunt.

Karen threw her head back, her breath becoming erratic, as she neared once more that wonderful summit. Her left hand was softly pinching one of her tingling nipples through the fabric of her bra and thin summer dress. Meanwhile, the fingers of her right hand were frigging her swollen clit at a furious pace underneath her bikini-cut panties.

As she neared her climax, Karen heard Jacob grunting in desperation, "Aunt Brenda! Ugh! I'm almost! Ugghh!! There!!!"

Between her moaning and squealing, Brenda replied, "Ohh! Yes! Ahh!! Jake! Cum...cum inside...meeeee!!!"

Karen leaned forward, opened her eyes, and was shocked to find Brenda staring in her direction. Returning her sister's gaze, the mortified mom was hit with a sudden wave of remorse that she'd been caught masturbating. However, the momentary instance of

contrition was fleeting, and wasn't enough of a cause for embarrassment to make Karen stop.

The two sisters continued gazing, locked into one another's eyes, as they swiftly raced one another to near-simultaneous release. First to reach the mountain top was Karen, who bit her bottom lip in order to stifle her moans of forbidden pleasure. Seconds later, Brenda's mouth dropped wide open, and her eyes rolled back in her head as Jacob unleashed a torrential flood of sperm deep into her quivering snatch, sparking the most intense orgasm of her life.

"Yes...yes!! Oh my God...YEEESSSSS!! FILL ME UP!!!" Brenda cried out shamelessly, her body twitching and convulsing as if in an epileptic seizure.

Karen watched her younger sister with slight jealousy as her own self-induced climax began to wane. Her orgasm had been pleasant enough, but deep down she knew that jilling herself off was a pale comparison to the sheer ecstasy Brenda was no doubt now experiencing. Despite the dangers, risks and (not to mention) sinful immorality that it entailed, Karen couldn't help but wish that it was her womb getting filled with Jacob's creamy and massively thick load of babymakers at that moment, instead of her sister's.

A few minutes later, Karen had meekly straightened out her dress and readied herself to head back down to the kitchen. Still feeling a bit ashamed and embarrassed, she tried to act normal

and said, "I need to go downstairs and continue preparing dinner."

As Brenda slid her robe back on, she replied, "Alright. After I get dressed, I'll come down and help you." Cinching the garment closed, she continued, "First, though...could I use your shower?"

Karen responded with a chuckle and said, "Of course...help yourself. You already know where everything is." Before leaving, she noticed several puddles of semen staining Jacob's freshly-washed comforter. Turning to Jacob, she said, "Jake...you need to get cleaned up too, and be sure to change the—" Karen stopped talking when she realized that he was fast asleep. She couldn't help but crack a smile and comment, "Typical male, I guess..." Picking up a nearby throw blanket, Karen used it to cover up her naked son.

Brenda whispered beside Karen, "Little guy must've worn himself out...I know he did me." Feeling a slight soreness in her freshly-fucked pussy, she giggled and added, "I might have to change my plans, and give Mark the night off later." Watching Brenda waddle out, Karen could only stare, mouth agape, at the white wads of her son's seed seeping lewdly down her sister's legs.

Later on, downstairs, the two sisters had reconvened in the kitchen and were busily preparing dinner. Karen worked on chicken cutlets, while Brenda chopped vegetables for a salad.

Suddenly, a fully-dressed Jacob walked into the room. He commented, "Wow...something smells good!"

Brenda looked up at Jacob and replied, "Hey there, stud...have a nice nap?"

Jacob chuckled, "Yeah...sorry about falling asleep earlier."

Brenda replied, "That's okay...you tuckered yourself out, poor thing...we understand." She then gave her nephew a smile and a wink.

Karen turned from the stove and greeted her son, "Hi, Sweetie...you hungry?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...very."

Karen walked over to the kitchen island and stood beside Brenda. "How about I make some of those cheesy potatoes that you like so much?"

"Yes, please!" Jacob replied with a smile. "When do we eat?"

Looking up at the clock while grabbing several potatoes and a paring knife, Karen responded, "Well, your dad and grandfather should be here in about forty-five minutes, so I say...no more than an hour or so. Don't you have any homework that you need to finish up?"

Jacob took a piece of a carrot that Brenda had offered him from the cutting board and popped it into his mouth. "Yes, Ma'am," he replied, chewing on the crunchy vegetable.

"Honey, don't talk with your mouth full." Karen lightly scolded. As she began peeling a potato, she added, "Why don't you go to your room and work on your assignments, until dinner's ready? It'd probably be best that you get them all done tonight, so that you won't have to worry about them while we're in Atlanta this weekend."

Jacob nodded as he took another carrot slice from Brenda. "Okay, Mom...that's a good idea."

Karen started to peel a second potato and then added, "Oh...and be sure to change that comforter on your bed. You and the 'good doctor' here left it in quite a state."

Brenda looked over at Karen and retorted, playfully, "It was all in the name of medicine, my dear sister!"

Cutting her eyes at Brenda, Karen scoffed, "'Medicine'? Okay...you stick with that excuse."

Brenda didn't reply back. Instead, she popped a cherry tomato into her mouth and responded by shrugging her shoulders and smiling at her older sibling.

Karen shook her head and sighed. She turned to Jacob and said, "Anyway...just make sure you change the bedding before your father and Grandpa George get here."

This time, Jacob swallowed before answering, "Don't worry, Mom...I've already taken care of it."

Karen's eyes widened with surprise, "Oh, you have? Well, thank you."

Jacob nodded and chuckled, "You're welcome...I kinda figured you'd have wanted me to, considering its condition."

Brenda giggled and told Jacob, "You've gotta admit...that thing of yours...really does make a mess." She then said in a heavy whisper, "Because of you, I'll probably still be leaking your stuff until sometime tomorrow..."

Jacob grinned and replied, "Sorry, Aunt Brenda...just think of it as something to remember me by." They both broke out into fits of laughter.

Aghast, Karen threw up her hands in protest. "Alright, alright...that's enough of that sort of talk in my kitchen!" Paring knife in hand, she pointed at Jacob, "You...homework." She then looked at Brenda, "And you...hurry up and finish with that salad. I've got other things that you could start helping me with."

With a heavy hint of sarcasm, Jacob and Brenda both replied simultaneously, "Yes, Ma'aaaaaaam!"

After Jacob had left the kitchen, Brenda resumed preparing the salad. After a few moments of somewhat awkward silence, Brenda stated, "You didn't have to do that earlier."

"Huh...Do what?" Karen inquired blankly as she continued to work the potatoes.

Brenda responded, "You know...sit in that chair all alone and masturbate."

Karen dropped her head and replied, "Oh my goodness, Brenda...must you bring that up?" The embarrassed mother could already feel her cheeks beginning to blush. "I was hoping that we could just forget about that."

Brenda responded casually, "You should've joined us."

Karen's eyes bulged, "Joined you??"

Brenda continued, "I mean...I know Jake's bed is only a twin size, but we could've easily made room for you."

Karen set the half-peeled potato and paring knife down on the countertop. She couldn't believe the sheer depravity and utter

blasphemy she was hearing from her baby sister. "'Made room' for me?" The older sister scoffed and continued, "Brenda...you're horrible...you know that?"

Brenda replied casually, "Oh, come on...think about it. We could've given Jake his very first ménage à trois and double-teamed that monster of his!" She leaned in towards her sister and added, "Plus, we could've put on a show for him, and really blown his mind..."

For a few seconds, Karen was speechless. Finally, her bubbling indignation boiled over, "First off... No! And second...absolutely not! I'm well aware of how crazy things have gotten around here lately, but I am NOT having a threesome with my son and my sister!" Before Brenda could offer a rebuttal, Karen added, "On top of all that...no matter what might've happened in the bath between us earlier, I am not a lesbian. That was simply a momentary lapse of weakness...when I'd allowed you to...to..."

"Get you off?" Brenda softly asked, arching her eyebrow.

Flustered, Karen nodded and whispered, "Yes...that!"

Brenda put her hand on Karen's shoulder, "Look, Sis...you're a wonderful mother, and I know that you've only been doing these things in order to help Jake. Like you said...these have been some crazy times. So, until we find a cure and things hopefully go back to normal, you might as well loosen up a bit. You might

actually find you can have a little fun, while at the same time reducing some of your stress."

After a moment, Karen took a deep breath and said, "I know I'm going to regret this, but I have to admit something. What you did in the tub earlier... I know it was wrong, but..." Taking a quick glance to ensure Jacob was not around, she added with a whisper, "I kind of...liked it." Her mind immediately flashed back to Melissa Turner and how her body had reacted to the gentle touch of the young attorney during their two earlier massage sessions. Somehow, there was a different form of intimacy and sensuality in what they had shared. Not better or any more satisfying than being with Robert...just different.

Karen put her hands to her face and exclaimed, "Oh my goodness...maybe I am turning into a lesbian!"

Brenda couldn't help but giggle. "Karen, honey...I can most honestly assure you...you are not a lesbian."

"How can you be so sure?" Karen countered.

"Because I'm not, that's why! I know you're much more conservative than me in these areas, but didn't you experiment with other girls in college?"

Karen shook her head.

"Not even a little? With your roommate, at least? I know I did with mine...a lot."

Karen scrunched her face in disgust and replied, "Goodness, no! What is it with women these days? Is there some sort of secret 'lesbian club' that I'm not aware know about?"

Brenda laughed. "No, Karen...there's no secret club. It's just that some women— actually, many women, don't have the same type of hang-ups about sexual roles that men do. Personally, I think it's okay to enjoy the occasional soft touch of a female. That is, so long as I'm discrete about it and it doesn't interfere with my marriage, or my family."

Karen picked up her knife and went back to peeling the potatoes. "What about your 'helping' with Jake? You ended up having sex with him again, after promising yourself that you wouldn't. Don't you consider that cheating?"

Brenda returned her attention to the salad. "Well...that's kind of a gray area. I may be splitting hairs here, but I don't consider it is cheating. I might've done so at first, but it's not like I'm hooking up with a past boyfriend, or some random co-worker, or— "

"Or some college kid from the neighborhood?" Karen said, finishing her sister's sentence for her, and referring to Brenda's one-time slip-up a few years prior at a Memorial Day cookout. She immediately felt remorse for digging up and throwing that

horrible past incident in her sister's face. Karen quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Brenda...that was unfair of me."

Brenda replied more solemnly, "No...don't be. I did it, and I'm guilty. Believe me...I hate myself that it happened." She looked over at Karen and said, "Just so you know, since that day, I've kept my promise...nothing like that has ever happened again, nor will it." Mixing the salad's ingredients, the younger sibling continued, "However, with Jake, it's different. He's my nephew and my godson. I couldn't love him more than if he were my own child, and I'm willing to do, or sacrifice, whatever it takes to help him, and you, get through this insanity."

Hating to see her usually vivacious younger sister so sullen, Karen decided to lighten the mood. She snorted and joked, "Like the 'sacrifice' you did in Jacob's room earlier?"

Brenda glanced over to find a big grin on her elder sister's beautiful face. She scoffed and giggled back, "Okay, Karen...now who's being the horrible one?"

Karen raised her hand, as if taking a mock oath and responded, "Hey...you had no choice...you had to 'take care' of your patient." The two sisters looked at each other and then broke out into fits of girlish giggles.

"I've just got to say," Brenda began, "With the kind of weapon that your kid is wielding...every woman should get the chance to 'sacrifice' like that...if you know what I mean." Even though they

were now alone in the kitchen, Brenda lowered her voice and added with a knowing look, "Karen, don't get me wrong, I love having sex with Mark, but the orgasm that I experienced when your boy unloaded inside of me was...oh my God...truly mind-blowing." She chuckled and said, "I tell ya...it's a good thing I'm on that new birth control!"

Karen knew without a doubt what Brenda was referring to. She remembered all too well the unworldly ecstasy and heightened climaxes she'd previously experienced, those few times her son had blasted her insides and filled her vulnerably unprotected pussy with his virile, scientifically-engineered sperm. Even now, the memory of their illicit, bareback couplings would cause a slight quiver to take place deep in her vagina.

Staring off distractedly, Karen replied blankly, "Trust me...I know exactly what you mean." Although her body yearned to experience the thrill of her son pumping his potent babymakers raw and deep inside of her womb again, Karen knew that indulging in such cravings with Jacob was way too risky...or was it?

Realizing her inadvertent confession, after a brief pause Karen asked sheepishly, "Brenda...while we're still alone...is your offer for those trial birth control pills still on the table?" She gave her younger sibling a hopeful look.

A broad, mischievous smile spread on Brenda's gorgeous face. As if reading all the sinful thoughts simmering in her elder

sister's mind, the good doctor huskily replied, "Yes...oh yes...it most certainly is."

On Saturday the Mitchells spent most of the day on the sprawling campus of Georgia Tech University, in Atlanta. Jacob received a first-class treatment during their visit, courtesy of Robert's old college buddy, Jim Bishop. The high school junior and his parents had dedicated the morning to touring the university's engineering school and meeting with several of its high-ranking professors and faculty members.

After eating a delicious lunch at a local favorite, The Varsity, the Mitchells resumed their tour of Robert's beloved alma mater. They spent the rest of the afternoon with the exuberant alumnus and family patriarch showing them around the campus, and checking out all of his old hang-out spots. Karen thought it was especially cute to see her husband so excited, as he described and relived the glory of his past college days.

Robert was particularly proud when they visited the golf complex in the athletic department. There, his wife and son were able to view the beautifully-displayed trophy from when his team had won the ACC Championship for golf during his senior season. The Yellow Jackets would later compete in the National NCAA Tournament that year. Though they didn't win it all, the team did finish a respectable 5th place.

Later that Saturday evening, the Mitchells were back in their separate suites at the hotel. They were preparing to go out for dinner with Robert's friend Jim and his wife, Tammy. Jacob procrastinated as usual, lounging around on his bed and playing games on his phone. He also took some time to text Sara. It made him feel good when she messaged him back, telling him that she was looking forward to seeing him again at school on Monday.

