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 over-flowing. 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...oooohhhhh," 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 the 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.

End Chapter 1

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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."

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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 to 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.

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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 wont 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.

"Nnnnnnnnggggggg," 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! Mmmmmmmm! 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...OHHHH 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...AAAAHHHHHH!!"

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

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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.

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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."

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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 course 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!! YEEESSS!!"

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, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!" 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.

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END CHAPTER 3

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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 as 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.

"AAAAAHHHHHHHH... 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 scooched 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 a 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."

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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 it's 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."

"Mmmffffinnnngggg?" 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... MEEEEEE!!" 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. "Ohhhhh! 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... AGAIIINNNNN!!"

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.

END CHAPTER 4

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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 honor of his fantastic achievement, they made the one hour drive to his favorite 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."

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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."

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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?"

"Pfffffttt," 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 beaconed 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, "AAAAAHHHHHHH!!" 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 gooood!!" 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 it's 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 YEEESSSS!!" 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, "Soooooo... "

Nodding her head, Karen imitated her son, "Soooooo... 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 "Hhhhmmmmm??"

"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 a 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 waaaAAAYYYYY!!"

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... Ohhhhhhh!!" 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!! MYYYY!! 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.

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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?"

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END CHAPTER 5

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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."

"Hhhhhuuuummmmpppfffff?" 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 is 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.

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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."

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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 the 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, "Hhhhmmmmm?"

"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!! AAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!" 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, "AAAAAAAHHHHHH!! 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, "Nnnggggghhhhhh."

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."

END CHAPTER 6

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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 mewing 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-ooom... 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 "zzzzzzz" 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? Ohhhh!!"

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... wel--come... 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!!! OHHHHHH!! 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. "AAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

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 "VVVRRRRRR" 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!!! YEEESSSSS!!!" 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... ssssooooonnn."

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!! GOOOODDDDDD!!!" 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."

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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.

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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. "Nnnnnggggg!" 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 allmmmooooosssssst!!" 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, "AAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" 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."

"MMMMMMMMM," 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.

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END CHAPTER 7

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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 GOOOODDDDDD!!"

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, "Ugggghhhhh... 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 mewing 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.'

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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, "Ewwww, 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!! Nnnnnggggggg!!"

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.
"AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!"

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."

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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! Mooommmm!!" 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."

"Awwww... 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-Ahhhhhhhh!!"

"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, "OHHHHHHH!!" 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, "AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!"

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! Ohhhhh! 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!! AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!"

"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... YEEEESSSSSSS!!" 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.

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END CHAPTER 8

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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.

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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... almmooooosssst!!"

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!... YEEESSSSSSS!!"

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, "AAAAAAAHHHHH MOOOMMMMM!!" 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? Moooommm!!"

Never looking back, Karen's only reply was, "Don't forget to change the comforter!"

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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 CUMMMINNNNNGGGG... YEESSSSSSSS!!"

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 ever 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-blonde 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, "l 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, "Ummmmmmm."

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 cominnnngggg!! Yessss!! It... It's... COOOMIIINNNNNG!!" Arching her back, the beautiful married physician loudly announced the arrival of her powerful climax. "OHHHHH!! YEEESSSSSSS!!"

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!! Harrdderrrrr!!" 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 cuuuummmm!!" 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."

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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 for 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 scooched 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 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 mewing 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.

"OOhhhhhh!!" Karen gasped from the intense stimulation. "Yes! Squeeze them!! Yes... Yes!!" She then threw her head back and called out, "AAAHHHHH!! YEEESSSSS!!"

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 solomnly 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, "Evidentally, 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 is 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... aaaggaaiiinnnn!!"

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.

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END CHAPTER 9

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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 scooched 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 mewing 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 bi-sexual, 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 modestly, 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, "Weeellllll... 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 starring 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!! Hardeeeerrrrr!!!"

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, "OOOhhhhhhhhh!!!"

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!!! MEEEEE!!!"

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.

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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, "Moooom??"

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! Ohhhhhhh... my goodnesssss!!!!" 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... niiiicccce!"

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... AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!" 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!!! MYYYYYYYY!!! YEEEESSSSSS!!!" 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."

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END CHAPTER 10

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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-blonde 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-blonde 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!!! YEEESSSSS!!!!" 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... Yessss!" 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, "NNNnggggggghhhhhh!!!"

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!!!... YEEESSSSS!!!" 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. "AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!" 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. "AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!" 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 butthole 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!"

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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, "Awwww... 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.

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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 mewing 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 gooood!"

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... Ohhhh!! 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, "OHHHHHH!!!! 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.... JAAAKKEEEEEE!!!!"

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... GOOOOOOOO!!!!" 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.

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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 'clop clop' 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 Auxilary 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!"

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END CHAPTER 11

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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 combover. 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."

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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 that 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. Milller... 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!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!"

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."

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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."

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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.

"Ohhhhhhh," 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. "NNNgggggghhhhhh!!!" 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 scooched 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....YEEESSSSSS!!!!"

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!!"

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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.

Horrified 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!! AAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!" 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....YEEESSSSSS!!!!" She then grabbed hold of her wobbling tits and pinched her tingling nipples, further enhancing the euphoric experience. "OOOHHHHHHHH!!!!"

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!!"

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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 mewing. 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.

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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.

"HHhhhhaaaaammmmmsss," 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, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" 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 MMYYYYY... 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.

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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.

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END CHAPTER 12

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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 pedaling 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!

"*OOOhhhhhhh!!!!*" 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, "*SShhhhhhhh!!!*" 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!! OOhhhh, *yesssss!!!*" The intense pleasure caused Donna to suddenly tremble and flail wildly about on Jacob's lap.

"*Uuunnnggghhhh...*" 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...*BOUNDARIEEESSSSS!!!!*" 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-blonde 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...stopppinnnnnggggg!! *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 inopportunely 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.

****

"*Ohhhhhhh!!!!*" 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.

"*YESSSSSS!!!*" 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?"

Toweling 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...

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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!"

"*Moooommmm*!!!" 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 scooched 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 scooched 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 unbefitting 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, *Brendaaaaa!!!*" 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 scooched 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!"

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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 Millenium Falcom 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 whisps 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."

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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 *GAAAWWWDDDD!!!!*"

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."

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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 disfunction 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 lucious, 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 spank 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 a 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 Moooommmm...*AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!*"

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, "*Mmmmpppphhhhhhh!!!*"

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 scooched 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... *gooooooooddd!!*" 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!!! Hhhhnnnnngh!!!!*"

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.

"Nnnnnggggggggghhhhhhh!!!" 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...*agggaiiinnnnn!!!*"

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.

"*HHHHHMMMMMMMMM!!!!!*" 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 langu*AAAAGE!!!"* 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 *deeeeeppp!!*"

Wasting no time, Jacob began to eagerly plow his cock in and out of Karen's accommodatingly 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...*Jaaaaaaaaaa—!!!!!!*"

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 *oooouuuuttttt!!"* Karen winced as Jacob eagerly thrust forward, and the head of his thick, unsheathed dick once more penetrated her tight opening.

"*Unghhhhhhhhh!!!*" 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 thrusted 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...*MommmmYYYYYYYY!!!!!*" 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, *Mooommmmmm!!!!* Here it...*cummmmmmmmms!!!!*" 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.

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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 meer 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' 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."

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END CHAPTER 13

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CHAPTER 14

Mists of moist vapor wafted wispily up towards the steadily humming ceiling fan as it exhausted the steam clouds still lingering in the hotel bathroom. Beneath the droning vent, Karen also hummed softly as she sat on the

tub's edge in wistful bliss, her supple lips and subtle hands sucking and stroking her son's throbbing penis with a steady, motherly, tender care.

Karen had just showered and was dressed in a casual, light summer dress for the return trip home from Atlanta. She'd been in the bathroom doing her hair and applying some makeup when Jacob approached her from behind and asked her for assistance with another one of his painful erections. Since Robert left to go to the downstairs lobby to checkout, the dutiful mother reckoned there'd be enough time to relieve her son and agreed to help.

"Wow, Mom...that feels *awesome*!" Jacob grunted several minutes into her blowjob. "I'm almost...*there*!"

Karen tightened her grip on her boy's swelling shaft and began bobbing her head determinedly at a faster tempo, causing her long ponytail to swish side-to-side across her back.

Jacob placed his hands on his mother's shoulders and bellowed, "Oh yeah, Mom!! Here it...here it...*coommmeeesss*!!!"

Karen moaned with delight as Jacob's cock violently twitched and blasted his thick, morning load of seed into her hungry mouth. She greedily gulped down the syrupy sweet cock-concoction produced by her son's oversized, pulsing testicles until she felt her belly sufficiently filled.

Once the flow had subsided, Karen pulled back to find that some of her high-protein liquid breakfast had escaped her mouth and dribbled onto the swells of her boobs hidden underneath her yellow cotton dress. After licking the sticky residue from her red-painted lips, she looked up at Jacob and asked softly, "Feel better, Sweetie?"

Sporting a goofy grin, Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am... much better!"

Karen smiled and whispered, "Good boy." She then pinched the shaft of Jacob's cock right beneath the glans and lapped up the last pearly drops of cum that oozed from its slit. After swallowing, she looked up at her son and added, "You'd better go back to your room and get dressed now...your dad could be back up here any minute!"

Before Jacob could reply, Robert's voice called out from just outside the bathroom door. "Karen? *Karen!!*"

Suddenly the sleeping mother jerked awake. Karen looked around, a bit confused to find herself in the front passenger seat of their Ford Expedition, the world outside a bright, sunny blur as it sped by along the highway. Once her eyes adjusted, she then quickly glanced down and felt relief to see that there was no evidence of any semen stains on her yellow dress...it had all been just another crazy dream.

With concern, Robert asked again, "Honey? You alright?"

"Yes, Sweetheart," Karen replied as she tried to gather her thoughts and wipe any traces of drool from her painted lips. "I'm...I'm fine...I was just umm...having a dream...I think."

Robert responded with a slight chuckle, "A dream? With the way you were moaning and gripping my hand, I'd say it was more like a nightmare. What was it about?"

Karen looked down to find that her left hand was holding Robert's, with their fingers interlocked. She replied, "It was about uhh...Jake."

"Jake?" Robert asked with curiosity.

"Yes..." she replied, with a nod. Trying to think up a fib, Karen looked over her left shoulder to the rear seats. There, she saw their son sitting in the seat behind Robert, wearing his noise-canceling headphones as he played a video game, oblivious to the world. She looked back to her husband and continued, "...it was from years ago, when I'd dropped him off for his first day of kindergarten. He was so scared that morning, and his little hand held onto mine with a death grip. It was so heartbreaking...I think I was crying in my dream."

Robert looked back to the road and shook his head. "This is about last night... isn't it?"

"Last night?" Karen asked cautiously with some apprehension hoping that her husband's memory from the previous evening at the hotel had still been a blur. "What about last night?"

Robert shrugged. "Well, I guess I should say the entire weekend, really. It's pretty obvious that this trip's made you realize that Jake'll be going off to college the year after next. However, you still see him as your vulnerable baby boy, and the thought of him going off on his own scares you to death."

With relief that Robert's memory appeared to be none the wiser, Karen sighed and looked down. "He'll always be my baby no matter what, but I guess you're right." Turning her gaze back to her husband, she added, "It's just so hard letting go."

"Tell me about it," Robert replied. "I went through the same thing with Rachel. For years she was 'Daddy's Little Princess' and it ripped my heart out to watch her leave." He then added, chuckling, "Of course, she then had to go and betray me and stomp my heart out when she decided to attend Georgia and not Georgia Tech!"

Karen scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Honey...Rachel didn't betray you. You're her father...she'll always love you. She simply felt that Athens would be a better fit for her...the same as it was for me."

Robert looked up into the rearview mirror and caught a glance of his son in the seat behind him. "Well, hopefully, Jake'll follow in his father's footsteps and join the list of Mitchell men who've graduated from Tech." He turned to Karen and asked, "He did seem to enjoy the whole visit, don't you think?"

Karen nodded and answered emphatically, "Yes, I think he did very much." She then added, "In fact, I overheard Jake tell the Bishops' son Jimmy at dinner last night how impressed he was with the campus, the facilities, and the professors he met with."

Robert smiled, "Really? Well, that's good to hear. Maybe for once, things'll swing in my favor."

Squeezing Robert's hand, Karen stated, "Now, Honey...I want you to promise me that you won't impose any unnecessary pressure on Jake concerning which college he ought to attend. You should be a neutral party regarding this, the same as I am." Even as the loving wife said these words, deep in her heart, she still hoped Jacob would choose Georgia, like his sister.

His smile dropping to a frown, Robert replied, "And what about Rachel? She's been pushing Jake towards Georgia for months now."

Karen nodded. "I've already discussed this with our daughter, and she's agreed to lay off. You both need to

understand that the choice is Jake's and Jake's alone. He must choose what's best for him." She shook her head and added, "I must say, this competition between you two is getting way out of hand."

Staring straight ahead at the road, Robert grumbled, "I know...it's just that it'd be nice not to be outnumbered for once. Plus, I remember how proud my dad was when I decided to attend his alma mater, and I was hoping to experience that same kind of pride with at least one of our kids."

Karen replied, "Honey, there's still a good chance you will...we'll just have to be patient, trust the good Lord, and see."

Robert turned his head to the right and found Karen staring at him intently, and quickly got lost in her warm, hazel eyes. His loving wife was giving him 'the look', which never failed to disarm him and make him feel like everything would be alright. He turned back straight and mumbled with a sigh, "Okay...okay! I guess you're right...*as always*."

After a few seconds of silence, Karen scooched over in her seat to get closer to her husband. "Here's an idea...how about I make you a deal?"

Looking at Karen from the corner of his eye, Robert asked, "A deal? What kind of deal?"

Karen leaned in towards Robert and whispered seductively, "The kind of deal where I agree to do that...*thing*." She then bit her bottom lip and arched her eyebrow.

To ensure he understood his wife correctly, Robert cut his eyes and asked with growing interest, "What *thing* exactly?"

Tracing her index finger along Robert's forearm, Karen answered innocently, "You knoooow...*the thing*. You've been bugging me to do it for years now, but I've always refused." For a split second, her gaze turned back to Jacob seated behind them, to make sure he was still oblivious as to what his parents were up to up front.

Robert's eyes went wide with disbelief. "You're joking!" He turned his head towards Karen and asked, "*Aren't* you?"

Karen shook her head. "No...I'm not joking...not one bit."

"Wait a second," Robert responded. "The last time that I brought it up with you, you said just the mere thought of doing that made you...and I think your exact words were...'sick to my stomach'!"

Karen replied, "Oh, believe me...it still does." Seeing the look of dejection on her husband's face, she quickly

added, "However, in this instance...and because I love you *so* much...I'd be willing to do it."

A smile crept on Robert's face. "So let me get this straight. If I agree not to pressure Jake on his decision, you'd be willing to pull for Georgia Tech against Georgia in this year's football game?"

"Uh-huh!" Karen replied with a nod.

"And you'll even wear a Georgia Tech jersey?" Robert asked, hopefully.

Karen sighed and closed her eyes, "Yes, Sweetheart...I'll even wear a jersey." The former Bulldog cheerleader felt as if she was making a deal with Satan himself.

"Sounds good to me!" Robert replied with a goofy grin and a nod.

"*But!*" Karen emphasized while holding up her index finger, "You also have to promise me that if Jake ultimately chooses Georgia, you'll be happy and support him in his final decision. That includes no grumbling...no complaining...of *any* kind."

Robert thought for a few seconds and then said, "Okay...you drive a hard bargain...but you got yourself a deal!"

With a big smile, Karen replied, "Deal!" Satisfied with that matter finally settled, she looked outside the window for the first time since waking from her nap and suddenly realized they were on a two-lane country road. Confused, she asked, "By the way...where *are* we?" Looking back at Robert, she added with some concern, "Shouldn't we be on the interstate?"

Robert answered, "Normally, yes, but while you were napping, we ran up on a bad car wreck that had traffic backed up for miles. Luckily, I was able to get off at the nearest exit. I decided on taking the back roads for the rest of the way home."

"Do you even know where we are?" Karen asked, looking out the window and seeing no signs of civilization.

Robert nodded, "Yes, of course." He pointed towards the tree line on the right side of the road and continued, "About ten miles that way is a lake my dad used to take us fishing to when I was a kid. We spent many weekends there camping and catching lots of catfish and white bass."

"I bet you were quite the little fisherman back in the day," Karen said with a smile as she turned to face forward.

"I did alright," Robert replied. "My dad was the real angler in the family. Fishing was his passion."

Karen shifted around in her seat and grimaced a bit. Noticing his wife's discomfort, Robert asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah," Karen replied. "I've had a slight twinge in my back since I got up this morning. I think falling asleep in this seat may have aggravated it even more; now I feel it even lower—" She caught herself mid-sentence before she revealed more than she wanted.

Luckily, Robert cut her off, "Could be from that hotel mattress. I tell ya...the older I get, the more I prefer to be home, sleeping in our own bed!"

Karen felt her cheeks blush as she squirmed some more in her seat and pulled the hem of her skirt that had ridden up her legs over her knees. Little did her oblivious husband know, but the source of the discomfort in her back (and rear end) was not the hotel bed...at least not entirely. It was mainly due to the fact that their son had bent her nearly in half while thoroughly pounding her into the said mattress with his insanely oversized, ramrod of a cock. Jacob's enthusiastic spanking of her behind had also left her butt sore and, hopefully, she thought, hadn't left too much of a mark.

The illicit yet foggy memory of the previous night's debauchery caused a slight quiver in Karen's still-aching vagina that even now was still leaking Jacob's virile seed

into her panties. All of her husband's talk of fishing put the disconcerting picture in Karen's mind that, at that moment, millions of their son's 'little tadpoles' were deep inside of her, swimming around looking for her egg. Unable to look Robert in the eye, all Karen could reply was, "Yeah...I have to agree with you on that."

Looking over at Karen, Robert offered, "You know...I still have some of that Naproxen in my bag. There's a convenience store not far from here. If you want, we can stop over there and get you something to drink."

"How much longer 'til we get home?" Karen asked as she shifted again. The mention of the chief cause of last night's insanity wasn't helping her unease, hitting so close to home as it did.

Robert answered, "Going this way? Most likely an hour and a half...maybe two."

Karen sighed. "I may just have to take you up on that." She really didn't want to take any blue pill, Naproxen or otherwise, and was hoping to change the subject.

"Alright," Robert replied. "I wouldn't mind getting a snack myself."

"A snack?" Karen asked with surprise (and relief that Robert had shifted the conversation). "We just had lunch before we left Atlanta."

"Did someone say snack?" Jacob called out from the back seat. "I could go for something to eat!"

Robert looked in the rearview mirror and asked, "Jake...How on earth did you even hear that? I thought those were noise-canceling headphones!"

Karen looked over at Robert and replied, "What'd you expect? He's a teenaged boy, and they all have some sort of superhuman radar hearing whenever the subject of food is mentioned! Don't forget that you yourself were that age once."

Robert chuckled, "That's true."

A while later, as Robert parked the Expedition by the fuel pump, he commented, "I may as well go ahead and fill 'er up while we're here...the tank's getting pretty low."

Karen leaned forward as she looked out the front windshield. Seeing the rustic look of the place, with only one other vehicle around, she asked, "Honey...is this place even open?"

"Yeah, of course, it's open," Robert replied, putting the vehicle in park and shutting off the ignition.

Jacob scoffed, "Uh...Dad. I think the director of that old film 'Deliverance' called, and he wants his movie set returned." The comment caused Karen to giggle.

"Hardy har-har!" Robert replied sarcastically as he unbuckled his seat belt. "I'll have you know this is a great place. We used to stop by here when I was a kid before heading out to the lake. It may be a bit dated, but 'The Crawdaddy' has all kinds of cool stuff that you just don't see anymore. In fact...it looks like it hasn't changed a bit since the last time I saw it."

The old establishment was more than a bit dated and dilapidated-looking. Its appearance was like that of a log cabin, and it had been built sometime in the 1960's. It was an old-fashioned combination of a grocery store, gas station, bait, tackle, and gift shop...a throwback to a simpler and more innocent time. Robert couldn't help but feel a wave of nostalgia washing over him as memories of his childhood came flooding back.

Karen grabbed her purse and commented, "Well, I'm going to the lady's room while we're here." She then turned to Robert and asked, "They do have restrooms, I hope?"

"Sure, they do," Robert replied as he unlocked the doors for her to exit.

"Good, because I need to go, too," Jacob stated as he also debarked the vehicle.

"That's fine," Robert responded. "But you'll need to get the key first."

"The key?" Jacob asked, a bit confused.

"Yeah...the key." Robert nodded. "These older places always have the restrooms on the outside of the building, and since they keep 'em locked, you'll need a key to get in. Just go ask the cashier. I'll meet y'all inside the store when I'm finished out here."

As mother and son walked side by side toward the old building, Jacob commented, "Mom? Let me know if you hear any 'duelin' banjos'."

Karen giggled as she put her arm around Jacob's shoulder, "Very funny!" She then pulled her son tight to her side and joked in an exaggerated Southern accent, "But we best stay close together, ya hear? Just to be safe..." They both broke out into fits of laughter.

The restroom was just what you'd expect from an establishment of that era: a small room with one toilet, sink, wall mirror, and a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling...accompanied by a weird, musky smell. Being as old and simple as it was, Karen found it satisfactory to meet her immediate needs but still far below what she would deem to be modern standards. She resigned herself to the fact that, in this situation, beggars couldn't be choosers.

Hitching up her light summer dress skirt, Karen pulled her panties to her knees and squatted...taking the opportunity

to sneak a quick glance at the gusset of her underwear. Sure enough, the tell-tale stains of her son's semen that had been leaking out of her all morning were there. Guilt mixed with pleasure as Karen eased her bladder, at the same time feeling a slight quiver in her vaginal canal from the thought of Jacob's seed that was still inside her. After perfunctorily answering nature's call, Karen brushed aside the worrying thoughts that lingered in her mind and now threatened to bubble up. She ignored the unmistakable *_plop!_* of what she knew to be another wad of her son's sperm that had oozed out of her and dropped into the toilet bowl and quickly flushed her pee and Jacob's wicked bodily fluids evidence away. Wishing to escape the dingy restroom as soon as possible, Karen wiped herself off, pulled her panties back up, and let her skirt down— only to be annoyed by the fact that there was no soap or towels at the sink and thus had to make do rinsing her hands in the dubious water from the faucet.

Just as she opened the door to leave, Karen was shocked to find Jacob standing right outside. "Oh, my goodness!!" the startled mom gasped. "Jake...you scared the living daylights out of me! What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Mom...just waiting for my turn," Jacob replied.

"Your turn?" Karen asked. "Jake...in case you hadn't noticed...this is the lady's room."

Jacob nodded. "I know., but the guy behind the counter said that the men's room was out of order, and I'd have to use this one."

Karen shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, okay...well then, I'll leave you to it and go meet up with your father." She held out the restroom key and asked, "Would you mind returning this when you're done?"

"Actually..." Jacob said as he stepped in closer, preventing his mother from exiting the restroom. "I don't really need to go right now...that was sort of a cover."

"A cover?" Karen enquired, eying him suspiciously.

"Yeah," Jacob replied. "Here's the thing, Mom...I could *really* use your help right about now..." He glanced down at the lump that had formed in the crotch of his shorts.

Karen's eyes widened when she saw the twitching bulge. "*Oh, my goodness!* Jake...you have *got* to be kidding me!" Trying to keep her voice down, she added, "I helped you finish like *six times* last night...you should've been good for at least the next couple of days!"

Jacob shrugged, "I don't know, Mom. Maybe there's still a little bit of those... 'vitamins' in my system. Besides...you know how this thing is...it has a mind of its own."

Karen huffed, then responded, "Yes...I'm well aware." She crossed her arms underneath her big boobs and added, "But Jake...this would be *way* too risky. Maybe you could take care of that thing yourself when we get home."

Jacob replied, "You heard what Dad said...we're still *two hours* away from the house, and it's already starting to hurt... I can't wait that long!" He then pleaded, "Come on, Mom...*please??*"

Karen chewed her bottom lip as she contemplated on how to proceed. She had to decide whether to degrade herself and risk getting caught 'relieving' her son in a backwoods gas station restroom, or roll the dice and hope Robert wouldn't notice the incredibly large bulge in his son's pants.

Karen uncrossed her arms, poked her head outside the restroom, and looked in the direction of the gas pumps. "Where's your father right now?" She asked softly.

"He's still filling up the Expedition," Jacob replied with hope. "He might be taking a while...you know that thing has a fuel tank the size of Lake Blackshear!"

Karen reluctantly made her decision. She ignored the thought that probably right after her husband Robert finished filling up their huge SUV, their son Jacob would be filling *her* up with another one of his huge loads.

Taking one last look around to ensure that the coast was clear, Karen whispered, "Okay." She then moved aside to allow Jacob's entry into the restroom. "Get in here, but we have to make this quick...and *be quiet!!*"

A few moments later, Jacob stood leaning against the locked door with his shorts and underwear around his ankles. He watched as his kneeling mother sucked on his cock while stroking the entire length of his shaft with her right hand. Karen's lewd slurping noises reverberated and were greatly amplified by the cinder block walls that enclosed the small, dimly lit restroom. Jacob grunted, "That feels great, Mom!"

"Are you about to finish?" Karen asked in a whisper before she began licking and sucking on Jacob's testicles in a desperate effort to help coax the churning load out of his swollen balls. With each passing moment, the level of her anxiety about getting caught increased...along with unwanted sexual arousal.

"Not yet," Jacob replied. "Maybe we should try something different? You know...to help speed things along."

Karen pulled back, releasing Jacob's nutsack from her mouth, and causing a loud **pop!** noise in the process. While continuing to jack off her son, she looked up at him and replied in a low tone, "Jake...we're *not* going to do that right now."

"Why not?" Jacob asked. "The door's locked."

"Well, for starters..." Karen replied, "This is a gas station bathroom, and I simply refuse to lie down on this nasty floor. Plus, unless you've forgotten...we're all out of condoms."

"No problem!" Jacob responded a little too eagerly. "We can do it standing up...and as far as condoms go...I can pull out, before I finish."

Karen scoffed, "You mean like how you promised to pull out, last night?"

Jacob quickly replied, "But Mom...that'd been your idea...remember? You told me I could stay inside."

Karen couldn't deny that what Jacob said was true. As more fuzzy details from the previous night became clearer, she remembered it had ultimately been her decision for him to unleash the torrential tsunami from his bloated testicles and flood her vulnerably unprotected womb with his virile and potent man seed. On top of all that, she'd had him do it not just once, but *twice*. Karen blamed her rash choice of action on being under the influence of the radical hormones and overindulgence in wine from dinner. What she didn't yet know was that on top of all these factors, her sister Brenda's trial birth control pills that she'd taken had drastically increased her libido.

Karen sighed and nodded, "Well, that may be true, but trust me...I have other reasons for why you can't put your thing inside me right now." Seeing the confusion on her son's face, she huffed and added, "Look...if you must know...I'm still quite sore...down there." Her face reddened as she whispered, "Your mother's mommy-bits are gonna need a break...if you know what I mean." That she was even confessing this to her son caused another spasm in Karen's pussy, as her 'mommy-bits' leaked both her uncontrollable arousal and Jacob's lingering spunk from her vaginal lips.

Jacob couldn't help but feel a sense of pride surging within him, knowing that he'd given his smoking-hot mother such a thorough fucking. He then asked with a sly grin, "So...I take it that Dad won't be getting any 'action' for the next day or so?" He immediately regretted his statement as soon he saw the displeased look on his mother's beautiful face. Trying to skirt away from danger, the teenager quickly diverted the conversation, "I have an idea...how about using your boobs? That always works!"

Karen continued slowly stroking Jacob's rigid cock as she weighed her options. It was bad enough that she was giving her son a blowjob whilst locked inside an old, dank, gas station restroom, but now she was actually considering taking off her clothes for him. Never in her wildest dreams did the strait-laced Christian wife and

mother think that this would be situation in which she'd ever find herself. However, she also knew time was now of the essence. With a huff, she mumbled, "Okay...fine!"

Now seated on the old, porcelain toilet seat, Jacob watched as Karen stood before him and reached behind her back. The teenager smiled when he heard the faint sound of the little zipper going down. He felt his cock twitch as his mother pulled her arms out of the dress and allowed the garment to slide down to her waist, exposing her mouthwatering breasts encased in a lacy, white brassiere.

Karen stared at Jacob's throbbing penis as she reached behind her with both hands and unfastened the overburdened hooks to her bra. She then pulled the loosened straps off of her shoulders and tossed the undergarment onto the nearby sink. Her big round mommy boobs dropped and wobbled perkily and perfectly-shaped on her chest. Fortunately, the soreness in her nipples from earlier that morning had lessened quite a bit.

Wasting no time, Karen reluctantly squatted down, making sure to gather the hem of her skirt and avoid the dirty bathroom floor. She then wrapped her soft, pillowy breasts around the length of Jacob's glistening wet tool, and began slowly pumping up and down along his thick, veiny shaft. The combination of her spit and his slimy

pre-cum that had mixed together created an excellent make-shift lubricant.

Over the next few minutes, Karen got into a steady rhythm. With each downward plunge, Jacob's cockhead would pop out from the top of her cleavage and make contact with the heart-shaped pendant containing Rachel and Jacob's baby photos that Karen wore around her neck.

Jacob was in total awe of the current situation. The fact he was getting a titty fuck from his conservative mother in, of all places, a gas station restroom soon had him teetering on edge. "Wow..." he whispered, whilst staring at the glimmering gold locket bouncing around from tit to tit during Karen's movements. "You're the coolest mom, ever!"

Without slowing down, Karen replied suspiciously, "Coolest ever, huh?" She glanced down at her chest, then scoffed and added, "Gee...I wonder why?" She then looked up at her son with her beautiful hazel eyes and added, "Now, come on...no more fooling around. You need to hurry up and finish before your father comes looking for us!"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am! I'm getting pretty close...just keep going...*like that!*" After a couple of moments, Jacob grunted, "Mom...I'm almost there! Can I finish...on your...*tits?*"

"*Jake!*" Karen replied in shock, but without slowing down her mammary-ministrations. "Watch your mouth! I must say, your language has been quite horrible this past weekend...that too, is a filthy practice that had better stay in Atlanta!" She then added with a softer tone. "And no, you can't finish on my breasts...not this time. It'll make too much of a mess."

With a shaky voice, Jacob responded, "But I was hoping that you could...ride the rest of the way home...with my stuff on your...*BOOOOOOBS!*"

Karen let go of her breasts and grabbed a hold of Jacob's pulsing monstrosity with both of her hands. As she furiously jacked him off, she whispered, "Sorry to disappoint you, Sweetie, but you can't always get what you want." She then stared up sexily at Jacob and added with a knowing smirk, "You'll just have to be satisfied knowing that I'll be sitting up front with your father the rest of the way home, with all of your little babymakers swimming around in my belly..."

"*OHHHH...MYYYY...GOSSSSSHHH...MOMMMMM!!!*" Jacob yelped, lifting his butt off the toilet seat and grabbing Karen by the elastic band that held her ponytail together.

Karen wrapped her lips around the crown of her son's cock, just in time for it to blast rope after rope of his huge,

creamy load deep into her waiting mouth and down her gullet, before settling in a thick deposit in her stomach.

Moments later, Jacob sat back against the toilet's water tank catching his breath. Karen remained squatted on her haunches as she continued sucking and licking on her son's steadily depleting penis, trying to get every last tasty drop. Her right hand kept stroking on his shaft, while her left hand that had been holding up her skirt had somehow wandered beneath its hem and was now rubbing along her still sore, but thoroughly wet, panty-covered pussy mound.

"Wow, Mom...that was *awesome!*" her satisfied teenage son whispered huskily.

Suddenly, there was an unwelcome loud knock at the door.

"Karen?" Rob called out. "Honey? You in there?"

Frightfully startled, Karen pulled back from Jacob's cock, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and giving her son an admonishing '*See, I told you so!'* look on her face. Before she could reply to her husband, Jacob called out to his father, "It's just me, Dad!"

Karen's eyes went wide with shock, and she mouthed, "*What on earth are you doing?*!" She then popped up

from her hunched, squatting position and quickly (and quietly) grabbed her bra from the old porcelain sink.

"Jake?" Robert responded, with a chuckle. "What the heck are you doing in the lady's room?"

"The men's room was out of order, so the guy at the counter told me to use this one."

"Oh, okay," Robert replied. "Say, have you seen your mom? I thought she'd be the one that was in there."

Standing up, Jacob began pulling up and zipping his shorts. "She was, right before me, but I think she went inside the station to go looking for you."

"Huh...Guess I must've just missed her, somehow." Robert then continued, "Well, anyway, if you're interested, there's some really cool stuff in the store that I'd like to show you."

As she fastened the hooks to her bra, Karen nodded emphatically to her son as a sign for Jacob to agree. "Uh....yeah sure, Dad!" he responded with forced enthusiasm. "How about I meet you inside in a few minutes?"

"Excellent!" Robert replied. "You know what? They even make their own beef jerky here...I think we should go and try some."

Jacob called out. "Sounds great, Dad...I'll be right out!"

Robert's voice faded as he walked away, "Okay... I'm gonna go back and try to find your mother."

Karen and Jacob both breathed a sigh of relief. Sliding her arms into the sleeves of her dress, Karen turned her back to Jacob and whispered, "Quick, zip me up."

Jacob stepped forward and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

Holding her long ponytail up and out of the way, Karen scolded, "Once again, we've cut it *way* too close, young man!"

"I'm sorry, Mom," Jacob apologized as he ran the zipper up the back of his mother's dress.

Karen turned to face Jacob and said, "Well, not near as sorry as you'd be if your father ever catches us!" Straightening and smoothing out the skirt of her dress, she added, "Now...you need to get inside that store and keep your father occupied, while I freshen up a bit."

Jacob nodded, "No problem...I can do that."

Karen stepped over and opened the door just a crack. After seeing that no one was around, she looked back to Jacob and whispered, "I think the coast is clear." She took one last peek, opened the door wider, then said, "Okay...*go!*"

Before stepping out of the tiny restroom, Jacob said, "Oh Mom, before I forget...thanks for your help, again."

"You're welcome, Sweetie...now *goooo!!*" Karen then swatted Jacob on his rear end in order to further motivate him to leave. She then watched him jog away and disappear around the corner to the front of the store.

After closing and locking the restroom door, Karen opened her purse that sat on the edge of the sink. She then pulled out some cosmetics to touch up her face...and especially her lips, since all of her lipstick had worn off from sucking on her son's cock.

As Karen reapplied her makeup, her body continued humming uncontrollably in an arousal that was now further enhanced by the adrenaline from having nearly gotten caught by her husband. The fact that she'd relieved her son in a dingy convenient store restroom while just ouside her husband pumped gas was making her feel naughty...a little dirty even. She contemplated whether to tell Brenda of her roadside misadventure, giving her younger sister a big shock (and maybe even something to be jealous of).

After completing the touch-up, Karen put her cosmetics back into her purse. The loving wife stepped back and looked in the mirror to ensure her appearance was the same as before she entered the restroom. The reflection

staring back at her was acceptable, considering the low lighting she had to work with. However, now there was one other issue to deal with...the constant buzzing in her wet and leaking vagina was not going away.

Karen caught a sight of the toilet. Just a few minutes before, she'd been squatting, half-naked, in front of the old piece of plumbing and using her pillowy, soft boobs to relieve her teenaged son. Now it was her tingling pussy that desperately needed some attention and relief, and her family was still two hours away from home.

A wicked idea then entered her mind.

Karen looked behind her and double-checked to make sure that the door was locked. Then hesitantly, she reached under her dress and pulled her white, bikini-cut panties down her long legs. After carefully stepping out of the dainty garment, she draped her damp underwear over her purse.

Holding the hem of her dress up to her waist, Karen then sat on the toilet. A soft moan escaped her throat as her fingers slid in between the slick folds of her dripping, wet vagina. Her repainted red lips curled into a faint smile as soon as her exploring digits found her blood-hardened and engorged clitoris.

Suddenly Karen remembered where she was, and a wave of self-loathing washed over her. She whispered to

herself, "*Karen...what in heaven's name are you doing?*" However, the disgust she felt wasn't enough to keep the conservative, Christian housewife from rubbing herself to a much-needed, spine-tingling orgasm. Luckily, there was no one outside the door who could hear her squeals of delight that reverberated inside of the enclosed and dingy space of the tiny restroom.

After Karen had cleaned herself up, she stepped back into her underwear, pulled the cotton panties up her long legs, and adjusted the garment onto her curvy hips. As the repulsed mother smoothed out her dress again, she told herself this particular lewd episode would be one that she'd keep private. It would forever remain embarrassing moment that she would never share with her sister, or anyone else for that matter. It'd be a dark secret she would keep to herself...well, herself and that dingy old restroom which had witnessed her momentary little scene of depraved debauchery.

Later, the Mitchells all climbed back into their huge Expedition and settled in for the remainder of their journey home. Jacob called out from the back seat, "Dad...good call on getting the beef jerky." He then tore off another bite with his teeth and added, "This stuff's great!"

After sipping on some water and swallowing a tablet of Naproxen, Karen softly scolded her son, "Jake,

Honey...how many times do I have to remind you...don't talk with your mouth full."

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob replied, then took a gulp of Coca-Cola to wash down the savory meat snack.

As he fastened his seat belt, Robert said, "Glad you like it, Sport! Just so you know...I also bought plenty of extra for us to have at home." The Atlanta Braves were scheduled to play on TV later that night, and Mr. Mitchell already had plans to watch the game from his beloved La-Z-Boy recliner whilst enjoying some beef jerky, along with an ice-cold beer.

After cranking the ignition, Robert glanced over at Karen. Seeing his wife with nothing more than her bottle of water, he asked, "Don't you want anything to eat, dear? Try some of the jerky...it's really good!" He then put the SUV in gear and pulled away from the gas pumps.

Karen replied, "Thank you, Sweetheart, but I think I'll be fine until dinner." After fastening her seatbelt, she took a quick glance back at Jacob and felt her cheeks blush before adding, "Besides, my stomach's quite full at the moment."

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On Thursday, after seeing Robert and Jacob off each respectively to work and school, Karen spent the rest of

her morning doing some household chores. Once her tasks had been completed, she decided to take advantage of the beautiful October weather and go outside for a run before lunch.

Most days, whenever Karen jogged through her quiet suburban neighborhood, she'd be wearing jogging pants and a simple T-shirt. However, today the conservative mom decided to don a black pair of booty-clinging yoga running shorts and a red, form-fitting cropped tank top with '**GEORGIA CHEERLEADING**' emblazoned in big, black, block letters across her chest.

Usually, the reserved Christian housewife would never have dared to wear something so risqué in public. However, today, she felt oddly emboldened. The compliments that she'd received the previous weekend from Robert and Jacob had helped to boost her confidence to the point that she decided to be a bit bolder and wear a revealing outfit that normally she'd only ever wear around the house. Karen felt a naughty thrill coursing down her spine when she noticed several men stop and stare at her as she passed by.

The gorgeous MILF chuckled to herself when she saw the shocked, mouth-agape look on Mrs. Caldwell's face as she waved 'hello' to her childhood piano teacher. The elderly lady (who also happened to have been one of Karen's late mother's best friends) was sweeping the front walk that

led to her house. Karen knew then and there that the busybody church pianist would be gossiping madly about her suggestive apparel at her first opportunity the following Sunday morning.

When Karen made it back home after her run, she spotted Melissa's car parked along the curb beside her lawn. As she walked up her driveway, the lovely housewife waved at the young attorney still seated in her vehicle.

As soon as Ms. Turner got out of her car, Karen noticed that her friend was wearing a stylish blouse, heels, and a pencil skirt...evidently this was an official court visit. When she got closer, Karen called out, "Hi there! I wasn't expecting to see you today."

As Melissa grabbed her briefcase from the back seat, she replied, "I know, and I'm sorry for showing up so unannounced."

Karen waved her off, "Oh, don't be silly...you know you're welcome to stop by, anytime."

Melissa closed the car door and turned around. "Woah!" she remarked, as she took in the sight of the middle-aged mom. Karen wasn't wearing her usual conservative attire, and Melissa was caught off guard by the sexy vision standing up-close before her.

Seeing the look of astonishment on Melissa's face, Karen asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Uh...no!" Melissa replied, as she watched a bead of sweat roll down Karen's chest, and disappear into the deep cleavage created by her supportive sports bra. Looking back up into Karen's eyes, she added, "It's just that I'm not used to seeing you dressed in this fashion."

"Do you think it's too much?" Karen asked, now beginning to feel a little self-conscious about her choice of wardrobe. She twisted her hips, looked over her shoulder down at her butt, and added, "Or maybe too little, I should say."

Melissa put up her left hand and replied, "No! Don't say that." The young lawyer couldn't help but admire the juicy shape of Karen's fleshy, flared buttcheeks that were encased within her skin-tight yoga shorts. "I mean...you look good...*really* good!"

Karen smiled, "You think so?"

Melissa nodded and replied, "Oh yes...definitely." The young lawyer's eyes traveled up and down Karen's lusciously curvy body. "Honestly, Karen...you look absolutely fabulous!"

Karen's smile widened, "Awwww...thank you!!" She genuinely appreciated the compliments which she'd

received from her husband and son, but to hear those same types of remarks from another woman, especially one so young and fit, was truly validating.

"You're welcome," Melissa responded. "It's easy to see that all your hard work's definitely paying off."

After wiping her brow with the back of her hand, Karen said, "Well, I've still got a ways to go, but I do feel like I'm on the right track." She then put her hands on her hips and continued, "But enough about me. I'm curious to know to what I owe this unexpected pleasure of your visit."

With her briefcase in hand, Melissa stepped in closer and said, "Well, I probably could have just called, but...I decided to take the rest of the day off so I could deliver this particular bit of news in person."

Karen's eyes went wide, "News?" She leaned in closer to the lawyer and asked cautiously, "Has there been a breakthrough regarding the case?"

Melissa nodded and replied, "Yes, there has." A smile crept over her face as she added, "And overall, I think you're going to be quite pleased with what I'm about to tell you."

Karen motioned towards the house and said, "Well then, let's go inside where we'll be more comfortable."

After seating themselves the kitchen table, Melissa proceeded to divulge the case's latest developments. Ms. Turner explained that Michael Grant and the state had reached a plea bargain in which he agreed to give up all information concerning the WICK-Tropin program, including an antidote that he promised (under penalty of perjury) would completely reverse the hormone's side effects. Despite his relatively lenient sentencing, the maverick doctor would lose his license to practice medicine of any sort for the rest of his life. The defendant would also be required to pay substantial restitution to all the patients who had participated in the program. On top of all these, he would also be required to give up the identities of all of his financial backers.

For the most part, Karen was delighted with the outcome. The only drawback was that Dr. Grant would not see any prison time as long as he made good on his promise to comply with the court's demands. This fact somewhat dampened Karen's spirits, but not enough to outweigh the joy of knowing that her son could soon be cured of his unfortunate affliction.

Karen couldn't help but smile. "I can't tell you how many times that I've prayed for this day and for how long...and now finally some good news has come. Thank you so much for all that you've done!"

Melissa reached across the table and grabbed Karen's hand, "You're most welcome. I only wish it could have been sooner."

After taking a drink of water, Karen replied, "I know that you did the best that you could. I'm just grateful that the finish line is finally in sight, and maybe this nightmare will all soon be over." Sitting back in her chair, Karen asked, "So, what happens next?"

Melissa shrugged, "Now we wait for the official documents of the plea agreement to be drawn up and processed through the court."

"How long will that take?" Karen asked.

"Probably a few weeks, or so," Melissa replied nonchalantly, before taking a sip of iced tea.

Karen huffed. "A few weeks? Why so long?"

Melissa chuckled, "Unfortunately, the wheels of justice sometimes don't turn as quickly as we'd like."

Karen cocked her head and asked, "Well, what about Dr. Grant? Where is he while we wait for justice to run its course?"

"He's still in jail," Melissa responded. "And since the judge has deemed him to be a flight risk, that's where he'll

remain until after all legal proceedings have been processed and finalized."

"Then what?" Karen inquired.

Melissa replied, "After that, he'll go into the witness protection program and disappear forever."

Karen scoffed, "Witness protection?" She threw up her hand and added, "Oh, that's great! You mean he gets off scot-free and starts a whole new life, fully paid for by the hard-working taxpayers?"

Melissa nodded, "Unfortunately...yes." The young lawyer noticed Karen's frustration. "It was all part of the plea bargain because once he gives up the names of his financial backers, many bad men will come looking for him. His life has basically become forfeit. I can't divulge everything, as now we're venturing into the territory of 'national security', but Dr. Grant has now essentially become an intelligence asset and informant of the government. He's had dealings with rogue elements and shady biolabs in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, and as you know, with all the wars going on there right now..." Gesturing with her hand, Melissa indicated that she couldn't reveal more.

With venom in her voice, Karen responded, "He should've thought about all that before he conducted these evil experiments on innocent people...*especially my son!*" In

frustration, the irate mother sat back in her chair and crossed her arms. She knew it was not a proper way for a Christian woman to think, but this mama bear was easy to rile up when it came to protecting her cubs.

With a calming tone, Melissa spoke, "I know that you're upset, and you have every right to be, but you need to focus on the positives. First, of all...this jerk will never be in a position to do this to anyone else ever again. He'll also have to live the rest of his life continuously looking over his shoulder and never feeling safe or secure." She leaned forward and continued, "Plus, you have to remember...he's agreed to turn over the antidote that will promise to reverse the effects. After all, that's the most important thing...helping Jake...right?"

As Karen continued to fume, she stared at a photo held onto the refrigerator by a magnet. It was a snapshot of her family taken a few years before at Disney World, in Orlando. Seeing her family's smiling faces in the picture helped Karen to realize that Melissa was correct. The most important thing was to get the antidote from Dr. Grant and finally cure her son so that life could go back to normal.

Turning her eyes back to Melissa, Karen sighed, "You're right. You're absolutely right ...I should let God, or the universe, deal with that slimy scumbag." After uncrossing

her arms, she added, "My main concern now is Jake's well-being."

Melissa nodded with a smile. "How is Jake, by the way?" Melissa asked with curiosity before taking another sip of her cold beverage.

Karen nodded. "Other than the obvious, he's good." She smiled, then added, "He's got himself a little girlfriend."

Melissa's eyes went wide, "A...a girlfriend?"

"Well..." Karen corrected herself. "Jake says that she's not his girlfriend...yet. However, they have been spending a good amount of time together over the past few weeks. It may not be official, but things seem to be headed in that direction."

Melissa grinned and said, "Well, good for him!" Her smile faded when she asked, "Does she know anything about his, umm...?"

Karen shook her head, "No...thank Heavens! And that's a good thing since her mother, Donna, is one of my close friends, and her husband just happens to be the pastor of our church."

Melissa giggled, "Hold on a second...he's dating a preacher's daughter?"

Karen nodded in affirmation.

Melissa's giggle turned into full-blown laughter. "Oh, my goodness...what a scandal that could cause!"

"Tell me about it," Karen replied. "That's why I so badly want Dr. Grant to give up the antidote as soon as possible. We've done a good job so far of hiding his condition, but with Jake and Sara spending more and more time together, I fear it's just a matter of time before our luck runs out."

Leaning forward in her chair, Melissa asked, "So...I assume you've been continuing to 'help' Jake, as before?"

Even though it wasn't a secret that Karen kept from Melissa, the middle-aged mother couldn't help but blush as she answered, "Yes...it's the only way to keep his affliction under wraps until he can get the treatment that he needs and finally be rid of that...abomination." The mere mention of her son's 'abomination' suddenly caused a flutter to take place deep in Karen's vagina.

At that exact moment, Melissa's mind suddenly drifted, and she began imagining illicit scenes of Karen and Jacob together. The young lawyer could feel her heart skip a beat at the thought of the conservative mom committing sinful and immoral acts with her teenaged son. Even though Karen's motives and actions were done out of as sense of sacrifice and motherly duty, the unholy images

now flooding Melissa's brain caused her pussy to moisten and ignited her own salacious desires.

After taking another sip of iced tea, Melissa replied, "Well, hopefully, you won't have to wait much longer, and we can put an end to this madness once and for all."

With a sigh, Karen commented, "From your lips to God's ears, I pray for it to be so."

As she gazed at the middle-aged MILF sitting across the table from her, Melissa could feel the embers of her arousal growing hotter. With a devious motive in mind, the young attorney decided to steer their conversation elsewhere. "By the way...how was your run earlier?"

Nodding, Karen said, "Pretty good, if I do say so." She then looked down at the Fitbit attached to her left wrist and added, "I actually shaved another two minutes off my previous time."

Arching her brow, Melissa replied, "Wow...that's pretty impressive!" She then joked, "Planning to participate in the Boston Marathon?"

Karen scoffed, "Yeah, right! You're hilarious, you know that?" After a sip of water, she added, "Seriously though, I'd be happy just to drop a few more extra pounds."

Shaking her head, Melissa replied, "I don't think that's necessary, Karen. I was honest about what I said earlier...you look fantastic!"

Karen couldn't help but smile, "Awwww! That's so sweet of you to say, but believe me...I still have a ways to go yet before I reach my personal goal." With a grimace, the beautiful housewife added, "I just wished getting into shape didn't hurt so much."

Melissa chuckled, "Let me guess...sore glutes and hamstrings?"

Karen gave an affirmative nod.

"Did you remember to stretch before running this time?" Melissa inquired, with a motherly tone.

Karen nodded again. "Yes, I did, but... perhaps I didn't stretch enough."

After a sigh, Melissa said, "Okay...you know what that means."

"No...what does that mean?" Karen replied, somewhat confused.

Melissa stood up and added, "It means that you need another one of my signature deep-tissue massages!"

With a weak smile and waving her hand, Karen replied, "Oh Melissa...thank you, but that...that really isn't necessary!"

Putting a hand on her hip, Melissa countered sternly, "Yes, it is. A thorough rubdown will greatly reduce muscle pain and speed up your recovery. If I recall correctly, you said it had been a big help last time."

Karen's thoughts returned to the previous week. She had to agree...Melissa's talented hands had worked wonders on her aching muscles and brought her incredible relief. However, the lovely housewife also distinctly remembered how the 'thorough rubdown' had quickly been derailed from a simple, therapeutic massage and started her down a path toward wickedness and decadent immorality.

"Well...am I right?" Melissa inquired, when her friend didn't reply.

Karen snapped out of her daydream. She looked up at Melissa, nodded in agreement, and replied softly, "Yes...you're right...it *had* been a tremendous help."

"Okay then...so what's the problem?" Melissa asked.

"Well, for starters..." Karen held out her right hand toward Melissa. "It's evident by how you're so nicely dressed, you hadn't come here today with doing that in mind."

Melissa shrugged her shoulders. "So? I've got nothing else planned for the rest of the day...do you?"

Karen replied hesitantly, "Well...no, not really, but..." She then looked down at herself and added, "I'm still dirty and sweaty from my run earlier. I'm pretty sure I smell awfully ripe right about now!"

Melissa picked up her glass, walked around to Karen's side of the table, and replied, "If it bothers you so much, just go take a shower." She put a hand on her hip and continued, "Besides...as I seem to recall, last time we'd been rudely interrupted before we had a chance to finish. I seriously believe you'd find it very beneficial to experience the complete massage." Before her friend could think up of another feeble excuse, Melissa leaned over and picked up Karen's water bottle. She said, "Now go on ahead and freshen up, while I take care of getting everything ready." Melissa then turned and walked over to the sink.

It was plain for Karen to see that the young attorney wouldn't accept 'No' for an answer. Seeing no way to win the argument or extricate herself from her predicament, Karen relented with a sigh and said, "Okay, counselor." She then stood up from the kitchen table, held up her hands in mock surrender and conceded, "I guess you win."

After placing the bottle and glass into the sink, Melissa turned to her friend and leaned back against the counter. With a cheeky grin, she replied, "More times than not, I do." With a giggle, she added, "Believe it or not, my poor Donnie never wins whenever we argue...even when I'm wrong!"

With a slight chuckle, Karen responded, "Oh, I can believe that!"

Melissa stepped forward and asked, "So, I take it we can use the guest bedroom the same as last time?"

Without thinking, Karen nodded and replied, "Umm...sure...I don't see why not." Suddenly, she remembered the last time that they'd been alone in the guest bedroom or, as Melissa referred to it, their 'cocoon'. The memory of the warm and cozy environment and the improper, yet heavenly, sensations brought on by the young attorney's talented hands caused Karen's stomach to flutter with nervous anticipation.

With a big smile, Melissa responded, "Great!" She moved closer to Karen and added, "Now, you go on upstairs and shower, while I get everything set up." She then started towards the back door, her heels clicking against the tiled kitchen floor as she walked.

"Where are you going?" Karen asked, a bit perplexed.

Before opening the door, Melissa stopped and turned back. "I'll be right back...I'm just going out to the car to get my gym bag."

Now more confused, Karen replied, "But you left all your things over here last week, remember?" She stepped towards Melissa and added, "You'll find everything safe and sound in the guest bedroom closet."

Melissa shook her head, "Not everything...there are still a few items in the bag from last time that I need to get."

"What kind of items?" Karen asked with a curious tone as she loosened her ponytail.

Smiling as she pulled open the door, Melissa responded, "Just something that will...*enhance* the overall experience of your massage." Seeing a slight look of bewilderment on her friend's face, the young lawyer added, "Trust me...you're gonna love it!"

A while later, Karen stood naked and freshly showered in front of the full-length mirror of her master bedroom. As she clipped her luscious brown hair up into a bun, the reflection of the woman which was staring back at her caused her to feel a strong sense of pride.

Karen turned and twisted her body to view herself from various angles. She couldn't help but appreciate the eye-catching curves of her hourglass figure. It reminded her of

the voluptuous and beautiful starlets from a bygone era of classic Hollywood. Risking vanity, the usually humble middle-aged mother agreed with her younger friend's remarks from earlier...all of her hard work was definitely paying off, and she did indeed look *fabulous*.

Karen stepped over to the king-sized bed to find the old bra and panty set she had laid out earlier to wear for her massage session. As she picked up her conservative cotton underwear, Brenda's words suddenly came to mind. The week before, her baby sister had suggested that she should try to relax more and not be so rigid...at least while she navigated through this temporary period of (as Brenda put it) 'insanity'.

"Have some fun, you say?" Karen whispered, replying to Brenda's exact words. The memory from the previous week of sharing a bubble bath with her younger sister came to the forefront of her mind. She then remembered the unsolicited, yet very satisfying, orgasm that had been given to her by her naughty sibling. The flashback caused her nipples to harden and begin tingling instantly. After a few more seconds of contemplating Brenda's outrageous suggestion, the conservative mom relented with a heavy sigh, "Oh, why not!" Then she dropped her panties back onto the bed and picked up the nearby pink, satin robe.

After slipping her arms inside, Karen wrapped the silky garment around her shapely nude body and then tightly

cinched it closed. As she left the bedroom and walked down the hall to join Melissa, Karen could feel her naked, unsupported breasts gently roll from side to side on her chest. Each step caused her sensitive nipples to scrape against the silky, soft material, sending tiny sparks of excitement down to her moistening vagina.

Upon entering the guest bedroom, Karen found the ambiance to be much the same as their previous session. Melissa had closed the blinds and drawn the curtains to block out the afternoon sun from outside. The flickering, warm glow of scented candles and the soft, soothing new-age music filtering throughout the room helped to complete the 'cocoon'-like environment.

"Well, there you are..." Melissa acknowledged her friend while unfolding a clean sheet and laying it out across the bed.

"Yep...here I am," Karen replied as she closed the door. After turning around, she quickly noticed that Melissa had changed outfits. No longer was she wearing her professional-looking blouse, skirt, and heels from earlier. Now, the young attorney was barefoot, with her long dark hair tied up in a ponytail and donning a skimpy, gray pair of Roadbox yoga shorts along with a matching sports bra.

Karen stared as her young friend bent over the bed to straighten out the sheet. The housewife couldn't help but

admire Melissa's fit and curvy body, greatly accentuated by her form-fitting attire, which appeared to Karen to be a size too small. Her eyes traveled up the attorney's toned and silky long legs before eventually settling them on her perfectly-shaped bottom, clad as it was in those skin-tight gym shorts.

"Karen? You still with me?" Melissa's voice suddenly pulled the daydreaming housewife out of her admiring reverie.

"Huh? I-I'm sorry...did you say something?" Karen replied, trying to gather her wits and hoping to God that Melissa hadn't caught her staring. She chided herself for allowing impure thoughts about another woman to once again come seeping into her mind.

Melissa chuckled, "You alright?" She stepped in closer to Karen and continued, "I asked, how was your shower? Do you feel better?"

"Oh," Karen replied with a smile. "Yes...very much...thank you. I can't tell you how much better it feels now to be clean and out of those sweaty clothes!" Her eyes inadvertently drifted downward and settled on Melissa's sports bra and the incredible cleavage that it created. The skimpy garment appeared to be having some trouble containing the young woman's bountiful breasts.

Noticing Karen's line of sight, Melissa looked down at her chest and the deep, dark valley running between her big, round boobs. Looking back up, she chuckled, "Oh yeah. I hope you don't mind, but I figured my work clothes would be much too restrictive to wear in order to give you a proper massage." As she readjusted the bra strap on her shoulder with her right thumb, she added, "Unfortunately though, this outfit doesn't seem to fit as well as it used to...in fact, I haven't worn this since uhhh..." Glancing back down at her chest again, she continued, "...my 'girls' unexpectedly grew a bra size."

Mirroring her friend, Karen looked down at her own chemically-enlarged breasts that were hidden beneath the soft, satiny material of her robe and replied jokingly, "Believe me...I know exactly what you mean." Both women locked eyes and simultaneously snickered.

After a few seconds, Melissa asked, "So...you ready to get started?"

Karen nodded in response and said, "As ready as I'll ever be."

"Okay, then!" Melissa replied in an upbeat tone. She motioned toward the bed and added, "You know the routine...go ahead and take off that robe, then lie down while I get my supplies together." Turning away from

Karen, she then turned her attention to the nearby nightstand.

As Karen faced the bed and untied the sash to her robe, she asked out of curiosity, "Are those the same supplies that you were so eager to get from your car earlier?"

Melissa smiled, as she answered, "Yeah...well, one of them anyway." After pulling a plastic bottle out of the oil warmer, she continued, "For this session, I wanted to heat the massage oils because I think you'll find it to be--" The young attorney stopped midsentence as soon as she turned around, just in time to watch Karen slide her pink, satin robe off of her shoulders and down her back. Melissa's jaw dropped upon discovering that the conservative, middle-aged MILF was now completely naked.

"I'll find it to be what?" Karen asked, as she draped her robe over the back of a nearby chair. She then turned her head to find Melissa staring back at her. Thanks to the radical hormones, the usually prim and proper housewife now felt emboldened and couldn't help but sense a slight thrill knowing that she'd apparently turned the tables on her younger friend. Trying not to smile, Karen innocently asked, "Is something the matter?"

Melissa was totally caught off-guard. She'd expected to find Karen donning her usual plain and boring 'Mom' underwear. But now *she* was the one lost in a daze as she

blatantly gawked at the reserved mother in all of her nude glory. "Uh...no...nothing's wrong." Melissa finally responded as Karen climbed onto the bed. Attempting to gather her bearings, she added, "I'm just a bit surprised that you'd be comfortable enough to start off...uh...you know...*naked*."

While positioning herself facedown onto the crisp, clean sheet, Karen replied glibly, "Well, you *did* say last time that in order to massage me properly, I needed to take everything off."

As she began unfolding a second clean sheet, Melissa confirmed, "Yes...that's right."

Karen then rested her head on her forearm and continued, "So, I just kind of figured that this would help save us some time and make things...easier." After taking a deep breath and exhaling, Karen closed her eyes and added, "Besides...you've already seen me in my birthday suit, and like you said last week...it's just us girls anyway."

"Exactly..." Melissa replied with a slight giggle as she draped the sheet over Karen's naked body.

"Oh my...that feels *nice*... " Karen whispered, with a slight smile on her face, as her body was enveloped in the warmth and softness of the Egyptian cotton bedding.

"Glad that you like it," Melissa replied, pulling the covering down and exposing Karen's smooth, delicate back to where the swells of her buttcheeks began. "While you were in the shower, I took the liberty of running the sheets in your clothes dryer for a few minutes...I hope you don't mind."

"Nope...not at all." Karen responded, with a deep sigh. The warm and relaxing atmosphere had already caused her freshly-showered body to go limp like a wet noodle.

Melissa increased the music's volume on her phone just a bit and checked to ensure that the ringer was off, hoping that there'd be no risk of any interruptions this time around. She then pressed down on the nozzle of the plastic bottle and pumped several globs of the heated massage oil into her left hand. As she spread the warm, fragrant lubricant onto Karen's upper back and shoulders, she commented, "If you're okay with it...what I'd like to do is start off with a relaxing rubdown, then work on your problem areas with a deep-tissue massage...sort of like we did last time."

"Mmmmmm...sounds good to me..." Karen responded dreamily as Melissa's warm hands, now slick with oil, began to explore her back with deep yet gentle strokes. "Do whatever you think is necessary..." the married mother added in a breathy murmur.

Melissa arched her brow and replied, "Really?"

Karen nodded and responded innocently, "Uh-huh."

Melissa paused the massage and wiped her hands with a nearby towel. "Karen? Do you trust me?" she asked, as she reached into her gym bag, and pulled out a black sleeping mask.

Without lifting her head, Karen once again nodded in response, "Yes...of course."

"Well...do me a small favor...and lift your head up for a second." Melissa requested while stretching the mask's elastic band.

Karen opened her eyes, somewhat perplexed, and replied, "Uh...sure," going along with her friend's request. Even more confused, she asked, "What's this all about?" as Melissa slipped the mask into position and completely covered Karen's hazel-brown eyes.

Melissa explained professionally, "In order for you to get the maximum benefit from this massage, I need you to concentrate solely on the gentle sounds and physical sensations. This mask will help you to block out all unnecessary and extraneous sensory distractions."

Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Does that actually work?"

"Oh yes," Melissa quickly replied. "It's a known fact that when you lose one of your senses, the others greatly intensify in order to compensate. Believe me...it will make a *big* difference." After making one final adjustment to the mask, she added reassuringly, "Besides...if it makes you uncomfortable...you can always just take it off."

Even though she was somewhat skeptical, Karen nodded and replied, "Okay...let's give it a try...after all, what have I got to lose?" She then laid her head back down and wiggled into her former position.

"Exactly!" Melissa responded with a devilish grin as she grabbed the bottle of massage oil.

After a while of administering the gentle effleurage massage technique along Karen's shoulders and back, Melissa could hear her friend beginning to moan softly. She smiled when she felt Karen's body shudder as she ran her fingertips along the housewife's buttery, soft skin. "You okay?" Melissa asked, delighting in the fact that her ministrations were having such a positive effect on the super-hot MILF.

Karen muttered in response, "You bet! Let's just say...that if I were a cat, I'd be purring right about now." After a long sigh, she added, "I know that I've told you before, but...you are *soooo* good at this."

Melissa's smile broadened. "Thanks...I'm glad to be of help." With a chuckle, she continued, "It's also good to know that I've got a backup skill if ever my career as an attorney doesn't work out." She shrugged her shoulders and joked, "Who knows? Maybe I could follow in my aunt's footsteps, and open up my own spa."

"Oh yes..." Karen replied. "You can sign me up as a life-long customer."

Melissa giggled as she pulled the sheet up to expose her friend's long legs and adjusted the covering to keep Karen's juicy round bottom concealed. She leaned down and whispered teasingly in Karen's ear, "And I'd be sure to put your name at the very top of my 'VIP client' list." She then gave her 'client' a quick, little peck on the cheek.

Karen gasped in shock as Melissa's warm breath caressed her neck, and a shiver ran down her back as the young lawyer's long, dark hair brushed against her exposed shoulder. The surprised mother could feel her bald pussy getting wet and her hardening nipples pressing into the soft mattress. She had to agree with Melissa...wearing the mask was definitely causing her other senses to heighten beyond belief.

As Melissa positioned herself at the foot of the bed, she stated softly, "Now...how about we move on to something

else?" She then pumped more oil into her hand and began massaging the soles of Karen's dainty feet.

"*Ohhhhh*," Karen groaned aloud as Melissa manipulated her sensitive erogenous zone. The heavenly sensations danced along the nerve endings of Karen's feet and up her leg before settling deep into her vagina. The housewife could sense more of her natural lubricant seeping out from in between her puffy vaginal lips. She lifted her head and whispered with a smile, "I simply *love* how you do that!"

Melissa grinned and replied, "I remember how much you liked it last time."

"Oh, I do..." Karen sighed with a husky breath. "And just so you know...I'd be perfectly willing to pay good money just for you to do that all afternoon."

Melissa smiled and replied, "Don't worry...I'll continue rubbing your feet for you, but I need you to lay your head back down. I want you to relax, breathe deeply, and let me take care of you."

Karen complied with Melissa's request, laid her head back down, and replied, "Yes, counselor...I can do that."

Melissa chuckled, "Besides...I wouldn't dare ever to charge my most valuable client." She then pressed the pads of her thumbs deeper into the oil-slickened sole of

Karen's foot. Melissa proceeded to run her slender digits back and forth along the tender arch between the ball and heel while occasionally sliding her fingers in between each of Karen's toes, motivating the middle-aged wife to moan even louder. Seeing how her 'client' was so quickly responding to the massage was causing Melissa's arousal to blossom, and soon her vagina lubricated with her own womanly essence.

For the next several minutes, Melissa continued with her therapeutic massage, and as promised, she spent a good deal of time working on Karen's soft and dainty feet. During this phase, the young lawyer didn't speak a word...she was focused solely on getting the blindfolded mother to fully relax and experience nothing but the seductive sounds of the soothing music and the titillating physical sensations of her sensual touch. From the continuous moaning and occasional whimpering of "*Oh, yes...*" escaping Karen's mouth, Melissa soon realized that she was succeeding in accomplishing her mission.

Slowly and methodically, Melissa worked her way from Karen's feet and ankles and then up her long shapely legs, applying more of the scented oil as her hands ventured steadily upwards. The young lawyer used her talented fingers to massage Karen's tired, tight, and sore hamstrings as she patiently inched closer and closer to her ultimate target.

Karen mewed from the overwhelming relaxation brought on by the combination of soft music and her thoroughly talented masseuse. She felt as if her body would melt into the mattress at any moment. Unlike the previous session, the married mother felt less embarrassed by her body's natural reaction this time. She reminded herself that it was all part of the massage. Perhaps the strange sense of anonymity she was experiencing from wearing the mask was giving her added comfort as her sister's advice suddenly came springing back to mind... "*Don't be so rigid... have some fun!*"

Melissa was pleasantly surprised when Karen wiggled her hips and voluntarily spread her legs, giving the masseuse an unfettered view of her completely hairless sex. It shocked Melissa when she realized that the conservative, strait-laced mother had actually taken the plunge and waxed her privates!

Melissa opened her mouth to comment but then thought better of it and chose to remain silent. She decided it was best not to risk saying anything which could potentially embarrass her 'client', or alter in any way the positive direction that she and her gorgeous MILF friend were heading towards in their relationship. What Melissa did decide to do was take the unsolicited move of spreading Karen's thighs apart as a not-so-subtle suggestion for them to continue. She then applied additional scented lubricant

to her hands and resumed the massage. The slow yet steady march of Melissa's nimble fingers northward towards the apex of Karen's silky-smooth legs was eagerly enjoyed for all its worth by both women.

As she massaged the upper portion of her friend's inner thighs, Melissa's hands were now mere centimeters away from Karen's weeping vagina. She could feel the housewife's growing excitement collecting on her fingers each time her knuckles "accidentally" brushed up against Karen's soaking-wet pussy lips.

The sheet used to provide Karen some modesty had now worked its way up to expose the bottom half of her round and juicy butt. Melissa then noticed the subtle side-to-side rocking of her friend's wide and curvy hips, along with her shallow and labored breathing. "Are you okay?" she softly asked her 'client'.

Meanwhile, a drowsy Karen drifted along on a euphoric cloud. Her relaxed body felt downright sedated, yet every nerve ending from head to toe was wide awake and tingling. Her sopping-wet vagina was now aching and begging for attention...she secretly wondered whether her masseuse would be willing to help her attain the much-needed 'release' that she'd been so rudely denied during their last session. Somehow, Melissa's words broke finally through the fog, and the blindfolded housewife silently

nodded her reply of affirmation without so much as lifting her head.

Karen's dream-like state was suddenly interrupted when she felt the mattress slightly rock and decompress. Knowing that Melissa had left the bed, she raised up and asked, in a somewhat disappointed tone, "Is that it? Are we done?"

Now positioned beside the nightstand, Melissa chuckled and replied, "No...not yet." She then picked up two bottles of massage lube from the warmer and, as she read the labels, added, "We still have to work on your glute muscles... I'm just getting some more oil ready...and I have a different one this time that I wanna try."

"Different? How?" Karen asked, with some curiosity.

"Don't worry...you're gonna like it...trust me." Melissa then spoke in a heavy whisper, wishing to not ruin the mood. "Now be a good girl and put your head back down."

A thin smile appeared on Karen's face. "Yes, *counselor*..." she replied with slight sarcasm, as she returned to her former position.

After smell-testing both oils, Melissa decided on the lavender-scented version, which also just happened to include an extra warming agent. She then placed the other

bottle on the nightstand and gazed longingly at the sight of the beautiful, blindfolded wife lying before her, face down on the bed. The young lawyer's eyes drank in Karen's gorgeously long legs, and traveled up and over the steep rounded swell of her half-exposed fleshy bottom, before finally bringing her gaze to the dramatic dip in the curvature of Karen's soft and feminine back. Overcome by the panoramic view, Melissa could feel her arousal intensify and the gusset of her panties becoming increasingly moist.

It just made no sense at all...Melissa currently had plenty of gorgeous female friends, but she never experienced any desire for them sexually. Not since her one-time lesbian affair with her best friend, Laura, back in college had she experienced such feelings of lust for another woman.

Originally, the plan had been to seduce Karen in order to bring about Jacob's horny, teenaged quest for a hot threesome among them, but now something had changed. Perhaps it was due to the chemically-laced hormones also surging through Melissa's bloodstream, or maybe it was the dark, life-altering secrets that she and Karen now shared, but she couldn't help but feel a special connection to this married mother. Now, just like years ago in college, Melissa yearned to touch and be touched by another female...namely, this stunning creature that currently lay before her.

After a few seconds, Karen lazily asked, "Is everything alright? I thought we had to work on my glutes?" She then gave her half-hidden backside a playful little shimmy.

"Oh...yeah...we do," Melissa quickly replied, dragging herself out of her daydream. She then stepped to the bed and joked, "Sorry...just trying to come up with a plan of attack."

Feeling the mattress slightly rock as Melissa returned to the bed, Karen asked, "I take it now that you've come up with one?"

"Mmm-hmmm...I guess you could say that..." Melissa replied with a girlish grin, as she slowly and carefully slid the bed sheet upwards to the small of Karen's back. With her beautifully rounded bottom finally fully-revealed, Karen's entire body was now exposed, except for the bunched-up sheet that lay across her lower back. The housewife's only response was a dozy, soft moan which Melissa took as a confirmation that her friend was primed and ready for them to proceed.

With her right hand, Melissa turned the plastic bottle over and gently squeezed, pelting her client's naked backside with a steady drizzle of the heated, scented massage oil. A stream of the syrupy lubricant flowed down through the deep valley in between Karen's pillowy buttcheeks, mixing with the existing juices that were present there and

had leaked from her pussy. The unexpected yet pleasant sensation of the viscous liquid's warmth trickling over her sensitive, virgin rosebud was soon causing the conservative mother to moan ever so slightly.

After securing the cap back onto the bottle, Melissa tossed the plastic container to the foot of the bed. She then glanced down at Karen's exposed bottom. The sight of the MILF's glistening, oil-covered bum caused a wave of excitement to surge throughout her body. Anxious to move along with the massage, she leaned in and whispered into Karen's ear, "Shall we continue?"

An equally anxious Karen hummed her response, "Mmm-hmmm..."

Taking that as a green light, Melissa resumed the massage. She aggressively worked the area between Karen's glute muscles and upper, inner thighs...ensuring that her hands frequently brushed up against her client's weeping vagina. Each time that her fingers made contact, Melissa could detect a soft mewling of delight escaping from her friend's lips.

Karen once again found herself enveloped in a cloud of euphoria. Along with wearing the blindfold and the warm and cozy environment, Melissa's amazing hands were working their magic and lulling the housewife back into a drowsy state of relaxation and heightened arousal.

Unlike the previous week's session, Karen noticed that Melissa was paying much more attention to her round and matronly bottom. The married mom whimpered from the unexpected pleasure of her 'masseuse' squishing and stretching the meaty flesh of her juicy backside. The young lawyer would also trace her thumb along the deep cavern of her buttcrack, grazing across her virgin asshole, sending sparks directly to her buzzing clit and causing her to gasp out loud. Karen wondered if she ought to say something in protest to Melissa's inappropriate touching of her off-limit orifice but quickly decided to let it go. A little voice in her head reminded her again that it was all just part of the massage: "*Don't be so rigid...have some fun!*"

A few moments later, Karen cried aloud, "*Ouch!!*" tensing up when Melissa unexpectedly found a tender, sore spot where her leg met her buttcheek.

"Sorry," Melissa whispered in apology. As she gently stroked the sore area of Karen's bottom, she added, "But as you recall...I did warn you that these deep tissue massages can get pretty intense."

Lifting her head slightly, Karen replied, "Yeah, I remember from last time."

Melissa's hand roamed around Karen's naked bottom in circles as if trying to coax and soothe her friend. "I'll try

to be more careful and gentle, or...if you prefer...we could always stop?"

"*NO!!*" Karen quickly replied, shaking her head. Worried that she may have sounded a bit too desperate and anxious, she lowered her voice and continued, "I mean...no...it's okay...you can keep going."

Happy with her client's response, Melissa smiled. As she got back into position to continue her massage, she added with a soothing tone, "Just so you know...you're doing great. Now, remember to relax and breathe deeply...I promise you; it's gonna be worth it all in the end."

Karen nodded and, with the blindfold still in place, laid her head back down. As she felt Melissa's talented hands resume their magical touch, she cracked open a smile and whispered, "That's what I'm counting on."

Minutes later, "Remember...deep breaths," Melissa reminded Karen as she manipulated the tender areas of her inner thighs and plump derriere. The young lawyer took the fact that Karen was fighting to control her breathing as a sure sign that her friend was nearing the edge. Melissa felt her own arousal spike when she noticed Karen's body shudder and her hips rise up off the mattress whenever her nimble fingers rubbed against the housewife's increasingly wet vagina.

Karen had been touched and teased to the point that her entire body hummed from the extreme arousal brought on by her sensual, sensory overload. The middle-aged mother whimpered and moaned as the pressure built deep within her core like a tightening spring. Her hands grasped at the bedsheet as she mindlessly raised the lower half of her body up higher off the bed. Karen's hips swayed side-to-side, as if seeking more contact with Melissa's fingers. Those talented...wonderful fingers.

Melissa knew without a doubt what Karen wanted...even if she wouldn't admit it herself. The prim and proper housewife didn't have to. Her trembling body and dripping, wet snatch was already telling the entire story. Karen was at the precipice, ready once again to fall from the cliff and splash headlong into a much-needed orgasm. However, Melissa wasn't prepared to give her friend the final push...not yet, anyways.

Melissa paused the massage, prompting a groan of frustration from Karen...her hips continuing to rotate slightly, as if seeking out the lost source of her stimulation. Sensing her friend's disappointment, Melissa took the bold liberty of gently patting the smooth, pliable flesh of Karen's shapely buttocks. "Okay...time to flip over."

Karen raised her head and responded, "Flip over?" Her voice once again tinged with disappointment, after being denied her much-anticipated 'release'.

Melissa replied, "Yes...due to our interruption last time, we hadn't gotten this far." She then lifted the sheet from Karen's back and added, "In order to experience the full benefit from the massage, I need to work on the rest of you from the front."

Following Melissa's request, Karen lifted up and used her left arm to cradle and support her free-hanging big boobs. As she twisted her body around, she responded, "Okay...if you say so."

Watching the gorgeous naked mother turn over and reposition herself, Melissa replied, "Trust me...it'll make a world of difference. Now...ready to continue?"

Even though Karen was still blindfolded, being totally nude and now positioned on her back had stripped away the comforting sense of anonymity that she had felt earlier, lying on her stomach. Feeling overly exposed, she now used both arms to cradle and hide her breasts in an attempt at preserving her modesty. She took a deep breath and said, "Do you think maybe I could have the sheet back for this part?"

"Of course," Melissa replied, draping the covering over Karen's beautiful, naked body. She adjusted the sheet to

conceal her from her breasts down to her upper thighs; she asked, "How's that? Any better?"

Karen smiled, "Yes...much better, thanks! Now you may continue."

Melissa retrieved the massage oil from the foot of the bed. As she squeezed the bottle and applied the warm fluid onto Karen's long legs, she commented, "Okay...we're now in the home stretch. However, I want you to lay there and let me take care of you. You trust me...right?"

Karen nodded and replied with a whisper, "Yes...I trust you."

Melissa resumed her massage and teased Karen for the next few minutes, mercilessly stimulating her senses with her talented hands. She used all her experience and every trick in the book to arouse the middle-aged mother even further. Once again, the masseuse worked her fingers to within millimeters of Karen's saturated pussy. She watched longingly as the housewife's bountiful bosom rose and fell in time with her quickened breath. Underneath the cotton sheet on her chest, Karen's hardened nipples tented up as if trying to poke through the thin covering of modesty.

Anxious to test the waters, Melissa lightly brushed her oil-coated fingers against the smooth lips of Karen's hairless vagina. The calculated move caused her client to

whimper and flinch. She leaned in close and whispered, "Is that okay...?"

"Yes..." Karen gasped. "It's okay."

Without speaking, Melissa pressed lightly against Karen's inner thigh. Giving little to no resistance, the housewife allowed the masseuse to open her legs even further. Feeling emboldened, Melissa then ran her middle finger along the entire length of Karen's juicy slit, drawing out another soft whimper from her aroused client. "Is that okay...?" she asked again, soliciting permission to continue.

Hidden by the cotton sheet, Karen's hands were down at her sides, clutching once more at the soft bedding. The married mother found herself at a crossroads. Should she once again give in to sin and permit another woman to touch her in such an inappropriate way? With regards to the bathtub incident the previous week with her sister Brenda, she'd blamed her slip-up on the expensive wine that they'd consumed that afternoon.

Today though, Karen couldn't use alcohol as an excuse—she was stone-cold sober. However, she *was* under the influence of those evil WICK-Tropin hormones and, of course, Melissa's wonderful and talented hands. She repeated to herself again and again that it was just a part

of the massage. In a husky whisper, she complied, "Yes..."

No longer concerned with the deep tissue portion of the massage, Melissa began to stroke the soft lips of Karen's sopping-wet vagina. Parting them a little, then back to the outside, Melissa traced Karen's labia with her fingertips until they were thoroughly coated with plenteous amounts of her client's natural fluids.

"Oh my..." Karen squeaked. For the sake of decorum, she had wanted to remain silent. However, this was feeling just way too good. The combination of the radical chemicals flowing in her bloodstream and Melissa's expert manipulation of her body had virtually vanquished all sense of propriety. Karen reminded herself again that this was just an innocent massage after all, then slowly opened her legs wider.

It thrilled Melissa to see her client willingly spread her legs wider. She quickly noticed the glistening folds of Karen's vagina opening up like the soft petals of a blooming flower, and her blossoming womanhood proudly displaying her blood-engorged clitoris. Assuming that she'd received a green light, Melissa immediately slid her fingers across the little pink pearl, causing Karen to twitch and cry out from the intense shock of pure, unsolicited pleasure.

"Oh my! Oh my...*goodness!*" Karen mumbled as she squirmed underneath the bedsheet. As her curvy hips undulated off the mattress, she felt the thin cover sliding up her legs, exposing her naked bottom half. At that moment, she didn't care...all that mattered to the Christian housewife was for Melissa to continue strumming her vibrating sex with the soft pads of her fingertips— those wonderful fingertips. Without being prompted, she whispered to her masseuse, "It's okay...Keep...keep *go—going*."

Melissa continued to stroke Karen's gushing, wet pussy, sliding the sheet along her friend's soft tummy until it bunched up to right below her big tits. Karen could feel the mattress shift as her masseuse took position on all fours between her splayed-open legs. Without thinking, she pulled her knees up and spread them even further, fully exposing herself and granting her friend better access.

For Melissa, this was the invitation that she'd been waiting for. She swiftly lowered her head, then dragged the tip of her tongue along the saturated channel in between Karen's bald pussy lips, before proceeding to delicately lap at her hardened clit.

Karen's body lurched from the sudden and unexpected burst of pleasure. Confused by the new sensation she was feeling, she quickly lifted onto her elbows and slipped the

blindfold up her forehead. "Wh—what are you doing??" the housewife questioned in panicked horror, once she had peered down through the 'V' of her legs and found Melissa's beautiful face in between her shapely thighs.

Grudgingly, Melissa paused and lifted up, replying, "Just trying to finish up your massage...you're doing great, by the way."

Raising up higher on her elbows, Karen scoffed, "*That's* not a massage! You...you're supposed to just use your hands, not your...*mouth!!*"

Still on all fours, Melissa crawled up along the bed until she was face to face with Karen. Staring into her friend's hazel-brown eyes, she spoke softly, "Karen...a massage can be performed in many different ways."

Karen huffed, "That's a weird 'way', if you ask me."

Melissa tilted her head to the left and added, "There are no set rules. Frankly, the way I see it, as long as both consenting parties are in agreement with the methods and the client is ultimately satisfied...what's the harm?"

Karen retorted, "'In agreement with the methods'?" She scoffed and asked, "Is that the masseuse, or the lawyer, talking?"

Melissa smiled, "Perhaps both." After a slight pause, she then asked seductively, "So how about it...should I resume, and finish what I started?"

Karen suddenly noticed that her legs remained splayed wide open. Her vagina was still wet and tingled from the brief attention it had received from Melissa's soft tongue. She had to admit though that it had felt good, but in her opinion, it was deplorable for a woman to do that to another woman. "I don't know..." she replied softly. "Me allowing you to do that to me would be very inappro— " Before the housewife could finish her sentence, Melissa quickly leaned in, and pressed her moist lips against Karen's.

Taken totally by surprise, Karen instinctively reciprocated Melissa's soft kiss. However, after several seconds, her brain caught up. Her eyes shot open as soon as she realized their unseemly show of affection, causing her to quickly recoil from her friend.

Not to be denied, Melissa swiftly grabbed the back of Karen's head and pulled her in for another kiss. Being a bit more aggressive, she slipped her tongue into her friend's sultry mouth.

Even though the act was sinful, Karen couldn't help but find the soft, silky warmth of Melissa's mouth and the titillating taste of her invading tongue to be downright

enthralling. Instead of being morally outraged and once again pulling away, Karen reluctantly gave in and slowly closed her eyes. A guttural moan escaped her throat as a sign of her defeat and surrender to sin.

Whilst the two beautiful women continued making out, the sheet covering Karen's chest slid down to her waist. Melissa took the opportunity and, with her slender hand, cupped Karen's exposed left breast, gently kneading the soft, heavy globe.

Karen's eyes popped open once she felt Melissa's thumb flick across her rubbery nipple, the shocking sensation instantly snapping the housewife out of her reverie. Remembering how improperly she was acting, Karen quickly separated from Melissa.

The two women stared into one another's eyes for a moment, their lips still glistening with each other's saliva. Karen couldn't believe that she had just kissed another female. She was horrified at their act but also strangely excited, with her heart pounding in her chest. Finally, Karen spoke, "Melissa...I...I think— "

"That's the problem...you think too much." Melissa quickly interjected. "For once...don't think...just *go* with it." She then pulled Karen back in for another Sapphic kiss.

After a few seconds, Karen pulled back and shook her head. "Melissa...I'm not a lesbian. I can't do things with another woman...it's just...*wrong*." She pulled the sheet back up to cover her naked breasts, before adding, "And I'm afraid that includes kissing."

Looking into her friend's eyes, Melissa detected mixed emotions. There was a look of fear and confusion, but also curiosity, and...*desire*. Melissa sighed. "Karen...I'm not a lesbian either, and I don't expect you to do anything that you're not comfortable with." Putting a hand on Karen's shoulder, she continued, "I'm here to take care of you. Remember what I said...there are no set rules...anything that I do is strictly for your benefit. Whatever happens in our 'secret cocoon' will stay here. It's all just part of the massage...I promise."

After pondering a few seconds, Karen arched her eyebrows and asked, with a hint of suspicion, "You promise? It's all just part of the massage?"

Melissa shrugged her shoulders and shook her head, "That's all...I swear." The young lawyer then leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry...it won't turn you into a lesbian." Seeing a slight smile appear on Karen's face, she added, "After all...you did say that you trust me...right?"

Karen nodded and, with a sigh, replied, "Yes...I trust you."

As Melissa slid the blindfold back into place to cover Karen's eyes, she said, "Okay then...do as I say, and lay back down."

After a deep breath, Karen replied, "Yes, counselor..." As she wiggled back into her former position, she added, sarcastically, "I guess this means that you've won another argument."

Melissa chuckled and replied, "I guess it does." She then went against Karen's wishes and gave her blindfolded friend a quick peck on the lips, whispering, "Now, just relax, and...*don't be so rigid!*"

Hearing her sister's words coming out of Melissa's mouth instantly caused Karen to cock her head to the side. Underneath her breath, she muttered, "*What did you say?*" before losing her train of thought as Melissa reclined her back into a relaxing position.

Moments later, due to Melissa's well-utilized massage talents, Karen found herself once more in a state of heightened bliss. The aroused housewife felt the slight undulation of the mattress as her masseuse had once again positioned herself in between her splayed-open legs.

Karen questioned her sanity once she felt the end of Melissa's ponytail brush across her thighs. Would she really allow this to happen?

She shuddered from the sensation of Melissa's warm breath as it caressed her bald vagina. Could this be considered cheating on Robert? She then told herself that maybe allowing it just once would be okay...it was after all, just a 'part of the massage'.

Karen gasped when Melissa began planting little kisses on the smooth, tender skin of her inner thighs. Her pulse raced as her friend's mouth drew closer and closer to her drooling sex. She told herself that there was still time to stop this madness before things spiraled out of control, but then again...did she really want it to stop?

Slight disappointment washed over Karen when Melissa's trail of kisses ended right at the sensitive juncture where her leg met her crotch. She could sense her friend had pulled her head back. What was she waiting for...trying to be a tease? Waiting for her permission? Or...perhaps the young lawyer wanted her to beg.

Neither spoke a word as they found themselves at a standoff. Besides the soft and soothing music, the only sound in the room was that of two women breathing heavily. Each one seemed to be waiting for the other.

Karen thought about removing the blindfold but then decided against it. She preferred the temporary sensory loss it provided. This way she thought, it would help with

the guilt, and she could at least pretend it was Robert between her legs...not another woman.

As more and more time passed, Karen could feel her anxiety growing, as well as her excitement. It was as if she were standing at the end of a high diving board, just waiting to take the big plunge, but still too timid to make the final jump. Suddenly Brenda's words rang aloud in her head once more... "*Don't be so rigid...have some fun!*" As she hesitantly pulled her knees back and spread her legs wider for a sign of surrender to her friend, she wondered...was it, in fact, her sister's voice she was hearing in her head, or possibly something more sinister. Could it be that...of the devil himself? Karen would have very little time to ponder the possibility.

Not giving the Christian housewife a chance to change her mind, Melissa took quick advantage of the opportunity and swiftly planted her face into her friend's obscenely-displayed vagina. With her wide-opened mouth, Melissa covered the whole of Karen's weeping pussy and sealed her lips to her silky-smooth flesh. Her tongue darted and probed in between her flowering pussy lips licking up the warm cunt cream drooling from the depths of Karen's fuck channel.

"*Oh, my!*" Karen gasped, shuddering from the sudden, intense pleasure and quickly noticing a remarkable difference. Melissa's lips felt so much softer, and her

exploring tongue hit every pleasure spot with pinpoint accuracy. Unlike with her husband and son, there was no need to guide her movements. This woman knew her way around a pussy...and exactly what to do.

Karen still couldn't believe she had once again ignored her Christian morals and allowed her young friend to do this. She had definitely slipped to a new low. In a last, feeble attempt to ease the guilt, she tried to pretend that it was her husband's mouth working feverishly on her pubic mound. However, she couldn't completely trick her mind, even with the blindfold on. Karen loved Robert, but even in his heyday, he'd never been able to eat her out quite like this. It was as if Melissa was a seasoned concert violinist, and she was playing her pussy masterfully like a Stradivarius.

As the building heat between her legs began to spread throughout her body, Karen instinctively grabbed a hold of her sensitive breasts through the thin cotton sheet. She squeezed and caressed her throbbing nipples as Melissa's tongue continued to explore her soaking wet vagina and buzzing clitoris.

Melissa was quite pleased with the results as Karen moaned louder and spread her legs even wider. The young lawyer's mind drifted back to her college days with her roommate Laura. She remembered all those nights in the privacy of their dorm room and how much she'd enjoyed

feasting on her best friend's yummy pink pussy. However, she had to admit...this married, Georgia peach was the sweetest thing that she'd ever tasted!

Using the tip of her tongue, Melissa delved deeper in between the tender folds of Karen's savory cunt. She then took the blood-engorged clit between her lips and mercilessly teased Karen's hardened nub, causing her friend to squirm about and get even louder by the second.

"*Ohhhhhh!*" Karen whined, arching her hips and reaching back to grab the headboard. "Oh my!! That feels so...*good!*" The conservative mom began rotating her hips, increasing the contact with her friend's wiggling tongue...that wondrously, wonderful tongue.

Overcome by her desire to please the gorgeous MILF, Melissa decided to take it up a notch. The young lawyer began sucking on Karen's little pink pearl for all she was worth.

"Goodness...*gracious!!*" Karen gasped aloud. She reached down and put her hands on the back of Melissa's head, forcing more contact between her vagina and her friend's sucking mouth...that wonderful, sucking mouth. "That feels...*really good!!*"

Melissa could sense Karen's body trembling as she neared climax. Along with sucking on her friend's vibrating clit,

she began vigorously flickering her tongue across the hypersensitive little bead of pleasure.

"Oh my *gosh!!*" Karen cried out. "Right...*right there!!*" She pulled Melissa's face tighter to her as the intense pressure continued to build. The temperature in the room had suddenly seemed to increase, until finally the heat became unbearable. Without thinking, Karen pulled the sheet from off her oil and sweat-sheened body, exposing her glistening nakedness in all of its glory.

"Yes...YES...*YESSSSSS!!!*" Karen continued. The mask covering her eyes no longer provided any pretense of anonymity. The born-again Christian housewife finally gave in, and stopped trying to pretend that it was her husband in between her legs. She was well aware now that she was about to climax from another woman performing sinful oral sex on her...and she shamefully welcomed it.

"Oh, Melissa!!" Karen moaned. "I'm...*I'm almost*..."

The masseuse decided it was time now to end her client's unbearable suffering and give her the release which she so desperately needed. Melissa dragged two fingers of her right hand along the silky flesh of Karen's inner thigh, coating them with the massage oil. She then quickly positioned the lubricated digits at the entrance of her

friend's pussy and slid them inside Karen's fiery depths, up to the hilt.

Beneath the mask, Karen's eyes widened with surprise from the unexpected penetration. Her shoulders lifted off the mattress as she called out in shock, "Oh my...*GAAHHHHHHH!!!*"

Melissa sped up the pace, finger fucking Karen's pussy whilst suckling hungrily on her buzzing clit.

Karen arched her hips high up into the air. "*OHHHHH!!!*" squealed the middle-aged MILF. "I'm gonna...*oh, Melissa!!!!* You...you're gonna...make *MEEEEEE*..."

Melissa raised above Karen and pulled the mask off. As she continued with her Sapphic finger-fuck, Melissa stared deeply into her friend's warm, hazel eyes and whispered, "*Do it!*" With her face just inches away from Karen's, she added, "Release all that tension, and let it flow out of you!"

Looking up into Melissa's angelic face, Karen lost herself in the young lawyer's beautiful, dark, brown eyes. "*Oh yes!!*" she squeaked, "I...I want...to..."

"Do it, Karen! *Do it!!*" Melissa commanded. She then curled her slender fingers upwards and began stimulating her friend's G-spot. "Cum...cum for me...*NOWWWW!!*"

"Oh, yes...I'm...I'm doing it...Melis...it's...*happening!!* Meliss— *AAAAAHHHHHH!!!*" Karen shouted, as the dam gave way. Her upper torso shuddered in a violent paroxysm and her abdominal muscles contracted, forcing Karen's body into a sit-up. The climax became so intense that her legs automatically clenched around Melissa's thrusting hand.

"That's it...*good girl!*" Melissa cooed softly, as her friend convulsed and moaned and rode out the ebbing ripples of her euphoric wave. Melissa's eyes widened in fascination, and she whispered "*Wow!*" under her breath, as she witnessed small geysers of breast milk jetting from Karen's rock-hard nipples. As difficult as it was, the young lawyer resisted the temptation to wrap her lips around a pink nub and sample some of Karen's creamy, life-sustaining fluid. Melissa comforted herself with the knowledge that *that* could be a delicacy she could taste soon, some other day.

As her climax slowly waned, Karen's muscles relaxed, and she laid back flat on the bed. A smile crept across her beautiful face, and a satisfied moan escaped her throat as she drifted back down to earth. Her entire body went limp as she basked in the warmth of her post-orgasmic high.

After a short while, Melissas spoke softly, "So, tell me..."

Karen slowly opened her eyes and found Melissa looking down at her with a big grin on her face.

"How was the massage?" Melissa inquired. "Did it meet all of your expectations?"

Karen nodded and replied breathlessly, "Yes...I haven't felt this relaxed in quite a while..." She then added jokingly, "I think that my legs may be too weak to stand!"

Melissa chuckled, then asked, "Should I go ahead and book you for another appointment?"

Staring back up at her masseuse, Karen bit her bottom lip. Then, without saying a word, she reached up, grabbed the back of Melissa's head and pulled her down, smashing their luscious lips together in a passionate kiss. Caught off guard by this uncharacteristically aggressive act of the married mom, Melissa couldn't help but giggle as she tongue-wrestled with her hitherto morally conservative friend.

For the next several moments, the two gorgeous women made out like two horny teenagers on a Saturday night. They communicated their mutual pleasure with loud moans as they licked one another's lips and sucked on each other's soft, twirling tongues. Karen found the sweet, lingering taste of her own female essence on another woman to be oddly titillating.

Finally, Melissa pulled back from their hot, Sapphic kiss and said, "I suppose I should take that as a 'yes'. However, I must say...I'm a bit shocked that you've broken your own rule."

Karen's eyes went wide with shock as soon as she recalled the rule that she'd previously laid down of strictly of no kissing. "*Oh my gosh!"* she gasped, as she sat up some. "I'm so sorry...I...I don't know what's come over me!"

"Don't apologize on my account..." Melissa replied, as she grabbed a nearby towel and began wiping her hands. "I enjoyed it very much...you're a great kisser by the way!"

Feeling her cheeks blush, Karen responded meekly, "Thanks...I guess...but it's still highly inappropriate."

Melissa tossed the towel aside and put her hands on Karen's delicate shoulders. "You shouldn't feel at all ashamed...that was just a natural, physical response. You were simply lost in the moment."

"Still..." Karen said, shaking her head. "I'd appreciate it if no one..."

"Say no more..." Melissa quickly cut her off. "You have my word...no one will *ever* find out." She then continued, in a reassuring tone, "I promise...what happens in our cocoon...stays in our cocoon."

Melissa's uncanny reference to the corny Las Vegas TV ads quickly sobered Karen up. She remembered that both she and Jake had used a very similarly adapted phrase the previous weekend, in order to justify their eventual evening-long night of debased debauchery at the hotel in Atlanta. The memory of how her drunken self had spent nearly the entire night sinfully fornicating with her son in his bed came flooding back to Karen. She justified her shameful actions as the only way she could've helped Jacob with a horribly painful condition that she had inadvertently inflicted on him. However, she'd also experienced an unexpected benefit from the unseemly event, in that she undoubtedly had some of the best sex of her entire life that night...all while her oblivious, intoxicated husband slept mere feet away in the very next room.

Now, she was beginning to feel that she had horribly failed Robert all over again. At least in Atlanta, she'd had the excuse that she was 'helping' her son. This time however, no matter how hard she tried to put a spin on it, was a *true* act of infidelity. Because of the evil chemicals coursing throughout her bloodstream, she had basically cheated on her husband with another woman. Karen's main dilemma confronting her now was that she felt guilty for not feeling *more* guilty. Was it possible that her current lack of remorse could also be linked to the effects of those wicked hormones?

As her post-massage euphoria faded away, Karen could feel its warm contentment replaced by an impending sense of dread and confusion. Sitting up fully straight, she grabbed the bed sheet that she'd discarded earlier and held the covering up to her chest to meekly conceal her nakedness.

Sensing Karen's internal struggle, Melissa again tried to reassure her friend, "Karen...you did *nothing* wrong. It was just us girls having a little fun. I was only trying to give you a little 'stress reliever'...please don't feel bad!"

After pondering for a few seconds, Karen shook her head and replied, "To be perfectly honest...I don't *feel* bad. In fact...I feel great...you did a wonderful job." She then shrugged and added softly, "I'm just trying to...process everything."

Trying to lighten the mood, Melissa responded, "Well, now...since I did such a great job...how about I go ahead and pencil you in for same time, next week? I might even be able to give you a discounted rate!"

Karen chuckled, "Discounted rate, huh? Well, counselor...don't be surprised if I decide to take you up on that!"

Melissa leaned in close to Karen and whispered seductively, "I *really* hope that you do..."

The two women stared into each other's eyes for what seemed like the longest moment. Karen once again lost herself in the deep, dark, brown pools of Melissa's eyes. She could feel the gap between their faces slowly closing in when suddenly, the spell was broken and she noticed the time on the alarm clock. "Oh, my goodness!" she yelped and stood up from the bed, clutching the bedsheet to her chest.

"What's wrong?" Melissa asked in confusion, still sitting on the edge of the mattress.

As Karen wrapped the whole bedsheet around her naked body, she replied, "I hadn't realized it was getting so late!"

"So?" Melissa replied, shrugging her shoulders. "You have somewhere to be?"

"No..." Karen responded as she blew out one of the scented candles. "But I do need to get cleaned up and get started with dinner soon." She then went on to blow out the rest of the candles.

Melissa glanced over at the alarm clock and nonchalantly stated, "Oh, you're right...it *is* getting late." She then turned to Karen and added, "Time sure flies when you're having fun!"

Karen scoffed, as she opened the blinds, "Ha-ha...very funny."

Melissa stood up, walked over, and collected Karen's robe. "You mind if I hang around a little longer? I'd like to be here when you give Jake the good news."

Stepping up to Melissa, Karen replied, "Of course. In fact, you can tell him yourself if you'd like. I'm sure he'll have plenty of questions that you'd be better suited to answer, anyhow."

"Probably..." Melissa responded with a smile. "Besides...I think I owe him a 'visit' since I had to leave in such a hurry, the last time I was here."

Karen immediately understood what the term 'visit' meant. "You know...you don't have to do that *every* time you come over."

"Oh, I know that..." Melissa said, smiling and nodding her head. "But the thing is...Donnie's been pulling such long double shifts all week at the hospital that I haven't even seen him since Saturday. When he *is* home, the poor man's so tuckered out that all he has the energy to do is to eat and then go straight to bed."

Karen shook her head and said sympathetically, "I'm sorry...that must be quite frustrating...for both of you."

Melissa took a deep breath and sighed, "Yeah, it is...but unfortunately, that's the way of life for an ER resident." She then handed Karen her robe and added with a cheeky

grin, "So, as you can probably understand...I need to work off a little uh...'stress' of my own." She then gave Karen a knowing wink.

Karen shook her head and giggled, "You know...you're beginning to remind me of my younger sister."

"Oh really?" Melissa replied, arching her eyebrows. "I'd love to meet her someday."

"Perhaps we should arrange that. I've got a feeling that you two would get along splendidly." Still wrapped in the bedsheet, Karen walked to the door and added, "In the meantime...I'm going to go take a shower."

Melissa responded, "Okay...while you're doing that, I'll go ahead and straighten up in here." Before Karen could walk out the door, the young lawyer put her hand on her hip and added, "Or...if you'd prefer, I could join you, and ummm...wash your back for you?"

Karen stopped in her tracks and chuckled as she realized what her friend was suggesting. Permitting Melissa some liberties as she conducted massages on her in their 'cocoon' was one thing. However, taking it any further than that was a step that the conservative wife wasn't yet prepared to contemplate. She turned and replied, "I appreciate the offer, but I think I can handle this one on my own."

Melissa shrugged, "Okay, well...maybe next time, then?"

Karen didn't answer the question. Instead, she dropped her head and sighed. "Now I'm convinced. You and my sister would *definitely* get along...like two peas in a pod!" She then turned and made her way down the hall toward the master bedroom, calling back over her shoulder, "I shouldn't be but a few minutes."

"Take your time!" Melissa hollered back. "I've got this covered." Her imagination began to run wild as she watched Karen gliding down the hall, wrapped in nothing but the bedsheet. The aroused attorney's mind then drifted off into a daydream, in which she and the statuesque MILF shared a steaming-hot shower...their slippery, naked bodies pressed against one another, wet and glistening with scented soap, as they made out feverishly beneath a splattering cascade of water.

The naughty little fantasy continued playing itself out in Melissa's mind as she began putting the massage supplies back into her duffle bag when, suddenly, a realization popped into her head. She gasped aloud, and her eyes widened as it dawned on her. "Huh!" she whispered, looking back down the empty hallway. "She didn't say '*no*' about next time!"

****

"*Thank you, precious Lord!*" Karen whispered, as she gazed down at the early-pregnancy test displaying those two beautiful words: **NOT PREGNANT**. She felt a wave of relief washing over her, having once again dodged another bullet after her night-long ordeal of hormone and alcohol-fueled sex with her teenaged son at the hotel in Atlanta. It had been almost a week ago, but Karen had been anxiously nervous over the entire time since that night, and now she felt a huge burden lifted off of her shoulders. Even though she had willingly allowed Jacob to flood her womb numerous times with his potent sperm and chemically-supercharged young semen, the experimental birth control drug Midoxinol, which she'd only begun taking shortly prior to that wild night of forbidden fornication with Jacob, seemed to have worked like a charm...just as Brenda had promised.

Karen had spent an entire morning earlier that week, anxiously driving to and from LaGrange, a sleepy, leafy town just as far away as Macon, but further west and closer to the Alabama border. She didn't want another awkward encounter with Darlene, that nosy cashier from last time, and so decided a change of scenery and entirely different drug store was warranted (even if it meant a slightly longer drive). Fortunately, her cash purchase of another EPT went without a hitch and, just like in Macon, she hadn't recognized anyone, nor had anyone recognized her.

Back home at her bathroom sink, Karen looked up and glanced at her reflection staring back at her in the mirror. After several seconds, a strange sense of nostalgia overwhelmed her as she gazed at the more mature, but still beautifully buxom woman in the reflection. Karen absentmindedly loosened the sash of her robe and allowed the silky garment to fall open in front, partially exposing her naked body. Her eyes traveled down along her feminine curves and succulently hormone-enhanced breasts, before finally settling on her stomach.

Fixing her gaze in the mirror, Karen turned sideways, then held the robe back and ran her left hand slowly over her soft tummy. Her mind drifted back to the two previous times when her mostly flat torso had proudly displayed a gloriously ripened baby bump, each time that she'd carried her two precious, unborn children.

Karen always felt that the privilege of being a mother was one of the Lord's most precious and sacred gifts. The ability to conceive, give birth, and nurture a child was a true honor and a blessing. In her mind, it was a way for women to continue God's plan and participate in bringing forth to fruition His miracle of life into the world. She then remembered a verse from the Bible, Psalms 127:3—"*Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, the fruit of the womb a reward*".

Looking back down at the EPT sitting on the countertop, Karen reread the words: **NOT PREGNANT**. As happy and relieved as she was with the result, a small part of her still felt a tinge of regret and disappointment. The middle-aged mother couldn't help but feel a slight sense of melancholy at the realization that she'd likely never again experience the thrill and excitement of a new life growing inside of her womb.

"*Mom!*" Jacob's voice rang out from the hallway.

Suddenly pulled from her daydream, Karen quickly closed and re-tied the sash of her robe.

"Mo—oooom?" Her second-born called out once again, as he entered the master bedroom.

"In—in here, Jake," Karen replied, as she snatched the EPT from the countertop. She then slid it into the pocket of her satin robe for safekeeping, until she could dispose of it properly and above all, prevent Robert from ever catching sight of it.

When Jacob arrived at the bathroom doorway, he found his gorgeous mother brushing her hair in front of the mirror. "Mornin' Mom!"

"Good morning, Sweetie," Karen replied, as she continued to run the brush through her silky-smooth, dark-brown locks.

Jacob leaned against the door frame and asked, "I heard the garage door closing earlier...did Dad leave already?"

Continuing to face the mirror, Karen replied with an exasperated sigh, "Yes...he's already left. Another early morning meeting at the office." Still feeling guilty about the previous Saturday night at the hotel, the lovely housewife had tried to entice Robert for sex for the past several days, including that morning for some pre-dawn bedroom fun. However, the loyal, hard-working husband somehow always declined (though not without reluctance) due to a lack of time or just plain exhausted from the ever-growing demands of his job.

Sensing Karen's frustration, Jacob said, "Sorry, Mom." Stepping into the bathroom, he added, "It's easy to see Dad's promotion is wearing heavily not just on him...but also you."

Karen stopped brushing her hair and spoke to Jacob's reflection in the mirror. "Yes, it is. But this normally happens as one climbs the corporate ladder and takes on more responsibilities. Your father's always worked very hard to take good care of us. However, along with that often comes the sacrifice of not being able to spend as much time as he'd like with his family."

"Well, like I've told you before, Mom," Jacob offered, "I'm always here for you...for *anything*."

Karen smiled and replied, "Thank you, Baby...that's nice to know, and I really appreciate it." Putting the hairbrush down on the countertop, she added, "Are you heading to school early today?"

Jacob shook his head, "No...not today...why do you ask?"

"Well..." Karen said coyly, as she turned to Jacob. "You had plans to meet up with a certain lab partner the last time when I didn't have to come and wake you up for school." She then crossed her arms and leaned her hip against the counter, "So...what's up *this* time?"

"What's up?..." Jacob replied with a slight chuckle, as he stepped forward and opened his bathrobe. "*This!"*

Karen's eyes immediately locked onto the huge bulge tenting inside Jacob's boxer shorts. She stood up straight and whispered, "Ohhhhh my...I see." Already, she could feel her body reacting to her son's sweet and pungent aroma. Her pussy, which had already been moist from her abortive attempt at tempting Robert that morning, lubricated itself anew in irrepressible anticipation...Karen re-crossed her arms on her chest, and at once she could feel her nipples stiffening atop her breasts beneath her satin robe and rubbing against its silky material.

"I must say, I'm a little surprised. I thought that after all of the time you spent with Ms. Turner yesterday, you'd be good for at least a day, or so." Karen wondered

lasciviously whether Melissa had gotten her fill of Jacob's one-eyed monster the day before. Her son had gone through several condoms in the process of helping the young lawyer work out some of her 'stress'.

Jacob shrugged, "I thought so too, but as you know, this thing has a mind of its own." He continued, "And before you ask, yes, I've already tried taking care of it myself this morning, but I wasn't having much luck. So, since Dad's left early for work, I was hoping you could maybe...help me finish...before I go to school?"

"Well..." Karen replied, calmly. "I don't see how I can say no, seeing as your dad's not here...and obviously, I can't let you leave the house in that condition."

Karen heard herself speaking what seemed to be logical and sensible words, but deep down she knew it was her body making her decisions...looking for any excuse to rationalize what she was about to do, where only a few months before she would've been morally outraged at the mere thought of doing anything sexual with her son.

Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom!"

"But let's try and make it quick, okay?" Karen held out her hand for Jacob to take. "I've got quite a bit of errands that I need to run today, before I meet up with your sister."

As Jacob allowed Karen to lead him over to the bathtub, he asked inquisitively, "What are you and Rachel doing today?"

Taking a seat on the tub's wide edge, Karen replied, "Well...since she and Scott have finally moved into their new house, she wants to host this year's Halloween get-together as a housewarming party. Rachel and I are going to spend part of today shopping for food, supplies, and decorations."

"Cool!" Jacob replied, exuberantly. Staring down at this mother, he asked, "Say Mom...would it be okay if I invited Sara to the party?"

Karen shrugged and said, "Fine by me..." as she began sliding her son's underwear down his skinny legs. She couldn't help but feel a slight twinge of jealousy once again grip at her heart from Jacob's mention of the beautiful blonde teenager and preacher's daughter.

"Oh my!" Karen softly gasped, as her son's hardened cock bounced up just inches away from her face. Even though she'd seen the ghastly thing plenty of times by now, it was still an overwhelming and impressive sight each time to behold.

Karen grabbed Jacob's massive member with both of her hands and began to slowly jack him off. Using her tongue, she instinctively lapped up a long, pearly string of precum

that was hanging downward from its tip. The sweet, exotic flavor ignited her taste buds and a primal hunger for another load of her little man's delicious baby batter to once again fill her empty belly.

As Karen tightened her grip on Jacob's throbbing shaft, more droplets of his tasty nut juice began to trickle from its slit. Looking up into her son's eyes, the dutiful mother whispered, "Okay...let's get you taken care of quick, because I still need to go take a shower."

"Oh yeah! That's the stuff!" Jacob grunted, once Karen had wrapped her plump, dick-sucking lips around the spongy helmet of his cock and began twirling her tongue around its sensitive tip. He watched as his mother's hands slid back and forth along the length of his aching cock...the diamonds of her wedding and engagement rings sparkling in the bright bathroom lighting. He then closed his eyes and smiled, proclaiming, "Wow, Mom...you're the *best!!*"

Karen couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph at her son's acclamation. Perhaps it was the hormones, or perhaps it was the knowledge that she knew for a fact she was helping Jacob in a way that Sara could not. Even if her methods were highly irregular and unorthodox, she knew that until Jacob was cured of this affliction, it was her motherly duty to give her son the best care possible.

The fleeting envy she had felt in her heart was suddenly replaced with a sense of purpose.

"Holy crap!! That's *awesome!!*" Jacob exclaimed, as his eyes shot wide open. His knees buckled, forcing him to place his hands on Karen's shoulders for support.

"*Mmmmmm-Hmmmmmm!!*" Karen shook her head, in moaning disapproval of Jacob's colorful language. Usually, she would've pulled back instantly and voiced her annoyed grievance, but since she had quickly found the perfect rhythm and tempo, Karen wanted to continue blowing her son's mind while at the same time she blew his magnificent cock.

"Sorry...Mom!" Jacob whimpered, realizing at once that Karen was displeased. "It just feels so...*amazing!!*" The teenager was astonished by his mother's early-morning exuberance. He couldn't remember a time when she'd ever shown this much enthusiasm whilst giving him a blow job. It was as if she was trying to suck the living meat right out of his boner and, at this rate, Jacob knew he wasn't going to last very long. He could already feel his re-filled, aching nuts churning up another big load. When it came to sucking dick, his strait-laced mother was giving his Aunt Brenda a real run for her money. "This might be...the best blowjob...*ever!!!*" Jacob groaned, his legs trembling as he felt the familiar tingling in his balls in prelude to his sperm's ejaculation.

A motivated Karen tightened the grip of her hands and lips, bobbing her head back and forth faster, determined to swallow as much of her son's delicious meat stick as possible. Her freshly-brushed, glistening, chestnut hair bounded from side to side across her back atop her satin robe. As Jacob began grunting wildly like a beast, she took her left hand and gently massaged his bloated nut sack, hoping to coax his creamy seed to boil over and surge up through his expanding shaft.

"*Ohhhh*, Mom!" Jacob bellowed. "Oh yeah! It's cumming....get ready, Mom!! Oh yeah!! Mom...Mom...Ohhh, Mooommmmm...*AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!*" It took every fiber of his being for the teenager not to collapse from the extreme onrush of pleasure now overwhelming him. Jacob's eyes literally crossed as huge, thick ribbons of steaming-hot cum blasted from the piss-slit of his oversized dick and straight into his mother's eagerly waiting mouth.

"*Mmmmmmmmmmmmmm*..." Karen moaned, as she gulped and hungrily engulfed each mouthful of Jacob's warm and sticky hormone-infused ejaculate, feeling its heat filling her belly. Her hands furiously pumped at his quivering shaft, determined to empty her teenaged son's pulsing testicles, whilst her mouth sucked nonstop to

ensure Jacob filled her up with every last, precious drop of his hot, healthy seed.

"*Dannng!!!*" Jacob gasped in bewilderment, as he backed away and leaned against the counter for support, his knees still a little shaky. He quickly corrected his language, "I mean...*WOW!* Mom...where did *that* come from? Not that I'm complaining, or anything." He then looked down and noticed that his cock was almost completely deflated. "Look at that...my erection's gone. Mom, you're the *absolute* best!!"

Karen replied, as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Just doing my motherly duty." She couldn't help but beam with a sense of pride at the result of her blowjob: a one-and-done. Her mind drifted back briefly to a similar comment regarding her oral talents that her husband Robert had paid her recently...and the unsettling, eerily identical phrasings of father and son weren't lost on her. Karen then stood up and collected the bath towels which she had laid out on the counter. "Well, now that your problem's been resolved, you need to go and take a shower. If you wanna wait around until I get ready, I can then drop you off at school...that way, you won't be late again."

"Oh yeah, that reminds me..." Jacob commented, as Karen stepped into the large, glass-paneled walk-in enclosure and turned on the water to warm it up for her shower.

"You think maybe I could take a shower with you this morning?"

As she exited the cubicle, Karen shook her head and replied emphatically, "No, absolutely, you may not."

"C'mon, Mom!" Jacob whined.

"Jake...I said, NO!" Karen replied. "We don't have time for any shenanigans this morning. I've got a lot of things that I need to do, and you need to get to school."

Jacob tried to argue his point, "But Mom...that's the reason why I'm asking. It'll save us a lot of time, *and* keep me from being late for school."

"How will *that* save us time?" Karen scoffed, asking with a hand on her hip. "You do realize you have a perfectly good shower right down the hall?"

"Not today, I don't...it's messed up again." Jacob replied, shaking his head.

"What do you mean 'messed up again'?" Karen asked, a bit confused. "I thought your dad was finally able to get it fixed?"

"Well...yeah, he repaired the leak..." Jacob confirmed. "But now, there's no hot water."

Karen dropped her head and sighed exasperatedly. She looked up and said, "I love that man with all my heart, but your father can be so hardheaded sometimes. Why he doesn't just call a plumber, like I suggested in the first place, is beyond me!"

Jacob chuckled and shrugged. "You know Dad...always trying to save a buck or two!"

"Maybe so, but now his spend-thriftiness is gonna cause us to be late." Karen placed her left hand against the shower partition and tapped her manicured fingers against the glass panel. After a few seconds of deliberation and pondering, she took a deep breath and relented, "Okay..." She then opened the shower door and added, "Let's go."

"*Really?*" Jacob asked, pleasantly surprised and with a big smile on his face.

"Yes, really..." Karen replied, with a hint of frustration. "Because if we're ever going to do anything on time this morning, I really don't see any other viable option."

"Cool..." Jacob commented, as he began taking off his T-shirt.

Karen began untying the sash on her robe and said, in a serious tone, "Now, Jake...remember that we're only doing this out of necessity, to save time."

"Gotcha!" Jacob replied, now standing before Karen totally naked, giving her a 'thumbs up' in agreement. He was excited to see his gorgeous mother once again in nothing but her birthday suit. To him, it never got old seeing her completely naked...every time seemed just as amazing as the first.

"I mean it, Jake." Karen reaffirmed. "We get in... we shower...and we get out." She glanced down and felt relieved to see that his 'thing' was still flaccidly dormant. Hopefully, she thought, the blowjob that she'd given him would be enough to keep it that way. Slipping her robe off of her shoulders, Karen added, "That means absolutely none of your...monkey business...understand?"