Jacob's parents were in their adjoining luxury king suite. Robert had just finished taking a shower and was now shaving at the bathroom sink.

Karen meanwhile was seated at the bedroom vanity wearing a black, lacy bra and panty set that she'd recently purchased (specifically with her husband in mind). The skimpy lingerie combo fit her just right, showing off her round, matronly bottom and squeezing and lifting her mouthwatering breasts together, creating a deep valley of eye-popping cleavage. To top it all off, she had adorned her sexy, long legs with silky, black thigh-high stockings, hemmed with lacy, black garters...another favorite of Robert's.

Once Karen had finished styling up her lustrous, brown hair, she began working on her makeup. After applying base and eyeliner, she was about to start with the eyeshadow when Jacob suddenly entered the bedroom unannounced. Seeing his gorgeous, near-naked mother, he softly commented, "Wow, Mom...nice undies!"

Remembering her state of dress (or lack thereof), Karen immediately jumped from the vanity stool and scrambled to the king-sized bed to retrieve her robe. Sliding her arms into the satin garment, Karen scolded her son with a heavy whisper, "Jacob Mitchell! Don't you know how to knock?" Tying the robe's sash, she added, "After all these years of complaining about how Rachel would just burst into your bedroom, I would think that you, of all people, would learn to show some respect for privacy."

Jacob chuckled and replied, "Jeez, Mom...I didn't think it'd be such a big deal, since I've seen you in your underwear before. Heck, I've even seen you totally naked...several times!"

Stepping up to Jacob, Karen continued in a low whisper, "Watch the language, young man...and this is different, Jake."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jacob inquired, "How so?"

Karen pointed towards the partially-opened bathroom door and said, "Well, for starters...your father's right there." They could both hear the sounds of Robert humming a tune as he continued his grooming process. "I don't think he'd find it particularly amusing to come in here, and see his wife parading around in nothing but her bra and panties with his teenaged son in the room...do you?"

After a brief pause, Jacob shook his head. "No...I guess not."

Karen softened her tone and continued, "Jake...those occasions when I disrobe in front of you are only for when we're alone and I'm helping you during our... 'sessions'. Outside of that, we must go about things in a normal mother and son relationship...especially around your father... okay?"

Nodding his head in agreement, Jacob replied, "You're right...I'm sorry, Mom. I guess I wasn't thinking."

Karen smiled, "It's okay. Just be a bit more mindful in the future...and knock first." She then put her hands on Jacob's shoulders and asked in a normal tone, "Now...did you need something?"

"Yes, Ma'am...do we have any aspirin or maybe some Tylenol?"

Karen furrowed her brow. "Tylenol? What's wrong, sweetie? You're not feeling well?" She then put her hand to Jacob's forehead and added, "Well...you don't seem to have a fever."

Jacob shook his head, "No...it's nothing like that. I feel fine, except for a little headache."

Karen stepped back. "Oh, well that makes sense...you probably just need to eat something."

Jacob nodded slightly, "Come to think of it, I am pretty hungry...maybe you're right."

Karen giggled, "Maybe? I know I'm right. You see, that's what happens when you spend all your time texting Sara, instead of eating lunch."

"Uh-oh...you saw that?" Jacob knew of his Mother's strict rule about no cell phone use at the table during meal times. He'd tried to be slick, hiding his phone under the table as he texted, but evidently, he hadn't been stealthy enough.

Karen put a hand on her hip and scoffed. "Of course, I saw that...don't think you were getting away with anything, young man!"

Jacob grinned, "I'm surprised you didn't stop me."

Karen walked over to the dresser and opened up Robert's overnight bag. As she rummaged around in its contents, she replied, "I almost did, but then I figured since we're not at home, we can bend the rules a little...and I could let it slide."

"So I guess what you're saying is...'What happens in Atlanta...stays in Atlanta'?" Jacob asked.

Karen then looked up with an amused look and replied, "Exactly—" she then held up her index finger and warned, "But don't try pulling that line on me tonight at dinner, or I'll definitely take that phone away from you."

Shaking his head, Jacob replied, "No, Ma'am...I won't."

After a few seconds of searching, Karen exclaimed, "Ah...here it is! I knew he'd have something in here."

Jacob walked over to Karen and asked, "What's that, Mom?"

"Naproxen," Karen replied, holding up the small bottle and giving it a shake, making the tablets inside rattle. "Your dad always makes sure to pack some type of pain reliever whenever he travels." She removed the bottle's cap and handed Jacob two of its little blue pills. "One will usually do the trick, but go ahead and take two...just to be safe."

Karen handed Jacob a cup of water that she had sitting on the nightstand. After Jacob had swallowed the pills, she said, "Now, I need to finish getting ready, and you should probably go get dressed, mister...our gracious hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, will be here in about thirty minutes to pick us up."

"Yes, Ma'am...and as usual...thanks, Mom," Jacob replied.

Karen smiled, "You're welcome, Sweetie. Now, get moving...it's getting late." As Jacob left the room, she called out, "Oh, and Jake...don't forget to wear your tie!"

A little while later, and now fully dressed, Karen stood in front of the full-length mirror, glancing at her reflection from various angles. She was wearing her new sheath dress— a silky, black, form-fitting garment that she'd been saving for a special occasion. It came down to just above her knees, and had a scooped neckline which plunged just enough to show a respectable amount of the normally conservatively-attired housewife's creamy cleavage. The see-through, lacy, long sleeves and beaded details at the hip gave Karen's dress just the right amount of an extra flash of elegance.

Karen chose to wear a pair of black stilettos to complete her outfit. The sexy, high-heeled pumps had an open-toed design with little rhinestones along the back of their heels.

"Well hello there, gorgeous!" Robert exclaimed, as he entered the room, pleasantly delighted to find his wife donning her new dress.

"Hey there, yourself," Karen replied as she turned her body and continued to gaze at her reflection in admiration. The beautiful, pious housewife always tried her best to never be conceited, but at the moment she couldn't help but feel satisfied with what she saw.

"Don't worry...you look incredible!" Robert commented, stepping up behind Karen and wrapping his arms around her waist, just below her bountiful bosom.

Karen replied, "Sorry...I don't mean to be vain. It's just that I've been waiting for just the right opportunity to wear this for you."

Looking into Karen's eyes through the mirror's reflection, Robert asked, "Is this the surprise that you've been talking about? If so, then I like this a lot!"

As Robert nuzzled her neck, Karen replied, giggling, "No, silly. I'm saving that for later...that is, so long as you behave yourself."

Robert chuckled, "Well, with you looking like this...that's gonna be a tall order. Speaking of later...remember, I have a surprise for you, as well."

Gazing lovingly into her husband's eyes, Karen replied, "Oh, that's right. Well, in that case...can you at least give me a little hint?"

Robert inhaled deeply and with an impish grin, commented facetiously, "What a lovely fragrance...is that a new perfume?"

Karen giggled, pulling away from her husband and mockingly pointing at his chest. "Don't try and change the subject, mister! You know I'm going to keep bugging you about it all night, so you might as well just give it up."

Robert sighed. As always, he couldn't help but give in too easily to his lovely wife, "Okay...I guess I oughtta just go ahead and tell you. Remember how you've been asking me to speak with my

doctor about my lack of energy in bed and occasional erectile dysfunction?"

Karen nodded, "Yes...for months now."

Robert continued, "Well, I finally brought it up with Dr. Owens, during my annual check-up last week."

"And what did he have to say...is everything alright?" Karen asked with curiosity mixed with a bit of concern.

Robert nodded, "Yeah...everything's fine. However, he did give me a list of vitamins to try, along with a prescription for Viagra."

Perplexed, Karen tilted her head, "Viagra?"

Robert chuckled, "Yeah...you know...the little blue pill?"

Karen rolled her eyes, "Yes, sweetheart...I know what you're talking about."

Robert continued, "Dr. Owens said the type that he prescribed is a more powerful, time-release version. That means that after taking it I can go for longer, and it'll also allow us to be more...spontaneous." He then added jokingly, "Who knows, maybe we can even compete with that newlywed couple next door!"

Karen scrunched her face, and replied, "Newlyweds?"

"Uh-huh," Robert affirmed. "They were checking in at the same time that we were, earlier. A young couple from Buckhead...they're flying down to Miami in the morning for their honeymoon cruise to the Bahamas."

Karen giggled, "Honey, I'm not sure if we ought to be competing with anyone. After all, we aren't as young as we used to be. We may just end up hurting ourselves!"

Robert shrugged, pulling Karen back to himself with a boyish grin and said, "Well, it would sure be fun to try..."

Karen shook her head and smiled. "Did you at least remember to bring the Viagra with you?"

"Of course," Robert replied. He motioned with his head towards the dresser. "The pills are in my overnight bag. I dropped several of them in my bottle of Naproxen."

Karen's eyes went wide with shock. "Naproxen? Honey...why on earth would you do that? Both pills are blue...what if you get them mixed up?"

Robert scoffed, "Don't worry, dear...that won't happen. The Viagra's got a different shape than the Naproxen, so I can easily tell them apart. Besides, I didn't want you going into my bag and accidentally finding the prescription bottle...since I was hoping to surprise you."

Karen tried her best, but couldn't remember exactly what the pills that she'd given to Jacob had looked like. She'd had no reason at the time to think that the bottle had contained anything other than Naproxen. Now however, she was worried about the distinct possibility that she may have inadvertently given her son an erectile dysfunction medication...and what effects it might soon have on him.

Robert tightened his grip around Karen's waist and whispered in her ear, "Here's a thought— maybe we can send Jake on ahead of us to dinner with the Bishops, and then we can catch up with them later..."

Karen twisted out of her husband's grasp and playfully scolded him, "Now, now...you need to be a good boy, and cool your jets...we can have 'playtime' later, when we get back." She straightened Robert's tie and added, "For now, I need to go and check on our son to make sure he's getting ready as I asked. He's most likely goofing off though, like always." She gave her husband a little peck on the cheek, and then used her thumb to wipe away the crimson stain that she marked. As Karen walked away, she said sultrily, "Just be patient...I'll make it worth the wait, you'll see..."

Robert watched as his gorgeous wife left the room. Staring at her shapely, round bottom as it gently swayed from side to side beneath her form-fitting dress, he whispered to himself, "Be patient? That's gonna be easier said than done!"

After knocking on the communicating door to Jacob's adjoining suite, Karen called out as she entered the room, "Hey Sweetie...how's it going in here?" Closing the door, she found Jacob standing in front of the mirror, struggling with his tie. Karen was happy to see that at least he'd showered and (for the most part) was dressed.

"Okay...I guess." Jacob replied. "Now, if I could just get this stupid thing to cooperate!"

"How are you feeling physically, though?" she asked with concern and ignoring his minor frustration with the tie. "Are you okay?"

Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am...I feel fine, except for that nagging headache." He then saw Karen's reflection in the mirror behind him. Turning around to gaze at the lovely vision that was his mother, he exclaimed, "Holy crap, Mom!! You look freakin' awesome!!"

Karen smiled warmly, "Thank you, baby, but...again, you need to watch the language."

Jacob stepped closer to Karen, eying her from head to toe. "Sorry, Mom, but wow...I mean...WOW!!" He knew that Karen was beautiful, even just at home whenever she wore her T-shirts and yoga pants and had her hair done up in a simple ponytail as she cleaned the house. Now, with her new dress, shoes, and bold make-up all put on, his previously staid, stay-at-home Mother had reached a whole new level!

Karen giggled, as she began helping Jacob with his tie. "Well, from the sound of you and your dad's reactions, I take it that this old lady cleans up pretty good, hmm?"

"'Pretty good'?" Jacob asked. He then scoffed and continued, "Mom...that's gotta be the understatement of the year. You look like a Miss America contestant!"

Continuing to help Jacob with his tie, Karen cut her eyes incredulously and shook her head at him, saying with a giggle, "That's very nice of you to say, but I don't think that I would go that far. Just like your father, you're obviously going to have to be a bit biased, but still...I appreciate it."

"There now...all ready to go!" Karen commented, straightening out the collar of Jacob's dress shirt one last time. She then smiled and said, as she ran her fingers through Jacob's mop of hair, "I've got to say...I must be the luckiest woman in Atlanta tonight. I have a dinner date with not only one, but two of the handsomest men in Georgia!"

Jacob lost focus as he gazed into his mother's warm, hazel eyes and breathed in the intoxicating fumes of her sweet perfume. Once again, he felt an overwhelming desire to try and kiss his gorgeous mother's luscious, red lips. Without even thinking, he moved in closer to her mouth and softly said, "We're the lucky ones, Mom..."

Before their lips could touch, Karen jerked her head back and asked in dismay and disbelief, "Jake...just what on earth do you think you're doing?" She glanced quickly at the closed door, and continued, "Young man...that's the second time that you've tried that stunt. We've had this discussion already, and I thought for certain that we'd put this kissing thing behind us. When I said no, I meant NO!"

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob replied, trying to sound remorseful. "I couldn't help myself...you just look so pretty."

Karen tried not to smile. "Well, thank you for the compliment, Sweetie, but you have got to control yourself. What if your father had walked in just now, and seen you trying that?" Seeing the look of rejection on his face, she softened her tone and continued, "Besides...haven't you kissed Sara yet?"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am...we've kissed a couple of times."

Karen replied, "Well, there you go...she's the one you ought to be doing that with, not me."

Jacob then fibbed, "Well, that's just it, Mom. Sara's the first girl that I've ever really kissed, and I'm worried whether I'm doing it right. I was just hoping that maybe, you could...you know...let me know how I'm doing, or if you have any tips." (He conveniently left out the fact he'd already been taking plenty of 'lessons' from his elder sister, Rachel.)

Karen replied, unmoved, "Jake...I am not going to be your practice partner for kissing. As I've told you before, that's completely inappropriate— and way out of bounds."

Suddenly, they heard Robert's voice coming from the other side of the door, "Hey, you guys." He then opened the door and continued, "Jim and Tammy are downstairs waiting on us...y'all ready?"

Karen put her arm around Jacob's shoulder and replied, "Yes we are, dear...just finishing up."

Robert stepped into the room, and said with surprise, "Wow, Hon...you've actually got Jake to wear a tie and it's not even Easter Sunday. Lookin' good, Champ!"

"Thanks, Dad," Jacob replied, trying to sound cheerful.

As the Mitchells made their way down the hotel hallway, Karen walked arm in arm with both of her 'boys'. Wearing the stiletto heels easily made her the tallest one of the group.

Suddenly, Robert took off in a slight jog to catch the elevator doors ahead of them. Seeing that Jacob appeared to be a little downcast, Karen wrapped her right arm around his shoulder and pulled him tightly to her side as they continued to walk. She whispered, "Don't worry about earlier, Honey...I'm not mad. Tell you what, if you still have any concerns or questions, we can talk more about it later...okay?"

Jacob could feel his sleeping leviathan beginning to stir slightly. Karen's embrace had caused the left side of his face to press snugly against her pillowy breast. He found that the soft material of her new dress felt good against his cheek, and the sweet scent of her perfume smelled absolutely heavenly. His only wish was that somehow, there'd be a chance to get some quality 'alone time' with his mother during this college trip, but that possibility was always going to be unlikely with his father accompanying them. Sighing resignedly at his fate for the weekend, Jacob smiled and said, "That'd be great, Mom...thanks."

For the most part, the evening's convivial gathering of families went off splendidly. The downtown five-star restaurant was top-notch, and the food and drinks the Mitchells and Bishops partook in were fabulous.

Karen found Jim's wife Tammy to be quite amiable, and it seemed that they had much in common. Both of them were stay-at-home moms, who spent a lot of time volunteering at their churches and PTA groups. Mrs. Bishop originally hailed from the upstate of South Carolina, and she, like Karen, was a gorgeous and busty brunette. However, Tammy was a bit shorter than

Mrs. Mitchell, standing at only 5 feet, 5 inches tall. The two mothers spent the majority of the evening in cordial conversation over an expensive bottle of pinot grigio wine. It was in fact of the same vintage that Brenda had turned Karen on to the day prior.

Just like the Mitchells, the Bishops had two young-adult children. Their eldest was a son named Jimmy (who accompanied them to dinner that night), and who was already a sophomore at Georgia Tech. Jim Sr. had asked 'Junior' to attend the meal so that Jacob would have someone around his age to converse with, as well as to obviously offer some current student life insight in to the school. The decision proved to be a good one as both boys hit it off right away (so much so that, as the night wore on, they seemed to have been best friends for years).

The Bishops' other child was their daughter, Katie, who was currently a high school senior. A lithe and younger version of Tammy (although bespectacled, and somewhat bookish and shy), Katie's plan was to attend her mother's alma mater, Clemson University in South Carolina, the following autumn.

Towards evening's end, as the two families enjoyed some dessert and coffee, Karen leaned over to Jacob, who was seated to her left. "Jake...you feeling okay?" Out of concern that she'd inadvertently given Jacob two tablets of Viagra back at their hotel, Karen had pestered her son with the same question several times throughout dinner. She was able to use his earlier headache as an excuse for her persistent 'mothering', despite her son's increasing annoyance.

Like each prior time that Karen had asked him that evening, Jacob replied, "Yeah, Mom...I'm fine." This time however, he added, "Just so you know...the headache's gone. I guess you were right...I just needed to eat something."

Karen smiled at Jacob's response. She was glad to hear that his headache had now gone, but was even more pleased that he was showing no obvious signs of having taken the Viagra. The worried mother felt a great sense of relief that she'd apparently dodged yet another bullet.

Throughout the evening, Robert and Jim spent most of their time telling stories and reminiscing about the 'good ol' days'. Karen was happy to see that her husband was enjoying himself whilst reconnecting with his old college buddy. However, as the evening wore on, she was becoming more and more concerned with the number of drinks that they were consuming.

Apparently, Mr. Bishop had a high tolerance for alcohol, and he continuously drank straight bourbon throughout the night, showing no signs at all of obvious intoxication. On the other hand, Robert was known to occasionally have only a few beers or an alcoholic drink (usually scotch) every once in a while. Thus, despite his best efforts, he couldn't possibly hope to keep up with his old friend and it began to show. Worrying that her long-awaited night of passion with her husband was in real jeopardy, Karen used her wits and found a way to graciously end the evening with the Bishops.

Back at the hotel, Jacob said goodnight to his mom and dad, and then went to his suite. His plan was to play some games and perhaps spunk off to some porn before retiring for the night. With the way that his parents had been flirting with each other during the ride back, they apparently wanted some 'alone time' together. Therefore, he figured with them preoccupied, it'd be safe in his room to use his laptop and headphones to watch some of his favorite MILF videos.

In the adjoining suite, Robert stood by the king-size bed and began taking off his tie. "I wantcha-ta know..." he mumbled somewhat to Karen, "I went ahead and took the Vi-ar-ga before we left the hotel, and now I think...it's starting to kick in."

As Karen stood at the dresser, removing her dangly earrings and other sparkling jewelry, she looked at Robert's reflection in the mirror. She chuckled and replied, "Oh, did you now? I take it, someone must be quite eager tonight!"

Robert replied, "Yep...I'm also eager to see this surp-pise you were talking about."

Karen noticed her husband's voice was slightly slurred and he was wobbling a bit, but it wasn't enough to give her any concern about his overall condition. She herself was rather tipsy from her overindulgence of the pricey wine that she and Tammy had drunk, but she figured her own warm intoxication would help add some 'fuel' to the fire...

After placing her precious ornaments into a small jewelry box, Karen walked over to her husband and kissed him...the taste of scotch was still heavy on his breath. She said softly, "Well, let me freshen up a little, and then I'll show you that surprise."

Whilst in the bathroom, Karen removed her new dress and hung it up with a hanger. Standing in front of the mirror, the tipsily drunk wife took a moment to admire her reflection. Her hair and makeup were still immaculately impeccable. The sexy new bra, panty set, and thigh-high stockings with its lacy garter trim that now adorned her made her look (and feel) like a lingerie model.

Feeling in no rush, Karen took the time to touch up her lipstick and apply some additional perfume to certain specific areas—namely her neck, behind her ears, and the deep cavern in between her mouthwatering breasts. She could feel her freshly-waxed vagina already slickening with its natural lubricant in anticipation. At the last second, the beautiful housewife then pulled the waistband of her skimpy black panties away from her body and sprayed some of the fragrant mist along the top of her naked mound, hoping that her husband would get the hint. For a final, dramatic effect, she decided to leave on her high-heeled stilettos for the time being.

Karen took one final glance at herself in the mirror and decided that she was now ready to return to her eagerly awaiting husband. Taking her black satin robe from off its hook, she slipped it on, and then tied the sash. Facing back to the bathroom door, she took one last deep breath in and then turned the knob. It was finally time for her big reveal...

"Okay big boy...I hope that you're ready to—" Karen stopped mid-sentence as soon as she entered the bedroom, only to find Robert had fallen fast asleep. He had pulled back the covers, stripped down to his boxers, and climbed into bed before immediately passing out.

"Oh, no, Rob...you have got to be kidding me!!!" Karen exclaimed with disconsolate disappointment. She approached the bed and said as she shook him by the shoulder, "Rob...Honey...wake up!" She could tell by her husband's gentle snoring that he was most likely out for the night. Crossing her arms underneath her boobs, Karen huffed in miffed frustration, "Well, isn't this just peachy!!"

Suddenly, through the thin wall of the connecting suite came a muted cry of, "Mooommmmm!!!" Karen immediately recognized the voice to be Jacob's, and it was in a tone that by now she knew all too well...her boy was in distress. Nothing in the world could be more frightening for a mother than to hear her child call out for help, no matter their age.

Karen rushed to the door separating the two suites. However, her legs were still a bit wobbly in her high heels because of the wine's lingering effects. Once she'd entered the room, her nose caught a familiar whiff and she found the air flooded with Jacob's exotic scent. This time however, something was very different.

The smell was much more potent than usual...so much more, that it actually took Karen's breath away. Kindled with an

immediate surge of arousal, she could feel the chemically-laced fumes enveloping her body, causing her skin to ignite with pleasant, tingling sensations.

A nearby side table lamp lit the bedroom softly in a warm glow. Jacob was in the queen-sized bed leaning himself back against the headboard. He was wearing a 'Star Wars' T-shirt, with the comforter pulled up to his waist. Looking past Karen to the communicating door, he whispered, "Is...is Dad with you?"

Karen looked back over her shoulder and noticed the door was still open. As she stepped over to close it, she replied, "No...he's fast asleep at the moment." She then walked over to the foot of the bed and noticed Jacob's arm moving back and forth as he resumed stroking himself underneath the comforter. "What's wrong, Sweetie?" she asked with concern, even though she already had a pretty good idea of the reason for his predicament.

Jacob whined, "Mom...something's wrong. It hurts...really bad!" Normally, Jacob would always fib about the 'pain' that he felt, but it was no lie from him this time.

Karen sat down on the bed beside Jacob. The combination of the alcohol in her system and the overpowering scent in the room was causing her to feel light-headed. "Jake...you're most likely experiencing another build-up of seminal fluid...it's happened before."

Jacob shook his head. "No, Mom...not like this! This is way different...my testicles are swollen much more than usual, and..."

After a brief pause, Karen asked, "And what, Honey?"

"And it looks...strange," Jacob replied. "Mom, to be honest...I'm a little scared. It's never done anything like this before."

"Alright...let me take a look." Karen said, as she began pulling back the comforter. "Oh, my Lord!!!" she reared back, and shrieked at the ungodly sight springing up immediately before her.

Jacob was right. This was different...very different. His unnaturally-large cock was now an alarming color of dark purple, whilst the veins crisscrossing his enormous shaft were almost black. Precum, which would usually leak from his tip in little trickles, was now flowing in a constant stream— a sizeable puddle had already formed on the bed sheets. Jacob's aching testicles had also become visibly enlarged, and were now similar in color to his pulsing manhood.

Jacob continued to stroke his bulging shaft, "I don't know what happened. Everything was fine until a little while ago. Then, it suddenly started to swell up and change colors."

Karen was speechless as she looked on in horror, knowing full well that this had been the result from the Viagra...and it was her fault. Even though it had been an accident, she had been the one who'd given her son the drug and thus, was now responsible for his suffering. The profound guilt she now felt was

almost as intense as the overwhelming sexual arousal that was inflaming her body...almost.

Standing up from the bed, Karen patted Jacob on the chest and tried to reassure her son. "Jake...it's going to be alright."

As Karen slowly backed away from him, Jacob asked with concern, "Mom? Where are you going?"

Karen raised her hand and said, "I'll be right back...just hold on a second."

On wobbly legs, Karen returned to the suite that she shared with Robert. There, she found her husband in the same position where she'd left him...on his back, soundly asleep.

Karen grabbed her cell phone from her purse and snuck into the bathroom. Leaving the door cracked open so she could keep an eye on Robert, she found the contact on her phone that she wanted and hit the speed dial. After a few seconds, the concerned mother whispered into the phone, "Hey... sorry to bother you so late, but can you talk?"

Brenda was lying in bed, leaning against the headboard and reading an erotica story on her Kindle. She looked over at her husband Mark beside her, who lay with his back to his wife as he gently snored. "Yeah, Sis, of course...what's up?"

Karen sighed and said, "I think we have a BIG problem."

Once Karen had explained everything to her younger sister, Brenda asked a few questions concerning Jacob's current status. After mulling over the facts of the matter, the young doctor replied, "Don't worry, Karen...he's gonna be okay."

"But what should I do?" Karen asked, still troubled. "He's in a great deal of pain, and his thing looks even more dreadful than usual!"

"Relax, Sis," Brenda replied. "I know it may look scary, but it's just an overabundance of blood that's collected in his genitals...it probably appears worse than it really is."

"So, what do you suggest that I do?" Karen asked.

Brenda replied, "Well, I know you probably don't wanna risk taking Jake to the ER...unless absolutely necessary."

"Correct." Karen whispered into the phone.

After a deep breath, Brenda said, "The only other option I can think of would be to make him ejaculate until the Viagra works its way out of his system."

"Would that do it?" Karen asked.

"Yeah, most likely that'd do the trick." Brenda replied, her mouth curling up. After a pause, she asked, "Where's Rob, by the way?"

Karen peeked out the door again. "He's asleep...well...passed out, actually. He'd been trying to keep up with his old college buddy at dinner tonight and ended up going overboard on the scotch."

Brenda's smile widened, "Well, consider that a blessing."

Karen retorted incredulously, "How's that a blessing?"

Brenda replied, "Because with Jake having taken two doses...and without knowing how the Viagra is currently reacting with the WICK-Tropin in his system, who knows how long it's going to take? You, my dear, could be in for a very long evening..." Glancing over again at her sleeping husband, Brenda added with a mischievous grin, "I must say...I'm quite jealous of you right now."

Karen huffed, and rolled her eyes, "Have I told you lately that you're horrible?"

Brenda giggled, "Not today, you haven't." In a more serious tone, she continued, "Karen...Jake'll be fine, but please keep me posted and call me back if things haven't improved in the next couple of hours."

Karen replied, "Okay...I will. Thanks, Brenda...love you."

"Love you too." Brenda reciprocated. Before ending the call, she added, "Oh...and Sis? Have fun for me, tonight!"