"Yeah, sure..." Jacob replied softly, only halfway hearing his mother's statement. He was too busy gawking at her beautifully curvy, nude, MILF body.

"Young man...did you hear me?" Karen asked sternly, as she hung her robe onto a nearby hook.

The tone of Karen's voice snapped Jacob out of his distracted reverie. He looked up and saw the seriousness on his mother's angelic face, then gave her a mock salute and said, "Yes, Ma'am! Loud and clear...all business...no monkey." He then proceeded to enter the shower.

Karen rolled her eyes and shook her head. As she followed Jacob into the large glass enclosure, she muttered, "*Why* do I feel like I'm making a big mistake?"

For the next couple of minutes, things went according to Karen's plan. She and Jacob each took turns underneath the giant showerhead as they went about their bathing routines, chatting nonchalantly about the day ahead.

After rinsing the shampoo out of her hair, Karen stepped aside and bent down slightly so she could pump a large amount of conditioner into her hand. She then began applying the thick and creamy hair care product, carefully running her fingers through her long, brown hair to ensure each strand received adequate coverage.

Having finished his shower sooner, Jacob now stood behind Karen and rewarded himself by enjoying the view. His mom's glistening-wet, curvy body was a delectable feast for his young eyes, as she went about her ablutions beneath the steaming cascade of hot water. To him, every simple move by his beautiful mother seemed somehow fluid and sensual. From the slight jiggle of her butt cheeks as she bent over, to the side-to-side wobble of her bountiful breasts as she stood back up...each of her movements was pure art. The erotic scene of watching Karen as she innocently showered in front of him, oblivious to his leering stare, was soon causing Jacob's sleeping leviathan to reawaken. A devious idea suddenly

popped into his head, when he spotted a container of Karen's body wash.

"While I'm out with Rachel today," Karen said over her right shoulder, "I'm gonna do some grocery shopping. Any ideas for tonight's dinner?"

Jacob was still standing behind Karen, lecherously feasting his eyes on her sexily sleek and saturated body. As he squeezed a copious amount of body wash into his left hand, he watched several tiny streams of conditioner-infused hot water trickle down along his mother's tapered back, then run across the curves of her wide hips. Mindlessly following his gaze downwards to the swell of her delectably-round bottom, Jacob was mesmerized by one particular stream of the heavily-scented conditioner water, as it disappeared into the inviting crack of Karen's perfectly-shaped butt. "How about a nice, juicy *rump* roast? Your rump's always the best, Mom..." the horny teen replied, distractedly.

Not catching on to her son's blatant sexual inuendo, Karen replied, "Thank you Sweetie, but something like that would probably be better suited for when I have some more time." As she continued running her fingers through her wet hair she continued, "I was thinking for tonight, perhaps something a little simpler, like say...spaghetti or maybe some tacos?"

Another dirty thought ran through the teenager's raunchily racing mind. He remembered the previous weekend, at the hotel in Atlanta, when he had dined for the first time on that sweet and savory, hairless 'taco' in between his beautiful mom's silky-smooth legs. The memory of how her deliciously forbidden sex had felt and tasted on his insatiably invading tongue caused a slight jerking movement in his rapidly swelling penis, until it stood fully at attention and pointed directly at Karen's invitingly naked rear end.

Putting the bottle of body wash quietly back on the shelf, Jacob replied, "Then definitely tacos Mom...I absolutely *love* your taco..." his voice trailed off, purposely leaving off the plural, as Jacob's lustful attention was focused solely on stealthily stepping up to get closer behind his mom.

Once again, Karen missed Jacob's shamelessly sexual hint. "Okay...Mexican it is," she replied with a smile. "I'll be sure to pick up a— *Jake?*! Just *what* do you think you're doing back there?" Karen asked suspiciously, rubbing the water out of her eyes and trying to look over her shoulder as soon as she felt her son's hands rubbing all along her back, hips, and sides.

"Nothing, Mom..." Jacob responded innocently, as he commenced slathering the back side of Karen's soft and supple skin with her lavender-scented body wash. Never

one to miss an opportunity, Jacob smiled as he also made sure that his fingers just happened to 'accidentally' graze his Mom's sideboobs. "Just thought that it would, you know...save us some time if I helped you wash."

"Oh, okay..." Karen replied, sighing with some relief at what seemed to be her son's innocently benign intentions. Her mind then drifted back nostalgically to when Jacob was still in preschool, years before. Because of her often-busy schedule, it wasn't unusual for Karen to decide to save time by having Jacob take a bath with her. She remembered fondly how her baby boy always seemed so eager to help her wash up...*especially* when it came to her breasts. Even back then, Karen suspected that her 'little man' would eventually grow up to be a big 'boobie hound', just like his father.

Snapping out of her little daydream, Karen said, "Well, if you *really* wanna help..." She then took her loofa sponge hanging from a nearby hook on the tiled wall and held it out for Jacob. "How about using this?"

Jacob took the loofa from Karen and, just like the previous time they'd spent together in the shower, the teenager washed his mother enthusiastically with the soapy sponge. As he used his left hand to scrub her back and shoulders, Jacob's empty right hand slid down over Karen's hip, before settling onto her juicy, rounded backside. He waited for an expected rebuke, but instead

all Jacob heard was a soft and sexy moan escaping from his Mom's throat.

After a few moments, Karen froze when she suddenly felt something all-too-familiar poking at her inner thigh. She promptly asked, "Jake? What is *that?*"

"Nothing, Mom..." Jacob replied, too distracted to even attempt at sounding innocent.

"Well, it doesn't *feel* like 'nothing'!" Karen retorted. After a few seconds of continued poking and still no reply from Jacob, she stated exasperatedly, "Young man...I asked you a question."

"It's uhhh..." Jacob fumbled, thrusting his hips heedlessly forward, before finally throwing caution to the wind and sliding his now fully-erect cock in between Karen's thighs. Leaning in, to where his mouth was now near her left shoulder, he whispered, "My monkey..."

Karen bent forward and looked down past her slightly rounded tummy, to find several inches of Jacob's hardened penis lewdly sticking out from between her legs. "Oh, for goodness sake..." she sighed, aghast, instinctively clenching her thighs together around her son's probing shaft. "Jake... I told you before...we *don't* have any time for this!" Squeezing her legs tighter, Karen unintendedly caused a dollop of Jacob's precum to leak profusely from the tip of his cock. The mere whiff of her son's

intoxicating scent entering her nostrils instantly sparked the week-long frustrated mother's unsought-for arousal.

"Sorry, Mom..." Jake responded as he dropped the loofa sponge and placed his hands on Karen's curvy hips. "But like I've told you before...this thing just seems to have a mind of its own." He then pulled back and slowly thrust forward again, grunting from the pleasure of the friction on his pulsing shaft that Karen's reluctantly clutching thighs provided. "Plus...taking a shower with the hottest mom on the planet isn't helping any, either." Receiving no reprimand from his mother, Jacob then duplicated the move, only this time the vice-like grip of Karen's legs eased slightly. Taking this as an unspoken signal, Jacobs immediately angled his cock upward, attempting to gain entrance into the heavenly opening of his mother's quickly moistening vagina.

"Jake, that's very sweet of you to say..." Karen replied to his compliment, though still facing away from him. "But as I also said earlier...we *really* don't have any time for—*Ahhhh!!!*" The middle-aged mom squeaked in shock from the sudden contact of the top of Jacob's rigid cockshaft sliding up against her sensitive clit. Instinctively, she leaned forward and placed her hands against the glass panel.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob concurred. "But you also said before...you could never let me leave the house in

this...*ugghhhh*...condition!" The teenager grunted again, as he thrust his pelvis forward with a bit more force, now tightening his grip on her wide and fleshy hips with both of his hands.

"*Ohhhhh!!*" Karen moaned, as the length of Jacob's rock-hard dick again hit its mark. With a shaky voice, she replied, "Yes...I'm well aware of what I said before, however..." She then dropped her head in frustration and whispered to herself, "I *knew* this was a bad idea!" Biting her bottom lip, another moan escaped Karen's throat as the ridged edge beneath the tip of her son's stiff and rigid cock scraped achingly once more across her tingling clitoris.

"Sorry..." Jacob apologized half-heartedly, his mind elsewhere as he continued his persistently probing, methodical movements. Because Karen had yet to move away or tell him to stop, he felt hopeful in breaking her stubborn reluctance and asked, "So, Mom? What do we do now? Should I go to my room and go get a condom?"

Because of their lack of time and not to mention her growing arousal, Karen knew there was only one possible solution. "No..." her voice trailed off. "*That would be pointless and a waste of time*..." she thought to herself, the moral and rational part of her brain no longer in control...something more primal had taken over her. Running a quick calculation in the one logical corner of

her mind still functioning, Karen adduced that today was the time of the month when she normally entered her fertile period and ovulated. Perhaps that might explain the overwhelmingly strong female drive she was now experiencing, though Karen had never known it in the past to cause her to be this reckless. Luckily though, she reckoned with confidence that the Midoxinol she'd recently begun taking rendered her perfectly safe, as proven by that morning's EPT result. "*Thank you, Brenda!*" she silently exclaimed.

Her misgivings assuaged, Karen figured it was once again probably those wicked hormones (and her recent lack of sex that week) that were the main culprits in directing the sinfully immoral and insane thing she was about to let happen. Unbeknownst to her however, Brenda's trial birth control pills were also now a factor in affecting and clouding her better judgment. As a white flag of surrender to her fate, the dutiful mother reached back resignedly with her left hand and took a hold of her son's raging erection. Karen found that his thing was already slick with a coating of her own natural lubricant, no doubt mixed with Jacob's profusely oozing precum.

Jacob's eyes widened as soon as Karen's fingers wrapped around his swollen shaft and gave it a few quick, encouraging tugs, before holding her grasp at its base, poised and ready to point it directly at what they both

knew (and wanted) to be its only possible target. A victorious smile spread across his face as he watched his mother widen her stance and lower herself to his level, proffering her forbidden mommy-entrance unashamedly to him in open invitation to take her from behind.

As Karen positioned the tip of Jacob's cock at the yearning threshold of her hairless vagina, she stated matter-of-factly answering her son's previous question, "Apparently, we don't have much of a choice...do we?"

"No, Mom...I guess we don't..." Jacob grunted. He then pushed forward, sinking half of his gigantic phallus into his mother's warm love tunnel with one powerful stroke.

"*Unnngggghhhhhh!!!!*" Karen yelped, in a mixture of pain and pleasure, her face wincing from her son's unceremonious intrusion. To catch herself from falling over, she slammed the palm of her left hand flat against the shower enclosure...the engagement and wedding bands on her ring finger making a loud 'click' as they came into contact with the cubicle's fogged-up glass.

Normally, Karen would have scolded Jacob sternly for such a sudden and rough penetration. However, today she secretly welcomed it. Due to her having needed some time to recuperate from the previous Saturday night, (as well as other obstacles that came up during the week,) she and her son hadn't had a chance to have sex since that

marathon session they had at the hotel in Atlanta. For Karen, it felt absolutely glorious and fulfilling to have her baby boy's monster invading her insides once again.

With both of his hands holding onto Karen's shapely, wide hips, Jacob quickly found his pace and a good rhythm. He relished in the heavenly tightness gripping at his shaft each time he steadily plunged his throbbing penis in and out of the warm clutches of his mother's welcoming, wet vagina...eagerly thrusting in deeper and deeper with each stroke.

Even though Jacob absolutely loved having sex with the other four women in his life, to him, nothing still compared to the kinky thrill of doing the nasty with his squeaky-clean, conservative mother. *Especially* raw. It was simply...out of this world! "Oh, Mom..." he smiled, before exclaiming, "You're absolutely...the very *best*!"

"*Oooohhhhhhh!!!*" was Karen's only response, quickly reaching a fast-approaching climax. "*Unnnnggggghhhhhh!!*" she moaned, as the onrushing orgasm rapidly rolled all across her convulsing body.

Moments later, they remained coupled in the same position, with Karen bent over at the waist, her face still grimacing in sublime ecstasy. Her legs shaking, she was supporting herself gingerly with both of her hands flat against the glass wall, as she desperately sought to catch

her breath. Jacob remained standing behind his mother, holding onto her hips with his cock still embedded deep inside the confines of her juicy cunt. Though his thrusting had momentarily stopped, he kept his pelvis pressed tightly against her round, cushiony backside, reveling for as long as he could in the exquisite feeling of his Mom's pussy walls thrumming in obvious orgasm around his dick.

Remembering that they were short on time, Jacob only reluctantly resumed his thrusts, slowly pulling back until just the tip of his cock remained lodged inside Karen's vagina. He then gently pushed his hips forward, sliding his entire length back into the warm, welcoming depths of his mother's hairless sex.

"*Mmmmmmmm*..." Karen hummed, as the pleasant sensation of Jacob's ridged, veiny shaft reawakened long-dormant and neglected nerve endings deep inside of her core. Instinctively, she began rolling her hips and pushing back to meet her son's gentle, probing thrusts in an unspoken signal for him to penetrate her deeper and faster.

Taking Karen's reaction as a green light, Jacob smiled once again and slid his hands further upwards to her tapered waist, promptly increasing his tempo to a steady and leisurely rhythm. Soon, the glass-enclosed cubicle echoed with the lewd slapping sound of flesh on flesh

each time Jacob's skinny, pubescent pelvis slammed relentlessly into Karen's wide and quivering, mature and matronly rear end. Enthralled by the undulation of his mom's juicy backside, without warning the horny teenager playfully slapped her right butt cheek, creating little waves and ripples in her soft and pliable flesh. Hearing another approving moan of delight escape from Karen's throat, Jacob repeated the action, only this time much harder, causing a loud '*smack!*' to reverberate inside the shower's tiled enclosure, joining in the clapping chorus of their carnal mating.

"*Ohhh!!*" Karen squealed in surprise, the sudden, burning sting in her behind swiftly shooting upwards and causing her nipples to tingle. Lashing her wet hair over her shoulder, she turned her head to scold her son. "Careful, Jake...not so *rough!*"

Jacob stopped thrusting his hips and replied in confusion, "But Mom...I thought you liked it rough. At least that's what you nodded 'yes' to... on Saturday night."

"Jake...I wasn't exactly in my right frame of mind that night," Karen replied, her cheeks blushing with embarrassment. "Besides..." she continued, "After we arrived home on Sunday evening, your father walked in on me as I was changing clothes in the bedroom and just happened to notice a faded handprint on my backside..."

For Jacob, the thought of his dad seeing any incriminating evidence of the wild, all-night mother-son fuck session he'd had with his mom was exciting, yet equally terrifying. Pausing his thrusting for a moment, he asked with caution, "Well, what happened? I mean...did he suspect anything?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No, thank heavens! I was able to convince him it was actually *his* handprint...left over from our 'wild romp' that night."

Jacob smiled. "So, Dad thinks you two 'did it' Saturday night at the hotel when actually, it was *me* you had sex with?" The teenager scoffed and said, "That's so cool!" He chuckled, the momentary edge that he'd lost in his erection quickly returning with a vengeance once he realized that he and his mom had basically (and wickedly) pulled one over on his father.

"NO...*not* 'cool'!" Karen retorted, annoyed, though her body couldn't help but respond to the sudden surge she felt in Jacob's member by clenching her cunt tighter around his shaft. "We just happened to get very lucky that your dad has no memory of anything which took place after dinner that night, and he bought my explanation...*this* time, at least." She turned her head towards the glass panel and added, "And...since your father's not much into spanking, you'd best take it easy

back there, and not leave any more marks for him to discover!"

"Well, Dad may not be into spanking, but you are...right, Mom?" Jacob posed, rhetorically. "In fact, I think you're starting to like it a little...*rough*." He accentuated the word 'rough', as he leaned into her and slammed his hips forward once again, planting himself balls deep inside Karen's welcoming vagina.

"*Unnnngghhhh!!*" Karen moaned, her eyes widening, as she gasped from the sudden blast of pleasure and felt once more the tip of her son's cock smashing eagerly at the entrance to her womb. The conservative mother had to admit...her son wasn't wrong, though she couldn't yet bring herself to tell him so. As she felt her boy's plunging member once more piston in and out of her, Karen's mind wandered off and returned to the events that took place that Saturday night in Jacob's hotel suite.

Even though some of the details remained a bit fuzzy, Karen vividly remembered the mixed feelings that she'd experienced when Jacob had aggressively bent her legs back to where her knees almost touched her shoulders. The memory of being obscenely folded nearly in half by her son while he mercilessly pummeled her pussy into submission was downright degrading...yet also strangely exciting. She began to wonder if perhaps there was a way

to get her sweet and gentle husband to be a bit more boisterous and rowdier in the bedroom...just like their son.

Jacob snapped Karen out of her space-out with another smack to her gloriously round and fleshy backside, "Mom, if I were dad, I'd spank your big, beautiful butt every chance that I got!" Getting back into a relentless rhythm of humping his mother with deep thrusts, he added, "Let's face it, Mom...for being such an 'intelligent' guy...dad can be a real...*MORON*...sometimes!"

"You shouldn't...*unghh!*...disrespect your...*ohh!*...father like that!!" Karen rebuked Jacob in response, her cunt once again clutching tight around his cock each time in between each thrust as her son degraded her husband.

"Sorry, Mom...but it's true," Jacob replied, pausing his pounding to keep himself from cumming too soon, before continuing cautiously. "He's always too busy working...and when he *is* home, he's not taking care of your needs...the way he should."

Once again, Jacob hit close to home and was in fact, correct. However, this was neither the time nor place to scrutinize the less-than-stellar sex life she shared with her husband— least of all, with of all people, her own son, as his 'thing' sinfully screwed her from behind...hitting close to another home.

"Alright, Jake...no more talk about your dad," Karen gasped, her eyes shut in shame and anguish at the wicked sinfulness of it all.

Jacob added, "But Mom, you basically said so...yourself."

Karen looked back over her shoulder and snapped, "Jake, that's enough! Not another word...I *mean it!*"

Hearing the seriousness in his mother's voice, Jacob softly relented, "Okay, Mom."

"Now..." Karen stated, softening her tone, as she widened her stance a bit more. "We need to hurry up and finish...you're already probably late for school as it is, which means I'll have to sign you in..."

Jacob watched as Karen shifted her position, which caused her juicy round bottom to shimmy. "Yes, Ma'am...you don't have to tell me twice!" he replied, with a smile.

Moments later both mother and son grunted in unison from the mutual pleasure of their sinfully forbidden mating. The lewd sound of wet skin slapping against wet skin as their genitals eagerly copulated was once again greatly amplified inside the shower's glass enclosure. It was as if both of them were in a frantic race to the finish, earnestly thrusting forward and pushing back at one another in perfect timing, ramping up the pace of their

carnal coupling. No words were spoken amidst their fleshly fornicating, only the feral moans and groans of a mother and son focused solely on bringing their frenetic, familial fuck to its inevitable cum-consummated conclusion.

Jacob grasped tightly onto his mother's waist as he pistoned his pulsing rod in and out of Karen's sin-aroused pussy with machine-like precision. With her head hanging downward, Karen watched as her big round boobs swung in and out of her line of sight. The gold, heart-shaped locket containing Rachel and Jacob's baby photos that hung around her neck occasionally tapped against her chin each time she felt her teenaged boy's scrawny pelvis mash against her plush behind, the tip of his monstrosity tapping searchingly at the entrance to her womb.

Raising her head back up, Karen narrowed her eyes as she peered through the shower's fogged-up glass door, and could just barely make out a distorted reflection in the bathroom mirror across the way. It was the immoral and sinful sight of a happily-married mother, bent over at the waist, and willfully allowing her own teenaged son to plunder her sacred womanhood from behind with his ungodly sex organ as they engaged in unbridled, forbidden fornication.

Karen then remembered a magazine article that she'd read recently: how the sexual performance peak and height of

libido for males was their late teenaged years, while for women it was their late-30's to early 40's. Now, it seemed a prime example of what that dangerous combination of youthful exuberance and mature experience, perfectly matching one another as they energetically engaged in heedless and wanton sexual mating, played itself out right before her very eyes— though horribly corrupted by the fact it was a 43-year old mother and her 18-year old son.

Karen should have recoiled away in horror and found the wicked scene of incestuous debauchery assaulting her eyes an abhorrent abomination. However, at that moment it was her younger sister's words that once again crept into her mind and drowned away all of her logical thinking and shattered morals: "*Don't be so rigid...have some fun!*"

As she gave in fully lascivious lust and pushed back aggressively at Jacob, Karen felt a strange desire to relive the previous Saturday night and relinquish some control to her impetuous son. Her secret longing to be treated a little rough...manhandled...maybe even *dominated*, was once again bubbling to the surface, even as another impending, tsunami-like orgasm threatened to overwhelm her.

Feeling too embarrassed to ever ask her son to treat her in such a fashion, Karen decided to take a more subtle approach. "Jake?" she asked, her warm, hazel looking

yearningly into Jacob's as she eased up on her butt's movements, "Are you...close?"

"Not yet... Mom..." Jacob replied, as he continued his steady and methodical pace. Their time-crunch be damned, he wanted to enjoy this hot and wet, glorious, mom-son fuck for a long as possible.

"C'mon sweetie...we're running...*late*..." Karen said, again pushing her plump posterior back at Jacob and trying to motivate him.

After the previous day's ball-draining session with Ms. Turner, and the epic, world-class blowjob his mother had performed on him earlier that morning, it was taking Jacob a little bit more time than usual to build up another load. "I know Mom..." Jacob responded, with a hint of frustration, his eyes closed in earnest concentration. "I'm...*trying!*"

Karen began pushing her hips back harder, meeting Jacob's thrusts head-on until the junction of their colliding genitals once again clapped aloud in wanton depravity. "You're not trying...*hard* enough. I told you...we don't have time...to *fool around*...and dawdle!" The horny mother then demanded, "You need to...hurry up now...and...*finish!!*" Each time she paused in her commands, Karen punctuated her urgency by squeezing

the muscles of her vaginal walls, hoping to coax the elusive, but no doubt, effusive ejaculation out of her son.

Taking his mother's words as a direct challenge, Jacob moved his hands from her tapered waist and grabbed a desperate hold of her flared, undulating hips. The sexy way she looked so helpless bent over beneath him, tightening her hot mommy-hole around him, egging him on in what seemed to be the closest his mom would ever come to in talking 'dirty' to him, soon spurred the frantic batch of babymaking sperm in Jacob's balls to start churning.

"Okay, Mom...if you want me to finish...then I'm gonna...*finish!!!*" the teenager warned, in an almost menacing growl. He then began plowing the full length of his pole into his mother's yielding pussy with an animalistic and ruthless, total abandon.

"*AAAAAAIIIIIEEEEEE!!!*" Karen yelped in exquisite pain and pleasure, as the tip of Jacob's cock once again hit bottom, scraping and tapping relentlessly at the entrance to her womb and smashing achingly against her cervix. Pleasure overwhelmed pain as she closed her eyes and tilted her head back, her enflamed estrous and heightened female libido finally being satiated. A smile crept onto Karen's lovely face, the words "Oh, *yessss*...that's *it!!!*" escaping her lips, as she plunged herself fully into the depths of debauched depravity with her son. It was as if a

hard-to-reach itch that had been frustrating her all week was finally being scratched away at with maximum satisfaction, as Jacob ravaged the depths of her vagina.

Jacob was like a man on a mission. He had found the perfect pace as he relentlessly drilled his unnaturally-large babymaker in and out of Karen's quivering sex. He could feel his mom's warm and sweet cunt butter slathering all around his churning column of flesh as it stuffed her thrumming birth canal over and over, until her loving nectar trickled all along down his shaft and onto his bloated testicles.

The more viciously Jacob slammed into Karen, the louder her plaintive cries of submissive surrender became. The enraptured mother's church choir voice was soon belting out notes of blissful, ecstatic joy that echoed off the tiling as she drew nearer and nearer to the pearly gates of orgasmic heaven.

Suspecting that his mother was actually enjoying the rough treatment he was giving her, Jacob grabbed a fist full of Karen's wet hair with his left hand. He then firmly pulled her head back, causing her spine to arch obscenely and the twin hefty mounds heaving atop her chest to jut out proudly.

With his right hand, Jacob slapped Karen's curvy butt cheek again, making her silky-smooth flesh quiver and

shake. Hearing no complaints from his mother, only her continued high-pitched wails, he spanked her round bottom several more times, saying appreciatively, "Dang, Mom...your ass is so *awesome!*"

Rather than cringing in disgust whenever she heard Jacob's colorful comments, Karen instead winced pleasurably as she felt the delicious stinging sensation left by his hand each time it made contact with the sensitive skin of her shapely backside. She considered rebuking Jacob as she normally did for his usual offenses, but quickly chose against it. At the moment, the debased and dominated housewife was too wrapped up reveling in her own debauched euphoria to concern herself with admonishing her son and so decided to let it slide...this time.

Meanwhile, Jacob continued his unrelenting hammering away at his mother's sopping-wet pussy. His violent thrusting eventually forced Karen to teeter forward, so that her incredible boobs were soon mashed up against the shower enclosure's wall. The cool condensation on the glass sliding across her smashed areolae quickly made her erect, pink nipples harden even more.

A constant stream of "*Oh my...gosh! Oh my...gosh! Oh my...gosh!*" spilled forth from Karen's mouth each time Jacob viciously plunged the entire length of his wicked pussy-pleaser inside of her. His violent thrusts were also

pressing her amazing breasts harder and harder against the shower enclosure's wall, until Karen felt them swell with the familiar pressure signaling her imminent climax. The knuckles of her manicured fingers turned white as she attempted in vain to gain a grip on the slick glass, only to find herself continually sliding downwards.

Noticing Karen's difficulty, Jacob grabbed her by the right elbow. He then pulled on her arm, along with the fistful of her hair that he had in his left hand, causing his mother to stand upright.

"*AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!*" Karen shrieked from the masochistic thrill of being absolutely manhandled by her teenaged son. The salaciousness of the moment swiftly sent the conservative and pious housewife spiraling into a tailspin. "*Ohh!!! Ohh!!*" she exclaimed, with each slap of Jacob's hand slamming against her rounded butt cheek. Once again, Karen's temporary pain was outweighed by the sheer raw and dirty excitement that her son was eliciting from her. Very quickly, Jacob's spanking turned the once pristine and soft, creamy flesh of her ample behind to a fiery, glowing pink.

Karen soon felt a second, and more powerful, climactic wave about to crest over her. "Oh! I'm...I'm...almost— " she called out, desperate for its arrival. "Oh yes! You...you're gonna...make *meeeeeee!!!*"

After a few more thrusts of Jacob's hips, Karen's climax crescendoed to its absolute peak until finally, the torrential tide of its onrushing deluge came rolling in.

"*AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!*" Karen wailed, in a piercing, hymn-like note as her entire nervous system flooded with the exultant joy of pure and unabashed ecstasy.

Throughout his mother's rapturous orgasm, Jacob continued his relentless assault on Karen's twitching vagina. The exquisite feeling of her clenching cunt muscles clasping all around his pistoning cock soon pushed him closer and closer to his own climactic finish.

"*OHHHHH...MYYYYYYY!!!*" Karen cried out. The aching pressure inside of her magnificent tits finally gave way, releasing powerful jets of warm, creamy breast milk that erupted from her burning nipples and splattered onto the shower's glass partition.

"OHHHHH, YES!!! *YEEESSSSSS...JAAAAAKKKE!!!!*" Karen shouted, as more and more of her life-nourishing liquid ejected from her luscious mommy-boobs, intensifying her already toe-curling orgasm.

The glorious sight of his hot, MILF, mom expelling her hot, mommy-milk out of her huge, MILF, tits finally pushed Jacob over the edge. He loved nothing more than filling up her hot mommy-hole when she came hard on

his cock like this, and he knew he was about to do it...again. Grabbing her by her wide, child-bearing hips, he jammed his bloated shaft up to hilt, just as Karen's spasming pussy tightened in a final, vice-like death grip onto the base of his cock. Jacob repeated the process several more times until soon, he felt the familiar tingling sensation deep in his nuts that he knew were his balls about to boil over.

"Mom...I'm almost...*THERRRRRRE!!!*" Jacob warned, grunting in between each final thrust as he stuffed his pulsating pussy-pleaser to the very depths of Karen's hot and horny love tunnel. The only response from Karen was a series of mewling moans as she whomped her bouncing butt back onto his slamming pelvis and rode out the fleeting echoes of her own glorious climax. Karen was running purely on instinct— her not-so-subtle and inviting move seemed the only natural thing to do to bring her beloved boy to his final finish...inside of her. Karen's motion caused the buried tip of Jacob's dick to rub directly onto the ravished surface of her cervix— the bubbling pre-cum leaking from his piss-slit providing a nourishing precursor lubricant which anointed her well-plowed field in preparation for the oncoming, invading sowing of her son's seed.

Seeing his mother's round and juicy rear end jiggling as she pressed her wet, meaty ass back against his crotch

was the final, triggering spark that lit the dangerously potent, explosive fuse in Jacob's churning balls. "Oh yeah...Oh yeah, *Mom*...I'm...I'm...*CUMMMMMMMIIIIINNNNNNNGGG!!!*" Throwing his head back, Jacob clenched his skinny butt tightly as he got on his tiptoes and rammed his hormone-fueled monster all the way home.

A fresh batch of hot, healthy sperm rocketed up Jacob's cock as he grunted savagely, erupting violently from the tip of his glans in thick, white spurts that deposited deep inside Karen. With each guttural growl, Jacob kept firing off his spunk...rope after rope of it splashing against her cervix as he filled up his mom, so much so, that it felt as if his clenching balls would never stop. After his afternoon-long romp with Ms. Turner the day before, and his mom's mind-blowing blowjob that morning, Jacob thought it impossible that he could've built up such a big load so soon after. Yet, here he was, pumping his gorgeously hot, super-MILF of a mom full of his little babymakers...again. Jacob recalled again his ranking of his sex partners, and among them all, none could ever top his mom as the one he most loved to do the 'nasty' with and fill up with his stuff...especially without a—

Condoms! Jacob realized that for once, his strait-laced mother hadn't sternly insisted that he use them...barely even mentioning for him to go grab one before they got

down to business in the shower. Awesome! Not only would it be great if his mom made him use the stupid things less and less, but she also hadn't even seemed to whine like she usually did about finishing inside of her. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Jacob was glad there wasn't any drama this time around on that end.

"*Speaking of 'end'...*" Jacob mused. In addition to the other nice developments, it seemed his mom was beginning to like getting it from behind. Where only a few weeks prior, she'd always been so uptight and moralistic about that 'dirty' position that was 'only fit for animals', now his mother readily offered herself that way. Again, awesome! Taking her that way had always been one of Jacob's deepest, secret fantasies, one that he even sometimes played out with his other partners— like the last round with Ms. Turner the other day, though instead of Melissa's hot pussy, Jacob had instead imagined it was his mom's dark, forbidden rear hole he was fucking, as he pounded Ms. Turner/imaginary 'mom' from behind...that hot, shapely behind. Taking his mother's untarnished and pristine final virginity was still his ultimate goal.

Breaking out of his raunchy reverie, Jacob refocused back on the present and his still-firing cannon. Strangely, his mom hadn't continued her wailing screams as he continued filling her up, like she did that one night in Atlanta. This time around, Karen merely arched her back

as soon as Jacob rammed home into her, her mouth open and agape in a voiceless scream, while the muscles in her pussy milked Jacob's monster of his seed again and again and again for all she was worth as he fired off into her. Confident in Brenda's pills and no longer worried that her son was going to put a baby into her (making a total mess of their family tree), Karen finally lived out her sister's mantra to '*have fun!*' to the fullest...and then some.

By the time Jacob broke out of his little daydream, the inside of Karen's vaginal canal was a sloppy mess, yet still, Jacob's cannon kept firing. Karen, with eyes closed and legs still shaking, kept up her end of the deal as she flexed the walls of her pussy around his plundering phallus, hoping to coax as much of his energetic little swimmers into her as possible. A slick, white coating of Karen's pussy butter combined with Jacob's thick, white baby batter, slathered the entire length of his shaft as he slowly pulled most of it out her slit, leaving only the pulsing head of his cock at Karen's vaginal threshold.

As he stared in admiration at the awesome sight of his mom's quivering, round, Georgia peach rump, with just the tip of his dick lodged inside of it, Jacob took hold of each of Karen's buttcheeks, playfully squeezing the meaty globes. Something that had been brewing in the back of his mind then popped into his head, an idea that he'd had for a while but had been saving for the next time when he

had condomless sex with someone...preferably his Mom, with her big, 'bodacious' ass. Finally pulling his cock from the warm and wet confines of Karen's cunt, Jacob grasped its base with his right hand and aimed it squarely at her backside.

"Oh yeah, Moooommmm!!!" Jacob bellowed in triumph, as he jacked himself off, "I'm gonna dump the rest of my load...all over...your...*BIG*...beautiful...*ASSSS!!!*"

More huge ropes of thick, teenager spunk suddenly erupted from the tip of his dick, the seemingly never-ending geyser bathing the entirety of Karen's butt and back in blast after blast of hot semen and sperm. A good amount of Jacob's basting even reached all the way up to her shoulder blades.

"*NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!* Jake! Keep it *insssiiiiiiiiiiide!!*" Karen pleaded, turning her head to look back at her son admonishingly. A last, moralistic vestige tucked away in a corner of her frenzied mind recalled the story of Onan in the Bible, in Genesis chapter 38, whom the Lord smote for '*wasting his seed*'— a grave sin which displeased God. Considering the past times Karen had allowed Jacob to 'waste his seed' on her chest, and the even graver sin that they were still actively committing, Karen quickly brushed away the silly notion in her head. "I *just* showered...and you're making a *MESSSSSSSSS!!!*" Karen then added, momentarily reverting back into 'Mom mode',

while at the same time expressing a thinly-veiled excuse to explain her inadvertent outburst of desire for her son to keep pumping her full. Falling back a little, her jutting butt bumped up against Jacob's hand as it flailed up and down the underside of his cock. Her gaping hole, oozing her son's sperm obscenely down both sides of her legs, sought in vain to make contact once again with the tip of Jacob's spluttering monster and plug up her hollow sense of emptiness once again with his fullness.

Using both hands for support, Karen leaned against the shower partition as she felt the unending hot streaks of Jacob's semen splattering all over her back side. While catching her breath, she watched several residual drops of her breast milk slowly roll down the pane of glass.

Jacob stood behind Karen admiring his latest, and arguably greatest, 'work of art'. The teenager found himself mesmerized by how his sticky semen trickled along the curvature of his mother's spine and gathered in the dip of her lower back, with one particular stream of his thick, white spunk slithering onto and kinkily coating her pink, virginal butthole fixating his attention. He then took notice as the giant globs of his virile ejaculate slid out from in between the crack of his mom's curvy bum before joining the viscous cascade of sperm oozing out of Karen's ravished vagina and running down the back of her sexy, long legs.

"Wow, Mom..." Jacob gasped, still a little out of breath. "Your ass looks freakin' *fantastic* like this!"

"Alright, Jake...time to ease up on the language," Karen replied, fully reverting back to 'mom mode'. "I know I've let it slide so far, but now you need to reel it back in." The post-coital euphoria that she had felt had steadily ebbed away, replaced by a calm clarity...though strangely, Karen thought, there wasn't as much of the usual deep remorse or angst that she usually felt after having sex with her son. Despite this, it still made her cringe to hear such crude curse words coming out of her little man's mouth.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jake responded before asking with an impish grin, "But would it be okay if I took a picture of this?"

"*What?!*" Karen replied. Once she finally understood what her son was asking, her whole body stood up straight, pulling her glazed butt out of the clutches of Jacob's grasping hands. Shaking her head, Karen then stated emphatically, "*NO!*"

"C'mon, Mom...just one?" Jacob pleaded impetuously, as he watched more and more of his gooey baby batter travel down Karen's lower back, before disappearing into that tantalizing, deep crevice between the rounded globes of her asscheeks. He wanted nothing more than a memento of this epic morning of hot, shower room ball-busting fun

that he could keep forever. Desperate for a trophy of his latest triumph, Jacob added, "I promise not get your face in the photo."

"Jake... I said no, and I mean *NO!*" Karen replied in a huff, shaking her head incredulously as she hunched over and cupped her right hand over her gaping vagina to stem the leaking flow of Jacob's sperm spilling out of her. Even though she seemed to be cross, Karen couldn't help but feel a small sense of pride as she squirmed her legs around her fingers. After all, what middle-aged woman wouldn't be at least somewhat flattered, knowing that a teenager (least of all her son!) wanted racy photos of her. Still, it wouldn't be a good idea to allow Jacob to carry even one picture like that of her on his phone. Such evidence would be *way too* dangerous...and tempting disaster.

Karen straightened back up and turned to face Jacob. After seeing that his flaccid penis now dangled harmlessly in between his skinny legs, she cupped his chin with her hand and said, "Now that we've gotten you taken care of, we need to rinse off and finish up, then get out of here..." Stooping down slightly Karen brought her head to level with Jacob's and, after a brief moment of hesitation, planted her lips on his for a sultry, but all-too-brief, post-sex, mother-son kiss. After teasing a little tongue, Karen pulled away quickly before Jacob could reciprocate more

fully, or more importantly, their kiss reawakened the slumbering monster in between his legs. Twirling around, Karen stepped back to the showerhead, "You need to get to school, and I have a long list of things I need to do today..."

Joining his mother beneath the steaming stream of cascading hot water, Jacob decided to remind her of something she seemed to have forgotten. "Mom...you still remember our deal...don't you?"

"What deal?" Karen asked, genuinely stumped, as she bent down and picked up her loofa sponge from the shower floor.

"You know..." Jacob insisted, "The deal that if I bring home a 'straight-A' report card, you'll pose for some pictures."

"Oh, *that?*" Karen quipped, as she picked up her bottle of body wash. "Well...as I seem to recall correctly...the exact agreement was that I would *think* about it...I never *promised* that I would pose for anything." Karen knew for a certainty that Jacob had been struggling with his Spanish class all semester. Therefore, she felt extremely confident that her son's goal of getting all A's and cashing in on his 'reward' was, if anything, a real long shot. She then asked, "Besides...when exactly are report cards due to come out?"

"I'm not sure which day," Jacob replied, "But it's supposed to be during the week of Halloween." He then pleaded, "Mom...will you promise to *at least* think about it?"

Karen nodded, "Sure...I'll *think* about it. However, until you *do* bring home a straight-A report card, there's really nothing for me to think about, is there?" Holding out the loofa sponge, along with the shower gel to Jacob, Karen then added, with a motherly smile, "Now...be a good boy, and clean off that mess you made on Mommy's backside!"

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It was way past late morning when Karen finally got Jacob off to school and was able at last to begin taking care of her seemingly myriad list of errands for that day. Even though she was running late, she was still in a fantastic mood as she drove her car through the leafy, suburban streets of her town. The autumnal weather outside was beautiful, the volume of her car radio was turned up, and she was looking forward to spending the entire afternoon shopping with her daughter, Rachel.

To top it all off, Karen had received wonderful news the day before from assistant DA Melissa Turner. It seemed the prosecution and defense had finally reached an agreement. The defendant, Dr. Michael Grant, had agreed to turn over the antidote which would cure Jacob and the

other WICK-Tropin program participants from the terrible side effects of those wicked, ungodly hormones. The dutiful mother felt such a sense of relief, knowing that the craziness of the past few months would finally be coming to an end. Oddly, Karen felt a small sense of sadness too, only realizing she was feeling this way when one of hands absentmindedly drifted off the steering wheel, to caress her hormone-augmented breasts causing her sensitive nipples to instantly pucker. Even though her beloved son would finally be cured, Jacob returning to normal would also mean a final end to the chemically-laced, hormone-fueled and increasingly mind-blowing orgasms she experienced whenever she 'helped' her son.

With a poignant sigh, Karen placed her hand back on the steering wheel, though not before she had to squirm in her seat again, as she felt another glob of Jacob's semen leaking out and onto the gusset of her cotton panties. Karen silently thanked her younger sister Brenda again, having made sure to take another one of her Midoxinol birth control pills, right before she and Jacob set out for his school that morning. Gulping the pill down with water, Karen prayed for its continued efficacy in preventing Jacob's sperm and her egg from ever combining and mixing their DNA...and sinfully creating an incest baby, resulting in the abomination of giving birth to her own grandchild.

Smiling warmly as she drove around town in her Jeep Grand Cherokee on that glorious October morning, Karen soon found herself tapping her fingers on the steering wheel and humming along with the music blaring through her radio's speakers.

Usually, if Katy Perry's '*I Kissed a Girl'* came on the radio, Karen would change the station immediately in moral outrage and disgust. The ultra-conservative, Christian housewife had always judged that song wildly inappropriate, with its suggestive lyrics of girl-on-girl homosexuality.

Surprisingly however, today Karen found the decadent and unbefitting tune to be quite catchy. Perhaps it was because less than twenty-four hours earlier, she herself had engaged in kissing a girl...namely, her attractive young friend, Melissa Turner. As highly inappropriate and sinful as what they had done might be, there was no denying that, just like the girl in the popular hit song, Karen had *liked it*.

Suddenly, Karen's cell phone began to ring. Recognizing it was Rachel's home phone number on the other end, she quickly lowered the radio's volume and answered the call on her hands-free. "Hi, Honey Bear...how are you?"

"*Fine, thanks*," Rachel replied. "*How about you, Mom?*"

"I'm great!" Karen cheerfully responded. "Just out and about, taking care of errands...however, I'm running a bit behind schedule."

"*Oh yeah?*" Rachel asked, with piqued curiosity. "*What happened?*"

Karen scoffed, rolling her eyes, before not even hesitating to state, "Jake...that's what happened." She then shifted her position again in the driver's seat, feeling the lingering, burning sensation on her right butt cheek, from when her teenaged son had repeatedly spanked her that morning in the shower.

After putting on her bra and panties, Karen just happened to look at her reflection in her bedroom vanity mirror. That's when she noticed the bright pink handprint on her right ass cheek and had huffed, "*Well, that simply won't do!*" The half-naked housewife then decided to remove the skimpy, bikini-cut garment she had planned on wearing and instead replaced it with a pair of more conservative underwear, which provided her blemished derrière with fuller coverage.

Reexamining herself in the mirror, Karen was relieved to see Jacob's handprint now completely hidden beneath the cotton fabric and no longer visible. She grudgingly accepted the trade-off of having to resort to wearing 'granny panties' for the time being and changing her

clothes in the dark for the next couple of days, if it meant preventing any possibility of her husband Robert ever discovering the new markings left by their son on her plump and juicy behind.

"*Oh really? What did that..ohhh...twerp of a little brother of mine do now?*" Rachel responded, her voice somewhat shaky.

Hearing her daughter gasp into the phone, Karen asked with concern, "Rachel honey...are you okay?"

"*Y—yeah Mom...*" Rachel replied. "*I'm fine...just uhhh...stubbed my toe on the carpet*." She then continued, "*So, what did Jake do again?*"

As she turned her Jeep into the bank parking lot, Karen explained, "Oh you know, just being a typical teenaged boy...dragging his feet and procrastinating!" Steering her SUV into the drive-thru lane, she added, "That's why I'm running so late this morning with my errands...I had to take him to school and sign him in again."

"I totally understand...," Rachel responded. "*Scott did the same thing...took me forever to get him up and moving this morning. It's a wonder he ever gets to work on time, if it wasn't for me*."

Karen giggled as she placed her checks and deposit slip into the transaction drawer of the bank's drive-thru

window, "They never grow up, men...they see us wives as a replacement for their mothers!" After a period of silence, she asked, "So...should I stop by your place after I finish with my errands?"

After a few more seconds, Rachel finally responded, "*Well, that's sort of why I called you up. I wanted to see if you'd be okay if we postponed and went shopping tomorrow, instead of today.*"

Caught a little off guard, Karen replied, "Why of course, Sweetheart...is everything alright?"

"*Uh-huh...everything's fine,*" Rachel responded. "*Something...unexpected just came up, and I'd prefer to deal with it today.*"

After collecting her receipt from the teller window's drawer, Karen agreed, "Well, sure...that's no problem. In fact, a raincheck probably works out better for me, too." Pulling out of the drive-thru line, she continued, "Since I'm running so far behind on my errands, that'll allow me to finish up all my chores today, that way you and I can have the whole day to ourselves tomorrow, to do our thing."

"*Sounds great, Mom...thanks!*"

After pulling back onto the highway, Karen asked, "Did Scott go to Tuscaloosa today?"

"*Yes, Ma'am,*" Rachel confirmed. "*He won't be back until...late tonight.*"

"You want to come over for dinner later?" Karen asked, with a smile in her voice. "It's gonna be Mexican night!" The doting Mother knew her firstborn child couldn't resist or turn down her tacos.

"*Oh, yummy...*" Rachel exclaimed, with excitement. "*Count me in!*"

Karen giggled, "I figured you'd say that! So, see you around...6 o'clock?"

After a pause, Rachel answered with a question of her own, "*Hey, Mom...here's an idea. How about I pick up Jake after school and just come over then? That way, I can help you out with dinner. That'll also free up some extra time for you to go run your errands, and not feel pressured.*"

"Sounds good to me!" Karen replied, with enthusiasm. She was more than happy to accept Rachel's gracious and timely offer to pick up her younger brother after school. In fact, this windfall now afforded Karen a great opportunity to drive up to Statesboro and pick up another box of 'Excalibur' condoms that she had on order for Jacob. Hopefully, she mused, this would be the last time she would ever have to do so...that is, so long as Dr. Grant

followed through on his end of the plea bargain and relinquished the WICK-tropin antidote.

When she had placed the order for more of the condoms, Karen had purposely chosen another pharmacy in an entirely different town altogether, just as she'd done when obtaining her early pregnancy tests from LaGrange. The prior convenience and anonymity that she'd enjoyed when doing business with the Smith Pharmacy over in Macon was now far too compromised and outweighed by the risk of running into that nosey clerk, Darlene, again.

"*Great then, it's settled!*" Rachel said on the other end of the conversation. "*I'll pick Jake up after school, and then we'll be home around 3:30, or so.*"

"Sounds wonderful!" Karen replied, beaming. "Thank you, Honey Bear...love you!"

"*Love you too, Mom!*"

As she drove down the highway to begin taking care of her own 'secret mission' over in Statesboro, Karen could only smile in contentment and satisfaction. Her prospects for the rest of that day had now significantly improved, and she had both of her beloved children to thank for it. Even though Rachel had lightened the burden of her chores for that afternoon, Karen couldn't help but feel that her precious boy had just as equal a claim in making her feel happy and satisfied at that moment...if not more so.

Her weeklong ordeal of uncertainty and frustration had seemingly melted away instantly that morning, when she and Jacob torridly had sex in her master bath shower, and her son had filled her up again with his chemically-enhanced sperm. Squirming her legs together once more, Karen let out a deep sigh, determined now to tackle the rest of her day...blushing with the secret knowledge that as she went about hither and thither around Georgia, doing her errands, she would have Jacob's little swimmers swirling around inside of her, keeping her warm...

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Jacob walked into his Spanish class, surprised to find himself the first person to arrive. As soon as he sat at his desk, he heard the unmistakable sound of a lightsaber powering up from his bookbag— it was a text alert. Since his Spanish teacher, Señora Pérez, had yet to arrive, he quickly fished his cell phone out from his satchel.

Looking at the screen, Jacob saw that it was a text from his sister, Rachel.

Rachel: *Hey squirt...whatcha doin'?*

Jacob: *Nothing much...you?*

Rachel: *Same here. Scott's gone to Tuscaloosa for the day and won't be home 'til late tonight. Wanna come over & hang out?*

Jacob: *Rach...Unless you've forgotten...I'm @ school.*

Rachel: *I know that, Doofus! I'll come over there to sign you out. We can use the old 'doctor's appointment' excuse.*

Jacob: *Wait...I thought you & Mom were going shopping today.*

Rachel: *We were, but then we decided to wait 'til tomorrow. So, what'll it be...you in?*

Jacob: *Just curious...when you say hangout...do you mean to 'hangout', or to 'negotiate'?*

Rachel: *Look, Dork...u wanna come over or not?*

A few seconds passed, and a smile spread across Jacob's face when he read:

Rachel: *Negotiate.*

Jacob's smile widened even more when he saw the little smiling devil emoji 😈 pop up on his screen.

Jacob: *Awesome!! I'm in!!*

Rachel: *Cool...I'll come down there to get you for your 'endocrinologist appointment' around lunchtime.*

****

At noon, Jacob was sitting in the lunchroom with his best friends at their usual hangout table. While the group of boys ate lunch, they discussed possibly attending the upcoming Comic Convention in Atlanta. The main topic of their debate was their chronic teenaged issue of finding a means of transportation to the event (or any event, for that matter).

Jacob's oldest friend, Matthew Johnson, took a sip of his beverage and suggested, "Hey, maybe Steve could drive us...he's got a license, *and* access to a car."

Steve Sutton was the newest member to the group of geeks known as the '*Pitiful Little Band*'...a Star Wars reference that the drama teacher, Mr. Gunter, had come up for them last year. Steve's family had just moved into town a few months prior, when his dad a sheriff's deputy accepted a transfer to the local sheriff's office.

Steve shook his head, "No way, guys...that's my sister's car...she just lets me borrow it from time to time. If anything ever happened to it, I'd for sure be dead meat! Besides, if my mom ever found out I drove to the 'red zone', she'd probably ground me for life."

Jacob scrunched his face and asked, "*Red zone?* That sounds lame. What the heck's that?"

Steve replied, "It's one of the areas I'm not allowed to drive to." Noticing the blank stares on his friends' faces,

he further explained, "See, my mom's got this whole elaborate mapping system broken down into 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' driving zones. For instance, anywhere around town's considered the *green* zone, and I can come and go as I please. Any of the outlying areas are considered *yellow* which means I have to clear it with her before I go. The *red* zone however, which includes all of Atlanta, is strictly off— *holy crap!!!*" He lowered his voice and added, "Check out the babe coming this way!"

The other four boys turned in their seats and saw a young woman confidently gliding across the lunchroom, headed towards their direction. She was a tall, gorgeous, busty blonde wearing a knee-length, form-fitting cotton dress. The garment was a floral print, with buttons down the front and a scooped neckline that exposed just an appropriate hint of cleavage.

"Who do you think she is?" Steve asked the rest of the group. "She *can't* be a student...do you think maybe she's a substitute teacher? I would *kill* to be in her class."

Mike turned to Steve and answered him with a big grin, "That my friend is Jake's older sister, Rachel."

Steve looked at Jacob and asked in disbelief, "*She's* your sister?"

Matthew chimed in, "You mean you haven't met his family yet?"

Steve shook his head in reply.

"Oh, man..." Matthew said, with a chuckle. "Wait 'til you get a load of his mom!"

Mike added, "Rachel was a cheerleader here in high school, *and* at the University of Georgia."

Steve's eyes went wide in awe, "A college cheerleader?" He sat back in his chair and whispered, "Wow...the holy grail!"

"Hey, Squirt...you ready to go?" Rachel asked Jacob, once she arrived at the table and took off her sunglasses. "Your doctor's appointment's at 1 o'clock...and we don't wanna be late."

"Yeah, yeah, I know...just let me get my stuff together," Jacob replied, as he began gathering his things.

"Hey, Rachel...what's up?" Mike asked, in an egotistical tone. "You're looking as fine as always rockin' that lovely dress... is that new?"

Rachel put a hand on her hip, and replied to Mike, "Well, if it isn't the 'King of the Nerds' himself, being a douche as always!" Of all of Jacob's friends, Mike Tarver was Rachel's least favorite. He was brash, crude and arrogant for someone who was considered an outcast and could never attain membership to any of the 'popular' cliques

like she did. Despite this, for years the scrawny, pimply, overconfident boy had lived under the delusion that Rachel had a 'thing' for him.

Rachel's disdain for the kid had begun years ago, when she was a freshman in college. She was home for the summer and just happened to be sunbathing out by the pool one hot and sunny afternoon. Thinking that no one was around, the 18-year-old blonde beauty had untied the straps of her bikini top in order to prevent any tan lines.

Suddenly, out of the blue, several volleys of cold water splashed onto Rachel's naked back. Squealing from the icy chill splattering all over her, Rachel instinctively raised herself up, only to find Jacob and Mike just a few feet away, blasting each other with the 'Super Soakers' that Jacob had gotten for his birthday, just the week prior.

"Hey, you two...*watch it!!*" she shouted.

Hearing Rachel barking at them, Jacob and Mike stopped firing the water guns at each other and looked in her direction. The two boys' eyes bulged out in shock...and that's when the annoyed cheerleader remembered her unfastened bikini top. She quickly looked down to see that her perky C-cups were fully exposed to the leering view of the pre-teen little twerps.

"*YOU LITTLE FREAKS!!!*" Rachel yelled, out as she grabbed her bikini top and used both of her arms to cover

her naked breasts. "Y'all did that on purpose...I *know* you did!" she continued to rant. "Just wait 'til Mom and Dad get home, Jake...you're gonna be in for it so much, you little pervert!!"

Mike stepped forward and acted innocent. "I'm really sorry, Rachel...it was all my fault. I'm the one who hit you with the water, not Jake. It was purely an accident...I swear."

Even though Mike's words sounded sincere, Rachel could see from a certain glint in the boy's eyes something that made her doubt his sincerity. Even the subtle, evil little smirk on his face gave him away. Though she couldn't prove it, Rachel knew then without a doubt that what the creepy little nerd had done had been deliberate.

"Awwww please, Rach...don't tell Mom and Dad," Jacob pleaded. "I'm supposed to be going to Six Flags with Mike and his family this weekend. If you tell 'em, they're gonna ground me for sure!"

Rachel pondered for a few seconds. The prospect of having her annoying little brother gone all weekend would certainly be a nice respite. That way, she could have the backyard pool all to herself without the nuisance of Jake and his little 'nerd herd' hanging around and bothering her.

"*Pleeeease*, Rachel?" Jacob whined again. "Don't say anything!"

After a few more seconds contemplating, Rachel sighed and finally relented, "Alright, Dweeb... consider this your lucky day. I won't tell Mom and Dad... *this time."*

"*Awesome!* Thank you!!" Jacob replied, relieved.

As Rachel laid back down on the pool lounger, she waved a finger ominously at her little brother and added, "But just you remember this...you owe me *BIG TIME*, Buster!!"

"You got it," Jacob happily replied, before adding, "Thanks again, Rachel...you're the best!"

As Rachel put on her sunglasses, she responded, "Yeah, yeah...I know. Now, y'all go to the other side of the yard...*and stay there!*" Watching to make sure that Jacob and Mike walked a proper distance away, she rolled her eyes and shook her head, sighing, "*Ugh*...boys!"

Back in the present-day, Mike asked, "So Rachel... you still married?"

Disdainfully not even looking at him, Rachel held up her left hand and wiggled her fingers, showing off her glimmering engagement and wedding rings to Mike. She replied indifferently with one word, "Happily."

"It's a shame to see that you settled for less..." Mike stated, arrogantly. "But just remember, I'll be here waiting...whenever you come to your senses."

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Dream on, dork-meister, *dream on!*" she mocked.

After being introduced to Steve and speaking with Matthew briefly, Rachel noticed the fifth group member. "Hi, Kev...how are you?" she asked, with a smile.

Kevin Wheeler was the younger brother of Rachel's high school friend, Christine, and was the total opposite of Mike Tarver. He was intelligent, polite, and very cute...but painfully shy around girls. She always thought that the introverted bookworm would make a great boyfriend someday for some lucky girl, if he ever came out of his shell.

When Rachel still lived at home, anytime that Kevin was over at their house, she could never resist engaging in some innocent flirting with the bashful boy. She loved to see how many shades of red she could make his cheeks turn whenever she tormented the poor lad. Despite how frequently she'd teased him in the past, Kevin definitely remained Rachel's favorite out of all of Jacob's friends.

"Hi, Rachel," Kevin replied meekly. "I'm fine, thanks."

Rachel stifled a giggle once she noticed Kevin's cheeks blush, as he quickly buried his face back into his book.

"Okay..." Jacob announced, throwing his book bag over his shoulder. "I'm ready...do we need to go by the office?"

"Nope..." Rachel replied. "Already signed you out...you're good to go."

Over the years, it wasn't unusual for Jacob's big sister to sign him out of school for his regular trips to the endocrinologist. In the eyes of the front office staff, Rachel had grown to be more like his 'second mom'. Therefore, they never questioned her or suspected anything amiss whenever she showed up unannounced to pick him up. Rachel mused at how shocked the school secretary, Mrs. Anderson, would be if she ever discovered the unspeakable true intentions that the married former student had for her younger brother that afternoon!

On the drive over to Rachel and Scott's new house, Jacob gave her a full update on his test results and the legal case against Dr. Michael Grant. His older sister was genuinely happy to hear the welcome news about the antidote and that Jacob would soon be cured of his affliction, so that things could get back to normal. Still, the married sibling couldn't help but feel a touch of disappointment, realizing that their days of 'negotiating' would soon be coming to an end.

As Rachel pulled her car into the garage, Jacob asked, "Have you and Scott finally finished getting moved in?"

After shutting off the ignition, Rachel replied, "Yep, last weekend...while y'all were up in Atlanta." Unfastening her seatbelt, she continued, "There's still some decorating left over that I want Mom's help me with, but other than that we're basically all finished. Come on in, and I'll give you the grand tour."

For the next half-hour, Rachel played the 'tour guide' for her younger brother. She proudly showed him around her new home, including the spacious backyard with an inground pool that included an adorable Doherty pool house. When they finally made it upstairs, the young housewife prioritized showing him the spare room next to her and her husband's master bedroom. It had already been designated as the nursery room for her and Scott's future babies.

"And finally...the master bedroom!" Rachel proudly presented, with her arms held out.

"*Wow!*" Jacob remarked, as he walked into the massive suite. Standing beside his sister's new king-sized bed, he marveled at the expanse of the room and commented, "I think it's even larger than Mom and Dad's bedroom."

With a smile Rachel affirmed, "It is...by a little bit." She then turned and walked into the master bath and

continued, "Our bathroom isn't as nice as theirs though, but obviously, they've spent a good deal of money remodeling theirs, adding a jacuzzi tub and that huge, walk-in shower...I'd love to do something like that for ours down the road, but for now....this is great...don't you think?"

Hearing no reply from Jacob, Rachel turned around. She assumed her little brother was had been standing right beside her. However, now he was nowhere to be seen.

"Jake?" she called out, somewhat perplexed.

"Jake? Where are y—?" Rachel stopped mid-sentence as soon as she reached the doorway. There, she found Jacob lying on her and Scott's new, king-sized bed, with his back resting against the upholstered headboard. He was totally naked, save for his 'Captain America' T-shirt. The rest of his clothes lay in a heap on the floor, next to her husband's side of the bed.

Rachel stood transfixed, as she watched Jacob's hand sliding slowly up and down the shaft of his fully-erect cock. A faint whiff of her brother's scent entered her nostrils, instantly igniting her arousal. Crossing her arms and leaning against the door frame, Rachel then stated, "Being a bit presumptuous...don't you think?"

Jacob shrugged and replied, "Not really...I like to think of this as just me being confident."

Rachel giggled, "Confident?"

Jacob nodded and asked, "Yeah...isn't that what you suggested I do...show more confidence?"

Rachel stepped into the bedroom and walked up to the foot of the bed. The closer that she got to Jacob, the more his exotic scent permeated around her, intensifying along with it...her arousal. Putting her hands on her hips, Rachel chided her younger brother, "I don't think I'd call what you're doing 'confidence'. I mean, here you are...naked, in my marital bed and openly pleasuring yourself. If you ask me, what you're doing is just being downright arrogant."

Jacob shrugged again, "Well, you can call it whatever you want...but I'm just doing this until you decide to take over."

Rachel rolled her eyes, "Until *I* decide take over?" She then scoffed, "Damn, Squirt...you got some *balls* on you today!"

Jacob sneered, as his oozing pre-cum coated his fingers and shaft, "Yeah, I do...and they're really swollen and starting to ache." He then added with a sly grin, "So...whenever you're ready...I could really use some of my lovely big sister's help."

Continuing their teasing, playful banter, Rachel commented, "Hmmmm...I don't know...looks like you're

handling yourself pretty well on your own. Maybe you don't even need my help, after all."

Now exhibiting a little impatience, Jacob grumbled, "C'mon, Rach...quit wasting time! After all, you did say in your text that we were gonna 'negotiate'."

In a slow, calculated, sultry tone, Rachel confirmed, "Ohhhhh, you're right...I did say that...didn't I?"

"Yes..." Jacob nodded, "Yes, you did."

"Well..." Rachel said with a relenting sigh, as she reached with both hands under the hem of her floral-printed dress. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her thong panties, she pulled the flimsy underwear down off of her curvy hips, adding coyly, "Since I *did* agree..."

The smile returned to Jacob's face as he watched Rachel slide her undies off her shapely thighs and then allowed them to flutter down her legs in a silky pool around her feet.

"I guess it's settled then..." Rachel continued, stepping out of her panties and picking them up off the floor. Putting her left hand on her hip, she held her right hand out to her side with the skimpy little garment dangling from her index finger, twirling it playfully, "Let's negotiate."

"*Now* you're talkin'!" Jacob exclaimed exuberantly.

"But! Before we do..." Rachel said, holding up her left hand. "I need you to answer me one question."

"*One* question? Sure!" Jacob eagerly replied. He'd be willing to put up with playing any type of silly little game, if it meant he got to do the nasty with his smokin'-hot, ex-cheerleader sister in her brand-new, marital bed.

Kicking off her shoes and climbing onto the bed, Rachel added, "And I need you to be totally honest with me...can you do that?"

Anxious to move things along, Jacob nodded, "Heck yeah...no problem. Ask me anything you want." He felt his excitement ratcheting up as his gorgeous sister slowly crawled on top of him.

Suddenly, the look on Rachel's face took on a serious turn as she straddled her baby brother's scrawny legs. Beneath the skirt of her cotton dress, Rachel's sopping-wet and saturated pussy drooled in enflamed anticipation at the bombshell that she was about to drop on her brother.

Narrowing her sparkling green eyes, Rachel looked down at Jacob, pinning his skinny chest with her clenched right hand that held her bunched-up panties. Holding him down, Rachel finally asked, in almost a growl...

"Okay, tell me something, Nerd... how long have you and Mom... been *FUCKING?!?*"

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END CHAPTER 14

CHAPTER 15

"Okay, tell me something, nerd...HOW LONG...HAVE *YOU* AND *MOM*...BEEN *FUCKING*?!?"

Rachel's words stung like lightning out of the blue, with each emphasized word steadily crushing his heart as Jacob processed the bombshell news slowly being dropped upon him. His eyes bulged from the revelation that his older sister now knew all about him and his Mom...and their sinful, wicked secret. For the moment, Jacob could find no words to answer Rachel; his whole body was numb except for the stinging sensation he was feeling in his chest. Only then did he realize that it was from Rachel burying her knuckles painfully into his sternum, with her bunched-up panties still in her clenched right hand, as she pressed her fist down on him.

Rachel had him totally pinned with nowhere to escape, her legs clasped in a vice-like grip atop his slender frame as she impatiently waited for her dumbstruck brother's reply. Her looming presence on top of him was bad enough, but what cowered Jacob most of all was the fiery

glare in his older sister's eyes staring menacingly down at him.

Resignedly, Jacob let out a deep sigh, flopping his head back down onto Scott's pillow-- his former feeling of ultimate triumph over his sister's husband having by now rapidly dissipated to nothingness, just like his once rampant, recent erection...

Meekly and like a lamb about to be slaughtered, Jacob could only silently repeat to himself the words that he'd once uttered to Mrs. Miller.

"*Ohhhhhhhhhh...crap*."

*** *Earlier that morning....* ***

Sipping on a steaming cup of coffee, Rachel stood at the threshold of the open front door of her and Scott's brand-new house, located in the exclusive new community of Pine Hills. She was wearing her favorite fluffy pink bathrobe, as she watched the sun rising into a cloudless blue sky. Bird-song harmonies welcoming the promise of a new day filtered in through the fluttering tree branches whose leaves were just recently tinged with the reddish-golden shades of fall. In between sips, Rachel relished in the crisp, fresh air as she watched a V-shaped formation of geese flying high above her en route southwards from Canada. All these signs of nature hinted at the long-

awaited change to autumn after a sweltering, hot summer in the Deep South.

"SCO-OTT!!!..." the young housewife called out to her husband, who was running late...as usual.

From upstairs, Scott answered back, "*YEAH*??"

Rachel replied, "YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP...IF YOU WANNA BEAT THE TRAFFIC!!"

Scott yelled back again, "*I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY BRIEFCASE...HAVE YOU SEEN IT ANYWHERE*?"

Rachel held out the mislaid, desperately sought-for item in her left hand and shouted, "YEAH, IT'S RIGHT HERE SWEETHEART...WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS!!"

A few seconds later, Scott came bounding down their staircase. He was wearing his favorite dark-blue business suit, with its freshly-pressed jacket draped over his left arm. The frantic husband approached Rachel and took the briefcase with his right hand.

"Thank you!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "I'd be dead if I somehow lost those contracts. My hope is to finally get our newest client to sign on the dotted line today and close the deal." Gazing at his beautiful wife, he

added, "Once again, my lovely guardian angel has saved me...I honestly don't know where I'd be without you!"

Rachel rolled her eyes and scoffed, "Most likely the unemployment line!"

With a nod, Scott agreed, "You're probably right about that."

Rachel chuckled, "There's no 'probably' about it...I *know* I'm right." Noticing his necktie was a bit crooked, she began to straighten the silky garment out and added, "Just promise me that you'll be careful on the road this morning."

"I will," Scott replied in a reassuring tone. "You don't have to worry, Rach...you know I'm a safe driver."

With concern, Rachel commented, "It's not *your* driving skills that I'm worried about. It's the fact that you have to travel through that horrible Atlanta traffic, with all those nutjobs on the Interstate that don't give a damn! I'm so glad we left the city when we did and moved back home." She then joked, "Grandpa George says that town hasn't been right ever since General Sherman burned it down!"

Scott chuckled, then said with an exaggerated Southern accent, "Well then, darlin', I don't reckon there's much danger of me runnin' into any Yankee troops today...but I'll be darned sure to keep a lookout!"

Rachel rolled her eyes and sighed exasperatedly, "Just be sure to call me the minute you get there."

"*Yes, Ma'am!*" Scott replied, continuing with the accent and giving his wife a mock salute. In his normal voice, he then commented, "You know, I've noticed something lately...you're starting to sound an awful lot like your Mom!"

Rachel's eyes bugged out. "I am *NOT* my Mom!!" she replied emphatically, remembering that her younger brother Jacob had made a similar statement not too long before.

Scott put up his hands, "Whoa...whoa...take it easy!" He then added with sincerity, "Honey...you've got a wonderful mother...I didn't mean any offense...I was only trying to pay you a compliment."

Scott's mother, Diane, had passed away when he was just a teenager, and he still missed her terribly. Ever since Mrs. Morgan's untimely death all those years ago, Karen Mitchell had been the first woman who could somewhat fill that hole in his life. She had been very empathetic to him, having lost her own mother (though Karen had been older with a family already) about a decade ago. Even though no one could ever replace his actual mom, Scott loved his mother-in-law as if she were his own.

"Yeah?" Rachel replied with a smile, now feeling somewhat honored by the comparison.

"Yeah!" Scott nodded and reaffirmed. "Our kids will be blessed to have you for their mother and Karen for a grandmother."

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes, "You *know* she's gonna spoil them rotten!"

Scott replied, "Oh, I'm sure she will...without a doubt!"

After a quick laugh between them, Scott asked, "Speaking of Mom...are you still planning on hanging out with her today?"

"Yes, I am." Rachel replied as she began straightening out the collar of Scott's dress shirt. "We're meeting up later in Sandy Springs to go shopping in Buckhead Village for the Halloween party." She added with glee, "I'm so excited that this event's gonna be our first chance hosting something at our new place!"

Barring Christmas, Halloween was Rachel's favorite holiday. So much so that even though she was a fully-grown and married adult, she'd still go trick-or-treating if she could (and if it weren't so frowned upon). Rachel already had plans to beg her Aunt Brenda to allow her to take her little cousin Daniel around the neighborhood on

Halloween night and collect all sorts of treats and goodies.

Looking at his wife, Scott offered, "Well, just let me know if I can be of any assistance."

Rachel replied matter-of-factly, "Well, now that you mention it...a certain 'party committee' member *did* volunteer you for the decorating crew."

Bewildered by this information, Scott questioned, "*Me*? Volunteer? What 'committee'? And which member?"

Trying to look all cute and innocent, Rachel pointed at herself, "*This* member!"

A knowing smile crept across Scott's handsome face. He knew there was no use in arguing with his lovely wife...he could never tell her no. With a deep sigh, he relented, "Well, if that's the case...then I guess I'm on the decorating crew."

Rachel squealed with delight, "Yay!! Thank you, honey!!" She then added, "Oh, and by the way...you'll be working mainly with Dad."

Scott arched his eyebrow and asked, "Does *he* know about this so-called 'decorating crew'?"

"No..." Rachel answered with a giggle. "Mom hasn't told him yet."

Scott huffed, "Let me guess...Mom's also on this 'party committee'?"

"Mmmm-hmmm...she happens to be the founder and chairwoman, actually." Rachel confirmed as she leaned in and gave Scott a kiss. After pulling back, she patted her husband on his chest and continued, "Now, you'd better get going, or you're gonna be late!"

Looking at his wristwatch, Scott agreed, "Shoot! You're right...I'd better get moving." He then gazed into Rachel's bright, green eyes and added, "I'll see you tonight...love you!"

"I love you too." Rachel concurred, as the married couple gave each other one last quick kiss. Crossing her arms, the young wife leaned against the door frame as she watched her husband walk to his car parked in the driveway. As Scott opened the driver's side door, she called out, "Good luck at the meeting, and don't forget-- "

"I know...I know..." Scott raised his hand, interrupting Rachel before she could finish her statement. "I'll call you as soon as I get there."

Rachel smiled and waved at Scott as he backed out of the driveway and headed off to meet with his client in Tuscaloosa. After watching her husband's car disappear out of sight, she thought, "*Well, since I'm already up,*

might as well get dressed and head on over to Mom's early. I'm just dying for a cup of her coffee!"

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An hour or so later, Rachel pulled into the driveway of her parent's home and parked her car. Seeing that the garage door was down, she wasn't sure whether anyone had left yet, so she used her key to enter through the front door.

As Rachel made her way through the house, she couldn't help but notice the tempting aroma of her Mother's fantastic, freshly-brewed coffee. "Mom?" she called out when she arrived in the kitchen, only to find no one there. She thought it strange because usually, this would be when her family would eat breakfast.

Rachel shrugged it off, assuming everyone was still preparing for the day upstairs. She then grabbed a mug and helped herself to a cup of coffee. After taking a sip, she muttered, "Mmmmmm...*damn*, that's some good stuff! I'm gonna have to beg Mom to tell me her secret."

Gazing out of the kitchen window, Rachel enjoyed her steaming hot beverage for the next few minutes. She took notice of the many improvements and upgrades her parents had recently made to their backyard patio and pool area. Rachel soon began coming up with a bucket list

of all sorts of landscape ideas for her and Scott's brand-new property.

After finishing up the delicious cup of coffee, and with still no appearance by any of her family members, Rachel's unease and curiosity began to spike. Placing her empty cup in the dishwasher, she then began to make her way back through the eerily quiet house.

As Rachel ascended the staircase, she called out, "Mom? Dad?" However, there was no response as she continued up to the second floor. As she made her way down the hall, she noticed that her parent's bedroom door was slightly ajar. Lightly knocking as she entered through the doorway, she called out once more, "Mom?" Still, there was no reply.

Walking across the large master bedroom, Rachel could hear the loud **hisssss** of the running shower. She was about to call out to her Mother again when the unmistakable sounds of sex began to filter out from the bathroom.

Rachel could easily make out the lewd noise of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh and Karen's high-pitched squeals as she approached her climax. The married daughter stifled a giggle at the thought of her conservative, middle-aged parents being adventurous and getting busy in the shower so early in the morning. "*Way*

to go, Dad!" Rachel mumbled with amusement, in awe that her overworked father could still have the stamina to satisfy his beautiful wife sexually.

At first, Rachel thought it would be best if she snuck out quietly and gave her parents their privacy. However, for some unknown reason, an irresistible curiosity caused her to stay put. With her back against the bedroom wall, she remained hidden as she listened in on the erotic soundtrack of her parent's early-morning coupling.

Strangely, Rachel's body began to hum with a sudden sexual arousal. She reckoned it most likely stemmed from not having received the attention she'd needed from Scott earlier that morning. The young wife had eagerly made plans to seduce her husband for a quick 'roll 'round the hay' before his business trip to Alabama. However, Scott had forgotten to set his alarm clock, and waking up so late meant he had to regretfully decline his wife's tempting offer.

Without thinking, Rachel placed her right hand underneath her skirt and slid her fingers across her panty-covered mound. She found that its thin, cotton gusset was already moist with her excitement.

Rachel was surprised when she heard the loud **whack*!* of her father's hand slapping against Karen's round, matronly backside. She was pressing her fingers harder

against her tingling vagina when she heard her Mother call out, "Oh! I'm...I'm...almost...*Oh yes*! You...you're gonna...make...*meeeeeee..."*

The sounds and mental visions of her father causing Karen to climax in the shower soon had Rachel quickly approaching her own orgasm. Suddenly, her blood turned cold like ice water in her veins when she heard her Mother cry aloud, "OHHHHH...*YES*!! YEEESSSSSS...*JAAAAAKKKE*!!!!"

Horrified by what she'd just heard, Rachel immediately stopped mid-stroke in her self-pleasuring. Too scared to look but unable to resist, she slowly peered around the corner into the bathroom and was utterly shocked by what she saw. There, inside the large shower cubicle, was her married Mother lurching about in obvious orgasm whilst being savagely taken from behind by her younger brother. Both of them were coated with a sheen of water, their hair wet and matted, with a primal, determined look on their faces. Faint fumes of Jacob's scent soon filtered through amidst the foggy shower's wafting mist and entered Rachel's lungs, quickly inflaming her arousal even more.

Rachel stood transfixed as if frozen to the spot just outside of her parents' master bathroom door. Time stood still, and her rapid pulse thrumming within her eardrums was all Rachel could hear as she processed the mind-numbing spectacle of forbidden, incestuous debauchery

happening right in front of her. She watched aghast as her naked and buxom, middle-aged Mother threw her head back, with a faint smile of satisfaction on her mouth, whilst her grimacing, teenaged younger brother slapped her behind repeatedly with his hand.

"*She's not actually gonna*...?" Rachel incredulously asked herself, only to have her query immediately answered. Her eyes bulged as she watched her Mother arch her back, her mouth agape and her legs quivering spasmodically in the obvious climactic throes of utter ecstasy, while at the same time, her younger brother lunged upwards on his tiptoes. Rachel's jaw dropped as she watched Jacob take his hands, which had been tightly grasping at their Mother's hips, and reach up to absolutely manhandle Karen by the arms as he pulled her towards him and rammed himself home.

"*What are they thinking*?!" the utterly aghast daughter and sister screamed to herself, helplessly watching the unspeakable, horrifying sight unfolding before her. Still, she stared on, watching her brother's skinny abs flex and twitch as he pushed his pelvis right up against their Mother's plump, upturned butt. Rachel couldn't even bring herself to put words together and describe what she knew she was seeing, but it was quite obvious what was happening. There was no doubt about it, from the way her Mom and brother were quivering and the ecstatic look on

both their faces, that they were engaged in a sickening sexual exchange of bodily fluids. Rachel could only feel disgust well up inside her as they shamelessly lingered on and on conjoined together, relishing carelessly in the consummation of their taboo coupling. To her ultimate horror, it was then that Rachel realized that she didn't even know whether her Mother was still on birth control, nor could she see if Jacob was even wearing a condom.

Before Rachel could fully process the dire implications of this realization, something altogether new blindsided her once more.

"*Oh, my God*!" Rachel mouthed, having turned her gaze back to Karen and seeing what could only be described as breastmilk spouting forth from her Mother's diamond-hard nipples. As it splattered onto the shower's glass wall, the visual image of its creamy-white ejection made it abundantly clear to Rachel that at that exact same moment, her brother's young and potent, virile sperm was likely ejaculating directly from his bare, rock-hard cock and straight into the walls and depths of their Mother's possibly unprotected womb! The startled daughter felt her own pink nubs involuntarily pucker inside her bra as if yearning to lactate in unison to the sight of this forbidden, familial fornication that she was witnessing. To stifle a scream, Rachel put her right hand over her gaping mouth...and immediately the sweet, pungent aroma of her

wet pussy nectar permeated from her slender, manicured fingers and into her nostrils.

As she spied more and more of her Mother and brother's depraved debauchery, Rachel began to feel weak in the knees. Spinning around and placing her back against the wall for support, her eyes just happened to catch sight of her parent's framed wedding photo on Karen's nightstand. For what seemed like forever, she could only listen (her normal hearing having returned) to the primitive grunts and moans echoing from the tiled shower as she overheard her brother continuing to fill up her Mother...and her Mother mewling in wanton approval at the seemingly endless insemination her own son was giving her. Rachel felt an overwhelming pity and sympathy for her innocent father as she stared at his smiling, oblivious face, looking back at her from the wedding photo. When she heard Jacob finally bellow out in triumph, "*Oh yeah, Moooommmm*!!! *I'm gonna dump the rest of my load...all over...your...BIG...beautiful...ASSSS*!!!" thus bringing a conclusion to her Mother and brother's animalistic copulation and unholy union, Rachel knew then and there that her entire world had been shattered. Crouched on the carpet and clutching her golden cross necklace over her pounding heart, Rachel wondered with ominous foreboding whether she'd just witnessed the conception of her very own sibling..."*or should it be, nephew/niece*??"

Due to her shock and anger, Rachel desired nothing more than to storm into the bathroom and confront the diabolical duo with their wicked, incestuous adultery. The loyal daughter wanted to scold them royally and especially scrutinize her formerly-faithful Mother, "*Mom*? *How...HOW COULD YOU*?! *How could you do this...TO DAD*?!" However, her feet never moved, and she held back. Her more logical side won out, and she decided against a knee-jerk reaction. It would be better to wait, she thought, until she had cooled off and could digest this newly-discovered information more fully.

Over the next few minutes, Rachel tried to listen in on Karen and Jacob's post-coital conversation. However, because of the running shower and their soft, muted voices, she couldn't make out much of what they were saying.

When she heard the water suddenly shut off, the unnerving silence caused a sudden fear of getting caught to overwhelm Rachel, and she quickly snuck out of the bedroom to return downstairs. She then quietly exited the house, got in her car, and peeled out of the driveway in a mad dash to get home.

During the entire drive back to Pine Hills, Rachel's mind was a whirlwind of emotions and questions. She kept asking herself, "*How long has this been going on with those two*? *Was it the first time or the hundredth*? *Are*

there any other women Jacob is fooling around with? *And what the heck is the deal with Mom's lactating breasts? OH MY GOD*!! *Is she already pregnant? With her own grandchild*?!?"

As soon as Rachel arrived home, she dashed inside and went straight upstairs to her master bedroom. There, she rummaged around in the bottom drawer of her nightstand and pulled out the 8-inch dildo which she kept carefully hidden away from Scott.

The fact that Rachel had purchased the fake penis a few weeks earlier wasn't a black mark, she felt, against her husband or the quality of their sex life. Rather, it was more due to the hormonal changes she'd undergone, which had caused her libido to recently skyrocket. Her poor husband Scott, due to factors beyond any of his control, simply couldn't hope to keep up with his wife.

Rachel stepped out of her shoes and tossed her 'store-bought lover' onto the bed. She then slipped out of her cotton dress and peeled the bright, yellow panties off of her curvy hips. After stepping out of her skimpy underwear, the horny housewife tossed the dainty garment toward the clothes hamper. Whether she hit the target or missed it entirely, at the moment, Rachel couldn't care less.

A weird combination of emotions flowed throughout Rachel's body. She felt seething anger, overwhelming arousal, but also a burning sense of jealousy. She couldn't quite decide which of her relatives she was more envious of: her Mother or her brother...perhaps both of them. She figured if she could at least satisfy her own immediate physical need, maybe it would allow her to think clearly enough to decide how to handle this newfound revelation more logically.

Now dressed in only a bright yellow demi bra, Rachel climbed onto her marital bed. Once comfortably ensconced on her mattress with her head resting on a soft pillow, she took hold of her store-bought silicone lover, dug her heels into the plush comforter, and spread her long, silky legs open.

"*Mmmmmmm*..." Rachel moaned as she ran the flared tip of the fake penis across her hardened clitoris and in between the glistening folds of her sopping-wet vagina. "Ohhhhh...*yesss*!" the young wife whimpered with relief after the vibrating substitute phallus hummed to life and penetrated her tight opening...sliding deeper and deeper into her slippery, dripping love tunnel.

Several minutes and a much-needed orgasm later, Rachel continued to lay in bed with her legs splayed open. With her eyes closed, she curled her lips in a slight smile as she

drifted back down to earth after her incredible and much-needed climax.

Finally catching her breath, Rachel's thoughts returned to Karen and what she had witnessed earlier. She asked herself, "*How could Mom betray Dad and her marriage like that*?" The young housewife then basically answered her own question. She remembered how easily she'd fallen victim to her brother's hormones and had betrayed her faithful, loving husband in the exact same manner. Regaining some clarity, she began to understand her Mother's plight with much more sympathy and seriously doubted there was any woman alive who could resist the overwhelming temptation brought on by those wicked hormones.

After a few more moments of contemplating, Rachel held up her right hand to find that it was still clutching onto her freshly-used dildo. The somewhat satiated housewife chuckled to herself as she examined the fake penis glistening with a generous coating of her 'freshly-squeezed' female secretions.

"Thanks, little buddy...good job, as always."

Rachel placed her 'little buddy' down on the bed beside her, then rolled over and picked up her slimline phone from its charging base on her nightstand. She then sat up and positioned herself with her back against the

headboard. With her mind now a bit clearer and her anger towards her Mother much abated, she hit the speed dial.

"*Hi, Honey Bear...how are you*?" Karen's voice asked from the other end of the line.

"Fine, thanks," Rachel replied. "How about you, Mom?"

The two ladies then began discussing their mornings up to that point. The shrill and cheery tone in Karen's voice soon caused images of the incestuous shower scene from earlier that morning to flash into Rachel's mind. As a sexually-active young wife, Rachel knew that tone of voice all too well-- it was the sound of a well-pleased and sexually-satisfied woman who, without doubt, had just been thoroughly fucked that morning.

Visions of Karen shuddering through a powerful climax as she threw herself back onto Jacob's thrusting, cumming cock quickly caused Rachel's arousal to suddenly resurface. The tormented look of sheer, sweet bliss on Karen's face when her nipples ejaculated breastmilk onto the foggy glass shower panel was ample evidence of the pure, unbridled ecstasy that must've been wracking her body and mind at that moment. The married daughter couldn't help but feel a twisted sense of curiosity and a yearning, primal hunger bubbling up inside her. Rachel wondered what it would be like to taste her Mother's

creamy liquid and nurse from Karen's succulent teats once more, just like she'd done when she was a baby.

Along with this warped sense of nostalgia, Rachel also felt a deeply suppressed, devious envy rearing its ugly head. She knew exactly what it was and from whence the depraved desire stemmed, but couldn't yet bring herself to face it-- so she quickly buried it. For now, Rachel could only vicariously imagine the wonderfully mind-blowing ecstasy her Mother must've felt when she appeared to carelessly let her own son flood the depths of her womb with thick, potent sperm from his huge, hormone-enhanced cock. She reckoned her Mom had to have been on some sort of birth control to even risk being so wantonly reckless in tempting fate...an indulgence Rachel, having so recently gone off the pill, now jealously begrudged her Mom. A wild thought came to Rachel just then, which absolutely blew her mind: millions of her little brother's babymaking swimmers were quite possibly swirling around inside of their Mother at that very moment... desperately searching for Karen's egg, all while she drove along in her Jeep and cluelessly spoke over the phone with her knowing daughter.

While the mundane morning conversation with Karen continued, Rachel had mindlessly placed her hand back in between her legs and slid her fingers along the slippery folds of her still extremely wet vagina. Absentmindedly,

Rachel replayed the vivid scene in her head of her Mother and brother's fervidly feral copulation earlier in the shower. An involuntary gasp escaped her mouth when she rubbed her exploring digits a little too high, and they came into contact with her buzzing, hard clitoris.

Hearing her daughter gasp into the phone, Karen asked with concern, "*Rachel, honey...are you okay*?"

"Y-yeah, Mom," Rachel replied. "I'm fine...just uhhh...stubbed my toe on the carpet." Wishing to steer the conversation away from danger, she inquired, "So, what did Jake do again?" As Karen continued speaking on the other end of the line, Rachel thought of an idea. She picked up her cell phone from the nightstand and began texting back and forth with her brother. Her legs squirmed over her fingers as she juggled the triple tasks of speaking with her Mother, texting her brother, and pleasuring herself with her left hand...all while her mind wandered and she wondered about the possibility of what her brother had *actually* done. A shiver ran up Rachel's spine as her imagination ran wild again, and she pictured one of Jacob's potent little swimmers wriggling itself energetically into Karen's fertile egg. The insanely-hot thought of her beautiful Mother and handsome brother wickedly and secretly combining their Mitchell genes and making a little incest baby instantly caused Rachel's pussy to gush once more.

Rachel kept an eye on her cell phone whilst she and Karen proceeded to reschedule their planned Mother-daughter outing in Buckhead Village from that afternoon to the following day. As they discussed Karen's 'Mexican night' dinner plans, Rachel waited with bated breath for Jacob's answer to her offer of signing him out of school early, coming over to her house, and 'hanging out' with her for the afternoon. A wide smile broke out on her face when she read his eager reply of, "*Awesome...I'm in*!!"

At the same time that Rachel texted Jacob her plan of coming by his school around lunchtime, she asked her Mother, "Hey, Mom...here's an idea. How about I pick up Jake after school and just come over then? That way, I can help you out with dinner. That'll also free up some extra time for you to go run your errands and not feel pressured."

"*Sounds good to me*!" Karen replied, with enthusiasm.

"Great then, it's settled!" Rachel confirmed, as she stood up from the bed. "I'll pick Jake up after school, and then we'll be home around 3:30."

"*That sounds wonderfu*l!" Karen said with a chipper tone. "*Thank you, Honey Bear...love you*!"

As Rachel padded over to her large walk-in closet to pick out a dress to wear, she replied over the phone, "Love you too, Mom."

Flopping back down onto her marital bed after hanging up, Rachel decided to postpone her choice of dress for the moment as she reached again for her 'store-bought lover'. Reckoning she still had plenty of time before heading over to Jake's school, the semi-nude housewife spent the better part of the late morning satiating the burning lust she now felt. By the time her well-used 'little buddy' was once more discarded on her mattress, Rachel had brought herself to several more toe-curling orgasms...all of them heightened by images of her brother pumping his thick loads deep into their potentially already-pregnant Mother.

*** *Back to the present...* ***

As Jacob looked up into Rachel's beautiful green eyes, he could see that their usual mischievous sparkle was gone. Now, all he could see was the flickering flames of his sister's simmering rage. He tried his best to think of a reply, but in his panicked state, all he could get out was a pitiful, "*Huuuuuhhhh*?"

"You heard me, twerp...I wasn't stuttering!" Rachel responded angrily, as she climbed off of her brother and stood at the bedside. Her right hand was still clutching her cotton panties tightly in her fist. She asked again, this time more methodically with almost a sneer, "How *long*...have *you* been...*fucking*...our *Mother*?"

Noticing the 'deer caught in the headlights' look on her brother's face, Rachel knew Jacob was trying to devise some slick answer to wrangle himself out of trouble. Before he could reply, she warned, "And don't you *dare* lie to me...you little *shit*!!" As she accentuated the word '*shit*', she threw her balled-up panties in his direction. However, the delicate garment fluttered harmlessly down onto the bed without so much as reaching her dumbstruck brother. The irate sister wished it had been a rock, but unfortunately, it was all that she had at the moment.

Seeing no way out of the situation he found himself in, and with little hope of escaping unscathed, Jacob surrendered himself to his fate. "Rachel, I...I won't lie to you..."

"You'd better *not* lie to me...if you know what's good for you!" She cut him off, crossing her arms before adding, "Because if you do...I'll rip those oversized balls of yours clean off, and shove them straight down your throat!"

Jacob knew well enough that Rachel's words were no mere empty threat, and she wasn't joking. Hoping to keep all of his body parts intact, he sat up straight and replied, "I promise Rachel...I would never lie to you."

Resigned to whatever fallout he was about to suffer, Jacob sighed and asked, "What do you wanna know?"

Mockingly, Rachel mimicked her brother's weary tone, "What do I wanna know?" Uncrossing her arms, she answered him with utter exasperation, "How about...*everything!*"

"Okay...everything it is." Jacob agreed, contemplating how best to commence his 'tell-all' as delicately and truthfully as he could. One gnawing thing, however, was flummoxing his ability to think clearly. The teenager was totally perplexed as to how his big sister could have ever found out about his Mother 'helping' him. He tried to think of any possible slip-ups recently that might've given them away, but nothing immediately came to mind. Finally, sensing Rachel's impatience growing again, he cautiously inquired, "But first, can I just ask...how did you find out?"

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes, "*Hmmphh*! Gee, I dunno...did you enjoy your *shower* this morning?"

Jacob's eyes widened, "You...you were in the house?"

"Well, *duh*!!" Rachel replied sarcastically, before adding with disdain, "I arrived just in time to hear you 'dump your load' all over Mom's 'big, beautiful ass!'" The pornographic images from her Mom and brother's salacious shower once again replayed in Rachel's mind. Along with Jacob's lingering scent, they brought on a fresh wave of arousal that began to erode her anger like

the relentless tide washing away sand from the beach. Having rendered her brother speechless, Rachel continued, "Now, answer *my* question. How long have you and Mom been having sex?"

Jacob replied cautiously, "Since...the beginning."

Rachel recoiled and was incredulous, "Since the *beginning*?!"

"Well..." Jacob backtracked. "Now that I think about it...it was actually a couple of weeks after *this* had all started." He nodded slightly down to his genitals. "At first, Mom had limited everything to just handjobs and blowjobs, but over time she-- "

"Wait, wait, wait...hold on just a minute." Rachel held up her hand, interrupting her brother. She then asked jadedly, "Do you mean to tell me, that on the day I found out about this...Mom had *already* been helping you?"

Jacob nodded in reply.

Rachel looked away and huffed in disbelief. After a moment, she turned back to Jacob and asked, "Were you *ever* gonna tell me?"

Looking up at his sister, Jacob wasn't sure how to answer. He simply shrugged his shoulders in response.

Rachel sat down on the side of the bed, "What do you *mean* you don't know? For God's sake, Jake! I've been risking my marriage all this time just to help you...the least you could've done was to be open and honest with me!" The older sister could see traces of sadness and remorse in her brother's eyes. Rachel continued with a softer tone, "You know, over the years, we've argued, bickered and been a pain in each other's ass like any normal brother and sister do, but underneath it all, I've always believed that you and I had each other's back and could trust one another. I felt that we shared a special bond, especially with all that's happened recently regarding you and your...situation."

Jacob spoke up, "We did! I mean...we do. We *still* do!" He then pleaded with sincerity, "I'm sorry, Rach...I truly am. Honestly, you're the best big sister a guy could ever ask for. I know I've said that a lot lately, but you *really* are!"

Jacob could see the expression on Rachel's face soften. There was even just the slightest hint of a smile now. He continued, "Looking back on it, you're absolutely right...I should've trusted you more. I wish I'd told you everything that day, when you first learned about my condition. I guess...I guess I was just being a *moron* as usual, and not thinking clearly."

Rachel remembered that day vividly. She had burst into Jacob's bedroom unannounced (as usual) to see if he wanted to come down to the pool and join her for a swim. She instead found him at his computer, jacking off his 'condition' to some online porn. At first, Rachel had been horrified by her unintentional, newfound discovery. However, the nagging fascination of it soon got the better of her. Shortly afterward, the young wife decided to sneak out of bed and away from her sleeping husband that very night in order to return to Jacob's bedroom and satisfy her tantalized curiosity. Eventually, she succumbed to the effects of his hormones and gave her baby brother a world-class blowjob, thus turning their 'special bond' into something...*extra special*.

Rachel noticed that her growing arousal had by now pretty much overtaken the anger she'd once felt toward Jacob. The older sister knew without a doubt how the rest of this afternoon would play out. She was going to shamelessly give in to her desires once more, and have a go or two with her little brother's big, throbbing cock. However, she didn't want Jacob to know that...not yet, at least.

Rachel softly chuckled and replied to Jacob's comment, "Oh, you were thinking alright, *moron*...just with the wrong *head*!" She ended her statement by flicking the tip of her brother's towering penis with her index finger.

"*Ouch*!" Jacob exclaimed, as he grabbed a hold of his swaying phallus. Slowly stroking the shaft, he exclaimed, "Dang it, Rach...that hurts, you know!"

Rachel scoffed, then said, "Well, little brother...consider yourself lucky." She narrowed her eyes and added, "You deserve much worse!"

With a heavy sigh, Jacob nodded and agreed solemnly, "Yeah, I know...you're absolutely right." He then inquired, "But tell me...what can I do to make it up to you?"

With a smirk, Rachel replied, "Oh, don't you worry...I have quite a few ideas in mind, but first..." The older sister then leaned in and continued, "I need to know that from here on out, you're gonna be totally honest with me and never hide *anything* from me, ever again."

"I won't!" Jacob quickly agreed while shaking his head. "I'll tell you *everything* from now on...I promise."

"I don't want your promise!" Rachel then held out her right hand with her pinky finger extended. "I want you to *swear* it."

Hoping the solemn gesture would help get him back into his sister's good graces, Jacob happily hooked his pinky finger around Rachel's and said, "I'll *double* swear it! I'll tell you everything!" He then eagerly took her left hand

and was relieved when Rachel allowed him to seal his pledge with their rarely-used 'double-pinky swear'.

Feeling somewhat better about his prospects, Jacob finally decided to proceed, "So, uh...what do you wanna know?"

Rachel coyly placed the pad of her index finger against the pee slit of Jacob's cock. As she lazily smeared his pre-cum all around and coated the spongy tip of his glans, she replied, "Well, for starters...I want you to tell me all about how *you* and this *monstrosity* of yours corrupted our dear, sweet, innocent Mother." Looking deep into her brother's eyes, she added, "And don't you dare leave anything out! I wanna know every...sordid...detail."

"*Every* detail?" Jacob replied.

"Uh-huh," Rachel confirmed with a naughty grin. "Every...last...one."

"Okay..." Jacob agreed, staring back into his sister's beautiful, green eyes. He felt relieved to notice the disturbingly furious glare that Rachel had displayed earlier, which so cowered him, had now receded into a combined look of curiosity and mischief. "Where do you want me to start?"

Rachel leaned back a little and replied with a slight chuckle, "Well, squirt, just like any good story...start from the very beginning, of course."

As he slowly resumed stroking his aching cock, Jacob did just as Rachel requested. He recounted in full the complete tale of how their Mother had first commenced 'helping' him with his unfortunate 'condition'. From memory, the teenager described each sinful exploit in great detail, starting from the day when his straitlaced Mother had first reluctantly given him a handjob in his bedroom, all the way up to their illicit shower scene which Rachel had stumbled upon earlier that morning.

Rachel was utterly flabbergasted to hear how their heretofore squeaky-clean Mom had 'relieved' Jacob with a blowjob inside a fitting room at the local mall, as well as their wicked tryst which had taken place in the church basement nursery during the annual rummage sale. She was shocked beyond belief when her younger sibling recounted all the previous times when he had fucked their loving Mother, often from behind: in the laundry room right before she took him to school, and their first time in the shower. Each salacious anecdote seemed to top the next, such as the time when Jacob had pounded Karen in her bikini as she was bent over the kitchen sink, whilst they watched her clueless husband blissfully working away in the backyard.

However, Rachel's arousal spiked off the charts when Jacob recited the sinfully depraved events that had taken place the previous Saturday night at the hotel in Atlanta.

Her brother spared her none of the raunchy details: From how Karen had given him the wrong medication to how, in performance of her 'motherly duties', Karen had finally fully surrendered to her primal desires and had 'helped' Jacob again and again, before they both finally passed out from sheer and utter exhaustion. The wicked thought of her prim and proper mother, Karen Mitchell, using her beautiful mouth and curvaceous, MILF body to desperately drain her own son's bloated testicles *six* times during a single night, all while her inebriated dad slept cluelessly mere feet away, caused Rachel's naked vagina to literally gush with excitement. It took every bit of self-control for the horny big sister not to jump her little brother then and there.

Somehow, over time and without thinking, Rachel found herself taking over for Jacob's ministrations. Her left hand slowly pumped up and down her little brother's throbbing penis, causing more of his sticky precum to bubble from its tip, until it trickled down his veiny shaft and collected on her tightly-grasping fingers. As Rachel continued to leisurely jack off her baby brother, she inquired, "So, answer me something else, squirt...what can you tell me about Mom's breasts?"

"What do you mean?" Jacob responded absentmindedly. His attention was now solely focused on Rachel's soft, manicured hand as it made the long, slow trip up and

down his rigid stalk of flesh. The wedding bands on her ring finger became increasingly soiled from the pearly beads of his precum dribbling lewdly onto her sensuously slender digits.

Rachel paused her handjob to get Jacob's attention and replied, "C'mon Jake...don't try and play dumb with me! I saw what happened in the shower this morning. Her big, bouncing tits were squirting breastmilk all over the place. How is that even possible?!" Rachel then asked in a curious whisper, "She-- she isn't *pregnant*...is she??"

Jacob looked up into his sister's green eyes and replied emphatically, shaking his head, "*NO*! I mean...no, she's not pregnant. At least, not that I'm aware of..." The teenager stopped short of revealing the fact to his sister that, until recently, he was usually obliged to wear a condom whenever he and his Mother engaged in sexual intercourse...*normally*. He did not want to put the notion into Rachel's head, which could result in her requiring him to use the awful things with her, too.

Rachel resumed her languid handjob and concurred, "No? Well, hopefully you're right about that. From what I remember, she's been taking birth control for years now."

Jacob shrugged since he pretty much assumed the same as well, despite the fact that Karen had often warned him at first about the risk of him getting her pregnant if he came

inside of her. Promises aside, he thought it wise if Rachel wasn't divulged of that particular detail, and did his best to avoid the issue. Who knew how his sister would react had he told her that not only that morning, but more often than not these days, he was cumming inside of their Mother? Rachel for sure didn't need to know how he recently noticed that he was cumming much harder, and pumping much bigger and thicker loads, whenever he knew he was gonna do it inside of his Mother...and that Karen also now seemed to be getting more and more into it. "*Maybe that's why her boobs are shooting a lot more milk now*?" Jacob mused.

Thankfully, his curious sister moved on with her intrigued inquisition, "So, if Mom's *not* pregnant, then how in the world can she be lactating? Has she been doing that the whole time?"

Jacob shook his head, "No...at least not in the beginning. It started not long after her boobs started getting bigger, and it seems to happen now whenever I-- she cums really hard. At first, it was just small spurts here and there, but over time the frequency and volume have increased quite a bit...as you saw earlier in the shower." The teenager then added, "According to Ms. Turner, the lactating seems to be another weird side effect of the WICK-Tropin hormone."

Rachel glanced down at her own chemically-enhanced boobs tucked away underneath her cotton dress. She instantly recalled how her previously youthful breasts had suddenly and without warning expanded an entire cup size not long after she'd begun ingesting Jacob's hormone-laced semen. Looking back to her younger brother, Rachel asked, slightly concerned, "My tits got bigger too...remember? Does that mean *mine* could start doing that?"

Surprisingly, the older sister didn't feel petrified with fear about the possibility. After all, from the earlier expression on her Mother's face, Karen seemed to greatly enjoy the rather uncontrollable experience. She then wondered if the same thing did happen to occur to her, how Scott would react should her inflated tits all of a sudden begin to express breastmilk whenever *she* experienced an orgasm. Shaking her head incredulously at the prospect, Rachel reminded herself that since her husband was a typical guy...more than likely, he'd love it.

Jacob shrugged as he answered Rachel's question, "Not sure...I mean, it's possible." He then added, "From what I've been told enlarged breasts, heightened arousal, and extremely powerful orgasms seem to be quite common. However, some of the other side effects and their severity can differ from woman to woman."

"Like what?" Rachel asked with a hint of suspicion.

"Well..." Jacob began as he leaned back against the headboard. "Some women, like Mom, for instance, begin to lactate. Others can experience a combination of side-effects like enhanced sensitivity, squirting orgasms, multiple births, and in some cases enlargement of other...body parts."

Rachel furrowed her brow, "Which body parts?"

"The clit, mainly," Jacob replied.

"*Really?*" Rachel whispered in response.

Jacob nodded and added, "Yeah...I overheard Ms. Turner tell Mom all about this unfortunate woman up in Roswell. It seems the hormones caused her clit to grow three times its normal size, so that it eventually resembled a miniature penis."

Rachel's eyes widened, and she gasped. "*Three times*?!?"

"Uh-huh." Jacob nodded again. "Apparently, she couldn't even walk normally without getting constantly turned on because it got so sensitive. According to Ms. Turner, the lady had to stop wearing panties altogether because the fabric rubbing against her pussy was keeping her in a continuous state of arousal."

Rachel suddenly stopped stroking her brother's throbbing cock. "You've got to be kidding!"

Jacob shook his head. "I heard the lady got so frustrated, that one day she lost control and ended up having sex with her neighbor's teenaged son."

"No way!" Rachel softly exclaimed, as she resumed casually jacking off her brother.

"That's not the worst of it!" Jacob said with a chuckle. "The woman's poor husband just happened to come home early that same day from work to surprise her and take her out for her birthday. Ironically, *he's* the one who got a big surprise-- when he walked in to find his wife butt-ass naked, bent over their dining room table, and getting plowed from behind by the same kid who'd just finished mowing their lawn!"

"Oh, my God!" Rachel whispered. "What ended up happening to them?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "Not sure about the neighbor's kid, but according to Ms. Turner, the married couple is currently seeing a marriage counselor. The wife feels horrible and swears up and down that she only slipped up due to the WICK-Tropin hormone's side effects of enlarging her clit and causing her to have uncontrollable lust."

"Holy shit...that's crazy!" Rachel mumbled in amazement. She suddenly became very self-conscious of her own little 'magic button', even though, thankfully it hadn't become

abnormally-enlarged yet, like that of the poor wife in Jacob's story. All the sex talk, however, whilst she continued to breathe in her brother's pheromones, did seem to have Rachel's clit buzzing like there was no tomorrow. Her leaking vagina had become quite a swampy mess and was absolutely begging for attention.

Rachel glanced at the alarm clock on Scott's nightstand and noticed that the afternoon was quickly slipping away. Releasing her grip on Jacob's cock, she stood up from the bed, determined to make the most of the time that she and her younger brother had left before she needed to get him back to their parent's house. Motioning with her hand, she instructed Jacob, "Scooch down, and lay flat on your back."

Jacob immediately complied with his sister's request. Once in the proper position, he asked with hopeful curiosity, "Okay...now what?"

As she took off her thin cotton dress, Rachel replied, "Well, earlier...I believe you'd asked how you could make it up to me?"

Seeing Rachel's near-naked body caused Jacob's pulse to quicken. He instinctively took a hold of his raging erection and distractedly confirmed, "Yeah...I sure did."

After draping her dress onto the back of a nearby chair, Rachel reached behind her back and began to unfasten the

hooks of her bright, yellow demi-bra. Looking back at her brother, she added, "So, I guess now's as good a time as any to start...don't ya think?" She then dropped the sexy undergarment on top of her discarded dress and stood before her baby brother as naked as the day she was born.

Even though he had seen Rachel naked several times by now, Jacob's eyes still widened with an appreciative fascination. Her beautiful, former-cheerleader body was still textbook perfection: flawless skin, long, shapely legs, curvy hips, a flat and taut stomach. Topping it all off, she now sported chemically-enhanced, rounded D-cup tits which proudly defied gravity and sat high and perky atop her chest. If he hadn't known any better, Jacob could swear his older sibling wasn't at all human but was actually created in some secret laboratory...like the ones he read about in his sci-fi comic books.

Jacob couldn't help but smile as his gorgeous sister got back onto the bed and began to climb on top of him. His eyes were drawn to the shiny, golden cross pendant swinging from her neck, which glimmered each time it was hit by the rays of afternoon sun filtering in through the window. With eager anticipation, Jacob suddenly felt his cock twitch at the thought of being balls-deep in his third different pussy of the past two days. He was definitely on a roll!

However, Jacob was a bit confused when, instead of straddling him 'cowgirl' style as he expected, Rachel swung her leg around and mounted him in the opposite direction. As he lay there, his sister crawled backward on her hands and knees until her hairless vagina was directly above his face. The sweet and pungent aroma emanating from his sister's dripping, wet snatch entered his lungs and caused a dirty thrill to race throughout his skinny, teenaged body.

Rachel took a hold of Jacob's towering erection and began slowly dragging her pink tongue along the slick dome and piss-slit of his weeping cock. After swallowing its syrupy discharge, she noted casually, "Mom told me on the phone earlier that we're gonna have Mexican food for dinner tonight."

Somewhat perplexed by Rachel's out-of-the-blue comment about that evening's meal, Jacob replied with a hint of confusion, "Um, yeah...that was the plan anyway. In fact, it was sorta my idea."

"Oh, *really* now?" Rachel quipped, as she widened her knees further apart, bringing her dripping-wet vagina to within inches of Jacob's face and giving him a direct view of the glistening inner folds of her yearning sex. "Well, could I perhaps interest you in an appetizer?" she added with a giggle. Before giving him a chance to reply, the horny sister dropped her hips and planted her saturated

pussy squarely onto her brother's lips. She then wrapped her sucking mouth around Jacob's tasty meat stick, and the two of them proceeded to commence with a sensuous, incestuous sibling sixty-nine.

"*Mmmmmmmm*..." Rachel moaned from the pleasure of Jacob's tongue darting in between her tender folds and sliding across her engorged clit. She couldn't help but praise herself for having taught him this invaluable 'life skill'. The young wife hated to admit it, but her inexperienced baby brother was definitely better at the art of cunnilingus than even her loving husband. She then raised her head and licked the gooey mess of spit and Jacob's precum from her lips. "That's it...just like I taught you!" she grunted, rotating her curvy hips and smearing more of her sweet, womanly essence all over Jacob's face.

With her body vibrating from the hormone's effects, it took little time for the aroused housewife to reach her first climax of the afternoon. "Oh yeah...like that...eat it...eat your big sister's taco...you nasty...little...*MOTHER*...*FUCKER*!!!" Rachel closed her eyes and cried out, "*AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH*!!!!!" as her pussy exploded in orgasm.

Jacob tightened his grip on Rachel's shapely thighs as he vigorously licked his sister's climaxing vagina. He himself began to groan as his lapping tongue collected the tasty

treat of Rachel's sweet and creamy 'taco' sauce that was dripping from her quivering quim.

While Rachel recovered from her toe-curling orgasm, she resumed licking and sucking on her brother's massive cock. She also noticed Jacob's attention to her still-tingling pussy had waned. Removing her mouth from the tip of his pulsing manhood, she looked over her shoulder back towards Jacob and asked, "What's going on? Why'd you stop?"

Jacob strained his neck, trying to look at Rachel's face. However, it was mostly blocked by her big, beautiful butt staring him straight in the face. "My jaw hurts...I think I'm gonna need a break."

Rachel scoffed. "A break?!"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...just a couple of minutes."

Rachel tightened her grip on Jacob's veiny shaft and resumed jerking him off. "C'mon, squirt....we haven't got all day! Remember...I still have to 'pick you up from school' at 3:30, and then take you home."

Glancing over at the alarm clock on the nightstand, Jacob saw that they still had plenty of time. However, as much as he enjoyed feasting on Rachel's tasty, married pussy, he was very eager to move on to the next course. Namely, that of stirring up his big sister's sweet honey pot with his

big, thick meat stick that now just happened to be aching much more than his jaw. He offered optimistically, "Well, if you're worried about time, then we could always move on to something else..."

Rachel scoffed and shook her head, "Nuh-huh...I don't think so!" Even though she couldn't see the expression on Jacob's face, she could sense from his cock her brother's disappointment. She continued, "Besides, as I seem to recall, you said you wanted to start making it up to me...right?"

"Well...yeah...of course I did..." Jacob answered while looking up at his beautiful sister's hairless crotch that was hovering just above him. He couldn't help but notice a clear droplet of Rachel's 'excitement' dangling from the tender folds of her aroused vagina.

"Okay then..." Rachel quickly cut him off. She then began to sway her hips from side to side and added, "So go ahead, little brother...stop dawdling around and get back to work!" At that very moment, the clinging drop surrendered its hold and fell, landing on Jacob's upper lip.

A while later, Rachel remained on all fours above Jacob. Her right hand held onto her brother's cock with a death grip as she quickly approached her third climax of the afternoon. She called out words of encouragement to her little brother as the orgasmic wave continued to swell,

"Oh yeah, squirt...right there...that's the spot!!" She then began to grind her hairless crotch harder against Jacob's face.

Jacob found it somewhat difficult to breathe, with his mouth tightly sealed against Rachel's ripe and juicy twat and his nose buried inside the deep cavern in between her cushiony buttcheeks. However, he found the heady combination of his sister's natural, musky scent and the coconut-sandalwood body wash she'd used in the shower that morning to be downright intoxicating.

On top of his lack of oxygen and the possibility of passing out, Jacob's jaw ached fiercely, and his tongue began to tire. However, like a man hell-bent on accomplishing a mission, he powered through his discomfort, determined to satisfy his sister's ravenous need and appetite...and hopefully solidify his place back in her good graces.

Sliding his hands up from Rachel's thighs to her flawless rear end, Jacob dug his fingers into the firm, yet yielding, flesh of her round and meaty bottom. He then latched on to her engorged clitoris with his lips and began sucking on his sister's juicy cunt as if it were a sun-ripened Georgia peach.

The effects were instant and intense.

"Ohhhh...*SHIT*!!!" Rachel called out, as her baby brother feasted on her hairless twat. She couldn't help but squirm

around on top of Jacob as he ate her out as if he were starving for pussy. "Oh yeah...suck it! Suck on my clit!!" she commanded with a growl, as she ground her hips down even harder, totally cutting off Jacob's air supply.

Undaunted by his inability to breathe, Jacob continued with an all-out oral assault on his sister's 'magic button', sending her into a screaming climax. Rachel threw her head back and called out, "Oh yes! Eat it...you little twerp!! *Ohhhh yeeesssss*!!! Eat meeee!!! Ohhhhhh...*FFFFUUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK*!!!!!"

Even though he was bordering on asphyxiation, Jacob was still lucid enough to lap up all the sweet girl cream dripping endlessly from the lips of his sister's quivering pussy.

Moments later, both siblings were breathing heavily. Rachel fought to catch her breath after experiencing a fourth, body-shaking climax brought on by her brother's talented mouth. Jacob, on the other hand, was struggling to refill his lungs due to the fact that he'd been virtually suffocated by his married sister's big, beautifully-round butt. However, he dared not complain, because the teenager could easily think of much worse ways for a guy to depart this world for the hereafter than to die with his face buried in a gorgeous woman's cushiony backside...especially his hot, ex-cheerleader sister's!

After sitting up straight, Rachel swung herself around to face Jacob again, straddling his skinny legs while taking a hold of his raging boner with her right hand. She quickly noticed her brother's face was covered from nose to chin in a glistening, gooey sheen of her womanly secretions. The older sibling couldn't help but chuckle, "Hey, squirt...I think you've got something..." She then scraped his chin with her index finger and added, "...riiiiight *there!*"

Using his hand to wipe the sweet and sticky goo from his mouth, Jacob replied, "Yeah? Well, it's no wonder, seeing as how my crazy-assed sister insisted on sitting on my face, and almost smothered me to death with her big ol' butt and soppin' wet pussy!"

Planting her left hand on her husband's pillow, Rachel leaned down to where her face was mere inches away from Jacob's. She could feel her big, firm breasts flattening against her brother's scrawny chest. With a snarky grin, she commented, "Oh my...where on earth did you ever learn such *nasty* language? Do you kiss your Mother with that mouth?"

Jacob scoffed and confidently replied, "As a matter of fact, yes...yes I do!"

Rachel could see something else now in Jacob's eyes, along with his sneering smirk...a brash, cocky pride.

Taken aback and sitting straight up again, she asked, somewhat aghast, "You're kidding me...*aren't* you? I mean...you've actually *kissed* Mom?!"

Jacob replied with a simple nod.

Rachel continued, "Just so we're clear...we aren't talking about the chaste, motherly kisses she gives us all the time...right?"

Jacob replied again by shaking his head.

"*HOLY CRAP*!" Rachel whispered in disbelief to herself. The thought of her piously Christian Mother allowing her own son to kiss her in such an inappropriate way was mind-blowingly hot. She began to wonder that if these hormones were strong enough to induce the heretofore prim and proper Karen Mitchell to cross all kinds of sinful boundaries with her very own son...then what else would she be willing to try?

As Jacob stared up at his gorgeous, naked sister, he could tell she was pondering something. Still unsure about where he stood at the moment, yet unable to resist the temptation any longer, he tentatively reached up and cupped her left breast with his right hand. Whilst gently groping his older sibling's soft and perky D-cup, he added, in almost a boast, "Oh...and just so you know...she kissed *me* first."

Hearing that fact caused a shiver to run up Rachel's spine. Her right hand instinctively tightened its grip on her brother's throbbing cock. Looking down into Jacob's eyes, she asked, "Really? *She* kissed *you* first??"

"Yep...*and* she slipped me the tongue!" Jacob brazenly responded.

Receiving no repercussions for his aggressive action, Jacob decided to be a bit bolder and used his left hand to take a hold of Rachel's other breast. As he squeezed and fondled both of his sister's world-class tits, he offered up, "Would you like me to go into more detail about that, too?"

Rachel was very intrigued and wanted to hear all about Jacob's romantic kissing episodes with their conservative Mother. However, she felt there were more pressing issues to take care of at the moment. The appetizer of having her brother perform oral sex on her had been great, but now the older sister's drooling pussy was hungrily craving for the main course: Jacob's monster meat stick.

Looking back down at her baby brother, Rachel replied, "Yeah, I do wanna hear all about it...but maybe later." The young wife then raised up and positioned the tip of Jacob's rock-hard penis straight at the yearning entrance to her married vagina, mixing his slick precum with her slippery secretions.

Jacob couldn't help but smile as he tweaked both of Rachel's hardened, pink nipples between his thumbs and index fingers. "Oh, yeah! Now we're talking..." he commented. "It's about dang time, Rach...I could *really* use some relief!"

Rachel stopped with her teasing and looked down with a slight scowl on her face. "Just 'cos we're about to do this...don't get any silly ideas that you're totally out of the woods yet, dork!" She then grabbed both of Jacob's wrists and pulled his hands away from her young and supple titties. Pinning his skinny arms down by his side, she continued, "Remember...you're still making it up to me!"

Rachel once again hovered her womanhood right above Jacob's throbbing tool, before dropping her hips abruptly down onto her brother's pelvis, eliciting a moan and a groan from each of them as they made connection. At once the fat, spongy head of his drooling dick slid tightly past the glistening lips of her hyper-aroused sex, followed by the rest of Jacob's stiff shaft stuffing her up to the fullest. It was at this moment when Rachel remembered that she was no longer taking birth control. She recalled the incredulous horror she'd felt that morning, watching her brother seemingly pumping their Mother full of sperm, and didn't want to risk getting pregnant with her own nephew or niece. Pulling herself back until Jacob's fleshy spear was just at the entryway into her love box,

she warned, "Oh...and don't you *dare* shoot your stuff inside of me...you hear?"

Jacob wisely nodded in agreement, though not without some scarcely-concealed disappointment.

"Okay!" Rachel then continued, in a motherly tone, "Now...just lay there, like a good little boy...until I'm done." She then lowered her hips once more and gasped when the head of her brother's cock penetrated her sexy body all the way again, straight to the threshold of her womb. As she slowly increased her tempo with each impaling thrust downwards onto Jacob's mighty staff, she added, right before another orgasm overwhelmed her, "Just remember...today...is all about...*meeeEEEEE*!!!"

Rachel took her time breaking in her brand-new marital bed, as she eagerly used Jacob like a human dildo. With both her hands planted on his skinny chest, the older sister shamelessly rode her little brother like there was no tomorrow, bringing herself to multiple spine-tingling orgasms until she ultimately lost count. Having learned the news that a probable cure for Jacob's condition was not far off, the married sister reasoned that she'd better get her fill of her brother's monster cock as much as she can...while she still could.

Jacob lay there flat on his back beneath Rachel as his big sister used him, happily going along for the ride while

clutching for dear life at her soft and fluffy bed comforter. He watched in total awe as she bounced up and down relentlessly on his aching cock. Her honey-blonde hair flounced wildly about her angelic face, while several strands stuck to her sweat-matted brow and cheeks. In Jacob's eyes, his typically well-groomed and pristine-looking older sister was actually becoming sexier and sexier the more she became disheveled.

Jacob had no problem with Rachel using him as her personal sex toy...in fact, he rather enjoyed it. However, the pain in his swollen genitals was once again becoming a looming problem. Ever since they'd begun their session of 'negotiating' that afternoon, he had yet to ejaculate even once. Jacob could sense that he'd generated another thick, loaded batch of sperm in his balls since that morning's fun in the shower with his Mom. Now, nearly 6 hours later, the pressure inside his swollen testicles was becoming quite uncomfortable.

Downstairs, the entire interior of the Morgans' newly-purchased home had been deathly quiet, except for the slight squeaking of the master bed mattress springs and the increasingly rhythmic thumping of its headboard resounding from upstairs. Soon, Rachel's high-pitched wails joined in on the chorus, as it echoed down the hall and throughout the house, signaling the impending arrival of yet another of her body-wracking climaxes. Her back

was arched, her eyes were clenched shut, and her mouth was wide open in a voiceless scream. "*Oh yes! It's...coming! Oh, God!!* It's...it's..." she was finally able to utter.

Jarringly, the house phone suddenly rang. Its untimely and rude interruption startled Rachel from her impending euphoria and, in the process ruined what was certain to be her most intense orgasm of the afternoon. The irritated housewife glared with annoyance at the ringing handset stationed on the nightstand beside her. She was all set to ignore it and whoever the caller was on the other end when suddenly, she remembered a promise made to her that morning and her eyes widened.

"*OHHHHHHHHH...SHIT*!!!" Rachel exclaimed in horror, once it dawned on her who was probably on the other end of the line. Unceremoniously dismounting her brother, she frantically crawled across the king-sized bed and snatched the handset from its charging base, knocking the framed wedding photo of her and Scott off the nightstand in the process. To her relief, it survived its fall, thudding softly onto their brand-new plush carpeting.

Somewhat confused by all the sudden drama, Jacob raised up on his elbows and asked, "What's going on?"

After taking a quick glance at the caller ID, Rachel brought her index finger to her lips and shushed her

brother, replying tersely in a sharp whisper, "*Gotta take this call*!" Finally pressing the 'answer' button, Rachel put the receiver up to her ear, slightly peeved at herself for having allowed it to ring much longer than usual.

"Hey there, handsome!" she greeted Scott, feigning a happy tone in her voice and nervously twirling a strand of her disheveled hair with her finger. In an attempt to get her breathing back under control, and to stem the rising guilt she felt, Rachel grabbed a nearby pillow and held it to her chest. It was all she could do to diffuse the otherwise awkward situation of talking on the phone with her husband, while at the same time laying butt-ass naked in their marital bed with her younger brother. Putting her index finger back to her lips, she again signaled to Jacob for him to keep quiet.

Jacob nodded and flopped back onto his brother-in-law's pillow, giving his sister a disenchanted 'thumbs up' to indicate he understood her message.

"Oh, you were? I'm so sorry, sweetheart..." Rachel replied to her husband. "I must've left my cell phone downstairs." After a few seconds, she answered Scott's questions with questioning answers of her own, "I sound out of breath? What am I doing?" She motioned with a dumbfounded gesture of her hand over to Jacob, who was sitting with his back against the headboard and still nude from the waist down. Slowly stroking his raging boner, all the

jaded little brother could do was shake his head and shrug his shoulders as his sister wordlessly appealed for help.

Annoyed at getting no assistance whatsoever from Jacob, Rachel tried to think of a plausible lie she could tell Scott. Knowing she could never reveal to her innocent husband the ugly, sordid truth that she'd just spent the better part of the past hour riding her baby brother's cock like a cheap harlot, she finally came up with a believable fib. "Oh, nothing much. Just unpacking a few more of the boxes from the garage. That's why I'm so out of breath...toting those heavy things up all the stairs has just about worn me out!"

With a sigh of relief, Rachel smiled and said, "No...we decided not to go shopping today. Instead, Mom and I plan on going tomorrow." Dropping the pillow away from her chest, she rolled over and lay flat on her tummy. "Well..." she replied to Scott, "Mom had so many errands to run today that we thought it'd just be better to postpone 'til tomorrow. In fact, later on, I'm gonna go pick Jake up after school to help her out."

Rachel could sense the empty yearning in her pussy returning, stemming from the rudely unfulfilled climax she'd just been denied. The constant tingling in her nether regions caused her to squeeze her thighs together in an attempt to ease the tension...at least until she could wrap up the intrusive conversation with her husband.

Unfortunately, that task was going to take a little longer than expected due to Scott informing her that his meeting had been pushed back by an hour.

Thinking back to earlier that morning, Rachel now regretted not telling Scott to just text her when he arrived for his meeting in Tuscaloosa, instead of calling. It was beginning to feel awkward discussing the subject of her brother with her husband on the phone, while that same brother was lying totally nude next to her in their marital bed.

Desperate to steer the conversation elsewhere and, without suspicion, hopefully bring it to a natural close, Rachel asked, "So, tell me babe...how was your drive over there?"

As Rachel patiently listened to Scott mundanely describe his long-distance morning commute over to Alabama, Jacob continued to slowly jack off his aching cock. Very quickly, he was openly ogling his naked sister while she lay temptingly prone on the bed beside him. His feasting eyes traveled all along the sensuous curves of her tight and flawless, former-cheerleader body. Finally, Jacob's focus honed in on the bubbly, bountiful shape of her feminine backside.

Jacob couldn't help but notice that every so often, Rachel's cute, moon-shaped ass would teasingly shimmy

from side to side. Likely, it was a residual old habit of what she used to do as a teenaged girl, when she'd always be gossiping or flirting on the phone. With the way Rachel was flaunting her goods however, Jacob soon began to wonder if she was actually doing it on purpose. With a devilish grin, he convinced himself this was just another one of the ways his older sibling felt she could torment and antagonize her younger brother.

Earlier, Rachel had mentioned that the afternoon's 'negotiating' was 'all about her' and was a way for Jacob to begin making restitution for hiding the fact from her that he'd been boinking their Mother. It had been almost an hour now since the siblings had begun their 'negotiation' session, and Rachel had been the fortunate recipient of many toe-curling orgasms. However, Jacob for his part had yet to ejaculate even once, though it wasn't from any lack of effort by his sister. All the 'help' that he'd been getting over the past couple of days had apparently lengthened his fuse, not helped by the unwelcome interruption of his brother-in-law's phone call.

The massive load inside Jacob's swollen testicles continued to build. The familiar ache that he'd begun to feel just prior to Scott's rude intrusion had intensified again. It now felt similar to the pain which he'd suffered the previous Saturday night in Atlanta, when his Mother had mistakenly caused him to ingest his father's 'vitamins'.

Jacob was getting to the point now where he seriously needed some relief, and it seemed that Rachel wasn't in any particular hurry to end her annoyingly inane phone call with her husband.

With his eyes fixated on his sister's juicy, round bottom, Jacob reached over and ran his hand along the silky-smooth skin of Rachel's right butt cheek, giving it a gentle squeeze. Without so much as looking in Jacob's direction, the married sister swatted at her brother's wandering hand that was pawing at her glorious derrière, as if shooing away an annoying housefly. All the while, she was able to maintain the hum-drum conversation she was having over the phone with Scott.

Undeterred by his sister's slight rejection and desperate now more than ever to unload the thickly-brewing burden inside of his nutsack, a devious idea suddenly came to Jacob's mind. Quickly getting off the bed, he stepped over to Rachel's nightstand without her even noticing. Glancing back over to his sister, she was still flat on her stomach resting on her elbows and deeply immersed in her boring conversation with her husband.

Fondly recalling their last round of 'negotiating', Jacob pulled open the top drawer and rummaged around until he found the object which he sought-- the bottle of lube. The small plastic container of slippery fluid appeared to be the same one from a few weeks back, when Rachel had first

introduced him to the mind-blowing pleasures of anal sex. The illicit memory of that afternoon flashed back to the teenager's raunchily racing mind. The thought of once again plundering his sister's sweet and curvy ass and then dumping a huge load of his spunk deep in her tight and forbiddingly-married butt made his aching cock twitch, and his overfilled balls throb even more.

Rachel barely even noticed when Jacob climbed back onto the bed with her, nor when he took position and straddled the back of her shapely thighs. She did, however, react when she felt the weight and heat of her brother's giant penis plop down and nestle into the snug confines of her buttcrack.

Twisting herself around and looking back over her shoulder, Rachel threw her hand up and mouthed to Jacob, "*What are you doing*?!"

Jacob whispered back, "*Giving you a massage*!"

Rachel cocked her head in confusion. She then said into the phone, "Uh, honey...can you hang on a sec?" Carefully placing her palm over the mouthpiece, she asked softly, "What did you say?"

Speaking a little bit louder, Jacob reiterated, "I said...I'm gonna give you a massage. I thought I could give you a back rub, as part of my 'making it up' to you."

After pondering for a few seconds, Rachel smiled and replied, "Oh...okay...that actually sounds kinda nice." With a more serious look, she added, "But remember, I'm on the phone...so *be quiet*!"

Jacob responded with a mock salute.

Turning away from Jacob, Rachel resumed her position lying on her stomach, and said to Scott, "Sorry 'bout that, sweetheart...I thought I heard the doorbell ringing. Now, what were you saying?"

Jacob flipped open the top of the bottle and drizzled the clear lubricant onto the lower part of Rachel's back. He could sense his sister's body slightly clench as the cool liquid came into contact with her warm, slightly-tanned skin. However, receiving no negative response, the teenager closed the top, dropped the bottle onto the bed beside them, and proceeded with his back rub.

During the next few minutes, Jacob took his limited experience with rubbing Karen's tired feet and applied it to massaging Rachel's lower back. The results were just as positive as he'd gotten with his Mother. Occasionally, inadvertent moans of delight would escape his sister's mouth. Rachel desperately hoped and prayed that her oblivious husband on the other end of the line wouldn't pick up on her soft mewlings of pleasure that she was experiencing at the hands of her baby brother.

Eager to move things along, Jacob slowly crept backward on his knees as his hands worked their way from the dip in Rachel's lower back and up the curvy swell of her soft yet firm, youthful tushy. With his sister seemingly still engrossed in conversation with her husband, he once again opened the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount of the viscously clear liquid all over the twin globes of Rachel's flawlessly-shaped ass.

Rachel couldn't help but giggle audibly when the cold, slippery fluid made its way down the deep cavern in between her meaty buttcheeks and trickled across her super-sensitive, pink little bunghole. To hide her misstep, she said into the phone, "Oh nothing, sweetheart...just a silly commercial on TV."

Jacob spent the next couple of minutes massaging Rachel's upturned backside. Actually, it was less 'massaging' and more like lecherous groping. Using his youthful hands, he rubbed and squeezed his sister's juicy rump...occasionally peeling apart the fleshy cheeks to glimpse at the ultimate target of his lust: Rachel's glistening rear passage.

Suddenly, Rachel felt the tips of Jacob's fingers slide down the cleft in between her asscheeks and graze back and forth across her puckered starfish. The pleasant, yet unexpected sensation, caused her to swing her head around again and peer back at her brother over her right

shoulder. "*Not now, you dork*..." she mouthed explicitly, pointing. "*I'm on the phone*!"

However, Jacob didn't stop. Instead, he used the trick which Rachel had taught him and gently massaged her crinkly orifice with the pads of his thumb and index finger. Increasing the pressure, he noticed his sister's eyes slowly narrow until they closed, and she bit her bottom lip in an attempt to stifle a moan. When Rachel didn't rebuke him any further, Jacob used additional pressure until the tip of his lubricated finger slipped inside his sister's tight little hole up to the first knuckle.

Rachel's eyes immediately shot open, and an unintentional gasp escaped her mouth. Remembering in horror that her husband was on the other end of the line, she turned back around and replied, "Sorry, honey...I got distracted. There's this uhhhh...horrible news story on TV."

Rachel closed her eyes and bit harder into her bottom lip as Jacob's exploring digit burrowed deeper and deeper into her clutching anus. The incredible sensations caused her to raise her pelvis off the mattress, then slide her left hand underneath her belly down to her crotch to begin strumming her blood-engorged clit.

The yearning quest for the orgasm which Scott had unknowingly denied Rachel earlier was quickly rebuilding, and she knew she needed to end the call with

her husband as soon as possible. Trying her best to keep her voice from shaking, Rachel asked, "So, ummmm...how much longer 'til your meeting? If you need to hang up now, I...I totally understand!" The young housewife was becoming desperate...more and more she was finding it harder to hide the risky lilt in her voice as she spoke. Rachel knew she couldn't in good conscience remain on the phone with her husband while diddling herself to a climax and, at the same time, having her baby brother's finger jammed up her tight little pooper.

Jacob then upped the ante even further by adding more lube and a second digit to the anal-fingering assault he was giving to his sister's greasy asshole. The additional stimulation caused an accidental shriek to slip past Rachel's lips, "*Oh, shhhit*!!"

With as much control as she could muster, Rachel explained her outburst to Scott. "Sweetie...I just noticed the time. I need to start getting ready, so I can pick up...*mmmmmmm*...Jake from school. So, I'm gonna...*oh jeeze*...get off now... I mean, *get off*...the phone...*oh my God*...okay??" Again, she desperately hoped that the frantic tone in her voice wasn't misconstrued by her husband, or that he caught on to the actual cause of her frenetic desire to end their phone call.

As the climactic wave of a thunderously approaching orgasm continued to build, Rachel mindlessly raised her

hips up higher in the air to assist Jacob and his angle of attack. The teenager's wildly thrusting fingers were mere seconds away from bringing the busty, honey-blonde beauty to a screaming anal orgasm. Beginning to panic that she might lose total control, the loving wife abruptly ended the call with her oblivious husband, "Okay, sweetheart...see you tonight...*love you*!"

Not even waiting to hear Scott's reply, Rachel hit the 'end call' button (or at least she hoped she did) and tossed the phone aside, landing with a soft 'thud' on the carpeted floor next to her wedding photo. Now unfettered with the freedom to fully express her joy, Rachel called out, "Oh yes...yesss...*YESSSSSSS*!!!" However, the rising tide of her desperately-sought for tsunami abruptly receded when Jacob removed his pistoning digits from her butt, and she was once again denied her glorious orgasm.

Feeling disappointed by the sudden, empty void in her ass, Rachel whined pitifully in denied arousal and frustration, "*Awwww*, Jake! W--why...did you stop?" Her complaint was quickly assuaged when she felt the spongy tip of her brother's monstrous cock press up against her well-lubricated back door.

At first, Rachel considered denying Jacob's advances. After all, their original deal had been that he could only have her ass again when he finally announced his official choice of schools-- namely, The University of Georgia.

However, the powerful, inebriating effects that the wicked hormones were having on her, and having been edged to the precipice of orgasm twice now with no relief, was causing Rachel to strongly reconsider that former agreement.

As the delicious pressure against her sensitive rosebud intensified, Rachel thought back to the previous 'negotiating' session which she'd had with her brother. It was during a stormy afternoon at the rental house, when she had first experienced Jacob's fleshy beast pillaging her most intimate orifice. Afterwards, it had taken almost an entire week for her battered rectum to fully recover from the vicious assault she'd received. However, the incomparable pleasure Rachel had experienced from the entire, excruciating ordeal had, in the end (pun intended), made it all worth the while to her.

Feeling Jacob's grip tighten on her curvy hips, Rachel finally waved the white flag of surrender. The horny older sibling stretched her arms forward and thrust her rear end high up in the air, entering an obscene-looking extended 'young puppy' yoga pose. With the side of her face resting on the mattress' silky comforter, she softly instructed, "Remember, bro...take it *slow*."

Even after having used multiple fingers to loosen up Rachel's tight little asshole, Jacob found his sister's rubbery anal ring somewhat reluctant to allow him entry.

As he pulled on her fleshy hips and applied more pressure to the stubbornly resisting orifice, he grunted, "Don't worry, sis...I know exactly what to do." Once he felt the glans of his cock pierce through the final barrier and ensconce snugly in the threshold of Rachel's rectum, he added, "Now...it's *my* turn!"

"*OHHHHHHHHWWWWWW SSHHHHHIIITTTT*!!" Rachel yelped, her eyes bulging out as Jacob's massive fuckpole barged its way in one swift thrust several inches into her butt. "Watch it, dork!" she scolded her brother. "What part of *'take it slow*' don't you understand??!" Fortunately, her body remembered from their last go-around to immediately re-adjust, and the sharp pain quickly faded.

Jacob half grinned. "Sorry, Rach!" he replied, and pulled back to where only the bulbous head of his throbbing cock remained just inside of his sister's stretched-out anus. He then teased, "Do you want me to stop?"

Now that the initial pain and discomfort she felt had totally vanished, Rachel's animalistic arousal returned with a vengeance, and along with it, a sinful, feral desire to be completely filled and thoroughly fucked by her little brother. "*Noooo*!" she whimpered in response, "Don't-- "

Before Rachel could even finish her statement, Jacob thrust his hips forward, sliding the entire length of his

greased-up, veiny shaft with violence deep into his sister's upturned ass.

Now fully overcome by the wicked hormones and the utter depravity of it all, Rachel grunted with an almost primal growl and moaned, "Ohhhhh, yessss...*FUCK MEEEEEEE*!!!!"

"You got it, sis!" Jacob happily responded, and did exactly as Rachel requested. The eagerly-horny teenager quickly began buttfucking his beautiful sister with full, steady strokes, increasing his tempo as the aching load in his testicles continued to build.

Rachel remained in the same yoga position with her hands tightly clutching fistfuls of her marital bed's soft comforter, as she held on for the ride. She constantly cried aloud with each ass-stretching plunge of her brother's impossibly-sized dick plundering the depths of her bowels, until finally she reached the onset of her long-awaited climax. "Yes...*YESSSSSSS*!! I'm...I'm gonna...*CUMMMMMMM*!!"

Lifting her head from off the mattress, the married sister ordered her brother, "Don't stop, dork! Don't you dare!! *Oh Yes*!! I'm...*I'M...CUMMMMINNNNGGGG*!!!! *AAAAAHHHHHHHHH*!!!!!!"

Rachel needn't have been worried. The word 'stop' simply wasn't in Jacob's current vocabulary. He continued

plowing into her backside while she lurched about, utterly consumed by her thunderous orgasm. At the same time, he was enjoying the enthralling view. The cushiony flesh of Rachel's perfect, bubble-shaped behind rippling each time he slammed into her ripe and juicy bum was truly a sight to behold!

When one of Rachel's shrieks of rapturous ecstasy hit a particular note, Jacob's thoughts suddenly wandered. He'd previously toyed with a similar idea the other day with Ms. Turner, but this time the illusion was triggered unexpectedly...almost naturally. In that moment, Rachel sounded eerily like Karen and in his mind's eye, he was no longer violating his gorgeous, married sister. Instead, it was his piously-conservative Mother's wide, curvy hips he held on to, as he furiously pounded her from behind. His cock suddenly felt like it grew another 10 inches, as he imagined himself reaming his Mom through her formerly straitlaced, uptight asshole and taking her final and forbidden anal virginity.

Spurred on by this new, lewd image lustfully seared into his psyche, and fueled by his desperate need to relieve the pressure in his painfully-swollen nuts, Jacob's legs and hips went into overdrive. He began mercilessly pounding his throbbing manhood in and out of Rachel's sensitive rear passage, hell bent on finally lighting the fuse and

igniting the explosion of the heavy load that he'd been brewing all day in his balls.

Thanks to the vicious fucking she was receiving from Jacob's relentless ass-buster, Rachel was quickly approaching another mind-scrambling orgasm. With the palms of her hands pressed flat against the upholstered headboard, Rachel vainly attempted to steady herself, grunting in between each gut-wrenching plunge, "Jake...*unghh*! You think...you could...*unghh*!! Maybe...slow down...*unghh*!!! Just a...bit??"

Two more words that simply weren't in Jacob's vocabulary at the moment: 'slow' and 'down'. Instead, he got into a crouched standing position and began pummeling Rachel's quivering ass with wild, total abandon. Using his legs for leverage, the determined young teen resembled an untamed, savagely mating monkey. Nothing was going to stop him now, as he steadily felt the painful load in his testicles coming to a boil. He was dead set on emptying the entire contents of his broiling nutsack deep inside his imaginary 'Mom's' hot and forbidden, married ass, consequences be damned! The teenager's hips became a blur, as he growled in response, "Can't...gotta...*FINISSSSHHHHHH*!!!"

"Oh, *shhhhhhhhhit*!!!" Rachel hissed, as she clawed in desperation at the soft, linen-upholstered headboard of her and Scott's brand-new, king-sized Marseille bed. "*Jake*!!

Oh my God...*pleeeeeeeease*!!!" The young housewife was about to climax, and once more it was surely going to be epic. However, this time, she sensed something was different.

With each of Jacob's brutal downstrokes, Rachel could feel a strange pressure building up deep inside of her empty vagina. She began to fear what this new and unusual sensation meant, and pleaded with her inattentive brother, "Jake! Something's...*wrong*!! Pleeeeeeeasssssse...*slow down*!!!"

Jacob ignored his sister's desperate pleas because, in his mind, he was about to reach his ultimate goal and bust a nut deep inside of their prim and proper Mother's glorious butt. Cinching his eyes tightly shut and gritting his teeth, he grunted his response, "Sorry...but I gotta...*CUUUUMMMM*!!!" With one final, violent thrust and a savagely feral growl, the teenager buried himself balls-deep inside the tight clutches of his sister's rectum. "*AAAAAAHHHHHHH*!!!" he threw back his head and bellowed in relief as the floodgates finally opened, and he released the entire afternoon's pent-up load of his thick and sticky jism straight into the fiery depths of his sister's battered bowels. The extra motivation of imagining it was his Mom's ass he was violating caused his flopping nuts to clench up extra tight each time they grinded out hot,

streaming ropes of his sperm to deposit deep inside Rachel's ravished ass.

"Holy shit!!! *I'M...CUMMMIIINNNGGGG...AGGAAAINNNNN*!!!!" Rachel squealed in response, as the powerfully-thick blast of her brother's white-hot spunk plastered the ravaged depths of her ass...its soothing heat sparking off another mind-numbing anal orgasm. Suddenly, the pressure inside of her quivering pussy released a torrential gush of hot girl-cum that erupted from her cunt, splashing onto Jacob's wildly-swinging balls, and giving Rachel her first ever squirting orgasm.

Rachel could feel the otherworldly throes of her climax echoing in both her ass and pussy for what seemed like forever. The electrifying sensations dancing throughout her central nervous system had her body wildly convulsing from sheer sensory overload. The agonizing pleasure was so great that the young housewife began to fear the excruciating euphoria would never end, and that her brother would quite literally 'fuck her brains out'. She began to blabber incoherently, as if speaking in tongues, but somehow in her state of utter delirium she was able to get out four cognitive words: "*Dear Lord...help meeeeeeeeee*!!!" Suddenly, everything went dark.

Minutes later, Rachel lay face down on her stomach after having passed out cold. Eventually, the housewife's eyes

fluttered open as she slowly came to, trying to comprehend where she was and what day of the week it was. Her memory suddenly returned when she noticed the weight of her sweaty, naked little brother lying flat atop her prone and equally-nude, clammy body.

The side of Jacob's face was pressed against Rachel's left shoulder, and she could hear the gentle sound of him snoring. Evidently, they had both blacked out and collapsed in total exhaustion from their latest round of 'negotiating'.

As Rachel lay there, allowing the fog in her mind to clear, she sensed an unusual, bloated feeling in her abdomen. It was only then when she realized that Jacob's semi-rigid penis was still jammed up deep inside of her freshly-fucked rear passage. Her tender orifice instinctively clutched at the foreign invader lewdly ensconced within the confines of her ravaged rectum. Flexing the sore muscles of her poop-chute in a mixture of both annoyance and lingering pleasure, Rachel at once felt the warmth of what she knew to be more of her brother's hormone-laced semen spluttering into her, adding to the distension she could still feel in her stomach. With a moan, Rachel flopped face-down onto her mattress and dozed off for a short snooze, before turning her head sideways with the curl of a smile on her lips.

A ray of warm, October sun shining on her face finally caused Rachel to lift her head back up, just enough to make out the time on Scott's alarm clock. Upon seeing that it was already nearing 3:00 p.m., Rachel gasped. Pushing upwards with her elbows, she whispered sharply, "Jake...wake up! We gotta get going!" The only response from her slumbering little brother was a groan of annoyance, as he gently squeezed one of her soft breasts. Somehow or another, the teenager had managed to snake his right hand underneath Rachel's chest for a naughty reach-around while they slept.

Shrugging aggressively with her shoulders, Rachel tried once again, this time more sternly, "C'mon twerp...get off of me!"

Lifting his head, Jacob said, "Okay...okay...I'm up." He then smiled and added, "Dang Rach...that was a good nap!"

It was in fact, the best that he'd slept in quite a while. The only time better had been in Atlanta with Karen after their marathon fuck 'session', when he'd passed out whilst suckling on his beautiful Mother's tit, and then peacefully slept the night away with his face buried in her pillowy bosom.

Raising back up again onto her elbows, Rachel replied, "Yeah, well...glad you enjoyed it, but unfortunately

naptime's over. It's getting late, and we both need to go take a shower before I take you home."

Jacob agreed, "Yeah I definitely need one...especially after you pissed on me earlier."

Rachel asked with confusion, "'Pissed on' you? What are you..." She then scoffed, "I didn't *pee* on you moron...you made me...uhhhh...squirt."

Jacob couldn't help but smile with pride and ask, "Really?? Was that your first time doing that?"

Now feeling a bit embarrassed, Rachel nodded while looking down at the comforter.

"Well..." Jacob commented, "I guess now we know what your 'hormone superpower' is!"

"*Superpower*?" Rachel asked, cringing slightly at the nerdy notion.

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...Mom has her squirting tits and you have a squirting pussy. Sounds like the making of an awesome Mother/daughter super-heroine comic book!"

Rachel groaned and shook her head, "Oh my *God*...you are such a dork!!" She still had trouble understanding how Sara Miller could possibly be attracted to her nerdy brother.

Suddenly an idea then popped into Jacob's head. Leaning into his older sister's ear, he whispered, "So, whatd'ya say '*Squirt*'...how 'bout we shower together? I think I'm gonna need another go." Grinning goofily, he ended his statement by playfully groping again at his sister's round and juicy boob.

Looking back over her shoulder, Rachel replied emphatically, "*NO!*" Her tone sounded strangely familiar to that of their Mother's. "And *don't* call me that, nerd! That's *my* nickname for *you*!"

"Well, why not?" Jacob asked, ignoring her last comment. "You said it yourself...we *both* need to shower." He then whispered, "Maybe I could try and make you squirt again."

"Jake...I said no, and I mean *NO!*" Rachel responded, sounding even more like Karen Mitchell. Now somewhat sobered from the hormone's effects, the young housewife once again felt the pangs of guilt tugging at her heartstrings as she caught sight of her and Scott's wedding photo fallen on the carpet. "I'm gonna use the shower in here, and *you* can go use the bathroom down the hall..." she sternly added, while pointing in that direction.

Deciding it was best not to keep pushing his luck, Jacob relented with a disappointed sigh, "Oh, alright."

Rachel then thought to herself, "*Could Scott and Jake be onto something? Am I starting to sound a lot like Mom??*" She then began to feel bad for having scolded Jacob in that manner, merely for asking if they could shower together. As she felt Jacob's weight lessen on her back when he began to rise up, she turned her head and said over her shoulder, "Hey..."

Leaning back down, Jacob replied, "Yeah?"

Rachel whispered, "Look...about the shower. Maybe some other time...okay?"

Jacob knew his sister well enough to know that this was her way of expressing regret for her outburst. He smiled and replied. "Okay!"

As Jacob began to move again, Rachel was quickly reminded that they remained very much coupled together. Even though her brother's cock was only half-erect, it still felt like she had a huge buttplug up her ass. "Easy, Jake," she warned him. "I'm a bit sore back there. So, when you pull out...do it...*slowly*."

Rachel grimaced with gritted teeth as Jacob's enormous 'snake' slithered its way out of the depths of her bowels. "*Ohhhhh*..." she moaned in a strange mixture of pain and relief. With an audible **plop**, her brother's fleshy monster exited her throbbing rectum, and at the same time eased the uncomfortable pressure in her abdomen.

Jacob sat back on his haunches and watched in awe, as a torrent of his cum gushed out from his sister's yawning butthole. The flood of semen poured like a slimy waterfall from her gaping-wide cavity and oozed all over the lips of Rachel's leaking-wet vagina. Mingling with her secretions, the nastily kinky mixture finally flowed onto the dark blue comforter, staining it with a frothy, white, cascade of brother-sister cream.

"Oh my God..." Rachel moaned. "That just feels so... *weird*."

"I think it's...*cool*!" Jacob responded, gazing with pride at his handiwork whilst gently squeezing the right cheek of his sister's beautifully-round butt, as if encouraging it to expel more wads of his thick and potent sperm.

Rachel scoffed, "You would...*dork!*" Laying her head back down wearily onto her folded arms, she added, "We need to leave soon, so go ahead and take your shower. When you're done, make sure to come straight back here, so you can help me change the bedding. Also, remind me that we need to grab a few boxes from the garage and bring them upstairs."

"Okay...*Mom!*" Jacob replied sarcastically, as he got up off the bed.

Kicking in exasperation at her brother with her right foot, Rachel retorted emphatically, "I am *NOT* Mom!!"

As Jacob gathered his clothes from off the floor, he chuckled, "Okay, Rach...whatever you say!" He was barely able to dodge a pillow flung at him as he made his way to the door.

Still totally nude, Jacob left the bedroom, toting his clothes as he headed down the hallway to the other bathroom. Halfway down, Rachel called out to her brother, "*AND DON'T YOU DARE DRIP ANY OF YOUR NASTY GUNK ON MY FLOORS! IF YOU DO...MAKE SURE YOU CLEAN IT UP*!!"

"*YOU TOO!!!*" Jacob countered back with a laugh, before slamming the bathroom door shut.

After chiding herself for walking right into that clever response, Rachel gingerly rolled over and then sat up on the side of the bed. Still wincing as she braced herself to stand up off of her sore butt, after a few seconds she was struck by a sudden and horrible realization. Her eyes widened and both her hands grabbed at her forehead. In her mind, Rachel screeched, "*Oh my God!! I AM MOM!!*"

A short while later, having both showered, dressed and changed the bedding, Rachel and Jacob brought some of the moving boxes from the garage and placed them in the spare room/future nursery upstairs. They then got into her car to start the short drive back to their parent's house in Sandy Springs. After a few minutes of pondering, Rachel

broke the awkward silence of the drive and turned to her brother, asking out of curiosity, "So...I gotta know something. And remember...you have to be totally honest with me."

Jacob turned to look at Rachel, but her radiant green eyes were hidden behind a pair of dark sunglasses as she focused ahead on driving. With her hair done-up in a stylish ponytail and clad in a simple, cotton dress, he couldn't help but notice how much she resembled a younger, honey-blonde version of their Mother.

"Okay...hopefully, I have an answer," he joked nervously in response, hoping to ease the tension.

Still gazing straight ahead to the road, Rachel asked, "Since all this began...have you, by chance...received any 'help' from anyone else?"

Jacob chuckled, "Why do you ask? Could it be that my big sister...is *jealous?*"

"*NO*, *dork*!" Rachel responded emphatically. "I'm just curious, that's all. Because..."

"Because of what?" Jacob cut her off.

Rachel huffed, "Because of how easily Mom and I gave in...*especially* Mom! I'm still having a hard time believing

that...whatever that was I saw this morning, actually happened."

After a few seconds of silence, Rachel asked, "So answer me...have you?"

In the spirit of his agreement to be totally honest, Jacob nodded his affirmation.

A naughty grin slowly crept over Rachel's beautiful face, "Really? *Who??*"

"Aunt Brenda." Jacob replied, with a slight shrug.

Rachel scoffed, "Of course. To tell you the truth...I'm not at all that surprised."

"You're *not*?" Jacob asked.

"Nope." Rachel replied, shaking her head. "After all, you did say that the good doctor 'examined' your abnormality. And now, knowing how easily Mom gave in to you, it only makes sense that a woman like Aunt Brenda would find it very difficult to resist."

Jacob chuckled, "Yeah...she did give in pretty quick."

"Plus, she's a total MILF...in her late 30's. That's like every teenaged boy's 'kryptonite'!" Rachel added, and they both laughed.

Rachel then asked, "Well then, now that you've seemingly conquered every female member of the family...has anyone else that you're *not* related to, been exposed?" Quickly stealing a glance into her brother's eyes, she could already tell his answer. "There *is*, isn't there? Come on, Jake...*tell me*!"

After a few seconds of hesitation, Jacob meekly answered, "Ms. Turner."

Rachel immediately pulled her sunglasses to the top of her head and replied in total shock, "You mean Ms. Turner...the attorney? *That* Ms. Turner??" After Jacob nodded his confirmation, she exclaimed, "*Holy shit*!!"

Jacob spent the next few minutes giving Rachel a full account of how he'd purposefully exposed Ms. Turner to his hormones in a clumsy attempt at blackmailing her. His reasoning at first had been to both protect the secret of his condition, but also, more importantly, to hide the fact that his Mom had been 'helping' him. He then went into great detail about how easily Ms. Turner also gave in, and how she now comes by the house on occasion to 'check-up' on him, along with regularly updating their Mother on the progress of the state's case against Dr. Grant.

After hearing everything, Rachel commented, "Wow...I still can't believe Mom is okay with all of this." Still perplexed, she continued, "So, you're telling me that she

actually sits there and watches *you*, her precious little man, have full-blown, pre-marital sex with an engaged assistant district attorney? An officer of the court? *In her own house*?!"

Jacob nodded, "Yep...and sometimes, she watches me do it with Aunt Brenda, too."

Rachel's jaw dropped, "I wanna know what the heck's happened to our real Mother. I mean, this can *NOT* be the same Karen Mitchell that gave birth to and raised us!"

Jacob laughed, "I know...right?"

As they neared the house, Rachel asked, "Okay now, *Don Juan Casanova*...any more conquests that you wanna share with me?" Before Jacob could answer, she reminded her brother, "And remember...you're under a solemn double-oath to be totally honest."

No one (not even Karen) knew of the unholy 'pact' that he and Mrs. Miller had sworn, and Jacob desperately wanted to keep it that way. He had hoped that his candid confession about his exploits with their Aunt Brenda and the assistant DA would have been sufficient enough to satisfy Rachel's deviant curiosity. However, due to their double-pinky swear and his loyalty to his sister, he grudgingly decided to break his promise to the preacher's wife and divulge their agreement to Rachel.

Staring off at the street ahead, Jacob slowly said, "There *is* one more..."

With a smile, Rachel asked instantly, "Yeah...who is she?"

Jacob turned to his sister and pleaded, "Rach, before I tell you who she is...you gotta promise me you won't tell *anyone* about this!"

Rachel scoffed, "*Pshhh!* Jake...who am I gonna tell?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "No one, I guess...but this one *has to* stay a secret. I mean, *Mom* doesn't even know about her."

Now intrigued even more, Rachel's face lit up, "Oh, my! The plot thickens!!"

"I mean it, Rach," Jacob added, with exasperation.

As Rachel pulled the car into her parent's driveway, they both quickly noticed the liftgate was up on Karen's Jeep Grand Cherokee. Seeing their Mother bent over and unloading grocery bags from her SUV's cargo area, Rachel commented, "Well, there's Mom...guess we're gonna have to wait and talk some more, later."

With what she'd witnessed earlier that morning, Rachel initially felt awkward being around her Mom as some of her feelings of anger and confusion returned. However,

being bombarded with the usual overabundance of hugs and kisses from her Mother quickly reminded Rachel just how much Karen Mitchell loved her and her brother, and that there was nothing in the world which she wouldn't do for either of them.

Helping Karen to carry the groceries into the house, Rachel noticed that the negative, icy feelings which she'd been harboring since earlier were rapidly melting away. Now, there was only warmth in her heart for the woman who had given her life, along with a renewed sense of reverence for the strong, upstanding lady who was literally the glue that held their family together. Simmering beneath those feelings, Rachel again felt a strange, primal craving returning for her Mother's milk, which she had witnessed spouting so abundantly that morning. Along with that hunger, the daughter's perverse curiosity piqued again, once her gaze turned from Karen's amply-augmented bosom to her matronly, mature behind as she followed her Mother into the kitchen. Watching Karen's butt swaying sexily in yoga leggings just ahead of her, Rachel's mind wandered once more with a kinkily nasty thought. A chilling thrill went up her spine as she wondered naughtily whether her baby brother's busy little swimmers were still all up in there, probably trying their darndest best to do their dirty deed deep inside of their loving Mother...

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"Oh, my goodness, honey...that's wonderful news!!" Rachel exclaimed with delight into her cell phone. Walking over to the dining room table where her family was already seated, she continued her conversation with Scott, as she pulled out her chair. "Yes...we're just now sitting down to dinner. I'll be sure to tell everyone!"

As soon as Rachel sat down, her face slightly grimaced from the stabbing pain in her tender bottom and she immediately shifted her weight to try and ease the discomfort. The excitement of her husband's good news had temporarily caused the housewife to forget her delicate condition. However, the uncomfortable feeling in her butt quickly reminded her of the events that had occurred earlier that afternoon with her little brother...and the main reason her married ass throbbed like it did.

Rachel then felt a tickling sensation from the remnants of Jacob's recently-deposited load leaking from her brutally-ravished anus and into the gusset of her pink, bikini-cut cotton panties. It was a sinful reminder of the ungodly mind-scrambling pleasure she had experienced mere hours before in her marital bed, and which had brought about her current pain and suffering. Her cheeks blushed and her pussy quivered as she embarrassingly admitted to herself: "*It had definitely been worth it*!"

Just before finishing the conversation, Rachel beamed again, "Sweetheart...I am *so* proud of you! Please be careful on the road." After a few seconds, she replied to Scott, "I love you too...see you when you get home!" A big smile swept across Rachel's beautiful face, as she swiped off her cell phone.

"Well?" Karen asked, in suspense. "What's the big news??"

Rachel turned to her Mother sitting at the end of the table and squealed with joy, "*SCOTT GOT THE CONTRACT*!!"

The entire family immediately broke out into cheers and applause around the table, upon hearing Rachel's exciting announcement. Karen then spoke up, "Oh, Honey Bear...that *is* wonderful news! I remember you saying that they'd been trying to get that client to sign for quite a while, now."

Rachel nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...for over six months, to be exact." She then added proudly, "Normally, a branch manager wouldn't deign to be involved in such contract negotiations, but since all three prior agents had failed so miserably, the firm decided that Scott was their best chance to finally land this new account."

"Looks like he was the right man for the job," Robert interjected, feeling pride for his son-in-law. "I'm happy for you both, sweetheart!"

"Thanks, Daddy!" Rachel replied with a smile. She then continued, "Oh, by the way...Scott wanted me to let y'all know that we're taking everyone out to dinner tomorrow night, in celebration."

Karen rebutted, "Oh, baby...you don't have to do that. After all, you two just bought that new house in Pine Hills, and are trying to start your own family. I'm sure you have more important things to spend your money on."

Rachel shook her head and said, "Don't worry about the money, Mom. The bonus Scott will receive for landing this new client will be almost enough to pay off the entire balance on our mortgage!"

Robert chuckled aloud, then said, "*Dang*...maybe I'm working in the wrong business!"

Hearing his son-in-law's comment, Grandpa George guffawed and said, "You're probably right about that, son!"

Noticing her son trying to sneak a taco from the serving platter, Karen called out, "*JACOB MITCHELL*!!"

Startled by Karen's outburst, Jacob swung his head around and answered his Mother, "Ma'am?"

"Put that back, young man!" Karen commanded, sternly. "You know perfectly well we have yet to say, 'Grace'."

"But Mom..." Jacob whined, placing the taco back down. "I'm starving over here...I haven't even had lunch today!" The teenager then kicked himself for having revealed his unintentional confession. Earlier that day, before leaving the lunch room with Rachel (and remembering how much Matthew Johnson also loved his Mom's meatloaf), he had ended up tossing the brown lunch bag containing the sandwich to his best friend on his way out.

Karen replied with confusion, "No lunch? You mean to tell me you didn't eat the sandwich that I packed for you this morning?"

Reluctantly, Jacob shook his head.

Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Why not, Jake? It was one of your favorites...meatloaf."

Karen's fabulous meatloaf was in fact, one of Jacob's all-time favorites. However, the sole reason he hadn't gotten to enjoy the delicious sandwich just happened to be sitting right across the table from him, and there was no way he could ever tell his dutiful Mother *that* sordid truth! That truth being, that rather than eating the lunch she'd so

lovingly prepared for him, he had instead spent the entire afternoon with his older sister on her marital bed, dining on a veritable feast of incestuous delights.

Trying to think of a plausible excuse, Jacob looked to Rachel for some assistance. He received none. Instead, his 'helpful' sister paid him back for earlier, when she'd been on the phone with Scott and was in a tight spot looking for help. Like her brother had done to her, she simply shook her head and shrugged, nonplussed.

Knowing he was on his own, Jacob finally replied to his Mother's question, "I was really busy working on an important project at school, and I guess time just...sort of...slipped by on me."

With a knowing smile Karen sighed, "Slipped by?" She then added with motherly concern, "Jake, no project is *that* important that you should ever skip meals...that's not good young man. Remember last weekend in Atlanta, when you decided to forgo lunch and got that terrible headache afterwards?"

Karen then remembered how, in an attempt to help cure her son's headache, she had inadvertently given Jacob his father's Viagra instead of Naproxen. The consequences of this resulted in her having to spend most of that night in her son's bed, desperately using her sultry mouth and curvy, MILF body to rectify the worsened situation. As

she gazed at her honorable and loving husband sitting at the other end of the dining room table, she couldn't help but feel once again the accusing shame of guilt gnawing away at her. However, along with that, the devoted Mother also couldn't decide whether it was from sneaking off and deceiving Robert, or the fact that she had enjoyed the night of wickedly sinful sex with her son *so* much, that she now squirmed in her seat and felt her vagina moistening once more. Feeling her cheeks burn with shame, she quickly concluded, "So...don't go making it a habit...you hear?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...loud and clear."

Karen looked to her father and asked, "Daddy? Would you mind saying the blessing, before my second-born child here falls over due to hunger?"

"It would be my honor, sweetheart," George replied, with a smile.

Later, as Karen and Rachel brought out dessert and coffee for everyone, Robert turned to Jacob, "So, sport...we've spent most of the evening talking about your sister's big announcement. Do you have anything that *you'd* like to share with the family?"

Jacob thought for a second, until his eyes suddenly widened. "Actually, there is!"

With all of the excitement and commotion over Scott's big business deal, Jacob had nearly forgotten all about *his* important news. Well, important to him at least.

Standing beside George as she poured her father a cup of coffee, Karen asked, "So, sweetie...what's *your* big announcement?"

Jacob replied, "It's in my bookbag...up in my room. May I be excused for a minute?"

Karen smiled, "Of course, honey."

Before his Mom could even finish her reply, Jacob pushed away from the table and bounded upstairs. After a few moments, the teenager reentered the dining room and returned to his seat next to Grandpa George. Noticing a piece of paper in his grandson's hand, the elderly gentleman asked with a wry grin, "Whatcha got there, kiddo?"

Looking at his grandfather with a big smile, he replied, "My report card!"

In a joking tone, Rachel rolled her eyes and asked, "Oh, Lord...how bad is it this time, nerd?"

Jacob then held up the official document for all to see...especially Karen. "Straight A's!!" the teenager proudly announced.

Cough!..._cough_! Karen nearly choked on her coffee, as everyone else at the dinner table cheered aloud for Jacob and his achievement.

Noticing his wife's distress, Robert called out from the opposite end of the table, "Honey...are you alright?"

Holding up her right hand, Karen nodded and replied, "I'm okay...*_cough...cough_*!!" Trying to regain her breath, the nearly asphyxiated Mother regretfully remembered the so-called 'deal' that she had made with Jacob a while back. Their agreement had been, if he brought home a straight 'A' report card, she would seriously consider allowing her son to take some racy, nude photos and perhaps even a video of her.

Being the parent of course, Karen maintained that she had the final say on the matter and whether she would ever actually pose for Jacob, or not. However, she was well aware of how persistent her son could be, especially when he *really* wanted something. Now that it appeared that Jacob had lived up to his end of the deal, the conservative Mother chided herself for even entertaining such a crazy notion.

Robert then asked, with a chuckle, "Is the fact that our son received such a good report card *that* much of a shock to you?"

Patting her chest as she cleared her throat, Karen clarified with a nervous chuckle, "**A-hem*!!* No...not at all! My coffee just went down the wrong pipe." She then looked perplexedly at Jacob and asked, "I thought report cards weren't due to come out 'til next week?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Originally, that's what they told us...but I guess they decided to hand them out early this quarter, for some reason."

Curious to see for herself, Karen reached out her hand and asked, "Didn't you say you were struggling in Spanish class?"

"I was..." Jacob replied, as he stretched across the table and handed his report card to Karen. As his Mother meticulously scanned the document with some suspicion, he added, "But luckily, Mrs. Pérez has been *very* generous with extra credit this semester."

"Extra credit?" Rachel whined. "Since when did '*Señora*' Pérez start handing out extra credit?" The older sister crossed her arms and huffed in jealousy, "To me, that doesn't seem fair...I had to work like a *puta*--..dog just to get a 'B' in her class!"

With a snarky tone, Jacob teased, "Maybe she just likes me better."

Her kid's taunting banter caused alarm bells to go off inside Karen's head. She had known Andréa Pérez for quite some time because, not only had she been Rachel's Spanish teacher during high school, but they'd both served on the PTA board together for many years.

Outside of school, Mrs. Pérez was known as a kind, loving wife and mother. However, Karen also knew that inside the classroom, the gorgeous and fiery Colombian native was a passionate and no-nonsense educator, who didn't hand out 'A's' so easily. Could it be possible that the curly, dark-haired Latina beauty had somehow become the latest woman to fall 'victim' to those wicked hormones and Jacob's extraordinary condition? And could it also be possible that her son was now keeping secrets from her?

Horrible, dark thoughts began to creep into Karen's mind about how Jacob may have 'earned' all that extra credit from the married mother of three. She began to wonder if he had actually been telling the truth to her, whenever he'd supposedly stayed after school to work on his 'chemistry project' with Sara.

A wave of fear and dread suddenly washed over Karen. She now worried that if Jacob had somehow ensnared Mrs. Pérez into their 'inner circle', his reckless actions might drastically increase the chances of their possible discovery. If that ever happened, and the wrong person was to find out about the awful secrets that she had fought

so hard and for so long to keep hidden, Karen knew without a doubt that the life which she loved and cherished so much would be irreparably shattered.

As her mind raced, Karen kept staring blankly at the capital 'A' marked beside the subject line '**SPANISH**'. She was suddenly pulled out of her trance when she heard Robert's voice calling out to her. Looking up from the report card, Karen locked eyes with her husband, "Sorry?"

Robert chuckled, "I said, aren't you proud of our boy here? I'm sure he worked extremely hard to earn such high marks."

Karen forced a smile. "Oh...well, of course I am!" She then reached out to Jacob and handed the report card back to him. "I couldn't be any prouder of our little genius."

"Thanks, Mom," Jacob replied, with a big grin.

Whilst the family resumed chatting and eating dessert, Karen and Jacob exchanged a quick, knowing glance. Even though he hadn't mentioned anything about a 'reward' at the dinner table, she could already tell by the look in his eyes that he was scheming some sort of plan to convince her to follow through with their diabolical 'deal'.

Thinking once more upon it, Karen scolded herself again for having ever agreed to contemplate such a sordid proposition. She found the idea of Jacob possessing nude

(or even semi-nude photos of her for that matter), to be extremely scandalous and dangerously reckless, not to mention downright immoral.

However, the normally pious and scrupulous Mother couldn't help but feel intrigued by a deeply-suppressed interest in the unconscionable notion. As she sat at the dinner table with her precious family, Karen began to imagine herself as some sort of glamour model (like her good friend Donna Miller had been, back in the day) being photographed whilst wearing some sexy lingerie, a skimpy set of underwear, or even...nothing at all. The latter picture was the worst she could foresee, judging by how enthusiastically Jacob had proposed it to her that morning. Doubtless, it'd be his ultimate and triumphal trophy...a visual memento, that would forever document their wickedly sinful union.

As her imagination continued to run wild, Karen soon realized that her dissolute daydream was undoubtedly being fueled by those dreadful hormones racing through her bloodstream. The salacious thought of it: putting herself on permanent photographic or video record, with her body splattered in Jacob's semen and her vagina lewdly leaking her son's sperm, caused her pink nipples to harden and her bald pussy to start tingling. Trying to clear her mind of the impure thoughts, the reserved housewife unwittingly uttered, "*STOP IT*!"

Everyone at the table ceased talking, and Karen looked up to find that suddenly, all eyes were upon her. Trying to escape the awkward moment in the spotlight, she picked up her coffee cup and quickly sipped the hot beverage, setting the cup back down slowly to steady her nerves. Scanning the table sheepishly, her eyes were then inextricably drawn to Jacob's. With a nervous smile, and a raised right hand, she finally asked, "So...who wants some more creampi-- *creamcakes*?"

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After dinner, Jacob was sitting at his desk in his darkened bedroom...the only light coming from the glowing computer monitor as he played his latest 'Star Wars' video game. After hearing a soft knock, and the faint creak of the door opening, he turned in his chair to find Rachel standing in the doorway. The bright light from the hallway accentuated his sister's lovely and curvaceous silhouette.

"Hey...you busy?" Rachel asked, as she stepped into the bedroom, the door making a soft 'click' sound as she closed it behind her.

"No...not really," Jacob replied, appreciative of his big sister's newfound habit of knocking first, instead of just barging right in like she used to do in the past. Pausing his game, Jacob set the controller down on his desk.

"Good!" Rachel happily responded, hopping onto her brother's bed. Sliding nearer on the mattress towards Jacob, she added, "I was hoping we could finish our talk from earlier in the car."

Trying to shirk the conversation, Jacob responded softly, "You really think we should be discussing *that* now? It's kinda dangerous with everyone else around...you know?"

Rachel shrugged, "Don't worry...it's safe. There's no one here."

"No one's here? Really?" Jacob asked, somewhat surprised.

"Nope." Rachel replied, shaking her head. "Mom just left to take Grandpa George home."

"Uhhhh...what about Dad?" Jacob countered.

"*Pfft!*" Rachel scoffed, waving her hand. "He's down in his man cave, watching the Braves playoff game." Rolling her eyes, she added, "You know as well as I do, he'll be down there for the rest of the night. Especially since they're playing the stupid 'Chokers'...I mean, Dodgers." The curious sister then leaned in and said softly, "Now come on, be a good boy and spill the beans...I'm just *dying* for you to tell me who this mystery woman is!"

Jacob replied with concern, "Rach, I really meant what I said earlier. You have to *promise* me you won't tell anyone!"

Rachel huffed, "Jake, I swear on my life that I *won't* tell another soul. Besides, like I told you earlier...'*Who* am I gonna tell?'" When Jacob ignored her statement, she slyly commented, "Alright, if it makes you feel any better...I'm pretty sure I have it figured out who she is, anyway."

"Oh really?" Jacob responded.

Rachel replied confidently, "Yeah, really. I mean, come on...it *has* to be Sara Miller, right?"

Jacob slowly shook his head, "Nope."

The self-assured, Cheshire Cat smile faded from Rachel's face. "What do you mean, '*Nope*'? She's the most logical candidate...I mean, with you dating her, and all. I just figured, with all that 'Jedi training' I've been teaching you...you must've finally been putting it to good use!"

Jacob shrugged and responded, "Sorry to disappoint you Rach, but it's not Sara." Taking a deep breath, he slowly continued, "However...you *are*...very...close."

Rachel furrowed her brow, pondering the enigma, her finger tapping at the side of her chin. "It's not Sara...but I'm 'very close'..." After a few seconds of staring at each

other blankly, the older sibling's eyes suddenly bulged out in shock, and she screamed, "*OH MY GOD*!!!!"

"*Ssshhhhhhh*!!!" Jacob tried to hush his big sister. "Keep it down, will ya??" Glancing over to his closed bedroom door, he added, "You want Dad to hear you?"

Rachel lowered her voice, "*Holy shit*!! You mean to tell me...you've been banging your girlfriend's *MOM??*?!" After Jacob sheepishly nodded in affirmation, she added, chuckling, "Damn, Jake! Fucking the preacher's wife?? That's totally insane!! What a scandal and disaster *that* would cause if news of it got out, or anyone ever found out...Oh man, *especially* Mom. She'd most likely kill you!"

"I know, right?" Jacob nervously laughed, "That's why you gotta keep this to yourself...*please*!!"

Rachel held out her right hand, with her pinky finger extended and smiled, "Don't worry, squirt...your secret's safe with me." After Jacob hooked Rachel's extended digit with his own, she continued, "I must say, little brother...I'm *quite* impressed! Now...how about you go ahead and tell me all about this sordid little affair that you've been having with Pastor Miller's wife."

Jacob sighed wearily, "I guess...you wanna know every detail, huh?"

"Oh yes..." Rachel giggled, reverting back to a gossipy, teenaged girl. "Every last, juicy one!"

Over the next several minutes, Jacob did just that. He began with the unfortunate discovery of his used condom from the restroom wastebasket in the church basement nursery and his eventual confession to Mrs. Miller about his 'condition'. Skirting the issue of how the condom came to be filled and discarded there in the first place, Jacob truthfully specified that the preacher's wife knew nothing about his Mom 'helping' him.

Jacob then recounted how things quickly snowballed from there. He divulged every 'juicy' detail to his sister, from how Mrs. Miller had given him a handjob in her SUV behind the old abandoned restaurant, to their full-blown fuck session in the married former-model's home office...the same day that he had set up Sara's new computer.

Jacob ended the erotic tale with an explanation of how he and Mrs. Miller had entered into a mutually agreed-upon pact. The particulars for the sinful and immoral arrangement being that: In return for keeping their affair a secret, the pastor's wife would agree to 'help' him on occasion. She would also allow Sara to continue seeing him...that is, so long as he promised not to corrupt her teenaged daughter's chastity with his ungodly affliction.

"*Wow*!" Rachel whispered. "That's one committed mother. I mean, I can somewhat understand *our* Mom doing what she's doing...you're her son, after all. But to desecrate your own marriage vows, just so your daughter stays a virgin...that's some real dedication!"

"Yeah, it is..." Jacob responded. He then added with a sly grin, "Or maybe...there's some truth to what you told me that day at your house, during the thunderstorm."

Trying to recall, Rachel scrunched her face and asked, "The day during the storm? What do you mean? What did I say?"

Jacob chuckled, "That secretly, preacher's wives are some of the biggest sluts you can ever come across."

Jacob's mention of her previous comment caused Rachel's mind to suddenly drift. She began to imagine the pious, Bible-thumping churchlady unabashedly sucking on her barely-legal brother's monster dick until it blasted a huge load of his chemically-laced cum down her sanctimonious gullet. She then envisioned the pastor's wife flat on her back, her heavenly church-choir voice screaming instead like some wantonly cheap harlot while Jacob, in between her widely-splayed legs, pounded orgasm after orgasm from Mrs. Miller's 'holier-than-thou' married cunt. The thought of such shamelessly deviant debauchery caused

the beautiful blonde sister's pussy to instantly quiver with excitement.

Scooching closer to her brother, Rachel could easily detect Jacob's familiar scent wafting to her nostrils. This in turn ratcheted up her own arousal and caused her tingling vagina to flood with eager anticipation. Seeing the unmistakable lump in the crotch of her brother's cotton sleep pants, the married sister placed her hand on his thigh next to his growing bulge and whispered sultrily, "So...earlier at my house, I think you mentioned you were in need of another 'go'. Do you still need my help? I don't think we gotta worry about Dad coming up here."

Jacob glanced back at the bedroom door and responded hesitantly, "But what about Mom? Aren't you worried she could come back home any minute, and catch us?"

Rachel stood up from the bed, smoothed out her short skirt, and replied, "I seriously doubt that. Remember, even though Grandpa George lives close by in Smyrna, it always takes her more than an hour to drive him home and get him settled in for the night." Looking over to Jacob's alarm clock, she added, "So, with that in mind...I'd say we oughtta be good for least the next 40 minutes." Rachel then put her hands on her hips, lifted her skirt slightly, and asked coyly, "So...what do you say?"

Rolling his chair back from the desk, Jacob responded enthusiastically, "I say...*Heck yeah!!*" He couldn't help but be thrilled with how things were working out. Not only was he about to receive some more 'help' from his smoking-hot, married sister, but she also seemed to be well on her way to forgiving him for keeping the improper relationships that he'd been having with four other women from her...especially the one that he'd been carrying on with their Mom.

Standing in front of her seated brother, Rachel added, "Now, since my lady bits-- and butt...have yet to fully recover from our earlier round of 'negotiating', and with Scott coming home later tonight, we're gonna have to skip any forms of penetration this time around." Seeing the look of disappointment on Jacob's face, Rachel leaned over with her recently-enhanced boobs and placed her hands on his gaming chair's armrests. Staring into his eyes, she chuckled, "Don't worry, little brother. I've got something extra-special planned, that I think you're gonna like..."

A little while later, Jacob was once again seated at his PC, playing his 'Star Wars' video game. He was deeply immersed in the middle of another intense X-wing fighter mission. It was in fact his favorite part of the game, one that he'd been constantly going at for the past couple days. There was just something about deftly eluding the Death

Star's deadly defenses, navigating its forbiddingly-cavernous trenches, and attempting to penetrate that increasingly tight, tubelike shaft at the very end with his powerful proton torpedoes that seemed strangely and inappropriately erotic...almost symbolic. It then dawned on Jacob that this was the very same game that his Mom had bought him as his 'reward' a few months back for doing so well on his SAT's, in lieu of the two games which he'd originally wanted (since the video game store had been out of them). With a grunt, his renewed determination to accomplish his 'mission' now took on a whole new level of meaning...

Suddenly, and without warning, his bedroom door flung open and the room was flooded with light from the hallway. The startled teenager looked back over his shoulder to find his father standing in the doorway. With ragged breath, the teenager pulled off his headset and groaned in frustration, "*Danggit*, Dad! You scared the living crap out of me!"

Robert apologized, "Sorry, sport...I know I should've knocked first. Thing is, I've been looking all over for your sister, and I thought she might be in here with you..." Stepping into the darkened room and taking a quick look around, he added, "But apparently, she's not."

"No sir." Jacob responded, shaking his head and discreetly easing his rolling gaming chair back into his

desk. Before he could turn back to the computer screen, his eyes just happened to catch sight of a small lump of something smack-dab in the center of his bed. A wave of fear washed over the teenager, once he realized that the 'lump' was actually his sister's panties!

Jacob quickly recalled the events that had taken place only moments earlier. After positioning herself on the bed, he remembered Rachel had removed the sodden undergarment and dropped it on the comforter beside her. Jacob had then eagerly crawled in between Rachel's long and shapely legs to commence dining on his third delectable dessert of that evening: his sister's sweet and juicy twat.

Evidently, after enjoying two spine-tingling orgasms courtesy of Jacob and his talented tongue, Rachel had carelessly forgotten to put her panties back on. Now, the balled-up, skimpy pink garment lay incriminatingly in the middle of the teenager's bed, like 'exhibit A' of a crime scene, just waiting to be found. With Robert just a few feet away from his bed, Jacob prayed the room was still dark enough that his Dad wouldn't accidentally discover the damning piece of evidence left so haphazardly behind by his naughty 'partner-in-crime'.

Robert took another step into the room and said, "Well, if you do happen to see her, tell her that I'm looking for her, will ya? I just thought she might wanna know that Atlanta

just took the lead in the top of the 8th inning over those 'stupid Dodgers'! If they can somehow hang on, the Braves are gonna win the National League pennant and finally go back to the World Series!"

Back when Rachel had lived at home and was still 'Daddy's Little Princess', she used to watch plenty of sports with her father, especially baseball and college football. Unlike her indifferent and nerdy younger brother, Rachel filled-in more often than not as a sort of surrogate 'son' for their father, as far as anything sports or athletics were concerned. She had in fact, been pretty much a 'tomboy' up until junior high school, playing organized softball and volleyball. Once her body had finally blossomed however, and she began to notice boys (and they *definitely* started noticing her), freshman athletics eventually gave way to cheerleading by her junior year.

Eager for his father to leave the room, Jacob turned back to the computer monitor. "I will, Dad...but now, come to think of it, maybe she went with Mom to take Grandpa George home? You know how Mom hates driving back alone at night."

"You know..." Robert replied, "You're probably right. Rach's car *is* still in the driveway...I didn't think of that!" Turning to leave, he added, "Well, I'll let you get back to your game, while I go back to mine. Goodnight, sport!"

"Night, dad! *GO BRAVES*!"

After hearing the door close and his Dad scampering back down the stairs, Jacob breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"*Is he gone*?" Rachel's soft voice whispered sharply into the darkened room.

Jacob pushed his chair away from the desk a little and looked underneath. There, he found his massive erection encased in between both of Rachel's succulent, big boobs, with her soft, pink tongue slithering all over the thick, purple crown of his dick.

"Yeah...he's gone." Jacob stated, adding with some annoyance, "Luckily, he didn't see your *underwear* that you left right on my bed. Oh, and on top of that...*you forgot to lock the door*!"

After taking another lick of delicious precum leaking from the mushroom-shaped tip of Jacob's cock, Rachel's mischievous green eyes looked up at her brother from beneath the desk as she giggled, "Oops...*sorry*!"

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About a week and a half later was the afternoon of Halloween in the land of Dixie, which just happened to fall on a Saturday that year. The days had now grown even shorter, and the falling leaves had finally fully

changed from the vibrant greens of midsummer to beautiful, warm autumn shades of red and gold. Combined with the brilliant blue of a cloudless October sky, Mother Nature was definitely doing her best at putting on quite a show. However, just like it always seemed in this part of the country, the daytime high temperatures still climbed regularly into the balmy upper 70's to low 80's, making it feel more like Memorial Day rather than All Hallow's Eve.

The entire family was now gathered at the Morgans' new home to prepare for that year's Halloween evening party. Karen, Brenda, and Rachel were all in the kitchen, bustling with the busy chores of preparing food and snacks. Meanwhile Robert, Mark, and Scott were tasked outside putting the finishing touches on all the Halloween decorations, with Grandpa George supervising.

Jacob's primary duty that afternoon was to entertain Brenda and Mark's young son Daniel, and to prepare small bags of candy to hand out to all the trick-or-treaters later that evening. As the two boys sat side-by-side at the dining room table working on their little project, the preschooler not very subtly snuck in an occasional piece of chocolate. Even though Aunt Brenda had instructed her son 'no candy' before dinner, Jacob didn't see any harm in looking the other way a time or two.

After a while, Daniel looked up at his older cousin and asked cutely, "Jake? Can I have sumthin' to drink?"

Jacob turned to his little assistant with a smile and replied, "Well, I don't see why not...let's go to the kitchen!"

As the two boys stood at the kitchen door threshold, Jacob took a second to admire the three most important women in his life. His gaze was fixated on them working away, as he noticed they all happened to be dressed alike: wearing skin-tight black yoga leggings and black T-shirts with 'Happy Halloween!' emblazoned in orange script across their chests. It was like watching three culinary goddesses orchestrated in perfect harmony and performing some sort of domesticated cooking dance, all choreographed to perfection. He also noted that outside of church every Sunday, it was probably the first time all three women had been in the same room together since the Labor Day cookout at Aunt Brenda's house nearly two months prior.

Karen pulled a batch of freshly-baked cookies from the oven and placed the hot baking sheet on the island. As she wiped her sweaty brow with the oven mitt on her right hand, she caught a glimpse of her son and little nephew standing in the kitchen doorway. "Well, howdy boys! Y'all finished bagging up all that candy?"

Jacob shook his head, "No, Ma'am...not yet. Danny here just needed a break."

"Auntie Karen...I'm thirt-sssy," Daniel added to Jacob's statement.

Taking off her oven mitts, Karen smiled, "Awww...you're thirsty?" She then continued in an extra sweet tone, "Well, we can't have *that* now, can we? I'm sure we can find you something cold to drink, however..." The adoring Aunt then held out her arms and added, "I'm gonna need something too!"

Daniel ran across the kitchen and into Karen's outstretched arms. The adorable blonde preschooler giggled, as his Aunt picked him up and covered his face with loving smooches.

After giving Daniel a long, tight hug, Karen joked, "You're so cute...I could just eat you right up!" Lifting up the little boy's shirt, she then proceeded to tickle him with her fingers.

Daniel laughed, "Auntie Karen...that's silly. You can't *eat* me...I'm a boy!"

Karen gasped. "Silly, am I?" she asked in mock astonishment, which brought another giggle from her nephew. After a few more exaggerated kisses, she asked, "How does some juice sound?"

Daniel nodded, "Yes, please!"

"But first...do you have something for *me*?" Karen asked.

Daniel leaned in and kissed his Aunt Karen's cheek, finishing it with a loud and wet 'raspberry'.

Karen giggled. "Oh...that was a good one! You know what I think?"

Daniel replied, his voice curious, "No...what?"

"I think...that you deserve..." Still clutching her little nephew tightly to her side, the playful Aunt turned and picked up a fully-decorated jack-o-lantern cookie from the nearby platter and continued, "...*something sweet*!"

Daniel's eyes lit up as he took hold of the freshly-baked homemade treat.

"Only one there, punkin'..." Brenda admonished her son, as she continued preparing hors d'oeuvres at the far side of the kitchen. "...you don't wanna spoil your appetite for dinner!"

"Okay, Mommy!" Daniel replied to his mother. He then looked back at Karen and said, "Thank you, Auntie Karen."

"You're welcome, munchkin!" Karen smiled and pressed her lips to Daniel's chubby, cherubic cheek, proceeding to give him a loud and wet 'raspberry' of her own. She then put her laughing nephew back down on his feet, gave him

a loving swat on his bottom, saying, "Now go on back to the table, and Auntie Karen will bring you some juice."

Rachel smiled as she watched her little cousin scamper out of the kitchen with Jacob in tow. Placing her palm on her chest, she sighed, "Oh my gosh...Danny is *sooooo* cute. He just makes my heart...*ooh*!..and tummy ache!"

"Oh, I know what you mean..." Karen agreed with her daughter, once again feeling a nagging sense of nostalgia warming her heart, along with a slight flutter in her own, empty womb. She then asked her daughter jokingly, as she poured some apple juice into a plastic cup, "Well, you *do* know how to go about getting one of your own...don't you?"

Rachel rolled her eyes, "Yes, Mom...I know how. Believe me...Scott and I have been trying our best!"

Brenda looked over to her niece and, with a dramatic gasp, asked excitedly from the knowledge of the sudden, new development, "You and Scott are planning to have a *baby*?"

Rachel nodded, "Yeah...I just went off birth control a few weeks ago."

Brenda walked around the island and said, "What a coincidence...your Uncle Mark and I are gonna try for a second one, ourselves."

"*You are*?" Karen asked with confusion, as she placed the juice carton back into the refrigerator.

Nodding her head, Brenda replied, "Mm-hmm!" She then continued, "With Danny starting kindergarten next year, we figured now would be as good a time as any. Plus, my little punkin' told me the other day that he plans on asking Santa for a baby brother as his Christmas present this year."

"*Awwwww*...that's so sweet!!" Rachel gushed.

"Hold on a second..." Karen interrupted. "Brenda...I thought you were participating in that new trial birth control?"

Brenda nodded, "I *am*...but the Midoxinol trial run ends in December. My plan is to reduce my patient load after the first of the year. That way, I can devote more time to getting pregnant and planning for the new addition to our family."

Suddenly, Brenda's eyes went wide. Putting her hand on Rachel's arm she gasped, "Hey...wouldn't it be something if we got knocked up around the same time and could go through our pregnancies together?"

Rachel smiled, "Oh, wow...that would be *wild*!" She then turned to her mother and asked, "Wouldn't it, Mom?" For a split second, the knowing daughter made eye contact

with her Mother, who didn't catch the suggestive glint in her naughty daughter's eyes.

Karen replied with a big smile, trying to match her daughter's seemingly innocent excitement, yet unable to mask her feigned delight, "Yes, Honey Bear...that would be *wonderful*!" As she watched her younger sister and daughter giggle and carry on about the possibility of them both being pregnant at the same time, the middle-aged mother couldn't help but feel somewhat left out and slightly envious. It was as if she was the redundant third wheel on a date.

Placing her hands onto the countertop with a sigh, Karen knew it was ridiculous to think this way. After all, she was now nearing her mid-forties, and with Robert's low sperm count, the chances of the two of them procreating another child were next to nothing, if not almost impossible. Even if by a miracle of God, her husband was able to impregnate her, the mere thought of starting all over again with a newborn infant seemed downright daunting at her age. However, as she ran her left hand over the curvature of her slightly rounded tummy, Karen once again felt a strange aching sensation twinging away in her empty womb. Fighting off the tormenting urges, it was then she realized this had to somehow be tied to those wretched hormones messing with her body's chemistry and causing all this illogical yearning.

"Hey, Mom?" Jacob's voice suddenly jerked Karen out of her daydream-like state.

Karen looked around to find her second-born standing on the other side of the kitchen island. "Yes, sweetie?" she replied, trying to shake the ridiculous thoughts from her head.

Holding up his cell phone, Jacob replied, "Sara just texted me and said her parents won't be home for a while yet. She was wondering if we could pick her up in a couple hours?"

"Sure, we can!" Brenda interjected herself into the conversation. "In fact, I can take you."

"Why *you*?" Karen asked, somewhat annoyed, along with some mild curiosity. Rolling her eyes, she then answered her own question. "Let me guess...you just wanna get out of cooking!"

"Nooooo...*Mommmm*!" Brenda replied, sarcastically. "It just so happens that I still need to go by the rental place and pick up our costumes for tonight."

Karen's eyes widened, "You *still* haven't gotten our costumes yet?" Putting a hand on her hip, she continued in her usual, exasperated, motherly tone, "Brenda...you were supposed to have done that *last week*!"

"I know... I know..." Brenda responded, waving her hands nonchalantly. "It's just that I've been really busy at the office lately, and I completely forgot."

Karen huffed, "You *forgot*? Well, I hope for our sakes that the costume shop's still open!" With a scoff, she handed the cup of juice to her younger sister.

"It is..." Brenda responded. "They don't close 'til 5 o'clock."

Karen replied, "Well then, y'all had better get going...it's all the way downtown, and the traffic's for sure gonna be crazy!"

Holding out the plastic cup of apple juice to Rachel, Brenda asked, "Will you be a dear, sweetie, and take this to your little cousin?"

"Yeah...sure," Rachel replied, as she took the cup from her Aunt and left the room.

Brenda then said to Jacob, "Could you tell your Uncle Mark I'm gonna be taking the car, hon? Then we can go."

"Okay..." Jacob replied, following his sister out of the kitchen. "I'll be by the front door whenever you're ready, Aunt Bren'."

All of a sudden, it became very awkward in the kitchen.

Seeing that they were now alone, Brenda leaned into Karen, who had resumed decorating the jack-o-lantern cookies, and whispered, "If it's okay with you...before we go pick up Sara, I'm gonna take Jake by my house."

While squeezing orange icing out of a tube and onto a pumpkin-shaped cookie, Karen replied, "Take him by your house?"

"Uh-huh," Brenda nodded in response.

"And *why*, may I ask, would you need to do that?" Karen inquired, her voice now dripping with suspicion.

"*Because*..." Brenda continued, in a whisper, "It'd be a perfect place and opportunity for Jake to provide another semen sample that I can send off to my colleagues."

Karen scoffed, "An opportunity for Jake to 'provide' a sample, or for you to '*extract*' one, you mean?"

Brushing off the incredulous sarcasm in Karen's voice, Brenda shrugged her shoulders and chuckled casually, "Same difference."

Karen stopped icing the cookie and looked at her sister. She could see the naughty glint in Brenda's baby-blue eyes and immediately felt uneasy about her younger sister's proposal.

To date, whenever Jacob received any 'help' from either Brenda or Melissa Turner, Karen had always been in the house with them to oversee their 'sessions' and act as a chaperone. However, this time, her married sister would have full, unsupervised access to Jacob...and way on the other side of town, far away from her presence. The thought of Brenda having her way with her little man alone in her house brought on a sudden sense of panic, along with a wave of envy.

Her face flushed with annoyance, Karen continued, "Besides, is there *really* a need to continue sending these 'samples'? I mean...hopefully, in a couple of weeks Dr. Grant will give up the antidote, and we can put all of this insanity behind us."

Brenda responded, "*Hopefully*...yes, that's what we all want. But until Jake receives the antidote and is actually totally cured, it would still be in his best interest for us to continue monitoring his stats, in case of any unforeseen changes."

Keeping her voice low, Karen huffed, "Look...we don't have time for any *shenanigans* today. There's still a lot left to do before this evening, and we need your help *here*!"

Brenda took a glance around to make sure they were alone, "No 'shenanigans'... I *promise*! I'll get the samples

and we'll be on our way back." Seeing that her sister still wasn't totally convinced, she added, "Remember...this is all to ensure that Jake's health hasn't been compromised in any way by all those crazy chemicals and hormones. We'll be quick, I promise. It'll be 'in and out', and--"

Karen cut her eyes at her sister and snapped up her hand, "*Shhhhh*!! If it's solely for Jake's benefit, then you don't have to keep selling me. 'In and out', huh? Brenda...you're *horrible*!"

Brenda replied with a coquettish, Cheshire Cat grin, "Just trying to be a caring doctor...as well as a loving Aunt and godmother!"

Karen resumed decorating the cookies as she mulled over her sister's proposition. Eventually, she relented and, with a heavy sigh, responded, "Fine...but you'd *better* be quick about it. Remember, you still need to go pick up Sara and then get your butt back here ASAP to help us out."

Suddenly, from behind Brenda, Daniel's voice rang out, "Mama?"

Brenda spun around to find her little boy holding his empty juice cup behind her. "Hey there, punkin'!" she replied as she bent down, picked her son up, and sat him on the countertop in front of her.

Daniel asked, "Mama...Jake said he's gonna go with you to the store, and then you're gonna pick up Sara."

Using her fingers to brush a few wayward blonde locks from Daniel's forehead, Brenda made a mental note to herself to take her son in for a haircut sometime the following week. "Yes, sweetie, that's right. Jake and I need to go stop by the costume rental shop, pick up Mommy and Auntie's Halloween costumes for tonight, and then we're gonna swing by to pick up Sara."

"Can I go with you tooooooo?" Daniel asked, his pleading voice full of innocence.

Brenda knew that taking Daniel with her could end up throwing a big monkey wrench into her plans of obtaining another semen 'sample' from Jacob. She sighed, "Baby...Mommy's not gonna be gone long." She glanced over at Karen and then back to her son. "Besides, don't you wanna stay here instead to help Auntie Karen and Rachel?"

Pouting, Daniel shook his head, "No, Mama...I need to go with *you*!"

Brenda chuckled, "You need to go with *me*...why?"

With a sweet smile, Daniel replied, "I'm your 'site-kick'...'member?"

'Sidekick' was a nickname that Brenda used for Daniel whenever she took him shopping or running errands with her around town. Such sweet, innocent moments with her little boy were ones which she relished, knowing the days were all too soon approaching when they would come to an end. For a moment, Brenda's eagerness to once again get her dainty hands and sultry mouth on her nephew's giant cock seemed to outweigh the motherly nostalgic instincts tugging at her heartstrings. After all, if things did go according to plan and Jacob was eventually cured, Brenda knew her chances of being able to 'help' her nephew would soon be quite limited, if not altogether over.

However, the look of pure love and adoration in her son's baby-blue eyes staring back into her own baby-blues quickly trumped any feelings of lust Brenda had burning in her loins. The loving mother knew with dread that there'd soon come a day when her little 'punkin' would no longer want to be her 'site-kick', so she'd better take advantage of those little moments with him while she still could.

Brenda smiled, "You know what? You're absolutely right...Mama does need her sidekick!" Kissing her beautiful boy on the forehead, she picked him up and set him back on the floor, "Now run along, and go get your stuff."

"*Yaaayyy*!!" Daniel exclaimed, as he bolted from the kitchen.

While continuing to decorate the cookies, Karen chuckled and asked with sarcasm, "So tell me, *Doctor*...just how do you plan on 'obtaining' those samples, *now*?"

Brenda huffed as she picked up a cookie from the platter on the counter. Taking a bite, she then replied, while chewing, "I dunno...but you know me...I'll think up of something."

At that moment, Mark entered the kitchen through the garage. Brenda asked her husband, "Hey, honey...how's the decorating going? Y'all just about done?"

Mark nodded, "Almost, but I need to go by the house...any chance I can take the car real quick? I'll be back before you know it."

Panicked and slightly annoyed at yet another obstacle thrown in her path, Brenda asked, "Go to the house? W-what for?"

Grabbing a bottled water from the refrigerator, Mark replied, while twisting off its cap, "I just found the perfect spot on the front porch for that spooky mechanical skeleton that we have. Unfortunately, I forgot to bring it...it's still at home."

Suddenly, an idea popped into the young doctor's head. "You know, honey..." Brenda began, "Jake and I decided to leave earlier than expected, and get a head start on those errands I told him to mention to you."

"Oh, really?" Mark asked, before downing several chugs of water.

Brenda smiled, "Yeah...I need to go by the costume shop before they close, and then we're gonna go pick up Sara for the party. Since the Millers don't live too far from us in Dunwoody, why not just let us swing by the house while we're out? That way, you can stay here and continue to help Rob and Scott with all the decorating."

"Sounds good to me...as long as you're sure?" Mark replied, with a shrug.

"Of course, I'm sure!" Brenda cheerfully replied, her plan now somewhat back on track. The situation of Daniel being with them still posed a predicament, but the smart and crafty doctor felt confident that she could figure something out.

"I gotta warn you, though..." Mark continued, "That skeleton's way up in the attic. It isn't *too* heavy, but hauling it down that ladder and all those stairs could prove to be a pain. I hope you're both prepared to break a sweat!". Chuckling, he downed the last of his water.

Stepping up to Mark, Brenda smiled and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Sensually stroking his jawline, she slowly added, "Oh, don't you worry, my love. When it comes to physical exertion, I'm sure Jake and I will be able to do it...somehow."

Hearing a sudden cough, they both turned to the kitchen island.

"Sorry..." Karen replied, quickly holding up Brenda's discarded, half-eaten treat from the countertop. "Choked on a cookie."

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After picking up the costumes downtown, Brenda drove with Jacob and Daniel to her and Mark's house in an exclusive, gated community located next to the Dunwoody Country Club. Once the trio had gone inside, they ended up in the den, where Brenda picked up the remote and turned on the television. "Now, punkin'..." she said to Daniel, as she scrolled through the channels, "Be a good boy, now. Jake and I are gonna go get some Halloween decorations down from that scary attic upstairs...so you stay in here and watch 'Blue's Clues', okay?"

Ignoring his mother's ominous warnings, Daniel instead replied with excitement and clapped, "Yay! '*Blue's Clues*'...'*Blue's Clues*'!!!" He then pulled his little chair

closer to the television and sat down, holding his stuffed version of the blue puppy from the show. Feeling confident that her son was now sufficiently settled in and preoccupied, Brenda led Jacob to the second floor and then to the attic.

Jacob walked a few steps behind Brenda as they ascended the grand staircase to the attic. His eyes were locked onto her shapely, round butt as it swayed side-to-side tantalizingly in front of him, encased in Brenda's skin-tight black yoga pants. The hypnotic vision soon caused the sleeping leviathan in Jacob's pants to stir anew.

As it turned out, Mark was correct. The mechanical skeleton, though light, was somewhat tricky getting to at the back of the attic. Working together however, Brenda and Jake were able to navigate the decoration from the dark and dusty spaces with relative ease, and haul it down the attic's ladder.

Once back down on the second floor, Jacob stood by and watched as Brenda dusted herself off. Seeing his gorgeous Aunt running her hands across her chest as she wiped off the cobwebs from her black T-shirt was mesmerizing. The sight of her mouthwatering tits wobbling beneath her form-fitting garment quickly caused his partial erection to go full-blown.

"Stuff gets *everywhere*!" Brenda complained, as she continued patting herself down. As soon as Jacob's familiar, exotic scent invaded her nostrils, the young doctor's nipples suddenly hardened within her lacy black bra. Upon looking back up, she caught her nephew red-handed, gawking at her chest. With a smile, she asked jokingly, "What are you staring at, stud? Did I miss some of it?"

Embarrassed that he'd been caught ogling, Jacob stammered in response, "Oh...ummmm...sorry, Aunt Brenda...didn't mean to stare."

Brenda giggled, "It's okay...I don't mind. To tell you the truth, I'll be more worried if ever the day comes when men *stop* looking!" Stepping up closer to Jacob, she continued, "You know...it's been over a month since I sent that last batch of your sperm samples to my colleagues for analysis. So, I figured since I have the storage unit here, *and* we have ample opportunity..." The beautiful doctor didn't finish her statement. Instead, she arched her brow in the hopes that her young nephew would take the hint.

Jacob's heart began to race. Normally, he'd never turn down a chance to fool around with his smokin' hot Aunt, particularly in that outfit she was currently wearing. However, he didn't expect her to be up to go at it today, especially in the same house she shared with her husband...*and* with her 5-year-old son just downstairs.

Though he was mainly thinking with his other 'head' at the moment, Jacob wasn't an idiot either.
"Okay...sure...but what about-- "

Brenda cut him off, "Don't worry..." Turning, she then began walking down the hallway towards her master bedroom. "I've already gotten the clearance from your Mom." With a wiggle of her left index finger, Brenda gestured at her nephew, purposefully swaying her sexy, yoga pants-clad butt for him to follow her.

"No, that's not what I meant," Jacob quickly said, discarding the mechanical skeleton at the bottom of the ladder and following Brenda to her bedroom.

Eagerly closing her bedroom door, Brenda disappeared into her walk-in closet, and replied, "Oh? Well...what'd you mean?"

Jacob took a moment to scan the room, since he'd never been inside his Aunt and Uncle's bedroom before. In fact, it was only the second time he'd ever been upstairs in their house since they'd had it built three years before.

The master suite was somewhat similar to his parents': classy and spacious, with several large bay windows letting in plenty of sunlight. However, unlike his parents, the Sullivans' bedroom featured two walk-in closets and a vaulted ceiling. "*Must be nice having a doctor AND stockbroker's salary!*" Jacob thought to himself.

Jacob's eyes caught sight of a framed photo atop one of the nightstands-- he assumed on his Aunt's side of the bed. The picture was of Brenda, Uncle Mark, and little Daniel. As he contemplated the smiling faces of the picture-perfect, typical All-American, happy family, he responded, "I was actually referring to Danny...he's just downstairs, ya know."

"Yeah...I know." Brenda calmly replied. Exiting the closet, she carried out the same specimen storage container that she'd used the last time Jacob had 'provided' her with a semen sample. She then placed the rectangular-shaped box on the bed and opened the lid.

Jacob stepped up beside his Aunt and asked, "So...aren't you worried he might come up here while we're...you know...'extracting' my samples?"

Loosening the lids on the plastic jars, Brenda replied, "No, not really...Danny's just like his daddy...once he gets in front of the TV, nothing ever distracts him." With a giggle, she added, "In fact, I reckon World War III could be going on outside, and probably neither one of them would be none-the-wiser!"

Turning to Jacob, Brenda continued, "Besides...I promised your Mom, AKA *'The Overlord*', that we'd be as quick as possible and there'd be no 'shenanigans' today." Rolling her eyes, she added, "So, in keeping with that

promise, sadly no one's gonna get fully naked. All we're gonna do is pull down your pants, collect your samples and then go pick up Sara...okay?"

Jacob nodded and replied, with barely concealed disappointment, "Yeah...okay."

"Great." Holding up the plastic jars, with one in each hand, Brenda continued, "So...what do ya say we get those samples?"

Moments later, Jacob was sitting on the edge of his Aunt and Uncle's California king-sized bed. His pants were unbuckled and pulled partially down his thighs, while his exposed penis was now at full mast. Brenda was kneeling in front of Jacob, still fully clothed, with her sexy, shapely, yoga-pants clad butt sticking up in the air. Both her hands were tightly gripping her nephew's thick, pulsating shaft at its base. Poised to begin her sensual ministrations up and down the full length of Jacob's cock, Brenda could literally feel his blood pumping through its crisscrossing network of veins and arteries. With a renewed sense of awe, she whispered, "*My God*..."

Instinctively, the aroused doctor leaned in and planted a soft kiss on the spongy crown of her nephew's leaking cocktip. Pulling back, Brenda licked the syrupy pre-cum from her painted lips and savored the taste of her sister's son's manly essence. Right before wrapping her eager,

juicy mouth fully around Jacob's mushroom-shaped tip, she added, "*This thing...is a...miracle*!!"

Several minutes later, the 'state of the art' specimen storage unit (now containing two plastic jars completely filled with Jacob's semen) sat at the foot of the Sullivans' marital bed. Wisps of dry ice vapor wafted from its vents-- Brenda having neglected to place the unit in the small fridge she kept in her closet for her emergency vaccines and lab samples. Instead, the rectangular-shaped box now rocked slightly side-to-side from the rhythmic, squeaking undulations of the California king-sized mattress.

The young doctor was now totally naked, her discarded clothes a mere afterthought piled on the floor by Mark's side of their marital bed. She straddled her teenaged nephew's skinny waist while impaling herself on his unnaturally large penis, while her shoulder-length auburn-dyed hair flounced about her gorgeous face. Her slender fingers tightly gripped the dark cherry wooden headboard as she rhythmically slammed her round, pillowy buttcheeks down onto Jacob's lap, driving his amazing super cock deeper and deeper into her sopping-wet, married pussy.

Brenda originally had no intentions of things ever getting this far, especially in the same bed which she shared with her loving husband. She had truly meant to keep the promise that she'd made to her sister of strictly no

'shenanigans'. In fact, all the while Brenda was on her knees, stroking and sucking on her nephew's fleshy knob, she continually reminded herself, "*Stay dressed...collect the samples...and go*!" However, as soon as the powerful chemicals and radical hormones took their effect on her, causing Brenda's blood to boil with an unrestrained arousal...all bets were off.

"Ohhhh...*FUCK*!!!" Brenda threw her head back and called out to the heavens above, albeit a little louder than she wanted or intended. Even though the devoted Mom was quite confident that her young son was still downstairs and well outside of earshot, she still felt it best not to tempt fate. Biting down on her bottom lip to stifle her moans and hopefully prevent any further outbursts, Brenda frantically resumed bouncing her way towards a much-needed orgasm.

Other than his 'Avengers' T-shirt, Jacob wore nothing but a goofy grin. With his back resting against the steadily rocking headboard, he watched as his super-hot Aunt desperately rose and fell whilst fucking herself on his massive tool. With both of his youthful hands overflowing with the supple flesh of the doctor's jiggling D-cups, he grunted, "Gosh, Aunt Brenda...you've got such a nice *rack*!!" He then proceeded to use his thumbs and forefingers to clamp down on Brenda's ultra-sensitive, rock-hard nipples.

"*AAAHHHHHH*!!" Brenda shouted from the compliment, her pride and joy mixing with painful pleasure, whilst failing miserably at her attempt to remain silent. The exquisite sensations traveling along the nerve endings between her cosmetically-enhanced tits and overstuffed vaginal canal soon had the cheating wife and mother on the fast track towards another inevitable climax.

Suddenly, a soft voice called out from the other side of the closed bedroom door, "*Mommy? Are you in there*?"

The unexpected turn of events startled Brenda, but wasn't enough for her to stop completely. Instead, she wisely slowed her pace to prevent any unusual noises from the naughty 'shenanigans' taking place on her bed. Quickly turning her head to the left towards the closed bedroom door, she replied to her son,
"Yes...baby...Mommy's...here." Brenda punctuated her voice with each deep, blissful plunge onto her nephew's thick, rigid dick. Still trying to keep her voice under control, she added, "What is it...punkin'?"

Daniel asked, "*Mommy? Can I come in*?"

Unable to recall whether she'd locked the bedroom door properly or not, panic at once set in, and Brenda quickly blurted out, "*NO*!!! I mean...no baby...just...just stay...out there." In her mind's eye, Brenda could see her precious baby boy just on the other side of the bedroom door. His

floppy, blonde hair was the same color as his mommy's (before she'd dyed it), and his adorable face with that cute, impish smile was just like his daddy's. More than likely, he was standing there with his stuffed 'Blue' puppy tucked underneath his arm.

Brenda could only imagine the horror on little Danny's face if her son were to walk in and find her like this. Daniel seeing his mother nude would be nothing new: it wasn't unusual for the two of them to share a shower if time was running short getting ready in the mornings. Even sharing an occasional bubble bath together during what Brenda warmly referred to as their 'bonding time' wasn't entirely out of the ordinary. However, the thought of having her little boy's innocent eyes witness his loving mom in her marital bed, bouncing nude on top of his half-naked older cousin's lap, would be an utter disaster that she simply wouldn't be able to explain away.

As she continued to slowly ride her teenaged steed toward her inevitable climax, Brenda put her left index finger to her lips, signaling for Jacob to remain silent. Looking her in the eyes with determination, Jacob nodded his understanding whilst moving his hands from groping his Aunt's big, round, pillowy breasts to her hips and grasping at her shapely, slowly-bouncing butt.

Inside her head, Brenda could hear a faint voice yelling at her to halt this insanity immediately, jump off the bed,

and make sure her bedroom door was locked. Or better yet, throw her clothes back on, go out to her son and stop this craziness once and for all. However, her logical mind was no longer in control. The wicked hormones were now too fully in charge of the horny, cheating wife and mother, and her vibrating, MILF body simply wouldn't allow her to stop. "Wha-what do you need...sweetie?"

"'*Blue's Clues*' *is over now*," Daniel replied, with a tone of pitiful disappointment. "*It's now* '*Peppa Pig*'*...I don't like that show*!"

With her approaching climax continuing to build, Brenda desperately tried to keep her voice steady, "How about you...*oohhh*!...go find...*mmm*!...something else, baby? Mommy's...*ungghhh*!...kinda...busy...*oh shit*!...right now."

"*Can I watch* '*VeggieTales*'??" Daniel asked obliviously, from the other side of the door.

"*YES*!!" Brenda cried out exuberantly, once the tip of Jacob's cock plowed up hard and came into contact with her G-spot, causing electric tingles to run up her spine. She quickly corrected, "I mean yes...yes, baby...'VeggieTales' is fine." For some strange reason, Brenda's mind suddenly drifted. At first, she thought about how it had become sort of a nightly ritual for her and Daniel to watch an episode of the Bible story-based cartoon whilst snuggled up in his bed. Suddenly, her

sweet and innocent memory morphed into something unexpectedly dark, as she imagined that the rigid member currently stuffed in her cheating cunt and was about to get her off wasn't Jacob's penis, but instead was one of the cartoon's main characters: '*Larry the Cucumber*'. Trying to clear the perversely twisted, sinister image from her mind, she asked, "Can you...operate the...*ohhhh*!...DVD p--player?"

"*Yes, Ma'am...daddy showed me how*!" Daniel confirmed proudly.

Brenda was dangerously close to achieving her climax as the tension in her core continued to swell. Her knuckles were now white from gripping the headboard so tightly. Closing her eyes shut, she bit her bottom lip as she tried to concentrate, holding back the impending, orgasmic tide for as long as possible. Brenda wanted Daniel out of earshot before those waves crashed, as she knew remaining quiet would be otherwise downright impossible. Desperate to hurry her little boy along, she called out, "Alright...punkin'! Now, do as Mommy says...*oh God*!...and go back...*oh shit*!...downstairs."

After a few seconds, Daniel, being the ever-obedient son, replied softly, "*Okay, Mommy*!" His voice and the soft, thudding patter of his little footsteps on the carpet trailed off as he ran down the hallway and retreated back downstairs.

Brenda sighed with relief as she listened to the noises recede and it seemed she had dodged a huge bullet. With Daniel now heading back down to the den to watch his new video, she felt she could relax and enjoy being drowned in the sheer, orgasmic deluge she knew was about to come crashing down upon her.

Deeming it was now safe, Brenda resumed her original pace and, along with it, the erotic melody of her loud moaning-- along with her naked ass slapping loudly against Jacob's lap. Eager to get her nephew to pop, the beautiful doctor placed her hands on his shoulders and looked directly into Jacob's eyes, her mouth curled into a leering sneer as she whispered sultrily, "Okay, stud...hurry along now and pump that nice, big load of yours deep into your Auntie's hot, tight pussy...remember, we still gotta go pick up your little girlfriend for the party."

Normally, the combination of Brenda's tightly clutching vagina, the horny look on her face, and her sexily dirty statement would've quickly tipped Jacob over the edge. However, that edge had been somewhat dented by his little cousin's rude interruption and Jacob knew he was going to need one last push to get him over the finish line. Even using the bouncy mattress for leverage as he pushed up with his butt to meet Brenda stroke for stroke merely served to bring the stiffness back to his cock and was

quickly proving to not be enough. Grabbing onto his Aunt's gyrating hips, Jacob slapped her lightly on one of her buttcheeks as a signal for her to get off.

"Come *onnnnn*, Jake...*ungh*!..what's the matter?" Brenda moaned in frustration at her nephew, leaning into him as she smashed her 'nice rack' onto his chest and pinned him down harder. Her own race to the finish line was finally in sight, and the last thing she wanted was another unwelcome pause.

"I'm *trying*, Aunt Brenda...*ugh*!...but can we switch to another position?" Jacob groaned back, still jerking upwards as he grasped Brenda's bouncing hips, his eyes now clenched in concentration.

With an exasperated sigh, Brenda lowered her hands to her nephew's abs and raised herself up. Swinging her leg over Jacob, his cock disengaged from her with an unceremonious and audible **plop*!* as it popped out of her gaping pussy and slapped lewdly back onto his abs.

"Lemme guess...*doggie*?" Brenda said slowly with a smirk, lashing her matted auburn hair over her shoulder as she looked back at her godson and assumed the said position at the foot of her bed.

Jacob didn't even bother with a reply as he got up off the headboard with a groan and eagerly took his place on his knees behind his smokin' hot Aunt, his usual goofy grin

spread across his face. It was as if Brenda had read his mind.

Looking forwards once again and bracing her hands on her bed's footboard, the smirk on Brenda's face quickly faded as her focus honed in once more on her bedroom door. She could now clearly see that it was definitely unlocked and for a moment, she scolded herself for not having taken advantage of the brief respite's opportunity to pad over to the door and lock it. However, before she could say anything--

"*OWWW*!!!..*you lil' shit*!! *Damnit*, Jake, give a girl a *warning* next time!" Brenda chided, glaring back at her nephew over her shoulder. Jacob smiled, reminded of Rachel's similar, surprised scold from a couple weeks back. Just like his sister, Brenda's momentary anger quickly dissipated to a deeply fulfilling pleasure as Jacob's thick and massive shaft accommodated itself once more in her ravaged love canal. That pleasure soon mixed with trepidation from the lingering uncertainty that, at any moment, her little boy might return and inadvertently come barging in on them.

"Sorry, Aunt Bren', but like you said, we've gotta hurry along. Besides..." Jacob leaned in closer to where his lips were near his godmother's left ear, "I've been *dying* to tap that sweet butt of yours all day...ever since seeing you in those tight, hot, yoga pants!"

"Oh *myyyyyy*...you *naughty* boy!" Brenda moaned, raising herself up and turning her head towards Jacob so that their lips and tongues met in a wet and sloppy kiss. Leaning back down, she looked back over her shoulder and teased, "Let's be honest, though...I bet it wasn't just *my* butt that you've been staring at all day, hmm? *Unnghh*!!"

"I...dunno...what...you...*meeeeeean*!" Jacob groaned, emphasizing his words slowly, as he grabbed her tighter by the hips and methodically deep-stroked his Aunt. The loud sound of clapping flesh resounded each time his abs slapped up against her shapely ass, as he eagerly grinded himself into her.

"Oh, come on now..." Brenda continued, "...your Mom and sister were wearing the same type of tight leggings. Don't *tell me* you weren't eying them down too...you *nasty...perverted*...boy!" Meeting her nephew's thrusts in counterpoint, Brenda threw her ass back at him, the grip of her vaginal canal tightening on the shaft of Jacob's pulsating cock with each of her carefully-chosen, slowly-enunciated words.

"You're *horrible* Aunt Bren'...ya know that? *Ughh*!" Jacob grunted, feeling the tingling fuse in his refilled, heavily-swaying balls finally being triggered.

"So your *Mom* always says..." Brenda giggled, half smiling and half worried with concern as she maintained a

careful watch on her bedroom door. "But seriously though, we've gotta wrap this up soon and get a move on. *Unngh*! Come on, stud...what's it gonna take for Auntie to get you off?"

"C-could you...*ughhh*...maybe, ya know...talk *dirty* to me again, Aunt Bren'?" Jacob groaned, as he leaned in again to Brenda's ear and plunged in her deeper, his pleading voice now a desperate and hoarse whisper.

"Talk *dirty*, hmm? What's the matter, young stud...*unngh*!...your *Mommy* doesn't do that for you back at home? he-heh...*Don't answer that*!" Brenda chuckled after an awkward pause, as they both already knew the answer to that question. "Al-righty then, you naughty...*nasty*...boy. You likin' the view from back there? Your Auntie's hot...*sexy*...*ass*?...that *ass* you've been staring at *all day*? I bet you've been *dying* for a while now for a chance to pound it, haven't you, you lil' *perv*!"

Jacob's grunts and groans quickly grew louder and his hoarse breathing intensified. Soon, the slapping of flesh on flesh ramped up in tempo, increasing in pace and volume, along with the squeaking springs resounding in protest from Brenda's king-sized mattress. Throwing caution to the wind, Brenda decided to delve deeper into the depraved recesses of her psyche for her next, carefully-chosen words...as well as put some of the old

'Psychology 101' course that she'd taken way back in college to good use.

"You sick lil' *monster*, you..." Brenda continued, purposely tightening the clenching walls of her cunt even more on her nephew's invading monstrosity, "I bet it wasn't just *me* you wish you were pounding from behind right now, huh? I bet someone *else's* yoga pants got you all worked up too earlier, and you wouldn't mind it if that *someone* we know was also bent over on this bed in front of you, hmm? *Ohh*! I take that as a yes! *Unngh*! Yeah! Pound Auntie harder, stud...*DEEEEPERRR*!! *FASTERRR*!!! Come on, Jake...just imagine it...*imagine* if your *Mom* was also here...and you were tapping that sweet, gorgeous, forbidden behind that she has...*HARRRD*...makin' that BIG, beautiful Mommy *ass* of hers jiggle! And your sister...*Rachel*...mmm, with that hot cheerleader bod that she still has...don't *tell* me you've never thought about hittin' on that *hottie*, you sick, dirty boy! *Mmmmm*...just picture it Jake-- all *three* of us, on all fours, right here in front of you, offering our asses and open pussies for that *big*, stud cock of yours...*begging* for you to dump your huge loads into each of us! Pumpin' all three of us FULL...filling us up *raw* and dirty...*Nutting* in us like *wild, breeding animals*! You'd *LOVE* that, huh? Filling *Mommy* up...Filling your *HOT SIS* up...Filling *AUNTIE* up!! *Nutting* in us with your lil' *babymakers*!!! *UNNGH*!!! Come on, Jake...don't make me *beg* for it any

longer! I want that hot, thick load of yours *DEEP* inside me...keeping me warm *all night*...pump Auntie *full*! Remember, just a couple more months and your hot Auntie's gonna be getting off the pill...and *you* might be fully healed up by then...so that means no more foolin' around and havin' fun with your favorite Auntie...that means no more chances for us to have *hot*, *risky* sex...no more busting your *nut* and dropping your *big*, *FAT* loads deep inside me...so you'd better enjoy it while you can *NOW...and make it...worth...all...that...GUILT*!!! *UNNNNGH*!!!"

"*OOOHHHH...AUNT BRENDAAAAA*!!!" Jacob recklessly called out, as his hips went into overdrive and his huge 'load' finally surged up the length of his cock's swollen shaft. Now grasping her by her shoulders, he leaned in hard once more, using his lower back muscles for leverage as he thoroughly plowed her from behind and prepared to bust his 'nut' deep inside her.

Worried that Jacob's voice was a bit too loud, Brenda quickly raised up and reached back with her left hand, pulling her godson by his hair to her face. Immediately, their mouths met, their lips latching on to one another's as they engaged in another soul-searingly sultry kiss. All too soon, the awkward angle and their movements pulled their lips apart and they were left to sate themselves with haphazardly sloppy necking, heavy breathing and the wild

flickering of tongues. Throughout it all, their groaning and moaning continued apace before the tip of Jacob's cock finally mashed onto Brenda's cervix and blasted huge, massive ropes of his thick, teenaged spunk, depositing it deep into his naked godmother's clutching, quivering cunt.

"*AHHHHHHH...YESSSSSSS*!!!" Brenda mouthed in a voiceless scream, slamming her ass back at her nephew and arching her back, creating the perfect angle for her nephew's bursting insemination. A look of rapturous bliss spread on her face as she closed her eyes and threw her head back in pure ecstasy. Sluice gates of unabashed orgasm quickly washed over her once more, as Jacob fully unleashed into her and she willingly allowed her nephew to flood her soon-to-be fertile womb with his chemically-enhanced, thickly-potent, hot and healthy family seed.

Suddenly, Brenda's eyes popped open and she snapped her head up to look at her bedroom door. From thence, she once again heard her son's faint and familiar voice, "*Mommy*? *Is Jake in there with you*?"

At that exact moment, the orgasmic bomb going off in Brenda's pussy imploded with sudden panic as the unlocked doorknob began to turn, dousing her inflamed passion with a cold dose of sobered-up reality. Sheer terror gripped her heart once she saw the door slowly

starting to open. "OH GOD...*NOOOO*!!!" she screamed, her voice a mixture of absolute horror, mingled with the abating throes of her echoing, ebbing ecstasy, "NO!!! DANNNNYYYYY...*STOOOOPPPP*!!!"

Brenda knew the door needed only to open a few more inches, and Daniel would immediately have a full and unadulterated view of what his sinful Mom and cousin had truly been up to. As her body continued to writhe, taunting her with a perverse pleasure and a suicidal wish to get caught, she cried out, "I told you...*STAY*...*OUT*...*THERE*!!!" It broke her heart to yell at her innocent son in this fashion, but the mere thought of her little punkin's uncorrupted eyes witnessing his mother being such a bad and nasty Mommy would've literally crushed her soul.

Whether it was by divine intervention or just pure luck, the bedroom door slowly creaked back on its hinges. Once she heard it shut and the faint 'click' of the latch finally engage, Brenda silently thought to herself, "*Thank you*, *God*!"

"*Mommy*? *Are you okay*?" Daniel asked, his soft voice now dripping with concern.

As she continued grinding her hips, riding out the final waves of her retreating orgasm, Brenda replied, "I-I'm fine...baby." Though a bit breathless, she continued, "It's

Jake...he uhhhh...hurt his knee...earlier, up in the attic. I'm putting a bandage...on it now." Biting down on her lower lip, Brenda continued to slow down her motions, still feeling hot little spurts firing off in her spasming vaginal canal as Jacob churned his pulsing shaft inside her and her womb welcomed in his seed.

"*Is it oozing*?" Daniel asked.

"Huh?" Brenda thought, puzzled, and glanced back at Jacob. He'd by now nearly stopped his thrusting and was trying to catch his breath, a big grin spread across his face. After making quick eye-contact with her nephew, Brenda gingerly disengaged from him and looked down in between her legs, where she saw the unmistakable evidence of her and Jacob's most recent, forbidden mating. Lewdly, something indeed was 'oozing' at that moment, though probably not how her little boy was picturing it! Matter-of-factly, Brenda nodded and replied to her son, "Yes...yes it is oozing...quite *bad*, actually." In her best, calm and clinical voice, the quick-thinking doctor then added, "That's why I yelled for you not to come in...I didn't want you to see it...and be frightened." Brenda decided to play on her son's unhealthy fear of the sight of blood, hoping it would be enough to satisfy Danny's piqued and morbid curiosity. Gazing back down, Brenda spread her legs slightly apart and stared on,

fetishistically feasting her eyes and satisfying her own curious fascination with creampies.

After a few seconds of silence, Daniel asked, "*Are you gonna...kiss it*?"

"Huh...*What*?" Brenda scoffed, half chuckling as her young son broke her trance.

"*Jake's boo-boo*..." the little boy's innocently sweet voice came in through the door. "*You always kiss MINE when I get hurt...to make it feel better*."

Brenda could feel her heart swell, and her eyes tear up. The good doctor always felt a little guilty after engaging in a 'session' with Jacob. After all, she was married and loved her husband. However, she always seemed to be able to easily rationalize her actions and justify them as an act of 'professional' necessity in order to help her nephew with his rare medical condition...not to mention the unavoidable and irresistible effects caused by those wicked, radical hormones.

Now sexually sated and back in her right state of mind, the act of lying to her innocent son just on the other side of the bedroom door, while in her marital bed, (naked and freshly-fucked by someone other than Daniel's father), suddenly felt raw and unsettling. Somewhat jolted into clarity, Brenda smiled nervously and replied, "Yes, punkin'...I'll be sure to do just that." Climbing off the bed,

she began collecting her discarded clothes, trying her best not to drip Jacob's spunk that was leaking down her legs and out of her gaping vagina from getting all over the floor. Awkwardly squeezing her thighs together as she got to the door, Brenda added, "Now, be a good boy and go back downstairs to finish watching your video...while Mommy finishes up in here with Jake."

"*Okay, Mommy*!" Daniel replied cheerfully. He then turned and padded softly back down to the den.

Clutching her clothes to her chest, Brenda breathed a deep sigh of relief as she finally locked the door, then slowly stepped over to the edge of the bed where Jacob now sat up, resting on his elbows. "Okay, stud..." she began in a serious tone, pulling up her panties, before taking his semi-rigid shaft in her left hand, "After I 'kiss' and get this 'boo-boo' all cleaned up, I'm gonna bandage your knee quite heavily, and I expect you to walk with a slight limp tonight...can you do that?". Barely waiting for a response, Brenda quickly got on her knees, the insides of her thighs still marked with streams of Jacob's sperm. Her lips and tongue then immediately went to work cleaning up the evidence of their combined fluids that still coated her nephew's cock.

Jacob sat up straighter on the bed with a smile, throwing a 'thumbs-up' to his Aunt and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...I can do that...walk with a limp...all night...no problem-o."

Brenda paused and looked up, then nodded with a slightly mischievous grin, "Exactly...and if anyone asks 'How?', you got your knee caught on a nail sticking out from the wall while we were up in the attic. We didn't want Danny to see all the blood, so I brought you in here to give you a tetanus shot and patch you up...got it?" With a smack of her lips and a pat on his thigh, she signaled to Jacob that she was (all too soon) done with her judicious 'cleaning' and for him to put his pants back on.

Though a little disappointed, Jacob nevertheless stood up and slowly put on his boxers and trousers, saluting his Aunt with a cheerful, "Got it, Doc!!" as he zipped himself up. Sighing quietly, Brenda barely concealed her relief that her quick and thorough 'cleaning' hadn't woken Jacob's menacing monster back up.

"Okay...stud, now let's get movin'!" Brenda said, as she got up off the carpet and began walking gingerly towards her master bathroom for a quick and very much-needed shower. Turning around, she added, "It's getting late, and we've still gotta go pick up Sara." Taking a quick glance at the alarm clock, Brenda then noticed just how late it actually was, and exclaimed in horror as she rushed to the shower, "Oh *shit*!! Your Mom's gonna *kill me*!!"

Knowing exactly of a way for them to 'save time', Jacob got up from tying his shoes and immediately undid the top button of his pants, kicking his shoes off and quickly

walking towards the master bathroom doorway with an impish look on his face...

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As they waited for Brenda to return with the boys from her errands and the last of the outdoor decorations, the men of the extended Mitchell family decided to finally take a much-needed break from their daylong chore of decorating and convened in the den to catch the tail end of a college football game. The main sporting event, however, would be later that evening when the Atlanta Braves would take on the Houston Astros in game 5 of the World Series. Robert especially had been on edge that afternoon, and was now downing a little bit too much alcohol to alleviate the nervousness he'd been feeling all day for his favorite baseball team. After all, it had been over 25 years since his beloved Braves had hoisted a World Series trophy, and they were now poised to do just that...with one more win at home in Atlanta later that night.

Meanwhile, Karen and Rachel had been kept busy bustling around in the kitchen in Brenda's absence. Mother and daughter now set about putting the finishing touches to all their hard work, placing and organizing the final platters of food on the dining room table. It was indeed a buffet worthy of a king-- though no thanks to Brenda, who had yet to return, Karen thought.

Silently, Karen was secretly fuming about how her younger sister had reneged on her promise about being quick and getting back in time to help her and Rachel with the rest of the preparations. Tugging on the collar of her T-shirt, the middled-aged Mom fanned herself as she pondered what on earth was keeping Brenda and Jacob so long. Her mind was now racing with all sorts of sordid images of the worst, lewd debauchery imaginable that probably took place (or was still taking place) between her son and younger sister way on the other side of town.

Rachel, on the other hand, was practically giddy with how well things were turning out so far. This was going to be her first time officially hosting the annual Halloween party at her home (or any function for that matter), and she sincerely hoped that everything would go off without a hitch.

Having finished in the dining room, Karen and Rachel returned to the kitchen for their own, well-deserved break. Suddenly, the back door flew open and Brenda breezed in, carrying her son Daniel in tow on her left hip. Throwing up her hands, Karen exclaimed, "Well, it's *about* time! Where have you been...and *why* are you so late?" Her questions were obviously rhetorical and asked as more of a cover...flabbergasted and annoyed, Karen already had a good idea regarding the reason to both.

"It's a long story...I assure you," Brenda replied emphatically, huffing as she set Daniel down on his feet.

"Mm-hmm...I'm sure it is," Karen responded suspiciously.

At that moment, Jacob came through the door along with Sara, who was already decked out in full costume. She was dressed as 'Elsa' from the Disney movie 'Frozen', complete with the iconic blue, sequined dress, with her long, platinum blonde hair plaited in the character's textured French braid hairstyle. "Hi, Mrs. Mitchell...Hi, Rachel!" Sara greeted the other two ladies in her usual, politely cordial manner. "You have a lovely house. Thank you so much again for inviting me."

"Hello there, Sara," Karen replied to the gorgeous teenager. Seeing her holding Jacob's hand immediately caused an unexpected wave of emotions. She couldn't help but wonder how much things had progressed between the two of them as of late. Were they now officially a couple? If that was the case, she was mainly happy for her son, but she also felt that nagging little tug of jealousy along with another radiating flash of heat going up her neck. Trying to clear her mind of the irrational envy, she added, "We're so glad you could make it...and I must say...you look *exactly* like Princess Elsa!"

Rachel agreed with her Mother, "I'll say...and that dress is downright *phenomenal*!"

"Thank you, both..." Sara responded with a smile. "But the credit really should go to my mom...she did most of the work."

As the young pair walked across the kitchen, Karen just happened to notice a slight hitch in Jacob's gait. Turning her attention from Sara, she asked her sister, "And *why*, may I ask, does my son have a limp?"

Before Brenda could respond, Daniel spoke up, "Auntie Karen...Jake hurt his knee in the attic...it bled really bad!"

Karen turned to Jacob and asked with concern, "You...you hurt your knee?? You were *bleeding*?!"

Jacob replied, "Yeah, Mom...but it's nothing to-- "

Without thinking, Karen went into full 'Mommy' mode, and before Jacob could finish his statement, she pulled her son to her with his face pressed against her T-shirt-covered bosom. "*Oh, my goodness*! Are you okay, Snuggle Bear?" She had quite forgotten all about her promise to Jacob about not going overboard whenever Sara was around and using the most dreaded of nicknames.

As he flounced his arms around, Jacob could immediately hear his older sister snickering in the background. "*Mmmooommmmphhhh*!" he mumbled, finding it hard to breathe with his nose buried between his Mother's big

breasts. The sweet fragrance of freshly-baked cookies, mixed with her perfume, permeated through the cotton fabric of her shirt and into his nostrils. If they'd been alone, he would've been perfectly fine with all the attention he was now getting from his doting Mother, but with Sara and the others standing right there, this was certainly not the time.

Finally breaking free from his Mother's clutches, Jacob said, "Mom...it's not that big of a deal! I just caught my leg on a nail sticking out of a board, that's all." His flustered face was now flushed red, both with his not having been able to breathe, and the royal embarrassment he was now feeling.

Giggling, Brenda stepped up and added, "No need to worry Sis...even though it did bleed a good bit, it was really just a scratch. He probably just nicked a small vein. I cleaned up the wound, put some antibiotics on it, and bandaged it up really well. I even gave him a tetanus shot from my emergency mini-fridge that I keep upstairs, just to be safe. Relax, he'll be fine...I'm pretty sure I was able to save the limb." She ended her statement by giving her nephew a knowing little wink.

By this time, the guys had all heard that Brenda had returned and were filtering into the kitchen. Mark, overhearing the end of the conversation, chimed in, "Yeah, a few nails are sticking out of a couple of support

beams up there in the attic. I've been meaning for a while to take care of them, but just haven't gotten around to it yet...sorry 'bout that, Jake."

Jacob couldn't help but feel somewhat guilty at the moment. He wasn't injured one bit...it was all just a ruse. Plus, he had just come from his uncle's house where he'd done the nasty with his wife in their marital bed-- with their 5-year-old son just on the other side of the bedroom door...and now his uncle was apologizing to *him*. Jacob shook his head, "It's fine, Uncle Mark...really."

Karen turned to Brenda and asked, "Please tell me you at least remembered to get the costumes?"

"Yes...*Mommmm*! I remembered to get the costumes," Brenda replied sarcastically. "They're in the car...along with that darned skeleton." The young mother leaned down to her son and said, "Punkin'...why don't you go wash up? We'll be eating pretty soon."

"Okay, mommy!!" Daniel replied, bolting out of the kitchen.

Brenda turned to the four men standing around in the kitchen, "Okay, guys...let's go get the last of the decorations out of my car. Ladies, why don't we go and inspect the boys' work so far?"

After all the adults had left to go outside, Jacob leaned in close to Sara and whispered, "Sorry about all that."

Sara turned to Jacob and asked, "Sorry about what?"

As the two teenagers walked into the dining room, Jacob replied with embarrassment, "My Mom...she can be a bit much and go way overboard with concern sometimes."

Sara smiled, "Oh, *that*?" Pointing back towards the kitchen, she added with a giggle, "No need to apologize...I actually found it quite adorable."

Jacob's face scrunched up. "You found *that* to be adorable? My Mother treating me like a 4-year-old?"

Sara nodded, "Uh-huh!"

Jacob chuckled, "And here I was thinking that *I* was the weird one, when actually...maybe it's *you*!" His statement drew another giggle out of his date as they arrived at the punch bowl. Using the ladle, Jacob then began to fill a cup with his Mom's famous 'Blood-Red Cherry' punch...complete with floating candy eyeballs and fingers.

Taking the small cup of drink from Jacob, Sara said, "Thank you." She then added, "I honestly think it's wonderful how much your Mom loves you and isn't afraid to show it."

"Does your mom ever humiliate you in public like that?" Jacob asked after taking a sip of punch.

Sara shook her head, "No, not really. Don't get me wrong, I know my mom loves me to death, but she's just a bit more...stoic, when it comes to displaying PDAs."

Jacob replied, "Well...consider yourself lucky, then...in my case, I think it's totally embarrassing!"

Sara reached into her light-blue cosmetic clutch purse, "You wanna see embarrassing?" She then pulled out her asthma inhaler, put it to her mouth, and took in a deep breath while administering herself a dose.