Swiping her phone closed and putting it away on her nightstand along with her Kindle, Brenda took a quick glance at Mark. She then placed her right hand under the comforter, joining her left hand that had wandered down there during her conversation with Karen. Pulling her already soaked panties to the side, the horny gynecologist spent the rest of the evening fantasizing about all sorts of wickedly naughty, sexual scenes that she imagined playing out between her sister, Karen, and nephew, Jacob. The kinky thought of the buxom, beautiful mother and her handsome, horny son fooling around and fucking all night to who knows how many countless orgasms (all while her clueless brother-in-law snored drunkenly in the next room) brought the deviant doctor to several of her own climaxes that night. Brenda finally passed out from exhaustion, with lurid images of Jacob's hot loads of white cum pouring out from Karen's ravished pussy lips satiating her secret creampie fetish and drifting her off to sleep.

Back at the hotel in Atlanta, after turning down the lights, Karen approached the bed and covered Robert up with a warm comforter. As she gazed down at her sleeping husband, Karen now had to deal with two strains of guilt...first, the guilt of having caused this accident to happen to Jacob, and another one from now having to abandon her spouse in order to correct that situation.

Feeling it was safe, and that he wouldn't wake up, Karen leaned over, kissed Robert on the cheek, and whispered, "Sorry, sweetheart, but our son needs me right now. We can try again some other time." Turning away, she quietly left to go back to the adjoining room, and to her ailing child.

Once Karen had reentered Jacob's suite, she found him on the bed, still jacking off. She was again hit with his overpowering fumes, causing her nipples to immediately tighten and buzz with excitement.

Seeing his mother standing in the doorway, Jacob asked in a slight panic, "Mom? Should we call someone? Maybe Aunt Brenda?"

"I've just gotten off the phone with her." Karen replied, as she closed and locked the door.

"You did?" Jacob asked. "What did she say?"

"First off, Sweetie...I'm afraid that this is all my fault, and I want you to know that I'm so sorry."

"Your fault?" Jacob replied, as he continued to stroke himself. "How can any of this be your fault?"

Karen walked over and stood at the bedside. "Remember earlier tonight, when I gave you the Naproxen for your headache?"

"Yeah?" Jacob replied, suspiciously.

Karen sighed as she sat on the bedside, "Well...turns out that it wasn't Naproxen...by mistake, I gave you some of your father's Vi— vitamins." For some reason, the guilty mother couldn't bring herself to tell him the full truth. She felt a third strain of guilt adding itself to her list of woes.

Jacob's eyes went wide. "Vitamins?" Scrunching his face, he asked, "What kind of vitamins would do this?" He then motioned down towards his aching genitals.

"Well..." Karen continued her little, white lie, "His doctor had given him a prescription during his annual check-up. It's a special type of vitamin, for men of your dad's age." She then sat down on the side of the bed. "It was totally accidental when I gave them to you, because both medications are similar in shape and color. Since I wasn't aware that your dad had put his...vitamins in the same bottle as the Naproxen, I had no reason at all to check. Baby, I'm so sorry..."

"It's okay, Mom...like you said...it was an accident." Jacob smiled, trying to ease his mother's visible remorse. He then asked, "Did Aunt Brenda have any suggestions for how to fix this?"

Karen nodded, "Actually she did, and it's really quite simple." Her eyes drifted back down to Jacob's swollen genitals. The deep purple coloring had darkened even more. "Until the drug can work its way out of your system...you're going to have to try and ejaculate, to relieve the pressure."

Jacob scoffed, "I've been trying to since it started, but as you can see...I haven't had any luck!"

Karen stood up and replied, "That's why I'm going to help you..."

As Karen began loosening the sash of her robe, Jacob asked, "Mom? Not that I'm complaining or anything, but what about your rule of not helping me when Dad's in the house? Aren't you worried about us getting caught?"

Karen glanced over at the wall that separated the two suites. "Your father's fallen asleep and is probably out for the night. So, as long as we stay quiet, it should be okay." Turning back to Jacob, she added, "Besides...we're not breaking the rule...because technically, we're not in our house."

Jacob's eyes bulged out as soon as Karen slipped her robe off of her shoulders and allowed the silky garment to slide down her arms, dropping behind her to pool on the floor. Forgetting all about his discomfort, he stopped stroking his cock and whispered, "Wow!!!"

Earlier that evening, when Jacob had walked into his parents' suite unannounced, he hadn't had a chance to get a good look at Karen in her sexy underwear. She'd leapt from the vanity stool and quickly scrambled to the bed for her robe, immediately covering up her delights. However, now in his softly-lit hotel room, his eyes could feast on the delicious sight of his mother and savor every one of her scrumptious curves. "Wow, Mom! You look...amazing!! You belong in a lingerie catalog."

Karen smiled as she stood before her son in all her glory, wearing just her bra, panties, stockings, and high-heels. "Why, thank you, Baby," she replied softly. Stepping up closer to the bed, she added, "These were meant to be a surprise for your father, but unfortunately...we saw how that worked out."

Jacob asked, "You mean to tell me, that I'm getting to see you in them even before Dad?"

"Yes, you are," Karen replied as she kicked off her heels. Climbing into the bed, she settled herself in between Jacob's legs.

Jacob watched as Karen got on all fours and took a hold of his painful erection. He smiled as he noticed his mother's massive jugs threatening to spill out from the confines of her skimpy, black bra. "Oh well...I guess Dad's loss is definitely my gain."

Karen looked up at Jacob and commented, "I guess it is." She then glanced over to the wall one last time. "But no more talk about your Dad, okay? Just settle in, and relax."

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am..." as he leaned back against the headboard.

Karen was horrified by the visible difference in Jacob's cock...it downright looked even more menacing than ever. After just a few strokes, her fingers had already become liberally coated with his thick and slimy precum.

As Karen jerked off her son, she prayed that the effects of the Viagra wouldn't cause him any permanent damage. Hopefully, once the drug had run its course and gotten out of Jacob's system, he would feel better, and there wouldn't be any lingering physical effects from her terrible mistake.

It wasn't long before Jacob began uttering a guttural groaning sound, and Karen knew from experience that he was quickly approaching an orgasm. She mused to herself that she was listening to something that no mother should ever hear coming from her son, but because of the past couple of months it was a noise that she'd by now become all too familiar with.

Karen looked up at Jacob and found a strained look on his face, "Jake? Are you getting close?" Her clutching hand was beginning to ache from trying to keep a tight grip on her son's swollen and elongated shaft.

Jacob nodded, and replied with a labored breath, "Yeah...but Mom...the closer I get...the more it hurts! It's like my nuts are about to explode!"

Usually, Karen would've corrected Jacob for using such dirty slang. However, now was not the time for her usual admonitions. Her son was suffering, and her only thought at the moment was focused on bringing him the relief that he so desperately needed.

Karen glanced at Jacob's heavily distended scrotum. She could see some strange movements inside of the purple-hued sack, as a massive load of sperm was no doubt being churned by her son's overactive testicles. The guilt-ridden mother lowered herself onto her left forearm and gave one of his aching testes a loving kiss.

Jacob's groans grew even louder. "Mom...it hurts...really bad!!!"

Overcome with compassion for her boy, Karen replied, "I know, Sweetie...we just need to get it out. Maybe this'll help." The sympathetic mom then wrapped her red, painted lips around the head of Jacob's profusely-leaking cock. She moaned with pleasure as his sweet fluid coated her sexy, flickering tongue, igniting her taste buds and enhancing her body's arousal. She then adjusted her position so that she could use both her hands along with her mouth in an attempt to satisfy her son's raging beast.

With his cocktip even more sensitive than usual, the combined sucking and twirling of Karen's tongue against the crown of his dick (and the naughty glint in her eyes as she looked up at him), was quickly pushing Jacob over the edge. Like a volcano about to erupt, the teenager could feel the familiar, tingling pressure building as his lava-like semen surged up through the shaft of his cock. He grabbed hold of the comforter with both of his hands and called out, "Oh, Mom!! It's coming...cumming!! Ohhh Mooommmmm...AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Afraid that Robert might wake up from Jacob's howling, Karen quickly clamped her left hand over his mouth. "Shhhhh!!" She tried to calm him down, "Jake...you need to be quiet!"

Jacob's only response was to arch his back and continue his muffled bellowing into the palm of his mother's delicate hand, "Mmmppphhhhhh!!!"

Karen's right hand continued its long journey up and down Jacob's quivering shaft. "Oh, my goodness!!!" she cried out abruptly in shock, as rope after massive rope of semen erupted into the air from the glans of her son's twitching penis. Each blast of his cum shot up halfway to the ceiling before landing with a 'splat!' on Jacob's stomach, onto Karen's arms, and all over the bed's comforter. In amazement, she added, "Good heavens!! It's...it's just...there's so much of it!!" before plopping her soft, red lips on her son's geysering tip, and taking the rest of his warm, slick ejaculate down her throat and into her stomach.

A little while later, after having received a second blowjob, Jacob lay on the bed, catching his breath. Karen emerged from the bathroom (having also swallowed another load), still clad in her sexy bra, panties and stockings. She'd cleaned herself up, and had brought a fresh towel to do the same for her son. As she wiped the semen from his stomach and chest, she said, "I'm sorry about earlier, but you were getting quite loud, and I was afraid you were going to wake up your father."

Jacob shook his head, "It's okay, Mom...I understand. I know you were just trying to keep us from getting caught."

Karen asked, as she began to wipe off the comforter. "Did that help? Do you feel any better?"

"A little, I guess," Jacob replied. "The pressure inside of my nut—testicles have lessened some, but I can feel some of the pain already returning..."

Karen noticed Jacob's heavy scrotum was still badly swollen and discolored. His pulsing, rock-hard cock stood straight up, resembling an angry, purple-headed space rocket. It was quite evident that Brenda's earlier assessment was correct...Jacob's predicament wasn't going to be a quick fix. With her jaw already beginning to ache, the determined mother knew what she had to do. Karen then looked at her son and asked, "Jake? By any chance, do you happen to have any of those condoms with you?"

The other day, Brenda had given Karen a month's supply of the experimental birth control drug, Midoxinol...and it hadn't taken much persuasion. Brenda had correctly surmised from her older sister's bashful hints that Karen was showing some interest in having her own son Jacob cum inside of her (unaware he'd already done so, unsafely, several times). Even though Karen had eagerly begun to take the pills only a day before on Friday, Brenda had warned that it could take a few days or more for the contraceptive to take full effect. With that being the case, Karen thought it was best to heed her younger sister's warning and to continue using condoms with Jacob (at least for a few more days).

Jacob smiled at his mom's question and immediately raised himself up, "Yes, Ma'am! Actually, I packed away two of them. I did just like you'd told me...always be prepared."

Karen giggled, "Of all the things that I try to teach you...that's the one direction you pay attention to and follow?"

Jacob shrugged, and asked, "Should I get them from my suitcase?"

An internal struggle now took place inside of Karen. It was a battle between her guilt of abandoning Robert, the worry of her and Jacob getting caught, and her own overwhelming arousal. After several seconds of weighing her options and staring at the thin wall which separated them from her sleeping husband, a winning rationale eventually emerged. Karen turned herself back

to Jacob and against better judgement said, "Yes, Jake...go get the condoms."

After enthusiastically retrieving the two condoms from his suitcase, Jacob turned around to find Karen standing by his bed, peeling off her silky, black panties. An incomparable thrill shot through his body as his mother slid the skimpy garment from her curvy hips and exposed her round, matronly bottom for his viewing pleasure.

Karen allowed her panties to slide down her stocking-clad legs to her feet. She then stepped out of them and bent over to retrieve the lacy garment from the floor. When Karen stood straight up again and turned around to face him, Jacob's eyes widened once he saw that his mother's pubes were now completely hairless.

Seeing a shocked look on Jacob's face, Karen asked, "What? What are you looking at, you goofball?"

Jacob stammered, unable to avert his eyes, "Mom...you umm...you...shaved...down there?"

Realizing what Jacob was referring to, Karen chuckled and replied, "Oh, you noticed that, huh?" She then dropped her panties onto the edge of the bed and sighed apathetically, "Yet another surprise that had originally been meant for your father..."

"You mean that I get to be the first to see this, too?" Jacob asked in surprise.

"Uh-huh." She then quipped, sheepishly, "Well...you're the first man anyway."

A big, knowing grin spread across Jacob's face. "Oh, now I get it...that's part of the 'girl stuff' that you and Aunt Brenda had been doing in the bathroom yesterday." Another thrill shot through him as he imagined his beautiful mother and aunt together in the large jacuzzi tub, shaving each other's private areas.

"It wasn't just that," Karen replied with a playful smile. She then held up her hand and wiggled her manicured fingers. "We also did our nails."

Jacob stepped closer to Karen. "Next time...can I watch? The shaving part, I mean." Originally, one of his goals had been to try for a hot threesome with Ms. Turner and his mom. Now, he was wondering if it would be possible to have sex with two married sisters, all at once (and his mom and aunt no less)...That would be so awesome!

Karen scrunched her face, and scoffed, "What? No! You cannot watch."

"Well, why not?" Jacob replied, shrugging his shoulders. "I've seen both of you naked...multiple times."

"Because I said so...that's why." Karen stated, emphatically. She then sat down on the bedside and added, "Remember...we need to keep some boundaries...my helping you isn't meant to be fun and games. Besides...I don't know if there'll even be a next time. I've yet to decide if I'm going to keep waxing down there, or not."

As Jacob watched his mother crawling onto the bed on all fours, the sight of her shapely backside and the peaks of her naked vaginal mound gave him an idea. "Hey, Mom...would you like my opinion?"

Sitting in the middle of the bed, Karen looked at Jacob and asked, "About what?"

Jacob stepped up to the bedside and replied, "You know...about whether you should keep waxing."

Karen rolled her eyes and dropped her head, huffing, "Now, there's an opinion every mother wants to hear from her son!"