Jacob shrugged, "So what? You have asthma...big deal." He then asked, astonished, "Wait a minute...*you have asthma*?!"

Sara nodded, "Uh-huh," as she returned the inhaler to her purse. She then added, "It's actually called 'allergy-induced asthma', and it always flares up around this time of year, especially when I go outdoors, due to all the ragweed."

Motioning towards her purse, Jacob asked, "What is that stuff? Primatene Mist?"

Sara took another sip of punch, "Sort of...but it's a much stronger, prescription-dose version. Sometimes, when it

flares up, my asthma can get so bad that I can hardly breathe, and I start wheezing like a squeaky toy."

Jacob grinned, "Well, you can't help that...that's a medical condition. It's nothing compared to having your Mother hugging and kissing on you in front of all your friends, *especially* while calling you all sorts of age-inappropriate nicknames!"

Sara placed her cup of punch down on the table and said, "All I know is, one day I hope to have a big family of my own, and I can assure you that I'm gonna shower *my* kids with lots of love and affection...no matter what their age is." The gorgeous blonde teenager then stepped closer to Jacob and whispered sultrily with a warm smile, "And as far as nicknames go...personally, I kinda like...*Snuggle Bear*."

Jacob's eyes went wide, and before he could respond, Sara leaned in and pressed her sweet mouth against his. Even though he'd just had mind-blowing sex with his super-hot Aunt earlier that afternoon, hearing Sara's voice whisper the annoying nickname in such a sexy fashion, along with the feel and taste of her silky soft lips, caused a slight stir in his pants.

"Hey, sweetie...you might want to-- *oh my gosh*!!" Karen gasped, as she turned the corner to find her son and his

date engaged in a full-on kissing session in the dining room.

The startled teenagers quickly pulled away from one another in embarrassment. Not knowing what else to say, Jacob blurted out awkwardly, "Uhhh...*hey Mom*!"

Karen knew for a fact that it was nothing out of the ordinary that Jacob would be kissing Sara...he said himself that he'd done so before, that night in his bedroom when he'd first tried to make out with his Mother. At that time, even Karen had told Jacob that the blonde teenager was the one whom he should be doing that with...*not* her. However, the actual sight of it happening right before her very eyes was something else entirely...and now brought on a flurry of different emotions and concerns.

Her first concern was about Sara. If her son became sexually aroused and the teenaged beauty in turn was exposed to his hormones, it would definitely increase the chances of Sara discovering Jacob's secret condition. Once that happened there'd be no turning back, and who knows who else could find out? All of Karen's hard work to keep everything hidden up to that point would then have been in vain.

Karen's second concern was the sheer shock of actually seeing Jacob kissing the gorgeous daughter of her good friend, Donna Miller. The doting Mother knew it was the

natural order of things and just another dreaded milestone of her son growing up into an adult. However, the image of the unexpected scene she stumbled upon was now burned in her brain and brought with it another wave of unreasonable envy accompanied by another onset of the strange flushing sensation she was now feeling.

Trying to appear unaffected by what she witnessed, Karen sighed, crossed her arms and said calmly, "Jake, honey...you *might* want to go ahead and get into your costume. The guests should be arriving soon."

"Oh yeah...I guess I should," Jacob replied sheepishly. Setting his cup of punch down on the table, he turned to Sara and said, "I'll be right back."

With a nervous smile, Sara replied, "Okay! I'll be right here." After Jacob left the room, a noticeable cloud hung in the air. The beautiful teenager could feel her cheeks burning, and were probably still red from embarrassment. Hoping to ease the tension, Sara took a sip of the sweet, delicious red beverage she was fidgeting with and said, "Mrs. Mitchell...this punch is simply to *die* for!"

"Thank you, Sara," Karen replied, her voice still somewhat flat. "It's actually my mother's secret recipe. She used to make it every year at Christmas time...minus the eyeballs and fingers, of course." Karen ended her statement with a slight chuckle. Part of her now

sympathized with the youthful beauty, remembering how she herself had once been caught by her mother kissing someone when she was a teen, and how awkward it had been.

Seeing a pathway to daylight, Sara asked cautiously, "I don't suppose you'd be willing to share with me...the recipe, I mean?"

Having calmed herself down, Karen gave the teenager a smile. She could tell Sara was still a bit flustered from having been caught with Jacob. Most likely, the teen was more worried about word getting back to her 'helicopter mom' that she'd been caught red-handed making out with a boy.

Even though she was concerned about the two teenagers having too much physical contact, Karen figured she could sort that issue out with Jacob later. As far as her own irrational envy was concerned...Karen accepted she would have to work on *that* issue by herself.

Deciding to ease Sara's mind, Karen smiled and replied cheerfully, "Of course, sweetie...I'd be happy to!" Putting her arm around the teenager's shoulder, she continued, "I'm sure Rachel has a pen and paper somewhere around here in the kitchen." As they walked side-by-side, Karen added, "You'll be surprised by how simple the recipe actually is."

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With Rachel being the hostess that year, she was the one who ultimately decided the theme for her Halloween party. For this year, she chose movie characters and was going as 'Harley Quinn' from the movie 'Suicide Squad'. Rachel had gone all out and duplicated the look of the sexy villainess down to a tee. The young housewife had even purchased a platinum-blonde wig tied with two ponytails on the side and dyed the ends blue and pink. Her naturally porcelain-like skin looked even paler now with the bright foundation she'd applied to her face, complemented by dark mascara, with red and blue blush fading from her eyes, a black, heart 'beauty mark' on her cheek, and to top it all off, bright-red, thick lipstick. To complete the ensemble, she'd found a similar satin bomber jacket, a 'Daddys Lil' Monster' long-sleeved T-shirt, skimpy short-shorts, and fishnet stockings, so that her resemblance to the mischievous movie character was impeccable.

Rachel herself wasn't that much of a fan of comic book movies, but her husband was. She had kept her outfit a well-kept secret as a surprise for Scott, who was going as Batman (his all-time favorite superhero) in the hopes that they could 'battle it out' with some bedroom role-playing fun later that night.

Now fully decked-out in her costume, Rachel knocked then entered her master bedroom to find her Mother and Aunt still preparing themselves for the evening. Karen was sitting at the vanity putting some final touches to her makeup, while Brenda was in the walk-in closet putting on her outfit.

Resting the 'Good Night' inscripted baseball bat over her left shoulder, Rachel asked in-character, "How's it going, *ladies*?"

Karen, leaning in close to the mirror while applying mascara, replied, "Almost done...just need to put on my costume."

Brenda exited the closet and responded, "Well, *I'm* ready y'all!" Since Daniel wanted to dress up like 'Buzz Lightyear' from 'Toy Story', she and Mark decided to keep it a family theme. Her husband was going as 'Woody', the Cowboy Sheriff, and she was going to be 'Jessie the Cowgirl' with a few 'Brenda-like' modifications. Instead of the typical long-sleeved button shirt and cow print pattern chaps, the young doctor went with a cowboy-style tutu dress that included a sleeveless satin bustier with tassels, knee-length denim skirt, tasseled wrist gauntlets, shin-high brown leather boots, and of course the iconic, red cowgirl hat. Her auburn-dyed hair was now parted down the middle and thickly-plaited into a long French braid. Hanging down the middle of her back and tied at

the end with a silk yellow ribbon, it perfectly completed her look.

"Looking good there, Aunt Bren!" Rachel complimented with a giggle.

"Thank you, my dear, but not as good as you, I'm afraid!!" Brenda replied with enthusiasm. She stepped over to Rachel and added, looking her niece up and down, "You look absolutely...*amazing*!!!"

Rachel lowered the baseball bat from her shoulder and twisted her sexy body back and forth, "Thanks...you really think so?" She pridefully added, "I tried to replicate her look as best as possible...*he* won't admit it, but I think Scott has a thing for Margot Robbie's version of 'Harley Quinn'."

As Brenda continued to admire Rachel's outfit, she commented, "Well, you definitely got the outfit spot on...and I must say, your makeup is flawless!" The married doctor, gazing at her niece's lithe figure, sighed, "God, how I wish I could still wear short booty-shorts like that." Still ogling Rachel, she added with a smile, "Enjoy that hot, youthful body while you still can...because after you have your first baby...your hips are gonna spread like Georgia peanut butter!"

Rachel giggled, "Oh, Aunt Bren...don't be so hard on yourself. I'll be thrilled if I look even half as good as you and Mom do, after I have kids."

Karen, finished with her make up, walked over to the other two women. "Okay, Brenda, I think I'm ready...where's my costume?"

Brenda pointed at the closet, "It's hanging up in there."

"And the shoes?" Karen asked.

"The shoes too...they're in the bright red shoebox on the floor...you can't miss 'em."

Karen disappeared into the large walk-in closet. After a few seconds, she called out, "Uh...Brenda?"

Noticing a bit of concern in Karen's voice, Brenda replied, "Yeah, Sis?"

Karen called out, "Did you check to ensure that you picked up the right costume?"

"Sure, I did..." Brenda responded as she walked over to the closet door, "It says it right there on the tag: 'Dorothy - Wizard of Oz'."

Karen walked out of the closet and held up the costume on its hanger inside of a clear plastic garment bag with her right hand. "Does this look a little bit...short to you?"

She then held the outfit up to her chest. It was easily apparent that the dress hem would indeed be coming up short, way above her knees.

Brenda shrugged, "To be honest, I just remember Dorothy's dress being blue and white checkered...I never paid much attention to its length. Besides, you and Mom were the ones who were always so crazy about that movie...I don't think I've seen it in years."

'The Wizard of Oz' was one of Karen's all-time favorite films, perhaps not for the movie itself, but simply for the fact that it was a favorite of her dear, late mother, Patricia. Every year, the Dean family would watch the iconic classic whenever it aired on television, usually during the Thanksgiving holiday weekend.

That tradition had slowly faded after Mrs. Dean's untimely passing. However, Karen's love for the film--and keeping the tradition alive, did not. Every year at Thanksgiving, the middle-aged mother would break out her copy of the DVD and watch the movie, whether it was with someone or just by herself. It helped Karen to relive the beautiful, nostalgic memories of her childhood and keep a connection to the wonderful woman that she'd known as her mother.

"Okay..." Karen relented with a nod. "I guess I can give you a pass on that one..." She then held up the shoes with

her left hand and continued, "But what about these?? Brenda, did you even *look* in the box??"

The ruby-red sequined shoes Karen held were a bit different than the ones worn by Judy Garland in the classic movie. Instead of the iconic slippers that Dorothy wore while traveling with her new friends to meet the 'All-Knowing Wizard', these were stiletto platforms with 5-inch heels.

Brenda nodded, "Yes, I looked. I just thought that maybe you were trying to go a bit more...'modern' with the outfit." She then turned to Rachel and added, "To be honest...I kinda like them."

Karen dropped her arms in frustration and sighed heavily, "*You* would!" Looking at the shoes, she added in exasperation, "What am I going to do? I'm sure the costume store is closed by now. I knew I should've gone and picked up the outfit and shoes myself!" Karen then just happened to notice something on the costume's tag. "Brenda, the fine print on this costume says that it's: '*Dorothy - Wizard of Oz (Secret Wishes)*'!!!" Karen shook her head and added, "*How* could you have missed that? That should've given you a clue right there!! Honestly, I can't understand how someone with a medical degree can sometimes lack simple attention to detail!"

Rachel, wanting desperately to keep the peace, stepped forward, trying to be the voice of reason, "Mom? Why not just *try* it on and let's see how it looks? Maybe it won't be that bad."

After mulling it over for a few seconds, Karen shrugged her shoulders. "Fine...at this point, I guess I don't have much of a choice." She then turned and walked back into the closet.

"Great!" Rachel replied cheerfully. She tossed the baseball bat on her bed and added, "Aunt Brenda and I will help."

Minutes later, Karen stood in front of the full-length mirror with her daughter and younger sister on either side of her. Staring at her reflection, the horrified Mother exclaimed, "Oh my goodness...there's no *way* I can wear this!!"

"Why not Sis?" Brenda asked. "You look absolutely *fabulous*!!"

Karen did indeed look fabulous, just not in the way she had initially imagined. Just like Dorothy, the dress she now wore was in a blue and white gingham pinafore pattern, but that's where any pretense of similarities ended.

Karen's unintentional version of the famous garment was way too short, with a lace-edged petticoat that came just a few inches down past her round, juicy bottom. The front of the dress was in a lace-up corset style, while the blouse Karen wore underneath was shimmering white with a scooped neckline that displayed a generous amount of her bountiful cleavage. Instead of light blue Bobby socks, Karen's long, shapely legs were adorned with pale blue thigh-high stockings with a little bow on each. These matched the blue and white hair ties adorning her dark, chestnut-brown hair which was arrayed in two braided ponytails falling lushly past her shoulders. With the glittery ruby-red platformed heels making her stand over 6 feet in height, the conservative Mom would most likely have been the sexiest creature to ever walk down the fabled 'Yellow Brick Road'.

"Fabulous?? Brenda...I look like a *stripper*!!" Karen replied emphatically. "I wanted to look like the wholesome 'farm girl from Kansas'...not like I should be spinning on a pole in some seedy club in downtown Atlanta!!"

Brenda chuckled nervously, "Well...if it's any consolation...I'm sure you'd definitely make a butt-load of money!"

"*SHUT UP BRENDA*!!" Karen spat, while continuing to gaze at the inappropriately sexy version of 'Dorothy Gail'

staring back at her in the mirror. "You're not helping any!"

"Sorry." Brenda responded, softly.

Karen looked at her younger sister's reflection in the mirror. It was very strange to see Brenda wearing anything that could be deemed more 'conservative' than her on Halloween. She had to admit to herself that Brenda made a really cute Jessie the Cowgirl, and it was very sweet that she had dressed up as the wholesome character for her little boy. She couldn't help but feel her heart melt, once she saw the crestfallen expression on her usually vivacious sister's face.

Brenda turned to walk away, but Karen quickly grabbed her arm and pulled her sister in for a hug. "No...*I'm* sorry..." the older sister whispered in her younger sibling's ear, "I shouldn't have yelled at you. Don't worry...It'll be okay...we'll figure something out."

"*Awwwww*..." Rachel cooed. "Can I get in on this??" She then wrapped her arms around her Mother and Aunt in a small group hug.

After the three ladies had separated, Karen asked, "But seriously...what am I going to do? There's going to be *church members* coming over, and they're going to have their kids and even grandkids with them. I can't be

handing out candy looking like the star of 'Dorothy Does Oz'!"

Brenda put up her hand, "I know..." She then stepped over to the bed and picked up the small picnic basket with the fake head of 'Toto the Terrier' sticking out of the top. "Rachel said earlier that she wanted to go out with Danny for some trick-or-treating. How about I stay here with you to hand out candy, and you can hang back out of sight with the adults, or at least until you feel more comfortable?"

Rachel interjected, "And...if anyone asks, we can always explain that the costume shop made a mistake."

Karen shrugged her shoulders and sighed. "I suppose that could work."

Rachel added, "Plus, look on the bright side, Mom...Dad's gonna totally *flip* when he sees you in that get-up...but in a good way!"

With a mischievous smirk Brenda added, while handing the basket to Karen, "Yeah...him and every other red-blooded male with a pulse tonight!"

Karen turned back to the mirror and asked, "You think so?" After gazing at herself a few more moments, the straitlaced wife and Mother had to admit she did look good in the outfit...really good. Suddenly, she sensed a

naughty thrill go up her spine at the thought of being the attention-getter for once, instead of her daughter or younger sister. The sexy 'Kansas farm girl' couldn't help but chuckle to herself, "*I wonder what that nosy church gossip, Mrs. Caldwell, would say if she ever saw me wearing THIS in public*!"

Brenda chuckled and responded to Karen, "Oh yes! You're gonna make a lot of wives and girlfriends jealous tonight. I'm willing to bet you'd be voted 'best costume'...if the male guests have anything to say about it!"

Rachel added, "Trust us, Mom...you look fantastic! Besides...it's Halloween...the one night of the year when we're supposed to let loose and dress up as an alternate version of ourselves. I mean, look at *me*!"

Karen turned to Rachel and, for the first time that evening, really took in her daughter's outfit. Her married, adult child was shamelessly wearing fishnet stockings with hot pants so short and tight, that she resembled some sort of deranged streetwalker.

While continuing to stare at her reflection in the mirror, Karen replied with a resigned sigh, "You're right...it *is* Halloween after all...perhaps it won't be so bad." Turning to her sister and daughter, Karen finally relented and sighed, "Okay, ladies...let's go and have some fun!"

Rachel and Brenda both raised their hands in the air and shouted simultaneously, "*Woo-hoo*!!!"

As they walked out of the bedroom and down the hall together, Brenda tugged Karen by the elbow and asked, "Hey, Sis...you think maybe I could borrow this outfit, before we return it to the rental shop?"

Giving her sister a curious look, Karen asked, "Borrow it? Whatever for?"

With a cheeky grin, Brenda replied, "I wouldn't mind wearing it for Mark one night, and umm...letting him travel up *my* 'Yellow Brick Road'!"

Taken aback with a typical look of exasperation, Karen chuckled and shook her head, "Brenda...you're *horrible*!"

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The annual Halloween party turned out to be a smashing success. The delectable food and drinks on hand simply blew the guests away, and the over-the-top decorating job done by the four-man 'decoration crew' had left everyone speechless. Being her first time serving as a hostess, Rachel couldn't have been any prouder of the outcome. Everyone, from the youngest to the young at heart had a blast...including her scantily-dressed Mother.

Earlier that evening, Karen had initially been a bit reluctant to be seen in such a revealing and risqué outfit. However, as time passed by she began to feel much more comfortable and daring. The raving compliments she received, along with the two glasses of liquid courage she imbibed (her favorite wine supplied by her sister, Brenda), went a long way towards helping her relax, to the point that she actually enjoyed all the attention she got-- much more than she ever thought she would. In fact, as the evening wore on, Karen basically took over the hostess duties so that Rachel could sneak away and take her little cousin Daniel around the neighborhood for some trick-or-treating fun.

The combination of alcohol, hormones, and the continuous off-color, yet playful, comments from a lot of the men (and even a few women) acted like gasoline being poured onto Karen's fire. She couldn't help but feel her confidence build and, along with it, an untimely, wanton sexual arousal. It had been a while since she and Jacob had engaged in their morning shower 'shenanigans' and almost just as long since Robert had touched her, the only respite being when she relieved Jacob with her mouth and breasts on occasion and he thankfully didn't push her any further for more than that. Her monthly 'Red Ruby Slippers' (as her mother used to euphemistically call it) had kept Karen vaginally inaccessible to her husband...and her son, for the past week and a half, but

now that had passed. Now, her body hummed with a desire that she only felt whenever she knew she was primed and ready for sex again...a primal urge that, save for her age and the Midoxinol birth control she was currently taking, also meant that this was when she'd normally be at her most fertile.

As Karen walked around mingling with the guests and making sure everyone had what they needed, 'Sexy Dorothy' could sense a growing wetness in the crotch of her skimpy, pale blue panties, signaling to her what she desperately needed. As soon as Karen spotted Robert across the room, joking and laughing with some of his guy friends from church, a naughty idea suddenly popped into her head.

Karen made her way over to the group of men and positioned herself at Robert's side. As the beautiful housewife politely waited for her husband to finish telling his off-color political joke, she was greeted by a fellow church member, Harold Burton. "Hey there, Karen...I must say, I *rrreally* like your outfit!" he commented boozy-breathed, while blatantly staring at the eye-popping cleavage created by her dress's tight corset and low-cut, white blouse.

Harold Burton was one of Robert's fellow church deacons, and attended the party wearing a comical 'Friar Tuck' costume. The short and portly man was well in his

60's and had a habit of openly flirting with many of the church wives. He never went overboard or did anything that would be considered scandalous, though. In fact, he was mainly thought of as harmless, considering the short leash his wife kept him on.

With Karen wearing the platform high-heeled shoes, she stood considerably taller than 'Friar' Harold and towered over him. Noticing him staring at her chest, the lovely wife bent her head down so her eyes could meet his, and replied in a husky whisper, "Thank you, Harold...is *Mrs.* Burton having a good time?"

Harold's pale face turned red from embarrassment. The mere mention of his overbearing spouse caused the balding, henpecked husband to suddenly stammer, "Oh...umm...yes...she's...uh...h-having a lovely time."

Karen stood up straight and said, "You know...I think she was looking for you just now..." Motioning her head towards the dining room, she continued, "She was at the buffet table talking with my father, last time I saw her." Karen couldn't help but chuckle to herself as the annoying little man waddled off, without so much as saying another word.

In the meantime, Robert had just finished his long, drawn-out joke and was reveling in the boisterous laughter he was receiving from his remaining companions. Taking her

husband by the arm, Karen asked softly, "Honey...I hate to interrupt, but can I borrow you for just a minute? I need your help with something."

Dressed up like Superman, Robert beat his chest and replied with an exaggerated, deep voice, "Of course, my dear!" Striking an iconic pose with his fists on his hips, he added jokingly, "The 'Man of Steel' is at your service!"

Karen bit her bottom lip as the part of her that needed 'service' was currently quivering and leaking more and more of her luscious lady essence into the gusset of her panties. Taking Robert quickly by the hand, she pulled him away from his peers and said with a smile, "If you'll excuse us, gentlemen...I promise I won't keep him long."

As 'Dorothy' and 'Superman' walked away hand-in-hand, Bill Watson kept an eye glued on Karen as he took a sip of his beer, before whispering to his buddy Paul, standing next to him, "Damn, that Rob sure is one *lucky* S.O.B!"

"You bet he is!" Paul quickly agreed, as he watched Karen walk away, focusing on her long, stocking-clad legs and full, swaying hips.

Bill added, "Don't get me wrong...my wife Susie's a beautiful lady...but Karen..." Taking another quick swig of his beer, he continued, "That woman's in a whole 'nother league...with a rack that's outta this world!"

Paul chuckled and responded, "You ain't kiddin', bud! As a matter of fact...I suddenly have a strange craving for a warm glass of milk." The two shameless lechers dressed as 'Wild West' sheriffs clinked their beer bottles together, before breaking out into boisterous fits of laughter once Robert and Karen were out of sight.

Upstairs, Karen led her husband down the hallway. "Honey?..." Robert asked with confusion, "What exactly do you need help with? The ballgame's about to start."

Karen quickly glanced to ensure no one else was around and replied, "Don't worry...this won't take long." She then pulled Robert into the bathroom. After locking the door, she spun around, pressed her body against her husband, and began kissing him aggressively.

After a few moments, Robert pulled back from Karen and chuckled, "Whoa! Where'd *that* come from? Not that I'm complaining or anything, but...this is so unlike you, honey!"

Knowing she couldn't tell her husband that the true reason for her current state of arousal was from the chemically-laced hormones currently surging throughout her body, Karen quickly thought up a fib. She slid her right hand from the back of Robert's neck down over his 'muscular' chest, (created by the padding inside his Superman outfit) and said, "I know, but...you just look so *handsome* in this

costume, that I started thinking about that night in Atlanta." The horny wife looked into her husband's eyes and added, "I just thought it might be fun to try something...you know...*different* again. Plus, we haven't done it in a while." She then bit her bottom lip and arched her brow, batting her luscious eyelashes at Robert in an unspoken Morse code message for some wickedly-naughty sex.

Robert still had no memory from that Saturday evening at the Atlanta hotel, but ever since then, he'd taken pride in believing that even in his highly-inebriated state, he'd been able to satisfy Karen sexually. Whatever had happened that night had caused a noticeable change in his normally reserved wife, and he was beginning to like it. "But this is our daughter's house..." Robert weakly protested, "Wouldn't you feel *weird* about doing it here?"

Karen grinned mischievously, "No one will ever know..." She then stepped over to the sink countertop and placed both hands on the solid, Corian surface. As she lowered to her forearms and bent over at the waist, the extremely short petticoat slid up and exposed her matronly, round bottom, clad in her pale blue, bikini-cut panties. Looking at her husband's reflection in the mirror, she continued, "So come on...'Man of Steel'...this here 'farmgirl' needs a big, strong man to plow her fields..." For added effect, Karen wiggled her gorgeously delectable derrière at him.

Robert's eyes trailed down to Karen's partially-exposed plump rump. His pulse began to race once he saw the wet spot that had formed in the crotch of his wife's tight-fitting, sexy underwear. The normally conservative Karen that he'd known for years had never been a fan of being taken from behind...in fact, she'd always said it was 'demeaning'. However, now here she was, proffering herself shamelessly in the bathroom of their daughter's brand-new house, and he wasn't about to be one to pass up the rare opportunity.

Robert stepped up behind Karen. As he unfastened the pants to his costume, his wife reached back with her right hand and pulled the skimpy panties off of her hips and down to her knees, exposing her wet and wanton sex. Unfortunately, all the alcohol Robert had consumed that afternoon and early evening, along with the sudden and unexpected pressure to perform, conspired together against him at that moment to prevent him from getting an erection. His anxiousness about his beloved Braves also kicked in, once he remembered his weird self-imposed superstition (his wife being 'indisposed' the past week and a half not helping either) of 'no sex' so long as his team kept winning in the World Series...and now they were only one win away.

Staring impatiently down at the countertop, Karen whispered, "C'mon, honey...we need to hurry up, in case someone needs to use the bathroom!"

Stroking his flaccid cock in frustration, Robert replied, "I'm *trying*, but..."

"But what?" Karen sighed, as she turned to look back over her shoulder.

"I can't seem to get it up right now..." Robert replied, in a defeated tone.

Suddenly, someone jiggled the handle from the other side of the door. Finding it locked, the person then knocked and said, "*Hello...anyone in there*?"

Both Karen and Robert immediately froze in fear, like two naughty teenagers caught '*in flagrante delicto*'. Realizing it was her father, Karen raised up and replied, "I'm in here, Dad!" As she pulled her panties back up, she huffed and added, "Just uhh...give me a minute."

George chuckled from the other side of the door, "*It's okay, sweetheart...take your time. I'll go use the master bath*."

As Robert refastened his pants, he apologized profusely, "I'm so sorry, Karen. If I had any idea you were down to--"

Karen stepped over to Robert and put the palm of her hand to his cheek. "It's okay, honey...don't beat yourself up over it. I know I caught you off guard." She chuckled and added, "Besides...let's be honest...this is definitely outside of our normal way of doing things."

"Yeah, but..." Robert replied disconsolately, "I was *really* liking where this was heading."

Karen smiled, "Well...who's to say we can't try again, some other time?"

Robert nodded, "Yeah?...I'd like that...*a lot*!"

Even though the moment's immediacy and their urgent mood to have sex had been ruined due to Grandpa George's unintended interruption, (not to mention Robert's unfortunate stage fright to get an erection), Karen could still feel her body humming with arousal. Before opening the door to leave the bathroom, she kissed her husband and said seductively, "Maybe, later at home...hopefully after the Braves win, you could take a dose of Viagra and uh...'plow my fields' then?"

Robert smiled big and replied, "Oh yes, Ma'am!! Will do!! Go Braves!!!" Before Karen unlocked the door, he stopped her and added, "But uhh...could you make sure to wear this outfit? You look so *hot* in it!"

Karen giggled, then replied to her husband, "Can do!"

Meanwhile, Jacob and Sara had snuck out discreetly to the pool house, where the teenagers immediately commenced making out madly on the large, cushiony sofa. Just to be safe, they decided to keep all the lights off, in case anyone made their way back to the pool area. Only the stray luminescence from the backyard patio lights glowing into the pool house windows served to prevent the two lovebirds from tussling tongues together in total darkness. Luckily for Jacob, the darkness also helped him to hide the slight bulge that had quickly formed in the pants of his 'Han Solo' outfit.

Beginning to worry about his pheromones affecting Sara, Jacob pulled back and whispered, "Maybe this isn't such a good idea...us being out here alone, I mean."

Sara giggled, "You're probably right...I guess I just wanted us to have a little 'Solo' time alone together. Just promise me you won't tell anyone...if word ever got back to my mother, she'd probably ground me 'til I was 40!"

"Don't worry, I won't say a word..." Jacob chuckled at Sara's clever quip regarding his costume, "My mom would most likely do the same thing to me."

Suddenly, they could hear children laughing from outside, which meant that adults wouldn't be far away. "Maybe we should head back inside, before we get caught out here." Jacob whispered.

Sara nodded and replied, somewhat disappointed, "Okay." She then leaned in and gave Jacob another quick kiss. As they stood up from the couch, she asked, "By the way...do you smell that?"

Jacob's eyes widened. "Uh...smell what?"

"I don't know exactly..." Sara answered. Inhaling deeply through her nose, she continued, "It smells sweet...like flowers and...vanilla, maybe?"

Jacob's pulse began to race, and he broke out into a cold sweat. "Um...I think I saw a vase of flowers over there on the bar counter when we first came in." Luckily, his sudden nervousness was enough to douse his arousal and tame his partial erection.

"Oh, okay..." Sara replied. "Well, that makes sense. Come to think of it, I may ask Rachel what kind they are...I *really* like the scent." She then inhaled deeply once more.

Jacob was now perplexed. He knew Sara had picked up on his scent. However, she seemed to be showing no signs whatsoever of being affected like all the other women who'd been exposed to his pheromones. As Jacob opened the door for them to leave, he asked tentatively, "Sara? Do you feel okay?"

"Yeah...sure," Sara replied, as she stepped out the door of the pool house.

Walking side-by-side back towards the main house, Jacob again inquired, "So...no feelings of dizziness or lightheadedness? Shortness of breath or heat flashes? You feel nothing at all out of the ordinary?"

Sara shook her head, "No...nothing at all. Should I?" More curious than concerned, she then added, "Why do you ask?"

Jacob shrugged, "Oh, just wondering. I overheard someone say earlier that a bad stomach bug was going around."

Sara smiled and took Jacob's hand, "Well, I really appreciate your concern...that's very sweet. But you can relax...I can assure you, I feel perfectly fine."

Jacob was flabbergasted. How could she not feel *anything?* He'd just witnessed her inhale several deep breaths of his chemically-laced fumes. However, she had felt nothing and showed no signs of a reaction. "*Could it be possible that the pheromones have no effect on her*?"

Whether Sara did in fact, have some strange, natural immunity or it was just a fluke, Jacob decided it best not to tell anyone. For now, he was going to keep this a well-guarded secret to himself. After all, his mutual pact with Mrs. Miller had been based entirely on her fear that Sara would fall victim to his hormones. If she ever found out

Sara was actually immune, she may end up reneging on their secret agreement entirely.

"So...how's your knee?" Sara asked.

"Huh?" Jacob replied, forgetting all about his 'injury' from earlier that day in the attic at his Aunt Brenda's house.

Sara giggled, "Your knee, silly...you don't seem to be limping around anymore."

"Oh, *that*!!..." Jacob responded. Quickly thinking of an excuse, he added, "My Aunt Brenda gave me some painkillers before we left her house. I guess they're just now finally starting to kick in."

Once they reentered the house, Sara squeezed Jacob's hand. "You know what...I *do* feel something!"

A wave of fear and dread washed over Jacob again. "Really??"

Sara smiled, "Yeah...I'm feeling...a bit thirsty. How about we get something to drink?"

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief. Returning her smile, he said, "Your wish...is my command." With that, 'Han Solo' bowed to 'Princess Elsa' and took her by the hand.

As they walked to the dining room to get some refreshments, Sara commented, "You know...I think I'd

like some more of your Mom's wonderful punch. She was kind enough to actually give me the recipe earlier."

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Later that night, Karen watched from the driver's seat of her Jeep Grand Cherokee as Jacob walked Sara to her front door, just before her curfew. Once again, she sensed the familiar sting of irrational envy as 'Elsa' leaned in and quickly kissed her handsome 'Han Solo' on the lips. Thankfully, after a short conversation, the teenagers gave each other a warm, chaste hug and said their goodnights. Quickly rolling up her window that she'd let down slightly to let in some evening air and cool down the hot flash of jealousy she was feeling, Karen patiently waited as Jacob walked back to her car.

Once in the front passenger seat, Jacob closed the door with a slight slam, though his Mother (who'd normally be annoyed by it) barely noticed. Karen pressed the ignition button to her Jeep, put the vehicle in reverse, then reminded Jacob, "Sweetie...don't forget your seatbelt." After he'd fastened the safety harness, Karen backed out of the Miller's driveway and headed back to her daughter's house in Pine Hills.

After a few minutes of driving past their neighborhood and along the quiet and mostly deserted streets, Karen turned down the volume of the song 'Dead Man's Party'

playing on the radio and inquired, "So...did Sara have a good time tonight?"

Jacob turned to Karen and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...she said she had a great time." The teenager couldn't seem to take his eyes off his Mom as she was still fully dressed in her 'Sexy Dorothy' costume. Even with just the faint glow given off by the dashboard light, he couldn't help but appreciate the appearance of his gorgeous and scantily-dressed mother. He also couldn't help the stirring that was steadily taking place in his pants.

Looking out at the road ahead, Karen nodded, "Well, good...glad to hear it." She then looked down at the floorboard and huffed, "I knew I should've changed shoes before we left...these platforms were simply *not* meant for driving!"

Jacob, whose gaze never left his Mother's partially-exposed bosom, replied, "I think they're great!" He could feel his erection from making out with Sara earlier quickly returning.

"Really?..." Karen asked in surprise, thinking her son's comment was pertaining to her outrageous footwear. She looked over at Jacob and added, "You actually like these...stripper shoes?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "Sure...they go so great with your outfit..." Taking another peek at Karen's

mouthwatering cleavage, the teenager said, "Which I think is *awesome*, by the way!!"

Karen shook her head and chuckled, "I think I've been told that by every male over the age of 12 at the party tonight." She then corrected, "Well, everyone except your grandfather, of course."

Grandpa George never commented on Karen's outfit, but she still caught him glancing once or twice at her womanly charms. The loving daughter simply shrugged it off, as she reminded herself that even though he was her dad...he was still a red-blooded American male. More than once before, he'd complimented Karen by saying she was the exact, spitting image of her late mother, Patricia, from 30 years earlier. The notion that Karen could attract an appreciative stare from even her own father gave her a wickedly strange thrill.

Jacob's eyes traveled down along the curves of his Mother's body and settled on her pale blue, stocking-clad legs. He squeezed his hardened cock through his pantleg and chuckled, "Well, Mom...you look so hot tonight, any man, *including* Grandpa George, would've had to have been a 'dead man' not to notice!"

Karen giggled, turning the catchy song on the radio back up, "Thank you baby, for the compliment...that's very sweet."

With Karen seemingly in a good mood, Jacob decided to dip his toe in the waters and ask, "So, Mom...have you given any thought to our deal? After all, I did bring home a straight 'A' report card."

Karen sighed. "As a matter of fact, I've been meaning to talk to you about that very thing."

Jacob perked up, "You *have*?" His reply was full of hope.

Karen nodded, "Yes...yes I have. The past week's just been so busy that we haven't had any time alone to discuss it, but I guess this is as good a time as any."

Jacob smiled, "Cool...so, have you made a decision?"

Karen shook her head, "To be honest...no...not yet."

Jacob's smile faded, "Oh...okay." Even though he was slightly disappointed by her answer, he still held onto hope since it appeared she was at least still mulling it over. He knew this about his Mother...it usually didn't take her long to decide if her answer would be 'No'...therefore, the fact that she hadn't yet come to a final decision played dramatically in his favor.

Karen looked over at Jacob and said, "I actually have a couple of concerns about your report card that I was hoping you could help me sort out."

Jacob asked hesitantly, "Concerns? What kind of concerns?"

Looking back straight ahead, Karen replied, "Well, for starters...your grade in Spanish."

Jacob scrunched his brow, "What about my grade, Mom? I got an 'A', didn't I? I thought you'd be happy."

Karen quickly glanced over at Jacob, "Oh, I am...don't get me wrong, I'm very happy with your grade."

"So...what's the problem?" Jacob asked, suspiciously.

"Well..." Karen began, "If I'm not mistaken, it was only a few weeks ago that you had a 'C' average in Mrs. Pérez's class."

Jacob confirmed, "Yes, Ma'am, I did...but as I said at dinner a couple weeks ago, she allowed me to do extra credit work which helped me to boost my score."

"Extra credit work?" Karen inquired. Jacob affirmed by nodding his head.

Karen sighed, "Jake...I've known Andréa Pérez for years and just like Rachel said, she doesn't hand out extra credit lightly."

"Well, she did this time!!" Jacob replied, defensively.

Karen pulled into her daughter's driveway, and after putting the vehicle into park, she turned to Jacob and countered, "And what exactly did this 'extra credit' entail?"

Totally confused by his Mother's question, Jacob asked, "Mom? What do you mean...'entail'?" After a few seconds of staring into his Mother's eyes, Jacob finally realized, "Ohhhh...you think that Mrs. Pérez and I have been fu--*doing it*???"

Karen turned off the ignition and replied calmly, "Well, you have to admit...it would kind of make sense."

"Hold on a second..." Jacob said, as he unfastened his seat belt. Twisting his body around, he then retrieved his bookbag that he just happened to have left in the backseat after school on Friday. "I need to show you something..." the teenager added, while unzipping his satchel and pulling out a manila folder marked '**SPANISH**'. Placing the bookbag down on the floorboard, Jacob handed the folder to his Mom.

As Karen rifled through the documents, she noticed a big red 'A' marked at the top of each page. "What's all this?" she asked curiously, flipping from page to page.

"That's the extra credit Mrs. Pérez assigned me to do." Pointing at a line on one of the pages using his index finger, Jacob explained, "See, these are the sentences

which she printed off in English, and then I translated everything into Spanish in the corresponding lines below each sentence. It was a lot of work, but I was able to do most of it during my study hall blocks."

Karen, still a bit perplexed, continued to examine the paperwork. After a few more seconds, she then asked, "Tell me...when did Mrs. Pérez assign you this project?"

"A few weeks ago..." Jacob replied innocently. "I remember it was right after I told her that you and Dad were taking me to Atlanta for a campus tour of Georgia Tech."

The clouds began to lift for Karen when she suddenly remembered a conversation she had with Andréa, years ago. It turns out the Colombian native had originally come to the United States on a student visa where she attended (coincidentally enough), Georgia Tech University. Evidently, the beautiful Latina educator wished to help boost Jacob's scores in case he decided to become a 'Yellow Jacket' just like she had done.

Now understanding her son's explanation more clearly and deeming it to be legitimate, Karen sighed and closed the folder. "Well, sweetie...it looks like I owe you an apology."

Jacob waved her off, "Don't worry about it, Mom...it's okay."

Karen shook her head, "No...no...it's not okay. I didn't believe in you when you told me the truth. Instead of trusting you when I should've, I only thought about the worst thing imaginable. For that...I'm truly sorry, baby."

With a smile, Jacob replied, "Thanks, Mom." Suddenly, the teenager's face lit up, and he remarked, "But you know...it never occurred to me to try that with Mrs. Pérez. In hindsight, that would've *definitely* saved me a lot of time and effort!"

Karen's eyes widened in shock, as she exclaimed, "*JACOB MITCHELL*!!!" Slamming the manila folder down onto her son's lap with her hand, she accidentally grazed the huge lump that had formed in his pants. "I cannot *believe* you would actually consider doing something so horrible! I thought I raised you better than that!!"

"Mom..." Jacob attempted to interrupt softly. However, his Mother paid him no attention, as she continued to rant at him.

Karen added, "You *do* realize that Mrs. Pérez is not only your teacher, but also a married woman...with three children??"

"*Mommm*..." Jacob tried again, with still no success.

Karen leaned in towards Jacob and continued, "Did you even consider the ramifications if you were to drag her into this mess? It could cost Mrs. Pérez her career...not to mention what it would do to her family...*her marriage*!"

"*MOM*!!!" Jacob nearly yelled, finally getting Karen's attention. "Mom...I was only kidding." The aroused teenager may have been 'kidding' with his Mother, but the thought of boinking one of the hottest teachers at his school was no laughing matter. Like every other boy who sat in Mrs. Pérez's classroom, he would've loved nothing more than a chance to sample the spicy delights of the dark, curly-haired and fiery-hot Latina MILF.

Karen leaned back in her seat. Due to the confined spaces of her Jeep, Jacob's scent was becoming quite strong, reigniting her arousal with a vengeance and along with that, significantly easing her frustration with her son. She sighed, "Jake...that wasn't very funny. Your condition isn't something to be made light of or joke about."

"I know, Mom." Jacob concurred.

Unfastening her seat belt, Karen turned sideways in the driver's seat and faced Jacob. The teenager's eyes were immediately drawn to his Mother's chest and her creamy white cleavage which seemed to be glowing in the pale, full moonlight. From all appearances her magnificent boobs seemed set to spill out from the confines of her

silky, low-cut blouse. "Sweetie...remember the other night when we watched your 'Spiderman' movie?"

Jacob remembered it well. It was Thursday night, which at the Mitchell house was considered 'Family Movie Night'. Each week, a different family member would choose a movie to watch, and this past week was Jacob's turn. He decided on 'Spiderman', starring Tobey McGuire which, even though he'd seen the film dozens of times, was still one of his favorites.

Since Karen had been forced to watch the movie so many times over the years, he also remembered being guilted into giving his lovely Mother a foot massage while they sat on the couch together that night. For the sake of appearances, Jacob had acted like it was a chore, but actually it was quite the opposite. It instead allowed him the 'innocent' opportunity to caress her cute little feet and smooth, shapely calves. He would've loved nothing more than to use his youthful hands to explore further up his Mom's sexy, long legs, but in the end decided against it, since he knew his Mom would've been dead set against allowing anything further to proceed, with his dad sitting just a few feet away in his recliner.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob replied to his Mother with a nod. "I remember."

Karen continued, "And do you also remember what Uncle Ben said to Peter? '*With great power*...'" They both finished the movie line simultaneously together, "'...*comes great responsibility*.'"

"That's right," Karen said softly. "Now...you may not consider what you have to be some great 'superpower', but your condition, if it's not controlled properly, could end up destroying a lot of innocent people's lives."

Jacob responded, "I'm aware of that, Mom...we've had this discussion before."

"I know we have..." Karen replied. "But when I walked in on you and Sara earlier today...kissing in the dining room...it reminded me just how fragile our situation actually is." The memory of seeing her little 'Snuggle Bear' locking lips with the beautiful blonde teenager brought on another flushing wave of envy for Karen which strangely, further added fuel to her growing arousal. She sincerely hoped Robert wasn't overdoing it on the beers watching the Braves game...especially since she was definitely going to need some 'extra innings' from him when they got home later that night.

Jacob shook his head, "Mom, I promise...nothing happened. Aunt Brenda's 'help' at her house earlier this afternoon allowed me to keep things under control." He didn't dare tell his Mom about the incident with Sara in

the pool house earlier that evening. Namely, how he'd gotten aroused when he and Sara had made out on the couch, but Sara had shown no signs of being affected by his hormone-laced scent. Above all, Jacob couldn't dare to tell his Mom about his Aunt's other 'help' (or more like 'pointers') which he'd asked Brenda about and which she'd willingly counseled him on during their drive to pick up Sara. Specifically, it concerned Jacob's growing wish to goad his Mom into talking 'dirty' to him during sex...and ways for how he could talk her into it.

"Oh, I'm sure your Aunt was a big 'help'!" Karen scoffed, making a mental note to ask her sister sometime soon how on earth Brenda was able to pull it off, with her little boy in the same house with them. Reaching over and placing her left hand on Jacob's shoulder, Karen added, "I just felt the need to remind you to always be aware of your situation. Remember...we're finally nearing the finish line, and with a little luck and God's grace, maybe we can get things back to normal before anyone, especially your father, finds out about my stupid mistake of letting that sleezy doctor poison you with those wicked hormones."

Jacob caught his Mother's enticing scent...it was the same enchantingly sweet perfume she had worn that weekend in Atlanta. The memory from that long night of incestuous debauchery caused his arousal to spike and his hardened cock to twitch inside his pants. If the events of

that evening had taught him anything, it was that true unconditional love did exist. Against her better judgment, his sweet, dutiful Mother had abandoned her husband and stayed with him the entire night. She had selflessly used her married mouth and perfect, MILF body to relieve and comfort his painful condition in ways very few other Moms would've ever considered. In Jacob's mind, it was true...Karen Mitchell was, without a doubt, the world's *best* Mom and his love and admiration for her had never been stronger.

Leaning in closer, Jacob reassured Karen, "You don't need to worry, Mom... I'm not gonna do anything that would ever bring down our 'house of cards' (referring to a term Karen had used a while back). I know how close we really are, and I don't wanna mess anything up, or get anyone in trouble...especially you. I love you, Mom."

Karen's heart swelled hearing those words from her son. A big smile spread across her beautiful lips. "Awww...I love you too, Snuggle Bear!" Without thinking, she leaned in and kissed Jacob tenderly on the mouth.

It only lasted for a few seconds, and even though there'd been no tongue, in Jacob's mind it was still out of this world. After his Mother pulled back, he asked, "Uhhh...Mom...I thought you said we couldn't kiss like that? The whole 'What happens in Atlanta, stays in Atlanta' thing?"

Karen ran her slender fingers through Jacob's mane of dark brown hair. She shook her head and replied, "No, we shouldn't...but I guess we can consider it part of my apology for not believing you when you told me the truth about how you got your grade in Spanish."

Jacob smiled. "Well...if that's the case...maybe you can 'apologize' one more time?" He shrugged his shoulders and added, "Then we'll call it even?"

Karen cut her eyes. "Call it even huh?" The regretful Mother quickly glanced around outside the Jeep to find the streets deserted and quiet. The only sounds were the low volume of another 80's song on the radio and the distant whistle of the 10:35 train headed to Atlanta. Figuring it was safe enough with all the guests gone and the rest of the family most likely inside the house watching the Braves game, Karen finally gave in. "We really shouldn't be doing this again, but okay, young man..." she relented, before adding sternly, "Just one more...a really quick one...but that's it...got it?"

Nodding his head eagerly in agreement, Jacob replied, "Got it!!"

The really quick 'one' turned into two...then two turned into three, and before long, Karen and Jacob found themselves engaged in a full-blown incestuous make-out session. The Mother-son duo softly moaned into each

other's mouths as their tongues frantically wrestled together, tussling, slithering and slickening with their shared saliva.

Karen chided herself for once more allowing things to escalate this far. After all, kissing her son in this way was totally unnecessary and way out of bounds. However, for some strange reason, the middle-aged Mother was finding it difficult to control herself. She felt like a young woman again born anew, similar to how she felt when she'd first met Robert back in college, years before. Perhaps it was from being alone with a handsome young man in a parked vehicle late at night, as Duran Duran's 'Hungry Like The Wolf' played on the radio? Or perhaps it was those wretched hormones once again playing havoc with her mind and body? Either way, Karen's unbridled, wanton arousal from earlier that evening was back with a vengeance, and then some, clouding her better judgment once again.

The flames of Karen's arousal continued to grow. The heat originating from between her stocking-clad legs had now radiated up into her magnificent tits. Soon, the horny 'Kansas farm girl' sensed the familiar pressure building inside her breasts, causing her hardened nipples to literally vibrate with excitement.

Jacob's right hand slid from his Mother's thigh and gradually traveled up along the corseted front of her dress.

Eventually, his fingers found the silky-soft fabric of her white blouse, where he began gently fondling Karen's bra-encased aching boobs through her gossamer-like garment.

"*Mmmmmpphhh*..." Karen groaned into Jacob's mouth as unexpectedly, tiny spurts of breastmilk began ejecting from her buzzing nipples. She could sense the gathering moisture inside the soft cups of her pale blue push-up bra with each lustful squeeze of her son's hand.

Up until now, Karen had only lactated whenever she experienced a very intense orgasm. In the back of her mind, she wondered if this new and disturbing, yet not entirely unpleasant, side effect deserved any concern. At the moment, however, she was too overcome by the lustful yearnings created by those same hormones to give it any immediate consideration. She figured she could always see Brenda for a check-up and bring it up for her opinion at some other time.

As the parent-child necking session continued, Karen felt an overwhelming desire to feel Jacob's mouth on her breasts. The wicked thought of her son nursing on her lactating nipples while they messed around in her Jeep, parked in her daughter's driveway, caused her over-excited vagina to flutter, leaking more of her womanly secretions into her already-saturated panties.

While continuing the French kissing marathon with her son, Karen used her left hand to grab the low-cut neckline of her shimmering white blouse. Just before she could pull the elastic material down to expose her bra-encased tits, the sound of boisterous laughter could be heard right outside the Jeep.

Startled by the unexpected intrusion, Karen pulled back from Jacob, a thin line of spittle connecting their lips. Twisting her head around, she glanced out the now fogged-up driver's side window just in time to see a small group of teenagers running down the street in the opposite direction. Most likely, they were just some rambunctious boys getting in some last-minute Halloween hijinks.

Karen turned back to Jacob and whispered, "That was close!" With her left hand, she used her thumb to wipe away the bright red lipstick and their combined saliva which was smeared on her son's lips. "Sweetie...we need to stop this before someone actually sees us." No matter how aroused the lovely Mother might've been, getting caught in her SUV making out with her own son would not be something she could easily explain.

Jacob nodded, "I know Mom, but..." The teenager then looked downward and added, "'Houston...we have a problem'."

Karen dropped her gaze and noticed her right hand grasping a huge bulge inside Jacob's pants. The impossibly-long erection stretched down almost to his knee. She could see and feel her son's 'problem' twitching like a riled-up rattlesnake, trapped inside of his tight-fitting trousers. Instinctively, Karen began to slide her hand, rubbing it back and forth along the full length of Jacob's hardened cylinder of flesh, hidden beneath his pants' dark fabric. She whispered, "Oh my...you're right...that is a *big* problem."

Jacob couldn't help but moan. The feel of his Mother's hand gliding along his pulsing shaft caused his 'trouser snake' to throb even more. "I don't think I can go into the house like this...somebody's for sure gonna notice."

Karen knew her son was right. No matter how enthralled and distracted the rest of the family might be watching the Braves play in the World Series on TV, the gigantic lump inside Jacob's 'Han Solo' pants would definitely stick out like a sore thumb. As the aroused Mother continued to stroke the menacing leviathan fighting to escape its confined prison, she bit her bottom lip, while taking a few moments to weigh her options.

Jacob broke the silence after a few seconds, asking, "So what are we gonna do, Mom?"

Her son's voice brought her out of her trance of deep thought. Karen then took another glance outside the heavily fogged-up windows and noticed the front porch light to her daughter's house was still off. Luckily, it appeared no one inside was yet aware of their return. Silently, she prayed it would stay that way.

Karen turned back to Jacob and said, "I think I have an idea...let's go." As she opened the driver's side door, she added, "Do *NOT* slam your door when you get out!" She knew good and well that her teenaged son had a bad habit of doing that very thing, and didn't want to risk alerting anyone of their presence.

After stepping out of her SUV and softly closing the driver's side door, Karen took one last survey of their surroundings. She was happy to find the entire street was completely deserted.

Jacob made his way around the Jeep and stepped up to his Mother. In a hushed voice, he asked, "Mom...what are we doing? Are we going inside the house?"

Karen shook her head, "No..." Her eyes drifted downward, and she chuckled, "Definitely not with *that* thing in your britches!" She then took him by the hand and added, "Now come with me." 'Sexy Dorothy' then commenced to lead her little 'Han Solo' across the front

yard, weaving their way through the minefield of various Halloween decorations.

"*Darn you*, *Brenda*!" Karen whispered to herself, as she experienced severe difficulty walking without toppling over. The scantily-dressed Mother was no novice when it came to wearing high heels. However, the 5-inch spikes of the rented red-sequined platform shoes sunk quickly into the recently planted lawn of her daughter's new home, making Karen's travel to the back of the house quite treacherous.

Once they reached the backyard, Karen thankfully regained her footing on the patio surrounding the inground pool. Along with the 'click-clack' of her high heels on the concrete surface, she could make out the monotonous voice of Joe Buck's TV commentary mixed with the raucous claps and noises coming from inside the house. The sounds were those of her family joyously cheering and screaming...evidently the Braves had just done something exciting late in their battle against the Astros. Karen again prayed, this time for extra innings, or at least that the game would drag on long enough to keep everyone occupied while she took care of her son's condition.

As Mother and son walked hand-in-hand across the moonlit patio, Karen gazed down at the jack-o-lanterns lined up around Rachel's pool. She noticed many of them

were no longer giving off light as the tea candles inside the orange gourds had burned themselves out. However, the few that did continue to glow in the dark now seemed to be wearing evil grins on their carved-out faces. It was as if they were mocking the aroused Mother with their secret knowledge of her sinful plans for the incestuous adultery which she was about to commit with her teenaged son.

Before entering the darkened pool house, Karen heard another uproar of excitement come from inside the main house. The unmistakable sound of Robert's voice above the din of whooping and hollering brought with it a wave of guilt, which now had her reconsidering her plan. The loving wife sincerely wished to remain faithful to the promise she'd made earlier to her husband for some late-night fun when they got home. However, the dutiful Mother now also felt obligated to 'help' her son with his current, more dire situation.

After locking the door, Karen used a remote to ignite the propane gas logs in the fireplace. The temperature outside had dropped dramatically after the sun went down. Therefore, the scantily-dressed Mom found the pool house interior to be a bit on the chilly side. She then turned off the table lamp, figuring the soft glow from the roaring fire would be more than ample lighting for what was about to take place. Almost as an afterthought, Karen

cracked one of the back windows open (facing the neighbor's fence) so that any updates from the game's progress could still be heard, though she neglected to fully shut its blinds.

A few minutes later, Jacob was on the same comfortable sofa which he and Sara had sat on earlier that evening. However, instead of kissing his beautiful blonde girlfriend in total darkness, he was now reclined against the couch cushion with his pants and boxers down around his ankles, as his gorgeous Mother crouched at his feet, giving him a sensuous, loving blowjob by the soft firelight.

The blazing fire didn't take long to warm the room, creating a cozy and somewhat romantic atmosphere inside the quiet little pool house. Neither the blaring sound of the ballgame, nor the rowdy reactions of its viewers filtering in from the house, could ruin the mood. Jacob moaned with pleasure as he watched his Mother use both her hands to pump his throbbing shaft, while sucking on the head of his cock, making lewd slurping noises in the process.

Due to the risk of getting caught, Karen had told Jacob it was probably best that they abstained from having intercourse in the pool house. Instead, her plan was to relieve her son's 'problem' using her delicate hands and sultry mouth. That way, she'd be a helpful Mother while

still keeping her wifely promise to her husband of allowing him to 'plow her fields' later on at home. At least, that was what Karen had originally intended.

Though disappointed he wasn't going to hook up with his Mom again after such a long break from them having sex, Jacob still enjoyed it as Karen continued with her motherly duty of blowing his painfully-engorged penis. Thanks to Brenda, he wasn't ready to cum too easily just yet and held on to the slim hope that if he delayed long enough, Karen would eventually change her mind. As more time went by Karen's legs began to burn from the lewd crouching position she found herself in, since she was on her haunches and still wearing those ridiculous rented high heels. To ease the discomfort, Karen finally dropped to her knees and then pulled back while continuing to jack off her son with both hands.

Karen could hear another round of boisterous excitement filter in from the main house. She glanced up at Jacob and whispered, "C'mon, Jake...you need to hurry it up. The ballgame isn't gonna last forever!"

Jacob grunted, "Sorry, Mom...believe me, I'm *trying*!" It was somewhat comical watching his determined Mother, dressed up like a slutty version of the innocent farm girl 'Dorothy', whilst giving him a handjob. He almost wished at that moment he was dressed up like the 'Scarecrow' or

maybe the 'Tin Man' so they could play out their own twisted, perverted version of 'The Wizard of Oz'.

Karen tightened her grip on Jacob's veiny shaft and increased the pace of her strokes. "Well, try *harder*!" she whispered a bit louder, her frustration growing. "We don't need to risk someone coming out here and finding us."

Jacob nodded in agreement, "I know, Mom..." All of a sudden, a devious plan entered the teenager's mind which he knew he could exploit. He decided to play on the weird sense of competition he'd been noticing lately between his Mother and her younger sister. "It's just..."

"It's just what?" Karen asked impatiently, not even looking up at Jacob. She was laser-focused on her task at hand: making her boy pop before someone inside the house decided to venture outside.

"Well..." Jacob responded, hoping he could manipulate his Mom into changing her mind about not having sex with him. "I think it's taking so long because of how well Aunt Brenda 'helped' me at her house earlier today."

Karen's arms slowed down to almost a halt. "Oh *really*, did she now?" The devoted Mother once again felt a burning flush and a swelling sense of envy rearing its ugly head within her. It was the same feeling she'd felt earlier in the day, when her racing mind had painted all sorts of

sordid, utter debauchery taking place between her teenaged son and married sister on the other side of town.

Karen let go of her grip on Jacob's cock. She then placed her hands on his bony knees for leverage as she gingerly stood up on her high heels from the floor.

Jacob noticed a strange, detached expression on his Mother's beautiful face. Fearing he had overplayed his hand and had perhaps pissed her off, he leaned forward as he tried to backpedal, "But Mom...I mean, even though she was able to help earlier today, I still need..."

"It's okay, sweetie..." Karen put up her hand as she interrupted Jacob, her voice soft and distant. "I know exactly how to take care of it..." She then reached underneath the lace-edged petticoat of her dress and peeled her drenched, skimpy, bikini-cut panties from her rounded hips. Another wave of cheers burst in from the main house as the flimsy, pale blue garment slid down Karen's stocking-clad legs and pooled around her ankles and ruby-red stilettos.

Jacob wasn't sure (or cared) what the Braves had done to cause such a ruckus from inside the main house. Instead, as he watched his gorgeous Mother step out of her underwear, kick her panties aside and climb on top of him, every fiber and cell in his being let out its own collective cheer. Deep down, Jacob had a very good

feeling that a 'grand slam homerun' was about to be hit inside of Rachel's cozy little pool house.

This year's Halloween had seen Karen caught up in a whirlwind of emotions, similar to the vicious tornado that had swept up Dorothy's Kansas farmhouse. She'd spent the evening dressed essentially like a harlot in the presence of all her family and fellow church members, whilst being flirted with and overhearing all sorts of inappropriate comments. She had witnessed her son making out with his girlfriend, not long after spending the afternoon doing God knows what with his married Aunt at her house across town. The day's unusual events and her burgeoning female urges, combined with the radical chemicals and the lingering alcohol still flowing through her system, had kept Karen's blood boiling in heightened arousal mingled with an intermittent, though bubbling jealousy.

As she awkwardly hovered above her son, Karen's right hand took a hold of Jacob's fully erect cock and gingerly placed its bulbous tip at the entrance to her gushing, wet vagina. Staring as the coating of Jacob's precum, mixed with her saliva, mingled with her own womanly nectar and eased a slick entrance, it was at that moment Karen realized she'd forgotten to ask Jacob whether he even had a condom. Previously whenever this oversight occurred, she would by instinct recoil instantly and stop everything

from proceeding any further without any protection. Where once she was abhorred by the mere thought of her son's potently-enhanced sperm filling her up and doing God knows what inside of her, now Karen needed only to remind herself that she was taking Brenda's Midoxinol birth control daily (as her sister instructed) which Karen firmly believed rendered her perfectly safe. Ironically, that very same security blanket was now contributing directly to Karen's increasingly strong female urges and, as yet unspoken and deeply-buried regular cravings for her son's babymaking seed. Therefore, old habits quickly gave way to new, easily accepted ones as Karen brushed away her concerns for a condom and with one, swift, downward thrust, plunged half the length of Jacob's raw, uncovered cock up into her vagina.

Suddenly, another wave of claps, cheers and yelling came from inside the house, from which Karen could easily detect Robert's voice. Normally in this situation, the sound of her husband would instantly bring on feelings of guilt or remorse. This time, however, Karen's emotion was closer to that of disappointment...perhaps even resentment, as she remembered the abortive attempt to have sex she and Robert had experienced in the bathroom earlier that evening. As she placed her hands on Jacob's shoulders and listened to her family whoop and holler again with excitement, she whispered to her husband

under her breath, "*Sorry, sweetheart...but you had your chance*!"

Hearing Karen mutter something, Jacob glanced upward into the giant swells of his Mother's boobs hidden beneath her white blouse and asked, "What was that Mom? Did you say something?" He then placed his hands correspondingly on Karen's thighs, right where her silky, pale blue stockings ended and the soft, creamy skin of her thighs began.

"*Nooo*!!" Karen shook her head and moaned, as she raised up then slowly descended, impaling herself deeper and deeper onto Jacob's fleshy sword. Once she finally bottomed out, she sat perfectly still on her son's lap and gritted her teeth, luxuriating in the exquisite feeling of utter fullness that she'd been craving for so long. Instinctively, she began rocking her hips, using Jacob's incredible cock to stir up her insides and scratch the itch that her neglected vagina had been missing for over a week.

Soon, Karen's body adjusted to her son's enormous invader, as she placed her hands on the high part of the couch behind Jacob's head. She began bouncing up and down, going a bit higher and delving a bit deeper with each stroke. When she finally found the perfect angle which enabled the pulsing, drooling head of Jacob's cock to rake across her G-spot, a smile crept onto Karen's face,

and the words, "*Ohhhh myyyyy...that's so...good*!" escaped her lips in a faint whisper.

Jacob asked once again, "Mom? Did you say something?"

Looking down past her bouncing tits and into her son's eyes, Karen replied in a husky whisper, "*Nothing...unngh*!..*sssshhh...no more talking now... unnggh*!..*focus, baby*!..*and let Mommy take care of it...*"

*** *Meanwhile, back in the main house...* ***

Everyone had been huddled around Scott's gigantic 75-inch flatscreen TV in the family room since just after 8 p.m. that evening, riveted with attention to game 5 of the World Series. Now, nearly four hours later, it was heading into the bottom of the 9th inning, with the score knotted at 4 runs apiece for each team.

With little Daniel passed out from sugar coma-induced exhaustion and sleeping peacefully in one of the guest bedrooms upstairs, the adults now felt comfortable allowing the alcohol to flow a bit more freely. In fact, most of them felt so warm with the buzz of booze that by popular acclaim the sliding door to the backyard pool patio was left partly open. This left only the screen door as a barrier to the outside elements, which every now and then let in a cool, last day of October breeze (as well as allowed the broadcast commentary of the game to be heard outside, blasted out on Scott's hi-fi stereo system).

"Who wants another beer?" Rachel asked, as she and Brenda got up during a commercial break and started back to the kitchen to refill their wine glasses. All the guys, of course, raised their hands in unison.

Brenda was still in full 'Jessie' costume, but Rachel for her part had decided to change into something a little more comfortable and appropriate for watching the game. Her wig was now discarded, replaced by a snapback Braves baseball cap through which she threaded her honey-blonde locks tied up in a ponytail. Though her face was still made up as 'Harley Quinn', Rachel now sported thick bars of eye black on her cheeks, obliterating her earlier black heart 'beauty mark'. Topping it all off, in place of her costume's bomber jacket, she was now wearing a #10 Chipper Jones Braves home jersey with a '95 World Series Champions' patch on its sleeve. Rachel had gotten it as a gift from her dad when she was a teenager, and Robert always told her it was his 'lucky' jersey since he had bought it right after she was born 23 years ago. Now, even though she was wearing a shirt underneath the oversized jersey stating: 'Daddy's Lil' Monster', Rachel was in fact still her 'Daddy's Little Princess' and for all intents and purposes had (for this game at least) reverted back to the tomboyish habits of her teenaged years.

As Rachel refilled the wine glasses in the kitchen, (chardonnay for her and pinot grigio for Brenda), the front

doorbell unexpectedly rang. Setting the bottle of red wine down on the countertop, the young housewife asked, "Who in the world could that be?"

Balancing four ice-cold bottles of Samuel Adams lager in her hands, Brenda used her hip to close the refrigerator door and replied, "Beats me...maybe some last-minute trick-or-treaters?"

Rachel glanced up at the clock and said, "No way, I don't think so at this late hour...besides, I'm almost certain I turned off the porch light when we ran out of candy." The doorbell once again rang, four times consecutively and this time more vigorously.

Brenda shrugged her shoulders, "Well, whoever it is, they're being very impatient...maybe they can't tell time. Why don't you go answer the door? Just leave my wine here, and I'll take these beers back to the guys."

Taking her wineglass, Rachel walked briskly to her foyer, switched on her porch light and opened the front door, saying impatiently, "Sorry kids, but we're all out of-- " Before she could even finish, the young housewife saw a group of boys (most likely ages 12 to 15) scurrying off her lawn and back down the street. Being an Adam Sandler movie fan, and having participated in similar hijinks when she was a teen, Rachel dreaded and knew exactly what to expect next. Looking down, she wasn't at

all surprised to notice that several of her jack-o-lanterns which had decorated her porch steps were now smashed and lying in pieces along the front walk to her home. Worst of all, on the nearest flagstone on her lawn walkway was a brown paper bag, freshly-lit with a flickering flame that was threatening to ignite even more. Hearing the crude pranksters laughing as they disappeared into the night, 'Harley Quinn/Chipper Jones' yelled out after them, "Ha Ha...*very funny*! You're lucky I haven't got my *bat* with me!" before quickly scampering down her porch steps and dousing the odious fire hazard with her white wine. Looking around to survey her destroyed pumpkins and the smoldering remnants of the paper bag, Rachel shook her head in disgust. "*Ughhhh...boys*!" she huffed, kicking the clumsy prank aside under a flower bush along her porch and making a mental note to tell Scott to take care of it the following morning.

Just before Rachel reached her front door, she took another quick glance around and only then happened to notice that her Mother's SUV was parked in the driveway. Now somewhat confused, she walked back down her porch and slowly scanned along her sidewalk and up and down her street. "When did Mom and Jake get back?" she asked under her breath. Turning and looking back into her house she added, "I'm pretty sure they never came back inside."

Now filled with curiosity, Rachel decided against going back inside just yet. Instead, she walked back up the stone steps of her lawn and over to Karen's Jeep-- only to find it empty. Placing her right hand gingerly on the hood, Rachel felt that it was still warm and surmised its engine had only recently been run. "Well, they haven't been back for very long..." she correctly deduced, before looking back to the house and asking herself, "...so, if they're not in the house, where on *earth* could they be?"

*** *Back at the pool house...* ***

"*Oh...Jake*! *Oh...sweetie*!!" Karen mewled, riding astride her son and bouncing up and down with full, complete strokes as they fervently fornicated on her daughter's brand-new pool house couch. Her right hand gripped the back of Jacob's head, whose face was smothered within the tender flesh of her now fully-exposed breasts, whilst his lips were tightly sealed on one of her rock-hard pink nipples.

Jacob groaned as he greedily suckled at Karen's lusciously effusive tit, hungrily swallowing mouthful after mouthful of his Mother's hormone-infused, warm and sweet, nourishing breastmilk. His left hand squeezed and fondled Karen's other heavy orb, causing her creamy, white liquid to dribble from its rubbery nub and slickly saturate his youthful, grasping fingers. At the same time, his skinny butt was bucking upwards and meeting his Mom's

bounces stroke for stroke, as he relished once more in eagerly stuffing Karen's sweet, forbidden pussy with his throbbing, teenaged cock and feeling her tight, horny walls squeezing lovingly along the full length of his dick.

"*Oh myyyyy*!..*Mmmm*..." Karen moaned, throwing her head back and closing her eyes. Usually, she would've been concerned by the fact that she was lactating this much before even reaching her climax. However, the euphoric sensations bolting back and forth between her overstuffed vagina and heavy, quivering tits soon had the aroused Mother focused on just one thing: chasing down and capturing the elusive orgasm which was quickly building up in between her legs. "Yes, baby...*unngh*!" Karen grunted, as her fingers tightened their grip on her son's shaggy brown hair. "Suck...*harder*!"

Rachel meanwhile had made her way around to her backyard. As she stood on the concrete patio, the only sounds she could detect were the soft humming of the pool filter pump and her family inside the house yelling at something exciting happening on the television. Suddenly, from somewhere in the dark, she heard a woman faintly calling out, "*Aaaahhhhhhh*!!!!"

Rachel spun on her heels and looked in the direction of the scream. That was when she noticed a faint, flickering light glowing from inside of the pool house. "*What the*

hell?" she whispered, as she began walking towards the compact stucco structure.

As soon as Rachel arrived at the pool house, she found that its front blinds were all closed. However, the mystery of where her Mother and little brother had gotten themselves to was now officially solved. Even though she couldn't see inside, she could easily detect the unmistakable sounds of Karen Mitchell lost in complete and utter sexual abandon.

Eager to once again feast her eyes on her Mom and younger sibling blatantly engaging in wildly kinky, incestuous debauchery, Rachel went from window to window, desperately seeking a way to get a peek inside and satisfy her perverse curiosity. Finally, on the rear right side of the pool house, facing her neighbor's fence, she found the one window where the blinds weren't entirely closed, which enabled her to view the wickedly unholy scene of forbidden Mother-son copulation taking place inside.

Though she'd seen a similar scene with her own eyes only a couple weeks prior, Rachel still gasped when she saw the sinful act playing out once again-- in the flesh-- just a few feet away from her on the other side of the wall. Jacob was seated in the center of her brand-new sofa, his pants pushed down around his ankles and his mouth latched onto their Mother's wobbling breast. Karen was

straddling her son's skinny legs with her gingham pinafore dress skirt hitched up and her silky white blouse pushed down around her waist, riding her young steed like there was no tomorrow. Rachel then noticed her Mom's discarded pale blue push-up bra draped haphazardly across the back of the couch.

Rachel could easily make out Karen's muffled moans and squeals through the closed window panes as her Mom's naked and round, matronly bottom slammed down onto Jacob's lap. As she neared her orgasm, the middle-aged Mother's cries of pleasure steadily grew louder and louder. Suddenly, she arched her back and sat up straight, causing her boob to pop out of her son's mouth and fling visibly spraying droplets of breastmilk from her orally-stimulated nipple.

Now totally without abandon, Karen began to violently bounce up and down on Jacob's magnificent cock. Rachel's eyes widened in disbelief as she witnessed her born-again Christian Mother acting so desperately and out of character. Her wildly bounding hips were now raising her ass higher and higher, to where Rachel could now easily see her brother's thick and bare, glistening cock disappearing into the clutching folds of their Mother's drooling sex. Enthralled by the wickedly filthy sight and the raw, naughty junction of her Mother and brother's sinful coupling, Rachel slowly snaked her right hand

down inside of her tight, little short-shorts. Mindlessly, the dumbstruck daughter and sister began jilling herself off whilst watching the wild scene of dissolute debauchery unfolding right before her very eyes.

Along with her growing arousal, Rachel increasingly felt concern for her younger brother, Jacob. As the married sister watched him sink deeper and deeper into the soft couch's cushions with each of Karen's downward, whoomping plunges, she began to worry that her middle-aged, wanton Mother might actually fuck her own son to death. "*Damn Mom...take it easy*!" Rachel whispered, as she rubbed her diddling fingers harder against her buzzing clit. "*Don't break the little nerd in half*!" Once she heard the couch springs beginning to squeak out louder in protest, she added, "...*or my new sofa, for that matter*."

Meanwhile, back inside the house, the rest of the family was deeply immersed in the late-innings drama of the World Series baseball game on TV. The game was still tied at four runs apiece in the bottom of the 9th inning. Atlanta now had the winning runners on first and second base, but they were now down to their last out. Everyone in the living room held their collective breath, crossed their fingers or bit their nails (some doing all three at once) as they anxiously awaited what outcome would occur next. Either the Braves would get a game-winning, walk-off hit...or they would squander the prime scoring

chance and the game would go into extra innings. Now stepping up to the batter's box was Braves' first baseman and lethal slugger Freddie Freeman. With a well-disciplined eye against the Astros' flagging closer, he quickly found himself in a friendly hitter's count of no strikes and two balls.

Back at the pool house, Jacob's own count of two balls was getting in some friendly hitting as well, namely that of his 'slugger' striking hard in his Mom's welcoming 'batter's box'. So Rachel lasciviously thought, a grin of cleverly thought-of innuendo on her face as she listened to Joe Buck's droning voice on TV describing an otherwise exciting game in his usual, boring manner. Something far more compelling than baseball riveted Rachel's attention though, as she received a full-frontal, unobstructed view of her Mom and brother's unfettered copulation. Karen had switched positions to reverse cowgirl, having deemed it wiser so she could keep an eye on the door should anyone approach, but at the same time completely unaware she was now affording her spying daughter 'front row seats' to her and Jacob's forbidden fucking. Jacob for his part wasn't at all interested in what was happening in the game that could be heard from outside. Resting his forehead in the small of Karen's back as he looked down at his shaft disappearing in and out between her meaty buttcheeks, the determined teen's

imagination wandered elsewhere and was totally focused on something else entirely.

"*Oh...Oh...Oh*!!!" Karen chanted, each time she bottomed out and her ample, rippling rear end landed onto Jacob's lap, giving off a loud 'clapping' sound each time. The muscles in her lower calves, encased in her silky-smooth, pale blue stockings, flexed and soon burned as she used her platform-heeled shoes for leverage, bending her knees as she twerked. Leaning back to rest, Karen placed her hands on her son's legs, and called out, "Ohhhh...it's...Oh, *yessss*! It's...almost...*almost*!!!" Taking his cue, Jacob grabbed his Mom by the hips as he ramped up the relentless tempo of his bucking pelvis.

"*Locking thrusters into attack position...I'm goin' in...full throttle...making my final attack run...here goes nothing*!" The teenager recited to himself in his mind, repeating memorized lines from his favorite 'Star Wars' video game. Taking advantage of the 'Han Solo' costume he was wearing, he decided to finally play out the fantasy which he'd been brewing in his head for the past few weeks...with a wickedly perverted twist.

Taking a momentary break from his imaginary 'Millennium Falcon-Death Star' mission, Jacob found himself in total awe, watching Karen's mesmerizing gyrations on top of him whilst her vaginal sheath clutched tightly to the pulsing length of his shaft. Reaching up and

taking a hold of his Mother's wildly swinging tits, he looked down and grunted, "Dang Mom...your ass...looks so...*awesome*!!"

Secretly watching Karen through the window riding her son's cock like an out-of-control porn star had caused Rachel to drench her fingers. Now, as she watched her little brother going into overdrive and her Mom furrow her brow as she mouthed something admonishing to him, Rachel's arousal spiked even more. She pressed her fingers deeper into her saturated pussy in the hopes of achieving orgasm at the same time as her mother. "*I'm gonna...*" she whispered. "*Ohhh...I'm gonna...CUM*!!"

"Go...Go...*Goooooooo*!!!!" Robert stood up from the couch and shouted at the television. The Astros pitcher had thrown wide, his catcher barely able to prevent a wild pitch, but not before the two Braves runners were able to advance to second and third base on a perfectly-executed double steal. "*That's ball three...*" Joe Buck's echoing voice announced to the backyard pool patio. Having fouled off several pitches moments before, Freddie Freeman was now at a full count of 3-2. It was now do or die for the Braves. They were either 90 feet from winning it all...or one strike away from the game going into extra innings, with the looming possibility of having to go back to Houston for a game 6...

"Ohhh...Jake!!! Ohhh...*sweetie*!!" Karen cried out. "You...you're gonna...make *meeee*!!!"

"*Stay on target...STAY ON TARGET*!" Jacob repeated inwardly like a mantra to himself, his eyes clamped shut in concentration.

"*Go...go...go lil' bro*!..*Yeah, Mom...ride Jake's cock...HARRRD*!" Rachel silently cheered them on, her gaze laser-focused on Karen and Jacob wildly going at it whilst the rest of the family cheered on something else entirely in her house. Biting her bottom lip and moaning as silently as possible, the voyeuristic young housewife trembled as the beginnings of a powerful orgasm rolled through her body. As soon as her knees began to buckle, Rachel placed her left hand against the windowsill in a desperate attempt to steady herself and remain upright.

"*Holy shit*!" Rachel whispered aloud, still mesmerized by the incredible sight of her gorgeous Mom and handsome brother thrashing together uncontrollably in wild, continuous coupling. Taking Brenda's motto to 'have some fun' and her daughter's advice earlier that night to a whole new level, Karen finally 'let loose' with her loins, lurching about uncontrollably on top of Jacob, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed. Shouting to the heavens in sheer ecstasy, Karen convulsed frighteningly in paralyzing paroxysms, throwing out her trembling legs and sending her ruby-red stilettoes flying, before finally

resting her head on Jacob's shoulder, her mouth agape in a silent scream. Reaching up with both her hands, Karen began tightly squeezing her magnificent tits as jets of breastmilk splattered all over the place and with some of it landing on Rachel's brand-new sofa.

"Oh yeah, Mom!!..." Jacob grunted out loud finally, grasping his flailing Mom's hips to stabilize her quivering thighs. "I'm...I'm gonna...*BLOW*!!!" Han Solo's payload of 'torpedoes' was now primed and ready, and he was desperate to unleash them on his 'target'. "*Almost there...ALMOST..THERE*!" he repeated silently to himself, through gritted teeth.

Karen's original plan had been to finish Jacob off with her mouth, since the loving wife couldn't in good conscience go home with her husband while globs of their son's sticky and pungent semen oozed from her married vagina. Now however, she remembered her rented costume, and the high likelihood of a mess on Rachel's couch and the risk for stains which Jacob pulling out and spraying who knows where, would entail. Therefore, Karen quickly decided that if she allowed Jacob to finish deep inside, it would save her the time of having to clean herself up (and anything else) too much before rejoining her family.

"Y-you can't...get anything...on this dress....remember...it's only a....rental!" Karen admonished in a momentary period of clarity, whining

and gasping as shuddering, half-naked Dorothy approached the threshold of a final, climactic orgasm. "S-so when...you finish...push up *hard*...go *DEEEEEEEP*!!!"

Just as Jacob was about to silently nod 'yes'--

**CRACK*!!!*

"*HITS IT HARD...HITS IT DEEEEEEEP...TO..THE..WALL!!!*" Joe Buck's booming voice announced excitedly over the TV stereo system.

"*IT'S AWAYYYYYY*!!!" Jacob yelled triumphantly to himself, thrusting up hard one final time, pushing up deep within the walls of Karen's vagina. "*Let...go..Jake!*" a Jedi master's voice, not unlike his sister's, calmly echoed in his head.

"*YYEEEEESSSSSSSS*!!!!!" Both Karen and Robert screamed at the exact same moment, loud enough for each to probably hear the other. Luckily for Karen, the outburst of cheers and utter chaos breaking out in the main house living room helped to drown out the climaxing housewife's high-pitched cries of ecstatic euphoria. With a loud crack of the bat, Freddie Freeman had smacked the ball deep into the Atlanta night towards the left field bleachers. As the ball flew through the air and took what seemed like forever to clear the wall, the entire state of Georgia seemed to gasp as one, holding its bated breath. Finally, the ball landed halfway up the stands, giving the

Braves an epic, walk-off, 3-run homerun, and instantly crowning them World Series Champions. At once, the whole house, neighborhood, county and state erupted into sheer pandemonium.

"Oh, Mom! Ohhh...*MOOOMMMMMMMM*!!!" Jacob shouted aloud at the exact same moment, wracked in pure joy and breaking out of his nerdy fantasy as his aching testicles finally released their pent-up load. Both of his hands were now clasped beneath Karen's knees, as he lifted up her thighs and spread her pale blue, silky-smooth legs wide open for all to see in one, last, deep penetration. Arching his back and raising his hips from the couch cushions, his entire body clenched up as the head of his cock latched onto Karen's cervix, before blasting out hot, healthy ropes of family seed directly into the depths of his beautiful Mother's womb.

"*Go deep*, *Jacob*! *DEEEEEEEP*!!!" Karen silently encouraged him, and for a brief, crazed moment she secretly wished that her now buzzing ovaries had somehow released over the past few days...just so there'd be something inside her nest, waiting for her son's babymakers. Even as she squatted on her haunches and pushed her butt down eagerly on Jacob's lap, instinctively squeezing her coaxing cunt muscles and feeling the heat of his latest, thick, DNA deposit filling her up, one

lingering shred of sanity reminded Karen that there were still certain words which she simply couldn't say out loud.

Instead, in almost perfectly-timed unison, Mother, son and daughter moaned, grunted and whined themselves through a seemingly unending collective orgasm. Nipples sprayed, vaginal walls clenched, stiff shaft pulsed, balls churned and fingers rubbed raw clit...again and again, for what seemed like forever in a messy, rapturous, tear-inducing familial release of bottled-up passion and sexual frustration.

Meanwhile outside, the whistling and popping cracks of fireworks being let off throughout Rachel's normally quiet neighborhood joined in the raucous chorus of joyous Braves victory celebrations that could be heard from the main house and the raunchy trio's furtive sexual symphony unfolding at the pool house. Thus, while the sharp and crackling booms of explosions going off in the clear November eve sky happened all around them, Jacob was letting off another big, explosive firework of his own deep inside Karen. His prediction of another kind of 'grand slam' occurring in the pool house from earlier couldn't have been more precise. At that particular moment however, all Jacob was picturing in his head was a moon-sized space station blowing up into smithereens in the dark, depths of space as he piloted his 'Millennium Falcon' freighter away to victory.

All euphoric and celebratory highs have to come to an end, and sadly this one eventually did so too. As the sounds of exultation outside the pool house died down, Karen, lost in a dreamy state, continued to grind her hips on Jacob's lap, stirring up her insides and trying to hang on for as long as possible to the lingering echoes of her intense orgasm. Jacob as well slowly floated down from the exhilarating thrill buzzing through him, though his still rigid cock continued to pulse within Karen in loving response to her movements. Now much more relaxed, both of them leaned back into the couch, their mouths inextricably drawn together as Karen's languidly numb, trembling legs slackened and Jacob pulled her in around the waist towards him. Moaning and groaning softly in a sultry, searing, tongue-flickering kiss, Mother and son sealed their latest tryst as they relished in the intoxicating bliss which the endorphins and hormones pounding within their veins were giving them. All too soon, the disconcerting sound of the TV volume from the house lowering down cut through the fog and quickly returned Karen and Jacob back to reality.

As Karen regretfully hopped off, dislodging Jacob's still throbbing penis gingerly from her gaping vagina, she swiftly snapped her legs shut. She was determined to keep any of his sperm from leaking out and making even more of a mess in her poor daughter's pool house. Carefully sliding back down to her knees, Karen looked up at her

son and stated calmly, "Don't worry, Snuggle Bear...I got this." The dutiful Mother then proceeded to suck him into her mouth, using her loving lips and tongue to skillfully clean away any evidence of their latest, sinful union which still lingered on his steadily deflating shaft.

Meanwhile, Rachel continued to spy on her Mother and baby brother through the window, her right hand still lodged within her shorts. She watched in complete awe as Karen's head bobbed and her cheeks expanded again and again whilst expertly cleansing the length of Jacob's cock, without so much as allowing a single drop of their combined cum to remain.

After she was done, Rachel watched as Karen lovingly ran her tongue around the bulbous tip of her baby brother's deflating penis, lapping up any lingering traces of his delicious semen that had mixed with her womanly secretions. Highly impressed by what she had just witnessed, Rachel whispered, "*Damn, Mom!! You are one serious cocksucker!!*"

Unless she had seen it with her own eyes, never in a million years would Rachel have believed her conservative, straitlaced Mother would've ever been capable of such oral skills and more than that, depraved debauchery. Taking a deep breath, Rachel had to remind herself it was probably because of all the powerful chemicals her Mom had been exposed to by Jacob that

she was even engaging in these sinful acts. Once again, Rachel began to wonder what other out-of-character things the previously squeaky-clean Karen Mitchell could be enticed into trying while under the influence of those wicked hormones. As the scheming daughter slid her fingers from between the soaking-wet folds of her hairless cunt, she thought to herself, "*Oh yeah...I want in on this!*"

Rachel continued watching as Karen paused from licking Jacob's cock and looked up to speak to him. She then saw her little brother nod with a goofy grin and, even though she couldn't hear what Jacob was saying, Rachel swore she could make out the words, "*Yes, Ma'am*." on his lips. Seeing her Mother suddenly stand up and collect her bra from the back of the couch, the spying daughter quickly pulled her hand out of her shorts. The adrenaline rush from an irrational fear of being seen and caught finally snapped Rachel to her senses as she straightened herself up and snuck away quietly back to the main house.

"Alright...let's get cleaned up as fast and as best we can." Karen stated, as she refastened and adjusted the bra straps on her shoulders. "We've been out here way too long, and I still have to find something to clean up Rachel's poor couch."

"Okay..." Jacob replied, half paying attention and taking a quick glance at his sister's 'poor couch', where streaks of his Mom's breastmilk had sprayed everywhere. "*Well...at*

least for once it can be said: 'Han Solo didn't shoot first!'" Jacob wryly chuckled to himself. As Karen slowly pulled her panties up and onto her hips, catching anything that had leaked down her legs in order to hide that 'shot', Jacob was quickly mesmerized by the sight of his hot Mom getting re-dressed. His eyes focused mainly on her boobs and the twin globes of her breasts wobbling enticingly inside of her bra cups as she adjusted the pale blue garment. To him, watching his Mom putting her clothes back on was almost as sexy and mouth-watering as her taking them off...almost.

Turning around, Karen looked down to find Jacob still sitting on the couch with his pants around his ankles, distracted and staring blankly at her. Snapping her fingers twice, she asked, "Jake? What are you waiting for?" Once she had his attention, she continued, "C'mon...get *moving*!" As she straightened out her white blouse and blue, checkered dress, she added, "The game sounds like it's already ended...if anyone discovers my Jeep parked in the driveway, they're bound to come looking for us."

"Yes, Ma'am...sorry." Jacob replied. He then stood up from the sofa, pulling his underwear and pants back up.

Once they had cleaned everything up as best they could, Jacob sat on a bar stool, waiting for Karen. Watching his Mother slide her right foot back into one of the ruby-red high-heeled pumps, he said, "Mom...thanks again for

always helping me. If there's anything I could do to ever repay you...just let me know."

Sliding her left foot into the other 'stripper' shoe that had flown off her feet, a smile slowly crept onto Karen's lovely face. "Repayment, you say?"

"Yes, Ma'am...you name it." Jacob replied, with a nod. As soon as he realized all manners of chores and special projects his Mom might think up for him to do, Jacob immediately regretted offering her such a blank check so foolishly and the goofy grin instantly drained from his face.

Karen walked over and stood in front of Jacob, the extremely high-heeled platform shoes she was wearing made her tower once more over the teenager. "Hmmmm...let me think." Tapping her cheek with her right index finger, Karen pondered her response carefully. After a few seconds, she gasped with wide eyes, "Oh, I know what you could do for me!"

Looking up at Karen, Jacob replied, "Sure, Mom...anything!" His response was a little apprehensive, as he dreaded what her request could possibly be.

Karen reached out and ran her fingers through Jacob's dark brown hair, "How about when we get home...you give me one of your patented, fabulous, foot massages?" She giggled as she ruffled the top of his head.

"A foot massage?" Jacob asked somewhat confused, but also relieved. "That's it?" Considering everything his Mom had done for him over the past few months, he thought it to be a very tame request, but he wasn't about to be one to argue.

Karen nodded, "Uh-huh..." Glancing down at her ruby-red pumps, she pouted and whined, "My poor feet have been literally *killing* me from wearing these ridiculous shoes all night...no thanks to your Aunt Brenda!" She then looked back at Jacob and chuckled, "Besides...I'm not sure just how much alcohol your father has consumed tonight, but I've got a feeling he won't be in much condition to give me a massage anyway...or even drive us home, for that matter."

The fact that Robert would most likely be intoxicated from consuming too much booze and beers gave Karen a small sense of relief. Hopefully, he'd be too inebriated to attempt having sex with her later, meaning there'd be no chance for her husband to notice how his wife's vagina had been temporarily resized by their son's gigantic, monster of a cock...and pumped chock-full with his thick, potent seed.

Jacob replied, "Well, no problem then, consider me your personal masseur." Fixing his hair and striking a leering attempt at a confident 'Han Solo' pose, he added a mock salute for emphasis.

"Thank you, sweetie!" Karen responded with a smile. Leaning down, she kissed Jacob's forehead, and added, "Oh, if you'd like...maybe we can watch one of your 'Star Wars' or comic book movies, while you rub my feet."

"Cool!!" Jacob happily replied. As they walked to the door to leave the pool house, the teenager inquired, "Say, Mom? If any other parts of your body need 'rubbing'...I'll be more than willing to help you out!"

Karen looked at Jacob and the cheeky grin on his face. She shook her head and scoffed, "As much as I'd appreciate your willingness to...as you put it... 'help me out', you still need to remember that your dad will be home, so it's probably best we keep any 'rubbing' from the knees down...even if he's likely to be passed out...okay?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "Okay, Mom...whatever you say." As Karen opened the door and peeked outside to make sure the coast was clear, he mumbled, "*Can't blame a guy for trying*."

Walking slowly behind his Mom around the edge of Rachel's pool, the teenager took one last, long look at Karen wearing her highly inappropriate Halloween costume. He couldn't help but be mesmerized by his sweet, lovely Mother looking so freaking hot, dressed up as a sexy version of 'Dorothy', the Kansas farm girl and now wished he could take a picture of her as a memento.

"*Dang this Han Solo costume for not having pant pockets*!" he chuckled regretfully to himself, having left his phone in the house with his regular clothes. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Jacob felt a strange and unusual desire. Just before they entered the house to rejoin the rest of the family, he suggested, "Say, Mom? How about tonight, we forego 'Star Wars' and watch your 'Wizard of Oz' DVD, instead?"

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END CHAPTER 15

CHAPTER 16

"*Ungghh!! Ohhh!! Ungghh!!*" Karen exclaimed, each time her long and smooth, matronly legs flailed behind Jacob's skinny back as he lunged his youthful, naked body in between his Mother's welcoming thighs. Knowing that they were alone in the house, the dutiful Mother felt confident enough to let loose and express her rapturous joy as she saw fit, whilst 'helping' her teenaged boy, who was eagerly plunging and plundering her womanhood as she lay blissfully flat on her back beneath him. Grabbing his Mom under her knees, Jacob held her legs up and looked down with admiration at the sexy, MILF goddess

with heavily milk-laden, undulating tits whom he was pounding underneath him, not giving a damn about the increasingly loud and frantic thumping sound their fucking was causing from his bed's headboard.

Hoping to quiet the rhythmic noises a bit, Karen reached back above her head and held tightly onto the headboard of her son's still loudly squeaking bedframe. At the same time, the walls and lips of her drooling cunt held even tighter to his veiny shaft, lovingly anointing his swollen, sperm-filled balls with her sweetly slippery feminine secretions which now lubricated their illicit junction. For a brief moment, she became worried about the structural integrity of the protesting piece of sleep furniture, quivering and banging so relentlessly against the wall. However, as she neared closer and closer to paradise, the concern for Jacob's bedframe and its shamelessly echoing noises faded away. Right now, Karen's desire was for another wall to be relentlessly banged, as she threw her head back and cried aloud, "Ohhh...*yessss*!! Jake!! I'm...*almost*...almost...*THERE*!!!"

The determined son's hips went into overdrive, driven by a primal lust to pump another thick load of his potent, teenaged sperm deep inside of his Mother's forbidden womb— where they both knew she wanted it. Jacob badly wanted to bust another nut in his Mom while at the same time act out a growing fantasy his Aunt Brenda had

wickedly implanted in his head the afternoon before: namely, the naughty idea of planting his seed deep inside his Mom in the wild hopes of breeding her. Too bad his Aunt had said his Mom was still taking those birth control pills that she'd given her, and thus there was no thrill to the kinky, Russian roulette risk of his fantasy, but for now Jacob was content to pretend. Henceforth however, he'd make sure to relish each and every opportunity when he got to shoot his raw loads into his Mother, knowing his new-found, secret desire would be fueling his rampantly epic deposits even more. In the meanwhile, something else which Brenda had educated him on the previous evening was spurring Jacob on: getting his Mom to talk dirty.

Now arching her back and jutting out her chest, Karen caused the golden heart-shaped locket which she wore around her slender neck (carrying the baby photos of her two precious children) to bounce back and forth between the magnificent swells of her wildly-swinging, sweetly clapping tits. As the heat radiating between her legs spread up into her chest, Karen let go of the headboard, then grabbed both of her juicy, round orbs and pinched her burning nipples. The extra stimulation pushed her over the edge, causing rhythmic spurts of breast milk to ejaculate from her buzzing teats and spatter onto her son's chest, as a tremendous orgasm rolled over her body. Grasping Jacob's triceps on his straightened out, stiffened

arms whilst her son pounded her hard through another earth-shuddering orgasm, the climaxing Mother wrapped her long, silky legs tightly around his lower back. Her face grimaced in a mixture of pain mingled with an overwhelming, exquisite pleasure as her vaginal walls contracted hard all along the entire length of Jacob's mercilessly pounding cock. Knowing her uncontrollable spasms were brazenly urging her son on in an unspoken signal to once more plow into her cervix and seed her womb, Karen finally succumbed to the inevitable outcome of their torridly sinful coupling and gasped, "Ohhh...*Jake*!
I'm...*I'm*....Ohhh...*sweetie*....I'm.....*YEEEEESSSSS*!!!!"

**** *Earlier that morning* ****

Karen, freshly showered and wearing her pink satin robe over a burgundy bra and panty set, was sitting at the kitchen table with Robert whilst they sipped steaming fresh cups of hot coffee. Her husband was already dressed for church and wore his customary dark gray suit with a white dress shirt underneath, along with a red necktie (a gift Rachel had given him for Father's Day that year). Little did the Georgia Tech alumnus know, but the color of the silken men's accessory was actually in the shade of 'Georgia Red' and was a little inside joke between his daughter and his loving wife to tease the unwitting husband and father. After finishing off his cup of hot

beverage, Robert groaned, "*Ugghhhh*...now I wish I'd thought twice before staying up so late last night and getting totally plastered celebrating the Braves' World Series win!"

Robert was scheduled that morning to join Pastor David Miller and his fellow church deacons for their monthly pre-service breakfast meeting. These meetings occurred on the first Sunday of each month at the local IHOP restaurant in Dunwoody. Their agenda usually pertained to various and mundane items of church business (along with a generous side helping of arguing over their favorite sports teams), all whilst scarfing down platefuls of pancakes, bacon, and eggs.

Getting up from her seat, Karen rolled her eyes and carried their empty cups over to the coffeemaker on the counter. With an exasperated sigh, she commented, "I tried warning you...but as usual...you didn't listen!"

Typically, Karen disapproved of Robert overindulging in alcohol, especially to the level of intoxication as he'd exhibited the previous evening. However, on this rare occasion Karen was secretly grateful that he'd done so (just like that night in Atlanta) and was therefore none the wiser to her most recent sinful and incestuous infidelity. As she poured fresh coffee into her cup, Karen contemplated the crazy events of Halloween night and the

reckless, out of character decisions which both she and Robert had made that evening.

Because of Robert's heedless consumption of adult beverages in celebration of the Braves' World Series win, he was in no condition whatsoever to follow through with their original plan from earlier that night. Namely, to continue the sexual escapades that they'd started in Rachel's bathroom and consummate it once they got back home. Luckily, (Karen thought) this would give her subsequently son-ravaged vagina a much-needed respite and time to recover. Above all, it would prevent her husband from noticing the temporary resizing of her womanhood by Jacob's magnificent appendage and the ungodly amount of semen their son had ejaculated into her. Even now, hours later, Karen could still feel her boy's teeming teenaged sperm deposited deep in her womb as she chatted mundanely with her husband. Without a doubt, she knew her son's youthful seed had probably been trying all night (but in vain) to find and fertilize her egg as she slept in bed next to Robert. Stifling a moan, Karen felt the walls of her pussy flutter as she allowed herself to think about the kinky notion. Despite the sheer, sinful wickedness of it, the repressed naughty thrill she increasingly got from the risk of Jacob possibly knocking her up still couldn't outweigh the lingering guilt Karen was now feeling. Squirming her legs beneath her robe as she stood at the counter, the loving yet conflicted

housewife hoped and silently prayed that she'd yet again dodged another bullet...and for the continual effectiveness of Brenda's birth control pills.

Rubbing his temples, Robert regretfully agreed, chuckling, "I know...I know." Looking at his wife with a winced expression on his face, he then asked, "Exactly how much booze and beers did I *actually* drink last night?"

Smiling weakly to hide her guilt while pouring Robert's cup of coffee, Karen answered, "Not sure, but when Jake and I returned from taking Sara home, y'all were already in full celebration mode."

"*Ugghhh*..." Robert moaned again, "I don't even remember coming back here last night. I suppose I should thank you for getting us all home, safe and sound."

"My pleasure..." Karen smiled, handing Robert his second cup of coffee. Patting her husband's shoulder, she added, "After all, it's what us 'Mama bears' do!"

After taking a sip, Robert asked with concern, "What about Mark and Brenda? Did they get home alright?"

Karen shook her head, "They never left...they ended up just spending the night there. I offered to take them home, but since Danny was already sound asleep in bed, Rachel talked them into staying there for the night." As she began

pouring herself another cup of coffee, Karen rolled her eyes and added with a slight chuckle, "Now, the big question is...how many of them will actually bother showing up for church this morning?"

A few minutes later, with car keys in hand, Robert stood up from the breakfast nook table and walked over to the doorway that led to the garage. "Sweetheart...don't forget these!" Karen called out, as she walked over to her husband and handed him his well-worn Bible and the spiral-bound binder he used for taking notes during the meetings.

Robert chuckled as he took the items from his wife, "Thanks, honey...I'd probably forget my head, if it weren't tied on!"

Karen's face beamed with her beautiful smile and warm, hazel eyes, "Well...I guess it's a good thing you've got me, then."

Robert scoffed, "Believe me...I thank God every single day." He then leaned in and kissed Karen's rosy, red lips. As he opened the door to the garage, he added, "See you and Jake at church later...be careful on the road!"

"You too..." Karen responded, as she leaned against the door frame, watching Robert walk out to their Ford Expedition. Before her husband climbed into the large SUV, she called out impulsively, "I love you!"

Robert looked back and smiled, "I love you too!"

After Robert had driven away down their quiet suburban street, Karen tapped the button activating the closing mechanism to their rumbling garage door then turned to head back inside. Walking back to the breakfast nook, she placed the empty coffee cups in the dishwasher, then left the kitchen to head upstairs. Her plan was to go ahead and get Jacob up and moving that morning, then come back down to make some breakfast for the two of them.

As she slowly opened Jacob's bedroom door, Karen was immediately greeted by her son's unmistakably exotic scent as soon as she stepped into his darkened room. Like Pavlov's dog, Karen's well-trained body reacted instinctively as her pink nipples began to tingle and her bald vagina eagerly salivated in reaction to the metaphoric 'ringing bell' beckoning its call, AKA...Jacob's enticingly erotic pheromones.

Karen thought it strange that her son would be giving off his overpowering scent so soon, after having received plenty of 'help' the previous day from both her and her sister, Brenda. She figured he would've been sated for at least a couple of days, especially after depositing another one of his plenteous loads deep inside her after their crazed coupling in Rachel's pool house the night before. However, Karen then reminded herself that Jacob was a teenaged boy, with Dr. Grant's 'supercharged' hormones

now raging throughout his young and energetic body, and likely causing all sorts of unforeseen and perverse havoc to her son's reproductive system...and perhaps, her own.

With Robert out of the house, Karen deemed it was sufficiently safe to 'help' Jacob should the need arise. On the other hand, she knew their opportunity for any 'shenanigans' that morning was limited, as she still had to cook breakfast and finish getting dressed to make it to their Sunday church service on time.

Trying her best to ignore her arousal for the time being, Karen opened the drapes, flooding the room with dazzling light from the early November morning sun. She turned around to find Jacob still asleep on his right side, with his back to her. Walking over to the bed, Karen leaned over, and gently shook her snoring son by his shoulder. "Jake, honey...time to get up!" she announced gently, but firmly, in her sweet, motherly tone.

Jacob's only response was a low, grumbling groan of annoyance as he rolled over onto his back. Karen then discovered why the sensuous smell was so strong in the bedroom: her son was exhibiting a serious case of 'morning wood'. As the intrigued Mother stared at the lewd lump hidden beneath her son's Star Wars-themed comforter, she felt a corresponding quiver inside of her yearning pussy and commented softly, "Well, I see *someone's* already up..."

Hearing Jacob obliviously resume his snoring, Karen shook him a little harder and raised her voice, "C'mon Jake...you need to wake up, and start getting ready for church!"

Roused from his slumber, Jacob cracked open his eyes and groaned again. Squinting from the bright morning sunlight, he raised his head and peered at his alarm clock. "*Mom*!" he whined in frustration, flopping back down onto his pillow. "It's *way* too early. Can't I snooze for another half-hour?" He then rolled away from Karen, pulling his comforter up over his head.

"No, you may not young man!" Karen sternly replied. "Unless you've forgotten...I'm singing in the choir this morning, and we *cannot* be late! Now come on..." She then pulled the comforter down, exposing Jacob to reveal he was only wearing a T-shirt and was totally nude from the waist down. "*Jacob Mitchell!!!*" Karen asked aghast and in complete surprise, "Where in heavens are your pajama bottoms?!"

Unphased and with his back still toward Karen, he replied, "Over there, in the dresser drawer."

Karen put a hand on her hip, "And *why*, pray tell, are they in the dresser drawer and not on your body?"

"Because lately, I've learned it's much more comfortable sleeping this way. Especially after my...penis got so big." Jacob grunted.

Karen threw the comforter back over Jacob to cover up his naked butt. "Goodness! Well...wear some boxers at least. You don't wanna accidentally expose that...*thing* to your father!"

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied softly, his eyes still closed. He wanted so badly to go back to sleep.

Walking over to the closet, Karen asked, "Do you need me to lay out your church clothes for you?"

Realizing his Mom would just not let up, Jacob rolled over onto his back, stared blankly for a second at the *Millennium Falcon* hanging from his ceiling, and replied with an exasperated sigh, "No, Ma'am...I can do it."

As Karen stepped back over to the bed, she leaned down and said, "Okay, but you need to get up and take a shower. In the meantime, I'm going down to the kitchen to start making breakfast. Any special requests?"

Jacob grudgingly sat up and rubbed his eyes. It was then that he noticed Karen was leaning over him, wearing her silky pink robe. His attention immediately zeroed in on the gap where the silken material had carelessly fallen open, giving him a nicely unobstructed, close-up view of

his Mom's bountifully creamy cleavage created by her fashionable bra.

Jacob immediately felt his semi-erect cock harden even more. Since he assumed his dad was probably still at home, he figured asking Karen for any kind of 'help' at that moment would be pointless. Resigning himself to satisfying a different type of hunger, he leaned back against the headboard. After a few seconds of pondering his options, he replied with a yawn, "Yeah..." He then looked up at Karen and asked, "Can we have waffles?"

Karen straightened up and responded, "Waffles? Hmmm...haven't made waffles in quite a while. But..." She shrugged her shoulders and said, "Sure...why not?"

"Cool." Jacob replied, with a smile.

"Bacon or sausage?" Karen asked, turning towards the door to leave.

"Bacon, please!" Jacob replied enthusiastically. Suddenly, the teenager no longer felt sleepy. Especially now that his stomach was fully awake and growling.

"Bacon it is." Karen affirmed.

"Thanks, Mom...you're the best!" Jacob replied, now looking forward to a tasty breakfast.

"You're welcome, sweetie." Karen responded, with a warm smile. Before leaving the room, she shooed him with her hand and added, "But you need to go ahead and get moving!"

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied. As Karen stepped out of the room and into the hallway, he called out, "Hey, Mom?"

Karen backed up a few steps and leaned against the door frame, "Yes, baby?"

Jacob had his right hand underneath the comforter and was slowly stroking his now fully erect penis. His plan, (once his Mom had gone downstairs,) was to lock his bedroom door and rub out a quick one to some porn on his computer. "Does Dad still plan on grilling out later today?"

Karen got another strong whiff of Jacob's intoxicating scent and couldn't help but notice her son's not-so-subtle hand movements underneath his covers. Crossing her arms, Karen caused her hardened nipples to press even more into the padded cups of her bra. The tingling sensations intensified to the point where the aroused Mother debated whether she might have to go back to her bedroom for a little 'private time' of her own before cooking breakfast. Nodding quickly, Karen answered, "As far as I know, he still plans to. He said he wants to use the

grill as much as possible, especially since the weather's still so nice."

Jacob asked, "Well...would it be okay if Sara came over today, after church?"

Karen cocked her head to the side, "Sara? Today?" Just like the night before, the mere mention of the beautiful blonde teenager caused the green-eyed monster of envy to once again rear its ugly head.

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am...and if it's alright with you, I figured she could just come home with us after the service."

"Well, what about her parents?" Karen asked with curiosity. "Has she asked them about it?"

"No, she hasn't asked them yet." Jacob replied. "We figured it was best to check with you, first."

Flustered somewhat and unable to come up with a legitimate reason to say 'No', Karen nodded, "Oh, well...it's fine with me, I suppose. Just make sure to clear it with Pastor and Mrs. Miller, though."

"Okay. Thanks, Mom!" Jacob replied, with a smile.

Sighing, Karen still couldn't explain her recent jealousy toward Sara. After all, if Jacob was ever going to get

serious with anyone, the gorgeous preacher's daughter was certainly more than a perfect match for her son.

Sara Miller was not only beautiful and intelligent, but she was sweet, courteous, caring, and held traditional, solid Christian values...especially when it came to pre-marital sex. Her parents had obviously raised her well, yet she remained humble despite her privileged upbringing. The fact that the gorgeous blonde teenager was also a bit nerdy (just like her little man) was the proverbial cherry on top. Most importantly though, she made Jacob happy, and that's what Karen most cared for in the world: her family's happiness and well-being.

With all that being the case, the doting Mother couldn't seem to break free from the grips of the ugly green monster that had fully embraced her recently. In fact, just like the previous night, her jealousy seemed to act as an accelerant, igniting her enflamed arousal and causing it to flare up even hotter. Breakfast was definitely going to have to wait.

Karen slowly stepped back into the room and calmly closed the door. Somewhat anxious for his Mother to head downstairs so he could fire up his computer and 'spank his monkey' to some online MILF porn, Jacob asked, "Mom? I, uh...I thought you were gonna go to the kitchen and start breakfast?"

"Don't worry. I'll get around to it..." Karen replied in a flat tone, absentmindedly fixing a blank stare at her son. After quietly locking the door, she sauntered over slowly to the foot of Jacob's bed and stopped. Her eyes were once again transfixed by the sight of her son's unsubtle hand movements underneath his comforter. "But before I go make your waffles...there's just one thing that we need to address."

Jacob noticed that Karen had locked the door. His presumption was that his Mother didn't want to risk his dad stumbling in on them while they were engrossed in a sensitive conversation, whatever that was going to be about. "Okay, Mom...what's up?" Jacob asked, hoping that whatever it was that she wanted to discuss would be quick, yet dreading he was about to be lectured on all the Halloween 'fun' he and his Mom had engaged in last night. A sneering smirk curled onto Jacob's mouth and his nose scrunched as he reminisced and replayed images from the previous evening's wild and crazy ending in his head. Pulling his right hand tightly along his now fully hardened shaft, he could already feel it lengthening by another few inches and his thumb getting smeared by his steadily oozing pre-cum dribbling from his cocktip.

"Mainly *that*!" Karen answered, breaking Jacob out of his raunchy reverie and pointing out the obvious fact that he was now shamelessly jacking off right in front of her

beneath his covers. Her inadvertent pun went over both their heads.

Continuing his leisurely and deliberate masturbatory movements, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied casually, "Well, I *would* ask for your help, but seeing as dad's— "

The lecherous teen instantly stopped mid-stroke and mid-sentence as soon as he noticed his Mother slowly untying the sash of her robe, her gaze now looking him straight in the eye. He then asked, somewhat confused, "Mom? W-what are you doing?"

As she slid her pink robe off her creamy-white slender shoulders, Karen replied, her voice still flat and detached, yet maintaining a business-like tone, "Jake...you know as well as I do, we can't risk Sara coming over here today while you have *that* going on." The entranced Mother conveniently omitted her ulterior motive of fulfilling her own urgently pressing carnal needs, in addition to her irrepressible desire as of late to remind her son who the number one lady in his life ought to be (at least for the time being).

Jacob resumed his languid hand movements, then asked tentatively, keeping his voice low, "Well yeah, but...what about dad? Have you forgotten he's still here?"

Karen draped her silken robe at the foot of her son's bed and was now clad in only her burgundy bra and matching bikini-cut panties. Jacob's eyes eagerly drank in every square inch of her flawless porcelain skin and the immaculately perfect curves of her lusciously mature MILF body. The heavenly sight of his half-naked, busty Mother standing right before him like a goddess caused the teenager to squeeze even tighter along the shaft of his now rock-hard penis, eliciting a fresh spurt of slick precum to eject from his pee slit and smear into the fabric of his Star Wars comforter.

Karen replied distractedly, "No...I haven't forgotten about your father." Reaching behind her back, she began to unfasten the hooks of her overburdened bra. "As a matter of fact, he's already left."

"He...he did?" Jacob asked, with a barely concealed delighted smile. The thought of getting up so early on a Sunday morning might not be so bad, he thought to himself, if things kept going in this direction.

"Yes, he did..." Karen affirmed, pulling her loosened bra straps off of her shoulders.

Jacob watched as Karen removed her bra, freeing her magnificent, hormone-augmented boobs. The mesmerized teenager resumed jacking himself off at the sight of his Mom's mouthwatering, perfectly proportioned tits

drooping and wobbling delectably on her chest. "*That's so cool*!" he muttered, appreciating his Mother's beautifully mature figure and the fact that she seemed so comfortable now, taking off her clothes in front of him (as if it were second nature).

Karen overheard Jacob's comment and shrugged it off. She assumed he was referring to the fact that Robert had already left and was out of the house. Gently setting her bra on top of her discarded robe she remarked matter-of-factly, "He had to leave early to go to his monthly breakfast meeting this morning. We'll meet up with him at church later."

"Oh yeah, I forgot..." Jacob replied, realizing what day it was. "Today's the first Sunday of the month, isn't it?"

Karen's lips curled up slightly, hinting at a smile, as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and began sliding them down off her curvy hips, "Yes, Jake. Today's the first Sunday of the month." With a shimmy of her silky thighs, Karen shed her lacy undergarment, slithering it down her long legs till it fell unceremoniously to her feet.

Mother and son were oblivious to the fact that they were both speaking in a raspy monotone by now. As if on autopilot, Jacob and especially Karen's movements now seemed directed by natural impulse and pure instinct, so

attuned were they in reaction to one another. A freshly released batch of wicked hormones now coursed in both of them, adding to the residual amount from the previous night that was still pulsing through their veins. Thus, an unspoken and irrational compulsion soon had their bodies primed and prepped in eager anticipation of the forbidden act of feral mating which they both knew they were about to commit...again.

Jacob commented, watching as his Mother daintily stooped down to pick up her panties, "Wow, Mom. I must say, everything's working out perfectly." His right hand now gripped tightly to the base of his aching and throbbing cock, resting atop his heavily churning sperm-filled balls. A slick layer of precum had by now fully coated his glans, with the rest of it oozing in rivulets along his shaft.

Now standing back up straight, Karen put a hand on her hip and asked, "Perfectly? How so?" Twiddling her lacy panties with her other hand, Karen pondered what Jacob meant for a moment. At the same time, she felt the first trickles of her lubricating feminine essence leaking from the luscious lips of her shaven womanhood and down the insides of her legs. Alerted to her heightened state of arousal, Karen sheepishly squirmed her thighs together, barely able to stifle a moan and steady herself as a mini spasm caused more of her slippery nectar to seep out.

Not noticing his Mother's predicament, Jacob clarified confidently, "Well, it looks like I'm about to get a late Halloween treat...all thanks to dad!"

"Don't you start with that nonsense, young man!" Karen warned sternly in exasperation, cutting her eyes at Jacob as she tossed her delicate panties nonchalantly onto his bed's footboard alongside her discarded robe and bra. No matter how wantonly aroused she may have been at the moment, Karen still wasn't inebriated enough with lust to allow her son to disrespect or talk negatively about her husband in any manner.

Sensing he was treading on thin ice and not wanting to ruin his luck, Jacob quickly backtracked and apologized, "Sorry, Mom."

Karen, now totally nude save for her wedding rings and the heart-shaped locket around her neck, strolled slowly around the bed until she stood by Jacob's side. "Just remember...I can always change my mind about allowing Sara to come over later today."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob meekly complied, looking up at his Mother. "I won't mention dad anymore."

The look of annoyance on Karen's face steadily softened. "Alright...just so long as we're clear on the subject." She then took a hold of the comforter and began sliding it down from her son's waist. "Now...let's take a look at

what we're dealing with." Once exposed, Jacob's cock sprung straight up to full attention, and a fresh wave of intoxicating vapors immediately entered the aroused Mother's nostrils, quickly filling and permeating her lungs. In reaction, her hardened nipples puckered even more, causing tiny, dew-like droplets of creamy white breast milk to weep out from the areolae of her painfully erect teats.

"*Oh my*..." Karen whispered in fascination, as if seeing her son's magnificent beast for the very first time. Despite knowing they ought to hurry along and get right down to business, seeing the plentiful amount of precum bubbling up from the tip of Jacob's penis was too tempting of an opportunity for Karen to pass up. It was as if her body desperately craved a taste of the slimy, yet delicious nut cream which now dribbled profusely down the length of her son's rigid shaft.

Taking a hold of Jacob's cock, Karen eagerly knelt at the edge of the mattress and wrapped her plump, red lips around the mushroom-shaped head of his manhood. A satisfied moan escaped her throat as she sucked on her son's dick, her humming eliciting more and more of her son's nourishing precum to exude from his piss slit. Using the tip of her tongue, Karen flickered all along the crown of Jacob's cockhead to collect every precious drop of his sweet and pearly liquid. As much as she could, Karen

ensured her lingual ministrations didn't neglect the rest of Jacob's towering beast, lathering his veiny shaft down to his balls every few seconds until his slippery precum, combined with her saliva, coated his length entirely.

"Oh, Mom!" Jacob groaned as he leaned back against the headboard, watching Karen's head bob up and down—her beautiful face hidden behind a long, shimmering curtain of her dark brown hair. After a few minutes of relishing in his Mother's talented mouth, a wicked thought suddenly popped into the teenager's lust-driven head. "Hey, Mom? How about you get in the bed with me, so we can do a sixty-nine?"

Karen suddenly stopped, popping her succulent lips off of his cock. Straightening herself up, she pushed her chestnut tresses out of her face, all the while her right hand continued working on Jacob's pulsing shaft. "You wanna do *what*, now?" she asked incredulously, as if she hadn't heard him clearly.

"You know..." Jacob replied, a bit more cautiously. "A sixty— "

"I heard what you said..." Karen interrupted, putting up her other hand. "I'm just trying to wrap my head around where on earth you could've gotten the idea for such a thing."

"Oh...ummm..." Jacob faltered, knowing he was now stuck and had painted himself into a corner. His original plan had been to use his 'sixty-nine' suggestion as an excuse to get up close and personal again with his Mother's big and juicy butt. He so badly wanted to bury his face once more in between those two gorgeous, pillowy ass cheeks and inhale the earthy, musky aroma of her forbidden rear passage. However, he knew there'd simply be no way he could ever confess to Karen that his salacious idea stemmed from the recent memory of when his older sister had allowed him to do that exact same thing with her, during their afternoon-long 'negotiating' session at Rachel's house a couple weeks prior.

"Oh, I see..." Karen began, a look of miffed realization on her face. "That must've been something your Aunt Brenda introduced you to yesterday. No *wonder* it took her so long to collect those 'samples'." Rolling her eyes with a huff of disbelief and annoyance, she added, "And after she promised me no 'shenanigans'!"

Not wanting to lie nor deny her assumption, Jacob merely shrugged his shoulders.

Karen scoffed and shook her head. "I knew it was a bad idea to let her take you off alone like that. See? That's what happens when I'm not around to chaperone."

As his Mother's determined gaze and focus turned back to tugging at his throbbing erection, Jacob groaned and asked hopefully, "So, Mom...you wanna give it a try?"

Karen looked back at Jacob and shook her head, "No Jake...you using your mouth on me...down there...isn't necessary in order to help you...with your situation."

Once more enjoying the feeling of her dainty, manicured fingers slowly and sensuously jerking him off, Jacob tried to justify his offer, "I know Mom, but...that night at the hotel, you just seemed...to enjoy it...so much. *Ugghh*!"

Karen quickly rebutted, "Jake...that's not the point. Remember what we agreed to back then: '*What happens in Atlanta...stays in Atlanta*'."

Suddenly, Karen's mind drifted back to that particular evening at the hotel and their salacious session of all-night, Mother-son incestuous debauchery. She recalled how her body had reacted to her son's surprisingly talented tongue, and how he'd brought her to such an intense and mind-scrambling orgasm. It had been a while since Robert had gone down on her in that fashion, and she'd quite forgotten just how much she really enjoyed it. The mere thought of allowing her little man to once again perform his oral talents on her sent a naughty shiver down her spine and caused her vaginal canal to flood even more.

"But Mom..." Jacob countered. "You said the same thing about us kissing, but we did that again last night too...remember?"

Karen couldn't argue that point. They had indeed kissed again the previous night, as they sat alone together in her Jeep whilst parked in Rachel's driveway. However, it had been way more than just a mere kiss. It had in fact been a full-blown, hormone-fueled, window-fogging make-out session...one which they'd fully indulged in with total abandon. Despite her lingering misgivings, Karen had to admit that when it came to kissing and tongue-tussling, her little 'Snuggle Bear' was quite the natural.

As Karen began to strongly reconsider her decision to deny her son's obscene suggestion, she snuck a peek at Jacob's alarm clock. Noting that the morning was quickly slipping by, she resigned herself to the fact that they were already pushing their luck as it was regarding any such extracurricular 'shenanigans' this morning. However, once more forces working against Karen's better judgement swayed her decision otherwise as another disquieting thought crept into her mind.

She began imagining Jacob and Brenda engaging in a 'sixty-nine' the prior afternoon across town...most likely in her and Mark's very own marital bed. The racy mental vision of her teenaged son and married younger sister committing that act and heaven knows what other

salacious deeds brought on a whole new wave of envy, serving to further fuel Karen's already enflamed feminine drive and arousal. The dedicated and increasingly competitive Mom decided then and there that she wasn't going to let herself be outdone by anyone...much less her more morally libertine younger sibling.

"Okay fine...you win." Karen sighed in defeated surrender. "Go ahead and scooch down on the bed."

"Really?" Jacob asked, his eyes widening. He couldn't believe his luck that she'd caved in so easily.

"Yes...really." Karen replied, as she climbed onto the bed with her son. "But you'd better hurry, before I change my mind."

Without hesitation, Jacob quickly shimmied down the bed until he was flat on his back. He couldn't help but smile as he watched his naked Mother climb on top of him in a similar fashion to how Rachel had done a week or so prior.

As Karen swung her right leg over Jacob's prone body and straddled him in the opposite direction, she suddenly regretted her agreeing to partake in this pornographic and totally unnecessary act. She quickly realized it was mainly due to the improper and indecent view Jacob was about to have of her middle-aged body in this vulnerably lewd position. Karen knew it was a sight no son should

ever have of their Mother, yet she was going to allow it anyway.

Though she chided herself for once again allowing the wicked hormones to control her brain's decision-making process, Karen nevertheless found herself crawling backwards on her hands and knees, muttering, "*I can't believe I'm about to go through with this*..." As she continued to move into position, the tip of Jacob's fully erect cock dragged itself along her tummy and then in between her hanging boobs, leaving a slick, glistening trail of his slimy precum on her pristine, recently showered flesh. Taking a hold of her son's throbbing penis, the self-conscious Mom whispered, "*This is so embarrassing*!"

Jacob couldn't help but smile as he gazed upward into Karen's sexy, MILF undercarriage hovering just above his face. The tender folds of her beautiful, hairless vagina glistened with excitement. Her sweet, earthy aroma filling his lungs was downright heavenly. The teenager's mouth began to water at the mere thought of tasting his gorgeous Mom's juicy, bald peach once again.

Having heard Karen's comment, Jacob replied, placing his hands on his Mother's wide and curvy hips, "Don't worry, Mom...you look *great* from down here!"

"*Unngghhhhh*..." Karen moaned at Jacob's statement, shaking her head. She instinctively began running her hand up and down the length of his veiny shaft and responded, "Just so you know...your father and I haven't done this position in years...probably before you were even born." The reluctant, yet aroused Mother dropped her head and dragged her tongue along the spongy tip of her son's cock, licking up his continuous pearly dribbles of precum.

Jacob responded, "That's okay, Mom..." Noticing his Mother's hesitance, and that she wasn't going to be as assertive as his sister at doing this, Jacob raised his head up from the mattress. The teenager's mouth was now only inches away from Karen's dripping wet vagina and he could literally feel the heat emanating from her clammy crotch. He then asked, "Besides...isn't there that old saying...something about riding a motorcycle?"

Karen scoffed in between licks. "It's bicycle, sweetie...you never forget how to ride a *biiii*...*Oh myyyyy*!!!" she gasped, as soon as Jacob's earnestly eager tongue made contact with her swampy nether region.

Karen's eyes closed and her lips curled into a satisfied smile as Jacob's invading lingual digit probed and grazed all along the tender skin of her pink fleshy folds. The teenager's oral ministrations quickly intensified, speeding

up as he delved deeper and deeper into his Mother's sweet and juicy Georgia peach snatch.

"*Ohhh...yessss*!!" Karen exclaimed again, once Jacob's youthful and eagerly exploring tongue lapped upwards and found her buzzingly aching clitoris. She in turn wrapped her soft, sensuous lips around the crown of his kingly staff as she instinctively widened her knees further apart, lowering her hips in an attempt to give Jacob more access and increase the contact between her bald pussy and her son's talented tongue and mouth.

Jacob, for his part, couldn't help but suddenly think of Robert for some strange reason, just a few miles away at the IHOP in Dunwoody. His father was probably scarfing down piles of pancakes and discussing some boring ol' church business with Pastor Miller and his fellow deacons. Meanwhile, at the same time, Jacob was comfortably ensconced in bed with his dad's beautiful and naked wife, dining on the best breakfast a teenaged boy could ever ask for: his Mom. It made Jacob almost feel sorry for his dad...almost.

For the next few minutes, the only sounds inside the teenager's bedroom were of Karen's and Jacob's soft mewling and groaning as they feasted on the delights and the sinful pleasures of their own private 'pre-service breakfast meeting'.

With her left hand flat against the mattress for support, Karen used her right one to continuously stroke Jacob's now well-lubricated shaft. Bobbing her head up and down whilst sucking the head of her son's beast of a cock, the tresses of her free-flowing chestnut hair caressed the top of Jacob's nude skinny knees, tickling his thighs. Meanwhile, her tireless tongue twirled around his mushroom-shaped glans, flickering it with the tip of her tongue and teasing its pee slit to collect her son's never-ending discharge of tasty precum.

Jacob was in teenager paradise on that Sunday morning, lying in his bed with his face buried in Karen's big, round, juicy bottom. He found the heady combination of his Mom's earthy musk, mingled with the scent of her vanilla and lavender body wash, to be downright heavenly. As difficult as he may have found it to breathe, Jacob didn't mind enduring the partial suffocation one bit as he feasted on quite possibly one of the sweetest pussies in all of Dixie.

Karen's loud mewling and the constant undulating, twerking of her hips were clear enough evidence for Jacob that his talented tongue was working its magic and hitting her in all the right places. With growing confidence and deeming it to be the perfect opportunity, he decided to throw caution to the wind and boldly make

another play at advancing towards his goal of claiming his Mother's remaining and unsullied virginity.

Jacob slid his hands from Karen's thighs and grabbed a hold of her meaty rear end. Pulling his head back just a little, he slowly peeled apart his Mom's pillowy butt cheeks, exposing the final, ultimate prize of his repressed desires: his Mom's untouched, virgin asshole.

Placing his tongue flat against the very top of Karen's vagina, Jacob dragged it along the entire length of her dripping gash, stopping right before reaching her perineum. The horny teenager repeated this move several more times, eliciting a moan of approval from his Mother with each lapping, probing swipe of his exploring lingual invader.

Increasingly emboldened, Jacob lengthened his tongue's trip to include his Mother's perineum in its circuitous travels. Once again, he received nothing but positive feedback each time his reconnoitering member slathered upwards...slithering itself more and more across the surface of her lady gooch. In fact, he was almost certain Karen's horny moans intensified even more whenever he licked the narrow patch of tender skin straddling the border between her two forbidden holes.

With his confidence and arousal now at an all-time high, Jacob decided to roll the proverbial dice and finally go for

it all. Licking his Mother's crotch from bow to stern several times, he steadily teased his tongue towards its target until it made direct contact with Karen's off-limits little butthole. After what had happened in Atlanta, Jacob expected the usual immediate remonstrance from his conservative Mom. However, apart from her more earnest moans, Karen showed no recoil of disgust and seemed oblivious to his actions as she vigorously continued with her slavish, world-class 'knob polishing'.

Driven by his hormone-fueled lust, Jacob abandoned Karen's juicy cunt for the time being. He barely even noticed the increased tempo of her body rocking back and forth over him as it hovered and swayed on his torso. The sole focus of his attention now was on his primary target: his uptight, strait-laced Mom's pink, puckered bullseye staring tauntingly back at him.

Bravely testing deeper waters, Jacob began to trace his tongue along the deep crevice in between Karen's pillowy buttcheeks until it traversed the outer rim of her cute, crinkly bunghole. The teenager waited, but still received no signs of aversion from his Mother. Encouraged by Karen's lack of response, Jacob began swirling his tongue languidly in lazy circles until the tip of his oral digit finally hit its mark: the clenched opening to his Mom's strictly forbidden asshole.

Jacob cautiously lapped at his Mom's savory starfish while preparing for a backlash which never came. Instead, the oral stimulation to Karen's back passage seemed to spur her on even more as she became more aggressive at sucking and stroking her son's throbbing penis.

Taking this as a good sign, Jacob squeezed Karen's cushiony bottom tighter whilst applying more pressure and vigorously licking at his Mother's tightly sealed balloon knot. Sensing that Karen was actually starting to get into having her ass played with, the teenager decided to boldly push the envelope even further.

In the meantime, Karen was drifting along in a fog caused by the chemicals now coursing throughout her body, due to her constant breathing in of Jacob's overpowering fumes permeating the room. This, coupled with her current heightened libido, fueled her feminine urges and uncharacteristically burning lust. The normally strait-laced Mother tirelessly worked her son's cock with her hands and mouth, as if she was some cum-eating slut determined to suck the living seed right out of her teenaged son's bloated balls.

Despite how sly or subtle Jacob believed he was, Karen wasn't entirely oblivious to the unseemly oral ministrations her cunning son was lavishing on her forbidden backside. However, no matter how aroused as she may have been at that moment, it still wasn't enough

to prevent the reality of the current improper taboo violation taking place from penetrating the haze of pleasure now cloaking Karen's mind.

By now, the usually conservative Bible-believing Mother would've put a quick end to such nonsense already. However, just like in Atlanta when Jacob had begun to deviously touch her virgin orifice with his exploring finger (which hitherto had been strictly off-limits, even to her loving husband), Karen nevertheless found the tantalizing sensations to her hither region to be, oddly enough...pleasant.

From the back of her mind a still small voice of conscience harkening Karen's long-held Christian beliefs and conservative upbringing was loudly screaming at her. It was telling her that she should stop this abomination immediately and that allowing her son to continue 'exploring' her backside (with, of all things, his mouth...on of all days, the Lord's Day) was downright filthy and utterly blasphemous— a reprehensible sin for which the Lord in His wrath had smote Sodom. However wicked that sin might be though, Jacob's slithering tongue just felt too good at the moment as it snaked its way inwards, igniting nerve endings around her heretofore unsullied, tightly clenched sphincter.

Once again, the insidious effects of the radical hormones were clouding Karen's judgment and morals. Instead of

ending this 'nonsense', she allowed Jacob's profane 'exploration' to continue. She was finding it increasingly difficult to repress her own base, bubbling, primal urges without fully surrendering to the carnal cravings and animal lusts beckoning her to give in. Meanwhile the rational, more secular side of the doting Mother's head justified Jacob's scandalous violation by passing it off as simple youthful curiosity. There was no real harm in indulging her son's fascination if it meant he could get his disgusting desire out of his system, so long as it didn't go too far...which of course, it did.

As he inched closer and closer in his strive to reach his ultimate goal, Jacob was determined in his attempt to gain entrance into Karen's sacred, forbidden fortress. This time, however, instead of his finger, he was using his tongue as he began stabbing insistently at his Mom's stubbornly unyielding rubbery, pink anus.

The very moment Karen sensed the tip of Jacob's tongue tentatively penetrate her most intimate orifice, the logical side of her mind immediately regained control, freeing her from her inebriated haze and pulling her up from fully drowning in the depths of depravity. She instantly spat Jacob's cock out of her sucking mouth and wiggled out of his clutches. "Alright there, mister..." Karen scolded her son, turning her head towards him, "*Enough* of that!!"

"*Awww*...c'mon Mom!" Jacob whined, leaning back to take a much-needed breather. "You seemed to— "

"Don't 'c'mon Mom' me, young man!" Karen sternly interrupted. "It's my fault for letting things go as far as it has. Besides, we've already been through this discussion, and you know perfectly well my stance on the subject."

"I know, but..." Jake responded, dejectedly disappointed.

"But what?" Karen quickly cut Jacob off again, waiting for his feeble excuse and explanation for once again wanting to violate her strictly off-limits, virgin butthole.

Jacob replied meekly, "I guess...I was just hoping that you might be willing to change your mind."

Karen sighed in exasperation, "Jake...I'm gonna tell you the same thing I told your dad the one time he begged me to let him do it: '*Never*...*gonna*...*happen*'!! You're just gonna have to accept that as my final answer, the same as your father did on our first wedding anniversary. Like I told him that same night...there's not enough wine in all of France to make me change my mind!"

Jacob then asked, with curiosity, "So...you're telling me that in all these years, dad's never once brought it back up again?"

Karen shook her head in response.

"Ever?" Jacob insisted, somewhat surprised.

Slowing down her strokes, Karen scoffed, "Nope. Not once...ever. He learned quickly enough that when I say no, I *mean* NO...unlike my incredibly stubborn...bull-headed...son." Cupping his big balls, she then added, with a sigh, "It's quite evident...that you inherited...those genes...from me."

Jacob responded with a smirk and shrug his shoulders. Groaning as Karen massaged his heavy nuts and resumed teasing the tip of his dick with her tongue, he could feel another thick batch brewing in his testicles...millions of potential little 'Mitchells' begging for release. Smiling deviously, he knew exactly of a perfect place where he could pay his Mom back with some of those stubborn, bull-headed 'genes' that he'd inherited from her. Though sadly the possibility of passing on those 'family traits' with Karen wasn't currently in the cards, thanks to his Aunt Brenda the kinky thought of it was now firmly planted in Jacob's mind...and growing more and more on him.

Meanwhile, Karen felt surprised that she wasn't more upset with Jacob. After all, the scheming teenager had once again attempted to push her boundaries towards the vile and wretchedly perverse act of sodomy. However, at that moment, the wicked hormones were still fully coursing through her system, fueling her arousal and

eroding away, even if temporarily, her anger and frustrations with her son. At the same time, her flooded vagina now twitched with an increased and yearning desire (mainly thanks to Brenda's pills), accompanied by something which Karen had by now grown accustomed to: a twinge of regretful emptiness, knowing that her ovaries hadn't released something special into her womb that month...Sighing longingly, Karen knew of only one remedy and solution that could quench and satisfy her dilemma. With their limited time now becoming an issue, the dutiful Mother decided to let the matter of her son's sinful lust of committing sodomy with her go for the time being and press on with fulfilling Jacob's immediate need...along with her own.

As the horny, naked Mother dismounted and turned around on her knees to face her son, she stated, "Alright...it's getting late, and now I need to take another shower. Plus, if you recall, I told you earlier that I'm supposed to sing in the church choir this morning. So, with that being the case...we need to wrap up all of these 'shenanigans'...okay?"

Jacob nodded silently and watched, as Karen gracefully turned her body around and crept up slowly on her haunches towards his crotch like a sexy tigress about to pounce on her prey. Hypnotized by the side-to-side swing of his Mother's heavily hanging, still leaking boobs, he

muttered, "Okay, Mom...no more foolin' around. Let's wrap up these 'shenanigans'."

Wrap up...Suddenly remembering one of Karen's nagging, lingering rules, Jacob sat up a bit before his Mom had him totally pinned down. Reaching awkwardly behind his nightstand, his right hand found the taped-up roll of condoms that he'd carefully hidden away back there. Tearing the one at the bottom of the roll off, he quickly settled back into position on the bed and took a glance at the gold-foiled packet— it was the same, sized-up, premium 'Excalibur' brand his Mom had most recently bought for him..."*All the way in frickin' Macon*!" he chuckled to himself, though still grudging the need for the latex barrier which would dull the exquisite feeling of their coupling and prevent him from firing off his load where he most wanted to...deep into his Mom.

Before his hands could fumble with tearing open the disdained prophylactic however, Karen's dainty fingers suddenly placed themselves atop his. Foregoing any protest, Jacob relinquished his hold and allowed her to snatch the shiny gold square away from him, fully expecting that his Mom intended to 'saddle' him up herself. Instead, as they looked each other intently in the eyes, Karen held the still sealed golden packet up for a second. Then, without so much as a word, she flung it haphazardly behind her in the general direction of Jacob's

wastebasket by his desk, not caring at all for the moment where it landed. They were gonna do it again...raw. Instantly, Jacob's hard-on turned to rock-solid granite.

With a coy, 'Mona Lisa' expression on her face, Karen positioned herself atop Jacob and took a hold of his raging erection, rubbing its slick bulbous head up against the yawning threshold to her slippery cunt. "Make sure you hide that again later...hide it well..." she muttered, her unintended innuendo going over her head. Mindlessly fitting the angry, purple head of Jacob's babymaker into the tight, leaking opening to her womanhood, with a quick thrust, Karen pressed her wide, child-bearing hips downwards and instantly sheathed her son's cock. As the spongy helmet of his monster dick plunged deeper and deeper into the yearning depths of her weeping vagina, Karen looked down at her handsome son with a warm smile before gasping in a husky whisper, "Now...just lie there...like a good boy...and let Mama...take care of this...'*problem*'...for you!"

**** *Half an hour later...* ****

With a heavy sigh, Karen rolled off of Jacob and plopped down onto the bed, her lusciously curvy body covered in a fresh sheen of perspiration. Laying on her back for a few moments next to her son, she could feel her heart still thumping and her creamy chest heaving with each rasping breath. Using her fingers, Karen swept away a few strands

of sweaty, disheveled hair still stuck to her cheek. "*Goodness*..." she gasped, her long, silky legs still trembling with the lingering echoes of her latest orgasm. "That was...*intense*!"

Raising her head a bit, Karen glanced over next to her and was aghast to find Jacob's cock still fully erect. The towering behemoth glimmered obscenely with a slick coating of their freshly mixed fluids...her son's gooey precum mingled with her own lubricating nectar. Menacingly, Jacob's veiny shaft was still angrily hued and pulsing, as if having a life of its own, and Karen was dreading its looming intent. Flopping her head back down on the pillow, Karen brought her right hand wearily to her clammy forehead and stared up blankly at Jacob's toy Millennium Falcon hanging from the ceiling right above them. The hovering miniature space freighter was still swaying pendulously from its fishing line mounts as a result of the wall-shuddering, headboard-pounding, frenzied copulation which she and her son had just engaged in. "Just give me...a second, and I'll— " Karen began, warily.

"Don't worry, Mom..." Jacob interrupted, bounding up with a youthful and enthusiastic energy. "I can take it from here!"

Now positioning himself at his Mother's feet, Jacob held his gargantuan-sized penis tightly by its base...a long

string of his clear, viscous precum oozing and dangling from its tip. With foreboding, Karen immediately realized his intention. Typically, during their 'sessions', she preferred to be on top since it still gave her a sense of security and supervision in these situations. However, as if compelled by forces beyond her control, Karen now meekly spread her legs, pulled her knees back and dug her heels into the bedsheets, before slowly spreading her long, silky thighs. Though her ravaged vaginal canal still felt sore, there was little point now in trying to stave off the inevitable even if she'd briefly contemplated doing so in the past few minutes since dismounting. She and her son were about to do it (again)...and Karen was going to willingly allow it. "Okay..." Karen whispered, relinquishing all sense of authority in surrender to her teenaged son.

"Nice!" Jacob commented, groaning lustfully as he eyeballed the target of his desires: the fully exposed, budding flower in between his Mother's splayed open legs. Shuffling on his knees, he deftly maneuvered into position, recalling with delight how his Mom had wantonly eschewed their need for a condom earlier and how rock hard that implied permission for them to fuck *au naturale* had made him. Without allowing Karen time to think or reconsider, the eager teenager quickly placed the tip of his cock up against his Mom's lewdly spread vagina and pushed his hips forward, piercing the tight

opening of her membranous sheath with his sword in one aggressive thrust.

"*Unnnggghhhhh*!!" Karen moaned loudly, as half of Jacob's dick slid in between the dripping wet folds of her yearning sex, coating his shaft anew with their combined juices. Once he leaned into her, she reached up and placed her hands on her son's slight shoulders in a desperate attempt to hold on for dear life.

Hearing what sounded like a moan of discomfort from his Mother, Jacob asked, "Mom...are you okay?"

Karen nodded with a wince and whined, "Yes, sweetie...you're just...*unnghhh*!..so...*BIIIIGGG*!!!" as she instinctively spread her legs slightly to aid his entry. "I'm still a bit sore from last night...and just now...just remember to...go slow...and give Mama...time to...*adjust*!"

After several slow and careful thrusts, Jacob finally found himself balls-deep inside the tight, slippery confines of his Mom's welcoming love tunnel. "Oh yeah!.." the teenager commented, feeling his Mother's warmth and the clutching membrane of her pussy lips enveloping the full, plundering length of his buried, pistoning phallus. "Now that's the stuff!"

Moments later, Karen lay on her back with her hands behind her knees, holding her legs open even wider as

Jacob upped his tempo and plowed into her with full, deliberate strokes. Every breath-taking plunge caused her to squeal in delight from the perverse yet painful pleasure of her son hitting bottom. Struggling underneath her son as he knocked the wind out of her lungs with each cervix-bruising plunge, Karen grunted in between thrusts, "Ohhhh baby...*unnghhh*!..you're going so...*unnghhh*!..*DEEEEEP*!!"

A sudden influx of hormones and testosterone flooded Jacob's system, spurring him on with a rush of adrenaline and causing him to feel even bolder as he growled, "Oh yeah, Mom! Your pussy's soooooo...*tight*!..it feels...so...fuckin'...*GOOOOOD*!!"

"*No*!" Karen shook her head in horror, her eyes bulging. "Re...remember Jake...lan— *lan...guage*!!" She was trying her best to sound stern and authoritative, but instead failed miserably as her words now came out as something more like a warbling, pitiful plea.

Without pausing or apologizing, Jacob placed his hands on the back of Karen's shapely thighs and pushed forward even harder, easily bending his beautiful Mother almost in half in the exact same way that he'd done to her in Atlanta. Quickly adjusting his angle of attack, the diamond-hard head of his prick was soon raking mercilessly across the roof of Karen's aching vaginal canal and hitting her G-spot with abandon. Relishing in

the exquisite feeling of his Mom's clutching walls tightening around his shaft in response, Jacob resumed pounding away at her with every inch of his steely, hard rod, which soon caused his bed's headboard to begin thumping rhythmically against the bedroom wall.

Thump!..*Thump*!..*Thump*!..*Thump*!..

"*OH MYYY*!!" Karen exclaimed in shock, reaching back and desperately grabbing a hold of the rocking headboard (both to steady herself and in the vain hope of silencing the wooden frame's noisome cadence and protest against their sinful fucking). She was a bit surprised at how Jacob, despite being of such small stature, now possessed the strength to manhandle her this way. Her thoughts suddenly recalled that Saturday night at the hotel in Atlanta and how her son had first shown her just how aggressive and demanding he could be. Though she'd never willingly admit to it, Karen was actually beginning to like the naughty thrill of not having total control and being utterly dominated in this fashion.

Gazing up at Jacob, Karen saw a savage, disturbing look of wild, yearning determination on his young and handsome face. Sensing that another, even more powerful, orgasm was quickly rising from deep within her core and about to totally overwhelm her, Karen whimpered in dismay, "Oh Jake...you...you're gonna make me...*again*!!"

Launching upwards with his ankles, Jacob immediately got up on his haunches into a crouching position so that he could piledrive his cock home, before throwing back his legs completely and really laying into his Mother. Driven by a frantic determination, he quickly found another gear and began slamming into Karen even harder, causing his Mother to holler and squeal in pain mixed with delight. Soon, her mewling moans timed in perfect rhythm to Jacob's savagely feral grunts. Looking down into Karen's beautiful visage, the frenzied teenager observed her face and neck were now covered in a sheen of sweat, hers mixed with his own dripping perspiration, and that her usually warm, hazel eyes were rolled back and glazed over. With a wicked grin Jacob saw that each time he lunged into her, Karen's mouth gaped open, causing her to expel erratic, ragged breaths in between her raspy moans and plaintive squeals.

Triggered by the awesome sight of his Mom bent indecently in total submission underneath him whilst he owned her with his cock and fueled by the raging chemicals now pumping completely in his bloodstream, Jacobs face grimaced obscenely as he grunted, almost tauntingly, in between thrusts, "Mom! I'm almost...*there*!! Do you...want me to...stay *inside*...or...do you want...me to...*pull out*?"

Karen could feel the familiar percolating pressure building up in her wobbling and creamy, still leaking tits threatening once more to erupt along with her orgasm. Fully expecting what was looming ahead, she nevertheless found herself becoming more and more hooked to the leg-trembling, eye-rolling and breastmilk ejecting climaxes that accompanied her vagina being resized and her uterus utterly flooded by Jacob's unhuman-like ejaculations. The unworldly ecstasy the horny housewife experienced whenever her son blasted her depths and bloated her womb with his hot and potent seed shook every cell in her body with enough force to make her fear that she was having an epileptic seizure. Trusting in the hope that the Midoxinol birth control which she was still taking was keeping her well protected, Karen decided to throw caution to the wind once more as she gave in, and her last shred of conscience waved the white flag of surrender. Any lingering misgivings she may have had about violating her marital vows and committing hell-damning, incestuous debauchery with her very own son on (of all days) the Lord's Day was about to be melted away and dissolved in the climactic deluge she knew was about to come and engulf her entirely. This was the inevitable outcome of her own careless decision, one that was bound to happen all along, when she'd recklessly tossed Jacob's condom packet across the room earlier. Therefore, like a junky needing a fix, Karen abandoned herself to the unavoidable, shaking her head in answer to

her son and wantonly exclaiming,
"No!..*NO*!...stay...*inside*!"

Remembering the advice that he'd received the day before from his Aunt Brenda, Jacob smiled slyly. Though his entire skinny frame was awash in a rush of euphoric victory, he wanted to savor and relish this moment of conquest for as long as possible. Slowing his pace and leaning forwards once more, he leered into Karen's neck till his hot breath was right up against her ear and with full, deliberate strokes, egged her on raspily, "Stay *inside*? Mom...you *actually*...want me to...*cum*...in your...*pussy*??"

Karen's eyes widened, and her mouth dropped. Her immediate reaction was to recoil and reprimand her son for uttering such appalling language on a Sunday morning, but she just couldn't form the words. Only horny whines and mewling moans escaped her lips as she turned her head away, clenching her eyes shut and furrowing her brow with a grimace of guilt mixed with sinful pleasure etched on her tormented face.

Spurred on by a primal lust and drive to pummel Karen into submission, Jacob brought his legs back up and dug his knees into the comforter, spreading his thighs slightly to pry open her hips even wider. Lunging forwards, Karen's calves resting on top of his shoulders were pushed up even higher until her feet nearly touched the wall above her head. Having fully pinned her down, Jacob

began hammering even harder into his Mother with full abandon, as if hell-bent on nailing her to the mattress. This in turn caused the headboard to rapidly and loudly rap against the drywall once more in rhythm to his relentless tempo.

THUMP!..*THUMP*!!..*THUMP*!!!..*THUMP*!!!!

Timing his strokes deliberately and methodically, Jacob's hot, hoarse whisper asked again, "Say it, Mom! Say you actually want me...to bust my *nut*...my *babymaking* nut...right in your *pussy*...in your *tight*... *hot*...*married*...*PUSSY*!!!"

"*UNNNNGGGGGHHHHHHH*!!!" Karen moaned in response, sounding more like a wounded animal agonizing in its death throes. Opening her eyes and looking back up, her gaze inadvertently shifted from Jacob's fearsome, determined visage to the swaying movement above them. There, she noticed the replica Millennium Falcon figurine (her son's most beloved toy of all time) hanging from the ceiling and held precariously up there by barely visible strands of Robert's fishing line. The clam-shaped space freighter was once again swinging back and forth, caused by all the vibrations of the headboard slamming mercilessly against the bedroom wall...just like the walls of her own 'clam' were being violently and shamelessly slammed at that exact same moment.

As she stared blankly up at the scale model, her thoughts numb and detached, the plastic spaceship reminded Karen of a much simpler time...a time before Dr. Grant and his evil, experimental treatments had radically transformed her son. Now those wicked hormones had turned her once sweet, innocent boy into a manic, lust-driven sex machine and she (his Mother) was now his primary, yet very willing, sexual outlet.

"Mom?" Jacob asked, his ardent voice beginning to tremble as he broke her trance. He'd released his deathly grasp on her ankles and now both his hands were clenched in fists, pressed into the mattress beside Karen's armpits. Already he could feel the familiar tingling in his bloated testicles, swollen with a huge load of his churning, stubborn Mitchell family 'genes' rocketing up his shaft as it threatened to boil over. "Answer me, Mom!..do...you...*want it*?? *Say* it, Mom! Say you want...my *nut*...in your...*PUSSSSSSSSSSSSYYYYYYYYYYYY*!!!"

Karen looked back into Jacob's eyes, the same shade of hazel just like hers, and his face filled with a burning lust and fierce determination staring into her soul as neither of them said anything. For a moment the only sound in the room was the steadily building crescendo of Jacob's low, groaning, raspy breaths alternating with Karen's mewling, plaintive panting gasps, its meter marked by the dull

thumping of the headboard against the wall. Soon, the timing of their erratic breathing coalesced in unison, increasing in tempo until the clutching walls of Karen's cunt felt Jacob's plunging cockhead swell deep within her vagina, its spongy tip and piss slit raking onto and smearing his precum all across the surface of her cervix...begging to unleash his load. As badly as Karen wanted to quench her yearning female urges and experience the mind-numbingly insane ecstasy of having her womb blasted and filled to capacity with her son's thickly-swimming babymakers once more, she simply couldn't bring herself to say those filthy words which Jacob was trying to coax out of her. Instead, as a final greenlight to seal their latest sinful deed, Karen closed her eyes, bit her bottom lip and silently nodded her head...*YES*.

"Okay, Mom...you want it?? Well, here it...*CUMMMMMMSSSSSS*!!!" Jacob taunted sneeringly, a wide grin spreading across his face. Howling in triumph, he brutally slammed his hips into Karen one last time before blasting her cervix and unloading rope after rope of thick, raw sperm all up inside his Mother. Throwing his head back, the teenager growled savagely as his heavy, sperm-filled balls clenched and emptied its full contents, sending searing-hot jets of his potent semen straight into Karen's womb. "Oh yeah! Take it...*Mom*!

Take it *all*!! Take my nut...*deep* in your *pussy*!..in your...hot...*married* pussy!! In...*DAD'S PUSSYYYY*!!!"

"AAAAIIIIIEEEEE!!! *YEEEESSSSSSS*!!!!" Karen screamed, arching her back as her sweaty, flailing calves slipped off of Jacob's shoulders and clamped together behind him on his lower back just above his butt. Ear-piercing shrieks, like of a banshee straight from hell, greeted the orgasmic explosion now thundering throughout her body, timed perfectly to Jacob's erupting cock blasting his 'nut' deep inside of her married pussy...her husband's pussy.

An incredible sensation of heat spread like volcanic lava from deep in Karen's loins and throughout her extremities until every inch of her smooth porcelain skin flushed pink and felt as if it were on fire. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her toes curled into her feet as her entire body shuddered and convulsed in the throes of the most intense orgasm of her life. Clasping her trembling, quivering legs together tightly behind Jacob's back, both her hands grasped onto his triceps with a death grip as his thrusting pelvis kept pounding hard into her.

Just like the night before, an irrational and primal desire overwhelmed Karen in the heat of the moment as she relished in the fulfilling sensation of having her womanly depths flooded once again with her son's potent sperm. Flexing her vaginal walls shamelessly all along Jacob's

pulsing shaft, Karen willingly welcomed Jacob's hot load as he kept firing off endless ropes of his thickly potent genetic goo into her. As Jacob bathed her battered cervix with his warm soothing semen, Karen's calves pulled him in tighter by his butt, giving in once more to the same irrational lust she'd felt the previous evening, flexing her loins and bemoaning the fact that her ovaries hadn't released. For a few wild seconds of total abandon, she again secretly wished she had a nice, round waiting and willing Mommy egg in her womb just then— ready, fertile and yearning to get gang-tackled, latched onto and made love to by millions of her son's eager little 'stubborn and bull-headed' virile babymakers. "*It only takes one...it only takes one...it only takes ONE...*" an ephemeral voice, not unlike Brenda's, spoke to Karen's conscience, repeating itself over and over in her mind like a mantra as the flooded portal of her cervix hungrily lapped wad after wad of Jacob's seed into her uterus. She sounded clinical yet sensual, just like her younger sister tended to be, coyly suggestive while still professional. "*Then...the hot, kinky DNA mixing can begin...*" the voice, half temptress, half harbinger siren of doom, casually concluded in a deviously smiling tone.

Lost in the wanton licentiousness of her momentary crazed thoughts and the wickedly forbidden, yet thrillingly sinful idea of mingling genes and wildly breeding an entire new generation of Mitchells with her

very own son, Karen didn't even notice grabbing and corralling her clammy, clapping tits. Tiny geysers of breast milk were by now erupting from Karen's burning nipples, until streaks and white droplets of her nourishing cream were thoroughly staining Jacob's skinny, sweat-glistening chest. Only the awkward angle and position of their current mating prevented Jacob's hungry mouth from latching onto one of her aching teats so that they could once more complete the reciprocal exchange of their respective life-giving, life-nurturing fluids.

As she continued to scream out from an unholy ecstasy with her angelic voice, Karen was hit with the sudden realization that in a couple of hours just a few miles down the road, that same voice would be singing hymns of heavenly worship and praise to God's unfaltering grace and holy righteousness. Though she was by no means a professional singer, any passersby outside the Mitchells' house that morning would've no doubt heard the climaxing Mother reach an entirely new operatic-like octave as her son took her to unexplored, illicit heights of forbidden sexual paradise. Meanwhile, sinking back down to the depths of depraved debauchery, Karen's conscience was seared by the sinful thought of singing and worshipping in the Lord's holy temple while an entire 'congregation' of her son's hot, potent seed sought sanctuary and secretly kept her warm inside. The sheer wickedness of it all...Jacob's sperm swimming and

swirling around in her most 'inner sanctum', searching frantically for her forbidden 'holy of holies' in the hopes of violating and fertilizing the sacred 'ark' of her marital covenant and thus consummating their wickedly unholy 'communion', all while everyone they knew at Grace Baptist Church sat obliviously around them and were kept none the wiser of their grave, mortal, Mother-son incestuous sin...brought on a final, earth-shuddering orgasm in Karen's spasming pussy.

Having both blacked out from the intensity of their latest passionate union, minutes later Mother and son suddenly woke to find themselves lewdly coupled together in the same position. Karen, still on her back on Jacob's well-used, twin-sized bed, had released her thighs from her son's back and now had her feet planted on the mattress. Jacob remained sprawled on top of her, laying in between her haphazardly splayed open legs, with his deflated cock still partially ensconced in her snug vagina. With a clench of his balls, the last satisfying remnants of his semen sputtered into her as he eagerly nursed his humming mouth contentedly on one of her lactating breasts, once again completing their reciprocal exchange of familial, life-giving fluids.

Soothing oxytocin and estrogen steadily flushed out the wicked hormones buzzing Karen's frazzled brain as she came down from the clouds of her latest orgasmic high.

Cooing with her own satisfaction as she lazily ran her fingers through Jacob's dark brown hair, she once again savored the pleasurable sensation of having her son suckle at her sensitive teat. Due to complications during his premature birth, the loving Mother never had the opportunity to breastfeed Jacob in the same way she'd done with her daughter Rachel. Therefore, Karen knew to take advantage of the rare occasion (no matter how unorthodox it might be) and relish each opportunity she had to somewhat capture the special bonding moment she'd missed out on with her second-born child.

With a warm smile, Karen finally whispered, "You must be quite thirsty."

Raising his head, Jacob released her rubbery nipple from his mouth and replied, "You just taste so good, Mom. It's sweet...sorta like...vanilla."

Karen chuckled at the sight of her son with her Mommy milk dripping down his chin. Using her thumb, she wiped the creamy liquid from Jacob's face, "Well, as weird as it may be to say this...I'm glad you like it."

Jacob smiled, "Oh, I definitely do...but what I like even more...is the packaging..." Giving his Mother's breast a gentle squeeze, he added, "Mmmmm...Mom, I could nut in your pussy and suck on these hot tits all day long."

Appalled at Jacob's brazen language (which she assumed was another thing he'd learned from Brenda), Karen's face hardened, "Alright, young man...enough of that nonsense. I was willing to give you some leeway earlier, when we were caught up in the...moment, but now it's time to reel it back in."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob replied, chastised and somewhat disappointed.

Karen continued, "Jake, you know how I feel about you using those...filthy words. We've been through this same conversation over and over again, and you should know better by now."

"I know Mom," Jacob replied. "It's just...sometimes I get this overwhelming urge to talk dirty to you. It's almost like...I lose control or something."

Karen huffed and nodded, "I know, sweetie...believe me. These hormones have us doing all sorts of horribly sinful things which we shouldn't do." With a slight smile, she added, "But, the Good Lord willing, Dr. Grant will hand over the antidote pretty soon, and everything can hopefully return back to normal."

After a few seconds of silence, Karen sighed. "How about this? If you can promise to keep it somewhat tame and under control during our 'sessions'...I'm willing to allow

the use of a few colorful words here and there, and maybe some...dirty talk."

"Really?" Jacob's face lit up, misinterpreting in his enthusiasm that Karen was speaking about herself regarding the 'dirty talk'. If the day ever came when his Mom talked dirty back to him and egged him on openly while they did the nasty, he knew his life would be complete. He doubted if anyone, even his Aunt Brenda or his sister Rachel, could ever top that!

Karen nodded, "Yes, *but*...there are still some words which are way off limits— and I'm certain you know exactly which ones those are. Heaven forbid I allow you to develop a total potty mouth while living under my roof!"

"Cool! Okay...I can agree to that!" Jacob replied, with a big smile.

"Oh, and another thing..." Karen added. "The rule about not disrespecting your father...that commandment still stands, by the way. Don't think for one second I didn't notice what you said earlier."

Jacob chuckled, "I kinda figured you heard me...your reaction clearly told me that."

Cutting her eyes, Karen replied sternly, "Jacob...I mean what I said."

Jacob sighed and agreed, "Yes, Ma'am."

With everything having calmed down and the youthful adrenaline and testosterone now flushed from his system, Jacob's boldness waned as drowsiness began to overwhelm the teenager once again. Laying his head back down and resting his cheek on his Mother's pillowy breast, Jacob gave a contented yawn as he gently cupped Karen's other, fleshy round orb.

"Jake? What are you doing?" Karen asked, nudging him with her shoulder. Suddenly realizing her son's intentions, she sighed exasperatedly and added, "Oh no, you don't..." With annoyance, she repeated her motions, until soon she was rocking his head on her tits from side to side.

"Please, Mom??" Jacob whined. "Just a quick one...that last session plumb wore me out."

Karen huffed, "Jake, I mean it...we haven't got time for any of this foolishness!"

Undeterred, Jacob responded, "But I liked sleeping with you in Atlanta. It reminded me of the naps we used to take together when I was a little kid."

Karen stopped moving her chest and asked, somewhat surprised, "You...you actually remember that?"

Without lifting his head, Jacob nodded, keeping his cheek in direct contact with the supple flesh of his Mother's breasts. "Uh-huh..." he replied, his voice betraying his weariness as the warmth and softness of Karen's naked body lulled him deeper and deeper into a state of drowsiness.

Karen felt her heart swell as the sweet, nostalgic memories of yesteryear came flooding back. Years before, it wasn't uncommon for her and Jacob to snuggle up together in bed for afternoon naps, hence his nickname of 'Snuggle Bear'. However, just like all good things, that lovely ritual sadly came to an end once her preschooler entered grade school, and little Jacob no longer needed (or wanted) his midday rest break.

Overcome with motherly emotion, a tear trickled from the corner of Karen's eye and down her cheek. Wrapping her loving arms around her son, she pulled his nude, sweaty body tightly to hers and resumed caressing his mat of chestnut brown hair with her hand. Leaning her head forwards, Karen kissed the crown of her baby boy's head as she muttered with gratification, "My sweet little man..."

Karen wanted so badly to remain in the moment and cherish it a little bit longer, but unfortunately, she knew the day had to begin. Lifting her head, she took a glance over at Jacob's alarm clock, as she whispered, "*Jake*,

honey...we really need to get going." Plopping her head back down onto the pillow, Karen sighed heavily once she saw how late it actually was and remarked, "Well, I guess I won't be cooking breakfast after all."

Hearing this unfortunate news, Jacob quickly lifted his head from Karen's chest in dismay and asked, "Does that mean no waffles?"

Seeing the look of disappointment in Jacob's eyes, Karen scoffed and quipped, "*Hmph!* Just like a typical male...always thinking with your stomach!"

"Sorry..." Jacob shrugged. "After you agreed to make me some, I was *really* looking forward to having some of your waffles for breakfast."

Brushing away stray strands of hair from Jacob's forehead, Karen offered sarcastically, "Well...if a certain *someone* would let me up so we could take a shower and get dressed, there *might* still be just enough time to stop by the Waffle House on the way to church."

"Waffle House?" Jacob asked, his demeanor immediately perking up. "*Really*?"

The Waffle House was a popular chain of diners spread throughout the southeastern United States which was open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and specialized in breakfast fare. The restaurant had been a favorite of

Jacob's ever since he was a little boy, when Karen would take him there as a special treat, especially after doctor's or dentist's appointments.

"Yes, '*really*'..." Karen replied, playfully doing her best to mimic Jacob's intrigued tone. "I know how much you love eating there. Plus, like I said, we pass right by the place on the way to church."

"Cool...let's go!!" Jacob commented enthusiastically, pushing up and raising his body off of Karen. A slight moan escaped the Mother's throat as her son's deflated cock slid out from the confines of her ravished vagina. At once, the gaping hole of her love canal released a gushing white river of frothy, teenaged cum. Mixed with her own creamy vaginal fluids, the obscene incestuous cum concoction billowed out lewdly onto Jacob's bedsheets, staining it in a mingled pool of their forbiddingly combined love juices. Looking past the mess in between her legs, Karen watched with relief as Jacob retrieved the condom she'd carelessly tossed by his desk. Now somewhat regretting forgoing the prophylactic, Karen cupped her leaking pussy, noting with annoyance that changing Jacob's bedding had now been added to her list of chores.

Still nude and now standing at the foot of his bed, Jacob stared at his Mom and couldn't help but notice how hot Karen looked. She was laid out in all of her naked glory,

with her legs still splayed open and a torrential flow of his most recent sperm deposit escaping from her bald, yawning pussy. As their commingled fluids leaked onto his sheets, it was then that Jacob noticed the depiction of the Death Star getting hit by countless volleys of exploding Rebel X-Wing torpedoes illustrated on the comforter in between his Mother's legs. Lying there on his Star Wars-themed bedding, it was as if the usually pious housewife whom he knew as his Mom had suddenly transformed into the ultimate MILF nerd fantasy come to life...and the symbolism of what he was seeing wasn't entirely lost on him. All of a sudden, Jacob badly wanted a memento of the awesomely perfect sight, something which he could keep forever— a memorial trophy of his raw seed leaking out of his Mom's hot, gaping pussy...her spread-open legs laying atop a sprawling diorama of a giant, moon-like orb in the midst of space and being penetrated by innumerable missiles. It was a stunningly glorious sight which deserved to be forever documented, perfectly encapsulating their casual and increasingly willful dalliance with sinful, forbidden breeding. In a joking tone, he commented suggestively, "You know what, Mom?..the way you're positioned like that...would make a really *cool* photo! In fact, my cell phone just happens to be right over there...on my desk."

With the effects of the hormones having mostly waned from her body, Karen suddenly felt very vulnerable and a

bit weird lying there so lewdly exposed to her son, with the sinful evidence of their slippery, intermixed juices oozing obscenely out of her sex. Quickly snapping her legs shut, she held them up high with her arms wrapped behind her knees and instinctually clenched her love canal in the practical hopes of channeling as much of Jacob's sperm into her depths and keeping any more from leaking out. Peering around her thighs, Karen strained looking down to closely examine the sloppy mess they'd made and with a spasmed wince replied, "Very funny, wise guy, but...no!" Seeing that her discarded panties, bra and robe were all well out of reach, Karen gingerly kept her legs aloft, struggling all the while to hold them up and prevent any more leakage of her son's semen from seeping onto his bedding. Having given up on retrieving her undergarments from the footboard of Jacob's bed, Karen sighed and brought her knees nearly to her chest, still flexing the walls of her vagina as she said, "I'm going to need a few more minutes. Now, if you still want to get breakfast this morning, then I suggest you be a helpful son and hand me my clothes. Oh, and go get your Mother a towel..."

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It was just before 9:00 when Karen and Jacob finally made it to their favorite Waffle House close by the interstate, leaving them a little over an hour to eat

breakfast before the 10:00 a.m. service started at Grace Baptist that morning in Dunwoody. Asking for and receiving a private window booth, the famished Mother and son were now tucked away in a cozy corner way in the back of the small establishment and safely ensconced eating their meal.

While Jacob blissfully scarfed down a heaping helping of waffles, eggs, bacon, and grits to satiate the rumbling hunger caused by their earlier fervent sexual exertions, Karen sat across the table from him, pouring some cream into her fresh cup of steaming coffee. Staring blankly in her cup, for a split second a disconcerting image of the mixing, creamy white clouds representing something else entirely popped into Karen's head...triggering a disturbing connotation which she quickly brushed away. Instead, as she watched the white creamer swirl and quickly mingle with the jet-black liquid, turning it into a shade of light caramel, Karen contemplated the whirlwind of craziness taking place in her life at the moment.

Karen's concerns were mainly focused on the ever-advancing effects of the hormones on her and her son. Perhaps not so much with Jacob now, but more regarding herself.

Karen already had plans to visit her sister, Dr. Brenda Sullivan, at her clinic sometime soon to notify her of the recent physical changes which she'd undergone. The

increased milk production and growing intensity of her orgasms, though neither particularly unpleasant, were definitely on Karen's list of items for discussion. In addition, Karen knew that her complimentary supply of Midoxinol was running low and she wanted to ask Brenda for more of the experimental birth control or find out what her options were since she knew the trial contraceptive was nearing the end of its clinical test phase.

Besides all these worries, Karen's main concern was in regard to her psychological well-being, namely the strange emotional swings she was increasingly experiencing and her uncharacteristic desires as of late. The recent, irrational jealousy she felt towards Sara Miller was totally unlike her normal reaction and behavior. The beautiful blonde teen, as well as being her pastor's and good friend's daughter, was a fantastic young woman and seemingly a dream match for her son Jacob. Yet, despite ticking off every box in the checklist of a perfect girlfriend and potential future wife for her son, Karen couldn't seem to shake the unwarranted envy she felt towards the girl and the constant urge to compete with her for Jacob's attention.

Karen also found the fundamentals of her faith and core beliefs (mainly concerning the subject of bisexuality) compromised and shaken in regard to her evolving relationship with the assistant district attorney, Melissa

Turner. Their relationship had quickly evolved from a professional acquaintance to a casual friendship, before spiraling into something unexpectedly different...something more intimate and, if Karen wasn't careful...sinful.

On top of attempting to navigate through the craziness of these trying times, the middle-aged Mother was now dealing with her bizarre yearnings to have another child. As illogical and improbable as the notion was of ever happening, Karen still felt a primal desire to feel new life growing once again in her vacant womb...especially since she now had to stand by and endure the ordeal of having her daughter and younger sister flaunt their plans to procreate right in her face.

Karen knew all too well that all these issues were simply the effects of those wicked hormones. Most likely, the absurd and freakish inclinations wreaking havoc on her body and psyche would dissipate over time, especially once Jacob was cured of his affliction and everything could hopefully get back to normal.

Until then, Karen Mitchell, the loving wife and Mother, was prepared to hang on for the ride and the insane roller coaster experience with her son as best she could. With any luck (and God's help), the nightmare would come to an end sooner rather than later...hopefully. After all, Karen asked herself, with just a few short weeks to go

until Dr. Grant relinquished the antidote, how much crazier could it actually get? If only the dutiful Mother and housewife had the slightest inkling of a clue...

Shaking herself of her thoughts, Karen looked up from her cup and found Jacob scarfing down his breakfast as if it were his last meal. Setting the spoon she used to stir her coffee onto a napkin, she chuckled softly, "Jake, honey...*slow down*...no one's gonna take it from you!"

After downing several gulps of orange juice, Jacob wiped his mouth and replied, "Sorry, Mom..." Picking up a slice of bacon, he added with a sly, goofy grin, "For some reason, I'm totally *starving* this morning...Must've been all those 'workouts' that you and Aunt Bren' have been putting me through the past couple of days!"

Karen gasped and looked around the crowded, bustling diner. Luckily, none of the occupants nearby (mostly elderly folks, a few truckers, and several couples with their kids) seemed to hear his remark or at least understood what he meant. "*Jake!*" Karen scolded him sharply under her breath, "*Don't talk so loud*!"

"Sorry, Mom." Jacob quickly apologized.

Keeping her voice just above a whisper, Karen added, "You need to be more mindful of what you say...especially around people in public places."

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied softly, before shoving the slice of crispy bacon into his mouth. Deciding to pay Karen an honest compliment and get back in her good graces, he added, mumbling, "By the way...you look really pretty today, Mom."

After taking a sip of her coffee, Karen replied, "Thank you, sweetie, but...don't talk with your mouth full."

Jacob swallowed and apologized, "Sorry..." Picking up another slice of bacon, he then asked, "Is that a new dress?"

"No..." Karen sighed, shaking her head, "It isn't new...I just haven't worn it in quite a while. Why do you ask?" Using a fork, she then took a small bite of her scrambled eggs.

Cutting into his waffle, Jacob leaned in and replied in a lower voice, "Well, I've just never seen you wearing something so...*sexy* to church before."

Glancing at her son's eyes, Karen immediately noticed Jacob's line of sight was now aimed directly at her chest and she instinctively looked down at the object of his gaze: the mountainous swells of her womanly charms. The beautiful housewife was by no means a stranger to wearing form-fitting clothes which tastefully showcased her voluptuous figure. However, as Jacob commented, this sort of outfit was much more 'sexier' than what the

conservative Mother was accustomed to wearing to church.

Karen had chosen to wear a navy blue bodycon pencil dress for this Sunday morning. Though it resembled several other outfits which she'd worn to many a church service over the years, this particular one had a much shorter hemline that stopped a few inches just above her knees. It also had a scooped neckline that revealed a modest peek of her ample cleavage, with her heart-shaped locket nestled cozily in between her two creamy, round globes of flesh. In the past, the dress would've been something she'd have deemed much too scandalous and improper to ever dare wearing to the Lord's house. However, compared to the highly inappropriate Halloween costume which many of her fellow church members had seen her wear the previous evening, this particular outfit would be considered quite conservative.

Normally, Karen would've also had her hair donned into some sort of stylish bun. However, due to the time constraints stemming from her and Jacob's 'shenanigans' that morning, she decided to forego her usual hairdo. Therefore, for once Karen's dark chestnut locks were freed from their usual constraints and allowed to hang loosely past her shoulders, with some fashionable clips pinning her hair up on the sides. Her light makeup (combined with a subtle, flushed blushing still lingering

on her face from her and her son's earlier 'exertions') gave her a natural feminine glow, and caused the beautiful, lovely housewife to look even more radiant than ever.

Karen looked back at Jacob and responded somewhat defensively, "What's wrong with my outfit? I think it's a lovely dress."

Assuaging her concerns, Jacob shook his head, "Oh, nothing's wrong with it. In fact, I think it's a great dress, and you look totally stunning in it!" After stabbing another piece of waffle onto his fork, he added, "It's just...it looks more like something Aunt Bren' would wear to church...not you."

Karen put her fork down and huffed. "Something your Aunt Bren' would wear?" Leaning forward, she lowered her voice, "I'll have you know, young man, that this dress is *nothing* compared to the 'hoochie mama' outfits the 'good doctor' tends to wear to church...God rest her soul, but your late grandmother probably rolls in her grave every time your Aunt Bren' attends a Sunday service!"

Shaking her head, Karen sat back in her seat and continued, "And don't even get me *started* on Rachel! Your sister's a married woman now, but she continues to insist on wearing skirts so short, that if she bends over just the least tiny bit, the entire mystery of creation is over!"

Karen then added, (as all Southern women do), "Bless her heart!!"

With a snort, Jacob laughed so hard at his Mother's remark that he nearly choked on his orange juice. Karen couldn't help but snicker in response to her son's reaction, though she still took a glance around to ensure her rare moment of mischievous commentary concerning her family's fashion sense was kept strictly between her and Jacob. Apart from a few blank stares in their direction, no one in the nearby booths was any wiser. Most just assumed the Mother and son were simply sharing a funny, private joke between themselves and went straight back to eating their meals.

After the pair had collected themselves, Karen picked up her coffee cup and said, "Besides, your dad's always loved how I look in this dress. It's been a while since I've been able to wear something special like this for him, and now that I've been getting back into shape, I just wanted to try and look extra nice for your father today." What the loving wife neglected to mention however, was that her decision to 'sex it up' a bit for her husband that morning stemmed mainly from the lingering, nagging guilt which she still felt from her and Jacob's pool house 'exploits' the previous night (not to mention the additional 'shenanigans' that had taken place that morning in her son's bedroom).

Jacob replied before taking another bite of his waffles, "Well, in all honesty, Mom...you look awesome, and unless dad's totally blind, I'm sure he's gonna love it!" The teenager's comment caused his Mother to smile warmly, as she brought her coffee cup up to her red, painted lips for another sip.

"Speaking of getting back into shape..." Jacob continued tentatively, "...have you made a decision yet, about our deal?" Checking to make sure no one within earshot could hear, he lowered his voice even more and added, "*You know...about posing for me as a 'reward' for my report card*?"

It was now Karen's turn to nearly choke on her beverage as she placed her coffee cup down with an audible **clink** on its saucer. "Jake! That's the *third* time you've asked me about this since last night, when we were watching the movie, and my answer hasn't changed one bit. I'm still thinking about it, just like we agreed. Once I've made a final decision, I'll let you know."

"I know, Mom...I know." Jacob replied, with a sigh.

Exasperated by her son's heedlessness, Karen whispered, "So, you're just gonna have to learn to be patient, 'cos if you keep on bugging me about it, you're gonna force my hand to make a decision and I can tell you now, young man...you're probably not gonna like it."

Shifting herself with annoyance in her seat, Karen re-crossed her long, stocking-clad legs underneath the table. At once, she felt an oozing wad of Jacob's warm semen leak from her vaginal lips and into the crotch of her panties. Squirming her thighs to stem the flow of her son's sperm, Karen bashfully scanned the diner once more and was relieved to see that the Sunday crowd had by now thinned out. Likely, most of the patrons were already making their way to church, Karen thought, blushing as she felt another hot flash going up her neck, accompanied by a sharp spasm in her vagina. The wicked thought of being next to her husband in church, sitting on their favorite pew and listening to Pastor Miller's sermon, while a fresh deposit of their son's baby-making seed swam around in her womb and dribbled from her ravaged pussy, brought on a fresh wave of guilt...but also that dark and naughty thrill.

Breaking her out of her thoughts, Jacob nodded and relented, "Okay...okay, Mom...I'll stop asking. I promise."

Hoping to change the subject, Karen leaned in and asked, "So...what are you and Sara planning for later today after church?" Still feeling flustered, she picked up her napkin and dabbed her forehead, before fanning her face slightly and placing the cloth on her lap.

Not noticing her action as he took several more gulps of orange juice, Jacob placed his glass down and replied,

"Well...we mainly just wanted to hang out and chill in the living room once we get back home...then maybe watch some movies."

Karen nodded, "Oh, okay...that sounds nice."

Waving down a waitress for a refill, Jacob added, "We also thought about going out for a swim in the pool...if that's okay?"

Suddenly, Karen found herself hit with another wave of jealousy. This time, the envious Mother began to imagine the beautiful, blonde teenager proudly parading around in front of her son...flouncing around and flaunting her young, lithe, model-like body in some tiny bikini. Leaning back in her seat, Karen responded inquisitively, "Oh, really?"

"Yeah..." Jacob replied. "Dad said he plans to drain and cover the pool for the season next week, so I figured we should use it one last time before he does."

Knowing that her feelings of envy towards Sara were quite irrational and totally uncalled for, Karen silently chided herself. Deep down, she surmised that what she was feeling was no doubt caused by the hormones once again playing havoc with her emotions. Doing her best to put up a brave face and push all negative thoughts out of her mind, she nodded, "Well, that's fine by me, but..." she then lowered her voice and added, "You'll need to make

sure you wear some *very* baggy swimming trunks, young man. We wouldn't want you to have an 'accident' around Sara, okay?" Arching her eyebrows, Karen made sure she got her point across to her son.

Jacob nodded, "Don't worry, I've already thought about that...actually, I've got the perfect pair in mind to wear..." Scooping some grits onto his fork, he added solemnly, "That is, if Sara's even allowed to come over."

Despite the confusing whirlwind of thoughts and emotions presently swirling around inside Karen, one feeling trumped all others: her unconditional love for her son. After the waitress came by and refilled their beverages, the dedicated Mother picked up her cup and remarked, "Here's a thought...how about you let *me* ask Mrs. Miller if Sara can come over? In fact, I'll even convince her that it's my idea."

Jacob's face lit up. "Really? You'd be willing to do that?"

Karen shrugged, "Sure, why not?" Sipping her fresh cup of coffee, she smiled and added, "*Anything* for my little Snuggle Bear!"

Normally, Jacob would've cringed at the sound of his Mother's voice uttering that childish nickname so openly around in public. However, he decided to wave off his annoyance momentarily once he realized that his Mom had given him a perfect opening to bring up the subject of

some of his most desired goals which were gnawing away at him. With a cheeky grin, he replied with cautious optimism, "When you say anything, do you mean...*anything*??"

Immediately suspecting the mischievous tone in Jacob's voice, Karen held up her index finger and with a look of admonishment, backtracked from her previous statement, "Anything...within *reason*, young man."

The hopeful grin on Jacob's face disappeared as he sighed in response, "Well...can't blame a guy for trying." Noticing that Karen was continuing to give him her stern 'motherly' stare, he decided it best to pass on the chance of mentioning his desired goals that he wanted to do with his Mom for the time being. Still half-lost in his thoughts, he added, "Still...that'd be great if you could do that...ask Mrs. Miller, I mean."

Jacob watched as Karen's expression softened. Just before she finished the last of her coffee, Karen smiled warmly and said over her cup, "I'll see what I can do."

Grinning as he reached out for her hand, Jacob responded, "Thanks!! By the way...have I told you lately that you're the absolute *best* Mom in the whole wide world?"

Setting her now empty cup back down on the table, Karen chuckled at her son's obvious attempt at flattery, and remarked with playful sarcasm, "I think you *may* have

mentioned it a time or two..." With a slight wink, she added, "But I must admit...it's always nice to hear!"

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Later that morning, Mrs. Donna Miller was standing in her customary spot at Grace Baptist's choir loft: up front and center. She was performing with her fellow choir members and, as usual every Sunday, looked simply stunning attired in her body-hugging tweed pencil dress. The conservative, yet figure-flattering garment had capped sleeves and a crew neckline chastely concealing her tempting bosom. Its length came down to about mid-calf with a hem slit that reached up just past the lovely wife's knee, whilst on her dainty feet, she wore a fashionable pair of closed-toe, high-heeled dress pumps.

With her platinum-blonde hair done up in a trendy, yet stylish bun, and her makeup as impeccable as always, Donna epitomized the definition of a classic beauty. Even though she was by now a middle-aged pastor's wife and mother, there was no denying (by those who knew of her past) that she had also been a former model who still definitely looked the part.

Mr. Crenshaw, the long-time choir director, had selected '*Amazing Grace*' as the opening hymn for that Sunday morning's service. Donna, as everyone in her congregation had by now come to expect, claimed her

spot as 'unofficial' lead vocalist and used her angelic voice to sing out even more enthusiastically than usual.

 Amazing grace...how sweet the sound!! ♪ ♫

That saved a wretch...like meeeee!! ♫ ♪

The familiar and traditional hymn, considered by many to be the unofficial anthem of the Christian faith, was a personal favorite of Donna's. She could usually be heard humming or crooning a few bars of the sacred tune whenever she was busy housecleaning or working in her garden. The spiritual, powerful lyrics had an extra-special meaning for her, having formerly been a backslidden glamour model. Now, Donna had renounced her recidivist life and felt reformed both as a preacher's wife and for fulfilling God's redeeming role for her as a dutiful mother.

♫ ♪ *I once was lost...but now...I'm found!!* ♪ ♫

♫ ♪ *Was blind...but now...I seeee!!* ♪ ♫

It had been more than two decades since Donna had retired from modeling and escaped that world of superficial sinfulness and decadent depravity. Once she'd turned her back on that lifestyle of profligate materialism and wicked immorality, she'd returned home and resumed serving Christ the Lord, quickly finding solace and untold peace in His grace. Over time, she'd received countless blessings from her redemption, including a wonderful

husband, three beautiful children and a renewed life filled with pure purpose and joy.

♫ ♪ *Through many dangers, toils, and snares* ♪ ♫

♫ ♪ *I have already come...*♪ ♫

Come...Suddenly, as Donna Miller sang alongside her fellow choir members that glorious Sunday morning, her mind began to drift elsewhere, triggered by those seemingly pious lyrics perversely twisting into something altogether sinister. Her thoughts were transported to another place and time...namely, at her home office a few weeks prior and the unplanned, sinful events which had taken place with a certain teenaged boy that afternoon.

Ever since that day, several unwelcome and worrisome changes had taken place for Donna. First, her libido had spiked to unheard-of levels— something which she hadn't experienced since her prodigal early twenties working as a model. In addition, the gorgeous housewife found herself hounding her husband more and more for sex, sometimes more than once a night. When David inquired about her sudden increased sex drive, Donna blithely brushed it off as the early stages of menopause and that her hormones were simply out of control. Conveniently for Donna, there was some element of truth in her answer (her hormones *were* out of control), and her trusting

husband blindly accepted her explanation...hook, line and sinker.

David tried his best to fulfill his husbandly duties and satisfy Donna's newfound voracious needs. However, the middle-aged pastor simply didn't stand a prayer when it came to keeping up with the former party girl and her insatiable sexual appetite. This resulted in the hyper-sexed housewife to increasingly resort to relieving her needs with (as she saw it) sinful self-pleasuring sessions.

Donna also found herself having very illicit and erotic dreams just about every night. At first, they were mainly about Jacob and his horrifically ungodly abomination. Lately, however, her dreams had taken a darker turn...mutating into nightmares concerning her former life as a glamour model, when she'd wallowed in the pits of worldly decadence and the wicked pleasures of the flesh.

Whenever Donna woke from these bizarre and disturbing dreams, she'd find her body aflame with an ill-timed, unwelcome arousal and the gusset of her panties soaking wet. This in turn would cause the horny housewife to sit up fitfully in the bed which she shared with her loving husband, unable to go back to sleep. Racked by the lust keeping her up, yet unwilling to awaken her slumbering spouse, Donna would eventually sneak into the master bathroom for some much-needed private time.

♫ ♪ *'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far* ♪ ♫

♫ ♪ *And grace will lead me home...*♪ ♫

Once inside her 'midnight sanctuary', Donna would retrieve the vibrating dildo which she kept safely hidden in the back of the linen hutch. The pious church lady had unexpectedly purchased the life-like phallus recently, a decision which turned out to be a much better aid in these situations...rather than using her fingers or the cold, hard plastic handle of her hairbrush like she'd been doing previously.

Two weeks prior, on a sunny Friday afternoon, Donna was driving through the city of Newnan on her way home after attending a pastors wives' luncheon in Coweta County. She just happened to be sitting at a red light on a busy intersection downtown when she caught sight of *Aphrodite's Sex & Novelty Shop* located in a nearby strip mall. Even though she'd passed by the nondescript row of outlets and novelty stores many times before, Donna had never paid them much attention. However, today would turn out to be a very different story.

As Donna absentmindedly stared at the huge sign on top of the building boasting the '**LARGEST SELECTION IN THE SOUTHEAST!**', a disconcerting yet naughty idea suddenly came to mind, and along with it...a slight

fluttering in the tender flesh at the apex of her long, silky legs.

Once the traffic light changed to green, instead of continuing on her current course back home to her waiting husband, Donna (as if on a whim) suddenly made a quick right turn into the parking lot of the *Peach Tree Square* shopping center. Discretely driving past the sex shop, she parked her Buick a few doors down in front of a *GameStop* video game store.

With the car's engine still running, she shook her head and whispered, "*Donna Miller*!! *What on earth do you think you're doing*?? *This is NOT the sort of place for a proper pastor's wife to patron*!" However, rather than putting her car in reverse and promptly leaving the outlet center, the 'proper' pastor's wife instead shut off the ignition...her hands operating as if on autopilot.

After a few more minutes of deliberation, Donna felt the uncomfortable heat in her car from the AC no longer blowing getting to her and finally sighed in resignation. Putting on her dark sunglasses which she kept in her glovebox, she grabbed the wide-brimmed sun hat from the passenger seat and placed it on her head, adjusting it in her rear-view mirror. Donna had worn the floppy, oversized chapeau earlier that afternoon at the outdoor ladies' luncheon, mainly to protect her sensitive, pale skin from the bright October sun. Now, the stylish piece of

millenary would serve to hopefully conceal something far more sensitive: namely, her identity as she ventured into the lecherous and seedy novelty shop. Luckily, since she didn't know many people in Newnan, Donna felt her chances of running into anyone she knew were slim to none. However, she still thought it better to be safe rather than sorry and deemed her precautions necessary.

After getting out of her car, Donna tucked her purse over her left elbow and took one last look in her SUV's tinted windows to readjust her sun hat. She then cautiously scanned her surroundings and, seeing no one else in the immediate vicinity, proceeded to walk swiftly down the outlet mall's awning-shaded concourse towards *Aphrodite's Sex Shop*. Though she tried her best to be discreet, Donna found herself becoming more and more self-conscious and nervous with each step she took, so that the 'click-clack' of her heels on the pavement seemed to get louder and louder.

Quickly pulling the door open and stepping into the shop, Donna felt both relief and foreboding once inside...the disconcertingly loud '*DING*!' of a bell announcing her arrival. The store's ice-cold AC was a welcome respite from the sweltering afternoon heat outside, Donna thought, yet she found the interior lighting quite dim, making it difficult for her to see much of anything (since she was still wearing her shades). Having grown so

accustomed to online shopping, Donna also sensed with impending dread the same eerie feeling she always got in these types of quaint, brick and mortar boutiques...namely, that she was probably the *only* customer there.

"Hi...Welcome to *Aphrodite's*!" a friendly, female voice politely called out. "May I help you find something today?"

Jarred at first by the sudden, cheerful greeting, Donna quickly felt more at ease knowing another female was around as she tentatively perused the store. Removing her sunglasses and adjusting her eyes, she was pleasantly surprised to find a young blonde woman standing behind the sales counter. She appeared to be college-aged, quite attractive, and with a bright, welcoming smile on her pretty face. "No thanks..." Donna replied with a smile of her own, "I'm just uh...looking around."

"Well, my name's Brittany..." the young woman responded, "If you need any help at all...please don't hesitate to ask!"

"I'll do that..." Donna replied, sheepishly. "Thank you...Brittany."

Brittany watched as Donna slowly made her way through the store. She quickly noticed the sparkling diamonds on the gorgeous woman's impressive wedding ring

glimmering on her left hand as she browsed timidly through the adult magazine rack. Although the young clerk had only been working at *Aphrodite's* for about six months, she had an inkling of what the classily dressed, middle-aged wife was looking for...and it *wasn't* a jack-off mag!

As Donna made her way down the main aisle, her initial wariness turned to relief once she confirmed no other people (especially any men) were in the store. Soon, she found herself at the very back of the establishment, standing in front of a locked glass display case containing a wide variety of sex toys. Now, she just had to set aside her embarrassment and go ask the young female clerk for some assistance. Luckily for Donna...help was already on the way.

After a few minutes, Brittany's curiosity got the better of her as she made her way out from behind the main sales counter. Peering around the corner, she found Donna exactly where she expected the married woman would be— at the sex toy display case. "*Lemme guess..."* the young blonde whispered to herself, bemused, "...*you're here for a dildo*!*"* With a sly grin on her face, the pretty salesclerk began making her way towards the back of the store.

During Brittany's limited time working at *Aphrodite's,* she'd witnessed the same scenario play itself out over and

over again: a well-to-do middle-aged wife sneaking into the store wearing some type of obvious disguise, hoping to discreetly purchase a personal sex aid. Most customers used the old standby 'gag gift' excuse, but at the end of the day, the true reason was usually to help satisfy a need not being met at home. Whether it was due to a husband's medical issue, or just lack of bedroom attention from their significant other (due to always being 'busy'), these women were desperate to find help in scratching that vexing itch...while at the same time not desecrating their sacred vows of marriage.

Usually, the patron would be from out of town and the transaction was *always* in cash. This allowed the wife to remain anonymous while preventing any possible money trail from alerting her clueless husband to the purchase and in turn, damage his fragile male ego.

As Brittany approached Donna from behind, she noticed her glancing back and forth between several models of dildos. She knew then and there that she was correct in her assumption about the lovely wife. Mindful of not startling the first-time customer, the young salesclerk asked softly, "See anything you like, or have any questions?"

Donna jerked her head to the left to find Brittany suddenly standing beside her. With a nervous chuckle, she

replied, "Not sure...I'm uh...supposed to be buying a gag gift."

Brittany tried her best to stifle a laugh, but instead found herself unable to hold back a slight giggle. "Oh? Lemme guess...bridal shower?"

Donna's eyes lit up, and she nodded in confirmation, "Yes...yes! Exactly...a bridal shower...for my niece. She's uh...getting married...in a couple of weeks and...as luck would have it, I drew the short straw, soooo...here I am!" After a few seconds of awkward silence, Donna then commented, "You know...when I first came in here, I was a bit surprised to see someone— "

Brittany interrupted Donna, "Someone young like me working here?"

"Yes...exactly," Donna replied.

Brittany explained, "Well...I needed to make some extra money to help pay for school, and my uncle, who owns this place, offered me a part-time job. The money's good, and I only work a few days a week. Uncle Aaron basically lets me set my own schedule."

"Are your parents okay with you working here?" Donna asked, with a slight cringe. She could only imagine the horror she'd feel if her sweet, innocent daughter Sara ever set foot in a place like this.

Brittany laughed, "God no!! If they ever found out, they'd freak out and most likely make me move back home. As far as they know, I'm earning some extra dough through a work-study program at school."

Looking back down at the sample models in the display case, Donna made her decision. She tapped on the glass with her index finger, her manicured nail making a slight clicking noise in the process. "I think I'll take...*that* one," the pastor's wife said, picking out a model that somewhat resembled the penis of her husband, David. It was a standard white, lifelike 6-inch dildo.

"Okay..." Brittany replied, as she made her way around to the back of the display case. Knowing that Donna was lying about her actual purpose for the imitation phallus, she continued while sliding open the back access panel, "But...may I make another suggestion?"

As more time went by, Donna began to feel more and more antsy. Even though no one in this town knew her from Adam, the preacher's wife still hoped to complete the purchase and quickly leave before anyone else came into the store and saw her buying the embarrassing sex toy. In an attempt to move things along, Donna shrugged and replied impatiently, "Ummm...sure."

Brittany placed both hands on top of the display case, leaned forward, and asked, "If I'm not mistaken, I think

you said that you're buying this as a gag gift...for a...bridal shower...am I right?"

Donna was unclear about the relevance of the question, so she simply nodded and replied, "Uhhh...yes...that's correct."

Brittany stood up straight and continued, "Well, *usually* a 'gag gift' of this sort would be something a little bit more...shall we say 'outlandish'...*shocking* even. Especially if you wanna achieve the umm...*desired* result." The young clerk arched her brow, trying to convey a hidden message to the older wife.

Still unsure what Brittany was leading on with her comments, Donna furrowed her brow and replied, a bit confused, "The 'desired result'?"

Bending down and reaching into the display case, Brittany continued, "Why yes...you are, after all, going for a *comedic reaction* from the other party guests, I assume?" The young blonde's hand passed over the standard, boring six-inch white dildo which Donna had originally chosen and latched on to the one beside it.

"Oh...yes...I mean, of course, I am, but..." Donna's piercing blue eyes widened in shock as Brittany presented her with the alternative 'gag gift': a menacing-looking 8-inch dildo. The 'outlandish' fake phallus was shiny jet-black and twice as thick as the 'David' lookalike version,

with a fierce upward curve and covered in a meandering network of raised veins. The 'proper' church lady was rendered speechless as she stared at the intimidating-looking sexual aid. After a few seconds, Donna felt a slight tingling sensation in her moistening vagina and muttered under her breath, "*Oh my God*!!"

As if trying to sell a used car, Brittany began with her sales pitch, "Now...this here particular model, known as '*Black Magic*', is top of the line quality..." The young clerk gave the dildo a gentle squeeze with her right hand to demonstrate and added, "It's made from a special, patented type of silicone that's extra hypoallergenic and gives it a realistic feel that you won't find in most other sexual aids..." She then held out the imitation phallus to Donna, who timidly pinched the fleshy onyx-black shaft between her thumb and forefinger.

Brittany continued, "Now, I know you said this is supposed to be a 'gag gift', but if the bride-to-be ever decided to use it for its primary purpose..." She then continued with her rehearsed demonstration like a seasoned professional, "...it includes a warming setting, (which is very nice by the way), plus fully adjustable vibrating and thrusting functions..." She then leaned in towards Donna and whispered with a wink, "Which is very, *very* nice. In fact, this thing will literally blow your socks off!"

Donna reared back and slightly gasped, "You...you mean you've...actually *used* this thing?!"

Brittany nodded and replied matter-of-factly, "Oh yeah...I keep one just like it in my dorm room." Noticing Donna's look of disbelief, she explained, "It's like this...my boyfriend attends the Citadel down in Charleston, and I only get to see him every other weekend." She added with a cute giggle, "Hey...a girl's gotta have *some* way to relieve all the stress from work and school during the week, right?"

Absentmindedly, Donna took the dildo from Brittany, giving it a few gentle squeezes of her own. She had to admit the young store clerk was correct...surprisingly, it *did* feel very life-like. While the entranced preacher's wife lightly ran her slender fingers along the deeply rutted surface of the curved, vein-enveloped shaft, she began to ponder what it would actually feel like to have this daunting black beast taking up residence inside her now dripping-wet vagina.

Brittany could see the tell-tale look in Donna's sparkling blue eyes. It was the same expression of awe and wonder she'd seen worn by countless other curious middle-aged wives as they beheld the overwhelmingly impressive apparatus. "So, what do you think..." Brittany asked softly, "...will this work for your...*gag gift*?"

Still incredulous, Donna continued to gaze at and shamelessly fondle the manmade pussy pleaser before asking, in almost a whisper, "How...how much?"

Brittany smiled at the realization she was close to wrangling in yet another soon-to-be satisfied customer. She replied, "Normally, this model sells for $89.99, plus tax. However, since this is your first time shopping here at *Aphrodite's*...I can offer you a new customer discount of half off."

"Half off?" Donna asked in response, unable to take her eyes off the sinister-looking piece of hardware. The mere thought of sneaking this *thing* into the same home that she shared with her ultra-conservative, Southern Baptist pastor/husband sent a naughty chill down her spine.

Brittany could tell the gorgeous lady was on the verge of giving in...she just needed one final nudge to push her over the edge and seal the deal. Leaning in closer, the young salesclerk whispered enticingly in Donna's ear, "*How about this? I'll even throw in a travel bag and a quick-charging unit, at no extra charge.*"

Taking the sweetened bait, Donna looked at Brittany and with a coy smile, replied, "Okay."

"Alright!" Brittany quickly nodded in response. Taking the display model dildo from Donna's hand, she continued, "Why don't you go on up to the front counter

while I get you a brand-new, boxed one from the stock room? I'll meet you up there in a few!"

Less than a minute later, Donna stood at the cash register while Brittany rang up her purchase. The anxious wife was relieved that no one else had entered the store up to this point, yet she began to dread her luck would soon run out. Every few seconds she'd take a glance over her shoulder out the store's window where fortunately, the parking spaces in front of the shop were still empty.

"Here's the bonus travel bag and the quick charger I included in your purchase..." Brittany pointed out, as she placed the complimentary items in a nondescript bag along with the unmarked cardboard box containing Donna's newly purchased '*Black Magic*' dildo. "Now, will that be cash or charge?" It was a rhetorical question...the pretty blonde already knew what her customer's answer would be.

"What...I'm sorry?" Donna asked, snapping her head back around from gazing out the front window.

Brittany giggled, "I said, 'Will that be cash or charge?'"

"Oh!" Donna replied, trying to gather her thoughts. "Cash, please." She then handed Brittany a crisp, new $50 bill. Turning her attention back outside, Donna noticed with dismay a car pulling into a parking spot right in front of the store.

As Brittany rang up the purchase on the cash register, the young undergrad asked nonchalantly, "By the way...where'd you say you were from?"

Still distracted and caught somewhat off guard, Donna absentmindedly answered, "Up in Dunwoody— " She immediately cringed as soon as the words left her mouth.

Whilst counting out Donna's change from the register, Brittany exclaimed, "Oh? I know where that is...that's not too far from Sandy Springs north of Atlanta, right?"

Donna replied, "Uh...yes, that's right". She then asked with curious caution, "Are *you* from Sandy Springs?"

Brittany shook her head while handing Donna her change, "No, I'm originally from Savannah. Just think it's weird, 'cos I had *another* new customer in here a couple of days ago who said she lived in Sandy Springs...Pine Hills, to be exact."

"Pine Hills, you say?" Donna added, her interest somewhat piqued, before stating matter-of-factly, "Hmm, must've been some kind of rich lady...that's that new upscale neighborhood on the other side of town."

Brittany put her right hand on her hip and continued, "Yep, she *was* kinda bragging about her brand-new house she just bought up there, but...she was a young housewife

actually...around her mid-20's, I'd guess...gorgeous blonde."

Closing her purse, Donna asked, "Did she...buy anything?"

Brittany replied with a chuckle, "Oh yes! As a matter of fact, she got herself..." The young clerk then nodded towards Donna's recent purchase atop the counter and continued, "...a little '*Black Magic*' of her own." Glancing back at Donna she added, "She mentioned something about her husband traveling a lot for work...You know her?"

Before Donna could answer, an electronic **ding*!* rang aloud as the store doors opened, and in walked a prospective customer. She just so happened to be another attractive middle-aged woman, who made a beeline straight to the sales counter. At once, Donna put on her dark sunglasses and quickly began gathering up her things to leave.

As Donna turned to walk out, Brittany said to her with a big smile, "Please let me know how that works out for ya'...and be sure to give my congratulations to your...niece!"

Donna was more than ready to make her escape. Her only reply was a polite smile and a nod of acknowledgment. As she walked towards the exit door, she could hear the

lady at the counter ask in a soft, Southern accent, "Hi...I'm in need of a...gag gift...and a friend of mine suggested y'all might be able to help?" A cynical smirk crept onto the preacher's wife's face when she heard Brittany reply, "Well, sure...but first let me ask...is this uh...'gag gift' for a bridal shower?" As Donna pushed open the door to leave, she heard the new customer reply, "Why *yes*...that's exactly right...a bridal shower!"

Soon, Donna was on the road again, heading back home with her new secret toy in tow. As she drove down I-85 on that beautiful, balmy afternoon with her Buick's sunroof open, her mind raced as she ruminated on the conversation she'd just had with Brittany. Her thoughts were mainly concerned with the '20-something, gorgeous blonde' housewife whom the salesclerk had mentioned...the one who happened to live in the new, exclusive community of Pine Hills.

"*Could it*? *Could it be...her?*" Donna asked herself. Shaking her head, she chuckled, "*No! It can't be...I seriously doubt that Rachel Morgan (of all people) would drive all the way here to Coweta County just to buy one of these horrendous...things*!" The housewife looked down beside her in the passenger seat at the bag containing her own horrendous...'thing'. She then continued her thoughts, "*Still, Brittany did say she mentioned her husband travels*

frequently for work. And Scott does happen to be out of town a lot...quite often, in fact."

Suddenly, another sobering thought entered Donna's mind concerning her out-of-character impulse purchase. Buyer's remorse began to set in, and she asked herself, "*What was I thinking? There*'s no way I can *bring this* '*thing*' *into my home! What if David was to find this abomination? It would be a disaster I simply cannot risk!*" Stepping her foot on the accelerator as she roared down the interstate, the married church lady quickly resolved to toss the ungodly thing in the trash as soon as she got home.

Just over an hour later, as she neared the suburbs and sat in her SUV at another four-way stop, Donna stole a glance at the bag beckoning enticingly beside her. She'd been avoiding looking at it during the rest of her drive home, but now the temptation was too great. It was then that Brittany's words suddenly came back to mind: "*This thing will literally blow your socks off*!" For a moment, Donna felt as if she were Eve in the garden, being tempted by the serpent...Rebuking herself once more for having purchased that 'thing' to begin with, Donna couldn't help but feel frustration building as a continual curiosity nagged away at her, coupled with the onset of an annoying, tingling sensation in between her long, shapely legs. Desperate to quell the growing heat in her loins, she began to squirm about in the driver's seat as the traffic

light turned green, relieved that it wouldn't be long now before she arrived home.

Focusing her attention back onto the road, Donna finally relented with a heavy sigh, "Well...maybe before I throw it away...I should at least try it once...just to see what all the fuss is about." She then rationalized her argument, "After all...I did pay good money for it." On top of all this, Donna recalled seeing several signs back at *Aphrodite's* stating: "**NO CASH REFUNDS!**" so the prospect of her getting her money back was likely out of the question.

Knowing her husband would most likely be home at this time of day, Donna weighed her limited options as she neared the outskirts of Dunwoody. Tapping her manicured fingers on the steering wheel for a few seconds, a slight smile crept onto her beautiful face as she noticed a familiar billboard on the roadside and a sudden idea came to mind. "*That just might work*!" she whispered to herself, flicking down her turn signal before pulling up to the next intersection. Therefore, as if on a whim, in lieu of taking her usual right turn route to head back home, Donna took the left one instead and headed in the opposite direction through town.

About ten minutes later, Donna steered her white Buick into Grace Baptist Church's spacious parking lot. Relieved to see no evidence of anyone else in the vicinity, she

drove around and parked her vehicle at the very back of the complex. With her purse and the *Aphrodite's* bag in hand, Donna got out of her SUV and quickly dashed to the rear section of the main church. She then used her personal key to enter the private entrance into the missionary's quarters.

The missionary's quarters were basically a one-bedroom, fully furnished apartment attached to the church's rectory and offices behind the main building. The unassuming spaces had been added during major renovations a few years after David Miller became pastor, though most of his congregation was unaware of its existence and purpose. The quarters' primary use was for housing visiting missionaries who were financially supported by the church and over the years it had served its function well. However, on this particular late afternoon, the preacher's wife had another, not so virtuous, intention for the cozy and otherwise vacant abode.

Once inside the bedroom, Donna sat down on the queen-sized bed and began to quickly unpack the '*Black Magic*' dildo. After attaching its quick charger to the unit, she plugged it into a nearby wall outlet and placed the imitation phallus on the nightstand. She then muttered to herself, "*Okay...10 minutes and we're in business*."

Along with her nervous anticipation, Donna began to feel a bit jittery...as if sensing someone else was there. Hoping

to calm her nerves and kill the time, she pulled out her cell phone and called her house number, praying that David would answer. Once she heard her loving husband's voice on the other end answering her silent prayer, she sighed with relief and said, "Hi, honey!" Standing up from the mattress, Donna then began pacing impatiently around the quarters like a caged animal as she spoke with David on the phone.

Donna proceeded to explain in great detail to her husband that the reason she'd be late in getting home that evening was due to a severe 'auto accident' on the interstate. As she elaborated that the 'traffic' she was stuck in was still backed up for miles, Donna occasionally peeked out the window to ensure that no other cars had arrived. Since it was a Friday afternoon, she knew there was little to no chance of anyone stopping by the church. Still, Donna couldn't seem to shake the eerie feeling that she was not alone. The apprehensive housewife eventually chalked it up to simple nerves and the fact that she was about to commit a horrible sin (and one much worse than the lie she was currently telling her husband) inside the church where David preached every Sunday.

Glancing down at the nightstand, Donna noticed that the 'charged' indicator light had finally changed from red to green. "Umm...sweetheart...?" she interrupted her husband, who was giving her a dry synopsis of the

sermon he had planned for Sunday morning. "Traffic's starting to move again, so I'm gonna hang up now and concentrate on driving."

"*That's a very smart idea, honey...how long do you think before you'll get home?*" David replied on the other end of the line.

Kicking off her high heels, Donna looked at the alarm clock on the far side of the nightstand. "Ohh...I'd say give me an hour or so, just to be safe. Hopefully, I won't take that long once I get off...get off I-85, I mean!"

David chuckled on the other end, "*Well...take all the time you need. I'll be here when you get home.*"

As Donna began unfastening the buttons to the front of her cotton dress, a sudden wave of guilt washed over her. Her 'helping' Jacob was, as she saw it, a necessary evil to ensure that her daughter Sara remained pure and unspoiled. In her mind, Donna felt it was a needed sacrifice of her dignity and loyalty to her husband. However, as she continued to unbutton her conservative church lady garments, Donna realized there was absolutely no justification for what she was about to do. The act she was getting ready to commit was entirely intended solely to satisfy her sinful curiosity and carnal arousal tormenting her. Yet, despite knowing that what she was about to do was a weak surrender to the sins of

the flesh, her slender fingers still continued loosening the fasteners holding her dress together.

With the phone still in 'speaker mode', Donna stood in front of the full-length mirror. Her simple dress was now fully unbuttoned, exposing the not-so-conservative Victoria's Secret turquoise blue bra and panty set underneath. Slithering the cotton garment from her shoulders, she heard David ask, "*Oh...before you hang up...I hear that the new Italian restaurant in town's finally opened...how about we go there for dinner tonight?*"

As Donna carefully draped her dress along the foot of the bed, she replied flatly, "That sounds great, dear." Turning her gaze back to the mirror, she examined the figure now staring back at her, adorned only in skimpy lingerie, and nude-colored, thigh-high stockings. Even after having had three kids, the middle-aged former model still possessed a body which most 25-year-olds would kill to have. On any other occasion Donna would've allowed herself a rare moment of vanity and pride in admiring her own physique. However, as she caught sight of the gold cross pendant hanging around her neck, the only thing she felt now was a sense of profound guilt and self-loathing.

Donna's attention turned back to the nightstand and the onyx-black abomination waiting to defile her. Disgusted with herself as she was, she couldn't deny the strange excitement and perverse curiosity she felt in anticipation

of sampling a little '*Black Magic*' of her own...just one time.

Quietly padding on her bare feet towards the nightstand, Donna finally said to David, "Sweetheart...the traffic's starting to speed up, so I think it's best I hang up now."

"*Okay honey...see you when you get home...drive safe...I love you*!" David replied.

"Love you too..." Donna responded softly, ending their call and picking up the now fully charged dildo from the nightstand. After setting her cell phone down on the side table, she unplugged the charging cord from the unit and dropped the fake penis onto the bed.

Standing half-naked in the middle of the missionary's quarters, Donna once again felt the nagging feeling that she was not alone. Ignoring her unease, she muttered to herself, "*Donna...you're being silly...there's NO one here. Just do this one little deed and go home to your husband*!" The anxious housewife then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her satin, bikini-cut panties and pulled them down off her shapely hips, tossing the skimpy garment haphazardly in the general direction of her discarded cotton dress.

Moments later, the loving housewife lay on the queen-sized bed wearing only her turquoise blue push-up bra and thigh-high stockings, with her head resting on two

pillows. She spent the next few minutes fumbling with the dildo and getting accustomed to its various settings whilst at the same time marveling at its size. Somehow, the intimidating phallus seemed even bigger than what she remembered seeing at the store.

Unbeknownst to many, during the more sinful period of her modeling career, Donna had experimented in all sorts of crazy things. She'd done recreational drugs, anal, threesomes, and even had some lesbian dalliances, which sometimes ended up with her pussy getting stuffed by another woman wearing a strap-on. However, in all her previous life of decadent debauchery, she'd never once (for some reason or another) used a dildo on herself.

Despite her lack of experience, the former party girl quickly familiarized herself with the workings of the mechanical cock. Donna decided to start off with just low heat and slight vibration...figuring she could work her way up to experiencing the 'thrusting mode' afterwards. With her heels now dug into the soft yellow comforter, Donna splayed open her long legs and said to her soon-to-be silicone lover, "Okay, '*Black Magic*'...let's see what all the fuss is about...and if you're worth all the money I forked over for you! "

Whilst awkwardly glancing over her bra-encased boobs, Donna placed the bulbous tip of the vibrating phallus at the entrance of her wet and waiting vagina. As its

pulsating, mushroom-shaped tip penetrated the tight opening of her married pussy, the preacher's wife gasped aloud and threw her head back onto the soft pillows.

Gradually allowing her body time to adjust, Donna stared mindlessly up at the ceiling, with its acoustic dampening, 'popcorn' style bumpy texture. Apart from her labored breathing and the gentle hum of the ridiculously sized sex toy, the bedroom was deathly quiet. Soon, old and forgotten memories of her past life of lewdness and debauchery began to replay in Donna's mind. The fact that she, now a respected pastor's wife, was about to rekindle old habits and literally fuck herself silly in the Lord's house brought on a sense of depraved arousal which Donna hadn't felt in over 20 years. As the warmth and gentle vibrations of '*Black Magic*' began to spread pleasant sensations throughout her core, Donna's plump, juicy lips curled into a wicked smile. With a slight sneer, she whispered, "*Well...maybe you ARE worth it*!"

"Oh yes! Oh *Yes*!! Oh *YESSSS*!!!" Donna chanted, as her second orgasm of the evening crept closer and closer. After quickly achieving her first climax with her newly purchased obsidian-colored toy, she gave into her tantalized curiosity and revved up its vibration settings, incorporating the thrusting function for round two. Once accustomed, she couldn't help but agree with

Brittany...that feature *definitely* turned out to be really nice!

"Oh God! Oh *YESSSS*!!" Donna's choir voice reverberated throughout the small quarters as her nearly naked, sweat-sheened body writhed about on the bed. Her left hand gripped tightly onto the headboard behind her, whilst her right one held her store-bought lover in place as it thrust in and out of her now gushing, wet sex.

With her nimble fingers, Donna dialed up the thrusting speed another notch, and the dildo began moving faster. "*Oh YESSSS!!*" she cried out. Raising her head off the pillow, she once again peered over the twin peaks of her pillowy breasts jiggling inside the cups of her turquoise satin bra. While gazing at the solid black phallus sticking out from between her splayed open legs, she whispered in a quivering voice, "*O-okay...let's see...what you can REALLY do!*"

Deciding to go for broke, the desperate housewife ratcheted up the speed one final notch. "*Aaaaahhhhhh*!!!" Donna instantly exclaimed. The intense sensory onrush caused her to let go of the dildo and grab a hold of the headboard with both of her hands. As the orgasmic onslaught built up to a glorious crescendo, Donna snapped her head into the pillows and arched her back off the bed. With her eyes tightly shut,

she grunted through gritted teeth, "Oh, you *are*!! You are...*SO worth it*!!!!"

Donna's eyes suddenly popped open. Her hips flew off the mattress, and her beautiful mouth gaped open in a silent scream as her body locked up in ecstasy. "FUCK...*MEEEEE*!!!" the pious housewife squealed out to the relentlessly thrusting onyx phallus once she found her voice. Her climaxing pussy spasmed to the point that it ejected the dildo from its clutches, causing the vibrating penis to plop down onto the bed between her legs.

"Oh my...oh my...*GAWWWWWWD*!!" Donna screamed breathlessly, as she fell back onto the bed. For the next few moments, she lay still, staring up at the ceiling and working hard to regain control of her breathing while at the same time trying to comprehend what in the heavens had just happened. Peering over her heaving chest, she then noticed the constant humming and vibrating of the dislodged dildo as it thrummed on the comforter in between her shapely thighs.

Reaching between her legs, Donna grabbed the still-pulsating phallus with her right hand. After powering it down, she sat up to examine more closely the wicked piece of hardware which had quite literally just 'blown her socks off'. Suddenly, her body twitched from an aftershock as she gazed upon the incredible sex toy, running her fingers almost lovingly along the undulating

ridges of its veiny shaft which now glistened with a generous coating of her lovely lady juices.

Almost without thinking, Donna brought the dildo to her mouth and lapped her pink tongue all along the entire length of the silicone penis. She swirled the tangy-sweet girl cream around in her mouth before finally swallowing. A moan escaped her throat as she wrapped her lips around the tip of the shiny black beast and sucked off more of her own tasty female secretions.

Donna leaned back against the headboard, still moaning as she licked the lingering remnants of her feminine essence off her lips. "Well..." she said matter-of-factly to the dildo she held with her slender fingers. "Maybe I shouldn't be so hasty to get rid of you so quickly. After all, I'm sure I could find *somewhere* in the house to safely hide you away...at least for a little while." A knowing smile crept onto her face, "Besides...I have quite a history of keeping dirty, little secrets." Little did Donna know however, but someone else had already become privy to this particular dirty, little secret of hers.

When Donna had arrived at the church late that afternoon, she'd driven her usual route through the front parking lot gates to the back of the main building. There, she was able to discreetly access the missionary's quarters through the rectory's outside entrance. If she had just gone the other way around the complex though, she would have

easily noticed John Rayford's beat-up Ford Ranger pickup truck parked by the maintenance gate.

Normally, the church custodian wouldn't have been working on a Friday, but today Mr. Rayford decided to make an exception. He'd been intending to replace some burnt-out light bulbs in the church sanctuary for some time, but hadn't gotten around to doing it until now. Higher priority items on his bucket list of projects and chores had always seemed to take precedence for the humble handyman. Determined to take care of the long-neglected task before the following Sunday's morning service, he decided to make the short drive from his trailer home in nearby Norcross to Grace Baptist that afternoon.

After finally completing his task, John gathered up the step ladder and other tools he'd used to take back to the maintenance room. As he made his way toward the lower level of the main building, his path took him right by the inside entrance to the missionary's quarters. The introverted custodian stopped when he heard a faint voice from the other side of the door to the small apartment.

Confused as to why anyone would be in the missionary's quarters on an early Friday evening, John set his supplies down on the floor and carefully leaned the ladder up against the wall. Concerned that someone might've, in fact, broken into the rectory offices, Mr. Rayford then used his key to unlock and slowly open the door. As soon

as he stepped into the living room/kitchen area of the apartment, he could easily discern the voice of his boss, Mrs. Miller, talking on her cellphone in the bedroom.

John walked over to the bedroom door, which just happened to be slightly ajar, and raised his fist to knock and announce his presence to Mrs. Miller. However, his hand froze in place and his eyes widened in shock once he caught sight of the pastor's wife through the crack created by the partially opened door.

Donna stood in front of the full-length mirror, talking on speakerphone to her husband with her dress fully unbuttoned. John watched with fascination as Mrs. Miller then took off her garment, leaving her in nothing but her sexy bra and panty set. The backwards recluse had often fantasized about many of the pretty wives in the church, and his gorgeous former model boss was at the top of his list.

At first, Mr. Rayford was disappointed when Donna turned and walked back towards the bed out of his immediate range of sight. However, his spirits quickly lifted when he noticed the full-length mirror was angled just right, giving him an unobstructed view of the rest of the room behind the door, including the entire bed.

John felt his pulse begin to race when the preacher's wife hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her skimpy

panties and slid the silky turquoise garment off her curvy hips. The old custodian reached down and grabbed his stirring cock through his dingy overalls as the self-righteous Mrs. Miller bent over to pick up her underwear, unknowingly giving her perverted voyeur a perfect view of her spectacularly curved, moon-shaped ass.

Soon, Mr. Rayford began to feel nervous about spying on his employer and thought perhaps he should leave before getting caught. However, when he saw the mostly naked Mrs. Miller lying on the bed, preparing to violate herself with a big black dildo, he didn't budge. It was as if his feet were cemented to the floor, knowing he was about to witness a fantasy of his finally coming true...

Donna glanced over at the alarm clock on the nightstand and noticed it was getting late. Still feeling the high from her two mind-scrambling orgasms, she slid the fingers of her right hand along the tender folds of her tingling vagina. Looking at her slender digits glistening with her female essence, she stated to her new friend with disappointment, "Wish we had time for another round, but...I should really take a quick shower before I go home." The loving wife knew she couldn't in good conscience return home to her husband with her body reeking of sweat and silicone sex.

Setting the dildo down on the bed beside her, Donna then removed her thigh-high stockings and tossed them toward

her dress at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Miller then got up and deftly removed her satiny turquoise bra, unwittingly exposing her perfect C-cup breasts to her lecherous spying employee. She then dropped the last piece of her clothing onto the pile with the rest of her outfit.

Donna walked into the bathroom and started the shower. As she waited for the water to warm up, she closely studied her reflection in the mirror to gauge the condition of her hair and makeup. Deciding it would need very little touching up, she figured to save time she could get away with only showering from her shoulders down.

With her aroused body still longing for one final round with her new sex toy, Donna was about to step into the now steaming hot shower when she suddenly remembered something. The naked wife quickly walked back into the bedroom and snatched the dildo off the bed. With a bemused grin, she said happily, "I just remembered... you're *waterproof*..." As she turned and walked back into the bathroom, she continued, "Which means...you're coming with me!" She giggled and added, "Well...at least *I'll* be cumming!!"

Moments later, Donna's sweet voice rang from the steamy bathroom and throughout the small apartment. Little did she know, but her audience of one Mr. Rayford was hiding just out of sight behind the bedroom door, enjoying

her exulting performance to the heavens caused by the arrival of her third, toe-curling orgasm...

♫ ♪ *When we've been there ten thousand years,* ♪ ♫

♫ ♪ *Bright shining as the sun...* ♪ ♫

Back to several weeks later at Grace Baptist's Sunday morning service, and Donna was nearing the conclusion of another performance...namely, taking the lead in singing the words to her favorite hymn. Her wandering thoughts as she sang were suddenly interrupted by the glaring sight of Jacob sitting in the front pews beside her precious daughter Sara. At once, memories from that day in her office and her momentary lapse into weakness brought on more waves of guilt and self-loathing in the conflicted preacher's wife.

Noticing Sara's hand slowly reaching over to grab Jacob's, another emotion came bubbling up to the surface: fear. Donna watched as the two teenagers leaned in and whispered to one another, causing Sara's lips to curl up into a smile. It was clearly evident that things between the young lovebirds were escalating, which meant the chances of Sara being tempted and disaster striking were also increasing. The dutiful mother knew she simply couldn't allow that to happen.

Donna knew then and there that in order to protect her daughter, she would have to honor the sinful pact which

she'd voluntarily entered into with Jacob. However, she promised herself to henceforth limit her 'help' to only using her hands and mouth as per the original agreement. Intercourse was strictly off-limits, along with taking off her clothes for that matter. The married mother reminded herself that her agreement with Jacob was in no way intended for her pleasure...it was instead a sacrifice which she endured solely to preserve her daughter's virtue and innocence.

♫ ♪ *We've no less days to sing God's praise,* ♪ ♫

♫ ♪ *Than when we've first begun!* ♪ ♫ ♪ ♫

After Donna and her backing choir's voices faded out the final notes of their opening hymn, David Miller walked over and took his place at the lectern behind the pulpit. As the jovial pastor commenced with his usual morning greetings and weekly church announcements, Donna paid no attention to her husband's words...her gaze remained laser-focused on Jacob. Suddenly, in her right ear, Donna heard a soft, shrill whisper, "*I know what you're thinking!*"

Startled, Donna jerked her head around to find herself face-to-face with Jacob's beautiful mother, Karen Mitchell, standing right beside her. The former model's eyes inadvertently drifted southward, glancing at her friend's immodestly exposed cleavage. Donna was

somewhat surprised by Karen's daring choice of attire that Sunday morning. It was a bit more *risqué* than what the conservative Mrs. Mitchell would typically wear to church. She wondered if maybe she had borrowed the outfit from her more adventurous younger sister, Dr. Brenda Sullivan.

Looking into Karen's warm hazel eyes, Donna replied in a hushed voice, "*Ex-excuse me*?"

Karen leaned in closer to her friend, "*I saw you looking...don't deny it*!"

Now even more flustered that she'd been caught staring at the teenaged boy by his own mother, Donna stammered, "*Oh...well...ummm...*"

"*Don't worry...*" Karen continued, "*In fact, I've been having the exact same thoughts.*"

Donna's icy blue eyes widened in shock. Surely, she misunderstood her friend's comments...or at least she hoped she did. After all, this was her own son she was talking about. With a scrunched face, the preacher's wife replied in horror, "*You...you have*??"

"*Mm-hmm...*" Karen nodded cheerfully in response. She then nodded in the direction of Jacob and Sara and added with a smile, "*Our kids make a really cute couple*!"

"*Ohhh*!!" Donna realized, somewhat relieved. Glancing back at the young pair, she found them still holding hands and whispering to one another. Despite concurring with Karen that their teens did indeed look cute together, the 'helicopter mom' was already planning on having a serious discussion with Sara later. Her daughter obviously needed a stern reminder that unmarried couples displaying any sort of public affection, especially that of holding hands while in church, was highly inappropriate.

Donna turned back to Karen with a smile, "*Yes...I completely agree with you.*" She then took one last glance over at the teenagers and added, "*David and I have been thrilled that things have turned out so well between them. Jacob's grown into such a fine young gentleman.*"

Karen couldn't help but swell with pride hearing such a validating compliment about her 'Snuggle Bear' coming from her own pastor's wife. The proud 'Mama Bear' replied, "*Rob and I feel the same way...*" Karen continued, "*Sara's quite a delight as well and is such a perfect match for our boy. It's obvious she's been raised properly by her parents. Oh, by the way...thank you so much for allowing her to spend Halloween with us...I'm just sorry that you and Pastor Dave couldn't make it.*"

"*Thank you again for inviting her,*" Donna replied. "*Our regrets that we couldn't make it too, but David's uncle just hasn't been doing well lately, and we needed to go visit*

him up in Buckhead. From what Sara's told me though, she had a wonderful time last night with your family. In fact, she can't *wait to try making your mother's holiday punch recipe that you gave her.*"

"*Oh, that's nothing...*" Karen said, waving her hand. "*And just so you know... she's welcome back any time. In fact, I was hoping you might be persuaded to let her come over again today...after church.*"

"*Today?*" Donna asked, slightly perturbed.

"*Yes...*" Karen replied. "*Since we've been blessed with such beautiful weather lately, Rob wanted to have one last cookout.*" Chuckling, she added, "*You know these men and their fascination with their grills*!"

"*Oh yes...I know it very well.*" Donna rolled her eyes, admitting to her own husband's obsessive passion for outdoor grilling. A bit of concern began to swell inside the preacher's wife. She began to worry about Jacob and Sara spending more time together and the increased chances of something happening. "*Who all's going to be there?*"

"*Just the family...*" Karen replied casually. "*My sister Brenda and her family unfortunately can't make it...her little boy apparently had a bit too many sweets last night, which explains why they aren't at church this morning. But my father will be there...and I think Rachel and Scott*

are planning to come over, too. It's nothing too fancy...the plan's to just hang out by the pool and eat a bunch of hamburgers and hot dogs...maybe roll out a TV and put on the Falcons-Panthers game later, but that's mainly for Rob and the guys."

Without trying to show too much concern, Donna asked, "*Are you sure? I mean...I wouldn't want Sara to overstay her welcome.*"

Karen shook her head and again waved her hand, "*Nonsense...that could never happen!*"

Donna mulled over Karen's cordial offer for a few seconds. She was still concerned about Sara spending more and more time with Jacob. However, she felt relieved that the teenagers would not be alone. Plus, knowing that her good friend Karen would be there as a chaperone gave her an even greater sense of comfort. "*Are you sure*?" Donna whispered.

Karen smiled, "*Yes, I'm sure...in fact, I insist*!!"

With a sigh, Donna relented, "*Okay...if you insist.*" She then added, "*Besides, David and I do need to go back up to Buckhead this afternoon and check in on his uncle again.*"

"*Don't worry...*" Karen replied, opening her hymnal as the choir director, Mr. Crenshaw, returned to the raised

conductor's dais. "*I'll make sure she gets home safe and sound.*" As Mrs. Caldwell, the church pianist, began playing the opening chords to the next hymn, '*Til the Storm Passes By*', Karen looked forward towards the pews and locked eyes with Jacob, giving her son a quick nod and knowing wink...

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After the call to worship and song of praise service had ended, Donna walked towards the Sunday school classroom where she taught the intermediate class (usually kids between 11 and 14 years of age). As she made her way through the mingling congregation towards the church courtyard, Donna spotted Jacob and Sara walking together. With relief, she was glad to see the two weren't holding hands this time around, nor blatantly displaying their public affection in plain sight for all to see.

"Hey, Mom!" Sara greeted her mother, with her customary sweet smile. "Mrs. Mitchell just told us that you said it'd be okay if I went home with them after church today."

"Yes, I did..." Donna responded, with a smile of her own. "Though before you go, you might want to stop by the house first and change out of that Sunday dress."

"Or..." Sara quickly responded, seemingly ready with a reply, "I could just take my overnight bag, that's in the back of the Buick."

Donna furrowed her brow, "You've already got a change of clothes in the car?" Instantly, she became very suspicious that this supposedly innocent plan might not have been Karen's sole idea after all, and that perhaps she was being played. "Why on earth would that be?"

Sara answered confidently, "Because Mom, remember? I was supposed to sleep over at Becky's house last weekend, but it fell through because she came down with the flu. To be honest, I forgot the bag's been there all this time and I just never took it out. The good thing is, I have a full change of clothes in there and we won't have to go back all the way across town. That would save us an extra drive and a lot of time, wouldn't you agree?" What the sneaky teenager neglected to mention was that she'd gone out to her mother's SUV earlier that morning and had slipped a two-piece bathing suit into the aforementioned overnight bag.

"Yes, I agree..." Donna replied flatly. Arching an eyebrow as she glanced at Jacob, she added, "Quite convenient, I should also say." With a feigned look of dismay, the suspicious mother then looked around and commented, "Oh my goodness! It appears I've left my Bible back in the choir area." Forcing a smile, she turned to her

daughter and said, "Sara, would you be a dear and go fetch it for me?"

"Sure thing, Mom, no problem!!" Sara replied happily, as she began walking down the hallway back towards the main building.

"Sweetie, most likely, I left it on the podium!!" Donna called out after Sara, her voice carrying a hint of urgency. Once her daughter was out of earshot, Donna turned her attention to Jacob. Her icy blue eyes bore into him and her voice was now stern and commanding, "We need to talk, young man!"

With a goofy smile, Jacob replied, "Sure, Mrs. Miller...I'm all ears!"

"*Are you nuts*?? *Not here*!!" Donna responded, in a sharp whisper. The preacher's wife became quiet, as a couple of church members passed by. Once it was safe, she continued, "*It needs to be somewhere more discrete and private, since the subject is of a...delicate nature."*

Keeping his voice low, Jacob replied, "*Okay...well, just tell me when and where, and I'll be there."*

Donna looked back down the hallway and noticed Sara walking towards them carrying her Bible. "*As soon as David begins his main sermon...excuse yourself and meet me at the pastor's office in the rectory*."

"*Pastor's office? What do I tell Sara?*" Jacob inquired, his curiosity piqued.

Before Sara got too close to hear, Donna quickly responded, "*I don't know! Tell her you need to use the restroom, or something...I really don't care. Just be there and make sure NO ONE follows you!*"

"Thank you, sweetheart!" Donna said to Sara, as she took her Bible from her daughter's hands.

"You're welcome, mom!" Sara then asked, with mock suspicion, "So...what were y'all conspiring about while I was gone? I could see you two whispering about something from down the hallway."

Jacob froze, but luckily, Donna was quick on her feet with a reply. "Well...I told Jake here that since we're all still on break, you can go and transfer your overnight bag from our car to Mrs. Mitchell's, if you'd like."

Sara's face lit up, "Oh, that's a great idea...thanks, mom!" Turning to Jacob, she then grasped his hand and added, "C'mon Jake! We still have a few more minutes before the worship service starts back up."

"Oh, before you go..." Donna began, ignoring their momentary handholding, "Your father and I will most likely be late in returning from Buckhead this evening, so

I expect you to be home by curfew, young lady. It *is* a school night, after all."

"Yes, ma'am!" Sara replied.

"Okay...you kids have fun later." Donna commented. As the teenagers turned to leave, the concerned mother caught Jacob's eye. With a slight, admonishing gesture of her head, Donna reminded him about their upcoming liaison.

Jacob acknowledged her with a quick nod.

Later, after the choir members had finished the latest hymn during the service, they all left the choir box to return to their respective seats in the pews. Meanwhile a few minutes earlier, Donna had come back from teaching the intermediate class and now took the opportunity to put her plan into motion. Jacob watched as Mrs. Miller approached David during the intermission and whispered something in his ear. After a quick exchange with her husband, Donna walked off the raised dais and disappeared through an arched passageway leading to the back of the church.

As Mrs. Miller instructed, Jacob waited a few moments until Pastor Miller took his place behind the pulpit and began to address his congregation. Leaning over, Jacob then whispered to Sara, "*Hey, I'll be back...I gotta go use the restroom*."

Turning to Jacob, Sara smiled and softly replied, "*Okay...hurry back*!" She then turned her attention back to her father, who, like every Sunday, began his sermon with a humorous anecdote relating to the theme of the message he was about to deliver.

Jacob eventually made his way to the church's rectory and walked to the end of a quiet, deserted hallway. At first, he wasn't sure if he'd gone to the right place since he seldom came to these spaces at church. He was about to raise his hand to knock on a nondescript door he assumed to be the pastor's hideaway office (but was in fact the missionary quarters). Before his knuckles contacted, however, out swung the doors of the room a few yards down the hall and there stood Mrs. Miller.

Donna stuck her head out the doorway and looked back down the hall. With her voice lowered, she asked, "*Did anyone follow you?*"

"*No, ma'am*!" Jacob whispered his response, tentatively approaching her whilst shaking his head.

Mrs. Miller put her hand on Jacob's shoulder and gently pulled him into the office, saying, "*Okay...get in here!*" After closing and locking the door, Donna motioned for the teenager to sit on a brown leather couch against the nearby wall.

Plopping onto the plush, squeaky cushions, Jacob watched as Donna walked over to her husband's large, mahogany, leather-trimmed desk. He found the gentle sway of her feminine, curvy hips nestled inside of her form-fitting tweed dress to be alluringly hypnotic. Still in a hushed voice, he asked, "*So uh...Mrs. Miller...what did you wanna talk about?*"

Donna chuckled, "No need to whisper in here, young man...this office is soundproofed."

"Really?" Jacob replied, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, really..." Donna responded, as she leaned back against the desk. "Years ago, when we added this wing onto the main building, David thought it best to have this room specially constructed." Seeing a look of confusion on the teenager's face, she continued, "You see, Jacob...the pastor of a church has to function many times as a counselor to the members of his congregation, and is therefore privy to all sorts of sensitive information."

Donna stood up straight and walked around behind the desk. "Your Mother can vouch for me on this, but unfortunately our congregation, just like any other church out there, has its fair share of nosy busybodies who love to eavesdrop on everything and share ill-gained information through idle gossip. This room, however, permits Pastor Dave to provide counsel in strict

confidence to those in need, without fear of anyone *overhearing* any conversations occurring in here."

Jacob shrugged, "I guess that makes a lot of sense."

Donna then flipped a switch to a speaker built into the wall behind the desk. Suddenly, her husband's voice rang loud and clear as she turned a knob on the apparatus to adjust its volume. David was now well into giving his sermon, '*The Perfect Blood of Christ*'. Donna then explained, "I need to keep tabs on Pastor Dave's progress so I can make sure to get back out there before the closing prayer and hymn."

"Wow, that's pretty cool!" Jacob commented.

Donna turned back to Jacob. "Another of David's ideas. He had it installed during the renovation. Its main purpose was to help me settle down our boys when they were still toddlers. They used to be a little on the rambunctious side, so whenever they acted up, I would bring them back here and nurse them to sleep so as not to disturb the rest of the congregation, yet still allow me to enjoy the good pastor's sermons."

Jacob nodded, "I gotta say that was good thinking on his part. By the way, the sound quality's great!"

Donna walked back over and sat down on the couch beside Jacob. "There's one just like it installed in the

'mother's lounge', but you probably didn't notice it while you were in there during the rummage sale." The beautiful blonde narrowed her icy blue eyes, "Because as I seem to recall, you had your... '*hands full*' with something else that day...*hmmm*?"

Jacob chuckled nervously, then for a few seconds neither of them spoke. The only sound in the office was David's powerful, booming voice as he preached the message to his congregation in his refined Southern drawl: "*The outside world has this misconception that we Christians think we're perfect. Well, let me tell you something— I know that I'm not perfect!! Just like you, I fall short of the glory of God every single day, and I have to ask Him for his forgiveness. The blood that Christ shed on that cross more than 2,000 years ago...THAT'S what's perfect!! His sacrifice covers all of our sins— past and future. No, my friends, we Christians are not perfect. Just...forgiven.*"

Donna always loved to hear her pastor husband's positive and uplifting messages. His preaching style was a bit more modern and laid back, unlike that of his predecessor (Karen and Brenda's grandfather), Jacob Dean, who was more of an old-fashioned, 'fire and brimstone', Bible-thumping type of preacher. However, David Miller wasn't shy about using the proverbial 'gospel gun' if he saw fit.

"So, uh...Mrs. Miller," the namesake of David's predecessor asked softly, "You said we needed to talk about something?"

Donna turned to Jacob, her icy blue eyes slightly tearing up. "Yes, Jacob. Before I allow Sara to go home with you and your family after church today, I need to ensure that you're still going to abide by our agreement."

Jacob nodded, "Yes, ma'am...*100%*!"

Donna furrowed her brow, "So, my daughter's still unaware of your..." She quickly glanced down at the teenager's crotch and added, "...condition?" Suddenly, and unwillingly, her thoughts once again drifted back to that salacious afternoon of adulterous sin in her home office.

Jacob nodded again, "Yes...totally! I can assure you...she has no knowledge whatsoever." He conveniently omitted the fact that Sara had picked up on his scent during their make-out session the night before in Rachel's pool house, even though her daughter had shown no signs of having been affected by his pheromones.

Donna's face softened. "Well, I must say...it seems you're doing a fine job of keeping up your end of the deal." Even though her mind was still greatly conflicted, Donna couldn't help but feel a sudden desire to uphold her 'end of the deal' as well.

Jacob smiled, "I told you I would, Mrs. Miller. I'm a firm believer in keeping one's promises. In fact, I relieved myself twice yesterday before we picked Sara up for the party...just to be safe." The teenager began wondering how shocked the preacher's wife would be if she was divulged of the full details of how he'd 'relieved' himself the day before. Namely, once with the help of his insanely hot Aunt's sultry mouth and then with her hot, forbidden married pussy.

"I have to agree..." Donna commented. "So far, you've proven yourself to be quite...honorable." Glancing once more at Jacob's crotch with perverse curiosity, the intrigued preacher's wife looked for any signs of life or movement inside his khaki pants. Feeling a slight flutter in her stomach, Donna asked softly, "But have you... 'relieved' yourself today?" She then looked him in the eyes and added bashfully, "To be safe, I mean."