Jacob placed the condoms onto the nightstand and said, "C'mon, Mom...just lay back, and I'll tell you what I think."

Karen absentmindedly obeyed her son, the combined effects of the alcohol and her own chemically-enhanced arousal now clouding her judgement. She scooped up on the bed and laid back with her head resting on a soft pillow. With her feet planted

on the mattress and her knees pointed straight up at the ceiling, she asked, "Jake? What about the pain? I thought that you needed my help."

"I can wait...it's not that bad, yet..." Jacob replied innocently, his mind focused elsewhere as he positioned himself at Karen's feet. He then placed his hands on Karen's bent knees...the sexy, silky texture of her sheer, black stockings felt electric to his fingertips. As he gently pulled his mother's legs apart, he continued, "I promise...this'll only take a second."

Karen gave little resistance as Jacob spread her legs wide. She embarrassedly closed her eyes, asking herself why in the world she was even allowing her son to scrutinize her most sacred, intimate body part— only to quickly answer her own question...the hormones. After a few seconds, she heard her son whisper 'Wow!' and felt the mattress shifting as he adjusted his position.

Suddenly, Karen felt Jacob's warm breath on her nether regions, causing her to open her eyes. "Jake?" she asked as she lifted her head, trying to see past her bra-encased twin peaks. Even then, she could only see the top of her son's head. "What are you doing?"

Jacob had never been this up close and personal with Karen's vagina. He now found himself captivated by his mother's totally bare sex. It resembled a delicate, pink flower, glistening with delectable-looking drops of early morning dew. He found the combination of her natural scent, along with the sweet fragrance

of her new perfume, to be quite intoxicating. "Mom...I really think you should keep it like this down here...you have such a beautiful pussy!"

Karen cringed. "Jake...I've told you before about using that disgusting word. Now, if you want my help, hurry up and get one of the cond— OH!!" She halted mid-sentence and gasped as soon as Jacob surprised her by kissing the smooth, creamy flesh of her inner thigh. Raising up higher onto her elbows, she looked down at him and said with a heavy breath, "Young man! Stop this at once and quit fooling around!"

Jacob looked up with an impish smile from in between Karen's spread legs and replied, "Hang on, Mom...I wanna try something..."

Alarm bells immediately went off inside Karen's head, once she instinctively realized what Jacob was intending to do. She told herself she needed to stop this improper behavior from going any further. However, instead of moving or pushing him away, she remained to lie still and tried to reason with her son. "No, Jake... you cannot do that!"

"Why not? " Jacob asked.

Karen replied, "Well, for starters...I'm your mother."

"That's right...you're my Mom, and you constantly sacrifice and take such good care of me. For once, let me take care of you."

Karen smiled weakly, "That's very sweet of you to offer, but I'm the parent here...it's my job to take care of— oh my!!" The dutiful Mother gasped again as soon as Jacob's tongue slid along the entire length of her sopping, wet gash. An electric-like jolt shot out from her vagina and spread throughout her body once her teenaged son's oral snake made direct contact with her buzzing clitoris.

Using the tip of his tongue, Jacob probed deeper in between Karen's delicate vaginal lips. He instantly became hooked to the flavor and texture of his mom's sweet and tangy female nectar.

"Oh, Jake!" Karen whispered. "You need to...Mmmm...oh my gosh! You need to...stop! Sweetie...we shouldn't...Ohhhhh...do this!" Gently placing her hand on the crown of Jacob's head, Karen only found herself failing in her flailing, weak attempts to push him away.

Jacob could tell there was little to no conviction in his mother's voice and half-hearted rebuffs. Raising up his head to take a breath, his lips shone with a slick coating of his mom's feminine essence. When Karen took the brief opportunity to snap her legs shut, he said, "Please, Mom...let me do this for you."

In a pleading tone, Karen shook her head and replied, "Jake..."

"C'mon, Mom...hasn't Dad ever done this for you before?"

Karen nodded, "Yes, he has...but not for a very long time, I'm afraid." When she'd allowed Brenda to wax her vagina completely, Karen's hope had been that the naughty grooming gesture would rekindle Robert's desire to go down on her again, just like he'd done when they were younger. She continued, "Therefore, if someone's going to this for me...it should be him."

Jacob replied, "Well, as you can see, Dad's not here right now...but I am."

As tempted as she was, Karen wracked her mind in debate since she knew that this was wrong. Up until now, she had justified everything that she'd done with Jacob as stemming from her motherly duty to help her son with his 'problem'. However, this would be different...nothing could've been more sinful than to commit this oral sex act with her son, in order to merely satisfy her own lustful need. If anything, it was her husband Robert who ought to be fulfilling her womanly desires...and not their teenaged son.

Jacob could see Karen biting her lip, sensing that she was mulling over and actually contemplating his offer. He made one final push, "Mom, remember what we'd mentioned before... 'What happens in Atlanta...stays in Atlanta'." His contention was kind of silly, since it had been made in reference to his cell phone use and NOT their current, salacious situation, but once again Karen's normal judgement was compromised.

After a few more seconds, Karen relented as she took a deep breath and let her knees fall to the side. A devilish grin spread

on Jacob's face as his mother slowly spread her legs apart, exposing her sweet and juicy, bald clam to him once again. With an excited tone, he whispered, "Alright, Mom!" The teenager quickly repositioned himself by sliding his arms underneath her haunches and grabbing a hold of her pleasantly thick, silkily stocking-clad thighs. Under his breath, he commented, "Now that's what I'm talking about!"

Karen stated weakly, "Okay, Jake...I've agreed that we can do this tonight, but once we get home, everything has to go back to norm— Ohhhhhh!!!" As soon as Jacob's mouth had latched onto his mother's leaking vagina, her eyes widened in shock, and she flopped back onto the mattress, resting her head on the fluffy pillow.

Totally surprised by the talents of her son's youthful tongue, Karen stared blankly up at the ceiling and whispered to the heavens, "Oh, my! That feels so... gooooooooooddd!!" Widening her legs more in order to give Jacob better access, she then placed her right hand on his head, to help guide him to her favorite spots.

Jacob eagerly feasted on Karen's saturated twat as if it were a ripe, Georgia peach...the slurping noises that he made were downright lewd. Wanting to impress his mother, he used every trick and technique that had been taught to him by his older sister. As he listened to his Mom's continuous moaning and cooing, he felt gratitude to Rachel for having been such a great Jedi master. Pausing his oral assault for a second, Jacob spread Karen's vaginal lips apart in order to stare at and admire the

inside of her birth canal— the same sexy hole that both Rachel and he had emerged from years ago.

Karen's hardened clit felt like a live wire as Jacob resumed his oral assault. The overstimulated mother rolled her hips and slid her silkily-hosed feet back and forth along the comforter, as her teenaged son's hungry mouth inched her closer and closer to her first climax of the night.

Suddenly, Karen tightened her grip on Jacob's soft, brown hair and pulled his face tighter to her crotch. In a husky whisper, she began chanting, "Yes...yes...YESSSS!!!" At the same time, Karen clamped her silky thighs on Jacob's ears, squeezing his bobbing head in a deathly, vicelike grip.

Jacob soon found that he was being smothered with Karen's sweet Mommy-pussy and was finding it hard to breathe, but he was determined to push his mother over the edge. He attacked Karen's quivering vagina with a determined and heightened fervor, causing her loins and hips to squirm even more.

Karen was about to pop. She leaned forward, joined her left hand with her right, and dug her nails into Jacob's scalp. The middle-aged mother closed her eyes and began whining, "Oh! Oh, Jake! Yes! Right there...right there! Oh, Sweetie, you're gonna make me...Oh yes! Right there...right there...right there!!! Hhhhnnnnnngh!!!!"

In an attempt to keep quiet, Karen desperately turned her head to the side and bit on the pillowcase whilst her entire body convulsed in a violent orgasm. Her back arched, and her gyrating hips lifted up off of the bed as she creamed all over her son's slithering tongue.

Moments later, Karen lay on her back with her eyes closed, her stockinged legs splayed haphazardly on the bed, as she contemplated what had just happened. Because of the alcohol and the out-of-control hormones coursing through her system, the once-conservative mother had crossed yet another inappropriate sexual boundary with her son. Karen couldn't decide what was making her feel more guilty...the fact that she'd allowed Jacob to perform oral sex on her, or the fact that she had enjoyed it so much. She assumed Melissa had likely been sneakily teaching her son how to do that sex act on the side. Little did Karen know however, but Ms. Turner had nothing at all to do with Jacob's new skill...her own daughter Rachel deserved all the credit for that achievement.

"So, Mom?" Jacob asked, as he crawled up beside his mother. "How did I do?"

Karen opened her eyes and looked over to Jacob, and couldn't help but giggle at the condition of her son's smiling face. His mouth and chin were coated with a bright sheen of her glistening girl-juice. Using her thumb to wipe away some of the gooeyness from his lips, she smiled, "I don't think you need me to answer your question, in order to figure that one out!"

Jacob sat back on his haunches and persisted, "Was it better than you remembered, at least? With Dad, I mean?"

The smile drained from Karen's face. Sitting back up, she replied, "That question...I refuse to answer."

"Then I'll take that as a 'yes'." Jacob said, his face now beaming with pride.

Karen sighed and shook her head disconcertedly. Getting up off the bed, she then commented, "Jake...we've had this discussion before. Why must you keep on asking me about these things?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "I dunno...just curious, I guess."

Karen put her hands on her hips and replied, sternly, "Well, you need to stop it."

"Okay, Mom." Jacob answered, gazing upon his gorgeous Mother. She was now naked, except for her black bra and silky, thigh-high, garter-trimmed stockings. Noticing that the pain in his genitals was worsening, he began to stroke his aching penis while at the same time, appreciating the stunningly sexy revelation standing right before him.

Karen watched distractedly as Jacob's hand slid slowly up and down the stiff, veiny shaft of his lengthy cock. She stared, mesmerized at his terrifyingly intimidating erection, and heavily

swollen testicles. Karen was both nervous and excited at the prospect of once again taking her son's immense manhood deep inside her. Her bald pussy quivered in anxious anticipation, as more and more of its natural lubricant seeped out from her tingling vaginal lips. "I take it, you still need my help?" she sheepishly asked.

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am....definitely! It's starting to hurt pretty bad, again."

Karen picked up one of Jacob's condoms from the nightstand. "Well then, we'd better get you suited up." Crawling onto the bed on her knees, she added, "We haven't got all night...and I need to get back to your father, just in case he wakes up."

Moments later, mom and son lay in Jacob's bed, having taken up their standard, cowgirl mating position. Jacob sat leaning back against the headboard, with his hands clutching at his Mother's rising and falling hips. Karen was straddling Jacob's skinny legs, her vagina stuffed to the max with her son's rock-hard, condom-covered, teenaged cock.

"Nnnnnngggggggghhhhhhhh!!!" Karen moaned through clenched teeth, as she reached a climax once again. She was trying to stay as quiet as possible, knowing that her sleeping husband was only a thin wall away on the other side in the adjoining suite. Tightening her grip on the solid, mahogany headboard as her latest orgasm worked its way throughout her trembling body, jets of Karen's breast milk were soon expelling from her hardened nipples and into the soft fabric of her lacy, new bra.

Catching her breath, Karen looked down at Jacob. "Are you...close, yet?" A bead of her sweat fell from her forehead, landing onto her son's stomach.

Jacob replied, "No, not yet. You know, Mom, I'd probably finish much quicker if we went without the condom."

Sitting up straight, Karen shook her head and looked her son in the eye, "No, Jake...now's not a good time." Her son's suggestion brought Brenda's warning about the Midoxinol pills and making sure to use condoms back to mind. Karen hoped that she didn't have to further elaborate her monthly cycle status to Jacob and why it wasn't safe just yet, (even if they both wanted to do it bareback).

Jacob tried rocking his hips to get Karen's bouncing on his throbbing cock to resume. "But Mom, I really need to finish...the closer I get, the more it hurts!"

Karen commenced gyrating and matching Jacob's movements again. Even after having had three orgasms, her body (influenced by both the alcohol and the hormones), was still craving more. Thinking quickly, the horny mother reached behind her back and began unfastening the hooks of her overworked bra. Remembering how much her son liked her big boobs, she asked him, "Sweetie, perhaps these will help to stimulate you?"

Jacob's eyes bulged as soon as Karen had removed the restrictive garment, and her magnificent mammaries plopped out and bounced into view. "Oh yeah!" Jacob whispered, taking hold of his Mother's boobs as he gently cupped them and felt their firm heft and solid weight. "You've got such great tits, Mom!"

"Language, young man!" Karen softly scolded him as she dropped her bra onto the bed beside them. Now, the previously strait-laced wife and mother was down to only her silky, thigh-high stockings, sparkling engagement ring, and wedding band.

"Sorry, Mom, but I'm just in love with your breasts!" Jacob professed in apology. He then leaned in and kissed a pink nipple, collecting a small drop of Karen's sweet and creamy Mommy-milk that hung enticingly from her teat.

"Thank you for the compliment, Sweetie..." Karen replied. The touch of Jacob's lips on her sensitive nub was sending shivers down her back and was causing her vagina to spasm and clench tighter around her son's throbbing shaft. Then, out of the blue, Karen asked, "But wouldn't it be much better if my breasts were a bit smaller and perkier...like Ms. Turner's, or maybe your Aunt Brenda's?"

Jacob stared at his Mom's luscious melons, which were overflowing in his youthful hands. He shook his head emphatically and replied, "No way, Mom! I wouldn't change a thing." He then looked up into his Mother's warm, hazel eyes and added, "They're perfect...just like everything else about you. I

only hope that one day, I'm gonna be lucky enough to find and marry a woman just like you!" The MILF-smitten teenager once again took one of Karen's rigid nipples into his mouth and began to suckle on it like a hungry baby.