Jacob shrugged and said, "To be honest with you, Mrs. Miller, I've been with my Mom pretty much the entire morning since I woke up." In this instance, he decided to use the logic of Obi-Won Kenobi: he decided to tell her the truth— from 'a certain point of view'. Conveniently though, that 'truth' omitted the fact that he'd spent a significant portion of that morning with his Mother in his bed. He purposely left out the details of how he'd been in between Karen's long silky legs, pounding her mercilessly

into his mattress before dumping a huge morning load of his thick, teenaged spunk deep into her sweet and unprotected Mommy pussy. Even now, Jacob thought, his Mom was probably sitting in church with his fresh 'nut' still inside her...right next to his clueless dad!

Donna took a deep breath, "Jake...it's gonna be very dangerous for Sara to be with you for most of the day—especially if you haven't 'relieved' yourself. I must say...this is a cause for great concern."

Sensing that his day with Sara was now in potential jeopardy, Jacob panicked slightly, "Mrs. Miller, don't worry...I'll think of something."

Standing up, Donna turned and looked down at Jacob, who was still seated on the couch. "Young man, I'm not gonna risk the preservation of my daughter's virtue and chastity based on you..." She then made air quotes with her fingers, "'*thinking of something*'." Stepping back over to the speaker, Donna reckoned where David was in his preaching. She recalled him saying the previous night how this particular morning's message would most likely run a bit longer than his standard sermon. For that, Donna was now somewhat grateful, but also regretful for what she was about to do.

Still wracked with guilt and conflict, Donna lowered the volume on the speaker to a level where it wasn't so

thunderously 'in your face' yet could still be discerned. Despite this, the sound of her innocent, loving husband's voice (who was completely oblivious to what his wife was up to) only intensified Donna's remorse, but she knew what had to be done. Turning back to Jacob, Donna sauntered over slowly to him and continued, "No, my boy...I'm afraid that's not good enough." She then stepped out of her high-heeled dress shoes and added, "Nowhere *near* good enough..."

Moments later, Jacob found himself reclined into the back cushions of the buttery soft brown leather couch, with his khaki pants pulled down around his ankles. He wore a goofy grin on his face whilst the pious preacher's wife he knew as Sara's mom knelt at his feet in her husband's private office, giving the teenager's aching knob a thorough spit polishing.

"Mmmmmm..." Donna moaned in delight, her beautiful mouth stuffed full of Jacob's unnaturally large cock, which was weeping more and more of his hormone-laced precum down her gullet. Now under the full influence of the teenager's wicked chemicals surging throughout her bloodstream, Donna sucked and stroked his viral beast as if her life depended on it. A good many strands of her platinum-blonde tresses had worked their way loose from her fashionable bun and now flounced haphazardly around her face in rhythm to her frantically bobbing head.

After several minutes of sinful past, nostalgia-inducing knob slobbering, Donna pulled her weary head back. Keeping both of her well-manicured hands grasped onto Jacob's mammoth tool, she began stroking the saliva-lubricated shaft at a frantic pace. Knowing that their time was limited, Donna was desperate to finish him off and rejoin the rest of the congregation before David finished his sermon or, worse yet, someone came looking for them. "Jake!" Donna pleaded desperately in exasperation, "You *need* to *hurry up*!!" The aroused wife then stuffed the teenager's throbbing monstrosity back into her aching mouth and continued with her sinful blowjob.

With all the ball-draining sex Jacob had enjoyed the day before with his Aunt Brenda, as well as with his Mother that same night in his sister's pool house, (not to mention the mind-blowing imaginary 'breeding' session that he and Karen had engaged in only a few hours earlier that morning), it was taking much longer for Jacob to 'pop' this time around. Still, he wanted nothing more than to plant his virile seed in his third MILF pussy of the past 24 hours. Especially when that pussy belonged to a former glamour model turned pious preacher's wife...who also just happened to be Sara's mom.

"Sorry Mrs. Miller..." Jacob groaned in mock agony. "Don't get me wrong...you're one helluva cocksucker!

'World-class' I'd say...but for some reason...it's just taking me...longer than usual...this morning."

Pulling back with an admonishing glare, Donna scolded, "Watch that language, young man! Remember, you're still in the Lord's house. I can't believe less than an hour ago, I was complimenting you to your mother on how much of a fine young gentleman you've grown into...perhaps I was mistaken!"

"My apologies, Mrs. Miller..." Jacob responded, groaning for real this time as Donna's dainty hands squeezed tightly with annoyance onto the base of his cock. "I didn't mean to get so carried away. But...if you really wanna speed things along...then I think we're gonna have to try something...else."

Donna quickly held up her right hand with her index finger extended, "Oh no...we are *NOT* doing *that* again! That was a one-time thing which we did, just to verify if this..." Returning her right hand along with her left onto Jacob's shaft, Donna wagged it almost in disgust and continued, "...*abomination* of yours would actually fit inside a woman's vagina." As the preacher's wife resumed with her hand job, she added, "And since we've already proven that it's possible...there's absolutely *NO* justification for us to do that ever again!" She then stuffed the head of the teenager's so-called 'abomination' back

into her mouth and recommenced with her 'world-class' cock sucking.

Even though there was no *justification,* Donna's aroused and dripping-wet cunt spoke otherwise and was now taunting her with its yearning and earnest need. The housewife would never admit it, but she ardently lusted for one more round with the teenager's so-called 'abomination'. As a small consolation, Donna decided that after church service ended, she would try and hurry home ahead of David in order to have a little private time of her own and 'relieve' herself with her '*Black Magic'* dildo before their day trip to Buckhead later.

After a few more minutes, Donna pulled back and used the back of her left hand to wipe the slimy goo of combined spit and precum from her luscious lips and chin. With a frustrated tone, she exclaimed in a barely minced curse, "Darn it, kid...you need to *hurry up*! We haven't got all day!"

Shrugging his shoulders and grinning smarmily, Jacob replied, "I'm *trying*, Mrs. Miller, but like I said...for some reason, it's just taking longer this morning. Now, if you're still willing to try something else...then I'm sure *that* would help!"

Donna turned her head and looked back at the built-in wall speaker. Even though the volume had been turned

down, the loyal pastor's wife could still recognize her unwitting husband's sermonizing voice as he continued preaching to his congregation. Despite her body aching for what the incorrigible teen was suggesting, Donna was desperate to remain faithful. "*I...I can't do THAT to him...again*." she whispered, her resolve slightly wavering.

Jacob tried to reason with her. "Don't worry, Mrs. Miller. Like you said...this room's soundproofed, and with the door locked...no one's ever gonna know."

Still staring at the speaker, Donna replied softly, "Maybe not...but *I* would know." She then turned her attention back to the unnaturally large penis throbbing in her hand. The loving wife bit her bottom lip as she dealt with the internal conflict thrumming in her mind. She could feel the gusset of her panties now soaked with her excitement, even as her husband's voice filtered through her struggle and provided an uncanny commentary to her secret tryst with Jacob:

"*When the serpent tempted Eve in the garden, and she gave in...partaking in that fruit of the knowledge of good and evil— THAT was when sin began! THAT was when we all fell short of God's glory and the seed of that first sin took root and came into the world...and folks, Adam was no better! He TOO gave in. Afterwards, they both realized what they'd done was wrong. Their 'eyes were*

opened' and they both now knew what was 'good and evil'. Like little children who've first done something wrong; or sadly, like our young teens who, these days, so easily lose their precious chasteness and virtue by satisfying the lusts of the flesh before marriage— Adam and Eve's innocence in God's creation, (and ours,) was gone...forever."

Sensing Donna's will faltering, Jacob decided to push a little further. "Besides...we never did get to finish that day in your home office."

With confusion, Donna looked up at Jacob and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Well..." Jacob responded. "As I recall, we were about to have a second go at it until we were interrupted. Pastor Miller had called to let you know that he and Sara would be arriving home earlier than originally expected that night. So, if you think about it logically...from a certain point of view...we'd only be continuing what we didn't get to finish last time."

"A 'certain point of view'?" Donna asked, mockingly. She then scoffed and shook her head, "Young man, with how easily you twist the truth...you might wanna think about becoming a lawyer!"

"So...is that a 'yes'?" Jacob asked, cautiously optimistic.

With a relenting sigh, Donna replied, "Fine...*yes*!" She then rose to her feet and added, "But, we need to hurry."

Seconds later, Donna was bent over her husband's large mahogany desk, her weight resting on her forearms and the skirt of her tweed pencil dress pulled up around her waist. The former model's black thong panties, down around her knees, were pulled taut by her slightly spread-open, long, shapely legs.

Jacob, now only wearing a blue button-down shirt and his black dress socks, stood behind the beautifully tall, platinum-blonde woman. With one hand resting on Donna's curvy hip and the other holding onto his massive cock, the importunate teenager inquired, "Mrs. Miller...could you maybe bend down just a little bit lower?"

With her skimpy underwear pulled tightly around her knees, Donna was unable to spread her feet any wider. Impatient to get things over with, she then squirmed her thighs together, allowing her panties to flutter down to her ankles, whereupon she flicked the tiny garment off with her left foot. The sexy black thong landed onto the couch next to Jacob's discarded pants and boxer shorts.

Jacob smiled as he watched Donna spread her long legs and proffered herself willingly, shimmying her flawless ass towards him while lowering herself into position. The

teenager stepped up to the bent-over pastor's wife and, with the tip of his cock, began searching for the opening to the married mother's tight, welcoming vagina.

Donna stared blankly down at various documents spread across the desk, then gasped once she felt the large helmet of Jacob's monster prick rake across her buzzing clit. Waves of guilt washed over her as she read the rough draft of David's upcoming Thanksgiving holiday sermon. A tear welled up in her eye as she read one of its opening lines:

"*Outside of my salvation, I'm most thankful to my Heavenly Father for blessing me with such a loving and faithful life partner...the mother of my three precious children. She is the very foundation of my world...my beautiful, incredible wife: Donna Russell Miller.*"

A tear rolled down Donna's cheek, landing on the page below her, as she muttered with her head hung low, her willingness to proceed seeming to falter. "*We— we shouldn't do this! It's so wrong...I...I love my husband!*" However, the guilt-ridden wife didn't budge. Instead, she found herself instinctively pushing her hips back to assist the teenager in finding the doorway to her spoken-for vagina. Taking another glance over at the wall speaker, Donna could just make out her husband's familiar voice as he continued with his sermon. Above the broadcasting piece of electronics was what she knew to be a portrait of

her family— something which she was now avoiding at all costs to look at and face, even if she wanted to. Dropping her head and closing her eyes, all Donna could do at that moment was to whisper plaintively, "*I'm so sorry*..."

Hearing Donna's guilty admission, Jacob reassured her again, "Don't worry about it, Mrs. Miller...no one's ever gonna know." He then placed his hands on her naked hips and stated, in a perverse repetition of her husband's recent message, "Besides, we Christians aren't perfect. Just...forgiven." Without warning, Jacob then thrusted unceremoniously forward, driving half the length of his unnatural mammoth of a cock deep into Donna's slick and waiting pussy.

Donna's head shot up, and her back immediately arched as Jacob penetrated her. The church lady's belly pressed into the desk's leather top— her hips heaving upward as if trying to raise even higher to accommodate Jacob's invading monster. Donna's mouth dropped open, and a loud, piercing yelp escaped her lips. "*Aaaahhhhhhh*!!!"

From there, Jacob took it slow, allowing Mrs. Miller's vagina time to adjust to his freakish girth. With each probing thrust, he would pull back and then gently slide another inch or so inside the lovely wife's quivering body, causing her to groan continuously from the painful pleasure of her willing violation.

Over the next few minutes, the teenager used this methodical method to eventually bury his entire length deep inside Donna's dripping-wet married pussy. Soon, he could feel her wetness coating his bloated ball sack as the creamy white ring of Donna's feminine juices that collected at the base of Jacob's cock overflowed in volume. Once his crotch had finally pressed snuggly up against Donna's pale, upturned buttocks, he leaned in and whispered huskily in her ear while grinding his hips, "*You got it all...Mrs. Miller*!"

"*Unnngggh*!!!..." Donna whined, biting her lip as the pulsating shaft of Jacob's cock mercilessly stretched out and resized her pussy. "It's just...so...*BIIIGGG*!!" she gasped, in amazement. With a sense of dread mingled with awe, the preacher's wife began to wonder if the teenager's 'abomination' had, in fact, grown in size since the last time they'd fornicated in her home office.

Noticing he was close enough, Jacob reached over and turned the volume up on the wall speaker. Suddenly, Pastor Miller's voice rang out louder in the soundproofed room. He was now in the heart of his sermon: "*Salvation is not achieved by good works...you need only to accept that Jesus Christ is the Son of God who died for your sins...*"

Donna quickly looked back over her shoulder, "What on earth do you think you're doing???"

Jacob answered innocently, "Just thought it's best we kept tabs on Pastor Miller and his progress. After all, you did say you needed to be back out there with the congregation before he finished his sermon. This way, we know exactly how much time we have to finish our...'*talk'*."

The mere sound of David's voice brought on a renewed sense of guilt and with it, a sobering effect to the cheating housewife. However, the momentary feeling proved oddly fleeting and was insufficient to make her stop, nor dislodge Jacob's cock from her tingling vagina. In a way, the teenager's explanation did seem to make some sense...it would, in fact, *help* to know how much time they had left. As she grudgingly agreed with Jacob's logic, she turned back to face the office door and mumbled, "*Fine*!!"

Giving her no time to further rebuke him or a chance to change her mind, Jacob tightened his grip on Donna's slender hips and immediately began long thrusting his cock, sawing it in and out of her syrupy, slippery love tunnel with plunging and plundering, full-bore strokes.

"*Ohhh*!..*Ohhh*!..*Ohhh*!" Donna yelped helplessly, each time the spongy tip of Jacob's fleshy spear tapped at the bottom of her vaginal canal. The pastor's office may have been soundproofed, but Mrs. Miller still felt the need to at least attempt to remain quiet and maintain some sense of decorum. The loving wife couldn't help but feel shame

from enjoying the teenager's chemically enhanced penis whilst listening to her husband preach the Holy Gospel.

Harder and harder, Jacob slammed his cock into Donna, his rhythm rock steady. His thrusting pelvis and hips were relentless, slapping noisily against the creamy flesh of Donna's flawless backside. With each earth-shuddering plunge of the teenager's cock, Mrs. Miller felt the wind knocked out of her lungs— as if her racking guilt was literally being pummeled out of her body and replaced with a raw, sensual need.

"*Oh*...Oh, *God*!! Oh...*God*!! Ohhh...*SSSHIT*!!" the pious church lady inadvertently cursed aloud. Somehow, the tip of Jacob's cock had contacted a patch of nerve endings which sent an electrical spark surging throughout her body. Deftly delving Donna with this new angle of entry, the teenager's 'sex probe' was able to explore new virginal territory...and go where no penis (natural or man-made) had ever gone before.

"Wow, Mrs. Miller...*ugh!*" Jacob grunted with a chuckle. "That's very unladylike language...*ugh!* Especially for the Lord's house...*ugh!* Don't you think?"

With a glare of disdain, Donna lashed her disheveled hair back and peered over her shoulder. Her icy blue eyes were filled with contempt, yet also a burning desire. "Shut up, you little bastard! Just *shut up*, and..." Turning her

head forwards, Donna then lowered herself down further onto her forearms, proffering her rear end openly now like some cheap, wanton harlot. Through clenched teeth, the usually refined pastor's wife practically growled, her voice thick with desperation and need, "*SSSSHUT UP*, *and*...*FUCK MEEEEEEE*!!"

Like a good and obedient son, Jacob strove to follow his parents' mandate that he ought always to be respectful and listen to his elders. Today would be no different. "*Yes*, *ma'am*!" the precocious teenager responded happily, as he now obliged the older, married, mother of three and pastor's wife's command.

"*OOhhhhh*!!!" Donna called out from the sudden burst of sensation, as Jacob intensified his attack on her dripping wet cunt. In a desperate attempt to steady herself, Mrs. Miller now rose with her palms flat on the desktop. Now utterly defeated, Donna hung her head in dismay with her chin almost touching her chest, as she braced herself for Jacob's oncoming, merciless onslaught.

Jacob's grasping fingers dug deeper into the smoothly pristine and pliable flesh of Donna's curvy hips whilst he fucked her with full, deliberate strokes. As he watched the creamy white skin of her rounded butt cheeks ripple with each collision of his pelvis onto her welcoming, upturned ass, the groaning teenager quipped, "Wow, Mrs. Miller...you feel...*really good*!!"

In her head, Donna had to agree...it did feel good...really, *really good*. However, her only reply was a series of repressed grunts and whining moans as she tried her best to remain quiet in a last-ditched effort to show 'respect' to her husband. Nevertheless, as the overgrown cock attached to the underdeveloped teenager now pounding her into submission pushed Donna closer and closer to an earth-shattering orgasm, a steady whisper of "*Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!!!*" began to spill forth from her beautiful, formerly-pious mouth.

Suddenly, Donna's eyes popped wide open, and she squealed, "Oh my God!! What *is that??*" Jacob had unexpectedly altered his angle of entry into Mrs. Miller's quivering quim, causing the tip of his plunging phallus to once more find that newly discovered area deep in her core. Her pleasure sensors immediately lit up like a Christmas tree.

As Jacob continued to pound away at that newfound special spot, all sense of decorum was quickly forgotten. Donna at last abandoned all pretense and began cursing openly, "Oh *Shit*!! Oh *Fuck*!! Oh my *Gawwwwwwwd*!!..."

Feeling Donna's body beginning to tremble, Jacob teased, "Mrs. Miller? Are you okay? Should I stop?" The teenager could feel a familiar wicked sense of pride beginning to swell up within him. No matter who it was,

he took great satisfaction in witnessing these beautiful married women inevitably succumbing to and then getting off on his monster dick.

Without looking back, Donna shook her head, her voice now hard and coarse, barely feminine, "Good Lord...*NO*! Don't stop you little shit...don't you *DARE*!!" Her face grimaced obscenely in sheer agony mingled with pleasure as she gritted her teeth and began slamming her hips back, meeting Jacob's thrusts head-on whilst violating the Third Commandment.

Donna soon felt a mass of energy welling up deep withing her loins. Every time Jacob's cock slammed against that 'special spot,' the mass grew bigger and bigger until it became critical and could no longer be contained. As the impending moment of crisis loomed, the helpless preacher's wife arched her back, lifting her head until her eyes were fixed on the ceiling before finally crying aloud in a savage, feral growl, "Oh, yes! Right *there*!! You got it!! Hit it...Hit it *HARD*!! Don't stop!! Right *THERRRRRRRE*!!!!"

Suddenly, the mass of energy exploded as it went supernova, causing Donna to climax like never before in a meltdown of epic proportions. Her mouth flew agape in a silent scream, whilst her hands clenched tightly into fists, crumpling the sheets of her husband's notes which she had read just minutes before.

Like a banshee emerging from the depths of hell, Donna's voice suddenly returned, as she screamed, "OHHH GOD, *YES*!! YESSS!! *FUCK ME*!! FUCK ME!! *YESSSSS*!!!" Her horny pussy felt as if it was literally melting, shooting sparks throughout her body in a cacophonous outburst of orgasmic release. The electricity of her apocalyptic overthrow traveled all along her nerve endings, causing her to flail about and convulse wildly in waves of sheer and utter ecstasy. Those waves soon crashed, echoing in seemingly unending aftershocks that reached all the way down to the tips of Donna's toes and to each of her perfectly manicured fingertips.

A lewd squelching sound given off by Donna's quivering, spasming cunt had by now become noticeable, and Jacob quickly felt her liquid heat dripping from his bloated nut suck. "*Holy crap!!*" the awestruck teenager thought to himself. "*I think I made Mrs. Miller squirt on my cock!*"

"Oh, dear *Gawwwwwwd*!!" Donna whined, as she continued to drown in the unrelenting waves of euphoria still permeating her entire body. In her weakened state, she lowered herself down until her chest pressed onto the desk and her left cheek rested on her husband's crumpled sheets of notes. Her arms now stretched out forward, and she held tightly to the far edge of the leather-trimmed desktop, fully surrendering herself to the sinful pleasure

of the teenager's wicked 'abomination' pounding her into oblivion.

"*There she played the whore in her youth. There her breasts were first pressed and her virgin bosom handled...for in her youth men had lain with her and handled her virgin bosom and poured out their whoring lust upon her.*" The stirring imagery of Ezekiel 23, a chapter in the Bible which Donna regularly read to remind her of her sinful and prodigal past, suddenly came to the fore in her mind, with damning force...yet like the two shameless sisters condemned by the Lord in that chapter, in her current state Donna felt brazen and didn't care.

Now on his tiptoes, Jacob continued humping away his flailing butt at Donna's upturned ass. On the verge of his own release, he leaned into her ear and grunted his warning, "*Mrs. Miller...I'm getting...close!!*"

Still wallowing in a state of euphoria mingled with bubbling remorse, Donna whispered, "*Please! Not on...my dress!*" As her brain had been clouded in the mists of an orgasmic fog, she'd forgotten all about mentioning to Jacob to not finish inside her. Even though the risk of pregnancy no longer posed a danger for the sterile pastor's wife, Donna still wanted to maintain some sense of honor by not allowing another man's seed to desecrate her married pussy.

However, Jacob had other plans. Opening his clenched eyes as his hands grasped tightly onto Donna's flouncing hips, Jacob's focus was now caught by the family portrait of the Millers hanging above the speaker. Staring up at each smiling face in the photo: Sara...her two older brothers...Pastor Dave (whose fiery voice now seemed to fill the room)...and finally Mrs. Miller, Jacob's gaze soon honed in on Donna's visage. She was the only one sitting and not smiling, and her haughty look of almost disdain looking down on him— seated like a queen and surrounded by her happy, oblivious family— triggered something raw in Jacob and caused him to ramp up his thrusts. Knowing it was the same woman who was now helplessly underneath him, Jacob was determined now to pound Donna into submission as he focused in on her prideful face.

"Don't worry... Mrs. Miller..." Jacob growled as he leaned into her once again, accentuating each wickedly violent lunge of his cock. "I promise...your dress...will stay...clean! But I can't say...the same thing...about your...*PUSSSSYYYY!!!*"

It was then that Donna's fogged brain cleared up just enough to comprehend what the teenager had in mind for her. Raising her head and arching her back up from off the desk, she cried aloud in dismay, "No! Please, *NO*!..You *CAN'T* finish...*inside*!!"

However, it was too late. Taking a page from the same playbook he'd used on his Mom on Halloween night, Jacob brutally slammed his crotch into Donna's curvy, upturned butt one last time, burying the tip of his cock deep within the walls of Donna's spasming vagina and smashing her pummeled cervix with his bloated glans.

At once, Jacob's swollen testicles finally boiled over, and a huge load of steaming-hot cum surged up the shaft of his unnaturally large and pulsating phallus. Rope after rope of hot, healthy, youthful seed erupted from his piss slit, hosing and soothing the aching surface at the threshold of Donna's womb with a seemingly unending stream of his hot, hormone-laced semen. Overcome by pure bliss, the teenager's skinny legs trembled as he threw back his head in triumph and howled, "OH YEAH!! *TAKE IT*...MRS. MILLER!! TAKE MY *NUT*...TAKE IT...*ALL*!!"

"*No*! No! *God*! NOOOOOOOOO!! *YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS*!!!!!!" Donna screamed, partly in utter horror and partly in extreme bliss as the first geyser of thick, virile, teenaged sperm blasted directly into the place where she'd carried her three children, sparking another body-shaking orgasm. As she lost control of her motor functions, Mrs. Miller's arms began to flail about, knocking stacks of papers and the desk lamp onto the plush, carpeted office floor.

As more and more of Jacob's lava-like jism filled the void in Donna's empty womb, she found herself once again drowning in the crashing waves of an indescribable ecstasy. Her earlier pleas of resistance were now replaced with shouts of pure joy and total surrender, "Yes! *Yess*!! Sweet...*Jesus*!!! *YEEESSSSSS*!!!!" That choral, soprano voice which only hours before had led her husband's congregation in heavenly praise, now sung an entirely different tune of exultation as Donna gave in fully to sinfully wicked abandon.

Moments later, Jacob collapsed in a heap onto Preacher Miller's office chair. With Mrs. Miller still lewdly bent over her husband's desk, he was treated to an incredible view of her jutting, pummeled ass and gaping vagina. Even though he had planted his seed deep inside Donna's womb, a small frothy stream of their combined 'love juices' began to trickle from her yawning pussy and run down the inside of her shapely thighs. The teenager's 'abomination', (as Mrs. Miller liked to refer to it,) had completely destroyed her married cunt, and Jacob couldn't help but feel immense pride and satisfaction from that fact. He realized he'd just 'nutted' (again) in the same pussy which had once birthed Sara. The same pussy which had also borne her two jocky-looking older brothers whom, in a weird and sick coincidence, Donna said she'd once nursed in this very same room. The same pussy whose oblivious husband's voice now droned

cluelessly through his hideaway office's speakers as he sermonized his equally unknowing flock. With a smirk, Jacob also realized there were currently now *two* women at Grace Baptist Church who had a load of his 'nut' inside them...and neither of them were none the wiser of that fact about the other.

As Donna lay across the leather top of her husband's large mahogany wood desk, she began to sober up from the inebriating effects of the hormones that had hijacked her system. As the refined drawl of her husband's preaching voice penetrated the returning hearing in her ears, her waning passionate moans of ecstasy turned into gentle sobs of sadness and shame.

Donna was mortified that she had lost total control of the situation and allowed Jacob to ejaculate inside her. She felt she'd once again failed to uphold the moral principle of maintaining her marital vows and now carried the disgrace of another man's seed despoiling her married womb.

Despite her lingering guilt and shame, Donna couldn't remember ever feeling more sexually satisfied and fulfilled. No amount of illicit drugs or debauched dalliances during her earlier modeling years could compare to the exhilarating high which she had just endured. It also grieved her to know that she would never

experience anything close to that feeling with the man she loved more than life itself: her husband, David.

Eventually, Donna collected herself, raised up from her prone position, and meekly switched off the speaker broadcasting David's sermon. With disconsolate indifference, she reckoned he had about 20 minutes left in his preaching. Ignoring the suddenly jarring and awkward post-coital silence in the room, Donna quickly wiped the tracks of tears from her face with her back to Jacob. Then, with both hands, she shimmied her snug-fitting dress down over her hips until the skirt returned to its proper state below her knees.

Donna turned to find Jacob, still half-naked, sitting in David's chair, gazing at her as he lazily held the base of his retreating monster. Her eyes caught sight of his deflating 'abomination' covered as it was in a shimmering sheen of their combined bodily fluids, and she was immediately lured into a state of shameful fascination with the evidential proof of their illicit coupling.

The pastor's wife was suddenly pulled from her dazed trance when she felt a huge, warm glob of Jacob's bubbling semen escape from between her ravaged, glistening pussy lips and begin to slide down the inside of her leg. Grabbing a few Kleenex tissues from the box located on the nearby credenza, Donna quickly hiked up her skirt. Luckily, she was able to catch the pearly wad of

slimy, genetic evidence before it stained the lacy top of her thigh-high stockings.

As Donna held the tissues tightly to her vagina, she said with a stern, motherly tone, "Well, don't just sit there staring at me...hurry up and get dressed! We need to get cleaned up and back out there, before someone notices and comes looking for us."

Hopping out of the chair, Jacob went to the couch and began putting on his underwear and pants. Pulling up his boxers, he asked, "Where can we clean up?"

As Donna looked down at the wadded-up tissue to gauge if it had sufficiently staunched her partner's lewd outflow, she replied, "We? *You* can use the men's room, down the hall..." Tossing the soiled Kleenex into the small trash can beside the desk, she dropped her skirt back into place and squirmed her legs together to stem any further leakage of Jacob's potent, babymaking goo. "While *I* clean up in there..." Donna clarified, pointing at the door on the far wall that led to the pastor's office private bathroom.

Moments later, a now fully dressed Jacob stood alongside Donna, who had just managed to deftly waddle over to the office door. With her hand on the doorknob, Mrs. Miller said, "Now, you need to hurry along and get back out there as quickly as possible. I'd be surprised if Sara isn't already looking for you."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Miller..." Jacob replied. "I'll be fast...I promise!" He then asked, "What about straightening up here in the office, though? We did make quite a mess."

Donna slowly opened the door and stuck her head out to check the hallway. Seeing no one was around, she whispered, "*I'll take care of the office...now GO!!*" She ended her urgent command by gently pushing Jacob out into the hallway, then closing and locking the door.

With a sigh of relief, Donna gingerly walked over and picked up her discarded panties from the couch. Forgoing to put them back on for the moment, she then entered her husband's private bathroom and locked the door behind her. Checking on her appearance in the sink mirror, the loving wife found her hair to be in a state of complete and utter disarray, with her makeup a bit smudged. No doubt, it would take her some time to do some much-needed touchups to her appearance before heading back out to rejoin her husband's congregation.

To calm both her nervous anxiety and a sudden urge to go, Donna headed to the toilet, hitched up her dress and squatted. The sound of her pee stream hitting the water as she relieved her bladder pierced the eerie silence of the quiet bathroom. Still clutching her black thong in her left hand, a new wave of guilt washed over the housewife as she heard the unmistakable **plop!** of another huge glob of Jacob's thick and virile seed splashing into the bowl.

Lowering her head in shame as she sat on the toilet, Donna said a silent prayer of thanks, grateful that her womb could no longer harbor any of her eggs— which no doubt would've been thoroughly fertilized by Jacob's young and frenziedly determined sperm otherwise.

Now calm and collected, Donna pondered her next moves. Instead of rushing home ahead of David for a private moment with her '*Black Magic*' dildo later, she now hoped she would have just enough time to properly clean herself out before their day trip to Buckhead later. The thought of being beside her innocent husband all day, whilst still carrying the evidence of her latest infidelity, filled her with dread and shame. She couldn't imagine spending the rest of what was supposed to be the Lord's Day with the full volume of Jacob's semen still implanted deep in her uterus and seeping out from her married vagina

As a fresh solitary tear slowly rolled down her right cheek, Donna continued to rationalize, justifying that everything she'd done was a sacrifice— a necessary evil she needed to commit in order to protect her precious Sara's virtue. *However*, she pondered, *WHY did that* '*necessary evil*' *have to feel so damn good*?

Donna then reminded herself that all this was only temporary. Like all trials and tribulations, this too would soon pass. Hopefully, in the weeks to come, some cure for

Jacob could be found and, with God's gracious help, he would finally be delivered of his wicked affliction. However, until that day arrived, she would have to continue performing her 'duties' as a protective mother, whilst at the same time prayerfully hoping that her loving husband never found out about her unfaithful and despicable deeds.

Sitting in the quiet bathroom, Donna could still feel the echoes of the mind-numbing orgasms which she'd experienced only minutes before. The fact that it happened whilst laid out across her own husband's desk— with her Sunday best dress pulled up around her waist like some cheap, roadside harlot— made it even more surreal. Once more, her mind drifted back to the Bible, though this time to the story of Tamar in Genesis. She was a woman who had seduced her own father-in-law, Judah, and eventually begat twins by him, (after he'd mistakenly mistook her for a simple 'temple prostitute'). Unlike Ezekiel's parable of the two shameless sisters, the tale had always given her solace, since in fact Tamar was deemed to have been 'more righteous' for having taken matters into her own hands, rather than allowing a worse sin (the ruin of her family) to occur.

Despite the comfort that story gave her, fear still gripped Donna's heart as she sensed her body beginning to yearn for the sinful and debauched pleasures of her backslidden,

former life. She could feel the pull of her shameful past, like that of a recovering alcoholic or drug addict, rearing its ugly head once again and tempting her to relapse. Suddenly, another wad of Jacob's chemically enhanced semen dripped from her recently ravaged pussy, causing an unwelcome thrill to run up her spine.

Reluctantly, Donna began thinking about her plans for the upcoming week and where in her schedule she could fit her next unholy tryst with the boy who, in all but name, was her daughter's boyfriend. Despite the depravity of entertaining such a notion, a slight quiver of excitement still took place in Donna's vaginal canal as she hung her head and whispered, "*I'm sorry...I'm so, so sorry.*" Just before she got up and flushed, Donna said one final prayer for all the millions of Robert and Karen Mitchell's potential grandkids she was now sending to their ill-fated demise.

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After cleaning himself up in the men's room, Jacob hurried down the long hallway towards a small flight of stairs leading back to the church's main building. As he turned the corner, he unexpectedly bumped right into Sara.

"Oh my gosh!" Sara gasped in complete surprise. "*Jake*!!" she playfully slapped him on the arm, and continued

mincingly watching her language, "You scared the *HECK* out of me!!"

"Sorry about that..." Jacob shrugged. "I was just on my way back."

With her hand on her chest, Sara could feel her heart beating a mile a minute. "Where've you been? You were gone so long...I was beginning to worry. I've been looking all over the place for you!"

"Oh..." Jacob began. "I was probably in the men's room..." Lowering his voice in feigned embarrassment, he continued, "*My stomach was really upset—probably from eating too much candy and junk food last night— and it took me a while to...you know*."

Sara shook her head and narrowed her icy, blue eyes, "I knocked on the men's room door...but you weren't there."

Jacob wondered if this was how his father felt whenever his Mom gave *him* the third degree. He then replied casually, "Well, after I finished up in the bathroom...I went outside to get some fresh air."

"Ohhhh..." Sara tilted her head, scrunching her face. "I didn't think to check outside."

Relieved, Jacob responded with another shrug of his shoulders.

Sara glanced both ways down the hall. She then leaned down and gave Jacob a quick peck on the lips. The blonde beauty was already taller than Jacob by a few inches, but her high heels only accentuated their height difference. "Do you feel any better now?" she asked, with her sweet, radiant smile.

Jacob smiled back and nodded, "Yeah...I do *now*!" As the young couple headed hand-in-hand towards the staircase, Jacob asked, "Sara? Can you do me a favor?"

"Sure...name it." Sara replied, cheerfully.

Jacob lowered his voice again, "I'd really appreciate it if you didn't say anything to my Mom about my upset stomach. She's just gonna overreact again and get on my case about me eating too much junk food."

Sara giggled, "Say no more...*Snuggle Bear.* Your secret's safe with me!"

**** *Later that afternoon...* ****

Karen was in the kitchen, filling five tall plastic tumblers with ice whilst speaking with her daughter Rachel on the phone. "Yes...believe it or not, your father was somehow able to make it to church this morning."

"*Wow...*" Rachel replied on the other end of the line. "*That's kinda shocking, given his condition last night after all that celebrating!*"

Karen chuckled and quickly agreed, "Yep...but he powered through it like a champ! In fact, he was even able to attend his monthly breakfast meeting, like always."

Rachel then inquired, "*What about Squirt?*"

Peering out the kitchen window and observing Jacob and Sara frolicking in the swimming pool, Karen replied lightheartedly, with a smile in her voice, "Oh, you know how your little brother can be...I had to use some *extra* motivation to get him going this morning."

Rachel recognized the shrill and cheery tone in her Mother's voice. It was exactly the same tone of voice Rachel had heard that morning, right after she'd inadvertently witnessed the 'shower incident'. Dawning on this realization, the lecherous daughter thought to herself, "*Holy shit...I can't believe it! She fucked the little nerd again this morning!!*" Rachel then asked, inquisitively, "*Oh really? What kind of...'motivation'?*"

As she opened the refrigerator door and retrieved a pitcher of sweet tea, Karen replied nonchalantly, "Oh, you know...the usual way with teenaged boys...I tempted

him— with food. We stopped for breakfast at the Waffle House on the way to church."

Homing in immediately on the slight, halting lilt in her Mother's phrasing, Rachel scoffed silently on her end of the line and muttered to herself, "*Yeah...you 'tempted' him, all right. I bet with those 'waffles' there was a generous side helping of T&A...topped off with a nice, sloppy creampie!*" The lascivious daughter and sister couldn't help but feel a tad bit jealous that she'd missed out on witnessing her Mom and brother's latest, hot, Mother-son mating session. Getting her wandering, fevered thoughts back in line, Rachel then asked, "*So, what time should Scott and I come over?*"

"Well..." Karen replied, while taking another glance out the kitchen window. She could see Robert fiddling with a propane tank and hoses on their recently renovated patio. "We originally planned to eat at four, but your dad's having some trouble with the grill. Something about a 'leaking connector' or other." She then added, while pouring the tea into the glasses, "So, as far as I'm concerned, y'all can come over whenever you're good and ready...We'll be here." Carrying the pitcher back over to the refrigerator, Karen replied to Rachel cheerfully, "Love you too, Honey Bear...see ya' soon!"

After setting the phone handset back into its charging base, Karen placed the five glasses of iced tea onto a

carrying tray. She then garnished each beverage with a lemon slice and plastic straw, put on her sunglasses, and made her way out onto the patio.

Karen first walked over to the inground pool, where Jacob and Sara were still enjoying themselves in the refreshing water. As she approached the teenagers, she called out, "Do any of you kids want something to drink?"

Paddling his way over to the edge of the pool, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am...that sounds great!"

As Karen bent over, she caught Jacob sneaking a peek at her exposed cleavage created by the low-cut neckline of her tank top. After her son had taken two glasses of iced tea from the tray and handed one to Sara, she heard the young blonde beauty comment, "You're right, Jake...she looks *just like* her!"

With feigned curiosity, Karen asked, "I look like who?"

"Lara Croft..." Sara replied, before clarifying, "...from the 'Tomb Raider' video games!"

Karen rolled her eyes and sighed, pretending dismay, "Oh, dear...*this* again?" She'd heard that comparison several times from Jacob, more times than she cared to count on her fingers. Karen didn't know why, but each time her son did so...it somehow boosted her ego.

After taking a few sips of his beverage, Jacob replied, "Well, you do, Mom...*especially* in that outfit!"

Karen stood back up straight. "I wouldn't exactly call this an 'outfit'...it's just my regular gardening clothes." They may have been her 'gardening clothes,' but the competitive Mom knew exactly what she was doing earlier, when she'd purposely donned the figure-hugging olive-green tank top with its revealing scoop neckline. Paired along with her skin-tight khaki shorts, Karen had also styled her hair in the same iconic braided ponytail of the video game character. She remembered Jacob's reaction in the past whenever she'd dressed this way. Today, she decided to 'up the ante' further by rolling the cuffs of her khaki bottoms even higher, to where it almost appeared that she was wearing booty shorts. Despite the light-colored fabric, Karen hoped that the thin thong panties she was wearing underneath were sufficient to contain her son's still leaking semen from making too obvious a stain on her crotch. Apart from her purposeful get-up, the only thing Karen was missing was the gun holsters...that, and the mid-calf leather boots. Instead, the gorgeous Mom wore a pair of Espadrille platform wedge sandals, with an open-toed design and buckled ankle straps.

"He's right, Mrs. Mitchell..." Sara continued, "You could probably go as Lara Croft to the next Comic Con, and

you'd likely be swarmed by tons of people asking for your autograph."

Jacob interjected, "Or...you could dress up like her for Halloween next year. That'd be *really* cool!"

In a way, Karen now wished she'd thought about the suggested alternate costume the night before. She could've easily dressed up as the beautiful and heroic treasure seeker instead, and thus spared herself parading around like a half-naked exotic dancer in front of all her friends and fellow churchmembers. However, thinking back on that evening, she had to admit...it had been quite thrilling and enjoyable (for one night at least) to allow herself the indulgence of shedding her usual conservative values and, as her sister Brenda put it, "*Have some fun!*"

Before Karen turned to walk away, she nodded and replied, "You know, that's not a bad idea! I'll have to keep that in mind...for next year." As she walked across the patio, she called out, "You kids have fun!"

Karen then approached her father, who was reclining in a chaise lounge, wearing Bermuda shorts and a short-sleeved tropical print shirt. The elderly gentleman seemed to be gently dozing, with his straw hat pulled down over his eyes. Chuckling slightly, Karen asked, "You awake in there, dad?"

Grandpa George replied without moving, "Yep..." He then removed his hat and added, squinting through his pair of Wayfarers, "The Falcons-Panthers game was a snoozer, so I switched it off. Just lying here now, enjoying this beautiful weather."

Karen leaned over and asked, "Would you like an iced tea to enjoy along with that beautiful weather?"

"You betcha...thank you, sweetheart!" George replied, as he sat up and took a glass from the serving tray. After taking a few sips of the cold beverage, the Dean patriarch commented, "*Ahhhh*! I must say...I'm quite impressed by all the additions and improvements that you and Rob have made to the backyard. With all the added vegetation and the palmetto trees, it's like you have your own personal 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon' out here!"

"Well..." Karen began tentatively, as she set the tray down on the table. "You know you can enjoy these so-called 'Gardens' every day for as much as you like. All you have to do is give the word."

"Uh-oh...here we go again!" George commented, rolling his eyes as he took off his sunglasses.

Taking her own shades off and setting them on the tray at the table, Karen sat down on the lounger next to her father's knee. In a frustrated tone, she replied, "Yes, dad. 'Here we go again'."

George replied, "Sweetheart...I'm going to tell you the same thing that I told your sister last week...I am NOT ready to move in with anyone— "

"Wait a minute..." Karen put up her hand, cutting him off. "*Brenda* is trying to get *you* to move in with her??"

George nodded and replied with gruff indifference, "Yeah...she's asked a couple of times."

Karen shook her head. "Oh no...no, no, no. *Absolutely NOT*!"

George asked, totally confused, "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

Karen scoffed, "'What's wrong' is that *I'm* the elder daughter, and since mom's no longer with us...it's on *me* to take care of you!"

"'Take care of me'?" George sighed heavily. "Look, Sweet Peach...I may not be able to drive out at night or get around as well as I used to, but I am *NOT* some invalid!!"

"I know that, dad..." Karen said mournfully. "I didn't mean it that way...I'm sorry." She continued, "It's just that...I always envisioned you eventually living here with us. Like I've told you before, we have a room all set up for you and everything."

"I'm well aware of that..." George said with a smile. "And just know that I love you for it."

Karen then asked, "So what's the problem? Why don't you just wanna move in with us?"

George sighed, "Sweetheart, I'm just not ready to give up my home. All those wonderful years of my life with your mother...watching you girls growing up in that house. It would just be too hard for me to say goodbye to all those happy memories."

"Oh, daddy..." Karen responded, sadly. "I didn't know you felt that way."

George then added solemnly, "And...to be totally honest with you, I'm also not ready to..."

"Ready to what, dad?" Karen asked, a little alarmed, when her father's voice slightly choked up and he didn't complete his sentence.

After a few seconds of silence, George sighed and relented, "I'm not ready yet...to be a burden...on anyone." The old veteran then put his shades back on, almost out of habit since, like a security blanket, they always helped to hide his emotions.

Karen's eyes widened, and her mouth dropped open. "A—a burden??" Reaching out and placing her hand on top of

her father's, she exclaimed, "Daddy! You could *never*—and I'm sure I speak for Brenda when I say this— *EVER*, in a million years, be a burden to any of us. Please don't ever think that way! And I can tell you now...Jake would be *thrilled* to have his Grandpa George in the room right next to his, instead of you living all the way over in Smyrna."

With a wry chuckle George replied, "Well, I'm sure having my grandson as my next-door neighbor would actually be fun!" He then smiled and added, "Thank you, sweetheart. I must admit that it's been weighing heavily on my mind for a while now. It's not a pleasant thought—giving up your independence...especially for us old military guys."

Karen squeezed her father's hand, "Well, sailor, put it completely out of your mind." In her usual motherly tone, she added, "In fact, I never want to hear you say anything like *THAT*, ever again."

George chuckled again, "Not only do you look like your mother when she was your age, God rest her soul, but now you're starting to sound an awful lot like her, too."

Unlike her daughter's initial abhorrence to a similar comparison recently, Karen instead blushed and smiled, "I can't think of anyone better to take after."

George then added, "And just so you know...I'm well aware that— if Lord willing, I do live long enough, I'm going to eventually have to give up the house and let someone...take care of me. All I'm asking is that you be patient and let me decide when that time is right...on my own terms."

"Okay..." Karen nodded. "Just as long as you *promise* me that when the time is right, you'll come to live here with us."

The old, retired Navy Senior Chief then gave his daughter a mock salute and replied gruffly, "Yes, ma'am!"

Chuckling in her turn, Karen returned her father's salute.

"Besides..." George continued. "It only makes sense that I live here. I mean, Brenda and Mark have little Danny to deal with. Plus, on top of that, they have plans to try and have another baby next year. Knowing those two, they're gonna have their hands full enough as it is!"

Karen nodded in response, "Yes, they will."

George leaned in and asked, "Now...who's gonna be brave enough to break the news to your sister? You know how my lil' 'Princess' can be, when she doesn't get her way!"

"Don't worry about Brenda, dad..." Karen replied, with a sly grin. "Leave my baby sister to me."

The loving daughter then stood up and put a hand on her curvy hip, "Now, dad, I'm going to hold you to your word. Because if you don't...I'm gonna drag you here kicking and screaming, if I have to!"

Grandpa George rolled his eyes and scoffed, "Sweetheart...I have no doubt you would!"

Karen giggled, leaned over, and kissed her father on the top of his head. She then picked up the tray containing the two final glasses of iced tea and made her way over to her husband.

As Karen approached Robert, she joked, "Hey there, *Guy Fieri*...(making a reference to the world-famous TV chef)...how are those burgers coming along?"

Robert, still bent over working on the grill, glanced up at his beautiful wife and replied with a quip of his own, "Don't worry...they'll be on the grill soon...*Lara*!"

Karen's shoulders drooped in mock exasperation, "Oh no...not *you*, too!"

Robert chuckled as he took a glass from the tray. "Honey, I've played 'Tomb Raider' with Jake enough times to know that he's right...you *do* resemble her, quite a bit in fact." After taking a few gulps of sweet tea, he added, hungrily eyeing his wife up and down, "...especially in *that* get-up!"

Karen, now holding her own glass of tea, took a few sips of the cold beverage through the straw. Chewing sensuously on its tip with her teeth and plush lips, she then looked down at herself and replied with dripping sarcasm, "Well, it's just a weird *coincidence*, I assure you."

"Coincidence or not..." Robert responded, "...our son is right. You could've *easily* pulled that off for the Halloween party!"

Karen stepped up closer to Robert and asked innocently, "But, I thought you liked the 'Dorothy' costume I wore last night?"

Robert quickly nodded, "I did...in fact, I *loved* it! I'm only sorry that I celebrated too much afterwards and missed out on you wearing it for me when we got home."

A naughty grin slowly crept over Karen's face. "Well...I still have the outfit, you know. It's not due to be returned to the costume shop 'til later in the week. So, if you're a good boy, we could always try again...tonight." She then placed the straw back to her lips, seductively including some tongue this time, to emphasize her coy suggestion.

Robert's eyes widened. "Including the red shoes??"

Karen snickered, "Yes, sweetheart. Including the ruby...*stripper* slippers!" After taking another suggestive

sip of tea through her plastic straw, she added, "You can either have Lara Croft...or Sexy Dorothy tonight...the choice is yours."

Before Robert could answer, Sara shrieked loudly from the pool. Both parents instinctively turned their heads in the direction of the water, only to find the girl and Jacob splashing each other like a couple of grade-schoolers. Sighing in relief, Robert chuckled as he sat his glass down and went back to working on the hose connector.

"What's so funny?" Karen asked curiously, somewhat broken out of the sensual mood she'd been enjoying with her husband by the pastor's daughter's ill-timed interruption.

"Oh, nothing..." Robert shrugged. "I'm just sort of relieved about Jake, I guess."

"Relieved?" Karen asked, now even more curious. After taking another glance at the teenaged couple carousing in the water, she added, "Relieved about what?"

Robert stood back up and replied, "Well...for the longest time, Jake's just never shown any real interest in having a girlfriend. I mean, he's 18 years old for Pete's sake! And I was beginning to wonder..."

"Wonder what?" Karen asked, arching her eyebrow with her head cocked to the side.

Robert lowered his voice, "*If maybe he was...you know...gay*."

Karen burst into laughter. "Oh, honey...you sweet, ignorant man, you!" Placing her hand on Robert's shoulder, she lowered her voice in turn and continued, whilst shaking her head, "*I can tell you in no uncertain terms...our son is definitely NOT* '*gay*'!"

Robert picked up his glass of tea and asked, "And how are *you* so sure about that?"

Feeling her face suddenly blush and worrying that she may have overplayed her hand, Karen replied, "Well...mainly because I'm his Mother." After an awkward pause, she elaborated, "Aaaaannnd...us moms just seem to have a knack of knowing these things." She then quickly put the straw back in her mouth and sipped on her drink, chewing it more nervously this time as she hoped her husband bought her explanation at face value. Suddenly, Karen felt a corresponding nervous flutter in her womb, which was still flooded with two straight days' worth of Jacob's hormone-enhanced semen. Looking back to the pool at her happy young man as he splashed and swam around in the water with Sara, Karen secretly knew there were a few million other 'swimmers' around at that moment. Namely, all her son's sperm that were currently lashing around inside her...probably desperately trying in vain to find her egg and impregnate her. All those

'swimmers' came from Jacob...and were ample enough evidence to attest that her son was definitely *NOT* gay!

Robert's jovial voice broke Karen's trance, "Oh...I get it. It's the old 'women's intuition' thing...right?"

Karen smiled with relief as she latched onto her husband's generous lifeline, extricating her from her awkward predicament. "Yes! *Exactly*!! You should know by now *NEVER to* doubt a woman's...intuition." Suddenly eager to change the subject, the 'intuitive' Mother began fanning herself as she felt a warm flush travel up her neck. Wiping beads of sweat from her forehead, she commented, "It really *is* quite warm out here today...don't you think?"

Turning his attention back to the grill, Robert replied casually, "Yeah, you bet it is." He then looked at Karen and added, "You know...this probably's gonna take a while. Why don't you throw on a bathing suit and join the kids in the pool? That should help cool you off."

Karen turned her attention back to the pool. As she witnessed her son and his beautiful, blonde girlfriend make their way over to the shallow end of the water, she replied, "I just might do that." Karen continued watching the teenagers holding hands as they exited the pool, whereupon Sara led Jacob across the patio to a couple of floating loungers.

It was the first time Karen had seen Sara in her bathing suit out of the water. It was a two-piece, hot-pink bikini with white polka dots, which thankfully, Karen thought, wasn't one of those inappropriate 'string' versions. Despite being a bit more conservative than she had originally feared, Sara's bikini was still skimpy enough to allow her to show off plenty of her flawless skin and showcase the gorgeous teen beauty's perky young boobs, board-flat stomach, and model-like physique. With grudging admiration, Karen had to admit Sara's uncanny resemblance to her mother, Donna, was simply impeccable.

Karen felt another uncalled-for wave of 'illogical' envy as she watched Jacob walking behind Sara, his eyes glued unashamedly to her perfectly round and firm bikini-clad teenaged backside. Suddenly, an idea popped into her head, and the jealous Mom said, "You know, honey? On second thought..." Turning towards Robert, she then asked, "Do you remember when we cleaned out our bedroom closet last spring?"

Struggling with his pliers to tighten a hose connector, Robert grunted, "*Yeah*?.." Glancing over to his wife, he then added, with sudden dread, "Please don't tell me it's time to do it again."

Scoffing amusedly, Karen waved him off, "No...no, of course not. I was just wondering if you remember what you did with all of that stuff we boxed up."

Robert set his pliers down. "I put all those boxes up in the attic...why?"

"Well..." Karen began. "I remember packing up some of mom's old jewelry in them, and there were a few items which she specifically wanted Rachel to inherit. I just figured, since Rachel's coming over later today— and while it's still fresh on my mind— I'd like to go find them and give them to her."

"Well, I'd be happy to lend you a hand, but as you can see...my hands are tied still fighting with this darn'd thing!" Robert replied, in frustration.

"That's okay, honey. I can manage it myself..." Karen responded. "Do you happen to remember exactly where you put those boxes up in the attic?"

"Yeah..." Robert nodded. "As soon as you climb up the ladder...look to the left. You should be able to find them right next to all the Christmas decorations."

"Great! Thanks, honey!" Karen smiled, as she kissed Robert on the cheek, then picked up the empty tray from the table.

As Karen started to walk away, Robert stood up and said, "You know...I can always fix this later. Are you sure you don't want any help?"

Karen stopped and turned around. "There's no need, sweetheart...I can handle it." She then pointed to the grill and added, "Besides, you need to stay put and get that thing fixed so you can fire it up and start grilling those thick and juicy burgers...your poor wife's absolutely *starving*!" As Karen resumed walking towards the house, she called out, "You know how I like mine!"

Robert chuckled and called back, "Yeah, I know! 'Well done — with cheese'!" Ogling Karen's sexy get-up one more time as she walked away, Robert's eyes feasted on his wife's 'thick and juicy' backside, swaying side to side in those skin-tight, almost booty-hugging khaki shorts. Shaking his head as he struggled to contain his own, manly hunger, the lucky husband adjusted his crotch and muttered to himself, "*Lara Croft, or Sexy Dorothy? Decisions...decisions!*"

Minutes later, Karen found herself alone up in the dusty attic, where she quickly found the boxes right where Robert had said they would be. The hot and humid conditions of the enclosed spaces soon had the housewife glowing with a sheen of glistening perspiration. In fact, she could feel droplets of sweat rolling down her neck and chest, funneling into the deep cleavage between her bra-

encased breasts and causing a dark stain to form on the olive fabric of her tank top.

Wiping her brow, Karen muttered, "*Pheww!* Once I'm finished up here, I may need to follow Rob's advice and take that dip in the pool, after all." She then felt a naughty thrill run up her spine at the thought of parading her curvy, MILF body around the pool in one of the skimpy, string bikinis which Rachel had talked her into buying a few months back. Karen wanted nothing more than to flaunt her incomparably mature charms right in Sara's face, with the knowledge that only *one* of them was carrying Jacob's seed inside. As if driven by an irrational and uncharacteristic envy, Karen then quipped, "*Then, let's see who the better woman really is*!"

Wasting no time, Karen tore into the first box. After only a few seconds, she was able to find her mother's jewelry chest. "*Well, at least THAT was pretty quick*..." she whispered to herself, as she sat the cherry wood box down by her side. She then returned to her search, as there was one other item she intended to find. It was in fact, the main reason she'd gone up to the attic in the first place.

After thoroughly searching through the first box, Karen quickly moved on to the second. About halfway down, she found an item which she'd almost completely forgotten about. It was an old T-shirt which Jacob had given her for Mother's Day a few years back. The garment

was light blue, with the words "**BEST MOM EVER!**" screen-printed in pink on the front, surrounded by multi-colored flowers and butterflies.

When Karen had originally received the gift from Jacob, she felt at the time that the shirt was somewhat a bit too presumptuous and vain. Also, it was a bit too small due to the extra weight she was still carrying back then. However, now that she was getting back into shape, Karen figured she just might be able to find a use for the old thing. "*Who knows? Maybe I can tie it up mid-riff and wear it around when I work in the garden*..." she thought, as she folded the garment back up and laid it on top of the cherry wood jewelry box.

As Karen ripped the packing tape off the third and final box, she whispered, "*It's got to be here somewhere...it just HAS to be*!" Whilst rifling through various knick-knacks, old VHS tapes, and out-of-style clothing, the treasure-seeking Mom was nearing desperation due to the sweltering conditions of the attic. "*I distinctly remember packing it in one of these— A-ha!!*" A smile of relief crept onto the Mother's lovely, sweat-flushed face as she finally found and quickly opened a smaller box, "*THERE you are*!!!!"

On Monday afternoon, Jacob arrived home from school to find the house empty and quiet. He was about to go up to

his room and start his homework, but decided he first wanted to grab himself a cold drink and a snack.

Just before opening the refrigerator, Jacob noticed a note from Karen taped onto the door. It read:

"*Jake,*

Gone to your sister's to help her clean up from the Halloween party. Your dad's working late, so on the way home, I'll pick up some Chinese food for dinner.

Love, Mom."

With his Mother not around to chide him, Jacob figured for once he could treat himself to gorging out on some junk food. Grabbing a Coke and some of his favorite Reese's white fudge peanut butter cups from inside the fridge, Jacob stared at the note for a moment and pondered it. He then collected his book bag from the kitchen table and made his way upstairs. Once he entered his room, he noticed a rather large package sitting in the middle of his bed. It was wrapped up in the same *Star Wars* gift wrap that his Mom had used for his birthday present a few months back.

"What's this?" Jacob asked aloud, somewhat confused, as he dropped his book bag onto his computer gaming chair and placed his drink and snack on his nightstand. The

teenager then sat down on the edge of his bed, grabbed the mystery box, and placed it on his lap.

Jacob chuckled, "Okay? That's weird, because it's *wayyyy* too early for Christmas. Wonder what it could be?" Taking a few seconds to examine the box from all sides, the intrigued teen found that there was no tag or note. He then shook it, but nothing rattled around inside to give him a clue as to its contents. With his curiosity piqued and now getting the better of him, he whispered, "*Well, I guess there's only one way to find out...*"

Wasting no time, Jacob impatiently tore off the wrapping paper and then used a pair of scissors to cut open the packing tape that sealed the box secure. After setting the box down onto the floor between his feet, Jacob slowly opened its flaps, where he found it to be full of old clothes.

"I don't get it..." he said, now even more confused, "It's just a bunch of my old T-shirts and stuff from when I was a little kid."

Now more perplexed than intrigued, Jacob delved through the present's contents until he found another box buried way at the bottom. "What the heck's going on here?" he again asked out loud, as he pulled the smaller package out and placed it on his lap. It was then that he noticed a

white, unsealed envelope inscribed with the name '*JAKE*' taped to the top of the smaller, unwrapped box.

Opening the envelope, Jacob pulled out a folded piece of fancy, parchment-style paper, which turned out to be another handwritten note from his Mother:

"*Here's a small 'reward' to show my little genius just how proud I am of him.*

Great job, Snuggle Bear...on getting straight A's!!

Love always,

Mom xoxo."

Ripping open the box, Jacob took one look inside and immediately a big smile spread across his face. "Alright, Mom!!" he exclaimed in excitement, as he pulled the GoPro Hero 9 from the box. Closely examining the tiny and barely used high-quality video camera, which was still strapped to its matching head harness, he stated matter-of-factly, "BEST MOM...*EVER*!!"

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END CHAPTER 16

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CHAPTER 17

Karen hummed in tune to the garage door's gentle, electric drone as it slowly lowered and closed. Mere minutes before, she'd kissed her loving husband Robert and bade him goodbye for the day as he departed for work. Now, Karen had those same luscious, red lips moaning and wrapped around the spongy tip of her teenaged son's mammoth cock, whilst her tightly grasping hands worked up and down its thick, veiny shaft.

Jacob had just finished off a delicious breakfast of eggs, bacon, and fluffy, buttery pancakes slathered with golden-brown maple syrup. The appetizingly sweet scent of his bountiful morning fare still hung heavily in the air. With his pants and boxers now pulled down to his knees, he sat in his usual chair at the breakfast nook table, enjoying a first-class blowjob from the same woman who'd prepared his early morning feast with such loving care-- his gorgeous Mother.

Earlier that morning, Jacob had come downstairs to find Karen at her usual spot at this time of the day: in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. As was her wont, his Mother stood at the stove, wearing her customary pink satin robe and humming along to one of her favorite 80's tunes.

As Jacob stepped closer to his gorgeous Mom, it was evident that she'd freshly showered that morning. Along with the savory aroma of Karen's cooking, he could easily detect the familiar, sweet scent of her lavender and vanilla body wash. Noticing that she'd already applied some light makeup to her beautiful face, Jacob thought it gave her a youthful and healthy glow. Karen also had her chestnut brown hair styled in a fashionable ponytail. All these visual cues were a sign that she likely had plans to go out that day.

"Mornin' Mom!" Jacob greeted her, cheerfully.

Flipping a pancake with her spatula, Karen turned to Jacob and warmly replied, "Good morning, sweetie! Hope you're hungry."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob responded, his stomach grumbling. "Starving, actually!"

Karen then asked, "Well, how many flap jacks would my *starving* little Snuggle Bear like today?" Leaning over and whispering, she added, "*I drizzled a little bacon grease in the batter...just how you like 'em*!"

"Oh wow...really?" Jacob commented. "Well then, for starters, set me up with at least four."

Karen giggled, "Goodness...you *are* hungry!" She motioned toward the cabinet, "Well, go ahead and grab

yourself a plate...I just so happen to have six all ready as we speak. I'm about to start a few more for your father."

As Jacob watched Karen use her spatula to begin transferring the fluffy golden-brown pancakes one by one to his plate, he asked, "So...does that mean dad's still here?"

"Uh-huh," Karen replied with a nod. "I thought he'd be down already, since he said he needed to eat and run." Turning to Jacob, she clarified, "Another one of those 'urgent, early morning meetings'. I think they're having issues again with a project concerning one of their major overseas clients." Placing a fourth pancake on Jacob's plate, Karen asked, "Did you need your dad to give you a lift to school?"

"No, it's not that..." Jacob replied, hesitantly. Taking a quick glance at the kitchen door, he then spoke softly, "Seeing as it's been Sunday morning since you last helped me out...and I have plans to be around Sara quite a bit today, I just thought it might be a good idea for you to 'help' me again...before I go to school."

"Oh...I see," Karen replied flatly, as she picked up the bowl of pancake batter. Once again, she immediately sensed a strange wave of jealousy from the mere mention of Sara's name. The loving Mother chided herself for feeling like she did-- she knew it was unwarranted and

totally uncalled for. However, she also knew the hormones affecting her were causing her emotions and good judgment to be all out of whack.

Whilst aggressively stirring the pancake batter with a wooden spoon, Karen commented, "So, I guess you're saying it's better to be safe than sorry?"

"Yeah...exactly!" Jacob responded with a sneaky grin. "Plus, remember what you said to me Saturday night? With great power comes-- "

"Great responsibility," Karen said softly, completing Jacob's line for him. She had to admit, she wasn't totally against the idea. Earlier that morning, she'd awoken with another bizarre and life-like dream brought on by those wicked hormones. In this one, she was giving Jacob a blowjob in her Jeep whilst they were parked at the mall parking garage in broad daylight.

Even now, Karen could still vividly remember her dream. She was leaning over the center console whilst sucking ravenously on Jacob's mammoth cock, even as several shoppers walked right by her parked vehicle. What made the dream even stranger was that as she bobbed her head up and down, slurping on her son's tasty meat stick, Jacob sat casually in the passenger seat, reading aloud the back of one of the video game boxes that she'd just purchased for him that day at the mall. Karen couldn't quite make

out exactly what her son was saying, but she knew it was Star Wars-related...something about piloting down a tube and penetrating a giant, orb-like space station's defenses to fire off his missiles. For some odd reason, Jacob's mundane recital of the game's mission was turning Karen on and causing her to go down even harder on his cock. Soon, Karen found she was also fingering herself fervently, until she and her son were both building up to a simultaneous climax. The last thing Karen remembered was a blinding white light and hearing Jacob's voice describing an awesome explosion as they both erupted in the throes of a mutual orgasm. She then suddenly awoke, gasping.

As usual, once Karen woke up from the disturbing dream, she found herself with her right hand down inside her panties and two of her fingers buried within the soft folds of her drooling-wet vagina. Noticing that Robert was on his side facing away from her and gently snoring, the aroused housewife then used her slime-covered digits to silently rub out a quick and much-needed early morning orgasm.

Even though her surreptitious 'jilling' had taken the edge off Karen's pre-dawn arousal, recalling her dream soon had the aroused Mother strangely craving one of her son's thick and creamy morning 'protein shakes' as she absentmindedly stirred the pancake batter. After taking a

quick glance at the kitchen door to ensure it was safe, Karen used the ladle to begin pouring out more pancakes onto the griddle. With her voice low, she finally said, "Okay. Since your dad's leaving early this morning...there should be just enough time..."

Jacob's smile widened, "Great! Thanks, Mom!!"

"You're welcome, sweetie..." Karen replied with a warm smile of her own. "Now go ahead and start eating, before your pancakes get cold."

Jacob took his plate to the breakfast nook table and sat in his chair. As he grabbed a few pieces of bacon from the serving platter, Robert burst into the room, already dressed in his usual attire: dress pants, a button-down shirt, and a silk tie. "Mornin', dad!"

"Morning, sport!" Robert replied cheerfully. Walking over behind Karen, he then wrapped his arms around her and kissed her on the cheek. "Good morning, *gorgeous*!!"

Karen giggled, "Good morning to *you*, too..." She then asked with curiosity, whilst flipping a pancake on the griddle, "What's gotten you in such a good mood this morning?"

Pulling out his chair, Robert took a seat at the table, "I just got off the phone with my co-worker, Lester Bates..."

"Lester Bates?..." Jacob asked, stabbing some pancake onto his fork. "Isn't that the character's name from that old movie ′Psycho′?"

Karen chuckled, as she poured a cup of coffee. "That's *Norman* Bates, sweetie." She then placed the cup down on the table in front of Robert and inquired, "But seriously, who's Lester Bates, honey? I don't think I've ever heard you mention him before."

Robert took a quick sip of his coffee and replied, "No, you probably haven't. He just transferred here from the Dallas regional branch about two months ago."

As Karen took two plates out from the cabinet, she asked, "So, what was it about your conversation with this Lester, that's got you so cheerful this morning?"

Robert picked up a piece of bacon from the platter at the center of the table and explained, "Because Lester is the project manager handling the Fuso Industrial account. If you remember, we've been running around in circles with Fuso's management team in Busan, Korea trying to agree on the timetable for them to complete the construction of their new manufacturing facility here in Atlanta."

Karen nodded, while carrying a plate of pancakes over to the table, "Oh yes, now I remember..." It was a half-truth; she rarely if ever concerned herself much with Robert's work, apart from the mandatory company functions and

parties she occasionally had to attend with him. After setting a stack of hotcakes in front of Robert, she added, "So, is that why you've been going in early so much lately...all those teleconference meetings?"

Robert picked up the bottle of maple syrup and replied, yawning with a chuckle, "Exactly...that darn'd 13-hour time difference!" As he poured a generous amount of syrup onto his pancakes, he continued, "Anyways, Lester called my cell phone a few minutes ago to notify me that his team was finally able to hash out an agreement with our Korean counterparts which will allow the project to move forward."

Still standing at the stovetop, Karen placed a couple of pancakes on her own plate, and responded assuringly, "Well, that's great news, honey!!"

As Robert began cutting into his pancakes, he added, "So, that means no teleconference meeting this morning...and also means I get to spend a nice, leisurely breakfast with my family for once."

Jacob felt a sudden wave of disappointment washing over him. If his father didn't leave for work early that morning, any chances of him receiving any 'help' from his Mother before going to school would be greatly diminished. With feigned enthusiasm and a smile, he stated, "That's great, Dad!"

Before Karen could sit down, Robert stood up and stepped over to his lovely wife. "Do you know what that also means, for *us*?" he asked, hugging her firmly from behind around the waist and placing a playful smooch in the nape of Karen's neck.

Giggling softly with a demure grin, Karen turned around and replied, "No?"

"It means..." Robert said, as he took Karen's plate of pancakes and quickly set it on the table at her usual spot. He then took her in his arms as if they were about to dance, and he continued, "That I'll be free this weekend to take you out for your birthday."

"Oh, really?" Karen replied, with a smile. "Well, what did you have in mind?"

Robert offered, "I thought maybe we could go to that new club that just opened...you know, *Tech Noir*??"

Karen's eyes lit up, "*Really*??"

Robert nodded, "I thought we could go out to dinner, then maybe do a little dancing..." He then spun Karen around, mimicking one of their old dance moves, causing her to giggle wildly.

Back in the day, Robert had actually been pretty good at dancing, though he wasn't a huge fan of the activity.

Karen, on the other hand, simply loved to 'cut a mean rug.' As a former cheerleader, she had great rhythm and timing, along with some really wicked moves.

Pulling Karen back to him, Robert added, "But...only if you'd like to-- "

"If I'd like to?" Karen interrupted, placing her hand on Robert's chest. "Are you kidding me?? I'd *love* to!!"

"What's the 'Tech New War'?" Jacob broke into their conversation, with slight curiosity. Anything that was even slightly 'tech-y' or sci-fi-sounding always piqued his nerdy interest.

Giggling, Karen turned to her son and explained, "*Tech Noir*, sweetie-- *N-O-I-R*...and no 'the'. It's this new nightclub downtown that features music from the 1980's. They named it after the dance club from that scene in *The Terminator*. You know, the original one (*with* a 'The') that has the cheesy special effects."

Jacob nodded and shrugged his shoulders with a blank expression. One mention of '1980's' and everything else after that went over his head. The only things that he liked from that decade consisted of a total of eight letters: *T-E-S-B* and *R-O-T-J*.

Giving up on trying to expand Jacob's cultural savviness, Karen turned back to Robert and continued, "Anyways,

Janet and her husband went there a couple of weeks ago...she says it's *awesome*!!"

Jacob shook his head and huffed to himself, rolling his eyes, "*Ugh...more old people's music*!" He'd had his fill of 80's music whenever he was in the car with his Mom. He couldn't imagine anyone wanting to go to some loud, flashy nightclub just to listen and dance to that stuff for hours on end-- much less people who were middle-aged!

After a final dramatic pirouette, the nostalgic couple finally sat down in their respective chairs at the breakfast table, still chuckling. Catching his breath, Robert then continued the conversation, "Hey, here's an idea. How about we get a nice, swanky hotel suite in Buckhead Village near the club and make it an overnight thing...sort of like how we did in Atlanta?"

Karen, taking a sip of her coffee, nearly did a spit-take as she locked eyes with Jacob for a split second. With a knowing glance, Mother and son understood exactly what Robert was unwittingly referring to. Nodding as she put her cup back down on the table, Karen had to use both hands to steady her nerves and place the delicate china down slowly onto its saucer without making an awkward 'clink'. Still remorseful with guilt from what had transpired that Saturday night over a month before, alarm suddenly rose in her chest. Desperate to cover up her

panic, the loving wife smiled and blurted gushingly, "That's a lovely idea, sweetheart!!"

Cutting into his pancakes, Robert replied cheerfully, "Great! I'll make the reservation later today, then."

Anxious to steer the conversation towards a safer topic, Karen cleared her throat and remarked, "Oh, Jake, by the way...I spoke with an old friend of mine, Julie Hubbard. She said she was able to set up a campus visit for you in Athens, two weeks from Saturday."

After swallowing a mouthful of orange juice with an audible gulp, Jacob nodded and replied, "Awesome! That sounds cool, Mom...thanks!!"

Robert picked up his cup of coffee and asked, ruminating, "Julie Hubbard? Do I know her?"

Karen nodded, "Yes, honey...you know her. She was on the cheerleading squad with me at Georgia...her maiden name back then was Julie Ashworth."

Robert thought for a second and mumbled, "*Ashworth...Julie...Ash*-- " His eyes then lit up, as his memory kicked in, "Ohhh!! You mean *that*, Julie. The blonde...with the big-- " Robert caught himself and stopped mid-sentence, once he saw Karen staring admonishingly at him with her left eyebrow arched.

Leaning forward on the table and resting her chin on her fist, Karen said sarcastically, "Well, go on Rob...finish your statement."

Choosing his words wisely, Robert chuckled nervously and tried his best to backpedal, "Smile! Big...beautiful smile." The flustered father turned to his son and clarified, "She had lovely teeth."

Karen scoffed, "Uh-huh. So that's what you guys are into now...big teeth?" Rolling her eyes, she then turned to Jacob and continued, "Anyway, her husband's in charge of the admissions office at the university, and she said he'll be able to set everything up for us."

"Wait a second..." Robert interrupted. "Did you say two weeks from *this* Saturday?"

Karen nodded, "Yes...the weekend before Thanksgiving."

Robert sighed, "Well...I probably won't be able to go with you, then. That's the same week the Korean management team from Fuso will all be here. Most of my time will be occupied wining, dining, and entertaining those guys."

"That's okay, honey..." Karen replied, feigning indifference as she picked up some pancake with her fork. "Athens is my old stomping grounds anyway. I'm sure Jake and I can manage." What Karen conveniently omitted was the fact that Rachel had volunteered to

accompany them for the campus visit. Knowing Robert, his likely reaction to knowing Rachel might unfairly try to influence Jacob towards choosing their alma mater would probably not be good. Therefore, to keep the peace in the family, Karen reckoned she didn't need to open *that* can of worms...at least for the time being. Since it was also the weekend right before the busiest travel holiday of the year, Karen had also gone ahead and booked a three-bedroom suite in Athens just in case the hotels filled up too quickly. However, for some reason, she neglected to mention this to Robert as well. Her mind was instead focused on planning out the itinerary for that weekend's getaway. The plan was for her and Rachel to chaperone Jacob for the actual campus tour on Saturday, then check out early the next morning so she and her daughter could show him around their old hangout spots. That way, they'd only have to overnight for a day and could hopefully beat most of the traffic coming back home that Sunday afternoon.

After finishing most of his pancakes, Robert looked at his watch and said, "Uh-oh...I'd better get going." Standing up from the table, he added, "I forgot all about the construction on the interstate." Grabbing his briefcase and keys, Robert explained, "If I don't get past that section of highway early enough, I'm gonna get stuck in traffic and be late for sure!"

As Robert stepped over to kiss her goodbye, Karen said, "I'll walk you out, honey."

"Sounds good!" Robert replied, putting his suit jacket over his arm. As he walked across the kitchen, he said to Jacob, "See ya, sport. Have a good day at school!"

"Bye, dad." Jacob replied, pushing his chair back from the table and standing up.

As Karen followed her husband to the garage door, she raised her index finger, turned around for a second, and mouthed to Jacob, "*Stay right there*!"

Once in the garage, Robert opened his navy-blue Ford Expedition's driver's side door and tossed his briefcase and jacket onto the passenger seat. He then faced Karen and said suggestively, pulling her in close by her hips, "I'm really looking forward to spending some quality 'alone time' with you this weekend."

Karen smiled, "Oh, really??" She then cut her eyes and asked playfully, "I'm also looking forward to it, but are you sure you wouldn't rather be with *Julie*-- and her big...*smile*?"

Robert guffawed and took Karen into his arms, chuckling, "There isn't another woman on God's green earth that I'd rather be with than you...I hope you know that."

Karen draped her arms around the back of Robert's neck. She then replied, "I know...but what kind of wife would I be if I didn't pick on you sometimes?"

After they had kissed, Robert climbed into the driver's seat and closed the door. He then rolled his window down and said, "Hey, who knows? Maybe we can recreate some of that 'magic' from that Saturday night in Atlanta..."

Once again, Karen cringed at Robert's mere mention of that night at the hotel. Even though she felt great shame in lying to him about the entire incident, Karen had to admit-- in a twisted way, it *had been* quite magical. Vivid memories suddenly flooded into her head of that night: images of the all-night torrid and fervent incestual debauchery that she and her son had sinfully engaged in. Recollections of her and Jacob's unbridled and shameful nightlong raw coupling session quickly caused Karen's pink nipples to pucker and begin tingling, as well as the channel of her womanhood to threaten a sudden flood of its own...

Squirming her legs and desperate to clear the lurid images of taboo sex from her head, Karen leaned into the driver's side window and put her hand on Robert's shoulder, "Honey...I hope you're not putting too much pressure on yourself. Sometimes, it's impossible to recreate a special, spontaneous evening like that, or rekindle the same type of 'magic'. I wouldn't want you to be disappointed."

Robert sighed, "I know...I know. Thing is though, I have *no* memory of that special evening like you do, and it's driving me crazy that I can't seem to remember any of it. I was hoping we could at least try."

Another wave of guilt gripped Karen's heart. She loved Robert more than life itself, and the housewife felt horrible that her memory of that 'special' night didn't exactly match with his (or his entire lack thereof). With a forced seductive smile, Karen patted Robert's shoulder and whispered, "*And try we shall*..." She then added, "Oh, I just thought of something. I'll have to check my closet, because I might not even have a proper dress to go dancing this weekend...at least one that'll fit."

As Robert pressed the ignition button and fired up the engine, he replied, "No problem. Go to the mall if you'd like and buy yourself a new one...anything you want." Pulling out his wallet, he then handed his gorgeous wife his black 'executive platinum' credit card-- one of the new perks of his recent promotion.

"Really?" Karen responded with a big smile, taking the alluring onyx-colored piece of plastic. "Well, if that's the case...should I get something...*sexy*??"

After fastening his seatbelt, Robert nodded his head and replied, "Oh yes...definitely! I'd say go for something...*daring*!"

Karen leaned in closer to her husband and asked, "When you say 'daring', just how *daring* did you have in mind??"

Robert leaned in closer and replied, "Surprise me!"

Karen felt a heightened flutter of excitement. Her mind raced at the thought of going to a nightclub wearing some sexy, slinky outfit and brazenly putting herself on display like she'd done on Halloween night. The usually reserved housewife's already aroused pussy quivered at the notion, causing the gusset of her cotton, bikini-cut panties to moisten even more. With a naughty grin, she said, "Okay...but just remember...you asked for it!"

Shifting the Expedition into reverse, Robert returned Karen's mischievous smile, "Yes, I did...love you!"

"Love you too!" Karen replied, before leaning in and giving Robert another quick kiss. Walking towards the door to head back into the house, she gave one final wave before calling out, "Be careful!" Once Robert had backed his big SUV out of the garage and into the driveway to safely warm its V8 engine, Karen's dainty left hand hovered over the wall button which activated their loud and grinding garage door. As she peered over her shoulder to ensure her husband had fully reversed, Karen was thankful for once for Robert's penny-pinching frugality. Pressing the wall button firmly, she knew the garage door's unmistakable clattering noise and outdated,

slow-moving mechanism would always serve as an early advanced warning signal should her husband ever need to return inside for something.

As soon as Karen reentered the house, she locked the door to the garage behind her and made a beeline straight to where Jacob was again seated in his chair, oblivious to the world on his phone. Without a word, she then dropped to her knees and began impatiently unbuckling her son's belt. At once Jacob switched off his screen, on which he'd been ogling a photo gallery of MILFs with big tits.

"Uh...Mom?" Jacob asked, looking down at her and slightly confused. "You *do* realize dad's still out in the driveway? I can hear the engine running."

"I know..." Karen replied distractedly, as she began hastily tugging on the waistband of her son's pants. "Lift your tush up..."

After complying with his Mother's command, Jacob inquired, "Well...what about the rule?"

As Karen slid Jacob's trousers and underwear down to his knees, she replied matter-of-factly, "We're not breaking the rule...your father's not in the house." The lovely Mother then took her son's partially erect cock in her hand, pleased that its tip was already shiny with a coating of leaking precum. As usual, the scent of her son's intoxicating pheromones flooding her nostrils

immediately enflamed her own arousal. With a few tugs of her soft and dainty right hand, the teenager's leviathan quickly engorged with blood before standing proudly at full attention in all its massive glory. "Besides..." Karen continued absentmindedly, transfixed and gazing longingly at the pearly drops of precum bubbling up from Jacob's pee slit, "He has us behind schedule, so now we have to hurry."

Suddenly, they heard the familiar *vroom* of the Expedition's V8 barreling away down their quiet street until the kitchen breakfast nook became eerily silent. Sighing quietly to herself in relief, Karen looked up into Jacob's eyes and asked, "There...he's gone. You feel better now?" The smiling Mother then proceeded to 'go down' on her son as she closed her eyes and stuffed the bulbous head of his dick into the warm and luscious depths of her pretty mouth. "*MMmmmmm*..." she moaned, as the first delicious droplets of hormone-laced teenaged spunk smeared across the surface of her sexy, slithering tongue. Her arousal from the pheromones, mingled with the lingering buttery-maple scent in the room, had caused her hunger for that morning 'protein shake' she so craved to intensify even more.

"Oh yes, Ma'am..." Jacob replied, groaning with a smile. The teenager then leaned back in his chair and relaxed. Watching his MILF of a Mom kneeling before him as she

bobbed her head up and down, slurping ravenously on his early morning 'wood', he added, "I feel *much* better!"

Several minutes passed, as Karen aggressively blew Jacob like a cock-hungry porn star. Though she would've rather taken her time and relished it, she knew she couldn't. Her goal therefore was to bring her son to a quick finish since she had a busy day ahead of her, including a lunch date with her sister, Brenda. Once her jaw began to ache however, Karen pulled back and looked up at her son with exasperation, "C'mon Jake...you need to hurry up and *finish*!"

"Sorry Mom..." Jacob replied, grunting through gritted teeth and clenching his eyes in concentration. "I'm doing the best that I can!" With a hopeful grin, he then looked down and asked, "Say...how about we go up to my room...like we did Sunday before church?" It had been a couple days since they'd last hooked up, when he'd dumped a nice, fat morning load in his Mom, and he desperately wanted to make another deposit. Nothing (not even the best dessert) would've topped off his delicious breakfast that morning than by burning off some of those extra calories fucking her raw again. Above all, he'd have another chance of acting out his ever-growing kinky fantasy of breeding his gorgeous MILF of a Mom.

Karen for her part wanted to say yes-- or at least her aroused body wanted to yell as much. Despite the

lingering voice of conscience still telling her it was wrong, a combination of being under the influence of the hormones, her jealousy of Sara, and the confident trust she put in Brenda's pills had Karen wantonly considering the wicked proposition. Nothing would have satisfied her more that morning than to take her son's hand and lead him upstairs to indulge in some nice, casual sex--especially on what normally would've been one of her 'safe' days. Once in Jacob's bed, she could then once more let him pound her senseless into his mattress and flood the craving depths of her hungry pussy with his thick and potent morning 'protein shake'. Regrettably, however, Karen knew they didn't have enough time to properly fool around and have fun like they'd done Sunday. She thus would have to reluctantly forego satisfying her growing and barely repressed desire to once again let her yearning womb get plowed and seeded by another hot load of her son's youthful sperm. Due to other commitments that she had later that day, Karen knew she'd instead have to settle for some 'private time' of her own later that morning, once she had the house all to herself.

With a regretful sigh, Karen shook her head, "Sorry, sweetie...not today. You'll be late for school again if we do that."

Jacob shrugged, "So? You could just sign me in...like you've done all the other times we did it. If not my room,

then how about a nice, quick go at it in the laundry room again?"

Though nearly tempted by her son's amended offer, Karen continued jacking Jacob off with both hands, "I said no, Jake...we've been signing you in late way too much lately already, and I'm worried that the school's gonna start getting suspicious. We certainly don't need them informing your father of your recent chronic truancy. So, it's either this...or nothing."

Karen stopped her ministrations and looked back up at Jacob. "Besides, I really don't have time to get cleaned up and showered all over again...I've got a lot of things to do this morning. In fact, I'm meeting up with your Aunt Brenda later today."

Jacob gave Karen a knowing grin, "Ahhh...meeting up with Aunt Bren' again, eh? What do you two have planned? Getting together for some more, uh...'*girl stuff*'?"

"Actually..." Karen replied, "We're meeting up for lunch so she can fill me in on the latest findings from your most recent semen sample tests." Even though she wasn't technically lying to her son, Karen *was* omitting one important fact. After lunch, her plan did indeed involve a return to Brenda's office for some 'girl stuff' since she was due for another waxing session-- especially now that Robert had revealed his plans to celebrate her upcoming

birthday that weekend. More than anything, Karen wanted to do all she could to make the event a memorable one for her loving (though oblivious) husband.

After their brief chat's respite, Karen resumed her hand job. Ramping up her languid tempo to a feverish pace, after a few minutes the muscles in her arms began to burn again through sheer exertion on Jacob's unyielding column of flesh. Finally, in desperation, the tiring Mother said, "C'mon, Jake...you need to hurry up and *finish*!"

Jacob watched entranced as Karen frantically double-fisted his fully engorged cock. The rhythmic movements of his Mother's arms were causing her ample, bra-encased tits to jostle and bounce in perfect harmony, alluringly hidden though they were underneath her silky, satin robe. This, along with her delicate hands sliding up and down his glistening, saliva-lubricated shaft, quickly gave Jacob an idea. "Say, Mom? If we can't go up to my room...could you at least show me your boobs?"

Slowing down her flagging hand movements, Karen looked up at Jacob with a huff. "Fine...I can do that...but that *has* to be it for today. And we have to try and not make a mess. Like I said, I really don't have time to take another shower!" Her outward annoyance hid an inner disappointment for having to make yet another compromise, but Karen's logical side knew there were important reasons outweighing the carnal lust she felt

nagging at her loins. Therefore, with mature restraint, Karen convinced herself to abstain from giving in and once more having intercourse with her son (most likely unprotected again). Looking down at the twin mounds of her creamy-white breasts jiggling and straining within the confined cups of her burgundy bra, Karen silently prayed that the mere sight of her 'girls' would be sufficient to finally make her boy's monstrosity ejaculate-- or, as Jacob so often crudely put it, '*nut*'-- with a minimum of a mess.

Like she'd told Jacob, Karen had plans to meet up with Brenda later that day. There was simply no chance the conservative housewife was going to lie there in the examination room with her legs up in stirrups and allow her younger sister (doctor or no) to get up close and personal with her freshly fucked and gaping vagina, undoubtably still drooling with Jacob's most recent thick deposit. No matter how thoroughly Karen showered and douched, she knew a good amount of her son's sperm always seemed to escape the confines of her overstuffed womb and lewdly leak from the lips of her womanhood, even hours later. In the past, just to spare herself any chances of immodest embarrassment, Karen had always ensured she abstained from sex with Robert the day before she had any appointment with her gynecologist. Karen saw no reason to make an exception to that rule for Jacob now, especially with the huge, thicker loads compared to his father which her son increasingly enjoyed

(and she now willingly allowed Jacob) to pump rampantly into her on a regular basis.

Shaking her lewd thoughts and looking back up, Karen then asked, "So, can you agree to that?"

"Sure, Mom." Jacob nodded eagerly and smiled. He might not be getting the entire seven-course meal from his Mother that morning, but what teenager in their right mind would turn down a world-class blowjob, paired with an awesome tit-show, from their smoking-hot, nearly naked Mom?

Getting up from her knees, Karen stood before Jacob in all her MILF goddess glory. She quickly untied the sash to her robe, slid it from her shoulders, and then draped the silky garment across the back of the same kitchen chair where her husband sat every morning.

Reaching behind her back, Karen deftly unfastened the overtasked hooks of her burgundy push-up bra. Before sliding the loosened straps off her shoulders, she just happened to notice the look in Jacob's warm, hazel eyes. It was the same look which most of the men had worn on their faces during the Halloween party at Rachel's house, when she'd brazenly paraded around all night in her *Sexy Dorothy* outfit.

The thought of being lusted after by all those men-- and now her very own son, gave Karen a sudden rush of sinful

vanity. She wondered if its addicting thrill was similar to how her friend Donna had felt back in her modeling days.

After slowly lowering the straps and cups from her arms, Karen allowed her chemically enhanced and milk-laden Mommy boobs to droop heavily and wobble sensuously on her chest. With bemused delight, she watched as her son's eyes lit up at the sight of her standing before him: her bare-naked and delectably proportioned chest proudly and boldly on full display right in his face. Still holding her bra, Karen now wore nothing save her seductively skimpy (and increasingly wet) burgundy panties covering her drooling vagina.

As Karen placed her bra onto Robert's chair, she heard Jacob whisper with adoring admiration, "Wow, *Mom*! *You're so beautiful. You definitely could've been a model*!"

"Thank you, sweetie." Karen replied, her lips curling into a slight smile from the unsolicited compliment. She couldn't help but stifle a giggle as she noticed her son's hazel-eyed gaze still unshakably glued to the sight of her perfectly shaped breasts. In addition to his goggle-eyed stare, the mesmerized teen's mouth was comically agape, with his tongue slightly sticking out and unable to keep from licking his lips. As if on cue, the sight of her son thirsting so ardently for her mouth-watering breasts quickly had Karen's buzzing nipples puckering with

anticipation and threatening to release the first dewy drops of her sweet and creamy Mommy-milk. Lowering back down to her knees and grabbing a hold of Jacob's throbbing erection, Karen promptly resumed stroking his steel-hard pillar of flesh with both of her hands. "Now..." she said, before stuffing her son's angrily hued cock back into her hungry mouth. "Let's get back down to business."

For the next several minutes in the primarily quiet and sunlight-filled kitchen, Karen blew her son like a seasoned porn star. The nearly naked Mother unrelentingly bobbed her head whilst trying to take in as much of Jacob's fat purple head down her slender throat as possible. The constant and lewdly wet *'gluck!...gluck!...glucking'* sound at the breakfast nook table was now joined by a faint noise coming from the laundry room, where the washing machine had just gone into its final spin cycle.

Karen continued milking Jacob's thick shaft with her right hand whilst at the same time squeezing her left breast with the other. Slick droplets of her creamy milk soon dribbled from her nipple and onto her fingers and palm as she kneaded her heavily laden tit. After a while, a long and broad wiggling strand of spittle, mingled with her boy's precum, dangled viscously from Karen's chin. Though her jaw began to ache mightily, Karen was

determined not to slacken her motherly duty of making her son *'pop'* like a firecracker that morning.

Redoubling her efforts, Karen sucked Jacob's penis like a Hoover vacuum and began massaging his bloated testicles with her left hand, fondling his heavy scrotum. Her desperate hope was to coax his little swimmers to hurry up and make the journey from his churning nut sack and into her eagerly waiting mouth. Crinkling her nose hornily, Karen lowered her right hand and began reaching for her aching cunt that clung to the moist gusset of her panties. As she slowly ran her fingers over her tummy, Karen realized that her son's latest batch of warm, viable sperm would soon be settling in her stomach along with her earlier, light breakfast of scrambled eggs and pancakes that morning. In addition to her perverse hunger, the aroused Mother again felt a dark, primal urge tugging at her yearning loins as she squatted on her haunches and began fingering her panty-covered mound furtively in front of her son. Namely, a tempting and illicit desire that she had another type of egg inside her just then-- one much more fertile for Jacob's potent and lively sperm to settle on. An egg (or two) released from her ripe and mature Mommy ovaries, which several million little babymakers delivered from her son's young and rampantly teeming teenaged testicles would doubtless eagerly try to 'scramble' and kinkily mix genes with...his

DNA with hers. And in all probability...they'd be successful.

"*Oh please, God*! *Let him finish*!!" Karen silently prayed, desperate to drown out her lust and wicked craving for a sinful conception which she knew those wretched hormones were tempting her with. Amidst her agonizing torment, the soreness and pain in her overtaxed jaw muscles were now intensifying to an unbearable level with each passing minute. She could feel tears streaming down her cheeks, no doubt taking her fleshly applied mascara along with them. Despite being practically naked, a sheen of sweat was also beginning to show on her body from her strenuous exertions, causing strands of hair loosened from her ponytail to stick to her face. With growing concern, Karen feared she'd have to take another shower regardless now.

Nevertheless, Karen continued relentlessly jacking Jacob off with her right hand, whilst swirling her tongue all around the sensitive mushroom-shaped bulb of her son's cock. The determined Mother's resolve, however, was beginning to crumble as she desperately strummed herself through her drenched panties to stave off her growing temptation. She was beginning to seriously consider climbing onto her son's lap, peeling her panties to the side, and finishing off his thick, throbbing cock with her tightly-clutching, sopping-wet vagina-- the sloppy mess

of mixed sexual juices which another one of their epically explosive, simultaneous orgasms would no doubt leave in her be damned. Lost in her reckless disregard, Karen didn't even care anymore whether her younger sister Brenda got up close and personal with the latest evidence of her and Jacob's sinful Mother-son coupling shamelessly oozing out of her later. Luckily for Karen however, right before she once more dove headlong into the heedless depths of hell-damning incestuous sin and allowed her son to plaster her uterine walls once more, her prayers would finally be answered.

Pulling out all the stops and deciding to use her one final trump card, Karen resolved to take matters into her own hands...pun intended. Still keeping her lips locked onto and her tongue slathering the ridged crown of Jacob's cock, she deftly leaned in and, with both hands, encased his rigid, throbbing shaft tightly within the cozy confines of her cleavage. At once, Jacob looked down at the awesome sight-- groaning as his Mom's flouncing boobs hungrily engulfed his pulsing phallus and her milk-laden orbs settled atop his equally sperm-filled, heavily bouncing balls. Shimmying her shoulders, Karen subtly increased the clamping pressure that her pendulous breasts were now applying to the full length of her son's aching tool.

Though the sheen of sweat from her neck and chest (combined with the slick mixture of her spit and Jacob's precum,) were sufficient to lubricate the granite slab of flesh now sawing firmly in the valley between her soft breasts, Karen quickly remembered something else that was slippery which could easily be added to their kinky mix. Pulling away and holding Jacob's drooling cock in place by its base with her left hand, Karen used her other hand to aim her leaking right nipple directly onto the crown of her son's glistening wet dick. A groan and moan escaped both their mouths as soon as the creamy tip of Karen's sensitive teat made contact with the equally dribbling and sensitive piss slit of Jacob's throbbing cock. Immediately, both of their life-giving nubs surrendered their respective fluids, rubbing and kissing lovingly in a luscious sexual exchange and slick mixture of Mommy-milk mingled with son-precum.

Just an hour before, Karen had been in the kitchen cooking up a delicious and hearty breakfast for her two precious men. Now here she was, practically naked squatting near that same kitchen and cooking up something else altogether-- with some entirely inappropriate and sinful alternate 'ingredients'. With the faint scent of buttery pancakes and maple syrup still lingering in the air, Karen's dainty fingers resumed stroking up and down her son's angrily veined monstrosity. At the same time, she skillfully used both

hands to alternate every few seconds which nipple would get to baste Jacob's rampant tool with her sweet and creamy Mother's milk. Soon, the delectable sight of her son's glistening tower of flesh coated in their combined fluids had the hungrily craving mother licking her lips. A low, feral '*Hhhhhhhmmmmmm!!!*' emanated from Karen's throat as she engulfed the length of Jacob's tasty looking meat stick in one swift swallow. Slathering her tongue out down to her chin as she lathered the underside of his shaft, Karen relished in the delicious flavor of their combined fluids' mixture. Just like Jacob had described to her before, her creamy milk had a faint and sweet vanilla taste. Meanwhile (no doubt from the recent wholesome breakfast which she'd lovingly fed him), Jacob's sweet precum bore a barely discernable maple tinge to its flavor. 'Chef' Karen smiled mischievously. Only an hour before she'd been busily whisking pancake batter for her boys' breakfast. Now, she was about to whip up another type of batter-- her boy's baby batter, for her second breakfast.

"Oh yeah, Mom!! Keep doing that!!!" Jacob grunted, as Karen used the tip of her slithering tongue like a drill bit-- boring down and teasing the nerve endings of his ultra-sensitive pee slit. For the next few minutes, Karen kept up her relentless and frantic assault on the constantly oozing tip of Jacob's dick. At the same time, she kept up the squeezing tight pressure of her two perfectly shaped and creamy melons all along the length of his cock. This,

combined with the awesome sight of his super-hot MILF Mom spraying her milk all over his cock as she hungrily gobbled it down, finally had Jacob's churning nuts approaching a critical mass. With one final flicker of her tongue across the ridged helmet of his glans and a seductive look of her hazel eyes straight up into his own, the teenager's oversized balls at last cooperated and came to a boil, sending a surging wad of hot semen racing up his shaft. Sitting up straight, Jacob grabbed the sides of his chair's seat and bellowed, "Oh yeah, Mom!! I'm...I'm....*CUUUMMMIIINNNNNGGGGGG*!!!!"

"*Gglllmmmm...ggglllmmmm...GGGLLLMMMM!!!*" Karen gurgled, gulping down each torrential blast of Jacob's thick and warm teenaged seed straight down her throat-- with some of his spend escaping the corners of her mouth and dribbling down onto her jiggling chest. "*Thank you, Lord*!" she silently prayed with thankful relief, as she felt wad after wad of her son's hot and slimy nut cream slithering down her gullet to join up with the breakfast already at home in her churning stomach. Karen's strange craving and primal hunger, in that dark corner of her mind, was at last sated-- at least partially. Closing her eyes, she relished the thought of her son's hormone-laced 'protein' digesting with her scrambled eggs, hoping that those two nutrients, working in tandem, would further nourish some more welcome changes to her body...

"*Whewwww*! Wow, Mom!!!" Jacob huffed, as he collapsed back into the chair, his arms dangling down by his sides and his legs still trembling. With a contented smile on his face, he wiped the sweat from his brow, catching himself as he nearly fell out of the chair, before adding, "That was *AWWWWESOME*!!"

"MMMmmmmmm..." Karen purred contentedly, while milking every last drop of cum from Jacob's slowly deflating cock. As she lovingly licked her son's penis clean of any evidence of her incestuous blowjob, a strange sense of pride swelled up inside the devoted Mother, adding to the satisfied warmth in her now satiated belly. It made her proud to know she was able to 'relieve' her son by just using her hands and mouth-- with a last-minute assist from her breasts...although her poor jaw muscles had paid the price.

"Stand up for me..." Karen said to Jacob in a gentle, motherly tone. Still on her knees, she pulled her son's boxers and pants back up, refastening them as if she was helping him dress like she'd done for him as a little boy.

Karen then stood and picked up her robe from the back of Robert's chair, draping it over her forearm. Jacob was happily surprised that his Mom didn't follow her usual habit of immediately wrapping herself up in the silky garment, especially since she was standing fully exposed in their brightly lit kitchen (and not hidden behind the

privacy of his locked bedroom door). He used the opportunity to drink in his lovely Mother's exquisite beauty, regretting not having his Mom's recent camera gift for him on hand to document it. Her luscious curves and creamy white skin, shiny with sweat, were simply out of this world as he continued ogling her openly for all he was worth. The unkempt strands of hair on her face along with her running mascara made her look so hot in a sexy, 'down-to-fuck...NOW!' kind of way, causing Jacob to again rue their lack of time to have another, quick 'go'.

Gazing up at the clock, Karen reinforced that lack and said, "Okay...if we hurry, I can still get you to school in time before the late bell rings." After reaching down and picking up her bra, she added, "Just give me ten minutes to touch up my makeup and throw something on, and then we can go..."

Jacob spoke up, "Uh... Mom?" He then wiggled his index finger at her chest. "You've still got some of my, uh...stuff..."

Karen looked down to find several pearly streaks of Jacob's semen streaming down the slopes of her big and juicy matronly breasts. She chuckled and scooped up most of the sweet, sticky fluid with her index finger. After licking the digit clean, she joked, shaking her head, "You teenagers make such a mess!" Turning around bashfully, Karen then used some milk from her still leaking nipples

to help massage the residue of her son's baby gravy like a lotion onto her luscious rack. As she walked away to go upstairs, she called over her shoulder, "Meet me at the Jeep...in fifteen!"

Jacob watched as his Mother left the kitchen. His eyes locked onto Karen's round and meaty backside as it swayed hypnotically, her wide child-bearing hips shimmying side to side in her skimpy bikini-cut panties. For a brief moment, he regretted it wasn't a first Sunday of the month, when they could have time to *really* fool around upstairs in his bedroom-- and he could bust another big, fat morning 'nut' deep in Karen's sweet and tight Mommy cunt. Nothing could top pounding her hard and then filling his Mom up like that to start off a day (and, just like Sunday, making her *beg* for it)! Rearranging the awkward lump in his shorts threatening to reawaken, Jacob replied with a rueful smile, before briskly making his way from the breakfast nook table, "Yes, Ma'am...anything you say!" Quickly catching up and following her closely up the stairs, Jacob's focus homed in on the visibly wet mound of Karen's juicy, panty-covered clam in between the sexy gap of her thighs. With his ardent gaze glued to the target of his lustful desire, he set his hopeful sights eagerly on their next hot and horny copulation-- and his goal of getting his Mom to talk dirty to him...

****15 minutes later****

Karen was able to touch up her hair and makeup, clean up most of her son's gooey genetic evidence off her chest with some baby wipes, and get dressed in about thirteen minutes. Stepping outside to warm up her Jeep, she was glad the first frost of November still hadn't come, and that the bright, sunny morning promised a continuance of the recent unusually good weather for the day ahead. For that day's outfit, Karen chose a green floral split wrap dress and beige strappy high-heeled sandals. The casual, yet stylish, garment was knee-length with short sleeves and a V-neck, exposing a modest amount of her creamy cleavage. Inhaling deeply as she stood out on her porch to take in the fresh, crisp autumn air, her nose caught a faint, lingering scent of Jacob's pheromones still on her chest. Karen blushed and felt her nipples hardening as she walked to her Jeep, realizing she'd be going around town all day secretly carrying her son's residual marking...

Jacob followed her a couple minutes later, still fixing his hair and flinging his backpack over his shoulder in a mad dash to get to the Jeep. Karen had to stifle a giggle after she reminded him to check and see if the front door to the house was locked, and he had to bound back up the porch to do so. After settling into the front passenger seat, a huffing Jacob strapped on his seatbelt, and they were finally ready to head on their way. As soon as she backed

out of the driveway, Karen heard a great classic rock tune coming through the speakers. She immediately turned up the volume and began to enthusiastically sing along. The ordinarily safe, 'granny driver' Mom broke several traffic laws whilst driving through their quiet suburban neighborhood in her attempt to get Jacob to school on time.

Jacob quickly recognized the song (from having heard it so much over the years) as Van Halen's *I Can't Drive 55*. With Karen seemingly in a good mood, the teenager figured it'd be a good time to broach the topic of their 'deal' further with her. As he was also worried about Karen getting pulled over for speeding, Jacob called out above the din of loud music, "HEY, MOM!! I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!!"

Noticing her son trying to get her attention, Karen turned the volume down to a more proper level for conversation, "Yes, sweetie?"

Jacob chuckled, "Well, for starters, you might wanna slow it down a bit...if you get pulled over by the cops, then I'll *definitely* be late!"

Karen looked down at the speedometer and noticed she was driving about 20 miles per hour above the posted speed limit. "Goodness!" she said with a giggle, as she let

up on the accelerator. "Sorry, honey. I guess I sort of get a lead foot whenever I hear this song come on!"

"That's okay, Mom..." Jacob replied. "I just wouldn't want you to have to explain to dad why you got a speeding ticket trying to get me to school on time."

Karen laughed, "Yes...I'd definitely have to come up with a pretty good excuse if that occurred! I don't think telling him the truth would fly over too well."

With a knowing look, Jacob shook his head, "No...I don't think that'd go over well, either."

Karen then asked, "Was there something else?" Smirking, she added, "Or was critiquing my driving habits all that you wanted to discuss?"

"No. There *is* something else," Jacob replied.

"Okay..." Karen said, glancing over to Jacob as she turned the radio volume all the way down. "What is it, then?"

"Well..." Jacob began. "I haven't had a chance yet, but...I just wanted to thank you for the uh...*gift*, yesterday."

Karen smiled, "Oh, you're welcome, baby. I'd been waiting for you to say something about that, and was starting to worry you might not have liked it."

Jacob shook his head, "Oh no...I like it. Trust me...I *love* it!"

Karen's smile widened, "Well, good...I'm glad to hear that."

After a few seconds of pregnant silence, Jacob asked with cautionary hope, "Sooo...does this mean that you've decided to pose for me?"

Karen gave Jacob a sideways glance and replied, "Well, of course, silly...why else would I gift you such a camera?"

"Cool!!!" Jacob responded eagerly. He then asked, "But wait...isn't that the same camera Rachel gave dad for your 20th anniversary a few years ago?"

"Yes, it is..." Karen nodded in affirmation. "And he's only ever used it twice, maybe three times since we've had the thing...I think most of it during our anniversary cruise to the Bahamas. As I recall, he used it last when we went zip-lining there, hence the head harness that it's still attached to."

"I see. Is there anything *wrong* with it?" Jacob asked.

"Oh no..." Karen replied blithely, shaking her head. "Nothing at all. In fact, it takes great photos and videos, 'hi-def, 4K' and all that techno mumbo-jumbo. It even

does slo-mo I think. Personally though, I think your father's just been way too busy with work to use it much since, and eventually he's lost interest in the thing. No offense to your sister...because I know she spent a whole lot of money on it, but like most of us nowadays, I think your dad would just rather use his cell phone to take pictures and stuff...since it's much easier and more convenient."

Jacob nodded, then inquired, "Yeah, I know. That's the thing, though...why can't *I* just use my cell phone, too?"

Focusing back on the road, Karen replied, "Because I thought this way would be much safer than keeping anything on your personal device...or 'up in the cloud'. Since you carry your phone everywhere you go, there's always a chance you could lose it, or someone (like your friends or worse, your father!) could accidentally see something on it...not to mention the chance your phone could get 'hacked'. I figured this way, you could keep the camera safely hidden somewhere in your room, and it would never have to leave the house."

Jacob nodded in agreement. "That actually makes a lot of sense. Even better, the camera has a removable microSD card that's about the size of a fingernail-- that should be *really* easy to hide!"

Karen glanced over to Jacob, "Please ensure that you do, and make sure you hide it *very* well!"

With a smile, Jacob replied, "Don't worry, Mom...I'll even make sure to encrypt it...and no one's ever gonna find it."

Karen scoffed and rolled her eyes, "Famous last words."

As they pulled into the school parking lot, Jacob decided he couldn't just hop out of the vehicle without pushing a bit more for details regarding their secret little 'deal'. He quickly asked, "So, Mom...when do you think would be a good time that we can do your first modeling session?"

Referring to the illicitly sinful act they had planned as a 'modeling session' sent a cold shiver down Karen's spine, as she experienced a sudden moment of clarity. She suddenly realized she had actually agreed to pose for her son whilst he took risqué photos of her...and with of all things, the very same camera that her own daughter had gifted to Robert as a wedding anniversary gift.

Once again, Karen had allowed the combination of her out-of-control emotions (mainly caused by her recent jealousy towards Sara) that were fueled by the mind-altering hormones to cloud her better judgment. The conservative Mother knew without a doubt this was a bad idea. Outside of the moral issues, no matter how careful Jacob might be at hiding the evidence, there would always be the potential chance that someone could discover their

illicit affair, so long as any such physical evidence existed.

However, Karen knew there was no turning back...the wheels had already been set in motion. After carelessly gifting Jacob the camera as a sign of her tacit approval to the sinful notion of her posing for him (and the fact that Jacob worked so hard to uphold his end of the bargain,) she couldn't in any good conscience reverse her course now. To do so could cause an irreparable rift between her and her son, damaging their bond completely and the trust that he put in her.

Still, just like the night at the dinner table when Jacob had proudly revealed his straight-A report card to the entire family, a feeling of intrigued anticipation began to bubble up to the surface. Karen felt a strange sense of nervous excitement knowing she was going to pose like some glamour model in front of a camera and be photographed wearing next to nothing-- by of all people, her very own son! Even though the pictures would only ever be for Jacob's private use and never to be seen by another living soul, the naughtiness of knowing they were actually going to go through with their plan caused a sinful thrill to flutter deep in her married pussy.

As Karen parked the Jeep, she replied to Jacob's question, "Oh, um...well...I still have to think about that. It'll have to be on a day when we know for sure we'll have enough

time alone in the house so you can take some quality, yet *tasteful*, pictures."

"And maybe some video, too?" Jacob inquired with a hopeful smile, as he unbuckled his seatbelt. Already, his fecund imagination had several devious ideas churning in his head for devising a way of putting that head harness to good use...

With a heavy sigh, Karen reached over and ruffled Jacob's chestnut brown hair, "All right, mister...let's not put the cart before the horse, now. How about we take it nice and slow to start off-- with just some photographs at first, to see how that goes...okay?"

Satisfied for the time being, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Okay, Mom... that's fine with me."

Karen then pressed the unlock button to the passenger door and said, "Now, you'd better run along, sweetie, before you're late. Have a good day...I love you!"

Jacob picked up his book bag from the floorboard and took a quick glance around. Seeing no one in the immediate vicinity, he leaned over the console and gave his beautiful Mother a peck on the cheek. "Love you, too!" he replied, as he pulled on the latch to open the door.

After getting out of the vehicle, Jacob threw his bookbag over his shoulder and turning with a wave said, "Bye, Mom! See you when I get home." Then, as usual, he slammed the door shut.

Karen didn't even notice the door slamming...in fact, she was in total shock. It had been years since Jacob had voluntarily shown her any type of affection outside of the house. Normally, whenever out in public places, she had to literally force her 'Snuggle Bear' for a hug or a kiss. However, today, Jacob had initiated his show of love for her all on his own accord...without any begging, poking, or prodding.

As Karen watched Jacob enter the school building, she put her hand to her cheek, where she could still feel the lingering echo of her second-born child's warm, unsolicited kiss. "Huh...well, how about that?" she muttered to herself. "Maybe posing for a few naughty pictures *won't* be so bad, after all!"

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"I'll have the soup du jour and a cobb salad, please!" Brenda said to the waiter, as she handed him back the menu. The gorgeous doctor had met up with her sister Karen at *Bon Appetit,* a cozy little bistro just down the tree-lined street from the gynecologist's office where she worked in Brookhaven. After exchanging their customary

hugs and kisses, Karen wasted no time in getting the ugly business out of the way and breaking the news concerning George which she'd discussed with their father Sunday afternoon. Brenda as expected was initially indignant, but most of it was her usual hysterics and melodrama. As Karen argued to her during their stroll to the restaurant, Brenda eventually calmed down and agreed it didn't make sense for George to move in with her family with little Danny already being a handful and plans for another baby on the way. By the time they got to *Bon Appetit* and a waiter had seated them at their usual table, the two loving sisters had peacefully made amends.

Now seated across from her sister, Karen followed up Brenda's lunch order with: "I have to say, that sounds good. I'll have the same, please," as she handed the menu back to the gangly, pimply young man who appeared to be about the same age as her son Jacob. The lovely housewife suppressed a giggle when she noticed his eyes lingering on her modestly exposed cleavage. She couldn't help but sense a slight thrill knowing that she, a middle-aged Mom, could still draw that sort of attention from a mere boy, most likely a freshman in college.

After writing down the two women's orders, the young waiter enthusiastically said, "I'll get started on those right away for you. Once again, my name is Ryan, and if either

of you ladies need anything-- anything at all-- please let me know."

Brenda, being Brenda, just couldn't help herself. For that day's office attire, the curvaceous, auburn-haired MILF had chosen to wear a black knee-length pencil skirt and a teal blue short-sleeved blouse with a daring low-cut V-neck. Leaning forward, she made sure to press her arms against the sides of her boobs, creating a virtual feast of eye-bulging cleavage for the gawking teenager to enjoy. With a slightly husky voice, the beautiful married doctor said seductively, "Thank you...we'll be sure to let you know...*Ryan*."

The geeky young waiter's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and his face turned three shades of red. With a squeaky, shaky voice belying his barely recent emergence from puberty, the stunned teenager squawked, "I'll uh...get you ladies some uh...drink refills!"

As the young man awkwardly made his way back to the kitchen, Brenda called out, "Oh, Ryyyyyyy-an!" When the waiter stopped and turned around, the flirty redhead held up her empty breadbasket and asked, "Would you be a dear and bring me some more of your...*buns*, too?"

Ryan nodded and smiled, "Yes, ma'am...right away!"

Brenda turned back to face her sister and set the basket down on the table. Karen chuckled and said, "You're horrible...you know that?"

With a shocked look on her face, Brenda replied, "What?? The bread here's really good. Besides, it's free-- it comes with the meal!"

Karen leaned forward and narrowed her eyes, "That's not what I meant...and you know it!!"

Brenda giggled, "Oh c'mon, Sis, lighten up...I'm just having a little fun."

"Fun?" Karen asked with her usual motherly tone. "You're purposely tormenting and embarrassing that poor boy."

Brenda sat back and waved Karen off. "Oh pooh...I'm sure he enjoyed the hell out of it! In fact, I bet you anything he's gonna be bragging to all his nerdy friends later on about the two sexy 'MILFs' he waited on today."

Karen sat back and crossed her arms, "I'm not sure who's a worse flirt...you, or Rachel!"

After taking a sip of her iced tea, Brenda proudly replied, "Hey, it's not my fault she takes after the funner sister!" Seeing Karen shake her head with slight annoyance, the younger sibling put her glass down and added,

"Besides...I saw him checking out your rack, too, you know."

"Yes, I know he did." Karen replied, matter-of-factly. "But unlike *you*, I didn't make a total spectacle of myself." She then picked up her glass of tea and continued, "Just be sure to leave him a tip...and a generous one at that!"

"*Generous??*" Brenda asked in mock surprise. "If you ask me, I already gave him a generous tip..." She then added, with a naughty snicker, "*Two*, actually." Seeing the displeased look on her sister's face, Brenda put up her hand nonchalantly and said, "I know, I know. You don't need to remind me...*I'm horrible*!"

For the next few minutes, as they waited for their order, Brenda updated Karen on the test results from Jacob's latest blood and semen samples. "All in all, his stats seem to be holding steady. Mostly everything in his bloodwork continues to be maintaining within the normal ranges."

Karen leaned forward and asked, somewhat concerned, "*Mostly* everything? What does *that* mean?"

Brenda put up her hand, "Cool your jets there, Sis. There's nothing to be alarmed about. His testosterone levels were slightly elevated this time around compared to last, that's all. If there was any need to worry, I'd for sure let you know right away."

Karen sat back. "Testosterone? Well, I guess that kind of makes sense."

Brenda tilted her head to the side, "What makes sense?"

Karen looked around to ensure no one was nearby, "Well lately, it seems Jake's been needing more and more 'help' to keep things under control. And he's been much more aggressive in going about getting that 'help'...especially from me."

Brenda smiled knowingly and whispered, "*Oh Karen, what did you expect*? *Your son is a healthy teenaged boy at his sexual peak-- a stiff breeze would give that boy an erection*! *Add to that fact Jacob's body is loaded with supercharged sex hormones right now...it's a wonder he can even halfway function intelligently, if at all*!"

Karen sighed, "I guess you're right. I should be grateful...that it isn't anything worse." Picking up her glass, she added, "Anyways, I'm due to hear back from the assistant DA tomorrow concerning the court date for Dr. Grant. God willing, it means we're finally nearing the end of all this."

Brenda shrugged, "Hopefully so." She then joked, "But hey, in the meantime...if you ever need your baby sister to step up and 'help' Jake out a little more, I'm more than willing to make another 'sacrifice'!"

Karen scoffed and rolled her eyes, "I'm sure you would."

Noticing her sister's sudden aloofness, Brenda took her hand, whispering, "*Hey*! *I'm only half-kidding...you know pretty soon, I won't be able to, even if I wanted, right? Since Mark and I are about to try for another one...so, just hands and mouth, I promise*." Karen smiled weakly and only blankly stared back.

Brenda knew her sister very well. She could sense something in Karen's eyes that there was something else she wanted to get off her chest. The younger sibling then asked, "Is there something else you're not telling me? Have you noticed any other changes?"

Karen shook her head, "With Jake? No."

Brenda arched her eyebrow, "With you, then?"

Relieved to unburden herself, Karen's smile returned as she nodded her response.

Without thinking, Brenda blurted out excitedly, forgetting halfway to whisper, "What kind of changes? Have you stopped lactating whenever you orgasm? *Are you still letting him ejaculate in you regularly*??"

CRRRRRASSSSHHH!!!

Suddenly, there was a loud clattering noise near their table-- drowning out most of Brenda's last question. They

quickly turned to find Ryan had dropped the pitcher of iced tea. "I'm...I'm so sorry, ladies," the young waiter stammered pathetically. "I'll get this cleaned up...right away!" He then hurried off back into the kitchen.

Once they were alone again, Karen turned back to Brenda and replied softly, "*No, that hasn't stopped...in fact, quite the opposite. Now, whenever it happens...there's a lot more of it*!"

"*You mean the breast milk, right*?" Brenda asked with mixed amusement and arousal-- unsure if Karen had heard her last remark and which intriguing act her flustered older sister was referring to specifically.

"*Yes*," Karen clarified, "*On top of that...I don't even have to achieve an orgasm to begin lactating. Now I start leaking whenever I'm really aroused*."

"*Really*?" Brenda gasped, her eyes widening with surprise. Suddenly, her mind drifted back to that day at Karen's house, when they'd shared an afternoon bath along with a whole bottle of expensive Pinot Grigio white wine.

Brenda had just finished waxing her sister's pubis completely bald. She was in the process of applying a special homemade concoction to help soothe the irritated areas of Karen's nether regions, when the combination of

hormones and alcohol took over and turned their innocent moment into something much more...intimate.

There, in the steamy and candle-lit bathroom, Brenda had used her skillful fingers to masturbate her sister and bring her to a body-convulsing, mind-scrambling orgasm. It was then when she witnessed firsthand Karen's amazing, lactating breasts. The memory of that salaciously eye-opening event caused the married doctor's pussy to immediately moisten and revive her desire to get her hands back onto her older sibling's amazing tits (and maybe this time, her mouth as well).