"Ohhhhhh!!" Karen gasped, and instinctively cupped the back of Jacob's head. The delicious sensations emanating in her breasts were radiating all the way down to her bald pussy.

Karen couldn't help but smile glowingly from Jacob's sweet confession, which warmed her heart immensely. Unsure if it was due to the wine, the hormones, her unconditional motherly love, or a weird combination of all of these things, but as the inebriated, sexually-repressed, and nostalgic mom watched her little man suckling at her breasts, she suddenly felt an overwhelming and onrushing sense of emotion.

Karen pulled back, causing her breast to pop out of her son's mouth. She then placed her index finger underneath Jacob's chin and tilted his head upwards towards hers. Seeing the confusion in his soft, hazel eyes, Karen then leaned down and pressed her plump, crimson-painted lips against his.

After several, prolonged seconds of their intense and unholy Mother-son kiss, they finally pulled away from one another. Jacob, still somewhat shocked, asked, "Mom? I thought you'd said that doing that was inappropriate?"

Karen smiled coyly and replied with a slight chuckle, "Oh, it most definitely is." Running her fingers through Jacob's mop of brown hair, she continued, "But, I kind of figured it would be okay this one time...just as long as 'What happens in Atlanta...stays in Atlanta'." She then tapped the end of Jacob's nose playfully with her index finger. "Boop! Agreed?"

Jacob slid his arms around Karen, and ran his hands up and down her sweaty and silky-smooth back. "Yes, Ma'am...agreed!" A big smile spread across his face as he stared back into his Mom's hazel eyes, and saw a girlishly mischievous glint there that he'd never seen before.

Over the next several minutes, the Mother and son duo made out madly like a couple of horny teenagers on prom night, flittering the tips of their tongues as they wrestled them together. Karen was quite impressed with Jacob's natural talent at kissing and using his tongue, tangling with hers like dueling snakes inside her mouth. Little did she know, but her clever boy had also been honing these skills by practicing them with his loving and helpful older sister, Rachel.

Soon, Karen was riding Jacob's cock whilst simultaneously sucking on his mouth and tongue. The taste of herself on her son's lips and the slippery slithering of their twisting tongues as they flickered against each other only served to heighten her arousal, bringing her closer to yet another orgasm.

The excitement of finally kissing his beautiful mother was too much for Jacob as well. It was thrilling to have reached a new goal, but even better, he hadn't needed to ask...Karen had instigated their sinful act and had crossed yet another boundary

all on her own. The wickedness of it all drove the teenager on, and he could sense his aching testicles about to boil over and fill the first condom with his third load of the evening.

As she neared her own climax, Karen pulled away from Jacob and sat up straight, then began bouncing frantically on her son. Keeping as quiet as possible during the buildup of her release to ecstatic euphoria, Karen couldn't contain herself any longer. Finally, she exclaimed in a whimpering whisper, "Ungh...ungh! Jake! Ungh!! It's...it's...happening...agggaiinnnnnn!!!"

Jacob watched in awe as Karen reached the crest of her impending orgasm. Her big tits that were just inches from his face, gyrated wildly in wide circles on her chest in opposite directions. Grabbing a hold of her swinging, milk-filled udders, Jacob latched onto one of her rubbery nipples, just in time for his mouth to be flooded with his Mom's sweet and creamy Mommy-milk. Karen threw her head back and unintentionally squealed in delight as the pinnacle of her orgasm intensified.

"HHHHHHMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!" Jacob moaned into Karen's pillowy breast, the muscular walls of her tight vaginal canal clamping down hard on the entire length of his shaft. The exquisite feeling of her thrumming cunt spasming on his cock caused his floodgates to finally open, relieving some of the awful pain in his bloated testicles. Riding out the apex of their perfectly-timed climax, the Mother-son duo drowned themselves in the deluged depths of their depravity. In an unholy exchange of fluids, Jacob drank his Mother's breastmilk that Karen continued flooding his mouth with, whilst at the same time his aching dick filled the condom with his thick and virile man

seed...the thin layer of latex being the only barrier to their equal fulfillment.

Tired and sweaty, Karen leaned forward, resting her forearms on the top of the headboard after finally cresting the wave of her orgasmic bliss. As she caught her breath, Jacob continued suckling on her breast, craving the last few drops of her warm and nourishing milk. Once satisfied, he released his Mother's tit and leaned back against the headboard. A small dribble of Karen's titty cream trickled from her hardened nipples and landed on Jacob's chest. "That was awesome! Thanks, Mom."

"You're welcome, Sweetie..." Karen gasped, flopping down exhaustedly on the mattress beside her son. Laying on her back with her eyes closed, she sighed as she drifted back down to earth from her orgasmic high. Coming back to consciousness a few moments later, she mumbled, "Hopefully, that ought to do the trick."

Jacob rolled off the bed, ripping off his ridiculously semen-engorged condom. Dropping the used sheath haphazardly to the floor, it landed beside one of his Mom's discarded stiletto pumps. Its slimy contents eventually spilled onto Karen's panties, which had fallen from the mattress and onto the plush carpet besides her high heels. Picking up the second, unopened condom from the nightstand, Jacob replied matter-of-factly, "I'm afraid not, Mom..."

Karen opened her eyes and sat up to find Jacob tearing open a new condom packet. "Oh, my goodness!" she remarked, staring

at the bare, purple abomination jutting out from her son's crotch. As she watched her son rolling the fresh prophylactic onto the length of his menacing one-eyed monster, the dutiful Mother remembered what Brenda had said— that this night could end up being a long one for her. Now, Karen kind of wished that Brenda could be there with her, so she could help her subdue Jacob's ravishing monstrosity. All of a sudden, her younger sister's idea of them double-teaming her teenager's out-of-control pussy-plunderer together didn't seem to sound so sinful or unsavory.

With his cock properly sheathed again, Jacob stepped up to the bed and brazenly announced, "Okay, Mom...ready for round two?"

Karen scoffed weakly, then responded, "Goodness, Jake...you think perhaps we could take a breather?" The lingering effects of the wine from dinner, the hormones, and their recent sexual exertions had caused her to feel even woozier.

Jacob climbed up onto the bed, and countered, "But Mom...earlier you'd said that you wanted to hurry up and finish relieving me, so that you could get back to Dad before he woke up."

Getting up onto her knees, Karen replied, "You're right...I did say that." Due to the chemically-induced fog that wrapped around her brain, she'd almost forgotten that Robert was in the very next room.

Jacob guided and positioned Karen, having taken her hand and pulled her from the center of the bed, "Besides, since you've been doing all the work so far, I don't feel like I need a break. So, how about I take over?"

Moments later, Karen found herself poised at the edge of the mattress, bent at the waist with her forearms on the bed, and facing the communicating door that divided the two suites. Jacob moved into position behind her, tapping her legs apart with his foot to get them to just the right width and causing her hanging boobs to sway gently back and forth. Karen's nipples rubbed achingly on the fabric underneath her, as fresh drops of her breast milk fell from her distended nipples, staining the comforter below.

Getting up behind his mom, Jacob took a few seconds to admire the view of her naked ass and how her hips tapered seductively into her sweaty and curved, feminine back. It warmly reminded him of their first, raunchy laundry room tryst that now seemed like ages ago, when he'd first blasted her insides bareback. Without warning, Jacob smacked Karen's right butt cheek. Captivated by the rippling of her pliable flesh, he struck it again, causing his mother to gasp. "Ohhh!"

Recalling a certain social-media challenge he'd seen recently, Jacob pushed down on the small of his Mother's back and ordered, "Mom...I'm gonna need you to get a little bit lower." Karen complied by spreading her knees further apart and lowering her waist down to her son's level. Unable to resist the incredible sight of her sexily-proffered and upturned backside

Jacob smacked it a third time, only this time, harder. The loud, whacking sound reverberated throughout the hotel room.

Karen immediately reacted, "Ouch!!" She then looked back over her shoulder and whined, "Careful Jake...not so rough!"

Lining up the tip of his condom-covered cock with the tight opening of Karen's pussy, Jacob replied brashly, "Can't help it, Mom...you've got such...a beautiful...asssssss!!!" He then grabbed a hold of his mother's wide, child-bearing hips and slammed his pelvis forward in one, unceremonious thrust.

"Watch the languAAAAGE!!!" Karen shrieked, with her eyes bulging out in a mixture of pain and pleasure. Unannounced, Jacob had slid his cock balls deep into her in one powerful stroke, knocking the wind out of her chest. Soon, it felt like his meaty spear was quite literally poking into her stomach. Karen dropped her head in submission, and arched her back, moaning, "Ohhhh my...it's so deeeeppp!!!"

Wasting no time, Jacob began to eagerly plow his cock in and out of Karen's accommodately yielding pussy, pushing her forward into the edge of the bed. He was instantly mesmerized by the way his mother's rounded butt cheeks quivered each time his steadily pounding crotch made contact with and slapped against her soft and supple ass flesh.

Karen's hands gathered fistfuls of the comforter as she braced for each impact, her big boobs swinging heavily beneath her just

inches above the blanket. The wantonly moaning mother squealed in delight as each plunge from her son's amazingly plundering cock plugged the tight, clutching confines of her horny Mommy-hole. Before long, her weary arms gave away and she stretched them out towards the bed's other edge, mashing her huge tits onto the mattress.

Over time, Karen's moans became loud yelps as she journeyed towards another earth-shattering orgasm. In between his eager thrusts and guttural groans, Jacob forewarned her, "Careful, Mom! Ugh! You don't...ugh! Wanna wake up...ugh! Dad...do you??"

Karen arched her back and lifted her head, gazing with fresh concern at the locked door leading to the connecting suite. Remembering that her sleeping husband was just a few feet away on the other side, renewed feelings of guilt and anxiety began to bubble up inside of the loving wife. Biting her lip in an attempt to keep quiet, she looked back over her shoulder at her son and with furrowed brows, shook her head in response.

As the painful pressure inside of his swelling nutsack steadily began to build, Jacob's urgent need to finish became paramount again. "Mom!" he grunted in between stabs, "It hurts...I really need...to cum!!" Tightening his grip on his Mother's wide, flaring hips, Jacob immediately ramped up the intensity of his thrusting as Karen clenched the muscular walls of her pussy around his cock in response. Soon, the exquisite friction and tempo of their copulating genitals increased and the lewd, clapping sound of skin slapping onto skin suddenly filled the air. "I'm...getting close!!"

Karen couldn't help but whimper from the incredible pounding she was receiving. Her tired arms gave way, and she lowered herself onto her forearms, dropping her head and mashing her breasts onto the mattress. Her ass stuck up higher in the air, forcing her son to get on his tip-toes in order to plow into her deeper— delving depths in her pussy that not even her husband Robert had ever reached. As Jacob pushed her closer to the cliff's edge, she clutched tighter to the comforter and rasped, "Oh! Oh! I'm...almost...there...don't stop...please...don't...stop...Jaaaaaaaaaaa—!!!!!"

Hearing his Mother's plaintive, muffled cries finally triggered the fuse in Jacob's wildly flopping balls. Tightening his grip on Karen's upturned hips, he threw his head back and whispered his imminent warning, "Yeah, Mom...here it comes...I'm...gonna...cummmmm!!!"

Moments later a second, discarded used condom lay on the floor alongside the first one. Jacob had nearly passed out after having blasted it full with another load of his sperm, before rolling it off his cock and tossing it aside as he collapsed to the side of the bed. The prophylactic's overabundant content of ejaculate spilled onto the carpet, adding to the puddle of sticky, chemically-enhanced semen already pooling onto Karen's stiletto heels and panties.

Karen lay askew on her side near the edge of the bed, curled up in a fetal position. Her body was slightly trembling, and her sweaty, weakened legs were still quivering, as she tried to recover from her latest sensory overload. She had concerns that she may

have woken Robert, since as she climaxed on Jacob's spurting purple monster, Karen had lost all control and shouted out her son's name. Luckily, the orgasming Mom still had her wits about her just enough to bite down on the comforter, stifling any further cries of passion and hopefully limiting the damage. As she lay there panting for breath, Karen anxiously waited to hear a dreaded knock at the door. However, after a few minutes went by and it never came, she offered up a small prayer and thanked the Lord for the small favor.

Soon after, Jacob crawled up to the bed and positioned himself at Karen's feet. "Mom? I uh...think we're gonna have to go...again."

Karen turned over onto her back, her big boobs rolling and wobbling on her chest as she brought a hand to her clammy forehead. Several strands of her dark, brown hair clung to her cheeks and matted on her sweaty neck and face. Her makeup was no longer so pristine, and around her eyes, her mascara and eyeliner had begun to run. Covering herself up with the comforter, she then exclaimed in an exasperated tone and asked, "Again? You have got to be kidding me!"

Jacob nodded his head in response.

Karen shifted her body to where she lay with her head towards the foot of the bed. Taking a glance at Jacob's naked and still throbbing erection, she remarked, "My goodness, Jake...I've already helped you finish four times! That should've relieved you some by now, at least." However, she could see that his

enormous cock was still as stiff and angry as ever, with pre-cum already bubbling and oozing from its deeply purple tip.

Jacob shrugged, "I'm sorry, Mom...but it just won't go down."

Turning her head to glance at the locked adjoining room door, Karen replied, "Jake, honey...it's getting late. I really need to get cleaned up and back to your father before he wakes up. We're already dangerously pushing our luck as it is."

"But Mom..." Jacob whined, "I'll never be able to get to sleep tonight like this." He then took a hold of the thickly-swollen shaft of his cock and began to boldly jack himself off slowly right in front of her.

Even though she was bordering on exhaustion, Karen had to admit...having another 'go' (as Jacob put it), probably wouldn't be the worst thing in the world at that moment. After all, her continual breathing in of the pheromone-infused air was keeping her body in a constant state of arousal. However, along with the increasing chances of them being caught, there was just one other, more serious, roadblock to contend with. Her internal musing quickly sobered, Karen cautioned, "Sweetie...there's just one problem. In case you've forgotten, we've already used up both of your condoms."