In a husky whisper, the aroused doctor asked, "*Anything else*?"

"*Yes*..." Karen began to reply, having in fact heard Brenda's second question above the din of their nervous waiter's loud interruption. Before she could elaborate further however, a different waiter approached their table to deliver their orders.

Remembering her medical standards, Brenda turned back to her sister and chuckled, speaking at a normal volume, "Hold that thought. We'll continue this part of the conversation later on, in the privacy of my office."

"Agreed!" Karen responded with a nod, very much relieved to go back to decent conversation and not

minding at all delaying the more intimate details of her and Jacob's recent encounters to a location elsewhere.

As they began to dine on their lunch, Brenda steered their discussion to another topic and asked, "So, Sis, your birthday's coming up this Saturday...any plans to celebrate?"

Karen wiped the corners of her mouth with her napkin. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do."

Whilst grinding some black pepper onto her French onion soup, Brenda inquired, "Oh really? Do tell..."

Karen took a quick sip of iced tea. "Well, since it appears Rob's no longer going to have to work this weekend, he's decided to take me out dancing at *Tech Noir*."

Brenda leaned in, "*Tech Noir*? Isn't that the new nightclub that just opened downtown?"

Karen nodded before swallowing a spoonful of her soup.

"Oh wow!" Brenda responded. "I've heard nothing but rave reviews about that place!"

"So have I..." Karen replied. "I'm very excited to go...I mean, we haven't gone dancing anywhere like that since before Jake was born. In fact, Rob wants to go all out, get a hotel suite in the Village, and make an entire night out of it."

Brenda picked up her spoon and said, "Well, that sounds like a wonderful idea! Like you said, it's been years since you two have gone out and done something fun, just as a couple. That'd be a great way for you and Rob to reconnect...especially with everything that's been going on over the past few months."

"Yeah, but...that's what worries me," Karen said haltingly, her tone once again a bit more sullen.

Brenda scrunched her brow, "Worries you? Wait, I'm not sure I understand...you *don't* wanna reconnect with your husband?"

Karen raised her hand and replied, "Oh no...it's not that at all!! I definitely want us to reconnect as a couple, very much so."

Brenda chuckled, "So...what's the problem?"

Karen sighed, "Rob is dead set on recreating that 'special' Saturday night that we had at the hotel in Atlanta."

Brenda quickly replied, "*What*?"

Karen nodded her response.

"Hold on..." Brenda said, as she put down her soup spoon and lowered her voice. "*I'm confused...I thought you said you spent that entire night with Jake in his suite, relieving him of his 'accidental' overdose of Viagra*?"

"*I did*..." Karen whispered back. "*But Rob felt so bad about getting drunk at dinner that night, and then passing out when we got back to the hotel, that I sort of...lied to him...and let him think that we had sex...a lot of really GOOD sex*."

Brenda giggled, "*Oh, I see...so now Rob thinks that he was some kind of sexual dynamo, who rang your bells that night*!"

"*Yes*..." Karen nodded, in agreement. "*And now he's been wracking his brain trying to remember all that, and luckily for me, up to this point, he hasn't been able to recall anything. But Brenda...I'm scared to death that if he keeps mulling over it, eventually, he'll somehow connect the dots, and realize I wasn't in bed with him at all...and the woman he heard screaming in the middle of the night wasn't that newlywed bride in the suite next door, but actually*-- "

"You." Brenda said, finishing Karen's statement for her. "*Oh my God*!" she then gasped, shaking her head.

With a hint of desperation, Karen asked, "Do you have any suggestions? I'll do just about anything!"

After a few seconds of thought, Brenda grinned a big smile, "It's simple!!"

"Really? It is?" Karen asked, with a renewed sense of hope.

"Of course it is..." Brenda replied. "All you've got to do is replace the memory that he can't recall with an even better one! That way, he'll forget all about Atlanta." The married doctor leaned in and added, "But to do that, my dear sweet sister, you're gonna have to pull out all the stops, and *fuck* that man as if your life depended on it!"

Suddenly, "Oops!" Ryan squeaked, as he tripped and dumped four freshly baked bread rolls out of the basket he was carrying onto the table between the two sisters. Trying to collect himself from what he'd just heard, the young waiter apologized, "Dang it!! I am *so* sorry about that."

"It's okay, sweetie...are you alright?" Karen asked with concern, as her motherly instincts kicked in (especially since the boy reminded her so much of her son, Jacob).

Brenda, of course, decided to go a different route, "Yeah, Ryan...you okay there, kid?" She pulled her shoulders back to accentuate the size and shape of her impressive bust line and added, "Seems like *something's* got you all hot and bothered!"

As Ryan picked up the rolls from the table and placed them back into the basket, his eyes kept shifting over to gawk at Brenda's bulging tits and invitingly deep

cleavage. "Yes, ma'am...I mean...no, ma'am! I mean..." The young waiter took a deep breath, looked Brenda in the eyes, and explained, "It's my first week on the job, and I'm just really nervous...I'm sorry for being such a screw-up."

Brenda placed her hand on Ryan's arm and replied in a flirty tone, "Oh no...don't think that...you're doing an absolutely fine job...just try and relax...*babe*."

Noticing what Brenda was doing, Karen kicked her sister in the shin underneath the table. "*OWWW*!!" Brenda looked over and mouthed to her more conservative sibling. "*That hurt*!" Karen responded by cocking her head and giving Brenda a cheeky grin.

"Yeah? You think so?" Ryan asked, somewhat sheepishly, oblivious to the sisters' childish exchange.

"Yes..." Brenda replied. "In fact, once we're finished dining, my *Mom* here and I are gonna go speak with your manager and express to him how much we really enjoyed your...*service*." She glanced across the table and stuck her tongue out cheekily at Karen, who was shaking her head and rolling her eyes in disbelief mixed with slight amusement.

Too delighted to have caught on to the flirty statement by the gorgeous MILF, Ryan replied, "Really? Would you do that? Gee...thank you so much!"

Brenda smiled, "Of course! It's no problem." She then added, "You know... back in college, I used to wait tables at Hooters...so I, for one, know exactly how...*hard* it can get-- working in a restaurant, that is!"

Ryan blushed, "Yes, ma'am, it's very hard work...that's for sure!" He then let his eyes linger longer on Brenda once again. Overcome by the married doctor's striking beauty, he said, "I'm sure you had to have been the prettiest waitress working there."

Brenda flashed her familiar coy, mischievous smile, "Well, aren't you the little charmer? Fibbing in order to get a bigger tip, I bet!"

Ryan shook his head, "N--No, ma'am! I'm being totally honest with you. Promise!"

"Well, thank you, Ryan..." Brenda responded sincerely. "That's very sweet of you to say."

Ryan smiled and said, "Well...I'll uh...go get you ladies some fresh boobs-- *BUNS*!! I'll go get you your buns..." Cussing under his breath the young waiter quickly turned around and began walking back to the kitchen, carrying the small breadbasket filled with rolls that he'd accidentally dumped onto the table.

Brenda then called out, giggling, "Oh, Ryyyyy-an?" When the teenager stopped in his tracks and turned around, she added, "Could we also get refills on our tea?"

His cheeks still beet red with embarrassment, the young waiter smiled sheepishly and replied, "Yes, ma'am!" before darting through the double swinging doors leading back to the kitchen.

Wearing a big Cheshire Cat grin on her lovely face, Brenda turned back to her sister. Karen huffed and said, "You...are...*horrible*!!"

"Guilty as charged!" Brenda stated proudly as she picked up her spoon to resume eating her soup.

Knowing it was a losing battle to keep hidden from Brenda, Karen relented with a sigh as she returned to the topic of her upcoming 44th birthday. She then remarked, matter-of-factly, "Well, if I'm going to 'pull out all the stops' as you say...I'm gonna have to go dress shopping sometime this week. In fact, Rob's already told me to go to the mall and treat myself to anything I want."

Brenda's eyes lit up. "Oh! Oh! Please take me with you. I could help you pick something out that'll *really* blow Rob's mind!"

"I'm not sure that's a good idea..." Karen replied hesitantly. "Knowing you...you're gonna have me looking like some sleazy streetwalker."

Brenda huffed, "No...not a streetwalker! I was thinking more like a...*classy* call girl." She ended her statement by giving her sister a knowing wink.

Karen replied skeptically, "A 'classy call girl'?" She then sighed, "I don't know..."

Motioning her hands dramatically like a movie director, Brenda elaborated, "Think 'Julia Roberts' instead of 'Pat Benatar'...*Pretty Woman* instead of *Love Is A Battlefield*." Being both 'MTV-Gen' siblings, Brenda knew Karen would catch her drift.

After a few seconds and seeing her sister still nonplussed, Brenda glanced around to ensure no one was around, then leaned in, "Look, Karen...if you want Rob to forget all about Atlanta...you're gonna need to do something really drastic and seriously inflate his ego. First, you should slut it up just a little bit with a slinky dress and 'barely there' underwear. Then, during the entire evening, you hang onto him like a cheap suit and openly flirt with him in public until every other guy in the place is totally and insanely jealous of your husband." The married doctor picked up her glass of tea and continued with a softer voice, "*Then...back at the hotel, you fuck him three ways*

to Sunday. You scream like a banshee and make him think he's the second coming...even if you have to fake it!" After taking a sip of her beverage, Brenda ended with, "You do all that, and I *guarantee* Rob will forget all about Atlanta. Trust me on this...I know from experience."

"So, I take it you've done this sort of thing before, with Mark?" Karen inquired, cynically.

Brenda chuckled, "Oh yes...several times. In fact, it's my favorite way of 'apologizing' to him..." The lovely wife then added with a hint of regret, "Even if he doesn't know anything about the horrible act that I committed to warrant my 'apology'."

Just then, Ryan walked by, carrying several trays for other tables, and as quickly and courteously as he could, placed the promised fresh basket of rolls on the sisters' table. After thanking him and a few more seconds of awkward silence watching him leave, Brenda continued, "Yes...I did the same sort of thing right after that dreaded Memorial Day cookout incident...with the neighbor's kid."

"Oh really?" Karen asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yeah...I was so angry with myself." Brenda confided. "When Mark got back home from London, I was waiting for him at the door wearing the sluttiest outfit I could find." She then laughed, "We didn't even make it to the bedroom. I was so driven to prove my love for him that

within seconds, I had my panties down around my ankles and was bent over the back of the living room couch, begging for him to take me."

"*Brenda*!" Karen gasped.

"Yeah... I know," Brenda continued. "Let me tell you something...guilt can be a great motivator. I rode him so hard that weekend that afterwards, he didn't ask to have sex with me for two whole weeks!" She then smiled and confessed, "But I must say...that was some of the best and most intense sex we've had since our honeymoon."

Karen chuckled, "Since your honeymoon? Seriously?"

Brenda smiled, "Seriously!!"

Karen chewed on her bottom lip as she mulled things over. She then looked at Brenda and said, "Alright. You know what? Let's do it!"

"Yay!!" Brenda gleefully responded.

"But..." Karen interjected, "I get to have the final say on the dress."

Brenda nodded, "Agreed." She then asked, "So, when did you plan to go shopping?"

Karen picked up her fork to start her salad, saying, "Well, I've got the lawyer visit tomorrow so I was thinking probably Thursday."

"I could make that work," Brenda said, as she picked up a fresh roll from the breadbasket on the table. "I'm not working that day."

"You're not?" Karen inquired.

"Mmm-mmm..." Brenda responded, shaking her head. Her mouth was full of the hot, savory bun. After swallowing and taking a sip of tea, she added, "I'm taking the day off. It just so happens I have a hot date that day." The married doctor winked at her older sister.

Puzzled, Karen put down her fork and asked, "What do you mean by 'hot date'? You and Mark have plans?"

"Nope!" Brenda replied, playfully. "This particular guy is actually *much* younger than Mark. He has blonde hair and dreamy, blue eyes...and he thinks I'm the cat's meow. Just the sound of his voice makes me all squishy inside." Seeing Karen's confused look, she then added, "However, he doesn't have a job, and he can't drive."

"Huh?" Karen asked, even more confounded.

Brenda leaned in towards Karen, "He's only 4 years old."

Karen dropped her head and chuckled with bemused realization.

"Who did you think I meant?" Brenda asked in mock surprise. "*Now* who's the horrible one?"

Karen raised her glass of tea in acknowledgement, "*Touché*!"

Tearing off another piece of bread, Brenda continued, "Actually, I have some errands to run that day, so I thought it'd be a good chance for Danny and me to have a nice 'Mommy and son bonding day' together."

"Well, if that's the case, I wouldn't want to impose on your time with Danny," Karen said. "I remember how special those one-on-one days were with Rachel and Jacob when they were around Danny's age."

"Are you kidding me?" Brenda began. "Once Danny finds out he's also getting to spend the day with his favorite Auntie Karen, he'll be over the moon!"

As Karen stabbed some lettuce onto her fork, she rolled her eyes sarcastically, "Brenda, I'm his *only* Auntie. Seriously though, are you sure? I mean...the more I consider it, the more I think I really need your input on the dress."

"Am I sure?" Brenda asked. "Honey...I *insist!*" As she ground some more black pepper onto her salad, the younger sister added, "In fact, I've been trying to think of what to get you for your birthday, so the dress *and* anything else you want-- will be my treat!"

"Oh, no Bren'...Rob's already given me his card, so you don't have to do all that."

"Nonsense!" Brenda waved nonchalantly. "What did I just tell ya? I *insist*. And what Rob doesn't know won't kill him...so, just use his card to treat yourself to something else-- like some nice, sexy *lingerie*. Otherwise, your dress and shoes are on me!"

"Really? Shoes, too?" Karen inquired.

Brenda nodded, "Yes, shoes too. We're pulling out all the stops, remember?"

Karen chuckled, "Okay...If you say so." She then took a big bite of her Cobb salad.

"I *do* say so..." Brenda replied. "Oh...and we're not going to the mall. I know of a great little boutique downtown, where we can find the perfect outfit for you...dress, shoes, undies-- the whole package. They even have an on-site seamstress who guarantees that any alterations can be done within 24 hours."

"*Ouch*!" Karen grimaced suddenly, rubbing the side of her cheek.

"What's wrong, Sis?" Brenda asked with concern. "Did you bite a hard crouton, or something?"

Karen shook her head and replied, "No...jaw muscle." Still massaging her cheekline, she then gave her baby sister a knowing look.

Brenda smiled, "Ohhhh, *I see*..." Leaning in, she whispered. "*So, you 'helped' Jake again...before taking him to school this morning*?"

Karen nodded, whispering as well, "*Yes...I was already showered and everything, but he needed my help. We were short on time, so I thought it'd be a good idea to...'help' him, just using my mouth*."

"Well, how did *that* work out for ya?" Brenda asked, rhetorically.

"Not good..." Karen chuckled, the soreness having dissipated. "I mean, I got the job done, but it seemed to take *forever*! And now I'm paying for it..." She then went back to eating her salad.

Brenda giggled, then lowered her voice, "*Sis...let me give you a little sage advice. The next time you need to finish*

Jake off quickly with just a handjob or your mouth...try throwing in a little dirty talk."

"*Dirty talk*?" Karen gasped, taking the last bite of her salad.

"Mm-hmm!" Brenda replied, enthusiastically. "Works every time...trust me!"

"I don't know if I can do that, Bren'...I mean..." Karen wiped her lips with her napkin, then leaned in closer, "*Talking dirty to my own son...that just...feels so...*"

"Wicked??" Brenda offered with a smirk, trying to guess Karen's words.

"*Wrong*!" Karen replied. "It just feels very...very wrong. It's bad enough already that I'm doing all the things that I am in order to help him, but to add *that* on top of everything...something so unnecessary...so...*vulgar*..."

Brenda put down her fork. "Aww, c'mon Karen...it's just talk...it doesn't mean anything. Just be creative...you can talk 'dirty' without using a lot of dirty words, ya know." With a giggle, she added, "And, if you ever need any help for what to say, you know just who to call ahead of time for some 'pointers', right?"

Karen let out an exasperated sigh and gave Brenda an admonishing look as she remembered the conversation

she'd had with Jacob the previous Sunday morning concerning this very subject. Karen had agreed that *he* could use some colorful words and language here and there with her...so long as it was only during their 'sessions', and he kept it somewhat tame. However, she also recalled the *wicked* excitement and intense onrush of her orgasm when her son had ventured over the line and vividly described exactly what he was doing to her using much more foul and filthy words. It never occurred to Karen that triggering a quick climax like that could work with the roles reversed, and a light bulb lit up in her head at the sudden and thrilling realization.

With a wry grin Brenda coyly added, breaking Karen out of her newfound and momentous epiphany, "Once again, hon'...trust your baby sister. I know what men like, and Jacob would absolutely love it! It'll help him '*pop'* a lot faster...plus, save *you* a lot of wear and tear on your poor jaw muscles."

Karen picked up her tea glass and softly replied, "Okay...okay. I have to admit, 'doctor'...you *do* make some very valid points."

"So, you'll do it?" Brenda asked, with rakish optimism.

"I'll...*think* about it." Karen replied bashfully, with a slight grin.

Knowing that demure look on Karen's face all too well (which was a virtual *fait accompli* that her older sister was actually going to go through with it,) Brenda clapped her hands quietly and responded, "Good...and I promise, you won't be sorry!" The gorgeous younger sister then squirmed excitedly in her chair and looked around, asking, "Now, where's that Ryan with our check? We need to head back to the office..." Turning back to Karen, the mischievous doctor added, "I have a *very special* patient, who has an important appointment to keep."

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Later that afternoon, Karen found herself reclined on a Pedali spa/exam table at Brenda's Brookhaven OB-GYN Clinic. The state-of-the-art chair, with its modern, adjustable position settings and built-in cushion warmers, was quite comfortable (even though currently she was only attired in her bra, jewelry, and a flimsy little examination gown).

Normally, whenever Karen was in an examination room like this, with her feet up in stirrups-- it would've been across town at the office of her actual gynecologist, Dr. Michelle Taylor. However, the middle-aged Mom wasn't there for her annual routine preventive check-up. Today, the physician who sat on the rolling stool in between her obscenely splayed-open legs was none other than her own younger sister, Brenda. And, instead of a pap smear, Dr.

Sullivan was administering yet another complete Hollywood waxing of Karen's entire nether region-- all in preparation for her unexpected weekend birthday getaway with her husband, Robert.

Free at last to speak candidly, the two sisters made use of the intimate environs to resume their earlier conversation at lunch that day. As Brenda proceeded to strip her sister's undercarriage from bow to stern of every single, solitary hair, Karen in turn described her laundry list of concerns related to the most recent physical and psychological changes she was experiencing.

Brenda attributed most of the psychological concerns (namely, the unwarranted jealousy towards Sara and the unnerving desire to become pregnant with another baby) to the incredible overload of chemically laced hormones surging through Karen's bloodstream. The young doctor's theory was that these side effects would most likely dissipate once Jacob was finally cured of his affliction, and Karen no longer ingested (nor was inseminated with) her son's hormone-laced semen.

However, just as she did with Jacob, Brenda suggested to Karen that she should allow *her* blood samples to be submitted to the same colleague for anonymous testing. This would help ensure that no unseen (or unforeseen) adverse activity was occurring which could permanently affect her health.

Concerning the physical changes, however, Brenda held a slightly more cavalier attitude. Looking up from between her sister's spread-open legs, she asked, "So let me get this straight...you're having some of the best, carefree sex you've ever had and experiencing the most powerful, mind-scrambling, toe-curling orgasms of your entire life...and you're *complaining*?"

Karen peered down between the 'V' of her naked thighs and into her sister's beautiful face, "No...I'm not complaining, exactly. I guess...I just want to make sure all this is...normal. Especially the increased amount of breast milk that I'm producing."

"Well..." Brenda replied, while removing the latex gloves from her hands, "None of this is exactly *normal* per se..." She tossed the gloves into a nearby waste basket and continued, "But I have an intuition that all of this will go away once things are back to how they were. Soon, Jacob will go back to being a healthy, developing young man and then off to college. And you, my dear, will go back to worrying about only having *one* man's semen going inside you."

Brenda then asked, "Oh...that reminds me. How's the Midoxinol working out for you? Have you noticed any side effects?"

Karen shook her head, "No...not that I've noticed. It's still working good, I suppose. Despite his best efforts and not wanting to use condoms with me anymore, my son still hasn't put any grandchildren in me just yet-- heavens forbid...if that's what you're asking!" With a slight, cynical scoff, Karen shrugged and added, "But...with all these crazy hormones flowing around in me, it's sort of hard to tell exactly what's a side effect and what's an intended interaction."

Chuckling at Karen's morbid sarcasm, Brenda nodded, empathizing with her sister's ordeal. "Yeah...I suppose that's expected and an apt description. Thankfully though, the pills seem to be effective...since, like you said, there hasn't been any breaking news of any surprise Mitchell babies recently!"

"Goodness no! I'll leave the duty of growing the family and breaking that type of news to you and Rach, thank you very much." Leaning back into the exam bed, Karen sighed, then asked meekly, "However, to answer your other question. I *am* getting a bit low...would you happen to be able to spare any more?"

Brenda smiled, "Sure thing. I can hook you up with some more before you leave. Just be sure to remind me though, 'cos it's my last batch actually...the pharmaceutical company's FDA trial period expires at the end of next month." As she wrapped up her waxing session, the

dissolute doctor pondered with bemused intrigue exactly how much and how often Karen had been allowing her own son to shoot his raw loads into her over the past few weeks. However, that question was pretty much already answered. It had to have been a lot, Brenda calculated with lecherous glee, for her older sister to have already used up the first batch of the experimental contraceptive pills which she'd given her over a month earlier so quickly!

Shaking her lustful thoughts, Brenda reached over and picked up a nearby jar of the soothing 'homemade' lotion to apply to Karen's freshly waxed nether regions. As she twisted off the lid, the doctor whispered a comment whilst gazing at Karen's naked pubis, "*Damn*, *that's beautiful*!" Licking her lips, she couldn't help but once again feel a burning desire to dip her tongue into the pink folds of Karen's glistening wet pussy and taste her sister's sweet and forbidden family nectar. Brenda only wondered how much sweeter that bald Georgia peach would be to feast on just now, if it were also oozing with her nephew Jacob's nice, thick and creamy-white babymaking glazing.

"What was that?" Karen leaned up on her elbows and asked, unsure of what Brenda had muttered.

"Oh, uh...I said...all done!" Brenda looked up at her sister, collecting her thoughts, and replied, "I think it looks even better this time around than the last...hardly any redness

and irritation at all." She then quipped, in a mock-clinical tone, "Just be sure that on Saturday night, you allow Rob to come up for *some* oxygen occasionally...and consult you know who *immediately* should that said husband persist in staying down there for more than 4 hours. Doctor's orders!"

Snickering through her nose, Karen giggled as she lay back, "You're horrible-- *OHHH*!!" The married Mother gasped from the immediate pleasant tingling as soon as Brenda's nimble fingers began applying the creamy relief-giving concoction to her sensitive, freshly waxed skin. The sensations reminded her of the last time Brenda had done this, and without thinking, she instinctively let her knees fall further to the sides to give her sister unfettered access between her shapely, long legs. A slight moan of approval escaped her throat.

Brenda noticed Karen widening her legs more and the dewy droplets of arousal forming within the delicate folds of her sister's hyper-sensitive vagina. A smile crept on the devious doctor's face as a naughty idea popped into her head.

"You know, if it'll help ease your mind...I can also send some of your breastmilk along with your blood samples for further analysis." The young doctor could see a look of indecision on her sister's face. She added, "Remember,

Sis...this would all be done anonymously...no one would ever know who you are."

"I know...I know..." Karen sighed, laying her head back on the headrest. After a few seconds of staring up at the Celotex ceiling tiles, she relented, "Alright...fine, let's do it."

"Alright, then!" Brenda replied enthusiastically, as she placed the jar of lotion down, stood up from the stool, and walked over to a small cabinet on the far wall. After collecting something from inside, she closed the cabinet door and returned to the stool still positioned at the foot of the examination table.

As Brenda sat back down, she softly commented, "This is actually my last one...I need to ask the supplier for some more samples."

"Samples of what?" Karen asked curiously, raising her head and looking back down between her legs at her sister.

"This..." Brenda replied, holding up a transparent pink silicone cup, "It's a breastmilk collector." She then held it out to Karen and added, "Hold onto this...you'll be needing it soon enough."

"What about a breast pump? Won't we be needing one of those as well?" Karen asked, as she curiously inspected

the plastic medical device. She noticed the milk catcher was equipped with little adhesive strips to hold the collecting unit onto her breast.

Brenda fibbed, "Unfortunately, I don't have one on the premises right now." She then continued, with a giggle, "Besides, from what I saw when we were in your bathtub the other week...I don't think we're gonna need one."

Karen could feel her cheeks burn with embarrassment from the memory of that salacious day, when she had shared a bath with Brenda after her last waxing session. She felt a wave of guilt remembering how she'd allowed her own sibling to finger her to orgasm, which in turn had caused her breasts to ejaculate copious amounts of milk from her burning nipples and spatter all over her naked sister.

Even though it was a question to which she already suspected the answer, Karen still asked, rhetorically, "So, without a breast pump...how do you plan on getting the milk samples then?"

Another mischievous grin spread across Brenda's otherwise angelic face. Holding up the small plastic jar of lotion, she said matter-of-factly, "Why with this, of course. We'll just let nature do the work for us!"

As soon as Brenda confirmed her plan of jilling her off to another orgasm, Karen felt a sudden sense of dread. In her

mind, she knew it was wrong to once again cross that boundary with her sister. However, she also couldn't deny the sinful excitement of once again feeling the soft and feminine touch of Brenda's highly skilled fingers working their magic on her. "Oh...okay." Karen replied softly, surrendering herself to her fate.

Eagerly dipping her 'highly skilled' fingers into the jar of lotion, Brenda commented, "I know what you're thinking, Sis...but don't you worry your pretty little head about it. Just think of this as a medical procedure being conducted by a licensed physician, in order to obtain some necessary fluid samples from you that's required for testing."

"Medical procedure...necessary fluids...testing...got it!" Karen repeated, hoping that her sister's clinical rationale and unorthodox justification would suffice to lessen her guilt.

Brenda looked up and said, "Oh...and before we start...you might wanna go ahead and remove your bra to adhere the milk collector to your breast...either one is fine. Just peel off the little self-adhesive strips and place your nipple into the round hole."

Karen raised up and removed the examination gown. She then tossed it onto the nearby chair where her neatly folded dress and balled-up cotton panties already resided. As she reached behind her back and began unfastening

her bra, she asked with some unease, "Are you *sure* the door is locked?" The conservative wife could only imagine the horror of someone inadvertently opening the exam room door to find her stark naked with her feet up in stirrups, whilst her very own sister was positioned in between her legs and diddling her to an incestuous orgasm.

As Brenda used her feet to roll herself into the proper position, she replied, "Yes, of course it's locked." She then added nonchalantly, "Besides, no physician besides me ever uses this examination room, and I have no other patients on the docket today. I've taken every precaution, so I can assure you...we're not gonna be disturbed."

Karen unfastened the hooks on her bra but kept the garment pressed against her chest. "You told them...didn't you?" she asked with an exasperated tone. "They *all* know what we're doing in here!"

"No, they don't..." Brenda replied, blithely waving her off. "I simply told the staff that I was bringing you in here today for a...special treatment...that's all."

"*Special treatment*??" Karen scoffed, "What *else* are they going to think??" Tossing her bra onto the nearby chair along with the rest of her clothes, the miffed older sister added with a huff, "Brenda! How could you do that? This is so *embarrassing*!!"

As Brenda began to smear more of the lotion onto the tender skin of Karen's pubic area, she replied, "Relax, Sis...you've got nothing to worry about. Remember, most of the female staff here and I do this for each other quite regularly. I swear to you...they're gonna think nothing of it."

As Karen pressed the milk collector to her breast, her mind was suddenly filled with scandalously obscene images occurring in her sister's clandestinely libertine clinic. She imagined Brenda, along with one of her fellow doctors or nurses, in this same examination room, taking turns waxing each other's naked privates and taking part in Lord knows what other licentious, profligate activities. The combination of her sister's nimble fingers, the tingling sensations from the lotion, and her runaway imagination triggered by Brenda's unashamed confession quickly caused the totally nude housewife to become shamefully aroused. Tiny white droplets of sweet titty cream soon began to express from her now buzzing and fully hardened nipples.

Brenda looked up and said to her sister, "Now, just lay back and relax. Let nature take its course." After Karen had followed the 'doctor's orders' and fully reclined back, Brenda added, "Who knows...you may find this to be the most pleasant visit to a doctor's office you've ever had!"

While Karen stared up at the ceiling, using her left arm to cradle her naked tits, she could already feel the exquisite pressure building inside her milk-laden breasts. As Brenda's talented fingers slowly worked the soothing lotion into her silky-smooth skin, the older sibling closed her eyes and mindlessly opened her legs wider. Under her breath, she whispered, "*You just might be right about that...*"

Moments later, Brenda had successfully administered the soothing concoction to the irritated skin of Karen's freshly waxed pubic area. Now, the skillful fingers of her right hand were strumming across her sister's hardened clit at a vigorous pace. Her nimble digits were covered in a combined frothy lather of the fragrant lotion and the abundant amount of girl juice leaking from the pleats of Karen's drooling vagina.

Brenda watched as Karen neared closer and closer to climax. The sight of her beautiful naked sister writhing about on the exam table caused her own arousal to spike. The younger sibling reached under her skirt with her left hand to find her panties already damp with her own female essence.

Karen tried her best to remain quiet so as not to alert anyone outside the exam room to what was actually occurring behind the locked door. The reserved housewife bit her bottom lip in a hopeless attempt to minimize her

moaning and stifle any scream of passion that would most likely accompany the intense orgasm she was about to experience from her sister's wonderfully talented hand.

Meanwhile, Brenda relentlessly continued 'jilling' her sister. Unable to control herself, the aroused doctor slid her left hand inside her panties to find her bald vagina sopping wet and her clit as hard as a pebble. "*Oh, yessss...*" Brenda whimpered, as she diddled her little magic button with her exploring fingers, driving herself towards her own impending climax. "*That's it, Karen...*" she whispered to her big sister. "*Just let it happen.*"

Karen, with her eyes tightly shut, began to arch her back up off the table as she drew nearer to orgasm. Her moans grew increasingly louder, and the muscles in her body began to tense. Sliding her left hand up onto her right, exposed boob, she pinched its hardened nipple and promptly caused breastmilk to begin trickling from its tingling nub. "*Ohhhhh*!!!" Karen called out at once, from the extra (and not quite unintentional) stimulation.

Upon seeing this, Brenda found herself totally captivated. She watched as the creamy liquid bubbled up from Karen's nipple and trickle along the rounded slope of her breast, before running down her stomach in a white streaming rivulet. Mesmerized by the sight, the married doctor couldn't help but give in to her sinful needs.

Licking her lips, she knew she wanted a taste of her sister's sweet Mommy milk.

Rising from her seat, Brenda silently pulled off her panties with her left hand. She then wiggled her hips, allowing the tiny garment to slide down her legs and pool around her feet. With some strategic maneuvering, the crafty doctor stepped out of her underwear and deftly made her way to Karen's side, with her right hand never leaving her sister's pussy.

Widening her stance for easier access, Brenda then lifted her skirt and placed her left hand back in between her legs. She then resumed masturbating while continuing the same thing for her sister. Now that she was pantiless, the good doctor could feel her warm, slick juices oozing down the insides of her shapely thighs.

Brenda could tell Karen was teetering on the edge. Her sister's breathing was heavy yet shallow, and her hips were bucking slightly up off the table as if she was trying to fuck an invisible man. "*That's it, Karen...*" the younger sibling cooed, "*Just let it happen, Sis...give me that sample!*"

Karen opened her eyes and looked up at Brenda. Her soft, hazel gaze was glazed over, yet filled with a mixture of embarrassment, lust, and desire. Trying to remain as quiet

as possible she replied in a quivering whisper, "*It's...it's... coming...Bren*'!!"

The milk expressing from the nipple in between Karen's pinching fingers quickly turned from a trickle into a steady flow. Catching sight of the effluent teat, Brenda now felt a ravenous thirst for the creamy liquid being produced by her sister's bountifully beautiful breast.

Desperate to bring Karen to climax, Brenda unceremoniously slid her index and middle fingers deep into her 'patient's' freshly waxed vagina. The surprise penetration caused Karen to yelp from the unexpected additional pleasure.

Brenda immediately began thrusting her penetrating digits in and out of Karen's slippery love tunnel. "Oh...Yes!! *YESSS*!!" Karen grunted, as the overthrow of her impending orgasm threatened to overtake her. Releasing her grip on her burning nipple, Karen then grabbed a hold of the soft cushions down by her sides as she prepared to hold on for the ride.

As the orgasmic wave began to crest, Karen cried out, no longer caring if anyone heard, "OHHH!! *BRENDA*!! YOU...*YOU'RE*...GONNA...*MAKE MEEEEEEEE*...!!"

Brenda leaned over and whispered in her sister's ear, "*Yes I am, Karen...your baby sister...is gonna make you...CUMMMMMMMM*!!!" She then began mercilessly

finger-banging her older sibling even harder, causing a lewd, squelching noise from her undulating hips to fill the exam room's spaces.

Arching her body off the table, Karen closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and called out in desperation, "*YES*!! Make me!! *Do it...Brenda*!! Yes...*YESS*!! Make me do it!!! *Yes...yes...Brenda*!! Yes....*YEEEESSSSSSSSS*!!!!!!"

As Karen's body began to writhe and convulse from her electrifying orgasm, Brenda felt her sister's quivering vagina clamp tightly onto her thrusting fingers, clasping onto them in a vice-like grip. Knowing what was about to happen, the highly aroused doctor then leaned in and wrapped her luscious red lips around her sister's profusely leaking right nipple.

Before Brenda could even suck on the hard pink nubbin, her mouth was filled with the first blast of Karen's sweet and savory breastmilk, immediately sparking off her own knee-weakening orgasm. Moaning contentedly from the overwhelming pleasure, Brenda fought to stay upright as she drank like a starving baby from her sister's erupting titty.

Karen instinctively placed her right hand on the back of Brenda's head as the orgasm grew in intensity. Lost in the throes of utter ecstasy, the married Mother pulled her

baby sister tighter to her breast and shouted, "YES!! *YESS*!! OH BRENDA!!! *YEEESSSSSSS*!!!!!"

Right at that very moment, Nurse Holly was happening to pass by in the hallway. Hearing the muffled screams of rapturous joy coming from behind the locked exam room door, she giggled and thought to herself, "*Hmmm...Dr. Sullivan must be in today...I wonder who the lucky patient is?*" Little did the beautiful brunette know, but the 'lucky patient' was in fact the doctor's very own sister.

Continuing down the hallway as she made notes on her clipboard, the 31-year-old mother of two muttered with amusement, "*Come to think of it, I'm due for another waxing session myself.*" The thought of being up in those stirrups again, with the gorgeous and talented Dr. Brenda Sullivan in between her widely spread legs, caused an immediate tingling to stir in Holly's married pussy.

Back in the examination room, the two sisters were freshly recovering with the echoes of their mutual orgasms. Karen lovingly ran her fingers through her baby sister's auburn-tinged hair, whilst softly moaning from the pleasant sensations created by Brenda's eager mouth, still nursing on her tingling nipple. For some strange reason, what they were doing no longer felt wrong or the slightest bit weird. In fact, at that moment, Karen never felt closer to her sister. Having Brenda latched onto her breast had

seemingly helped forge a sense of a stronger, deeper bond between her and her younger sibling.

Meanwhile, even though the flow of milk had ceased to barely a trickle, Brenda continued suckling at Karen's breast for all she was worth. Gently squeezing the pillowy soft orb, the famished younger sibling ensured she got every single last delicious drop. With the fog of arousal now lifted a bit, Brenda was able to think more clearly and gauge the difference between Karen's breastmilk from what she remembered her own to be.

Brenda had taste-tested her own milk many times years before, when she had breastfed her son Daniel. Though both were sweet, the memory of hers now seemed a bit thin and watery in comparison. Karen's hormone-laced version however, seemed much thicker and creamier--very similar in consistency to that of whole milk. As she pondered these drastic differences using her scientific and medical sensibilities, Brenda began to wonder what other possible changes the WICK-tropin hormones had made to Karen's physiology. Hopefully, her colleague's test results of Karen's blood and breastmilk samples would soon provide some definitive findings.

After a few more moments of silence, Brenda raised her head and at last noticed the milk collector still affixed to Karen's left breast. Seeing the unit almost full, she

commented whilst carefully removing it, "Well, it appears we've successfully obtained our sample."

Karen gazed down at her chest and stomach. Noticing the little white trails of breastmilk crisscrossing along her torso, she chuckled, "Yes, we did...but it also seems we've succeeded in making quite a mess!"

"Oh, hang on..." Brenda stated, as she reached over and collected a clean sterile chux pad left over from their earlier waxing session. "Here you go..." she added softly, while using the thin yet absorbent cloth to wipe away the milk trails from Karen's stomach.

As if on autopilot, Karen leaned back and rested the back of her head on her forearm. Allowing Brenda to continue the cleaning process, it brought back memories of being at a prenatal appointment, when the doctor would clean off the residue of ultrasound gel. Closing her eyes, the middle-aged Mother nostalgically relived the times when she'd been pregnant with her kids and undergoing a sonogram.

Taking her time, Brenda slowly worked her way up Karen's torso and soon found herself toweling off her sister's big pillowy breasts. Even though the doctor had just masturbated herself to a shuddering orgasm, she still didn't feel fully sated. Now, the sight of her naked sister lying before her as she wiped down (or in truth, *groped*)

her gorgeous MILF body only helped to stoke those smoldering embers. Feeling emboldened, Brenda dropped the chux pad and began gently massaging her sister's naked tits with her delicate and professionally 'talented' hands.

Brenda noticed Karen still had her eyes closed, with a slight smile of contentment on her face. Since her big sister had yet to object to her overt fondling, the wily doctor decided to broach something she knew she had to approach carefully. "There's something you should know..." Brenda trode tentatively, while trying to sound matter-of-factly.

Opening her eyes, Karen tilted her head towards Brenda, "What should I know?" she asked, with some hesitancy. She could always tell when her baby sister was up to something.

"Well..." Brenda replied in a sultry tone, whilst slowly running her hands down along Karen's soft tummy. "It just so happens that there's an unspoken rule around here concerning *payment* for uh...'services rendered'."

Narrowing her eyes, Karen asked suspiciously, "What kind of...'*payment*'??" Brenda's language suddenly reminded her of a similar 'settlement', that a certain lawyer friend of hers had proposed recently.

"You know..." Brenda replied coyly, as her fingertips grazed the outer edges of Karen's freshly waxed vagina. "A show of gratitude." The doctor's middle finger ran along the petal-soft folds of her sister's pussy. "Something which around here we like to call...o*ral* appreciation." Leaning in close, the naughty doctor was now almost nose-to-nose with her sister, as she bit her lower lip to emphasize her salacious suggestion.

Karen scoffed. She immediately took her feet out of the stirrups and sat up, instinctively placing her arms over her breasts. She then turned her body so that her legs hung over the edge of the elevated examination table.

"What's wrong?" Brenda asked, stepping back and worrying that she may have overplayed her hand.

"*What's wrong*?" Karen answered incredulously, casting her sister's question back at her. Shaking her head, she quickly retorted, "I thought I made it perfectly clear last time, when I told you that I'm not into...lesbian stuff." In her indignance, Karen barely realized that she was still completely stark naked. Meanwhile, Brenda stood before her fully dressed-- sans her panties, which lay guiltily on the floor like a little puddle of cotton. Feeling both embarrassingly exposed and a sudden chill in the air from the HVAC system, Karen huffed and asked, "Can I have my gown back, please?"

Brenda quickly collected the examination gown from the nearby chair. As she handed the garment to Karen, she inquired, "But that day in your kitchen...you told me you liked it."

Slipping the gown back on, Karen rebutted, "As I recall, my exact words were I '*kind of*' liked it. And remember, we were both still under the influence of all that wine which we drank." She then hopped down from the exam table and stepped over to the chair to collect her clothes.

Brenda held up her index finger, "But you do have to admit-- you *did* like how it made you feel. Didn't you?"

Lowering her voice as she slid her panties up her long legs, Karen continued, "Look, Brenda. *Even if I did like the feeling of your hand down there, that doesn't mean I want to go full-blown 'carpet munching' or whatever you call it, just to 'pay you back'*." Still annoyed, she then reached down and picked up her bra from the chair.

"'*Carpet munching*'??" Brenda asked in amazement, giggling. "Since when does my squeaky-clean big sister use such colorful language?" Undeterred, she then countered, "Well anyway, how do you know for sure you won't like it unless you try it?" The horny doctor watched as Karen removed the examination gown and stood before her wearing only her bikini-cut panties. The sight of her beautifully curvy and mostly nude sister caused a flutter

to take place in her naked pussy still hidden beneath her skirt. She then added, "Besides...I thought you were finally gonna try to loosen up a little and have some fun, while you deal with all the craziness from these 'wicked' hormones?"

As Karen slid her bra straps up onto her shoulders, she shook her head and replied, "Bren'...you should be well aware by now of my stance on this subject. Despite whatever influences those wretched hormones are having on me, I still firmly believe it's morally wrong for women to do that to one another."

Still persistent, Brenda continued trying to bargain. "Okay. How about this..." Stepping behind Karen, she then began to assist her in fastening the hooks of her bra--an act the two of them had done for each other many times over the years. "For today, why don't you just let me do you? You won't have to reciprocate in any way. Just lie there and enjoy it, and then afterwards make up your mind...I *promise*, no one will ever find out."

Karen picked up her neatly folded dress from the back of the chair and mulled Brenda's revised offer, which now seemed quite tempting. She had to admit that even though at first, she'd been very apprehensive of letting another woman perform cunnilingus on her, her recent experiences with Melissa had proven to be quite enjoyable.

Suddenly, Karen's mind drifted back to the last time she and the beautiful lawyer had been together. She could almost feel her young friend's talented tongue darting in between the tender folds of her vagina and hitting all the right places with expert-like precision. She'd had intense orgasms before, but looking back, Karen now knew that the fact that it was another woman performing that on her was what had made it feel so different and so erotic.

Still, Karen was torn. She hated to hide anything from Brenda, but she felt it best not to confide her sapphic mini-affair with the assistant district attorney since that could open up a whole other can of worms-- especially with her libertine younger sister. Hopefully, Jacob would soon be cured of his affliction, and life would go back to normal. Once that occurred, Melissa Turner would most likely eventually fade from her life entirely. Her time spent with the young lawyer would then be nothing more than a dark secret to be shared with no one else, and which Karen would take to her grave.

Brenda, however, was going nowhere. Karen saw or spoke with her sister just about every day. It was going to be hard enough to get things back to normal with her son Jacob. She feared starting another incestuous sexual affair-- this time between her and Brenda, would only complicate things and could eventually harm their

relationship. Karen knew she loved her sister way too much to risk that from ever happening.

Stepping around in front of Karen, Brenda broke her sister's attention from her inner conflict and asked hopefully, "So what do you say, Sis? Live on the edge a little!"

As Karen adjusted the cups and straps of her overworked bra to ensure her heavy Mom boobs were properly situated, she sighed wearily, "Bren'...I'm sorry, but I have to say no." Seeing the slight look of dejection on her baby sister's beautiful face, she added, "I just don't think that's a road that you and I should start down on. I mean, it's bad enough as it is dealing with the moral issues of everything going on between me and Jake. Now you're asking me to add more sinful and scandalous activities-- with yet another family member, to the fire." After a moment of silence, she added, "I hope you can accept my decision as final and find a way not to be angry with me..."

Brenda's eyes widened, "Angry with you?" She then stepped closer to her elder sibling, took her hands, and continued, "Karen...you're my big sister, and always will be. I could never be angry with you like that. Especially for standing up for your morals and core beliefs..." With a sigh, she then added, "In fact, I sometimes wish I were more like you."

Karen smiled, "Yeah, but if you were...you wouldn't be as much fun now, would you?"

"*Touché*!" Brenda quickly quipped back.

After a few seconds of staring at each other, the sisters giggled and embraced one another in a long, loving hug. "*I love ya, Sis*!" Brenda whispered.

"I love you too...*Brat!*" Karen replied, using the old nickname she used to tease Brenda with years ago. She then stroked her sister's auburn-tinted hair and kissed her softly on the cheek.

After pulling away from their warm embrace, Brenda said, "You finish getting dressed, and I'll package up your samples to send off to my colleagues."

Whilst slipping into her dress, Karen inquired, "How long do you think it'll take before we get the results back?"

Brenda shrugged, "Most likely the same as with Jake's...about a week or two. I'll call you as soon as I get word."

After having tidied everything up and both ladies were now back to their original appearances, Brenda walked over to Karen. With a smirk, she handed her the last two sample boxes of Midoxinol birth control, along with a

fresh plastic jar of the homemade relief cream. "Here...I think you know what to do with these."

Somewhat confused, Karen asked, while placing the items in her purse, "*Another* jar? You just gave me one the last time you waxed me."

Brenda replied knowingly, "Yes, I did, but I'm pretty sure you've just about gone through all of that one, too...haven't you?"

Karen scrunched her face, "How would you know?"

Brenda scoffed and replied, "Oh please...don't tell me you aren't using this stuff on yourself, every chance you can?"

Karen's face blushed. "Well, yeah...I guess so."

Brenda chuckled, "That's what I thought." She leaned in and whispered, "Stuff works good...doesn't it?"

With a sheepish grin, Karen agreed, "Yeah...it works good...*really* good."

As they walked towards the locked door to leave, Brenda said, "Well, whenever you need more, just let me know. I can get you all you want."

Reaching into her purse as she picked it up off the exam room counter, Brenda handed Karen an opened, half-empty pill blister pack. "There...that's the last of my

personal Midoxinol that I have, on top of the final free sample boxes I just gave you. Won't be needing it of course, since Mark and I are gonna be trying for another baby pretty soon."

"Are you *sure*?" Karen asked hesitantly, taking the partly used foil packet.

"Of course. Don't worry about me, sis...I'm a gynecologist, remember? Just let me know once these run out, so we can discuss your other options...*and since we both know how much you love having Jake nuttin' in you!*" Brenda's voice trailed off in a bemused half-mutter, as she turned towards the door.

"What was that?" Karen asked, her attention suddenly distracted. Spotting a familiar women's health journal on the exam room's waiting couch, she picked it up and recognized it as the same one she read the last time she'd been in Brenda's clinic.

"Oh, *nuttin*'!" Brenda giggled mischievously to herself, as they headed for the exam room exit. She then watched with amusement as her big sister blatantly tucked the *Women's Health Monthly* under her arm. The good doctor knew the main article in the magazine well. Something about 'women in their 40's' and 'young men in their late teens'...and how the two age groups were the ideal and 'perfect' match, as far as sexual partners go, for each other

(being at the peak of their respective 'libido' and 'stamina').

Before Brenda could turn the doorknob, Karen quickly stopped her. "Wait! Don't open the door just yet!"

"What's the matter?" Brenda asked, curiously.

"*Do you think...*" Karen asked, in a heavy whisper, "*It's possible...any of the staff members...might've heard me earlier...when I...you know?*"

Brenda smiled, "You mean when you screamed out during your orgasm?"

Karen nodded bashfully in response.

Brenda put her hand on Karen's arm and giggled, "Honey...I'm pretty sure the people in the dentist's office across the street most likely heard you!"

"Oh no!" Karen exclaimed in utter horror. Using a hand to shield her face, she added, "This is so embarrassing...I can't go out there with all of them knowing. It'll be humiliating!!"

"Don't worry, Sis..." Brenda tried to reassure her, "Like I told you before, everyone that works here knows about the waxing sessions and the uh...*payment system*." She then scoffed and added, "Besides, most of them out there

have done the exact same thing you just did. Trust me, several of them are even louder than you were!"

"Really??" Karen asked in disbelief.

"Oh yeah." Brenda replied nodding her head. "One evening last year, Dr. Richards was so loud, someone outside the building heard her screams and called the police!"

Karen's eyes bugged out, "Oh my goodness!! You're kidding!!!"

Brenda chuckled, "Nope. So don't worry...they're not gonna say anything or think badly of you."

"But still..." Karen rebutted. "I'm your *sister*, for heaven's sake!! They're gonna think we're some kind of...inbred upstate hillbillies, or something!"

"Karen...don't be silly!" Brenda replied calmly, shaking her head. Seeing her sister still perturbed, the younger sibling sighed and asked, "Fine...would it help you feel better if I snuck you out the back entrance?"

Karen's face lit up, "Yes! Yes it would...*please*!"

With a chuckle, Brenda relented, "Alright." She then unlocked and opened the door. After checking to ensure the hallway was completely empty, she turned back to Karen and said, "Okay...let's go."

As the two sisters briskly walked down the deserted hallway to the building's rear exits, Brenda turned to Karen and said, "Just so you know...Nurse Jenny and I have plans to wax each other tomorrow evening, after the office closes..."

Not sure why this information had any relevance, Karen responded simply, "So???"

Brenda gave her sister a naughty grin and replied, "Well...she's a screamer like you, too!"

"Oh, my goodness, Brenda!!" Karen gasped, in shock and dismay. "You're *horrible*!!"

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"*Oh, YESSSS*!!" Karen hissed in delight, digging her heels into the king-sized bed's soft mattress. "*That feels...so good*!!" she mewled, spreading her shapely, long legs wider as a silky-soft tongue slithered its snakelike way in between the tender folds of her dripping wet pussy.

"Oh!! Oh yes!! Right...right *there*!!" Karen cried out again in passion, once the exploring, pink lingual invader lathered its way up and locked onto her blood-engorged clitoris already buzzing with excitement. The aroused housewife then instinctively lifted her hips slightly, granting her highly talented partner unfettered access to her quivering cunt.

Reaching back and grabbing the headboard, Karen's naked body began to squirm as she neared her impending pleasure's peak. "Don't stop!!" she pleaded. "I'm...almost!! *Unngghh*! There!! *Please*!! Yes...*YES*!! *Unngghh*! Don't...stop!!
Yes...yes...yes...don't...don't...*SSSTOOOOOPPPP*!!!!!!"

"*OHHHH YEEESSSSSSS*!!!
UNNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHH!!!" Karen finally screamed, as her body stiffened with the onset of her most powerful orgasmic explosion yet. Lifting her shoulder up off the bed, she then leaned forward as if trying to do a sit-up. At the same time, her hands immediately grabbed both of her big round tits, pinching her hardened nipples as breastmilk erupted from her tingling nubs, and an intensifying, toe-curling climax wracked her entire frame. "*AAAAHHHHHH*!!!" Karen cried out once more, throwing her head back and reveling in the relentless waves of pure ecstasy pummeling her pulsating, writhing body.

"*Oh, wowwwww!!*" Karen whispered moments later, flopping back down onto her soft pillow, with her head turned to the side and gasping her quavering breaths into its downy, feathered softness. Staring back up at the ceiling, the room spun as she continued pinching her swollen nipples, hoping to prolong the delicious, echoing aftershocks of the sweet and satisfying release still

reverberating through her body. Finally catching her breath, she was able to mutter, "I must say... that was...*incredible!*"

"See...what'd I tell ya?" a familiar female voice lightheartedly remarked.

Karen looked down between her still-splayed open legs to find Brenda smiling back up at her. Her gorgeous sister's plump, red lips glistened shamelessly with a slick sheen of Karen's gooey female essence.

Brenda chuckled, "Like I said...try living on the edge just a little bit, Sis!" Karen relaxed and lay back, fully surrendering herself as the beautiful naked doctor went back to going down on her sexy older sibling. Just as she closed her warm hazel eyes, Karen faintly discerned what she thought was her sister's characteristic mischievous whisper, accompanied by giggles, "*Now, just think of all the WICKED fun we could have together*!"

Giggles?

All of a sudden, Karen felt as if something wasn't quite right-- her intuition a mixture of lustful curiosity tinged with an uneasy, foreboding dread. Desperately trying to sit up, it seemed instead like an immense weight was stubbornly keeping her held down, but finally Karen was able to break free and look. Suddenly, there in between her thighs, she saw *two* familiar faces smiling back up at

her: Brenda *and* Melissa! Before Karen could blink, the one who she thought was Brenda-- her auburn hair and curvy body remained the same-- had instead transformed in visage to someone altogether and disturbingly worse: *Rachel*!!

"*Ugghhhhhh*!!!" Karen gasped as her eyes popped open and she sat up straight in a cold sweat, surrounded by pitch darkness. After a few seconds, the confused and mortified housewife then realized she was safely in her bed, and it had all just been another crazy and vivid dream. As she was about to pinch herself to make sure, Karen glanced towards her right and saw with relief her husband Robert next to her, snoring peacefully on his side and soundly asleep.

"*Oh, for heaven's sake*!" she then whispered with frustration once she noticed that, as usual, her right hand was stuffed down inside the front of her cotton panties. Quickly pulling out her hand, Karen discovered that her fingers, just like Brenda's lips in her dream, were now coated with a thick sheen of her slippery vaginal juice.

Karen then glanced down at her chest and was thankful to find no signs of any obvious breastmilk leakage on her thin, silky top. She'd recently begun wearing a padded sports bra underneath her sleep chemise in the hopes of preventing the troublesome occurrence (and more

importantly, not alert Robert). "*Well*..." she thought to herself in relief, "*At least I've got THAT problem solved*!"

Despite how disturbing her latest erotic dream had been, Karen couldn't ignore the burning arousal still radiating throughout her body. At first, she seriously considered waking Robert up to tempt him with an early morning quickie. However, once she saw the alarm clock, she realized her personal needs would have to wait. It was now time to fulfill her domestic duties as wife and Mother and prepare her 'boys' breakfast to help start their day off right.

With a sigh of resignation, Karen carefully eased out of bed to avoid disturbing her sleeping husband. On her way towards the master bathroom and wearing only her white satin top and matching bikini-cut panties, she grabbed the small, unmarked plastic jar of 'homemade lotion' she'd received from Brenda the day before. Her plan was to at least rub one out whilst in the shower, if only to temporarily quench her immediate sexual thirst as well as to flush the troubling dream's images from her head.

*** *Later that morning* ***

After preparing Robert and Jacob a hearty breakfast and getting them out the door to work and school, Karen spent the next couple of hours completing some morning household chores.

Later that morning, Karen was in the master bedroom preparing to go out for a run. She was wearing some new workout apparel that she had purchased at the mall the previous week. The bottom part of the outfit was a pair of Boudaner brand butt-lifting yoga shorts. The skin-tight garment was black with bright pink trim and consisted of a scandalous booty cut which displayed just a hint of the married Mom's meaty buttcheeks.

The top part of the outfit was a backless square-necked tank top. The bright pink form-fitting garment came down just above Karen's cute little belly button and exposed a modest amount of her deep, cavern-like cleavage created by the heavy-duty sports bra that she wore underneath.

Standing before the full-length mirror, Karen tied her dark brown hair up into a ponytail. She then twisted her body back and forth, examining herself in her new running outfit and appreciating how it showcased her curvaceously ample yet increasingly fit feminine figure. Indulging herself with a rare moment of vanity and impressed with what she saw, the typically humble housewife muttered to her reflection, "*Looking good there, Karen...keep up the good work!*"

Around 11:00, Karen was in the kitchen, where she had just finished preparing two chopped Thai salads. As she placed the light, yet flavorful, entries into the refrigerator,

she heard the doorbell ring. Making her way to the front door, Karen then opened it to find Melissa Turner.

"Hey there!" Karen happily greeted the beautiful assistant district attorney with a warm smile, "Glad you could make it!"

"Of course!" Melissa replied with a big smile of her own, "After all, it is Wednesday." The young lawyer quickly took notice her older friend's new running outfit. Her eyes scanned up and down the scantily dressed MILF, drinking in every sensuous inch of her deliciously curvy body and flawless, porcelain skin.

Melissa's mind drifted to the hopeful possibility of another 'massage' session later that day. The prospects of getting her hands on Karen's beautiful MILF body quickly caused fluttering butterfly feelings of excitement to well up deep within the pit of her stomach.

"Well, don't just stand there...c'mon in!" Karen cordially invited, backing away from the doorframe.

"Thanks!" Melissa replied, trying to clear her mind of her lustful thoughts (at least temporarily). As she stepped inside the house, she added, "My plan was to get here sooner, but the traffic on the interstate's been just plain *awful* from all that construction!"

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean!" Karen commented, closing the front door. "Poor Rob struggles with it daily...and it's made his commute twice as long as it should be. Some nights, he doesn't even make it home until almost 7 o'clock!"

As they engaged in their small talk banter, it was then that the housewife took close notice of her young friend standing in her well-lit foyer. Melissa was wearing her usual office attire: a form-fitting pencil skirt and silk blouse, paired with a set of stylish high heels. Somewhat perplexed, Karen then asked, "Did you still want to go for a run today?"

"Sure!" Melissa replied, "That is...if you have time?"

Karen nodded, "Oh yes, definitely!" She then added with a chuckle, playfully gesturing with her hands at Melissa's outfit, "It's just that I wasn't too sure since, from what you're wearing, it looks like you're on your way to court to try a murder case, or something."

Melissa looked down at herself and giggled, "Oh, *this*?" She then held up a small gym bag she was carrying and added with a wink, "Don't worry, I came prepared."

With an agreeing nod, Karen replied, "Okay then!"

Melissa stepped closer to Karen and asked softly, "So...should we get the business out of the way first, before we...get down to pleasure?"

Though her friend's query sounded innocent enough, the way the words flowed from Melissa's mouth, coupled with the penetrating look in her dark brown eyes, caused a shiver to run up Karen's spine. The lovely housewife knew without her friend saying as much that the 'pleasure' she had in mind involved something a bit more sinful than just the innocent run through the neighborhood that they had planned for later, followed by a light lunch.

Slightly flustered, Karen nodded and replied, "O--okay. Let's um...go to the kitchen, shall we?"

As Melissa followed closely behind her beautiful hostess, the young attorney's eyes automatically locked onto Karen's shapely backside. The skin-tight yoga shorts perfectly accentuated the housewife's meaty rump, to the point that Melissa had to fight an overwhelming urge to reach out, grab a hold, and take a big bite out of Karen's round and juicy, Georgia peach of an ass.

Entering the kitchen, Karen then asked, "May I interest you in a cup of coffee? I can brew a fresh pot really quick...it won't take but a minute."

"Actually..." Melissa replied, as she pulled out a chair and took a seat at the breakfast nook table. "I was thinking

more like something cold-- iced tea, perhaps? Preferably sweet, if you have it." The improper thoughts running through her mind about the married MILF had her body's temperature on the rise.

Opening the refrigerator door, Karen chuckled, "You're asking if I have any sweet, iced tea?" She then turned to Melissa, holding a clear glass gallon pitcher full of the amber-colored beverage. With a hand on her hip, she accentuated her native Georgian accent and proudly added, "*Tell me, hon*'*...did you just happen to forget yer in the South*?"

Melissa laughed, "*No, ma*'*am*!" The New Jersey native replied, trying to replicate Karen's charming 'down-home' dialect.

As Karen poured two tall glasses of the refreshing Southern delicacy, she stated, "You've got to remember...down here in Dixie, sweet tea is a staple-- right up there with God, country, and college football."

"Oh yes..." Melissa replied, as she took a sip of the ice-cold beverage. "I learned that as soon as I moved down here from, as my fiancé Donnie refers to it, *Yankee territory!*"

As Karen sat down across the table from Melissa, she chuckled, "*Yankee territory*?? That sounds like a term my dad would use."

"Speaking of your father..." Melissa asked, "Any luck on getting him to change his mind about moving in here with you?"

After taking her own sip of tea, Karen sighed, "No...not yet. I mean, I was finally able to get him to agree to move in here with us *eventually*. I guess I should consider that a victory in itself, because up until now, he wouldn't even want to discuss it."

"Well, at least you're making *some* progress," Melissa said. "If you don't mind my asking...what's his reasoning for holding out?"

Karen huffed and rolled her eyes, "He says he's not ready to give up his *independence* just yet. He wants to wait a bit longer before becoming a 'burden' on anyone."

Melissa nodded, "Well...that's understandable, I suppose."

With a sigh, Karen added, "I know. I just worry about him living alone in that big house with no one there to look after him in case, God forbid, anything were to happen..." She then scoffed and shook her head, "Stubborn old goat!"

Melissa couldn't help but smile in sympathy. She then said, "Don't be so hard on him. My dad, who was a cop, is the same way-- and so were both of my grandfathers. It's just the way men of that type and generation are

hardwired. They have a strong, unwavering sense of pride, even if it *is* misguided sometimes."

Karen agreed, "You're right. They do...they really, really do."

Melissa then offered, "But you know...as an outsider looking in, your dad's reluctance may actually be a blessing in disguise."

"How so?" Karen asked.

"Well..." Melissa continued, "I'm just going to *assume* that your father knows nothing about Jacob's current 'situation'."

"No...no, of course not!" Karen responded shaking her head.

Melissa then said, "Then, with that being the case...did you ever consider it might be better to just wait until *after* Jake is cured to move him in? That way, everything will be back to normal and there'd be no chance for your father to accidentally discover his grandson's 'unfortunate condition'."

Karen's eyes widened, "Oh my gosh! No...I never thought of that." Suddenly, the loving daughter's mind conjured up something even worse than her chilling nightmare that morning.

In all her attempts to persuade her father to move in with them, Karen had never even considered the fact that Grandpa George was retired and would therefore constantly be idle around the house. That fact, in turn, would significantly hinder the already limited time and opportunities available for her to conduct her motherly duty of 'helping' Jacob with his affliction whenever the need arose.

Suddenly, a sense of sheer terror washed over Karen. The mere thought of her old-school and conservative father somehow discovering his married eldest daughter engaging in immoral and unholy 'relations' with her very own son shook her to her very core. She could just imagine the utter horror of George walking in on her and Jacob in the passionate throes of one of their wild and uninhibited copulations-- probably right as her son proudly announced he was about to 'bust a nut' in her once more! Just like with her husband ever finding out, that nightmare scenario could never be allowed to happen...the fallout from its revelation would without doubt irrevocably shatter the very foundation on which her entire life was built.

"Yeah..." Karen finally muttered, after taking a long swig of tea. "On second thought, I think you're right. I should definitely hold off on pushing dad anymore towards moving in-- at least for the time being."

Melissa nodded, "I totally agree. That's probably the wisest thing to do, *especially* with everything going on right now." Hoping to lighten the mood, she then leaned forward and continued with an upbeat tone, "But hey...if everything *does* go according to plan, you won't have to wait very much longer because I've got good news: a court date has finally been set!"

Karen's eyes lit up, "*Really*??"

Melissa nodded emphatically, "Yes, really!!"

"Well, when??" Karen asked, with a hint of impatience.

Melissa put up her hand, "Now, you have to understand...this sort of information technically isn't supposed to be made public until later tomorrow." She then joked, "So, I need you to promise me that in the meantime...you won't go running off and leaking it to the media or anything."

"Leak it to the media??" Karen scoffed, "Melissa...stop keeping me in suspense and just *tell me* already!"

Melissa giggled, "Okay, okay!" She picked up her glass of tea and continued, "Tuesday, December 3rd, at 10:00 AM at the federal courthouse in Atlanta."

"*December 3 rd*?" Karen asked, a bit frustrated. "That's nearly a month away!! Why so long?"

"Remember what I told you?" Melissa replied, setting her glass back down on the table. "That sometimes, the wheels of justice don't always turn as fast as we'd like them to."

Karen threw up her hand, "Yes, yes...I remember."

"However..." Melissa held up her index finger, continuing, "On the positive side, all that the extra time will be beneficial to make sure that all our bases are covered. That way, we can ensure there'll be no loopholes for the defense team to exploit. The district attorney wants to make certain everything is airtight with our stipulations, so that if Dr. Grant doesn't live up to the agreement 100%, the plea deal will become null and void. In other words, if he reneges on supplying the antidote, or if the antidote doesn't cure every single one of his victims, he goes right back to jail and will most certainly face a jury trial." Melissa sat back and crossed her arms, "And believe me, with the stockpile of evidence that we have on him, he does *not* want that!"

Karen sighed, "I guess I see your point."

"Plus..." Melissa continued, "The DA is working with Dr. Grant's defense team to work out any wrinkles that could give the judge any legitimate reason to reject the plea deal."

Karen leaned forward, "Reject it? Why on earth would the judge do that? I mean, can he do that??"

Melissa put up her hand, "Easy there, Karen. I just wanted you to be prepared for every possible outcome. But yes...a judge can decline a plea deal if he believes it doesn't serve the best interest of the victims, or justice."

With a reassuring tone, Melissa took Karen's hand, "Don't worry...everything's gonna be fine. I promise."

Karen sighed, "You're not the one in charge, though. How can you be so sure?"

Melissa lowered her voice, "Remember when I told you I couldn't divulge too much information, due to 'national security'?"

"Yes..." Karen replied tentatively, with a nod.

"Well..." Melissa continued, "Recently, new information has come to light revealing that this thing is *way* bigger and more far-reaching than we originally thought."

"How big??" Karen asked, her curiosity peaking.

"Unfortunately, I can't tell you much more, but I will say this: In addition to Homeland Security, the NSA *and* the CIA have now also gotten involved."

Karen's eyes widened. "CIA? As in *the CIA*? Melissa! What the devil's going on here?" She then asked with great concern, "Are you saying that some government spook could be surveilling us, or worse, could come after my son?!"

Melissa shook her head, "No Karen...no one's coming for Jake."

"How can you be so sure?" Karen asked, now totally paranoid and hoping her young friend was correct in her assumption.

"Because..." Melissa replied, "Jacob's file was never turned over to the FBI. I still have it...remember? It's still safely hidden away, and I swear on my life that it'll *stay* that way. And luckily, Dr. Grant didn't keep any digital records of his illegal experiments, or a comprehensive list of his participants-- at least none that were found in the investigation." With a calming tone, Melissa assured, "I didn't mean to upset or scare you. I just wanted you to know that, as far as the Feds are concerned, Dr. Grant himself is a very small fish. They're after the big prize: his knowledge, the names of his financiers, and any foreign governments that he has ties to." The assistant DA sat back in her chair and stated confidently, "And to get all that, it's in the judge's best interest to allow him to accept the plea bargain."

Feeling somewhat relieved, Karen then asked, "So tell me...after the judge allows the plea bargain, what happens then?"

Melissa took another quick sip of her tea. "Well...first, Dr. Grant will have to turn over all information pertaining to his experimental activities, his contacts, financial investors and, of course, the antidote, which will be distributed to his victims immediately."

Karen then asked, "But since we never came forward, how will Jake be able to receive the antidote?"

Melissa smiled, "That's the beauty of it. Due to the fact of having done harm to so many personal lives and because of the delicate nature of what Dr. Grant did to his unwitting participants, the DA has worked out an agreement where the antidote's distribution will be done through private physicians. In other words, each victim can choose whoever the doctor is who'll administer the antidote, and it will all be done anonymously."

"So, if I'm hearing you correctly..." Karen replied, beginning to feel significantly relieved, "We could have my sister Brenda administer the antidote for Jake?"

Melissa nodded, "Yes...since your sister is a licensed gynecologist, she would qualify as a primary caregiver. All she would need to do is submit a request form to the

CDC in Atlanta. Once approved, they'll send all the necessary medications to her, free of charge."

"Well...in spite of everything, I guess that sounds like an acceptable plan. Lord willing, it will all work out in the end..." Karen said, with an enormous sense of relief. She still wasn't happy that the evil and unscrupulous doctor would most likely avoid any prison time. However, the protective mother was now at the point where she just wanted her son to be cured once and for all, and everything returned back to normal as much and as quickly as possible.

Melissa then leaned in toward Karen, "Yes, hopefully it does. So, just hang in there a little bit longer...because I have a gut feeling that, come late December, the Mitchell family will be celebrating a very merry and 'normal' Christmas holiday season!"

Karen smiled, "From your lips to God's ear, I pray!!"

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A little while later, Melissa had changed out of her office attire and into something a bit more appropriate for their late morning workout. Like Karen, she now donned her own, sexy, outfit consisting of a gray, backless, halter-style sports bra and matching scrunch butt workout leggings which clung delectably to the young attorney's lithe, sculpted figure like a second skin.

After properly stretching, the two ladies then set out for a leisurely run on that beautiful, early November day. As they made their way around the quaint upper-middle-class neighborhood, they caught the eye of every male (and a few jealous females). Karen couldn't help but sense a thrill from her new guilty pleasure of being admired and lusted after by every man she encountered.

Whilst jogging, Karen and Melissa chatted about various subjects other than the case against Dr. Grant...mainly gossip. However, as always, the focus of their discussion eventually worked its way back to their one common interest: Jacob.

"So..." Melissa asked, with interest, "Is Jake still dating that preacher's daughter?"

"Yeah..." Karen replied tersely, with a nod.

"And how's *that* going, so far?"

"So far...I'd say that it's going pretty great," Karen confirmed, flatly. She immediately sensed the feeling of unwarranted jealousy rearing its ugly head once more, before adding, "They've been spending a lot more time together. In fact, things appear to be getting quite serious."

"*Really*??" Melissa asked, a bit surprised.

"Mm-hmm." Karen affirmed.

"Why do I get the feeling you're not entirely happy about that?" Melissa asked half-jokingly, yet sensing the chilly tone in Karen's response.

Karen was embarrassed to tell Melissa the truth-- the *ugly* truth. Namely, that she felt the gorgeous teenager was slowly taking her place as the primary female in Jacob's life. Even though Sara was doing nothing wrong, Karen still couldn't shake the irrational feelings caused by the hormones which made her feel like she was losing her little man to another woman.

Instead of telling her friend the shameful truth, Karen quickly came up with a plausible alternative explanation: "It's not that I'm unhappy. In fact, if I was going to hand-pick a perfect match for Jake, Sara Miller would be at the top of my list."

Melissa quickly looked over at her running partner, "So, then...what's the problem?"

Glancing back at Melissa, Karen sighed and replied, "The problem is, I'm worried that with him spending more and more time with Sara-- something will be bound to happen, and she, or worse, her parents, will soon discover Jake's unfortunate 'condition'."

"You mean, she *still* doesn't know?" Melissa asked, somewhat surprised.

Karen shook her head, "No, not yet...thank the Lord!"

"Wow!!" Melissa responded.

Karen then continued, "As you may remember, I told you before that Sara has chosen to abstain from pre-marital sex. But I fear that if she's ever exposed to Jake's overpowering pheromones...well, I don't need to remind you this, but that pristine virtue of hers would almost certainly fly out the window. Not to mention the ramifications if she were to end up, heavens forbid, pregnant!"

"Isn't she on birth control?" Melissa asked.

"Donna Miller's daughter??" Karen scoffed, "I highly doubt it." She then added, "In her mind, putting her daughter on birth control would be tantamount to giving Sara the green light to hump every boy in town. Don't get me wrong...I admire Donna, and consider her one of my best friends, but sometimes her rationale confuses me. I mean, when Rachel came of age, I preached and preached abstinence, but I still put her on birth control because well, you...just...never...know."

"Well, I'll say this..." Melissa began, "Evidently, you've done a great job of keeping things under wraps. And I, for

one, am well aware of the great sacrifices you've made to ensure it stays that way...both to protect Jacob and your entire family. I know it's unorthodox, and most people would frown upon your methods, but at the end of the day, you're doing what needs to be done-- and *that* is the true hallmark of a great Mom."

Karen smiled, "Thanks." She then added, "But as time goes on, things are getting more and more difficult to keep...as you say...under wraps."

"How so?" Melissa asked.

Karen looked over at Melissa, "Like I said, Jake's been needing more and more of my 'help' to keep his...*thing* in check. We've already come dangerously close several times to getting caught, and I know you can only dodge so many bullets over time until finally, one inevitably hits the target. On top of that, I feel I've grown much too accustomed to rationalizing the horrible trade of being a bad wife in order to maintain my duty of being a so-called 'great Mom'. I told you what happened in Atlanta, right?"

"Yes...yes you did." Melissa replied, remembering the incredible tale of night-long sex which Karen had 'endured' in order to 'help' her son overcome the effects of an accidental overdose of Viagra. At once, the engaged attorney felt a tingling in her pussy at the thought of possibly 'helping' the teenager herself later that day.

Shaking her lustful thoughts, Melissa then asked, with concern, "Does your husband suspect anything?"

Karen shook her head, "No...thank goodness! At least, not yet anyway. Luckily, he still doesn't remember anything about that night and thankfully, he's been too preoccupied with a big project at work lately to dwell on it much."

"Well, that's a positive, I guess..." Melissa commented.

"Yes...you're right," Karen agreed, "But I also know one can only go to the well so many times before one's luck runs out. I just pray this will all soon be over before mine does."

Melissa smiled, "Well, you're in the home stretch now. Just try to remain diligent and stay focused. Keep your eyes on the prize...remember, the end is finally in sight!"

"Believe me..." Karen chuckled, "I tell myself that same thing every day."

Melissa then offered, "You know...since I have the time...I'd be more than happy to...'help' out with Jake while I'm here today."

The smile didn't leave Karen's face as she mulled over Melissa's offer, causing her to suddenly wonder why she didn't feel the same sort of irrational envy towards her lawyer friend as she did for Sara Miller. It simply made

no logical sense. How could she be okay with her teenaged son having illicit, pre-marital sex with an engaged officer of the court who, up until a couple of months ago, didn't even exist to them? By contrast, the mere thought of her little Jacob kissing or hugging his blonde, teenaged girlfriend immediately set her blood boiling.

Karen's logical mind then stepped in. Unlike her sister Brenda's persistent attempts to tempt her into messing around, Karen knew Melissa's intermittent rendezvous were only temporary. Once Dr. Grant had turned over the antidote and the case was finally closed, the young attorney would doubtless be off to her next assignment and eventually her mid-week visits would stop forever. Sara Miller however, like Brenda, wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. Like her sister, Karen had watched Donna Miller's daughter grow up from childhood to blossom into a beautiful young lady. If things continued down their current path, the blonde teen might even one day become part of the Mitchell family.

"That is...if you're okay with it??" Melissa asked, interrupting Karen's inner debate as they continued their jog and rounded the corner of the next block.

Trying to clear her thoughts, Karen responded, "Oh...yes...of course I'm okay with it." She then added,

"But like I've told you before...you really shouldn't feel obligated to do that, every time you us pay a visit."

"Oh, I don't mind...not one bit," Melissa replied, smiling. "The way I see it, this is just my way of helping a client, not to mention a dear friend, and her son with a...delicate situation-- *pro bono.*" She then added, her grin widening, "Besides...I also like to think of it as having one, final fling before I walk down the aisle and officially become *Mrs.* Melissa Turner-Collins." Looking over to Karen, Melissa then asked, "You will come to the wedding, won't you?"

Karen smiled back at her companion, "Yes...I'd love to. I'll be there, with bells on!"

Soon, Karen's usual route led them past the familiar house of her old piano teacher, Mrs. Caldwell. However, that day, instead of finding the nosy busybody church pianist out sweeping her walkway, the beautiful pair ran upon her husband Henry, standing out by the mailbox. Unlike his rigid and judgmental spouse, Mr. Caldwell always came across as very friendly and amiable.

"Hi, Mr. Caldwell!" Karen called out, as they neared the kindly older gentleman with a refined moustache, matching his white hair. Robert always joked that he looked like Ted Turner, the media mogul from Atlanta and one-time Braves owner.

Mr. Caldwell, rifling through the mail, glanced up and was surprised to find two lovely-looking women approaching him on the sidewalk. Suddenly recognizing who it was that greeted him, he responded in a jovial tone, "Well hello there, Karen my dear! How are you today?"

The pair of eye-catching ladies stopped once they reached Mr. Caldwell. "I'm fine, thank you!" Karen replied, a little out of breath. "How have you and Mrs. Caldwell been getting along?"

Mr. Caldwell chuckled, "Oh, we're doing about as well as decrepit old folks our age can get, I suppose. But outside of my arthritis flaring up here and there, I can't complain too much!" He then looked over at the strikingly beautiful younger woman doing stretches to keep warm alongside his equally gorgeous neighbor and fellow church member. Putting out his hand doing his best Clark Gable/Rhett Butler impersonation, Henry asked cordially, "And who might *you* be, my dear?"

With a blushing, coquettish smile Melissa stood back up straight and shook hands with Mr. Caldwell, "Hi...I'm Melissa."

Stifling a laugh, Karen interjected, "Oh, please forgive my manners! Mr. Caldwell...this is Melissa Turner. She's actually a-- uh...*friend* of mine, visiting from Atlanta." Wiping her brow, Karen was relieved she was able to

catch herself before she inadvertently disclosed that Melissa was an assistant DA and thus stimulate Mr. Caldwell's curiosity. Even though he was far friendlier than his rigid and judgmental wife, Henry could still be equally as inquisitive (and no doubt, just as gossipy) as Mrs. Caldwell.

Mr. Caldwell smiled, "Well, Ms. Turner...I am Henry Caldwell, esquire-- at your service!" Bowing slightly, the polite old Southern gentleman couldn't help but notice a lone bead of sweat rolling down Melissa's chest and disappearing within the deep cleavage created by her sports bra and young, perky breasts. Clearing his throat, he then continued, accenting his refined drawl, "I must say...it's an absolute *pleasure* to meet you."

"Likewise, as well..." Melissa replied, with a cute giggle and noticing Mr. Caldwell's unsubtle glance at her ample bosom. The young attorney was by now accustomed to being gawked at, even by a man old enough to be her grandfather. She'd long ago accepted the simple fact that, whether they were 16 or 96, all men had difficulty controlling their wandering eyeballs.

Being blessed with a gift for gab, Mr. Caldwell easily kept their conversation going. After all, it wasn't every day that he had the chance to spend some time with not just one but *two* ladies of such class and beauty. However, their pleasant momentary banter would be short-lived.

"*Henry*!!! " Mrs. Caldwell called out, as she walked briskly down the walkway towards her husband and whom she deemed were two scantily dressed 'harlots'. "I thought you were getting the mail!"

Mr. Caldwell turned to his wife, who had both her hands on her hips and was giving him the stink eye. He calmly replied, "I am dear. I was just taking a few moments to speak with Karen and her...friend."

"*Karen*?" Mrs. Caldwell asked, somewhat confused and adjusting the spectacles on her nose. Looking closer, she then realized that one of the supposed 'harlots' she'd been scrutinizing was none other than Karen Mitchell, her late best friend's eldest daughter. Mrs. Caldwell was shocked to see the part-time Sunday school teacher showing off even more skin than the last time she'd seen her-- namely, when Karen had shamelessly galivanted 'half-naked' through the neighborhood a couple of weeks prior.

"Oh, my goodness...Karen! I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you at first," Mrs. Caldwell apologized, pretentiously feigning ignorance yet barely able to repress her hypocritical and disdainful indignation.

Karen chuckled, "No, I suppose you wouldn't..." Glancing down at herself, she added, "I'm dressed a lot differently than my usual attire on Sunday mornings."

"Yes..." Mrs. Caldwell replied, calculatingly, "Quite different indeed." The tone in the old lady's voice was laced with disdain, as her eyebrow arched in disapproval.

Karen easily detected the sarcasm in Mrs. Caldwell's voice. The married MILF then wondered how the sanctimonious church lady would've reacted had she seen her the previous Saturday night, all dolled up in the *Sexy Dorothy* outfit. Karen had to stifle a giggle, as she knew without a doubt the judgmental old lady would've likely had a fatal heart attack!

Maintaining her manners, Karen politely introduced Melissa to Mrs. Caldwell. As soon as the overcritical church gossip began prying into her friend's personal business however, Karen quickly said, "You know, Melissa...we'd better get going. We still have a ways to go on our run...and we still haven't had lunch."

Melissa, picking up on Karen's cue, replied, "Yeah...you're right. It *is* getting rather late." With a smile, the young attorney then said to the elderly couple, "Well, it was a pleasure meeting you both!"

"Likewise, I'm sure..." Mrs. Caldwell replied, flatly.

"Same here, my dear!" Mr. Caldwell responded, in his contrastingly cheerful manner. "We would *love* for you to visit again, when you have more time..." he called out

after the two ladies as they began jogging away down the sidewalk.

"*I'll be sure to do that*!!" Melissa called back, with a polite wave.

As soon as Karen and Melissa were out of earshot, Mrs. Caldwell huffed in disgust, "Hmmphhh...I must say...I am *totally* shocked!"

"Shocked about what, dear?" Mr. Caldwell asked absentmindedly, never taking his eyes off the two sexy females and their bouncing, juicy rear ends.

"That Robert, a good and decent man-- and *deacon* of our church, nonetheless, would allow his wife to leave the house wearing such...sinful and...provocative attire. Why, she looks like some shameless whore of Babylon!" Crossing her arms, Mrs. Caldwell added, "I can almost *guarantee* that her dear, late mother Patricia must be absolutely spinning in her grave...God rest her soul!"

"Yes, you're probably right, my dear..." Mr. Caldwell, currently preoccupied, mindlessly answered, not having heard his wife's latest comment.

Mrs. Caldwell then noticed what truly had her husband's undivided attention. "Henry...you old cad!! Put your eyes back in their sockets and get in the house!!" As the pious old lady started her way towards their front porch, she

grumbled, "We need to get ready to go to the grocery store."

Taking one last, longing look at Karen and Melissa's delectably clad rear ends before they 'galivanted' out of sight at the end of the block, the henpecked Mr. Caldwell sighed and replied obediently, "Yes, dear..."

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Later, both ladies sat together leisurely at one of the umbrella-covered tables on the Mitchells' rear patio. They continued their idle conversations and gossip whilst cooling down from their invigorating run in the shade provided by the many palmetto trees encircling Karen's backyard.

As she dabbed the perspiration from her neck and chest with a fluffy white towel, Melissa commented, "I gotta tell ya...after the run we just took, that pool of yours looks *awfully* tempting!"

Taking a few sips of her water, Karen gazed at the sunlight dancing on the crystal-clear surface. "Rob originally planned to drain and cover it this week, but with his busy work schedule, who knows when the poor man's gonna get around to it?"

"Well, maybe that's a good thing..." Melissa said, with a smile.

"What do you mean?" Karen responded, slightly confused.

Melissa's smile widened, "What do you say we take a quick dip before lunch? It'd be a great way to cool down and wash some of the sweat off our bodies."

Karen glanced over at the suddenly inviting, heated inground pool. She had to admit, the idea of a leisurely end-of-season swim in its refreshing water did sound great, especially since she hadn't taken advantage of the opportunity on Sunday afternoon during the cookout. Looking back to Melissa, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "You know what? I don't see why not!"

"Great!!..." Melissa exclaimed, quickly taking off her running shoes and socks.

Karen stood up and said, "In fact, I'm sure I have one of Rachel's swimsuits in the house that you can use-- you're about her size."

"Who needs a swimsuit?" Melissa asked, as she stood up from the chair. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her skin-tight yoga pants, she then began pulling them down off her sexy, curvy hips.

"*MELISSA*!!" Karen gasped, in shock. "What on earth are you doing??" Out of habit, she then quickly glanced around (even though she knew they were alone).

"What??" Melissa asked, pausing peeling off workout leggings to where they were now just below her shapely butt. "There's no point in wasting time changing into bathing suits...we can just swim in our underwear. Or, if you'd prefer, *au naturale*..."

Karen watched as Melissa resumed removing her yoga pants as if shedding off a second skin. The conservative housewife suddenly recalled several incidences in the past, when she and Robert had used the hot tub adjacent to the inground pool. On those rare romantic nights when the kids weren't around (and especially after having consumed too much wine), her husband would often convince her into removing her bikini and soaking in the hot, bubbling water with him-- totally nude. However, during those intimate moments, Karen had the extra security blanket of evening's near-total darkness to ensure that no one ever saw them. The same certainly couldn't be said now, being only a little past noon.

"But Melissa..." Karen countered. "It's still daytime, and we're all out in the open!"

Melissa stood back up straight and draped her leggings over the back of her chair. "So?" She then quickly glanced all around and said, "With your fenced-in backyard and all these trees, I doubt anyone's gonna see anything. I bet you could walk around totally naked out here, and not a single neighbor would be any wiser."

Karen had to agree with Melissa. Their backyard *was* very secluded, thanks to the privacy fencing and plenty of strategically planted trees. Being a school day, she also knew the Henderson kids next door wouldn't be playing in their backyard. Their mother, Cheryl Henderson, was one of the few neighbors with whom Karen barely interacted, being one of those reclusive homebody housewives. Suddenly, the middle-aged Mom felt strangely intrigued by the idea of engaging in the juvenile, yet somewhat naughty, act that Melissa was proposing.

Now wearing only her halter-style sports bra and a pair of skimpy red thong panties, Melissa put a hand on her hip and said, "C'mon Karen...let's have some fun! Besides, it's just us girls."

As Melissa turned and walked towards the swimming pool, Karen's eyes widened when her friend doffed off her sports bra and dropped it onto the concrete patio. The housewife couldn't help but stare at the lovely young attorney. Her pulse quickened at the sight of her friend's flawless, near-naked body in all its evenly olive-toned skin and wavy, dark-haired glory. With her sultry Mediterranean heritage on full display, Melissa resembled a Greek goddess glimmering in the bright afternoon sun. No doubt, she'd give even Aphrodite a run for her money!

Melissa looked back over her shoulder at Karen and said jokingly, "Last one in's a rotten egg!" She then took off

running and squealed like a kid as she barrel dove into the deep end of the pool, making a huge splash.

Seconds later, Melissa resurfaced from the refreshing water's depths. She swam to the pool's edge and laughed, "Hurry up, slowpoke, and get in...it feels great!!"

Suddenly, Karen could hear her sister's words from the day before at her office running through her head: "*Live on the edge a little*!" Removing her shoes and socks, she then replied to Melissa, "Alright, alright...just give me a second!" Without any more hesitation, the conservative Mom quickly took off her tank top and shimmied out her booty-hugging running shorts, leaving her in only her sports bra and thin, cotton panties.

As Karen emerged from under the umbrella and into open daylight, she reminded herself that her bikini swimsuit exposed more skin than what she had on now. However, the fact that she was now standing in her backyard wearing only her underwear (which wasn't meant to be seen by just anyone) still made the situation feel surreal...thrilling even.

Padding on her bare feet across the patio and towards the waiting swimming pool, Karen suddenly felt a wave of vivacity from the hormones now resurgent in her bloodstream. Just before she took off running to jump into the water and join Melissa for a swim, she stopped. After

taking a final, quick glance around to ensure there were no prying eyes, she whispered to herself, "*Okay, Karen...let's live on the edge a little*!" And with that, the traditional Mother and housewife whipped off her sports bra and dropped it onto the concrete surface next to the one discarded by her friend mere seconds before.

Melissa's eyes lit up at the sight of the gorgeous, nearly naked MILF. Enraptured by the erotic vision of Karen's freed and unrestricted tits wobbling on her chest, she felt her own puckered nipples begin to tingle at the thought of getting her hands (and hopefully her mouth) on her friend's beautiful boobs.

"Oh yeah!! *Now* we're talkin'!!" Melissa called out, "Now, get your butt in here, or do I have to pull you in?"

Karen giggled, "Okay, okay...hold your horses!!" With her left arm, she instinctively cradled her lusciously heavy hangers and took off running. "Look out belowwwwwww!!" she cried out, as she jumped in the air, squealing and tapping into her inner child, like Melissa had just done earlier.

"*Woo-hooooo*!!" Melissa hollered, as Karen hit the water and caused an even bigger splash than her own. She then swam over to the deep end as her finally uninhibited friend resurfaced.

For a good while, the topless ladies swam and frolicked in the water's perfect temperature and refreshing coolness. They taunted and splashed one another as if they were two carefree preteen girls again, having fun at summer camp.

Eventually tiring, the two of them then worked their way over to the shallower end of the pool. Once there, they faced one another whilst bobbing up and down and going in a slow, circular motion with the water's surface just barely concealing their naked breasts.

"So..." Karen asked, "Have you and Donnie finalized a date yet for your wedding?"

Melissa shook her head, "No not yet. Well...not an *exact* date anyway. We were thinking around perhaps the first or second week of June next year. Once I know though, I'll be sure to send you an invitation well in advance." As the young bride-to-be closed the distance between herself and Karen, she asked, "Should I make it out to guest plus one? Any chance Rob would come along with you? I mean, at the moment, he doesn't even know I exist."

Karen scoffed, "Oh, I'm sure he'll come along. That's one of the many reasons I love that man so much...he has a hard time telling me 'no'. Plus, all those months between now and the wedding, and letting me know in advance, will allow me plenty of time to come up with a believable

'back story' of how you and I met and became friends in the first place."

Melissa chuckled, "I agree. Let's make sure we get our stories straight, before I do eventually meet him."

"Definitely!" Karen nodded, before asking, "Now, what about the venue? Do you have a certain place in mind yet?"

"Oh yes..." Melissa smiled, confidently, "There's no doubt in my mind about the venue-- I've had that place picked out ever since I was a little girl: Sacred Heart Catholic Church, in Trenton."

"Trenton??" Karen asked, a bit confused, "As in...Trenton, *New Jersey*?? *That* Trenton?"

"Uh-huh!" Melissa affirmed, "That's the church I attended when I was growing up. In fact, all my family back home still go to Mass there every Sunday. Is that a problem?"

"Oh, no..." Karen replied, shaking her head, "No problem at all. I suppose I just forgot that's where you were originally from." It was only a half-true statement. Karen knew her friend was from well 'up North', but out of politeness and not wishing to sour their conversation, she avoided mentioning the true issue bothering her. Namely, what her fiery, Southern Baptist minister grandfather would say if he ever knew that his granddaughter had

stepped foot in a 'papist' church. Karen herself wasn't sectarian per se (and felt people should be free to worship however they wanted), but that didn't mean she wouldn't feel uncomfortable being compelled to sit through something she didn't believe in.

"Yes, most of my extended family still lives in the area," Melissa continued, explaining, "Donnie's 'clan' are also from nearby, in the Philly area...they're all of old Irish stock."

Inching closer to her friend, the young lawyer then stated, with cautious hope, "I know it's quite a ways to travel for just a wedding, but I *really* hope that you'll still try to attend."

"Why, of course I'll try!" Karen forced a smile. Her uneasiness regarding the venue aside, she knew (like with Robert) there was plenty of time for her to come up with a viable excuse to politely forgo an 'idolatrous' ceremony in a Catholic church whilst still attending Melissa's reception afterwards.

Melissa smiled back, clutched her chest and then added, with an exaggerated Southern accent, "Well, bless yer heart...I never reckoned I'd *evv-ah* convince you to take a trip up to *Yankee territory*!"

Bursting into fits of laughter, the pair of practically nude skinny-dippers resumed carousing in the pool and occasionally splashing one another.

Their conversation then steered its way to Karen's upcoming birthday.

"So, let me get this straight..." Melissa began, "After you and Rob spend the evening dancing at that new nightclub downtown, he wants to take you back to the hotel suite and attempt to recreate that night in Atlanta?"

Karen nodded her head in response.

Melissa scoffed. "Well, how on earth do you plan on 'recreating' something that never occurred in the first place...at least with him, I mean? He spent the entire night passed out in the other bedroom, didn't he?"

"Yes, I know..." Karen confirmed, "But I've got to do *something*. He keeps mulling his head over that night...bugging me for details so he can try to remember. Now, I'm so worried that somehow...someway, his brain will eventually connect the dots, and he'll actually recall what *really* happened."

"Yeah...I can see where that would be a huge problem." Melissa replied, nodding her head.

Karen continued, "That's why I've got to create an unforgettable evening for Rob and give him another wonderful memory. That way, hopefully, he'll finally be able to let the Atlanta thing go." She sighed and then added, "It's my own fault, you know."

"How so?" Melissa inquired.

"Well..." Karen replied, "What I should've done off the bat was tell him that because of all the wine I'd consumed at dinner that evening, I couldn't remember what had taken place either. But he felt so bad for passing out, that I just couldn't let him carry all the blame. So, I bragged to him and laid it on very thick about how good he was...and told him it was some of the best sex we've ever had."

Memories from that evening suddenly came flooding back to Karen. She could recall every moment of delicious debauchery and each toe-curling, mind-numbing orgasm which she'd experienced during that night-long marathon of raw sex with her son. Even though she'd been wracked with incredible guilt afterwards, reliving that incredible evening again now caused a familiar tingling of arousal in both her moistening vagina and her naked tits bobbing buoyantly just below the pool's surface. Without thinking, she whispered, "*And it was...but unfortunately...*"

Melissa finished Karen's statement for her, "But unfortunately, it wasn't with your husband." The young attorney then reached out and put her hands on Karen's shoulders. "Try not to stress out and beat yourself up about it too much, hon'...everything's gonna be alright." She then smiled and added, "You *do* know what you've got to do, right? This weekend, in that hotel suite, you just pull out all the stops and rock that man's world!"

Karen chuckled, "There you go again...sounding just like my sister Brenda. Believe it or not, she gave me almost the exact same advice yesterday."

"Oh, really?" Melissa giggled, "I must say...I'd really like to meet her one day...Sounds like she and I could become very good friends."

Karen rolled her eyes and nodded, "Oh...I have no doubt that you two would get along splendidly." She then joked, "Though I honestly worry that the entire universe may implode if both of you were ever in the same room together!"

Melissa laughed in response at her friend's obvious hyperbole.

Karen then added, "Speaking of my baby sister, she's taking me dress shopping tomorrow at some boutique downtown. In fact, she guarantees we'll be able to find the perfect dress to, as she puts it, 'blow Rob's mind'."

Melissa nodded, "Well, that'd be a good place to start." Knowing to tread the waters carefully with her next suggestion, she then proposed (choosing her words wisely, like any seasoned solicitor), "But tell me...have you ever considered perhaps doing something...*extra* special in bed...something that'll truly '*blow his mind*'??"

"Like...*what*?" Karen replied slowly, narrowing her eyes in suspicious dread.

Melissa inched closer to Karen. "Oh, you know...something which you maybe haven't done in a while, if at all. Or perhaps...something that he's always wanted to try, but you've always refused him in the past??" Biting her bottom lip and arching her eyebrow, the young attorney hoped her friend caught on to the gist of the naughty proposal she was suggesting.

Karen's eyes widened. "If you're hinting at what I *think* you are...then the answer to that would be *NO*!" Throwing her head back, the beautiful wife shook her head in exasperation, emphasizing her blunt response.

Melissa scoffed, "Why not?"

"*Why not*??" Karen repeated to her friend. "Well, for starters, sodomy is an utter abomination and a gross sin. It's completely unnatural and totally goes against God's plan!"

Melissa sighed, "Even with your husband?"

Karen nodded, "Yes...even then."

Melissa then asked, "Look, Karen, didn't you just say you were desperate for Rob to forget all about Atlanta?"

Karen replied, "Yes...yes I am."

Melissa responded, "Well, trust me...doing something like *that* for him...would definitely make him forget. Plus, it would earn you major brownie points."

Karen sighed, "Melissa...don't get me wrong. I love Rob with all my heart. I would gladly sacrifice my life for his any day. But doing *that* is just plain wrong and...*nasty*!" The conservative Mom then huffed and said with a scrunched face, "Besides...how *anyone* could find enjoyment in having something put up there...in their *backside* of all places...is beyond me!"

Melissa sighed and giggled, "Karen...it's like this. You should think of anal sex as you would sushi. Some people like sushi...others not so much...but you'll never know unless you try it."

Karen could read the disturbing message Melissa was trying to convey in her alluring, dark brown eyes. Rearing back with a sudden realization, she then asked, "You mean? You've *actually*--?!"

"I *love* sushi!!" Melissa quickly replied, with a naughty grin.

A bit repulsed, Karen huffed, "Well, to each their own, I guess, but I have a very firm idea of which side of the argument I would come down on. So, if it's all the same to you...I'll just stick with plain fish and rice wrapped in seaweed, thank you very much."

Melissa closed the gap even more between herself and the flustered, matronly beauty. Their naked breasts, barely concealed beneath the pool's sparking surface, were now tantalizingly pressing against each other. Karen almost gasped when her pink nipples, hardened by the cool water, 'kissed' the rose-colored nubs of her incorrigible young friend.

Due to the chemical hormones racing through her bloodstream, Karen's body had been a literal powder keg lately. Thus, the electrical jolt generated by the friction of her tingling areolas scraping against Melissa's equally rock-hard teats sent a pulse of energy racing along her buzzing nerve endings and straight down to her already aroused, panty-clad vagina. Instantly the kindling fuse to her barely repressed, latent lust ignited.

Taking things further up a notch, Melissa then grabbed a hold of Karen's curvy hips underneath the water, pulling their near-naked bodies even tighter together. Caught off-

guard, the titillating feeling of her friend's warm and slippery skin sliding against her own quickly served to heighten the percolating, pleasant sensations now permeating Karen's body.

As if taking the lead in some seductive aquatic dance, Melissa began to slowly turn them in circles. Without thinking, Karen reciprocated by placing her hands in a similar fashion on her friend's hips, with her dainty fingers tracing tentatively along the tiny waistband of the young attorney's silky thong underwear.

Engaged in their dizzying and beguiling water ballet, and with their faces mere inches apart, Melissa whispered, "*I hope you'll at least remain open to it, and consider trying some other new things...*" She then released her grip from Karen's hips and began sliding her hands along her lower back before stopping at the generous swell of her juicy, panty-clad bottom. Melissa continued, "After all...didn't you agree to be less rigid?"

Karen could once again feel her morals and sense of judgment becoming clouded. The combination of hormonal arousal, the heat from the afternoon sun, and the wicked eroticism of being wrapped in the arms of another woman...a beautiful and basically nude woman at that...caused the middle-aged wife to swoon.

Karen peered into Melissa's dark, soulful eyes and could see them twinkle with mischief. The feathery touch of her friend's warm, sweet breath on her cheek made her feel even more inebriated. Trying to keep things together, Karen replied softly, "Don't be so rigid? If my memory serves me correctly...those were *your* words...not *mmmm*...!"

Melissa didn't allow the gorgeous MILF to finish her statement. At that exact moment, she leaned in and pressed her plump, rosy lips against those of her friends, wrapping her arms around Karen and tightening their embrace.

"*Mmmmmm*!!!" Karen moaned, her body instinctively tensing up with shock and resistance to what she knew were impure urges. It was her natural reaction, despite recent events, due to a lifelong honing of her religious sensibilities to recoil against same-gender sexual relations. However, the same titillating pleasures she derived from her previous sapphic kisses with Melissa quickly caused her moans of protest to soften to those of acceptance and surrender.

With her inhibitions lowered, Karen relaxed her muscles, impulsively opened her lips, and allowed Melissa's soft tongue to enter the sanctuary of her hot mouth. She reciprocated the young attorney's affection with surprising enthusiasm...aggressively sucking on Melissa's sweet lips

and twirling her tongue against her friend's flickering and invading oral digit.

For the next few minutes, the two gorgeous women, lost in a world of sapphic lust, continued to make out in the large inground swimming pool like a pair of teenagers in heat. Other than the sounds of their mutual moaning and smacking lips, the only other noises infiltrating the sanctuary of the private backyard oasis were the chirping of birds and the gentle drone of the pool's water pump and filter.

Once again, Melissa took the role of the aggressor as she skillfully wedged her right leg in between Karen's. She then lowered her hands onto the rounded globes of the aroused housewife's panty-clad butt. Pulling Karen forward, Melissa began forcing the conservative Mother to grind her excited pussy against her own shapely thigh.

"*Mmmmppphhh*!!!!" Karen moaned into Melissa's mouth as an unanticipated and surprising pleasure fired off from her now hardened clitoris. They quickly found a steady rhythm grinding against one another with their lips locked and their twisted tongues wrestling for supremacy.

All of a sudden, new sounds unexpectedly penetrated the euphoric fog enveloping the ardently entwined couple. Karen was rudely brought back to reality from the startling effects of a young woman's voice and a child's

laughter. She instinctively pulled away from Melissa, quickly turned her head, and glanced at the privacy fence that bordered the neighboring yard.

At first, Karen thought the giggling child sounded awfully like her adorable little nephew, Daniel. Suddenly, she feared the universe actually *would* implode that day with the unexpected arrival of her sister, Brenda, and her inevitable supernova meeting with Melissa. However, as her fogged mind continued to clear, Karen soon realized it was in fact the next-door neighbor Catherine Johnson (or Cat, as her friends and family knew her) and her three-year-old son Noah playing in their backyard.

Even though her privacy fence safely obscured them, Karen sobered up enough out of fear once she realized what she was doing and where: out in the open of her backyard and in broad daylight. She turned back to Melissa, her lips covered with a sheen of their combined spittle. Before speaking, Karen swallowed the alluring mixture of oral juices residing in her mouth before whispering, "*Melissa...we...we can't be seen doing this...not here*!"

Her own mouth glistening with the same shared saliva, Melissa's lips curled into a smile. Hearing those two magic words: '...*not here*' confirmed to the young attorney that the gorgeous housewife was still willing to continue

their illicit liaison and naughty playtime escapades-- just in a more secluded place.

"How about this..." Melissa began, whilst using her fingers to brush some stray hairs from Karen's cheek, "Why don't we go *inside*, and I can give you a nice, relaxing massage before we shower?"

Karen, still flustered and not thinking completely straight, asked, "Well...what about the salads I made us for lunch? I mean...don't you want to eat something first?"

Melissa closed the gap between them and placed her hands on Karen's flared hips once more. In a seductive voice, she replied, "Oh yes...I wanna eat something, alright..." She then leaned in and again ardently pressed her lips against Karen's. Before breaking their soulful kiss, Melissa gently nibbled on her friend's bottom lip. As she pulled back from Karen, Melissa finished her statement, "...but the salads can wait!"

"*Uhhh...okay*." Karen mindlessly whispered, in response.

With a naughty grin, Melissa continued, "Now...I'm gonna go inside and get everything set up..." With one final quick peck on the lips, the young attorney backed off and added, "Oh, and just so you know...I have a little birthday surprise for you!"

Karen chuckled and asked curiously, "A birthday surprise? What kind of surprise?" She didn't remember ever telling Melissa when her birthday was before today.

As she made her way toward the steps at the shallow end of the pool, Melissa didn't answer Karen's question. Her only response instead was a cryptic, "You'll see! Just come on up when you're ready...you know where I'll be."

Karen, still somewhat dazed and confused, watched as Melissa slowly ascended step by step out of the pool. The entranced middle-aged housewife couldn't take her eyes off her friend as she walked across the concrete patio with her hardened nipples leading the way and wearing only a skimpy, red thong. The young woman, Karen thought, with her dripping wet and flawless body glistening in the afternoon sun, must've been the very personification of the goddess Venus herself, emerging from the foamy ocean's waves.

After Melissa had dried off and disappeared into the house, Karen was left by herself in the pool naked, apart from her cotton panties. Now alone with her thoughts, she once again found herself standing at a dangerous crossroads.

Karen felt a strange combination of excitement, anxiety, and guilt as she knew without a doubt what would happen if she went into that guestroom with her friend

again...AKA, their little 'cocoon'. Doubtless, she'd once again find herself struggling with the torments and frailties of her sinful flesh.

Karen suddenly remembered Pastor Dave's most recent sermon from Sunday morning and his fiery message concerning human weaknesses and giving in to its lusts and desires. She knew succumbing to those temptations with Melissa was morally wrong on so many levels, even bordering on adultery. However, the Christian housewife also couldn't ignore the irresistibly enticing thought of receiving another relaxing and sensual 'therapeutic massage' from the beautiful young lawyer.

As Karen made her way to the shallow end of the pool, she was once again reminded of her sister Brenda's advice: "*Live a little on the edge*!" With those words repeatedly swirling around in her head, and along with the hormones once more clouding her judgment, the horny MILF found her path already chosen.

After exiting the pool, Karen padded across the patio in nothing but her pair of bikini-cut cotton panties. Usually, the reserve housewife would never dream of parading openly in such a state-- and on the rare occasion she was forced to do so, she'd immediately run for cover. However, her current frame of mind now had her feeling very much emboldened as she stooped down to pick up

her and Melissa's discarded sports bras near the pool's edge.

Karen felt a naughty thrill as she slowly glided toward the house and caught sight of her reflection in the glass of the sliding patio door. With her mostly naked, dripping-wet body on full display, the married Mother proudly pulled her shoulders back and coyly smiled at the sexy image staring back at her. Sauntering her wide, child-bearing hips, with her big Mommy tits swaying side to side on her chest-- for a brief moment, Karen almost wished the backyard wasn't so secluded.

Minutes later, Karen opened the door to the candlelit guest bedroom and found it once again transformed into their cozy, little 'cocoon'. Melissa (like her, now dressed in a bathrobe) was draping a crisp, white sheet onto the bed. "Hope you don't mind that I borrowed it..." the young lawyer said, once she noticed Karen eyeing her attire. "I just thought it'd be more comfortable this way."

Karen waved her off, "Oh, please...I don't mind at all. In fact, you're more than welcome to it!" After closing and locking the door, Karen noticed that the music filtering from the speakers wasn't the same as during their previous massage sessions. Instead of the new wave 'world music' you might hear in a spa, this was more like a soft, romantic jazz.

After listening to the seductive saxophone-laced tune for a few seconds, Karen commented, "Different music this time?"

Melissa nodded, "Yeah...thought I would change it up a bit...hope that's okay?"

Karen, stepping closer to the bed, replied, "Of course. It's really great music...who's the artist?"

"Grover Washington, Jr." Melissa responded, with a smile, "Donnie's favorite. He likes to play this particular CD sometimes when we, ummm...you know."

Karen's eyes widened, "Ohhh, I see..." Both women then broke out into a giggle.

"So..." Melissa asked, a few seconds later, "Are there any particular areas you want me to concentrate on today? How do your glutes and thighs feel after that run?"

Karen shrugged, "Not bad, actually. I think doing all that stretching beforehand really helped to prevent any strain this time."

"Good...see what proper stretching can do?" Melissa said, with a smile. She then picked up a bottle of massage oil from the warmer to check the temperature and added, "If that's the case then, for today why don't we skip the deep

tissue stuff, and I give you a gentle, stress-relieving Swedish massage to help you relax?"

"That sounds great!" Karen replied, with a smile of her own. As she began to untie the sash on her robe, she asked, "But that still includes doing my feet...right?"

Melissa, knowing how much Karen loved a foot massage, giggled, "Yes! Don't worry...I'll definitely-- " The young attorney stopped mid-sentence once Karen slid the unfastened robe from her shoulders, exposing her totally nude body.

Melissa felt the embers of her arousal burst into flame as she watched Karen casually drape the removed garment over the back of the nearby chair in the corner. The young woman's eyes focused on her friend's big, round tits hanging from her chest like a pair of ripe, juicy melons before completing her statement by mumbling, "*...definitely work on those*!"

Karen turned back to Melissa and asked softly, "By chance do you still have the sleep mask?" Even though she was aroused by what was about to take place in the cozy, candlelit bedroom, the married Mother still preferred the false sense of anonymity afforded by wearing the disarming eyepiece. And just like her friend had promised, wearing it had also seemed to heighten her other senses last time. After no reply and noticing her

friend blankly staring at her nude boy, she cleared her throat and asked a little louder, "Melissa?"

"What? Sorry?" Melissa replied, as she was brought out of her dream-like state.

Karen giggled, "I asked, do you still have that sleep mask from last time?"

"Oh!!" Melissa replied. Shaking her head to clear out the cobwebs, she then added, "Why yes...yes I do." Stepping over to her duffle bag, Melissa continued as she unzipped it, "It should be right in here..." As she held up the retrieved sleep mask from inside the bag, Melissa ensured Karen didn't get a chance to see the 'birthday surprise' still safely hidden away which she'd gotten for her.

"Here you go." Melissa said softly, as she handed the sleep mask to her friend.

"Thanks!" Karen responded. After slipping on and adjusting the mask, she stood before her friend with her arms down at her sides, totally naked except for a few items of jewelry. In a husky whisper, she then asked, "Okay, I'm ready...how do you want me?"

Melissa instantly felt a twitch take place deep in her increasingly wet pussy. At once, this caused what she knew was a bead of her female nectar to trickle from her

naked vagina and run down the inside of her toned, shapely thigh.

It took all the restraint Melissa could muster not to grab the gorgeous defenseless MILF then and there and pull her down right onto the bed. However, she could still sense Karen's reluctance and guilt, in addition to her timid curiosity, and knew it was better to take things nice and slowly.

Melissa stepped closer to Karen and led her by the arm to the edge of the bed. In a soothing tone, she then said, "Why don't we start off like last time? Just go ahead and lie down on the bed, and we'll take it from there..."

*** *Minutes Later* ***

"Ohhhh!!! *Yesss*!!" Karen Mitchell (still wearing her eye mask) softly gasped, her sweet voice somewhat drowned out by the melody of the sensuous, romantic jazz music emanating seductively from the bookshelf speakers nearby. "*That feels...so good*!!"

The relaxing massage Melissa started hardly lasted any time at all. As the young attorney promised, she began with Karen's favorite: a nice foot rub. However, both women knew it was just a formality for what was to come. With the hormones fanning the flames of their sinful arousal, things quickly escalated from an innocent

massage to Melissa's beautiful face buried deep in between her friend's silky-smooth thighs.

Karen had just experienced one toe-curling orgasm and thanks to Melissa's talented mouth clamping down on her quivering cunt, she was quickly climbing towards the peak of another. The gorgeous MILF's naked body writhed on the bed as her friend's tireless and skillful tongue pushed her closer and closer to the cliffs of paradise once more. "*Oh, YES*!!" Karen hissed, whilst placing her right hand on the back of Melissa's head, "*I'm...almost...there*!!"

Melissa smiled to herself. She now had Karen right where she wanted her: teetering on the edge. Without warning, Melissa quickly pulled back from Karen's sloppy vagina and climbed on top of the nude married Mom. Before she could react, Melissa pressed her goo-covered lips against Karen's, slipping her tongue into her friend's hot and welcoming mouth.

Though she was caught by surprise, this time Karen immediately reciprocated the sapphic kiss and hungrily sucked on Melissa's invading lingual digit which mere seconds before had been wriggling within the folds of her gushing wet pussy. She couldn't help but moan from the wicked pleasure of tasting her own sweet and tangy female essence on her friend's lips and tongue.

Eventually, Melissa pulled away, then sat up straight and positioned herself to where she was now atop Karen and straddling her waist. She shuddered slightly from the spark caused by her blood-engorged clit making direct contact with her friend's pelvic bone. Without thinking, she then began to slowly rotate her hips, attempting to increase the friction and continue the tingling sensations running up and down her spine.

Feeling somewhat perplexed and disoriented, Karen lifted and removed the mask covering her eyes. She then gazed up at Melissa, still wearing her bathrobe and now grinding herself against her lap. Once she realized what her friend was doing, Karen began to wonder about the little rubbery nub she felt scraping against the skin at the top of her groin.

A bit bewildered, Karen asked, "Wh--what's going on?" However, even more than confused-- she was disappointed (mainly from the feeling that she'd been cheated out of a second climax). The aroused housewife secretly hoped for Melissa's oral talents to resume what she'd started and fulfill her body's desire for another glorious orgasm.

Looking down at Karen, Melissa untied the sash on her robe and replied, "I was just thinking...perhaps today, we could change things up a bit." She then slid the thick and fluffy white garment from her shoulders and let it slide

down her arms until it dropped behind her onto the mattress, leaving her totally nude. With a naughty grin, she asked, "So, what d'ya say?"

Karen's eyes widened with shock as she drank in the sight of the gorgeous young woman now straddling her waist in all her naked glory. As she stared up at the undersides of Melissa's perfectly proportioned and beautifully round tits, she whispered, "*Wh--what exactly...did you...have in mind?*"

Melissa gave no reply-- at least not with words. She instead leaned down until her perky young breasts mashed against Karen's heavily milk-laden Mommy boobs and pressed her lips against the housewife's hot mouth for another deep and sensuous French kiss.

After a few moments, Melissa pulled back from their kiss. With her face mere inches from Karen's, she repeated her friend's question, "What did I have in mind, you ask?"

"*Yeah...*" Karen rasped her response tentatively, with a nod.

"Well, I was just thinking...." Melissa began, sitting up straight, "That up to this point, we've yet to discuss any sort of 'retainer's fee' for my uh...lingual '*services rendered*'."

"*Huh*??" Karen responded again, but this time her voice was tinged with a hint of suspicion. She could tell something was up, since Melissa was once again using her arcane lawyer 'legalese' which obviously carried with it a hidden, ulterior motive. Once again, her friend reminded her uncannily of her sister, and the near verbatim *quid pro quo* 'stipulation' which Brenda had cheekily proposed the day before.

Melissa continued, "So, I was hoping...that since you've seemed to receive so much enjoyment and benefit from these...*therapeutic sessions*..." The naked assistant district attorney then swung her right leg around and did a complete '180°' so that she now faced the opposite direction. Crawling backward on her hands and knees, she added, "You might be willing to...*reciprocate*...as a form of...fair compensation."

Karen watched in awe as Melissa maneuvered to where her dripping-wet pussy hung just inches above her face. She could literally feel the heat emanating from her friend's bald vagina. The alluring aroma of Melissa's sweet and musky scent entering her nostrils was very familiar, yet strangely enticing...almost intoxicating.

Karen's mind immediately went back to Sunday morning, when she herself had moved into position in nearly the exact same fashion above her son Jacob. Therefore, it was

quite evident what the young lawyer had in mind, and was now expecting from *her*, in terms of a 'fair compensation'.

Aghast, Karen immediately shook her head, "No...*NO*, Melissa! I...I can't do *that*!" The married Mother couldn't help but feel like a hypocrite as soon as the words (once again, uttered out of habit) left her mouth. Here she was, in bed with another woman, and blatantly enjoying the benefits of her 'therapeutic' massage sessions. She suddenly felt very selfish and greedy for not wanting to reciprocate, like her friend suggested. However, just like with her sister Brenda, Karen was still highly uncomfortable with the idea of returning the favor in any way as an active participant.

"Sure, you can!" Melissa replied softly, whilst using her right hand to gently push against Karen's inner thigh as a signal for her to once again spread her legs. The married housewife gave no resistance, letting her knees fall away and opening her thighs for the young woman. "Look, I know it's your first time and all...just do what feels natural."

"Doing this...is *not*...natural!" Karen replied weakly, staring up mesmerized into Melissa's cleanly-shaven pussy. The hormones coursing through her veins were once again clouding her better judgment and tempting her with an irresistible sense of carnal curiosity.

Without thinking, Karen placed her hands on Melissa's swaying hips and gasped, "*Melissa*!! *Your...your clitoris...it's*--!"

"Enlarged?" Melissa replied, with a chuckle. "Yeah, I know." She then added, "I guess those hormones decided it wasn't enough just to make my tits bigger-- they had to attack my poor little 'love button' too!"

For a moment, Karen was speechless. Even though this was her first time being this up close and personal to another woman's vaginal area, she knew without a doubt Melissa's so-called 'love button' was much larger than normal. She immediately remembered Melissa recounting to her a few weeks back concerning what had happened to another of Dr. Grant's unfortunate patients.

A woman, Samantha Addams, who lived up in Roswell, was a participant in one of the unscrupulous doctor's experimental hormone replacement trials to help with her menopause. However, rather than receiving any sort of relief from her symptoms, the unsuspecting housewife's clitoris instead grew to three times its normal size. This, along with the hormones, had caused the poor victim to experience heightened arousal to the point where she eventually broke down, committed adultery, and cheated on her loving husband of 22 years with their neighbor's teenaged son!

Karen then thought to herself, "*Well, that explains the mystery of that rubbery nub I felt scraping across my abdomen*!" She then asked, "How long has it been like this?"

"Since last week." Melissa replied, "I was in the shower one morning when I first noticed it."

Karen found herself intrigued by her friend's oversized clit. Whilst continuing to stare up at the glistening and unnaturally enlarged pink nub, she asked hesitantly, "How does it...*feel*?"

"For the most part, great!" Melissa chuckled, "I mean, the orgasms are absolutely out of this world!!"

"*Really*?" Karen replied in disbelief, as her eyes widened. She could swear Melissa's now fully swollen love button was beginning to pulsate in time to the young lawyer's heartbeat.

"Yeah, really." Melissa confirmed. She then giggled, "I find myself masturbating as much as a teenaged boy recently. In fact, ever since it's happened, my showers have gone from lasting around 15 minutes to well over half an hour. However, the downside is that even the slightest touch causes me to become aroused. I must say, *now* I understand better what Mrs. Addams was dealing with!"

Karen then asked, redundantly, "Are...are you aroused now?"