"C'mon, Mom..." Jacob bargained, the pain and swelling in his loins had come back and was once again worsening. "How about this...I won't finish inside of you...I promise." Placing a hand

suggestively on her silky, glistening leg, the suffering son solicited Karen impetuously, who stiffly resisted him and still remained hesitant. With desperation in his voice, Jacob pleaded, "Please, Mom...I really need your help...it's already starting to hurt again. That stuff you gave me really messed me up!"

Karen felt another pang of guilt as she looked into her son's agonized, puppy dog eyes. She remembered again that it had almost entirely been her fault (with a little help from Robert) that Jacob was in this current situation. Even though it had been accidental, the mistake of having given him the wrong medication was still all on her. Thoroughly chastised with remorse and hoping to redeem herself, Karen finally accepted that it was her motherly duty to finish relieving her boy's suffering...no matter the risk.

Seeing the look of torment on her baby boy's face sent Karen back into full Mommy-mode. Drawing back the comforter from her naked body, she whispered soothingly, "It's okay, Baby..." Karen slowly spread her beautiful, long legs, still clad in her sexy stockings, as an open invitation. "Mommy's here...I'm going to make it all better." She then silently offered up another prayer, hoping that her drunken husband would remain asleep for the rest of the night (or at least until her task was complete)...and that her son would remember to pull out.

Jacob promptly crawled on his knees to in between his Mother's widely splayed-open legs. His now naked cock swung excitedly back and forth like an angry heat-seeking missile, anxious to once again invade Karen's target. Karen took a hold of her son's mighty weapon with her left hand, intent on guiding his bare

monster back into the welcoming threshold of her forbidden hole. The gold and diamonds of her wedding rings sparkled in the room's soft light, but Karen barely noticed them. Her attention was solely focused on pressing the drooling tip of her son's glans right up against her soaking, wet entrance. Bracing herself for the oncoming invasion, she softly admonished, "Just remember Jake...you have to pull ooouuuutttt!!" Karen winced as Jacob eagerly thrust forward, and the head of his thick, unsheathed dick once more penetrated her tight opening.

"Unghhhhhhhhhh!!!" Mother and son groaned together in unison, as Jacob pushed deeper and deeper into his mom's freshly-shaved vagina, coating his shaft anew with her lubricating love juice. Inch by inch, his phallus probed inside her, relishing in the exquisite sensation of their bareback coupling and the raw, skin-on-skin squeeze Karen's vaginal walls had on his dick. Once his monster finally reached her warm and creamy center, Karen fell back and lay with her head back on the mattress, her eyes fluttering as she whispered to the ceiling in adulation, "Oh my...it...it's just so...biiiiggggg!"

"Mom!" Jacob exclaimed, suddenly, "You need to see this!"

Her curiosity piqued, Karen lifted up her head and peeked through the valley in between her breasts, down to her stomach. She gasped in shock once she saw the unmistakable outline of Jacob's lewdly large dick bulging her vaginal mound all the way up to her soft belly. "Oh my Lord! What is your thing...doing to me?" The bewildered mother couldn't understand how such a hideously obscene sight could bring on such twisted feelings of awe and a wicked thrill of excitement. Mother and son stared on,

unable to take their eyes off the kinkily sexy sight of their sinful union and the evidential proof of their immorally raw coupling. Jacob's naked, angrily bloated cock was thoroughly stuffing the entire length of Karen's birth canal as if punishing her for her unintentional, mistaken folly. His 'thing' was now naughtily distending her insides, and pushing all the way to the very entrance of her womb.

Jacob began slowly, sawing his hips back and forth, making sure to slide the entire length of his bare manhood in and out of Karen's saturated cunt. Before long, he found a nice steady pace, grunting his enjoyment of their tight, bare-skinned coupling in between pumps. "Oh yeah, Mom...this feels so much better...ugh...without the condom!" After a few more loving plunges, Karen's unrestrained boobs began flailing around in circles on her chest. "Dang, Mom! I'm not sure...ugh...which I like better. Your hot...tight pussy...ugh...or your...big...beautiful tits!"

Karen's eyes went wide, "Jake! What did I tell you about...oooohhhhhh!!!" At that moment, Jacob increased his tempo and began thrusting harder and faster into his mother. Instead of continuing with her reprimand, Karen reached behind her knees and pulled her legs further apart, creating a wider saddle for her young stallion to buck. The aroused, wine-buzzed mom had lost all train of thought, focused as she was now in accommodating her son's unrelenting aggression. Once she recalled her reprimand, Karen figured it was pointless to bring up again...but they would have to discuss his colorful language some other time.

Over the next few minutes, Jacob continuously thrust his aching manhood, rawdogging it in and out of Karen's tightly wet pussy with relentless abandon. His skinny hips rose and fell with machine-like precision, whilst his heavily-laden balls flopped along in time to his thrusting. Already, he could sense them brewing his next, thick batch of swimmers, as the pain in his nuts slowly returned. Wishing to postpone the inevitable, the horny teenager buried his face in one of his Mom's pillowy breasts, blissfully suckling on one of her rubbery nipples.

Karen continued holding her long legs wide open for Jacob as his naked penis plowed away at her. She tried her best, but couldn't silence all the yelps and squeals that escaped her mouth each time that her determined son hit bottom. She could already feel herself slipping again, as another wave of ecstatic euphoria began to swell up inside her.

As the freakish amount of semen churning in his balls continued to build, the pain inside Jacob's enlarged testicles finally became unbearable. He raised himself up and placed his hands on the back of Karen's stocking-clad thighs, her silky, black hose having now rolled down a bit on her sweaty legs. Pushing forward, Jacob bent his yoga-practicing Mom nearly in half, to where her knees almost touched her shoulders. The shocked Mother exclaimed, "Jake!! What are you doing??"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob replied, holding onto the hosiery that still covered Karen's calves as his hips went into overdrive, "But I need to...finish!!!" He grunted savagely as he began pile-driving Karen's vagina into submission with the entire length of his cock. The bed frame soon started creaking in protest as its headboard began tapping noisily against the wall.

"Ohhh my...Gaaaaa!!" Karen exclaimed, grabbing the comforter down by her sides with both hands in an attempt to help balance herself. In all of their years of marriage, she and Robert had never even tried this position. The moral, conservative housewife had always thought it to be extremely vulgar— and the crude practice of sinful lechers. Yet now, as Jacob plundered her insides and ravaged the depths of her womanhood, she couldn't help but find the sensations she was feeling to be recklessly intriguing. Due to the strange angle, her son's cock was now reaching even more previously untouched areas deep inside of her married pussy.

With the intense wave of her looming tsunami now building faster, Karen asked, in between moans, "Jake? Ungh! Maybe you...ungh...should slow down...UNGH!! Just...a bit?" She was beginning to worry that things might spiral out of control, and her son would forget to pull out of her vagina before ejaculating.

However, Jacob didn't slow down nor look up from Karen's contorted body— his attention was instead focused on the erotic sight of their coupling. As he continued to pound away at his Mother, he watched in fascination as the whole length of his greasy pole slid in and out of her hole. The womanly love juices that Karen's vagina surrendered to him were being churned like butter into a creamy, white foam, collecting in a ring of their combined fluids at the base of his cock. The wickedness of their immoral junction once more ignited the rapidly burning, short fuse in his balls, threatening to trigger another massive explosion.

"I can't, Mom!" Jacob replied, now in a desperate tone. Planting his right foot against the headboard behind him, he used it for leverage as he began to violently fuck his cock into his mother. "I've gotta cum!!" The headboard's earlier light tapping against the wall had now progressed to a full-blown, loud thumping (that surely could be heard all in the nearby suites).

"Careful, Jake! You...you're going to wake up your...Oh my Lord!!" Karen cried out, as her son's plunging cock rubbed along the aching roof of her pussy. The contact with her G-spot scratched a long-neglected itch inside her, and lit up every nerve ending in her body like a Christmas tree.

"Oh! Ungh! Oh!" Karen mewled, as she reached over her head to grab a headboard that wasn't there. Instead, grasping a hold of the bed sheets with a death grip, she pulled the crisp, fitted bedding from off the corners of the mattress and hung on for dear life.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining room, Robert was partially awakened by a dull, thumping sound. In his inebriated state, he assumed that Karen was soundly sleeping innocently beside him, and that the noises he was hearing was coming from the young newlyweds in the honeymoon suite next door. Too groggy to lift up his head from the pillow, the drunken husband whispered into the dark, "You go for it, young man!" He then fell right back to sleep with a goofy grin on his face, and resumed his snoring.

Back in the room of lustful and unbridled Mother-son debauchery, Jacob could sense his broiling nuts about to boil over. As his cock began to swell, he looked up into Karen's hazel eyes and muttered, "Mom...I'm almost...there! Oh, gosh! It...hurts...so bad!"

Like her son, Karen was also on razor's edge. Her entire body hummed, as another all-encompassing orgasm was about to be unleashed on her. Uncertain whether it was a safe time of the month for her or not, Karen surrendered to the moment and threw caution to the wind. She knew she was rolling the dice again and dangerously pushing her luck with her cycle, but her clouded judgement had already been compromised that night by a wicked combination of wine, hormones and the guilt of having mistakenly drugged Jacob. Now, (unbeknownst to Karen) the effects of Brenda's trial birth control pills factored in, fueling a yearning female urge in the long sexually-repressed Mother. It didn't help that just at that moment, Karen recalled the envy that she'd felt the day prior, when she watched helplessly as Jacob filled up her younger sister with his seed.

Karen released her desperate grip on the sheets, then reached up and placed her hands on Jacob's slight shoulders. With a shaky voice, she replied, "Just let it go, sweetie...it's okay...you can do it...inside of...MommmyYYYYYYY!!!!!" Lowering her hands down to his lower back just above his skinny, thrusting butt, Karen closed her eyes as she dug her fingernails into Jacob's skin. She bit her lip and moaned like a wounded animal as the first, climatic waves of her latest thunderous storm washed over her.

The spasms inside Karen's clutching vagina thrumming on the shaft of his cock finally sent Jacob over the edge. "Oh, Mooommmmmmm!!!! Here it...cummmmmmmmmms!!!!" he bellowed, his pisshole kissing Karen's cervix as the massively thick load churning from his balls tingled up his shaft and erupted from the glans of his ungodly penis.

Karen's eyes immediately flew open as spurt after spurt of hot, sticky sperm blasted the depths of her insides. It felt like someone had turned on a firehose in her womb, sparking off one mind-numbing orgasm after another. The intensity of her climax was so great that she pulled Jacob down to her trembling body, their mouths drawn inexorably together in a pact-sealing kiss as they once again wrestled their slithering tongues. She then wrapped both her arms and legs tightly like a spider around the skinny teenager, in an attempt to hold on to some sense of reality.

Somewhere in the shattered silence of the night, Karen could hear a woman's desperate screams, only to eventually realize that she was that woman. However, at the moment, she didn't care if she woke her husband, the entire hotel...or half of the city of Atlanta, for that matter. She was experiencing what could only best be described as a euphoric, out-of-body rapture. Her baby boy was once again filling her empty nest with his virile, babymaking seed, and she was willingly taking it all...the exhilaration of the fulfilling feeling sending her on the way to paradise. A competitive impulse of sibling rivalry was also driving Karen on, as she coaxed her son through his ejaculation. She wanted to thumb her nose at Brenda and outdo her younger sister by having Jacob fill his own mother up with an even bigger load of sperm than the one that he'd given his aunt.

Noises from the neighboring suite once again jerked Robert awake from his drunken stupor. Lying in the dark, he could hear again the loud, rhythmic thumping of a headboard continuously slamming against the wall. This time, however, it was accompanied by a female wailing out in utter ecstasy. The annoyed father grunted, "Good grief!" and grabbed a pillow, stuffing it over his head in an attempt to muffle out the bothersome noise. "Please, do us all a favor you two, and take a break!" He then rolled over onto his side, muttering as he drifted off back to sleep and trying to ignore the increasing tempo of the headboard's thumping.

Thus, the booze-addled husband and father slumbered on obliviously as his wife and son indulged in illicit, incestuous debauchery a mere thin wall and a few feet away. Robert didn't hear Karen's encouraging moans, nor Jacob's savage groans, as his wife and son engaged in their dangerously unprotected Mom-son coupling. He'd likely have died of a heart attack had he possessed X-ray vision and witnessed in horror the obscene scene unfolding in the very next room: his son Jacob thrust up into her, his long, thick shaft basted in a glistening coat of their combined love juices as she creamed on his cock, and his freakishly oversized balls slapping lewdly at her rippling asscheeks as they unleashed their heavy load deep into her welcoming pussy.

Jacob slowly opened his eyes, and Karen's pungent scent immediately filled his nostrils. It was a heady and kinky

concoction of sex, their combined sweat, and her expensive perfume. He was lying on his left side, wrapped in his sleeping mother's loving arms. Her right hand cupped the back of his head, whilst his face was buried deep in her soft, pillowy bosom. The last thing he could recall from the night before was suckling on his mom's breast as she lazily ran her fingers through his disheveled mop of brown hair. Apparently, that was how they'd fallen asleep together.

As he lay there with his right hand resting on the swell of Karen's curvy hip, Jacob realized something...the pain in his genitals had vanished. Not only the pain, but for the first time since after dinner the previous evening, his cock had completely deflated. His dad's 'vitamins' had finally worked its way out of his system...all thanks to the help of his mom, of course. With the use of her mouth, hands, and fantastically sensual, MILF body, the devoted mother had relieved her son a total of six times during their long night. She had fucked his cock into utter submission and taken two of his loads inside her womb before they both finally passed out from sheer sexual exhaustion.

Remembering their final round of debauchery instantly brought a smile to Jacob's face. He may have in fact, made some progress towards his ultimate goal...that of taking his mom's final, forbidden virginity. The mere thought threatened to awaken his sleeping cock anew and reignite that tantalizing thrill of recent memory that now replayed itself in his mind...

A few hours earlier, as Jacob lay on his back resting his head on a pillow, Karen was straddling his legs and facing away from him, cradling her boobs in her hands. The inebriated mother was

riding her son reverse-cowgirl, with Jacob holding on tightly to her wide, undulating hips. They were engaged in their second round of unprotected sex all in the hopes of finally working the 'vitamins' out of Jacob's system. Despite flagging somewhat in stamina from their exhaustive efforts, both mom and son were determined to see their task through. This would be no casual sex session, as they both dug deep into their energy reserves, steadfast in the hope of crossing the finish line and finally accomplish their mission.

Hoping to keep the situation fun and to lighten the mood, Jacob suddenly slapped Karen's fleshy, right ass cheek, causing her to gasp out in response. He did it again a little harder, and she gasped even louder. When she didn't rebuke him this time, he asked, "Yeah, Mom...you like that?" admiring the visible marks that he left on her perfectly-shaped butt.

Karen turned her head and looked back over her shoulder. With her face somewhat flushed with embarrassment, she bit her bottom lip and nodded her head in response. She then turned back around, letting go of her boobs and allowing them to swing freely, before placing her hands on Jacob's shins for support.

Leaning forward caused the rounded globes of Karen's ass to then peel apart, giving Jacob a perfect and unobstructed view of her freshly bald pussy. It was obscenely stretched around his swollen member and made a throaty 'slurping' sound each time the membranous sheath at its entrance clung to the length of his shaft and swallowed his meat stick to the hilt. Jacob's entire pole glistened, coated as it was with his previously-deposited

load and combining his mom's unceasingly lubricating pussy butter.

It was then that Jacob took notice of his pious mother's virgin rear passage. Her crinkly, pink star was pristine and strictly off-limits, mocking and enticing him with its nearness and forbiddenness. More than ever, seeing Karen's prohibited orifice was causing the horny teenager to become even more determined in prevailing and claiming that ultimate prize. He was dead set on eventually planting his flag pole deep in his mom's gorgeous ass and going where not even his dad had ever gone before. Nothing in the world would've pleased him more than having his strait-laced, morally-clean Mom's virgin rear hole clenching on his shaft as he blasted the depths of her bowels with his super-hot, chemically-charged spunk. Jacob had no doubt that it would feel just as good (if not the best feeling ever), to ream Karen's ass and bust his nut deep inside of his Mom's butt, just as he'd done with his older sister, Rachel.

Unable to resist the temptation of making his dream into reality any longer, Jacob moved his hands away from Karen's hips and placed it at the small of her clammy back. Collecting the beads of moisture that he found there, Jacob slowly slid his hand down her spine to her matronly bottom and traced his fingers along the cleft of her crack, gathering some of Karen's butt sweat until he reached her winking asshole. Using what Rachel had taught him, he used the pads of his thumb and index finger to mix their combined sweat and sex juices together and gently massage her puckered back opening.

Jacob noticed that Karen had slowed down to where she was barely moving, as if pondering what was happening. Perhaps the smartest thing to do would have been to stop, but he persisted in softly manipulating his mother's most intimate orifice. However, instead of reprimanding her son, the horny Mom let out a soft moan and resumed bouncing her way towards another climax. Jacob couldn't believe his luck...his normally stuck-up mom was actually getting into it!

Unfortunately, Jacob's success would be short-lived. Feeling a bit too confident a bit too soon, his attempt to slide the fingertip of his thumb past her sphincter and into his Mother's tight, little butthole was swiftly shot down. Sensing the additional pressure in her rear passage and correctly guessing his intentions, Karen quickly reached back and grabbed her son's wrist before his probing digit could proceed any further and penetrate her forbidden fortress.

Placing Jacob's hand back up onto her hip, Karen shook her head without even looking back and grunted with authority, "No!!" The inebriated mother may have consumed quite a good bit of wine at dinner earlier that night...but not that much.

Knowing better than to try again...at least for the time being, Jacob relented and dug his fingers into Karen's fleshy hips, hanging on for the rest of the fun ride. His mother tirelessly impaled herself onto his swollen manhood for the next several minutes, achieving two more of her toe-curling, earth-shuddering orgasms before taking Jacob's sixth and final load deep in her sloppy and aching pussy.

Smiling to himself as he mused on those fresh memories during the gray hours before dawn, Jacob listened to the soft breathing of his sleeping mother, and slid his hand from Karen's hip around to her curvy bottom. With his face pressed up against his mom's boob, he easily located one of her pink nipples and latched on with his mouth, instantly bringing to life her rubbery nub.

Karen moaned and grimaced as the painful sensation from her nips brought her out of her slumber. She pulled Jacob's head away from her chest and whispered, "Rob, honey...be careful...they're a bit sore this morning." Suddenly, she froze as her memory slowly returned, with panic setting in once she looked down and saw her son's face.

"Jake? Oh my goodness!" Karen raised up, glanced over at the window and saw that the drapes were closed. However, some early morning light was already bleeding in around its edges into the mostly dark room. "Wh—what time is it?" she asked, as she used the back of her hand to wipe some of the dried drool from her formerly crimson-painted lips. The long night of sucking her son's cock and their torrid kissing as they fucked had worn all of her lipstick off. Karen's hair was disheveled and her formerly pristinely made-up face was back to its bare and natural glowing beauty...marred only by the streaky, dark marks left under her eyes and on her cheeks. Her mascara and eyeliner had run on her face from all the sweat and tears that she'd shed during her throes of passion throughout her nightlong ordeal.

Craning his neck to look at the clock over on the nightstand, Jacob replied, "It's...6:30, Mom."

"Oh, no...no, no!" Karen shrieked, as she threw the covers back and frantically got out of the bed. As soon as she stood up, huge globs of Jacob's thick semen immediately oozed from her ravished pussy lips and ran down the insides of her naked thighs. There was no time to go look for a towel.

Karen quickly slipped on her robe, not even bothering about tying up the sash. "I didn't mean to fall asleep...this is bad...really, really bad!" she mumbled, as she anxiously hurried around the room to gather her shoes, bra, panties, and stockings. Karen had no recollection of having taken the silky hosiery off her legs. Yet there they were, discarded on the floor by the bed and stained by some of Jacob's semen that had leaked from his used condoms and onto her panties. The more that the befuddled mother thought about what happened...the more baffled she became. A lot of the events that had taken place the night before was still a bit fuzzy, but an ominous realization was slowly coming back to her memory.

Before turning away to leave the room, Karen said to Jacob, "I need to get back to your father...I only pray that he's still asleep."

"Mom," Jacob called out in a loud whisper, "It worked."

Karen stopped in her tracks and turned back around. "What?"

"Last night...it worked." Jacob repeated.

In her panicked state, Karen had forgotten the main reason why she had been naked and in bed with her son the night before to begin with. As the hazy fog surrounding her frazzled brain cleared a bit more, she replied, "You mean...the pain is gone?"

Jacob smiled, and nodded. "Yes, Ma'am...the erection too...see?" He then drew back the covers and exposed his now flaccid genitals.

Karen took a step closer to her son to get a better look. Even in the faint morning light, she could tell that Jacob's cock had in fact become deflated. She also noticed that the sleeping leviathan had thankfully reverted back to its normal coloring. "Do you feel any better?"

Jacob nodded again, "Yes, Ma'am...much better!"

Karen sighed with relief. "Oh, thank the good Lord! We can talk about it more later, but for now, I really need to get back to your dad."

As Karen turned again to leave, Jacob asked, "Hey, Mom?"

"Yes, love bug?"

"I just want you to know that I truly appreciate everything that you did for me last night. You are undoubtedly the best Mom in the whole, wide world!"

A big smile spread across Karen's face. "Awww, Baby...." She quickly shuffled back to the bed, leaned over, and kissed her son's forehead. With his Mom's robe untied, Jacob couldn't help but take one last peek at her enticingly swaying Mother-udders.

"Just know this...I will always take care of my little snuggle bear!" Karen whispered, then with her free hand ruffled her son's mess of brown hair.

Jacob cringed right away at the sappy nickname. It was clearly evident that they were definitely back to their normal Mother-son dynamic. However, since no one else was around, he figured suffering the embarrassment was okay...especially since his dutiful mother had just spent the better part of a night sucking and fucking his out-of-control monster into submission. He simply replied, "Thanks, Mom. Love you."

Standing up straight, Karen said, "You're welcome and I Love you too, Sweetie." After pulling her robe closed, she added, "Do me a favor, though, make sure you dispose of those condoms, then clean up the mess in here as best as you can..." As she walked over to the door, she added, "We don't want to risk your father coming in here, and finding any evidence..." At that moment, a slippery wad of Jacob's semen slid from the ball of Karen's right ankle and dribbled off her foot to the floor's carpet.

"Don't worry, Mom...I'll get this all cleaned up..." Jacob then laid back down and covered himself with the warm comforter and added, "After I get a little more sleep."

As she stood at the door, Karen looked back and said, "Get some rest...I'll check back up on you again in a few hours." She then opened the communicating doors and slipped back into the adjoining suite, squirming her legs together so as not to leave a further trail of her son's 'evidence'.

Karen gave a huge sigh of relief when she entered the bedroom and found Robert still sound asleep. From the looks of it, he had barely moved in the bed all night. She then snuck into the bathroom to quickly take a much-needed shower and get cleaned up. She couldn't dare to climb into bed with her husband while her body still reeked of taboo, extramarital sex and was crusted with their son's dried semen.

As she stood under the shower, Karen did her best to scrub away the evidence of the marathon fuck session. However, it seemed that no matter how much she washed in between her legs, more and more of Jacob's thick and syrupy ejaculate leaked from her sore vagina. In the end Karen finally gave up trying to clench her cunt muscles in a vain attempt to belch out her son's seemingly unending loads from her pussy, and instead left the rest of his sperm deposited in her womb. Even if Brenda's birth control that she'd only started taking on Friday had yet to take any effect, Karen reckoned that she was still within her safe time of the month and hopefully wasn't currently ovulating. Before stepping out of the shower, Karen's last thought was to make a mental note to pick up another early pregnancy test sometime in the coming week.

Feeling sufficiently clean again, Karen dried off and put on a thin tank top, along with a fresh pair of panties. Returning to the

bedroom, she checked to ensure Robert was still asleep. Seeing that he was, she then retrieved her cell phone from her purse and powered it on.

After a few seconds, Karen noticed several missed text messages from her sister. Brenda had sent them all throughout the night, enquiring if Jacob was okay, and if Karen was 'enjoying' herself, followed by a wink and smiling 'devil' emoji 😈.

Karen shook her head and chuckled as she texted back, "LOL...you're horrible, but Jake is fine. Talk to you tomorrow...luv u!" After placing her phone back into her purse, she walked across the room to the bed. Gently pulling back the covers, Karen slipped in softly beside her sleeping husband.

As she turned onto her side, the jostling of the mattress startled Robert out of his slumber. He rolled over to find Karen lying with her back to him. Feeling slightly more sober, the groggy husband scooched over and spooned up behind his wife, draping his right arm around her waist and cupping a heavy boob through her form-fitting top. He whispered, "Wow...we had quite a night!"

Normally, Karen would've loved to have slept with her husband cuddling up behind her as he gently held her breasts. However, her boobs were still a bit sore and tender from the extensive attention that had been given to them by their son Jacob throughout the night. She took Robert's hand, brought it down to her belly, and interlocked her fingers with his. Giggling nervously, Karen replied, "Yeah...you can say that again."

Her voice carried with it a guilty tinge, once she suddenly realized that she'd just placed her husband's hands right above her womb, which was even now flooded and absolutely teeming with swarms of their son's swimming sperm.

Robert snuggled in closer to Karen and kissed the back of her shoulder. He then asked, "So...how did I do? I mean, did the Viagra work?"

Karen shifted her body around and faced Robert. "You... you mean, you don't remember?"

After a couple of seconds, Robert replied, "No... I don't."

Karen felt a wave of relief washing over her. "Seriously? You don't remember us coming back to the hotel?"

Robert thought for a moment, then shook his head. "Sorry, honey...I guess I overdid it on the scotch. I just remember us having dinner, but after that, nothing...everything is just a complete blur. I apologize if I ruined our evening."

"No, sweetheart," Karen smiled. "Don't apologize. After all, it's not like you get to hang out with an old college buddy all that often." She then put her hand on his cheek and continued, "Besides, let me tell you this...you may not remember it, but if it makes you feel any better you did exactly what I needed of you last night. I couldn't have asked for anything more."

Robert's eyes widened, "Really?"

Karen nodded and replied suggestively, "Mmm-hmm...I doubt that even those young newlyweds next door could've hoped to keep up with us. In fact, I'll probably be needing a few days, just to recuperate..."

Robert could feel a sense of pride swelling inside him, then said with frustrated regret, "Darn it! I hate that I can't seem to remember any of it."

Karen leaned in and kissed Robert on the cheek. She then pulled back and looked into her husband's eyes, "Well dear, how about you let me remember last night for the both of us?"

As Karen turned back onto her left side, Robert spooned up behind her again and stated, "So I take it that answers my question concerning the Viagra...It worked pretty well, I guess."

Anxious to try and get a little more sleep, Karen closed her eyes and confirmed, "Oh yes, Sweetheart...it worked." Suddenly, she felt more of Jacob's semen seeping from the lips of her vagina and into the clean gusset of her panties. It was a quick and evidential reminder of the intense workout that her pussy had received from her son throughout their long night of incestual debauchery. After a deep yawn, Karen's lips curled into a slight smile, and she added, before finally dozing off, "I can assure you...it most definitely worked."

To be continued...