"*God*, *yes*!!" Melissa huffed, "During our run earlier, I thought I was gonna go nuts with my clit continuously rubbing up against the gusset of my panties in those tight, hitched-up leggings!" With a heavy whisper the horny lawyer added, sounding eerily like Jacob, "*Karen, I could really use your help*!!"

Even though curious, Karen still felt reluctant to perform such an act on another woman. Once again, she tried to politely decline her friend's request, "Melissa, I'm sorry...I just don't think-- "

"*C'mon Karen*..." Melissa whined, interrupting the housewife, "Don't think...just give it a try! Open yourself up to new experiences. Remember, whatever happens in our cocoon...stays in our cocoon. No one will *ever* know."

Sensing her resolve beginning to weaken, Karen asked, "You promise, *no one*...not even Jake? I've always preached the importance of boundaries and self-control to him. So, if he were to ever find out, I would lose all my credibility."

Melissa smiled, knowing Karen was finally contemplating giving in. "I promise... not a single soul-- not even Jake, will ever find out about any of this from me." Knowing

how much Karen adored her dad, she then added, "I *swear* it, on my own father's life!"

Even without seeing her face, Melissa could sense Karen was teetering on the edge of giving in. As a final nudge to push her over that edge, the young lawyer ran her middle finger along the juicy slit of her friend's weeping vagina. She then lightly stroked her friend's blood-engorged clitoris with the pad of the slender digit, causing Karen to moan from the stimulation.

Melissa whispered, "*Go ahead, Karen...give it a try.*" Melissa then widened her knees, lowering her pussy even closer to Karen's watering lips. "*I know you need help, too...your pussy is absolutely begging for it*!" The young beauty then slid her middle finger into the clutching confines of Karen's drooling vagina.

"*Oh yes*!" Karen gasped, whilst wiggling her hips. "*I do!! I need it...PLEEASE*!!!"

Melissa replied, swaying her hips from side to side, "Then you know what to do...just think of it as sushi." After Karen didn't respond, she added with a giggle, "You'll never know whether you like it unless you try it...and who knows? You might just find that you actually have a taste for my...*clam sauce*!"

As Karen stared up into the glistening pink flesh of Melissa's split-open 'clam', she yet again found herself at

a dangerous crossroads. She so badly needed the second release which Melissa had deprived her of earlier. However, to do so would mean once again forgoing her Christian beliefs and wading deeper into the depraved world of lesbian sex.

Before, Karen had always justified everything as simply an innocent part of their 'massage' sessions, so long as her participation had been passive. This, however, would be totally different. Now, she would become an active participant in a sinfully lascivious and reciprocal frolic between two females. She repeated to herself that she'd only gotten to this point because of those wicked hormones corrupting her morals and that even after everything, her sole consolation was that God would still forgive her. She did, however, pray that Robert would never find out about the decadent debauchery his loving wife was once again about to succumb to.

Reluctantly, Karen crinkled her nose, parted her lips, and stuck out the tip of her tongue. She was immediately reminded of the little boy in that Christmas movie, as he prepared to lick a frozen flagpole on a dare by his friends. Before she could change her mind, the tentative housewife closed her eyes then ran her tongue along the entire length of Melissa's slit, collecting every drop of excitement dangling from her friend's alluringly clean-shaven *clam.*

Karen rolled the slippery liquid around inside her mouth. The flavor was tangy yet sweet, with a hint of chlorine from their earlier swim in the pool. She could discern her friend's taste as similar to her own, but also different...and definitely not unpleasant.

Feeling less timid, Karen forged ahead. Using more confident strokes, she ran her tongue along the inside of Melissa's labia: left, then right...left, then right. This quickly caused a soft purr to escape the young attorney's throat, as she began rocking her hips gently side-to-side, matching Karen's tempo.

Even more emboldened, Karen opened her lips and sucked in Melissa's chemically enlarged clit, massaging it tenderly with her tongue, and causing it to plump up even more and twitch in response. Karen then pressed her mouth upward into Melissa's crotch and began to lick steadily and aggressively-- right up to the base of the young woman's throbbing nub.

"*Oh yesss*!!!" Melissa hissed, with a big smile now plastered across her face. This was the first time in over a decade since she'd experienced another woman's sensuous mouth on her pussy. Her mind immediately recalled her college days with her roommate/best friend, Laura, and the fond memories of their illicit lesbian affair. She then recalled the subtle, yet fulfilling, difference of having a woman's oral feminine touch between her legs.

Melissa lowered her hips and pressed herself down on Karen, almost suffocating her friend. She was desperate to once more satiate herself in the sensuously intimate indulgence found in sapphic gratification. "*Oh Karen...*" she hissed, whilst using her tongue to lick the entire length of the housewife's drooling vagina, "*I think you're a natural at this!*" Burying her face in between Karen's legs, the young attorney then began eagerly feasting on her friend's sweetly delicious honey pot.

Normally, Karen would've been repulsed at the mere idea of performing cunnilingus on another woman. However, Melissa's reaction only further emboldened the evangelical Christian housewife to pleasure her young 'papist' friend and soon-to-be-bride with a more ardent enthusiasm. Despite the increasing difficulty she found in breathing, Karen spread her lips even wider and licked faster and faster-- all in a desperate desire to bring her friend to her glorious finish.

Though she could barely qualify as a novice in the 'art' of cunnilingus, Karen's enthusiastic efforts appeared to be paying off. She could tell in the way Melissa's soft vaginal tissues swelled, along with a quivering tension in her pelvis, which quickly caused a constant flow of her friend's sweet fluids to trickle down her chin.

Along with the soft romantic jazz music, the room was now filled with mewling moans of desperation as the two

hormone-infused women mutually devoured one another like two starving animals. Using their mouths, lips, and tongues, it was as if they were competing to see who could push the other across the finish line first. However, it was a race which neither of them was in any rush to win, since both lustful women wanted to prolong their intensely sinful pleasure for as long as possible.

Eventually, the two dueling women caught up with one another and synced up. For Karen it was as though every sensation she gave her friend somehow correspondingly echoed in between her own legs. It was as if Melissa's growing arousal mirrored her own now coursing through her loins, and the pussy pressed against her lips was connected to her own genitals. The bizarre sensation, as of an electric current looping in on itself, both numbed and jolted Karen-- as though she were somehow pleasuring herself.

Caught up in the wickedness of it all, Karen's arousal had spiked. The conservative housewife now found herself determined to reclaim the release her impudent friend had denied her earlier. She began feverishly sucking and nibbling on Melissa's chunky, ultra-sensitive clit whilst her curvy hips wiggled instinctively, longing for the same stimulation her partner was giving her to push her over the edge.

Whereas Karen's overzealous neophyte efforts were commendable, she was simply no match for Melissa, whose youthful enthusiasm allowed her to reach the finish line first.

"*Oh...God!!*" Melissa cried out, raising her head from between Karen's widely spread legs, "Yes!! That's it...Karen!! *Eat me*!!! Oh, God!! Yes...*Oh Yes*!! Eat it...*eat my pussy*!! Eat that clam...you sexy little...*carpet muncher*!!!"

As her orgasm finally arrived, Melissa slammed her hips down tighter on Karen's face, totally cutting off the air supply to the voracious housewife's lungs. "OH, MY GAAAWWD....*YEEESSSSS*!!!!!" the engaged woman screamed out triumphantly, as the decade's long-awaited climax set her body ablaze. "*AAAAAAHHHHHHHH*!!!!!" the young attorney yelled out with abandon, losing herself totally in the depths of overwhelming bliss.

Even though she'd once again been denied her own orgasm and was now nearing asphyxiation, Karen continued to enthusiastically lick Melissa's quivering vagina and ravenously swallow her fresh flow of sweet girl cream. Despite the experience being strange and altogether new for her (not to mention downright sinful), Karen couldn't help but feel a wicked sense of pride swelling up inside from being able to elicit such a response from another woman on her first try. That pride

turned to satisfaction once she brought Melissa to her cataclysmic climax, and she could once again come up for air.

Moments later, the two women shared another deep, soulful kiss, their bodies intertwined and enjoying the caressing feeling of their smooth, clammy skin pressed against one another. With the lingering taste of each still on their lips and tongues, Melissa pulled back and looked down into Karen's warm hazel eyes and the soft, flickering candlelight reflected in them. As she lovingly brushed some stray hairs from Karen's forehead, she whispered, "*You okay*?"

Still able to block out her guilty feelings for the time being, Karen smiled and nodded, "*Yes...I'm good.*" Though still gasping for air as she caught her breath, she was able to add with a cute giggle, "*But I must say...that was quite an intense...massage session*!"

Melissa replied, "'Was'...?" She then added with a mischievous chuckle, "Oh, honey...I hope you don't think we're finished just yet!"

"What do you mean?" Karen asked, her curiosity for once outweighing her usual foreboding dread and misgiving.

Melissa raised up further and reached for her nearby gym bag, causing her perky tits to swing enticingly just inches above Karen's face. The aroused housewife immediately

felt a warped desire to reach up and touch her friend's young and supple breasts, even if only to satisfy a sudden, twisted curiosity to compare the feel of them to her own. However, for the moment, she was able to resist the temptation caused by the hormones and avoid venturing down yet another rabbit hole of lesbian debauchery.

As Melissa rummaged around inside her canvas gym bag, she said, "Personally...I don't think you're completely satisfied yet, and I just *cannot* leave here with a clear conscience knowing that my best client..." After finding what she'd been looking for, the young attorney turned back to the married Mother laying beneath her and added, "Didn't receive my best service!"

Once Karen saw what Melissa was holding in her right hand, her eyes immediately bulged out. She figured it had to have been some sort of sex toy, confirming her worst suspicions. The obscene object was hot pink, about 10 inches in length, with a meandering network of raised veins covering its thick and girthy silicone shaft. With its one end shaped like a standard penis, its other end instead had a wicked upward curve terminating in an ominous, egg-shaped bulb. Rearing back in horror, Karen then exclaimed, "*Dear Lord Almighty...what on earth is THAT*?!?""

"This??" Melissa answered, as she shook the flexible, double-ended dildo in her hand., "This, my dear Karen, is your surprise birthday present!"

Still reeling with incredulous shock and awe, Karen answered, "My...my...*what*??!"

Melissa replied, "Don't worry...it's brand new. I've actually had it for quite a while now and was just waiting for the best opportunity to give it to you."

"Give it to me?" Karen asked, "What in heaven's name would make you think that I would ever want such a horrible...thing?"

"*Horrible*? Karen...it's just a dildo." Melissa casually replied, before asking, "Don't tell me you've never used one?"

"Certainly not!!" Karen exclaimed, her conservative piety and ingrained, priggish sensibilities once again triggering her moral outrage.

"Well, you can't deny that you masturbate." Melissa stated matter-of-factly, ignoring her friend's exaggerated unease and alarm. "In fact, you've told me once before yourself that you do...and quite often, if I'm not mistaken."

Unnerved by the reminder, Karen sheepishly grasped for her standard excuse and softly replied, "That...that's only because of the hormones."

"Exactly..." Melissa responded, while positioning herself between Karen's legs, "So, if you're gonna do it...I'd say do it properly. Believe me...once you give this little guy a whirl, you'll never want to masturbate with anything else ever again!" The young lawyer then pushed a small button with her thumb, and the neon pink sex toy immediately hummed to life.

Upon hearing the disconcerting buzz of the vibrating dildo, Karen understood at once Melissa's intentions. She then realized she'd never once used a sex toy on herself. In fact, this was the first time she'd even been exposed to one. Just like with many other 'abhorrent' things, she found the notion of allowing someone to insert any type of foreign object in her merely for the carnal purpose of sexual gratification to be totally abominable, not to mention unnatural and grossly perverted.

Raising up onto her elbows, Karen closed her legs and asked, with concern, "Uh...Melissa, what do you think you're doing?"

"Just finishing what I started..." Melissa replied, mindlessly placing her left hand on Karen's thigh, before

continuing softly, "I know you still need more...I could tell earlier."

As she stared at the humming hot-pink horror Melissa was wielding in her right hand, Karen chuckled nervously, "Maybe so, but look...I don't think-- "

Melissa quickly cut her off, "That's right, Karen...don't think." She then smiled and added, "You still trust me...right?"

Karen looked up into Melissa's dark brown eyes and nodded.

"Okay, then..." Melissa said, whilst gently nudging Karen's knee, signaling for her to open her legs, "Now, just lay back, relax, and let me take care of everything." After the housewife reluctantly complied and returned to her original position, the younger woman grinned mischievously, "I promise...you're gonna love this!"

Minutes later, Melissa was once again positioned over Karen with their plump, rosy lips locked together in a sensuous, sapphic kiss. Her right hand tightly grasped to one end of the thick, silicone dildo whilst using the other end of the imitation phallus to vigorously fuck the married Mom's bald vagina. Low, guttural moans escaped Karen's throat, as she spread her legs wider to grant easier access for the neon-pink terror invading her insides.

"That's it, Karen...just let go!" Melissa exclaimed, breaking their kiss and speaking over the housewife's increasing moans of pleasure, "Allow all that pent-up tension to release and flow from your body." The sexy 'masseuse' then began planting kisses on her 'client's' neck and down to her chest until her mouth found and latched on to one of Karen's rock-hard, leaking nipples. Almost instinctively, Karen placed her right hand on the back of Melissa's head and held her as if she were a nursing child.

Karen's cries slowly rose in pitch as Melissa's hand began to move more quickly. Bucking her hips, her left hand began clawing at the bed sheet beneath her as she drew closer and closer to climax. "*Oh...oh yes*!!" Karen rasped breathlessly, "*Oh, Melissa*! *I'm...I'm almost*!! *You...you're gonna...make meeeee...*!!!"

Suddenly, Karen went silent as her whole body locked up. Her legs then began to tremble, with her back arching off the mattress. Gaping her mouth open in a voiceless cry, the writhing housewife desperately grasped fistfuls of the bedsheets, rending them haphazardly from the mattress. As she crested her climactic release, Melissa's moans of encouragement and the soft, romantic music filtering from the speakers were the only sounds in the room, along with the lewd sopping-wet noises emanating from Karen's dildo-ravaged pussy.

"*Mmmmmmm*..." Melissa softly mewled, continuing to swallow spurt after spurt of the sweet Mommy milk erupting from Karen's buzzing pink nipple and directly into her hot, suckling mouth. Meanwhile, she maintained her relentless and furious assault with the sex toy still lodged in between her friend's shuddering, spread-eagled legs.

Once Karen's voice finally returned, her previous, agonizing cries of ecstasy were replaced by what could only be described as an animalistic growl as her entire body convulsed from the overwhelming force of her orgasm. As her tremulous paroxysms steadily subsided, Karen's body fell limply back down onto the bed. Still struggling to catch her breath, her gaze was fixed mindlessly up at the ceiling, staring blankly at its rough 'popcorn' texture as she waited for the room to stop spinning.

Not content to allow her friend to fully recover, Melissa wasted no time and maneuvered herself before Karen with their long, silky legs intertwined. She then scooched forward, shortening the distance between their sweat-sheened nude bodies.

The undulations of the bed brought Karen out of her dazed state. Raising her head and looking down in between her splayed open legs, she noticed the young attorney scooching forward and closing the remaining gap

between their crotches. Warily perplexed, Karen asked, "Uh...Melissa?" Struggling to sit up, she added, "What's going on?"

Melissa smiled, "I wanna show you something!"

Falling back on the pillows with a numbed expression, Karen scoffed wearily, "What's left to show me?"

Holding up the hot pink dildo in her right hand, Melissa replied with a smirk, "You have no idea..." With her friend's gaze still fixed, the lascivious lawyer then placed the end of the dildo (which mere minutes before had been lodged deep in Karen's juicy snatch) inside her sultry mouth. She then began gently sucking on the mushroom-shaped tip, occasionally taking it out of her mouth to run her tongue all along its vein-covered shaft until it was slickly coated with her saliva.

Karen stared unblinking, enraptured by Melissa's erotic display with the menacing sex toy. Her spell was finally broken when her friend whispered, "*Damn, you taste good*!!" The housewife's eyes then widened as Melissa lowered the store-bought penis down between her own legs. Moaning softly, Karen watched as the young lawyer raised her hips slightly and aided the entry of the dildo's curved end, allowing it to disappear into her vagina.

"*Melissa*?!?" Karen gasped, finding the sight of the fake penis protruding from the engaged woman's vagina to be

both bizarrely unsettling and downright vulgar. "What on earth are you doing?!"

As Melissa shimmied into a better position, a wicked grin spread across her beautiful face. She then replied, "You're about to find out..." Pressing the sex toy's button, the obscenely-lodged phallus hummed back to life-- only this time, Melissa had turned its vibration setting to a higher level.

Hearing the disconcerting buzzing sound coming from the imitation cock, Karen glanced down to find the available end of the dildo pressed against her drooling sex. At once, its incredible vibrations radiated from her hardened clit all the up to her puckering nipples.

Melissa, noticing the look of bewilderment in Karen's eyes, chuckled, "Don't worry, I think you're gonna like this..." As she slid her hips forward and the tip penetrated her friend's tight opening, she added, "My college roommate and I spent many an evening in our dorm room back in the day, doing exactly this!"

As more of the pulsating silicone shaft entered Karen's love tunnel, her jaw went slack, and a heavy moan escaped her throat. Grabbing Melissa by her shoulders, she then unconsciously tilted her hips further back to give the invading pink monster better access to her sacred chamber.

Soon, the fiercely vibrating sex rod was fully embedded in both women, with their stuffed vaginas pressed tightly together. Scissoring their sexy, long legs around each other, basic instinct then took over, as they began grinding and humping into one another. After a few, awkward moments, the two sapphic lovers eventually found a steady and pleasant rhythm.

The vibrating ends of the obscenely ensconced dildo now reverberated both of their G-spots, causing the women to quickly approach climax. With their thrusting hips slamming into each other, Melissa looked into Karen's hazel eyes and asked breathlessly, "*So...unghh*!...*do you...unngghhhh*!!...*like it*??"

Apart from her continuous moaning, Karen's only response was to nod before leaning in to resume kissing Melissa. As the intense waves of pleasure simultaneously washed over them, they pressed their bodies even tighter together. Soon, their cries of pleasure resounded into each other's mouths whilst being washed away in the ecstatic deluge of their orgasms.

Moments later, the two women found themselves clutching one another in a tight embrace, gasping for air. Resting her head on Melissa's shoulder, Karen tried to recover with the vibrating dildo still fully entrenched inside them and keeping the embers of their arousal glowing red hot.

Pulling back from their warm embrace, Melissa was the first to recoup her senses, kissing Karen on the cheek. She then gently pushed her friend's shoulders, signaling for her to lay back.

Karen did so without hesitation, reclining softly on the plush pillows. As soon as Melissa finally dislodged the neon-pink phallus from her overstimulated vagina, Karen felt a wave of relief. Yet, she also immediately felt herself strangely missing the pulsating sensations which had reverberated deep in her core, as well as bemoaning the empty void now left behind.

At first, Karen assumed Melissa would also lay down beside her so they could continue their recovery together for a few more minutes. However, little did Karen know that the young attorney had something much more devious in mind.

Kneeling at Karen's feet, Melissa hooked her arms underneath the housewife's knees and proceeded to lift her legs and spread them lewdly apart. Now that enough time had passed, the loving housewife was beginning to sober up. Karen was now experiencing the guilt of once again allowing things to go too far and committing adultery against her innocent and loyal husband. It was one thing to allow her son to take charge and aggressively manhandle and penetrate her body as he saw fit-- to now

permit a woman to do the same thing was altogether unexpected and unnerving, not to mention beyond sinful!

With a shocked expression, Karen gasped, "Melissa! W-What are you doing now? I thought we were done...with the 'massage'??" Her dreaded suspicion was immediately answered once she saw Melissa raise up and place the rounded end of the pulsating dildo back in between the folds of her vaginal lips. At first, she was bewildered by the illusion that one end of the fake penis-- still glistening with her female essence-- was actually growing from Melissa's body. However, that thought quickly vanished as soon as the wonderful vibrations began stimulating her clit once more and reignited the flames of her smoldering arousal.

With a smirk, Melissa looked down at Karen and answered, "I dunno about you, but I still have some left in the tank."

Flabbergasted, Karen replied, "*Really*?!"

"Yeah," Melissa nodded, "Why...you don't?"

Karen lolled her head to the side on the soft pillow in dismay. Her friend's assertive persistence once again uncannily reminded her of Jacob and his youthful stubbornness and stamina. Placing the back of her clammy hand on her forehead, she then whined, "I don't think so. Along with our run earlier and everything else,

to tell you the truth...I'm totally exhausted!" Despite saying those words, the weary housewife belied her true desire as she found herself instinctively lifting her hips in a sign of submittal to Melissa's sinful and irrepressible whim.

As Melissa used her hand to guide the smooth mushroom-shaped tip of the silicone sex spear to Karen's entrance, she scoffed, "Aw, c'mon...I'm sure you've got one more go in you!" Pushing her hips forward, she then once more pierced the tight threshold of her friend's vagina. As she slowly delved deeper into Karen's fiery depths, Melissa continued, "Besides...I wanna show you what this thing can *really* do!"

Karen's only reply was a loud gasp of surprise. Her eyes widened from the exquisite sensation caused by the gruesome vibrating phallus once again invading her insides. That Melissa had tellingly said something similar to one of Jacob's favorite phrases-- 'have another go'-- went over the aghast Mother's head as she braced herself for what she dreaded was coming next.

Once the entire length of her pseudo-member was safely imbedded within the confines of Karen's wanton pussy, Melissa leaned forward and gave her a deep, passionate kiss. She then began to undulate her hips in a slowly rhythmic, methodical motion, causing a soft, kittenish mewling to begin emanating from Karen's throat.

Wrapping her arms around the lawyer's neck, the part-time Sunday school teacher surrendered herself to her fate and returned Melissa's affection with an equal, if not greater, fervor.

Suddenly, Melissa pulled away, concluding their kiss by nipping at Karen's lower lip with her teeth. Gripping at the sensitive flesh, she tugged it gently until it slipped from her grasp and snapped back into place. Whilst continuing to grind her crotch against Karen's, Melissa peered deeply into her friend's warm, hazel eyes and asked coyly, "So...are you ready??"

Resting her hands on Melissa's shoulders, Karen stared blankly back up at the young woman. The lawyer's lips, glistening with their combined saliva, was curled into an almost sinister sneer. Feeling slight unease, Karen noticed a disconcerting look in Melissa's dark brown eyes, which seemed to flicker anew with flames of lust and desire. Hesitantly, she then whispered in response, "*Ready*? *Ready for what*?"

Melissa pulled her hips back to where only the tip of the vibrating dildo was lodged in the clutching entrance of Karen's needy vagina. In an uncharacteristic voice bordering on an animal's snarl, she replied, "Ready...to *FUCK*!!" Slamming her hips forward, Melissa then drove the entire length of the imitation cock with one aggressive thrust deep into Karen's vaginal canal.

"*AAhhhhhhhhh*!!!" Karen yelped from the unexpectedly rough, yet satisfying, penetration. Digging her fingernails into the flesh of Melissa's slender shoulders, she at once clenched her eyes and threw her head back onto the pillow.

Melissa immediately began to steadily plow in and out of Karen's trembling body. It may have been over a decade since her last lesbian fling with her best friend Laura, but just like riding a bike, the engaged lawyer quickly found her rhythm and remembered how much fun it could be.

Back in college, during the time of their illicit affair, Melissa and Laura would use a dildo very similar to the one she was now using on Karen. Over time, Melissa learned to train her Kegel muscles so that she could grip her end of the sex toy and essentially use it like a real cock. The result of her unusual skill would send both her and her dormmate flying over the moon in orgasmic rapture. Now, Melissa had the same plan in mind to use the same technique on Karen in the hopes of obtaining a similar outcome for herself and her new secret lesbian lover.

Staring up into Melissa's dark, soulful eyes, Karen could feel herself once more getting lost and succumbing to sin. The overwhelming pleasure and inebriating effects of the hormones had her again floating on a familiar fog of clouded judgment and blurred morals.

Karen's gaze suddenly drifted downward and focused on Melissa's beautiful breasts. Once more, the married Mother felt a strange and irrational compulsion to touch the young attorney in ways she knew she shouldn't. However, unlike previously, when she'd able to resist those impure urges, now as if on autopilot her hands mindlessly slid away from Melissa's shoulders. Karen then found herself cupping her friend's wildly gyrating orbs and couldn't help but gently squeeze the lithe lawyer's succulent globes of perky tit flesh.

Marveling at the weight and firmness of Melissa's youthfully round boobs, Karen could feel both of her friend's rose-colored nipples stiffen and press into the palms of her hands. It was her very first time ever touching another woman's breasts, and though it felt somewhat strange at first, Karen quickly began to appreciate her husband and son's hitherto strange fascination with these things...they were quite wonderful!

Melissa promptly noticed Karen's lustful hands groping at her luscious melons. She sensed a thrill knowing the conservative housewife was surprisingly loosening up and willingly playing with her tits.

As Melissa continued the constant thrusting of her hips, sawing the fake penis in and out of her friend's clutching vagina, she locked eyes once again with Karen. Lowering her angle of attack, she then brought her bountiful bosom

down to where the tips of her puckered nipples tantalizingly grazed against Karen's lips.

Without even having to be told, Karen understood the message. In her heightened state of arousal, the married woman went against her reservations and broke through another boundary. Opening her mouth, Karen latched onto her friend's lovely breast, and began tentatively suckling on Melissa's hardened, rubbery nub. Whatever lingering voice of conscience still nagged the loving wife was ignored. Instead, she chalked it up as yet another milestone on the path of her journey towards utter corruption and infidelity...all thanks to those wretched hormones.

"*Oh, yes!!!*" Melissa gasped. The sensations caused by Karen's sucking mouth and twirling tongue on her breast were downright heavenly. In the heat of the moment, the young bride-to-be secretly hoped the hormones would eventually cause *her* to begin lactating as well. No doubt, she would experience the same spine-tingling ecstasy as Karen did, whenever her teats expressed her warm and creamy milk. Pressing her boob tighter to her friend's face, she hissed, "*YESSS, Karen...sssuck my titty...sssuck it harder*!!"

Karen's initial hesitancy and unease at having latched her lips onto another woman's breast mysteriously vanished, quickly replaced instead by a natural impulse to indulge

her newfound delicacy. Without thinking, Karen eagerly obliged Melissa's request and began to suck harder, trying to pull more and more of her hardened nipple and delectably soft titty flesh into her hungry mouth.

The delightful stimulation in her tits caused Melissa's slow and steady rhythm to in turn ramp up in speed and intensity. She began to slam into Karen with fast and full, deliberate strokes, until the sound of skin slapping against skin echoed throughout the warm, candlelit bedroom.

"*MMMmmmmmm*!!!" Karen moaned lustfully around Melissa's breast. Instinctively, she took the lawyer's rosy, pink nipple between her teeth and gently bit down.

"*Ohhh FUCK*!!" Melissa cried out from the exquisite pain that ran along a nerve ending from her rubbery nip to her dildo-stuffed vagina. "Yes, Karen...*YES*!!!" the engaged woman encouraged her married friend, whilst increasing her tempo and bringing them both closer to the precipice of a climactic, mutual orgasm.

The desperate need for release spurred Melissa on to redouble her efforts. She began driving her fake member into Karen's welcoming sex with such force that the queen-sized bed started creaking and threatened on the verge of coming apart.

As they approached their simultaneous climax, Karen spat Melissa's nipple from her mouth and threw her head back

down onto the pillow. Drowning herself even deeper in their debauchery, the Christian housewife began a steady chant of "*Yes...yes....YESSSSS*!!"

Lost in the momentary depravity, Karen let herself go and, to her surprise, no longer felt any guilt or shame. Surrendering herself totally to the overwhelming pleasure coursing throughout her body, her only concern now was that of sharing this exquisite experience with her friend--safely secluded in their secret 'cocoon'.

Beads of sweat now dripped from her Melissa's forehead as she became driven with a mad lust to power them both through to the end. Her wavy, black hair which had previously been pinned up had come loose and now flounced freely across her beautiful face. Reliving the glory of her shameless past, the aggressive attorney wanted nothing more at that moment than to literally fuck her older friend into oblivion.

Her face twisting into a sneer, Melissa went even faster.

"*Ohhhhhhhh!!!!*" Karen cried out, as she let go of Melissa's flawless tits and grabbed hold of the bedsheets.

Laying into her submissive partner, Melissa went even harder.

"*YEEESSSSSSSS*!!!" Karen cried out, her entire body locking up as her back arched off the bed.

Finally, the dam burst, and both women reached the pinnacle of pure bliss perfectly timed to exactly the same moment. "*AAAAAAAHHHHHHHH...MELISSA*!!!!" "*OOOOHHHHHHH...KAREN*!!!!" they screamed out together in sheer ecstasy, with their voices resounding throughout the empty house. Desperately clinging to one another like anchors, they then rode out together the relentless tsunami of orgasmic devastation rippling through their quivering bodies.

A while later, Karen and Melissa lay side by side, at last disengaged and silently holding hands whilst staring up at the ceiling. The bed was now an utterly disheveled mess, with the comforter and top sheet lying on the floor and the crisp, white fitted sheet pulled halfway off the mattress. The soft, romantic jazz music still filtering in from the speakers was the only sound heard in the room, outside of the two women's ragged gasps as they tried to catch their breaths.

As she lay trying to recover, Karen suddenly heard the sound of a gas-powered leaf blower from outside. She quickly deciphered that it was most likely Mr. Evans, who was obsessive-compulsive in maintaining his well-manicured yard. Like most men in the neighborhood, he never passed up an opportunity to innocently flirt with her whenever they crossed paths (even though he was old enough to be her father). Chuckling to herself, Karen

pondered what the 70-something-year-old widower would think if he had any inkling what naughty things his neighbor had been up to, right across the street from him and behind the secluded walls of her family's home.

Eventually, Karen broke the silence. "*WOW*!!" she exclaimed, in a soft voice, "I must say...now *that* was...quite a massage!"

Lolling her head to the left, Melissa looked over to Karen, and with a snigger replied, "I take it then...that you're satisfied...with the service?"

Karen, continuing to look up at the ceiling, nodded in response, "Oh yes...quite satisfied!"

Smiling warmly, Melissa turned her head back and resumed staring at the ceiling, its dancing shadows caused by the flickering flames of the candles. With a look of contentment, she said, "Good! That's what I like to hear...from all of my loyal clients."

Her strength now restored, Karen glanced over to the alarm clock. Reluctantly releasing Melissa's hand, she sat up and sighed, "It's getting late...and I'd better get moving." Getting up from the bed, she then walked over to collect her favorite robe and slid the silky pink garment on, yet left the sash untied.

After a few seconds, Melissa sat up as well. Picking up the now dormant sex toy, she then casually asked, "So...do you have a good hiding spot in mind yet for this bad boy?"

"Hiding spot?" Karen replied with a puzzled look, whilst blowing out the candles.

Nodding, Melissa replied, "Well yeah...unless that is...you think your husband is progressive enough to allow you to incorporate this naughty thing into your bedroom fun time?"

Aghast, Karen turned back to Melissa and shook her head, chuckling, "Goodness no! He would freak out for sure." Holding her robe closed, Karen then sat at the bedside and added, "Besides...aren't you taking it with you?"

Melissa shook her head, "No, I've already got one just like it at home. Anyway, like I told you earlier...I got this one especially for you." She then held the dildo out to Karen and added, "I thought it'd be something nice you could use during your...'private time'." After a few seconds and detecting her friend's reluctance, the young lawyer asked, "You did enjoy it, didn't you?"

With a hesitant stare, Karen continued surveying the ungodly sex toy. Even though the device looked downright appalling, she had to admit it *did* feel good...*really* good. However, she would definitely have to

keep it carefully hidden from her family. If anyone were to ever discover the dreadful thing accidentally, no words could describe how mortified she would be!

With an absentminded nod, Karen gingerly accepted the vile-looking instrument from Melissa's hands. As she inspected the hideous sexual aid closer in her hand, she could feel the lingering echoes of her glorious orgasms still fluttering deep in her core. Realizing that a few glowing embers of her arousal weren't yet fully extinguished, Karen muttered, "I suppose I can find a safe place to keep it...that is...just until everything gets back to normal."

Melissa replied with a knowing smile, "Of course! Just until everything's back to normal..."

Now toting the dildo in hand, Karen stood up and commented, as she stepped over to the door, "Well, I'd better go jump in the shower. I need to start prepping for dinner...and Jake will be home soon."

Melissa smiled as her friend awkwardly held the phallus and replied, while sliding on her own robe, "Go ahead. I'll straighten up in here, and if it's alright with you, I'll use Jake's bathroom to freshen up."

Just as Karen opened the bedroom door to step out, she stopped. Turning back to face Melissa, and with her robe fallen back open and showing a good amount of her

frontal nudity, Karen cautiously asked, "Say...does that offer still stand?"

Whilst opening the drapes, Melissa asked, not noticing that Karen was ogling her equally semi-nude form, "What offer?"

Karen guardedly lowered her voice, "You know...the offer you made the last time you were here. Something about washing my back?"

Melissa turned to face Karen, her scanning eyes traveling up and down the exposed portion of the beautiful MILF's naked body. Eventually her gaze homed in on her friend's left hand, still tightly clutching the neon pink dildo. A sparkle from the married woman's wedding ring suddenly caught the leering lawyer's eye. With a devious smile slowing creeping over her beautiful face, the young attorney replied enthusiastically, "Oh yes...it still stands. It most definitely does!!"

*** *Later that afternoon* ***

"*Unnnggggghhhhh*!!" Melissa grunted, as she bounced on Jacob's cock and held onto the headboard of the teenager's loudly squeaking, twin-sized bed. Her naked body glistened with a fresh sheen of perspiration. "It's so deep!!!" the engaged lawyer cried out, as she writhed in ecstasy atop the skinny high school student, who wore nothing but a goofy grin on his face.

Driven to satisfy his lust on the gorgeous young fiancée's body, Jacob reached around and grabbed the firm cheeks of her flawless backside, pulling her closer to him. Melissa used the opportunity to rock back and forth on the rigid shaft of his huge dick, which felt amazing dragging along on her newly enlarged and unnaturally oversized clit.

While gyrating to the rhythm of the song *Somebody Told Me* by the rock band The Killers blasting through Jacob's computer speakers, Melissa removed her hands from the headboard and grasped her breasts. Pushing her perky tits up, she then bent her head down and began ravenously licking her own nipples.

Jacob's eyes went wide. "*Holy crap*!! *That's so cool*!" he whispered in fascination, watching the beautiful lawyer seductively flicker her nimble tongue across her diamond-hard, rose-colored teats like a seasoned porn star. Suddenly, the awestruck teen imagined it was his straitlaced Mother who was straddling his waist instead, whilst riding his cock and licking her own breasts. The pornographic image seared in his mind and instantly became another goal which he now hoped to achieve with Karen and preserve in either photo or video form.

Melissa resumed bouncing on Jacob's dick, now holding her chemically enhanced breasts in an attempt to keep them from swinging around too wildly. "*FUCK*!!!" she

cried out in painful pleasure, once the head of the teenager's condom-encased cock came into contact with her tender, fiancé-neglected cervix.

Pleased to have an equally aggressive partner again, Jacob began to thrust upward harder, whilst pressing his face against Melissa's right boob. Removing her hand from her tit, the engaged lawyer smiled and gave the eager teen even better access to her puckered nipple. She then grabbed the back of his dark brown hair as he greedily suckled at her luscious breast, sending sparks of pleasure shooting straight down to her overstuffed vagina.

Melissa's steady up-and-down rhythm became more erratic as her body prepared for a second and even more intense orgasm provided by the teenager and his magnificent manhood that afternoon. Leaning back, she pulled her breast from Jacob's mouth, with her saliva-covered nipples now pointing at the ceiling. "*OHHHH*!! GOD!!...*YES*!!!!" Melissa screamed towards the heavens, arching her back as her climaxing body quivered with pleasure whilst continuing to bounce on Jacob's throbbing penis.

The incredible sensations created by Melissa's vaginal walls pulsating around his cock finally lit the teenager's fuse. Reclining against the headboard, Jacob dug his fingers into the older woman's undulating hips, "Oh yeah, Ms. Turner...I'm about...to *BLOWWW*!!"

With the echoes of her own orgasm still pulsating, Melissa's super sensitive nether regions became enflamed as the relentless bouncing proved too much. Quickly hopping off Jacob's lap, she knelt down in front of him and wasted no time in ripping off his condom. Tossing it aside, she then guided his throbbing member into her eagerly waiting mouth.

As soon as Melissa had wrapped her plump red lips around his tip and began stroking his swollen, veiny shaft, the bomb in Jacob's churning nuts immediately went off. A huge payload of teenaged spunk surged up from his broiling balls and promptly exploded into Melissa's hot and sultry welcoming mouth.

"*AAAAAARRRGGGHHHHHHHH*!!!" Jacob growled, loud enough to actually drown out The Killers' lead singer, Brandon Flowers, belting out the rock song still reverberating throughout his bedroom. The teenager continually groaned aloud in pleasure as numerous sticky ribbons of his thick, young nut cream blasted their way across Melissa's sexy tongue and down her hungrily swallowing gullet.

Moments later, Jacob remained leaning back against the headboard panting for breath. He watched as the gorgeous attorney continued to milk his cock for every last drop of his syrupy jizz. Focusing in on her left hand as it slid up and down his veiny shaft, Jacob honed his gaze on the

huge diamond of Melissa's engagement ring sparkling in the afternoon sunlight.

"*Mmmmmmmm*..." Melissa moaned, pulling back and smacking her lips. Whilst continuing to slowly stroke the teenager's stubbornly rigid cock, she stated, "Well...it looks like one time's not gonna be enough." Smiling seductively, she then added, "You up for another go?"

Jacob nodded with a smile, "*HECK YEAH*!"

"Good boy!" Melissa replied. As Jacob got up from the bed, she asked, "Wait...where are you going?"

"That was my last one from that pack..." Jacob responded. Walking towards the closet, he motioned towards the discarded used condom which now lay haphazardly on the carpeted floor. He then clarified, "I need to get a new box from my other hiding spot." Despite hating having to use the blasted things, Jacob figured it was better to be safe rather than sorry and risk his Mother walking in on them and catching him not using one with Ms. Turner.

For her part, Melissa sat on the bed and took the moment's temporary respite to reflect on the crazy situation she now found herself in. Even after all these weeks, she still had difficulty fully digesting her current predicament. Here she was, a well-respected officer of the court (and assistant DA no less), who was engaged to be married in less than a year to a handsome young doctor whom she

loved dearly. Her picture-perfect life was all but laid out in front of her, along with the man with whom she planned to have children and spend the rest of her life.

Yet here she was, risking it all: totally naked and freshly fucked, whilst sitting on the edge of a barely legal teen's twin-sized bed in a bedroom which could only be described as a 'nerd shrine' to Hollywood. Glancing at the various superhero and sci-fi posters adorning the walls, Melissa could almost feel the judgmental stares in all of the fictional characters' eyes, scrutinizing her.

Having been raised a 'good Catholic girl', Melissa would've never dared to sneak around behind her betrothed...normally. However, this situation wasn't at all 'normal' and unlike her young paramour's more puritanical Mother (so she thought), she wasn't as religiously hung up over the morality of it all. Bending the rules and rationalizing the situation had nothing to do with her fiancé, or her feelings for him. Logic simply dictated that she'd become duty-bound to provide the best professional 'counsel' and legal 'aid' for her special case clients, no matter the dubious legality which her unorthodox methods entailed. Once everything was all settled and done, she knew she could still look forward to the promise of a bright future with her husband-to-be.

Any other lingering feelings of guilt which Melissa still had were successfully kept at bay by one last, big

justification: namely, the overwhelming effects of the hormones. Like many of its female victims, the WICK-Tropin chemicals were causing her to act and do things that she never would've dreamt of doing. And just like those other women who were affected and felt compelled to tame Jacob's lust with their own, Melissa believed it was her exceptional obligation to 'help' him through his ordeal. Like everyone else, her thinking was "*Better he 'get this all out of his system' with me, rather than unleashing him on an unsuspecting world*!" The cherry on top was that the little nerd and his unnaturally large pussy pleaser of a cock was actually one hell of a fuck.

Pondering the used condom laying on the carpet and glistening with her juices, Melissa turned back to Jacob, who was still rummaging around in his closet. "You know..." she began tentatively, as she stood up from the bed, "I was thinking...for round two, perhaps we could try something...different."

"Different?" Jacob asked curiously, as he exited the closet and brought out a new box of 'Excalibur' condoms. Shrugging his shoulders, he then added, "Sure! What did you have in mind?" His obscenely erect cock, still shiny and angrily hued, waggled lewdly between his legs.

"Well..." Melissa replied, ignoring the teen's monstrosity as she sauntered towards him with a probing look on her face, "First, I have to ask...do you trust me?"

Jacob slowly nodded and answered softly, "*Yes, Ms. Turner...*"

Melissa placed her hand on Jacob's shoulder and said, "Okay, then I'm gonna need you to promise me that no matter what happens, you're not gonna stop."

Somewhat confused, Jacob knit his brow, "Stop what? What's that supposed to mean?"

Tilting her head and leaning in closer, Melissa stared into Jacob's warm, hazel eyes and replied, "Exactly what it sounds like: *You're NOT gonna stop*. *No matter WHAT*. Can you do that?"

Still puzzled by the unnerving look in Melissa's dark brown eyes, yet still intrigued by her enigmatic request, Jacob answered, "Uhhh...yeah, okay. I guess can do that."

A wily smile replaced the discerning look in Melissa's beautiful face. "Great!" Standing up straight, she gestured towards the bed and reassured the teen, "Don't worry about a thing. Trust me...you're gonna *love* what I have planned." Looking at the new box of condoms still in Jacob's hand, the nude attorney added, as she took them from him and placed the redundant prophylactics onto his computer desk, "Oh...and you won't be needing these!"

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Meanwhile, back down in the kitchen, Karen Mitchell was just finishing up with her preparations for dinner that evening. As she wiped down the countertops, she found herself once again humming the tune to the Katy Perry song *I Kissed a Girl*. Not too long ago, the conservative housewife wouldn't have cared much for the suggestive pop tune and its salacious message. However, now she found herself becoming quite fond of the catchy, hit track. So fond, in fact, that she recently added it to her playlist and listened to it often as she drove around in her Jeep.

Gliding around her kitchen, the gorgeous MILF still wore her favorite pink satin robe. Normally, Karen would've worn a bra and panty set underneath the silky garment. However, the natural high after her earlier naughty afternoon hijinks with Melissa (including an extra-long, hot shower) was still lingering. Therefore, Karen wanted to continue enjoying the freedom from wearing any underwear as well as the sensual touch of her robe's silky soft material against her naked body.

Caught up with her domestic and culinary chores for the time being, Karen decided to head upstairs and 'monitor the temperature' up there as well. Even though she fully trusted Melissa with Jacob, she still felt an overwhelming need as a dutiful Mother to check in on them and chaperone her teenaged son's activities with the engaged lawyer.

As she ascended the staircase, Karen continued humming the song stuck in her head. Glancing at a family portrait looming ahead at the top of the stairs, she couldn't help but feel a wave of guilt once she saw her husband's smiling face standing happily next to his loving wife and flanked by the two beautiful offspring of their love.

Poor innocent Robert knew nothing of Jacob's condition...nor her betrayal, for that matter. So far, the good Lord had shielded him from any knowledge of her grave sins and acts of incestuous debauchery with their son. Her clueless husband was completely oblivious to the fact that Jacob's semen now regularly found a home in her welcoming cunt, and that increasingly his wife was willingly allowing their son's sperm to violate her unprotected womb. Despite the sheer and perverse wickedness of it all, a light at the end of this arduous tunnel was finally in sight. Karen only prayed that God would continue to prevent Robert or anyone else from ever knowing of her gross betrayal and immoral, indecent affair with her own son. Reminding herself that her focus had always been solely on helping Jacob through his turbulent ordeal (and eventually getting her life back to normal) Karen found that solace and comfort was eluding her. Instead, as she rounded the corner and headed towards Jacob's room, all she felt was a nagging and lingering guilt.

Her guilt, however, was dulled ever so slightly by the sudden memory of the day's activities which she'd done with Melissa. The hormones' wicked influence had once again lowered her inhibitions and lured her deeper and deeper into the uncharted waters of lesbian sex. A flutter took place in her vagina as she reminisced about the events from earlier that afternoon...especially those that took place right before Jacob arrived home.

Still under the influence of the hormone's inebriating effects, Karen had invited Melissa to fulfill her previous offer to join her in the shower. What had started off as an innocent enough affair: two women going about the business of washing their hair whilst gossiping and giggling like young schoolgirls-- quickly devolved into something else altogether.

Halfway through their ablutions, as Karen ran her slender fingers through her long dark brown hair and applied conditioner, she glanced towards her friend through the thick fog of steam and asked, "Hey, wait a minute...I thought you were going to wash my back for me?"

Using a loofa sponge to apply body wash to her arms and shoulders, Melissa turned to Karen. "Sure..." she replied, jokingly, "As long as you promise to do mine, too."

Karen giggled, "Well, as I seem to recall...it was *you* who originally made the offer to me." Turning away and

stepping over the back wall of the shower, she then placed her hands on its cool, wet tiles and added, "You can just use the loofa you have there...that one's my favorite."

With a leering smile, Melissa picked up the bottle of body wash from the nearby shelf. "You're right..." she agreed, "I did make the original offer." As she stepped up behind Karen, she took a few seconds to appreciate the view now proffered delectably before her. Scanning her eyes up and down the MILF's luscious and glistening wet body, the lecherous lawyer drank in in every delicious curve of Karen's buxom, feminine form. Popping the top of the bodywash bottle open, Melissa then squeezed a liberal amount of the lavender-vanilla scented soap across her friend's back and shoulders.

"*Mmmmmm...that feels nice*!" Karen whispered, as Melissa began to scrub the loofa all over the hard-to-reach rear areas of her flawless, white skin.

Soon, Karen's shoulders and back were covered in a bubbly coating of the frothy, fragrant bodywash. Looking down, Melissa watched as several trails of the foamy white soap streaked down across the swell of Karen's matronly behind and disappeared tantalizingly into the crack of her juicy backside. By now, Melissa's arousal had returned and, judging by the constant moans coming from her friend, it was evident Karen's had as well.

Carelessly dropping the sponge, Melissa immediately began using her bare hands to massage the bodywash into Karen's silky soft skin. When the married Mother lowered her head and began moaning even louder, the young lawyer closed the gap in between them and pressed her body directly against Karen's. She then promptly reached around, grabbed both of the housewife's big, hanging tits and began lavishing the lavender and vanilla body wash all over her ripe and juicy Mommy melons.

"*Ohhhh*!!" Karen gasped, before asking over her shoulder, "I thought you were going to wash my back?"

Melissa leaned her lips forward and whispered, "*I was, but it appears as though some other parts needed my attention, also...*" She then kissed Karen's ear and tweaked both of her hardening nipples.

"*AHHHHH*!!!" Karen yelped even louder, leaning back against Melissa.

From there, things quickly escalated. Melissa spun Karen around and pressed her up against the tiled wall. At once, they began making out as if trying to consume one another's mouths. They then spent the better part of the next hour in the steamy hot shower using their mouths, as well as their fingers, to pleasure one another to the cusp of climax. Eventually, they ended up in a heap on the shower floor, where Melissa taught Karen the fine art of

scissoring. The two sapphic lovers finally capped off their daylong frolic of lesbian lust engaged in a screaming simultaneous orgasm, whilst fervently grinding their aching clits and climaxing pussies against one another.

At first, it frightened Karen at how much she was beginning to enjoy these sinfully erotic moments which she was sharing more often with her younger friend in their 'cocoon' of secrecy. However, Brenda's advice to relax and '*live on the edge a bit*' once again began to resound like a tempting siren in her head. Why *not* have some fun for a little bit? After all, these salacious activities would all soon be in the past and nothing more than a distant memory.

As Karen neared the end of the hallway she began singing softly, "♫ ♪ *Us girls, we are so magical...Soft skin, red lips, so kissable...Hard to resist, so touchable...* ♪ ♫" She then began to wonder if her sister's libertine logic actually *did* make sense. Perhaps it was okay to cross over to the other team every once in a while, especially if it didn't affect her relationship with her husband. After all, Brenda seemed to be navigating that narrow path quite well. Shaking her head of the sinful notions, the Christian Mom quickly chided herself, "*Stop thinking like that, Karen*!! *It's blasphemy*!! *That's just those evil hormones talking*!" Still, if doing those things with Melissa here and there

helped her to quell her growing needs, to where she didn't succumb as often to Jacob...

Now at her son's doorway, Karen could hear the rhythmic thumping of music coming from inside Jacob's room. She thought it odd, since Jacob normally never played his stereo anywhere near this loud. She then assumed he was most likely being influenced by Melissa to do so. Little did the dutiful Mother know just how much 'influence' the young attorney was exerting over her son at that moment.

Still standing outside her son's closed bedroom, Karen leaned her ear to the door, listening closely for any tell-tale signs of 'shenanigans'. Usually, there would be the sounds of the headboard thumping against the wall or the bed frame squeaking out in protest (noises which Karen by now knew all too well). However, all she could hear instead was the obnoxious racket of some rock band she wasn't familiar with, sung in a whiny, 'auto-tuned' manner which she didn't much care for. Shaking her head, Karen thought to herself, "*These youngsters don't know what good music is!*"

Suddenly, Karen jumped back when she heard Melissa give out a blood-curdling shriek of horror from the other side of the door, followed up by a blasphemous outcry of, "OH MY FUCKING *GOD*!!!!"

Karen had heard Melissa's cries of pleasure many times before (several times that day even). However, judging from the tenor and alarm in her friend's voice, she knew that this particular type of scream was caused by some sort of horrific distress or terrifying event.

Quickly opening the door, Karen stepped into the room. She was immediately greeted by the loud pulsating blast of the rock music, along with the pungent scent of sex and Jacob's overpowering pheromones. The middle-aged wife's trained body reacted as usual, as her vagina moistened and her pink nipples hardened, protruding into the silky material of her robe.

The sudden intrusion startled Jacob. Swinging his head around, he at once locked eyes with his Mother.

Melissa, gasping for air, was in a downward puppy pose, with her face and chest pressing into the comforter. Jacob was on his knees behind the naked lawyer, with his hands clutching to her curvy, upturned backside. From Karen's perspective, the scene taking place on the bed (apart from the participants) didn't appear to be anything out of the ordinary. However, the look in her son's eyes told her that something wasn't quite right. Karen was familiar with that look all too well: her son had just been caught doing something he wasn't supposed to.

Underneath the loud, booming music, Karen could hear the disquieting sound of Melissa continuously groaning. It sounded as if she were in distress or great discomfort...almost like a wounded animal. As the concerned Mother made her way around the bed, Karen's line of sight improved, and she recoiled in horror at what she discovered. Assaulting her eyes was her teenaged son's rock-hard penis shoved halfway up the assistant DA's backside!

Totally aghast, Karen covered her mouth in utter shock. The ungodly sight of Melissa's anal ring lewdly stretched around the unnaturally massive girth of Jacob's cock left her speechless. At once, her natural instinct and outraged morals kicked in, screaming at Karen to avert her eyes from the obscene scene assailing her senses. However, something else more overpowering kept her gaze laser-focused on the oddly conjoined pair and their unholy coupled union.

The stunned Mother watched helplessly as another inch of her son's glistening, throbbing shaft slowly descended into the fiery depths of Melissa's tender rectum. As appalled as she may have been at witnessing such savage and debased debauchery taking place in her own home, Karen unnervingly felt her own arousal beginning to spike.

"*OHHHHHHHH*!!!!" Melissa moaned aloud again, only this time it sounded more like it was caused by pleasure

rather than from distress. Tightening her grip on Jacob's Star Wars-themed comforter, the receptive partner arched her back and with a wincing expression on her beautiful face, cried out through gritted teeth, "Oh God...it's just so...*BIG*!!"

Melissa's outburst snapped Karen from her dazed and impotently gawking state. Still unable to fully digest what exactly it was she was witnessing, the bewildered Mother felt herself drawn closer to the bed.
"*JACOB...DEAN...MITCHELL*!!! Just *what* in heaven's name do you think--!!!" she began to chastise her son, but was halted mid-sentence once she realized she'd stepped on something slippery. Lifting her bare right foot in irritated dismay, Karen found the used condom Jacob had discarded earlier, stuck to her sole.

"Oh, my goodness, Jake!! That's just plain disgu--*AAAAHHHHH*!!!" Karen shrieked, once again prevented from finishing her sentence. As the grossed-out Mother stood distractedly on one leg, Melissa had grabbed and yanked on the sash of her friend's robe. Being off-balance as she was, Karen immediately toppled over and fell, joining the ferally copulating couple on the already crowded, twin-sized bed.

Still flustered and discombobulated, Karen's desperate attempts to scramble off the bed were instead frustrated by her friend leaning into her and pinning her back

against the headboard. In addition to being ensnared, Melissa pulling on her robe had inadvertently caused it to come undone, falling away to expose Karen's now full-frontal nudity. Bewildered and confused, Karen reared back from the lewdly fornicating pair now right in front of her and asked, "Melissa? Wh-what are you doing?"

Rearing up on all fours, Melissa eased closer and grasped onto Karen's thighs, trapping and holding her down even further. With tears streaming down her face, she looked up into her cornered friend's eyes and with a weak smile replied, "I just thought...you might wanna join us."

In the meantime, Jacob leaned in closer on his haunches until his skinny abs were pushed up tightly against Melissa's plush ass. Soon, he had the full length of his monster cock completely buried deep inside her violated rectum. Using what he'd learned from his older sister Rachel, Jacob slowly pulled back until only the ridged helmet of his dick lodged within tight threshold of Melissa's stretched-out butthole. He then gently pushed forward, sinking all the way back in until his pelvic bone and flopping balls pressed snugly up against the young lawyer's curvy backside. Repeating the process, Jacob steadily ramped up his tempo until the attorney's sweaty ass and the natural lubricants in her poop chute fully accommodated the entire slick shaft of his ravishing member.

"Ohhhhhhh...God!!" Melissa groaned, dropping her head as the merciless teen reamed her a new one. Each time the wiry frame of Jacob's abs and pelvis clapped against the rippling globes of her ass, Melissa's sphincter muscle contracted tightly around his invading monster. This gave immense pleasure to the energetic teen, as he felt the lovely lawyer's exquisite butt squeeze all along his shaft. Initial discomfort slowly gave way to pleasure for Melissa as well, though the grimaced expression still on her face belied that fact to their captive spectator.

Beginning to worry, Karen looked up at Jacob, "Jake...*STOP*!! You're *hurting* her!!"

Even though years of discipline had trained his ears to immediately heed Karen's stern admonitions, Jacob stubbornly resisted the ingrained habit. Fighting off his initial reluctance, he instead followed Melissa's previously stated instructions to not stop, no matter what. Therefore, ignoring his Mother completely, Jacob increased his speed even more, until the steady rhythm of his relentlessly sawing cock threatened to literally fuck the poor engaged woman's ass into oblivion.

Once the wincing pain from having her bowels mercilessly resized by the eager nerdy teen eventually melted away, Melissa let out a deep guttural moan and raised her head. Throwing her arms out, she then reached up and placed her right hand on Karen's shoulder, pinning

her further against the headboard. Looking deep into the entrapped Mother's eyes, Melissa smiled weakly and whispered in between each of Jacob's gut-invading, breathtaking strokes, "*It's okay...unnghh!!..Karen...unnghh!!!..it's okay...*"

Now smirking, Jacob looked down and felt Melissa slightly pushing her ass back, meeting each of his thrusts stroke for stroke. Taking this as a green light to really ramp things up, he tightened his grip on her fleshy hips and began plunging into her deeper and faster. "Oh yeah, Ms. Turner..." the teenager grunted with a sneer, "Your ass feels *AMAZING*!!"

Jacob's dirty remark suddenly cleared the clouded judgment which had hitherto been fogging Karen's mind. Now, her confusion and feeling of helplessness gave way to a righteous indignation. "*JAKE*!!" she shouted again, a bit more forcefully, "Stop it! I mean it, young man...*STOP IT RIGHT THIS INSTANT*!!" Whereas Melissa may have stated it was 'okay' for Jacob to defile her in this manner, the poor woman was obviously under the inebriating influence of those wicked hormones. Karen though wasn't at all okay with accepting this as an excuse, nor was she about to allow her son to continue indulging in the vile and heinous act of sodomy-- especially under her roof!

However, Jacob didn't stop. Instead, he increased up his speed even more, causing the bed to rock back and forth

and commence its usual obnoxiously noisome squeaking. Somehow, the crowded piece of furniture's dreadful protesting fit right in with the repulsive rock music still blaring from the speakers (which, from what Karen could hear, vaguely serenaded them about cheating...or crossdressing...or heavens knows what!), making their trio's debauched and hedonistic scene on the bed even that much more depraved.

A simmering mixture of anger and arousal finally caused Karen's blood to boil. Desperate to extricate herself from the situation, she instead found Melissa's strong grip continuing to pin her against the headboard. She then attempted to cry out above the deafening din taking place in the room and once more sternly scold her son, "JACOB...DEAN...MM*MMmmm*...!!" But before the irate Mother could finish her remonstrance, Melissa lunged forward and planted her mouth squarely against Karen's.

At first, the indignant Mom tried to resist her friend's advances. Not only were they outside the safe solitude of their secret 'cocoon', but it was also no longer just the two of them. After preaching the importance of boundaries over and over to her son, the last thing Karen wanted was for Jacob to witness his very own Mother acting in such a hypocritical and depraved manner-- and with of all things another woman!

However, the combination of hormones and arousal now coursing through her veins had her too weak to hold out and resist for long. Karen reluctantly gave in and opened her mouth, returning Melissa's passionate kiss with abandon.

"*Whoa*!!" Jacob exclaimed, his eyes bulging out at the sight of his hitherto straitlaced and conservative Mother tongue wrestling with the gorgeous young attorney. "That's so cool!!" the excited teenager added, once he saw Melissa groping his Mother's naked breasts, causing milk to being streaming out from her hardened pink nipples as the two women made out.

Unsure if he had suddenly found himself in his first official 'threesome' or not, at the moment, Jacob didn't care one bit. To him, watching his reserved Mother swapping spit with the same woman whom he was fucking up the ass was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen-- and close enough to a long-time fantasy of his. His mind began to melt once Melissa broke away from the sapphic kiss, lowered her head, and began sucking on Karen's lusciously leaking tits.

"*Oh no...Melissa....you shouldn't...do that...*" Karen weakly protested her young friend's actions. However, instead of pushing her away, the inebriated housewife gave in to the erotic pleasure of Melissa's warm mouth suckling at her lactating breast. Resting her head against

the headboard, she then closed her eyes, her plaintive whines sounding even weaker and powerless, "Not...*in front of...my son*!"

For the next few minutes, Jacob steadily fucked the attorney's upturned ass whilst she, in turn, greedily sucked on his Mother's diamond-hard nipples. Every few seconds Melissa would switch from one boob to the other, insatiably lapping her friend's rich and creamy vanilla-flavored nectar. When her mouth was free, she would look back over her shoulder and cry out, encouraging the teenager to pummel her battered backside even harder with his ungodly sex tool. "*Oh yes! Yes, Jake! Fuck me!! FUCK MY TIGHT ASS!!!*"

Karen found herself quite conflicted. On one hand, she was mortified by the depraved act of sodomy being carried out by two people whom she dearly cared for and happening right in front of her, in her very own home. Nevertheless, she found their total lack of restraint and consideration for her religious scruples to be downright disrespectful. To top it all off, she felt angered by the fact that she'd allowed herself to be wrangled into being an unwilling participant in this vile and sinful 'porno scene'.

On the other hand, despite being deeply offended by the abhorrent actions taking place between her friend and second-born child, Karen couldn't help but find herself somewhat mesmerized. Especially by Melissa's

surprisingly positive reaction to having her guts thoroughly rearranged by her son's ramrod of a cock. Despite knowing it all stemmed from those hormones, the wonderful feelings taking place in her lactating breasts, as well as her growing arousal, was slowly but surely beginning to win Karen over her resentment and reluctance.

Mindlessly, Karen placed her left hand on the back of Melissa's head, holding her friend by her dark wavy hair like a nursing child. She then snaked her right hand in between her splayed open legs and began openly masturbating her now sopping wet vagina. "*Ohhhhh!!*" Karen gasped, as she strummed her slender fingers across her now buzzing, rock-hard clit. Originally planning to pleasure herself surreptitiously, the aroused Mother quickly reckoned there was no point in doing so and gave up trying to hide it.

Meanwhile, the sensory overload of witnessing all these new revelations had Jacob's young mind frazzled. He was desperate to blow the immense load of teenage spunk churning in his balls and deposit it deep in Melissa's ass, but at the same time, he wanted to enjoy for as long as he could the super-hot lesbo porn scene unfolding between the young lawyer and his conservative Mother. He could also tell his Mom was enjoying it by the look of pure bliss

written all over her beautiful face, watching in awe as he witnessed her jilling herself for the first time.

As Jacob neared his inevitable end, he began to grunt louder. The change in his cadence caught Karen's attention, causing her to open her eyes. Immediately, she locked her gaze with her son's.

Whilst staring intensely into each other's warm hazel eyes, it was as if Karen could almost read Jacob's thoughts. The look of pure, unadulterated lust on his sweat-covered face as he stared intently back at her instantly gave him away. Her son's face had a fierce determination to it, his lips curling into almost a sneer, as he ground his hips forward and firmly reamed Melissa's rear end. Karen knew then without a doubt that he was instead imagining it was *her* on all fours currently beneath him, and that it was *her* unsullied and virgin backside which he was now mercilessly plunging his ungodly phallus in and out of.

Usually, Karen would've been repulsed by the mere thought of debasing herself in the wicked sin of sodomy, acting like some common whore of Babylon-- especially with her own son! Yet, as Melissa continued to drink from her breasts and she fingered herself closer and closer to orgasm, Karen's mind drifted to hitherto dark and unexplored places. She inadvertently began imagining

what it would *actually* feel like to be anally violated by Jacob.

"*UNNNNNGGGGHHH*!!!" Karen moaned sexily, pulling Melissa tighter to her breast and lifting her hips as her aching cunt began to spasm. Her glistening wet fingers were now a blur as she jilled herself closer and closer to the edge. Each time a whining moan escaped her lips, it became louder and less erratic, until it was timed perfectly to Melissa's slithering tongue raking across her sensitive teats. This in turn was driven by the tempo of Jacob pounding her friend savagely from behind, causing Melissa to rhythmically lunge back and forth over Karen's chest.

Hearing his Mom's sexy moans timed to his steady, relentless thrusts, Jacob quickly found himself motivated to hammer away even harder at Melissa's upturned ass. Though the sights and sounds presently delighting his senses were stimulating beyond description, Jacob knew he was as close as he'd ever been to something else that was even better. Clenching his eyes tightly in concentration whilst focusing on his Mom's plaintive mewlings and Melissa's exquisitely clenching ass on his dick, the teenager's frenzied mind wandered as he combined the sounds and exquisite pleasures he was experiencing with the wickedly filthy things he was picturing in his head. Jacob imagined that he and his

Mom were now in the same marital bed that she shared with his father. Instead of Melissa it was Karen now on her hands and knees, rocking back and forth, and with a big, heavy baby bump dragging below her against the comforter, along with his latest deposited batch of thick, white baby gravy lewdly leaking from between her legs. In this raunchy fantasy, not only had he fully bred his Mom (with twins!), but her heavy, leaking tits were also staining the sheets beneath with her milk-- the same milk she would soon be feeding their beautiful brood of brown-haired, hazel-eyed, illegally-conceived, Mother+son incest babies. At the same time, Jacob's hands were now clutched tightly to Karen's matronly hips, pounding her hard from behind and sawing his aching cock in and out of the fiery chasm of her thoroughly violated and no longer virgin butthole. He was finally going to do it-- he was going to lay claim and plant his seed *deep* in the forbidden fortress of his Mom's juicy-sweet, Georgia peach of an ass. That uptight, nagging, straitlaced, churchgoing ass which had taunted and tempted and tormented him for 18 years was finally gonna get what was coming to it: his huge cock tearing through it and a big fat load of his stubborn, babymaking nut juice busted nice and deep inside of it, to hopefully humble his Mom and knock her down a peg or two. Lost in his sinfully twisted fantasy of tapping Karen's ass and sensing the heat of his chemically enhanced sperm surging up the shaft of his cock, Jacob slipped up and inadvertently

groaned aloud, "*OHHHHHH...MOM!!*" Leaning forwards on his haunches over Melissa's sweaty back and grinding his hips even harder, Jacob opened his eyes and leered in closer to his Mom. He and Karen then shared a knowing look as they once more gazed deep into one another's eyes, both acknowledging full well the profound implications of what he was imagining at that very moment: him desecrating and dominating her piously scolding, matronly ass into submission, utterly conquering it. Jacob knew without a doubt his monstrously enlarged cock was perfectly suited to thoroughly buttfuck his Mom's gorgeous ass.

Melissa meanwhile had overheard Jacob's comment and smiled as she got up on her elbows. Reckoning it was a secret fantasy of the nerdy teen to anally violate his own Mother and take her final virginity, the lecherous lawyer pulled away from Karen's breast. Looking back over her shoulder, Melissa decided to play along with her partner's sick little kink, even as her own orgasm mercilessly crashed down on her, "*YES*!! Yes, Jake!! Cum inside it!! FILL *MOMMY* UP!!! FILL IT, BABY!! CUMMM *DEEEEEEEEP* IN *MOMMMMMYYYY'S...AAASSSSSSS*!!!!"

"*AAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHHH*!!!!" Jacob growled savagely, slamming his crotch into Melissa's cushiony backside one last time whilst holding her hips

tightly in place to his pelvis. As he leaned over Melissa's back and fully planted himself deep in the lawyer's battered rectum, the orgasmic bomb in Jacob's churning testicles finally went critical, sending his supercharged seminal payload rocketing out the tip of his pulsing cock. Cinching his eyes shut and throwing his head back, the ejaculating teen maintained his perverse fantasy...imagining it was actually the fiery, horny depths of his pregnant Mother's kinky bowels that he was currently hosing down. Yes, his Mom's sweet, tight ass was finally going to take it all: rope after rope of his hot and soothing, sticky teenaged DNA as he busted his nut deep in her butt and claimed her final, sacred hole once and for all as his own. "*YEAAAAAAAAHHHH!! TAKE MY NUT, MOM!! TAKE IT!!! TAKE IT DEEP IN YOUR BUTT!!! TAKE IT ALLLL...OHHHHH MOMMMMMMMM!!!!*"

"*AAAAAHHHHHHHHH*!!!!" the two women screamed out in unison, as they climaxed together with Jacob. Their mewling, feminine moans mingled in a screaming trio with their young male partner's savage, growling groans--drowned out only by the cacophony of rock music still blasting from the speakers.

Karen's hips meanwhile had bucked off the mattress as her own intense orgasm rolled across her trembling body. Using her right hand, she continued to diddle her pussy

manically whilst squeezing her ejaculating tit with her left hand-- aiming the spraying milk sloppily at Melissa's waiting mouth and tongue. To block out the sinful depravity of whatever abomination her son was shamelessly fantasizing about her at that moment, the climaxing Mom closed her eyes to Jacob and Melissa, and instead imagined a 'lesser of two evils' scenario of her own. In her alternate reverie, her son was once again taking her in his favorite position: from behind. As she envisioned her son eagerly grabbing her by the hips and plastering her yearning uterine walls with wad after wad of his hot and sticky virile seed, Karen's moans grew louder. All the while she was picturing Jacob spurting endless ropes of his energetic little swimmers deep inside of her and filling her up with his potent genetic goo, Karen's feverishly thrumming right hand lay atop her loins. Whilst furiously jilling herself through her latest intense orgasm, the climaxing Mother consciously flexed the muscles in her pubic mound, as if willing her mature ovaries to plop out and release a whole clutch of her vulnerably fertile eggs for Jacob's lively imagined sperm to aggressively latch onto and do God knows whatever with. For a brief few seconds, Karen felt herself no longer caring about the dire ramifications of such a wantonly sinful notion and rued the fact that Brenda's pills were all that prevented her and Jacob's union from quickening new life and yielding forbidden fruit. Consequences be damned, those wicked hormones were actually making

Karen crave the damnable idea of illicitly procreating with her son. Luridly picturing their genes mixing and Jacob's DNA sinfully fusing with her own, Karen felt surprisingly allured by the thought of conceiving and secretly bearing their beautifully incestuous brown haired, hazel-eyed offspring. Opening her eyes in a desperate attempt to swim up from the depraved depths she now found herself drowning in, Karen's gaze then witnessed a disturbing look of sweet agony wash all over her friend's face as Melissa's body seized in the trembling throes of her own climactic upheaval.

Melissa's mouth dropped open, and it appeared as if she was trying to scream. Her dark brown eyes rolled back in her head, and her whole body began convulsing uncontrollably. Both Karen and Jacob heard a gushing sound coming from between Melissa's legs as a ghastly choking moan escaped the poor young woman's throat. The gorgeous attorney and soon bride-to-be had just experienced the excruciating ecstasy of her first-ever squirting orgasm.

Minutes later, the exhausted and satiated trio lay mingled together in a heap on Jacob's poor, overtaxed bed-- their bodies languidly intertwined in a twisted tangle of sweaty limbs and torsos. With the music playlist having ended, the bedroom was now deathly quiet save for the gentle rasps of their steadily slowing, gasping breaths.

Melissa, pinned down by Jacob's skinny frame, lay flat on her stomach between Karen's splayed open legs, with her head resting on the housewife's slightly rounded tummy. Soft moans of contentment escaped her throat as the same housewife ran her fingers lovingly through her wavy, though now matted, jet-black hair.

Karen, still drifting down from her cloud of mixed emotions, had her eyes closed. Surprisingly, she didn't yet feel any of the usual assault of guilt and remorse for having gotten entangled in the craziness that had just happened. The conflicted wife and Mother knew however, that those feelings would likely come back with a vengeance later, especially considering the repressed urges which she'd vividly acted out in her head. Despite her lingering misgivings and struggles with her deeply buried temptations, a slight smile on Karen's face belied the enjoying and relaxing sensations she was currently feeling, as she recovered from her latest and most intense post-orgasmic high yet.

Jacob, who lay sprawled flat against Melissa's back, was the first one to stir. Raising up, his still semi-erect cock slid from the tight confines of the ravished lawyer's ravaged backside, eliciting a listless moan from her mouth which sounded both of discomfort and relief. The teenager then watched with appreciative awe as the damn broke and slimy white globs of his jism lewdly belched

out from Melissa's yawning asshole in gunky wads. The grimy combination of their fluids then flowed like a frothy river down onto his comforter, joining the other various bodily secretions in which they all now wallowed on his soiled bed.

Jacob couldn't help but feel an immense sense of pride. Just like with his sister, Rachel, he had once again laid claim to another beautiful woman's tight and gorgeously shaped ass and marked her forever with his DNA. Even though his ultimate goal had yet to be achieved, he happily regarded this latest conquest as yet another milestone and significant step in the right direction: the Grand Prize of his gorgeous Mom's unsullied and to-die-for virginal ass.

Getting up off the bed with a contented sigh, Jacob remarked, "Wow, y'all...that was awesome!! Let's do that again sometime!!"

Her son's nonchalant statement rudely shattered Karen's dreamy post-orgasmic bliss. Clarity and stark realization then set in, and there was no denying what had just transpired-- her little man had just engaged for the first time (so she thought) in the unholy and blasphemous act of sodomy. As the intoxicating effects of the hormones steadily subsided and flushed out from her system, those emotions which Karen had dreaded suddenly reared their ugly head: guilt-ridden remorse, but above all

disappointment and anger at herself for not having been able to stop it.

Propping up on her elbows, Melissa moaned once more, then replied coyly, "Maybe..." She then reached back and lightly caressed her curvy butt cheek with her left hand before continuing, "It might be a while though...you really did a number on my poor tush." Wincing a slight grimace, she added, "I probably won't be able to sit down properly for a whole week!"

Jacob noticed the sparkle of Melissa's diamond engagement ring as he watched her left hand caress the reddened flesh of her otherwise flawless, soon-to-be-married ass. He then joked, "Hey! Maybe we could get you one of those donut-shaped cushions."

As Jacob and Melissa snickered at the absurdly comical statement, Karen felt additional ire beginning to rise. However, before she could express her wrath at their callous and cavalier wantonness, she couldn't help but notice that it was getting late in the day. For now, she would have to swallow her righteous indignation and revisit the topic some other time. Polite and tactful decorum was what was now called for-- not ruining an otherwise memorable day by berating her son and causing an awkward scene in front of her friend.

Wriggling out from underneath Melissa, Karen announced in her usual maternal tone, "Okay, you two...time to clean up. And Jake, be sure to change this messy comforter...your father will be home soon."

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied, standing up and putting on his boxers. Judging by the tenor of her voice, Karen was now back to her 'Mom mode', which could only mean one thing: their playtime fun was over.

Tying the sash on her robe, Karen then added, "Oh, and come to think of it...open a window and air this room out. It smelled a bit funky before, but now it downright *reeks* in here! In fact, I think it's high time for you to do another thorough room cleaning."

"Okay, Mom," Jacob responded, with a nod, "I'll make sure to get it done this week." Gathering the rest of his clothes, he then left the room and headed down the hall to shower in his bathroom.

"Please ensure that you do!" Karen called out after him. Turning her attention to Melissa, who had yet to get out of bed, she then asked concernedly, "You okay?"

Melissa gingerly rolled over onto her side and smiled, "Yeah...I'll be fine. I just need another minute or two to recoup. And...I guess I'm gonna need another shower, if that's okay. Don't worry, I'll be quick this time."

Karen nodded, sympathizing, "Of course...and please, take your time. You can use the master bath again." Her motherly instincts were now kicking in even more. Though Melissa was probably about five years older, the young lawyer suddenly reminded Karen of her daughter Rachel and the times when she was growing up and needed the care and compassion with 'lady things' which only another woman...no, a Mother, could provide. Before leaving the room, Karen reassured her friend, "I'm going to get cleaned up as well. After I get dressed, I'll be down in the kitchen if you need me."

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As Thursday morning dawned, a cold front had arrived, bringing with it plenty of rain and lower temperatures. The highs for that day were only expected to reach the low 60's. It appeared that autumn had finally descended on the Deep South-- at least for a day, since the forecast for Friday called for clear, sunny skies with temperatures back into the upper 70's.

On that dreary rainy morning, Jacob sat in the passenger seat of his Mom's red Jeep Grand Cherokee as she drove him to Dunwoody High School. Making their way across town, Jacob couldn't help but notice how quiet his Mother had been all morning. Normally, whenever she drove him to school, she would drive him crazy by singing along to some sappy or irritating song from the 80's. However, this

morning was eerily different-- there was no music or singing, just the sounds of passing traffic, the soft patter of rain, and the rhythmic squeaking of the wiper blades rubbing against the windshield.

Thinking back on the past day, Jacob remembered his Mom had been rather quiet at dinner the previous evening, too. In fact, she never came up to his room that night to tuck him in or give him her usual motherly goodnight hug before bed. When they took off from home that morning, he had tried making small talk with her, but only received terse, one-worded responses as his Mother kept her head forward, not looking in his direction. The teenager knew his Mom all too well-- he was in trouble about something.

Jacob quietly watched Karen as she drove. She was dressed more casually than usual that morning, in a pair of faded blue jeans and a grey sweatshirt with '**BULLDOGS**' in red block letters across her chest. Her dark brown hair, however, was still done up in her standard, yet stylish, ponytail. Since it was dark and cloudy outside, Karen eschewed her usual habit of wearing sunglasses, allowing Jacob to see the irritability in her warm hazel eyes. Despite the awkward mood in the car, he decided to test the waters, "Mom?"

"Yes?" Karen replied, as she slowed the vehicle down to stop at a red light.

"Are...are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Jake." Karen responded, flatly.

The tone in Karen's voice and the absence of her usual corny nicknames for him made the teenager feel even more unease. However, he decided to press forward. "Are you sure? I mean, you were awfully quiet last night, and again this morning at breakfast."

The light turned green, and Karen pressed her foot down on the accelerator. "Yes, I'm sure. I just have some...things I need to sort out, that's all."

They both remained silent for the next couple of blocks. When Karen flipped the turn signal to change lanes, Jacob asked, "Is it something...maybe I could help with?"

Craning her neck to gaze into the rearview mirror, Karen replied, "Jake, we don't have time right now to discuss this."

"So, you *are* mad at me." Jacob stated, forlornly.

Karen continued to look straight ahead. She shook her head and replied with a sigh, "No, Jake. Not so much angry as I am...disappointed. But like I said, we really don't have time to discuss this right now. Perhaps later."

Jacob hated looking forward to going through a whole day at school with the pall of this dark cloud hanging over

his head, so he decided to keep prodding. "Mom, if this is about cleaning my room...I *promise*, I'll get it done right after school today."

Without warning, Karen turned the steering wheel and made a sharp right turn into the school parking lot. After maneuvering her Jeep into the drop-off lane and coming to a stop, she turned to her son and said, in a stern, raised voice, "Jacob! This has *nothing* to do with your room. This is about you...*sodomizing* that poor woman yesterday! After all our discussions about it, I still can't believe you actually did that-- even *after* I told you to stop!"

Seeing the frosty look in his Mother's ordinarily warm and beautiful eyes, Jacob leaned back against the passenger side door, thoroughly browbeaten. With a pleading voice, he replied softly, "But Mom, she...she liked it."

"Don't give me that hogwash, young man. You know good and well she was under the influence of those wretched hormones, and it's also quite clear you were only too happy to take advantage of that!!"

"I was?" Jacob replied, "No, Mom...you've got it all wrong. It was-- "

Karen interrupted her son, "I've got it all wrong?" She huffed and then continued, "Oh, really? Well, I guess it's

just a big coincidence that you've been desperately trying for weeks to talk *me* into doing that foul act with you. And apparently, since I turned you down and you couldn't take no for an answer, you decided to prey on Ms. Turner's vulnerable condition and fulfill your sick, dirty little fantasy with her. Don't think I didn't notice the filthy things you two were saying at the very end. On top of it all, you had the gall to do that right in front of me...in my own house!"

Jacob shook his head. "No, Mom! That's now how it happened-- "

"Oh really?" Karen quickly interrupted him again. She then sat back in her seat, crossed her arms, and said, "Well then, why don't you explain to me how I got it so wrong, when I just happened to be right there and witnessed the whole thing with my very own eyes?"

"Well, you see..." Jacob began cautiously, "It was actually Ms. Turner's idea. She said-- "

Karen scoffed incredulously, "Oh please! Do you actually expect me to buy that? Jake, I may have been born at night, but not *last night*!"

Jacob nodded, "It's true, Mom...honest! She *asked* me to do it."

Karen remembered what Melissa had said the day prior about liking anal sex: "*Some people love sushi...*" But surely, her friend's cryptic comment didn't actually mean having something the size of Jacob's ungodly-sized penis violating someplace it never ought to be! How Melissa's poor backside was even able to take such punishment was beyond her.

Now a bit calmer, Karen narrowed her eyes and stated suspiciously, "Ms. Turner *asked* you to do it?" After Jacob confirmed with a nod, she added, "So, you expect me to believe that just out of the blue, she came up to you and offered to let you do-- take her from behind?"

Jacob replied, "Uh-huh. That's exactly how it happened. In fact, she even told me that you'd be okay with it."

Karen furrowed her brow and asked, "Ms. Turner said that? She actually said that I'd be okay with it?

Jacob nodded again, "Yes, Ma'am. She sure did!"

Sensing her Jeep was lingering too long in the drop-off zone, Karen pushed the button to unlock the doors. "We'll have to wait and finish this conversation later," she stated, her voice no longer as harsh, but still missing her usual cheery tone, "Right now, you need to hurry up and get inside before you're late."

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied, morosely. He delayed a few seconds to see if his Mother would request her usual 'toll' of a goodbye kiss for driving him to school. However, for once, he was actually disappointed when she didn't ask. After collecting his book bag, he exited the Jeep, though before closing the door, he at last heard his Mom say, "Have a good day...love you." Karen may have been angry at the moment, but there was no way she would allow her son (or any other family member, for that matter) to depart from her presence without stating her feelings for them.

Jacob knew Karen was still angry and dreaded that there would be further discussions on the subject. However, hearing those two words from his Mother made him feel instantly better. "Love you too," he replied, and then for once closed the door without slamming it.

As Karen drove out of the school parking lot and headed back home, she dialed a phone number on her hands-free. After two rings, the call was answered, and a cheerful familiar female voice came through the speakers: "*Well, hey there, girlfriend*! *How are you on this terrible, rainy morning*?"

Karen smiled at the sardonic greeting, "I'm fine, thanks. How about you, Melissa?"

After taking a sip of her pumpkin spice latte (a daily ritual of hers this time of year), Melissa replied, "*Hmmmm...I'm okay, I guess. Just getting into the office. That construction traffic on my morning commute was horrible...as usual*!"

"I'm sorry, did I catch you at a bad time?" Karen asked, "I can call back later."

"*No, no...don't be silly*! *It's perfectly fine. Just venting*." Melissa replied, as she placed her briefcase and purse on a credenza. Walking over to her desk, she then set something else down on her leather chair-- something which she'd bought on the way home the previous afternoon and had discretely kept in its retail bag as she brought it in to work. After another quick sip of her hot seasonal beverage, the young lawyer leaned carefully against her desk and asked, "*So, to what do I owe the pleasure of your call? More questions about the court hearing?*"

"Actually..." Karen replied tentatively, with slight apprehension, "It has to do with Jake...and what happened yesterday."

Pulling the item she had purchased out of its bag, Melissa's eyes widened, "*Oh, I see...ummm, sure...hang on just a second.*" After a momentary pause, her voice (now somewhat more professional) came back on the line,

"*Okay, we're good now. Just wanted to ensure the door was closed...for attorney-client confidentiality.*" Plopping her butt gingerly into her plush leather desk chair (which now had the orthopedic memory foam 'donut' that she'd bought on its cushioned seat), the young attorney picked up her latte and, returning to her chipper tone, asked, "*Now, my dear, I'm all ears. What did you wanna discuss?*"

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After school that Thursday, Jacob caught a ride home with his best friend Matthew and his mother Nancy. Once he'd arrived home, he was puzzled to discover that Karen wasn't there...though part of him was relieved after their awkward drive to school that morning. Jacob then quickly remembered his Mom had mentioned she was going shopping that afternoon with his Aunt Brenda-- namely, to look for a dress for her birthday getaway that weekend with his dad.

Rather than starting his homework, Jacob immediately went straight to his room and cleaned up, just as he had promised. He wanted to finish doing so before his Mother arrived, hoping that his efforts would help to soothe her anger a bit.

Later, after completing his chore, Jacob sat at his computer desk, diligently working on his school

assignments. He was just about to finish his Spanish homework when he heard a light knock at his door. Spinning his chair around, he found his Mother standing in the doorway, still wearing the same booty-hugging jeans and gray sweatshirt she'd worn that morning. Even though he'd been somewhat dreading continuing their conversation from earlier that day, the teenager couldn't help but admire Karen's understated beauty. The sight of the domesticated goddess he called 'Mom' promptly caused his cock to stir anew.

"Hi..." Karen said softly, stepping into the room. "Wow...it actually smells nice in here!" she added with surprise, as she walked around and inspected the freshly made-up bed.

Jacob smiled, "It's the Febreze, I guess...I sprayed the room down with it after I cleaned up."

"I can tell... " Karen replied, her face brightening and her voice a bit more cheerful. Taking a quick glance around the rest of the room she added, "Looks good in here...nice job!" She then looked at Jacob and said, "Hopefully this time, you can keep it like this."

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "I'll try."

Karen rolled her eyes and scoffed, as she sat on the edge of the bed, "No, you won't...you're a born slob, just like your father!" After a shared chuckle between them, Karen

said, "Speaking of your dad, let's continue that chat from this morning, before he gets home." She ended her statement by patting the space on the comforter by her left hip.

"Okay..." Jacob sighed, as he closed his Spanish textbook. He then got up from his chair and took a seat beside Karen on his bed.

Taking a deep breath, Karen began and said, "Just so you know...I spoke with Ms. Turner earlier today."

"You did?" Jacob responded, feeling cautiously optimistic.

"Yes, I did..." Karen continued, "And...she confirmed everything you said."

"She did...*really*?" Jacob replied, trying hard not to smile.

"Yes, really..." Karen nodded. "In addition, she backed up what you said about her telling you that I would be okay with it."

"Well, honestly I wasn't sure at first..." Jacob commented, "But I figured maybe you'd changed your mind, once you started making out with Ms. Turner."

"First off..." Karen rebutted, holding up her index finger, "I am NOT okay with it, and I never will be. As I've told you many times before, doing *that* is just plain gross and

downright nasty, as well as..." She then added, scrunching her face with a sour expression, "A sinful blasphemy."

"Yeah, but Mom...you won't know until you-- "

"And secondly..." Karen continued, holding up two fingers and interrupting Jacob before he could finish his statement, "We were *not* making out."

Jacob couldn't help but chuckle, "Mom, remember...I was there, and it sure looked like it to me."

"Listen to what I'm saying...WE WERE *NOT*-- " Karen raised her voice, now obviously flustered, "Look...*she* kissed *me*!"

"But Mom..." Jacob retorted, "You kissed her back."

Karen tried to justify her actions, "I was simply caught off guard-- "

"You slipped her your tongue, Mom...lots and lots of tongue." Smiling slyly, it was Jacob's turn to now interrupt Karen.

Exasperated and running out of arguments, Karen replied, "It was the hormones, I assure you...I was just...caught up in the moment, that's all."

"Well, whatever it was..." Jacob said with a smirk, "It was the coolest thing I've ever seen...especially when Ms. Turner was sucking on your tits!"

"Alright, Jake..." Karen quickly reprimanded him, tilting her head, "Watch the language."

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob apologized, "But you really did seem to enjoy it." His face lit up and he added, "How about we do it again sometime? Maybe on a bigger bed, with more room?"

Karen rolled her eyes, "Certainly not!! Jake, that was a huge mistake on my part. I love your father, and that is no way for a married woman to act, especially with another woman-- not to mention in front of my own son! I feel absolutely mortified that I let things get out of control like they did."

"Mom...I know you love dad and that you'd never purposefully cheat on him." Jacob replied, "So don't beat yourself up too much over it...like you said, it was only the hormones that caused you to do that stuff...nothing more."

Karen's lips curled into a smile. "Well, thank you for the sentiment...but if it's all the same to you, I'd appreciate it if we could just drop it and never discuss it again."

"Say no more...already forgotten!" Jacob replied. However, he was telling a fib. There was no way in hell he could ever forget what had taken place in his bedroom the previous afternoon. His only regret was that he hadn't secretly set up his new camera, so that he could've recorded the mind-blowing event for posterity to watch whenever he wanted.

"Anyway..." Karen said with a sigh, "To finish up what I was trying to say earlier...I want you to know how deeply sorry I am for not believing you this morning."

Jacob waved his hand, "No, Mom. If I were in your shoes, I would've probably thought the same thing at first. It's okay...really."

Karen shook her head, "No...no, it's not okay. I automatically thought the worst and didn't take you at your word. You were being totally honest with me, and I once again let you down. Basically, I failed you as a Mother...I'm so sorry."

Jacob scoffed, "Failed me as a Mother?" He then took Karen's left hand and continued, "Mom...you could never fail me in a million years. You've helped and protected me so much through all this and, in doing so, risked everything you hold dear. It's probably safe to say there are very few mothers out there in the world who would've done all that you've done, to help their sons."

"Well...it's just what a good Mama Bear should do for her cubs." Karen joked, her eyes welling up.

Jacob added, "And by that, you've also shown me what true unconditional love means." The loving son shook his head and continued, "A failure? No. In fact, quite the contrary. You're the world's *best* Mom ever...hands down!"

Wiping a tear, Karen felt her heart swell, "Thank you, baby...that means a lot, honestly." She then brushed some stray hairs from Jacob's forehead and added, "I must say...you're starting to sound a lot more mature here, lately."

Jacob quipped in response, "Well, I wouldn't get too used to it...it's most likely just the hormones talking."

They both shared a laugh. Karen then asked softly, "So... all is forgiven?"

Jacob stared into Karen's hazel teary-eyed gaze, "Yes, Ma'am...all is forgiven."

Without thinking, Karen leaned in and kissed Jacob softly on the mouth. The sweet taste and sensual feel of his Mother's rose-colored lips instantly caused the teenager's stirring cock to harden once more. In response, the middle-aged housewife's body immediately began to buzz with its trained reaction to his intoxicating scent.

After a moment Karen pulled back, clearing her throat, "Well...it appears there seems to be a developing pattern here, with our method of making up."

Jacob smiled, "I kinda like our make ups, Mom. In fact, if it means I get to kiss you...you can get mad at me every single day of the week."

Karen giggled, "Awwwwwww...that's so sweet, Snuggle Bear...a tad bit strange, but...still sweet."

About five minutes later the muffled, early warning drone of the garage door going up could be heard in Jacob's bedroom. At that exact moment, Karen was laying shirtless on her son's bed, with him halfway on top of her and groping one of her bra-encased boobs as they made out like a couple of horny teenagers. Jacob had just undone the top button of Karen's jeans and was in the middle of unzipping her fly when the unwelcome and ill-timed noise started from downstairs.

Karen immediately pushed Jacob away. "Okay there, tiger...you need to cool your jets...your dad's home." Pulling her dainty right hand from the waistband of his boxers, where she'd been gently fondling Jacob's aching nutsack, Karen sat up on the mattress.

"But Mom!" Jacob whined in frustration, his hopes of having a nice, hot afternoon 'make-up' fuck with his Mom suddenly dashed.

"Don't '*but Mom*!' me, young man..." Karen replied, as she quickly got up from the bed, wearing only a yellow push-up bra and zipping up her tight blue jeans. "You know the rules." Even though she didn't express it as openly, the highly aroused Mother was just as disappointed as her son at their lost chance to hook up again after so many days. Nothing would've satisfied her more than to seal her reconciliation with Jacob by engaging in some casual horny intercourse with him, but she knew someone had to be the adult in this situation and rein things in. Desperately looking around the room, she muttered, "Now, where is my sweatshirt?"

"Over there..." Jacob replied flatly, pointing at his computer desk. As he watched his Mother collect and straighten out her sweatshirt, he asked, "But Mom...what are we gonna do about *this*?" He then pointed at the huge bulge in his pants and added, "I need your help!"

As Karen slipped her sweatshirt back on, she replied, "Sorry, sweetie, but I didn't expect your dad to get home so soon." Standing in front of the mirror and fixing her disheveled hair, she added, "I just assumed he'd be late as usual, and we'd have some more time."

"Great..." Jacob complained, "Of all days, he had to pick *this* day to get home on time!"

Satisfied with her appearance in the mirror, Karen stepped over to the bed, where Jacob remained sitting on the edge. "I'm sorry, honey, but I can't do anything about it right now."

With a relenting sigh, Jacob nodded and responded, "I know, Mom...it's not your fault."

Stepping closer, Karen offered, "How about this...just make it through tonight, and I promise to help you in the morning before school. I'll even drive you there and sign you in late if I have to."

"*Really*?" Jacob replied, his spirits somewhat lifting.

Karen smiled, "Yes, really. If my memory serves me correctly, I think your dad plans to go to work early tomorrow. So, set your alarm clock and get up extra early so we'll have more time...deal?"

Jacob's smile broadened, "Deal!"

Karen chuckled, bent over, and kissed the top of Jacob's head. Straightening back up, she then asked, "Do you still have any homework left to finish?"

"A little..." Jacob affirmed, "I'll be done in just a few minutes."

"Okay..." Karen said, as she walked around the bed. "Dinner should be ready in about an hour." She stopped at

the door before leaving and with a nod of her head added, "In the meantime, try and get that *thing* of yours to go down somehow, before you come downstairs."

"Yes, Ma'am...." Jacob chuckled, "I'll try."

"Love you, Snuggle Bear!" Karen said, as she stepped out the door.

"Love you too, Mom!" Jacob called out after her, as he closed and locked his bedroom door. Stepping back over to his desk, he then fired up his computer. As he sat down in the chair, he muttered to himself, "Well...an hour should be more than enough time for me to spank off to some MILF porn."

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That evening, Jacob did exactly as his Mother had suggested...he set his clock and got up extra early Friday. As he entered the kitchen that morning to get something to eat, he found both his parents sitting in their customary spots at the breakfast nook table.

Not surprisingly, Karen was wearing her usual pink satin robe. However, he was surprised to see Robert sitting at the table, finishing off a cup of coffee and reading the morning paper. Even more surprising was the manner in which his father was dressed.

Robert Mitchell had always been a stickler for professionalism. He invariably wore a business suit to the office every day, except for the occasional Friday when he would 'dress down' and break out a pair of khakis. Even then however, he would still make sure to don a button-down shirt and tie to work.

Today, however, the regional vice president of Conway Enterprises was wearing blue jeans and a black golf shirt with a gold Georgia Tech University logo sewn into the upper left-hand side. Even more strangely, he was donning the *Atlanta Braves World Series Champions* baseball cap which his Mom had gotten him the day before during her shopping trip with Aunt Brenda. Glancing up from the newspaper's sports section, Robert noticed Jacob standing in the doorway. In a surprised tone, he asked, "Well, good morning, sport...what in the world's gotten *you* up so early?"

Still caught off guard by his father's casual appearance and presence at home, Jacob stammered, "Oh, umm...hi, dad! Well, I umm..."

Karen quickly interjected, "Jacob needs to go to school early today..." She then got up and walked over to the counter, where she began fixing Jacob a plate of food. "He's meeting up with Sara so they can work together on their chemistry project again." As she set a plate of eggs and bacon on the table for her son, the quick-thinking

Mother asked, "Isn't that right, sweetie?" Using a subtle tone of voice and a quick wink, Karen convinced her son to play along.

Trying to gather his thoughts, Jacob replied, "Uh...yeah! That's right, Mom...I'm meeting Sara to work on our chemistry project." He then sat down in the chair across from his father and poured himself a glass of orange juice. The teenager picked up his fork and asked, "So, Dad? Don't you normally wear a suit to the office?"

"Normally, yes..." Robert replied, and then took a sip of his fresh cup of coffee. "But I'm not going into the office today...I'm gonna work from home." He then turned his attention back to the sports page.

"Oh...I see." Jacob responded, trying not to sound disappointed. With his fears now confirmed, he then glanced over at Karen, who then mouthed the words, "*I'm sorry*."

Without looking up from his paper, Robert added, "The Braves' championship parade is happening later downtown in the city, so all the roads will be jammed up for sure. According to the latest traffic report on the morning news, there's also another huge wreck on the interstate that has traffic backed up for miles. So, since it's Friday and I have no face-to-face meetings scheduled, I decided to stay here and not deal with all that headache.

Plus, I get to enjoy a nice leisurely breakfast with my family again, and then watch the parade later on around lunch in the comfort of my own Lay-Z Boy."

Jacob tried to sound supportive, saying, "Cool. Yeah, I don't blame ya, dad." He then commenced eating his breakfast in silence, whilst his parents continued with their conversation.

A while later, Robert commented, as he got up from the table, "Well, I'd better get to it, then...I have a couple of reports to finish up and several more emails to send."

Karen stepped over to the sink carrying his plate and asked her husband, "What time do you plan on breaking for lunch?"

Taking a chug from his *Atlanta Braves World Champions* mug, he replied, "Probably around 12:30 or so, when the parade comes on."

As she proceeded to rinse off Robert's plate under the water faucet, Karen responded, "Okay...I'll be sure to have a sandwich and a cold beer ready for you."

"That would be great, hon'...thank you!" Robert replied, with a smile. Getting up and stepping closer to Karen, he then asked as he refilled his mug with coffee, "So...any luck finding a dress during your shopping trip yesterday?"

Karen's mind immediately drifted back to Thursday afternoon. After a relaxing lunch, Brenda had taken her to a dress shop downtown called *Fashion Vixe*n. Many dresses there were a bit more risqué than Karen's usual, more conservative style. However, their outing's purpose wasn't about her...at least not entirely.

Karen simply adored her husband and desired nothing more than to give Robert a weekend to remember on her 44th birthday. She so badly wanted, no *needed*, for him to forget all about that night in Atlanta. Not only that, but perhaps by doing so, she could finally unburden herself of some of her own guilt that still wracked her conscience. As an ulterior motive (and with nervous anticipation), Karen also wanted to feel the same kind of rush which she'd experienced on Halloween night. The thought of wearing something so out of character and brazenly putting herself on display again for a bunch of men she didn't know caused her to feel a sudden and fresh flutter of naughty excitement.

After about half an hour of searching through the boutique's many racks and without having any luck, Karen began to fear she'd never be able to find the perfect dress. Suddenly, from the next row over, she heard Brenda call out, "*KAREN...I'VE FOUND IT*!!!"

Karen turned to see her younger sister briskly walking towards her, with a big smile on her face. Brenda had

what looked like a dress draped over her left arm, with little Daniel in tow holding her right hand. "You find something?" Karen asked, hopefully.

"Oh, I didn't just find *something*...I found *IT!!* I found *the* dress that'll help you to blow Rob's mind into the middle of next week and make him forget all about that night in Atlanta once and for all!"

"*Really*?" Karen asked, her eager voice laced with excitement. "Can I see it?"

Still draping the dress nondescriptly over her arm, Brenda put up her hand, "Now, I know we agreed that you would have the final say on the purchase, but...you also agreed to be open-minded and consider all of my suggestions."

Karen, now becoming impatient, nodded her head, "Yes, yes...I know I did. Now, c'mon...show me what you've found!"

Brenda held up the dress by the hanger and sang, "*TA-DAAAAAA*!!!"

Karen's eyes went wide. "*Oh, Brenda*!!" she gasped, then reached out and took the dress from her sister. "It's simply beautiful!! I love the color and it's my size too, but...do you really think I can pull this off?"

Brenda placed her hands over Daniel's innocent ears to muffle his hearing and scoffed, "Are you kidding? With that sexy body of yours?"

Karen glanced at the dress again, "You really think so?"

"*Hell yeah*!!" Brenda replied in a harsh whisper, hoping to prevent her precious son from hearing his mother using profanity. "Trust me, you wear *this*-- not only will you drive Rob crazy, but you'll have to beat all the other guys at the club off with a stick!"

Karen smiled at the idea and said, "I seriously doubt that." Inspecting the dress closer, she suddenly frowned, "Brenda...did you happen to see the price tag on this thing?"

"Don't worry about the price..." Brenda replied, shaking her head confidently. "Remember, this shopping trip's my gift to you for your birthday."

Karen sighed, "I know that Bren', but still...that's *a lot* of money."

Brenda smiled, "Probably...but if it helps you get Rob past that night in Atlanta, it'll be worth every penny. So, please Sis, let me buy the dress for you...I insist!!"

Little Daniel, meanwhile, had become frustrated having his ears clasped and wiggled out of Brenda's tight,

motherly hold. He looked up at Karen and asked, "Auntie Karen...are you gonna try it on?"

Karen looked down and lovingly ran her fingers through her nephew's wavy blonde hair. Smiling, she asked, "Well, my lil' munchkin...do you think I should?"

Daniel smiled back at his loving Aunt and nodded his head, "Yeah!!"

"Okay then..." Karen sighed, looking back to Brenda. "I guess I'll take this to the dressing room."

"*YAY*!!" Brenda and Daniel both exclaimed. As Karen began to walk away, the younger sister added, "While you're at it, we'll go pick out the rest of the stuff, then meet you over at the dressing room."

Puzzled, Karen stopped and turned around, "What other stuff?"

Brenda replied, "You know, the shoes and the uh..." Clamping her palms once more over Daniel's ears, the mischievous mother added, "...*slutty underwear*." She then bit her lip and arched her brow.

Karen chuckled and replied, shaking her head, "Brenda...you're *horrible*!"

Back to Friday morning at her kitchen counter, Karen turned to Robert and looked deep into his sparkling green

eyes, which so much resembled their daughter Rachel's. With a demure and naughty grin, she whispered, "*Maybe*..."

Robert's eyes widened with excitement, "Well...can I see it?"

Karen turned back to the sink and shook her head, "Nuh--uh...not until tomorrow evening."

"Do you think I'm going to like it?...What color is it?...Did you get something super sexy?" Robert asked excitedly in rapid succession, like a little kid trying to spoil his Christmas present. Despite his wife's coy reticence, he was desperate to glean as much information as possible to fuel his imagination.

Karen giggled, drying her hands and slapping Robert playfully on the chest with the hand towel, "Alright now...down, boy! You're just going to have to wait and see..." She then lowered her voice and said, "But I *will* tell you this much-- Brenda helped me pick it out."

"Oh, *reeeally*??" Robert asked, a bit surprised and his interest piqued even more. He was well aware of how much more liberal Brenda was in regard to fashion (as well as life). Secretly, he'd always harbored a latent crush on her and wished his beautiful wife would at least dress a little more like his fiery, worldlier sister-in-law. However, he would never admit to his hidden infatuation, nor ask

the love of his life to wear anything she didn't feel comfortable in. Smirking cheekily, he then commented, "Well...if Brenda is involved, then it *must* be something special."

In a husky whisper, Karen patted his chest seductively and replied, "I think you'll find it'll well be worth the wait..."

Suddenly, Jacob returned to the kitchen, dressed for school, and retook his seat at the table. His presence inadvertently put an end to his parents' surreptitious conversation.

Realizing it was pointless to keep pestering his wife for more information (especially now with his son back in the room), Robert relented and said, "Well...I'll be in my office if you need me." He then kissed Karen on the cheek, and, as he made his way out of the kitchen, tussled Jacob's hair and said, "Have a good day, sport!"

"You too, dad..." Jacob replied chuckling, and with feigned good nature refixed his locks, "See ya when I get home!" Once he knew his father was well out of earshot, the teenager plopped his phone onto the table and grumbled, "*Danngit*, this just *sucks*!!"

"*Jacob*!!" Karen exclaimed, turning quickly towards the breakfast nook table. Adjusting her robe and tightening its

sash so that it wasn't so immodestly loose, she then approached her son and said, "Watch the language."

"Sorry Mom..." Jacob replied, in a dejected voice. "But I was hoping you were gonna be able to help me this morning like you said, before I went to school."

"I know, sweetie..." Karen replied, placing a stack of freshly cooked pancakes in front of her son next to his eggs and bacon and taking a seat in the chair beside Jacob. "But your dad made the decision to stay home just a little while ago, after seeing the traffic report on TV. There's nothing I can do about it."

Slathering his plate with maple syrup and cutting into his pancakes, Jacob glanced over his Mother's shoulder and with a tilt of his head, suggested, "How about in there?"

Karen turned to look behind her, then met Jacob's suggestive gaze again and asked, "The laundry room? Again?" She scoffed, "You *can't* be serious!"

Jacob responded, "Why not? We've done it in there plenty of times already."

"*Not with your father at home*!" Karen replied, trying to keep her voice down. "What if he comes looking for me?"

"He won't, Mom...you know dad. He'll be cooped up all morning in his office until lunch." Jacob countered, "Besides, we can always lock the door."

Suddenly, a naughty thought entered Karen's mind. She envisioned (like the last time they'd had 'make-up' intercourse, in the laundry room) herself bent over the vibrating washing machine, though now with her robe pushed up around her waist whilst her discarded panties lay at her feet or somewhere on the floor. Meanwhile, Jacob was positioned behind her and eagerly plowing away at her dripping wet vagina, tightly grasping onto her hips and making her round, cushiony rear end ripple each time he thrust into her. Unlike their previous encounters however, her loving and clueless husband would be just outside of the laundry room's locked door-- completely oblivious to the fact that their son was about to pump another thick and hot morning load into her. The outrageous scenario with its illicit thrill of getting caught quickly caused a twitch to take place in the horny housewife's nether region.

Coming to her senses, Karen shook her head, "Jake, we *can't*...you know the rule."

With a dismissive shrug, Jacob then offered, "I think we should be fine...we'll just have to make sure we stay quiet, that's all."

"Jake, I said NO!!" Karen's voice was becoming elevated with annoyance at her son's cavalier desire to tempt fate. Glancing towards the doorway before turning back to Jacob, she then softened her tone, "Honey...I want to help you, but that's just way too risky. I'm sorry."

Finished with his pancakes, Jacob took a gulp of orange juice then slumped back in his chair, "Well, what do we do? Remember, I'm gonna be around Sara a lot today."

Once again, Karen's sense of unwarranted jealousy was triggered, tugging at her heartstrings from the mere mention of her son's significant other. Despite knowing that such feelings were totally ridiculous and unjustified, Karen couldn't help but ignore her logical thinking. It didn't help that those wretched hormones were heightening her emotions, nor making them feel any less real.

Karen chewed her bottom lip as she pondered their predicament. Along with her irrational envy, she was genuinely concerned about Jake being around Sara that day, especially since he hadn't been 'relieved' since Wednesday with Melissa. She also remembered the afternoon the day before, when Jacob had gotten super aroused from their heated make-out session in his bedroom-- until they were rudely interrupted by Robert's unexpected early arrival home. The dutiful Mother knew without a doubt that her son's hormones had to be

simmering, just waiting for a spark to cause them to boil over.

On top of these things, Karen still felt a bit guilty for not having believed Jacob when he told her the truth as she drove him to school Thursday morning. Ever since she'd spoken with Melissa on the phone and confirmed that Jacob was in fact not lying, Karen had sensed a nagging desire to somehow make it up to him...in a loving and personal way.

Suddenly, Karen's face lit up as an idea came to mind. "Jake, hurry up and finish the rest of your food, then go get your things together...I'm taking you to school again today."

Jacob furrowed his brow as he watched his Mother get up from her chair and collect the pitcher of orange juice from the table, "What? But Mom...how's that gonna--?"

"Just do as I say, sweetie." Karen interjected, as she placed the pitcher of orange juice back into the refrigerator. After closing the door, she muttered while looking around the kitchen, "Make sure to put those empty plates in the sink as well, when you're finished. I can clean up the rest when I get back." Glancing at Jacob as he hungrily scarfed down the last of his eggs and bacon, the dutiful Mother was pleased that her son's appetite was now well sated-- and that he now had the

energy reserves for what she had planned in mind. With a smile, she then stated, "Right...I'll just throw on some clothes, and then we can go."

As Karen started to walk out of the kitchen, she suddenly stopped and commented, "Oh, darn it! I bet your dad's car is still parked behind mine."

Walking to the sink with his now empty plates, Jacob looked out the kitchen window and replied, "Yep...she sure is."

"Well, I'll go ask him to move Big Bertha first, and *then* I'll get dressed."

'Big Bertha' was the family nickname for Robert's Ford Expedition, which, unlike her 'Georgia red' Jeep Grand Cherokee was navy-blue in color. Purchased the year before, the spacious full-sized SUV was in the top of the line 'Platinum' trim and had all the bells and whistles you could think of. However, Karen hated driving the huge thing. Whenever she was behind the wheel of the behemoth vehicle, she felt as if she was trying to steer an elephant down a narrow mountain pass. As she left the kitchen, Karen alerted her son, "We're leaving in ten minutes!"

Still somewhat confused, Jacob gulped down the rest of his OJ and simply replied, "Yes, Ma'am."

Seconds later, Karen found herself outside Robert's closed office door. Even though the sound was muffled, she could hear that he was engaged in a lively conversation--most likely with one of his project managers or a subcontractor. Karen knocked lightly and then opened the door to find Robert seated at his desk and in a heated discussion with his colleague, Lester Bates. Surveying her husband's home office, Karen noticed that he already had a new *Atlanta Braves World Series Champions* poster hung on the wall, above all his other golf and baseball memorabilia, AKA 'The Shrine', behind his desk.

"Well, of course, the suppliers are ISO-9000 certified," Robert communicated in a frustrated tone to his co-worker, "Our entire vendor base is, for that matter." After a few seconds, he picked up one of his autographed baseballs and began fidgeting with it, then replied to Lester, "Well, let Mr. Son know we can send him all the certification documents by the end of the day. I'll have our Director of Purchasing email them to him directly. It sounds to me like the Fuso management team is trying to find *any* reason to drag their feet on finalizing the contract."

Placing the ball back on its display pedestal, Robert looked up to discover Karen leaning against the doorway frame. "Hey...hey, Les? Hang on just a second..." He then

placed his hand over the handset's mouthpiece. "Hey...everything okay?"

Karen loved Robert's easygoing, seldom angry personality. He was a gentle and humble soul, with just enough of a geeky side to him to give him that 'Clark Kent' quality. However, when he was in work mode, he could be very assertive, even confrontational, when needed. She only wished that he could bring some of that aggressiveness to their bedroom once in a while. The loving wife hoped that perhaps she could crack that nut the following evening.

"Mmm-hmm...everything's fine..." Karen nodded, stepping into the office, "To save Jake some time, I'm going to drop him off at school again today."

"Dressed like that?" Robert quipped, motioning towards his wife, who was still attired in only her pink satin robe with a bra and panty set underneath.

Karen rolled her eyes, "No, silly...I was on my way to get dressed, when I noticed your car was still parked behind mine."

"Well, that's okay," Robert replied, "Just take Big Bertha. The key should be on the hook by the back door."

Karen sighed, "Honey...you know I *hate* driving that monster...I was hoping you'd come and move her for me."

"Hang on, Lester. I'll get right back to you." Robert barked into the handset. He then punched the 'HOLD' button on the phone. In his normal tone of voice, he asked Karen, "Honey, what's the big deal? You've driven her before."

Karen nodded, "Yes, I have...and I hated it. I know you love driving 'her', but when I drive that thing I feel so high off the ground that I find it difficult to maneuver in close traffic. I'm just worried I may hit some other vehicle or, worse, some*one* for that matter. Not to mention, Bertha's just so big...and so bulky, and..." Her voice trailing off, Karen finished her own statement by whispering to herself, "...*so roomy*." Suddenly, a new wrinkle to her sneaky idea popped into her head, and she thought, "*That just might work...*"

Robert sighed, then replied in acceptance, "Okay...you win. Just give me five minutes to wrap up this call, and I'll move her for you."

After a few seconds of silence, Karen shook her head, "You know what? Forget I even said anything. I'll just take Big Bertha."

Robert then offered, "Honey, I totally understand your reservations. I'll be happy to move her...just give me-- "

Karen cut him off, "No, sweetheart. It's okay, I promise." She then continued in her stern, motherly tone, "Besides, I

need you to stay right there and finish up everything you need to for work because this weekend, you are mine...and I don't want *any* interruptions from *anyone* at your office...got it?"

With a salute, Robert smiled and replied softly, "Yes, Ma'am. Please be careful driving the big gal...I love you!"

Karen returned his smile, "I will...love you too!"

As Karen walked out and closed the door behind her, she heard Robert recommence his call, "*Okay, Lester...this is getting to be quite ridiculous, and I'm starting to get tired of jumping through all these hoops for these guys. What ELSE do the Koreans need from us?*"

A few minutes later, Jacob sat at the kitchen table waiting for his Mother. He was now fully dressed, with his backpack slung on the chair beside him, as he played a game on his cell phone.

"Oh hey, there you are!" Karen commented, as she entered the kitchen carrying a small handbag and her cell phone.

Jacob looked up from his game, and his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as soon as he noticed Karen's attire. She was wearing an identical pair of tight-fitting khaki short shorts like she'd worn on Sunday, as well as

the light blue '**BEST MOM EVER**' T-shirt that Jacob had given her for Mother's Day several years back.

The teenager had all but forgotten about the novelty garment-- however, he was more than happy to see Karen now wearing it. The thin cotton T-shirt looked as if it was literally painted onto his Mother's torso, causing her mouthwatering tits to appear even larger than normal. She made the innocent gift even sexier by tying it up mid-riff, exposing her cute little belly button.

With her long brown hair done up in her usual fashionable ponytail and the familiar pair of wedge sandals on her sexy feet, Karen looked downright hot-- even hotter in fact, than her quasi-'Lara Croft' getup from Sunday afternoon. Jacob could already feel his cock beginning to stir anew, which he knew would pose a major problem if it wasn't dealt with before arriving at school.

Noticing the shocked look on her son's face, Karen giggled, "You okay there, sweetie?"

"Umm...yeah," Jacob stammered, trying to gather his thoughts, "Uhh...Mom, what's with the getup?"

"Just my gardening clothes...why, you like it?" Karen replied, nonchalantly. Walking over to the counter by the back door to grab the Expedition's keys, she added, "According to the weather app on my phone, it's supposed to be warm and sunny again today. So, since your father

will be tied up with work 'til lunch, I thought I'd take advantage of the nice weather and do some gardening once I get back home. And to save the hassle of having to change when I get back from dropping you off, I figured, why not just go ahead and wear this ahead of time?"

"No, Mom...I meant the shirt. Where'd you get that?"

"Oh!!" Karen replied, as she glanced down at her chest and noticed the two words '**BEST MOM**' stretched out across her bountiful bosom. "You gave it to me, remember?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I remember." Jacob nodded, "It's just, I haven't seen it in a long time."

Karen replied, "Well, I forgot I'd packed it away a few years back and just happened to find it in the attic last weekend-- when I was searching for some of your Grandma's old jewelry to give to Rachel. I know it's a bit snug, but I figured I could at least wear it around the house while working in the flower garden and thus get some use out of it." With her hands on her hips, Karen turned to the side and asked, "Do I look okay?"

Jacob scoffed, "Uh...yeah, Mom. You look great!" The teenager couldn't take his eyes off his Mother's impressive, mouthwatering chest. The shirt was pulled so tight over her bosom, he kept expecting the thin fabric to

rip right down the middle and free her awesome rack. "No, better than great...you look *fantastic*!!"

"Awwwww...thank you, baby." Karen replied. As she collected Robert's key to the Expedition from the hook on the wall, she stated, "Well, we'd better get moving if you're going to get you to school on time."

"On time??" Jacob asked confusedly, as he slung his backpack over his shoulder. "Mom, it's still so early...and why are we taking Big Bertha? I thought you were gonna ask Dad to move her out of the way?"

Karen opened the door to the garage and pressed the button to raise the garage door. "He's tied up with an important phone call from work, so I decided for today, I would just put on my 'big girl panties' and drive the big lady myself." Motioning towards the garage and driveway, Karen added, "Now c'mon...let's go."

Jacob still didn't understand why they were leaving so early-- especially since all he had for 1st period on Fridays was study hall, which didn't start till a later time than usual. With a deep sigh, he replied, "Okay."

As she drove along her usual route to Jacob's school, Karen happily sang along to Rick Astley's one hit wonder from the 80's, *Never Gonna Give You Up*, which was playing on the radio. Her good mood was also augmented

by the knowledge that her purposeful choice of wardrobe for that morning was indeed working like a charm.

Every time Karen glanced over at Jacob in the passenger seat beside her, she noticed his eyes were constantly fixated on either her long shapely legs, or her big round breasts-- amplified as they were by the tight-fitting material of her '**BEST MOM EVER**' T-shirt. Already, her trained nose could detect Jacob's exotic scent filling the cabin of the Expedition. Though faint and not yet overwhelming, the aroma was still strong enough that she could feel her vagina moistening and her pink nipples tingling with anticipation.

Jacob was still a bit confused by what was going on, as there really was no need for him to go to school this early. However, he was glad the overall atmosphere was much better than yesterday. He'd much rather have his Mother in a good mood and singing along to her annoying 80's music, instead of giving him the cold shoulder treatment like during their morning commute the day before. Chuckling to himself, as far as he was concerned, he'd gladly let Karen 'Rick-Roll' him every morning for the rest of his life if it meant she'd dress like *this* driving him to school!

When they were about a mile away from the school, Karen took a sudden right turn off of the main highway and onto a secondary two-lane road. "Uh...Mom??" Jacob

asked, now even more puzzled, "Have you forgotten that the school is back that way?" He then pointed back over his shoulder.

"No," Karen replied, with a slight chuckle, "I haven't forgotten." Stealing another glance at Jacob, she added, "We're just taking a quick detour...that's all."

"Detour?" Jacob asked, "What kind of detour?"

Karen turned back to look straight ahead, "Just be patient...you'll see."

After several more miles of driving, Karen lowered the radio's volume and slowed the SUV down. She then leaned forward, looked over to the left side of the road, and whispered, "*It's been such a long time, but I know it's gotta be here somewhere...*"

"What is Mom?" Jacob asked, his curiosity spiking. "What are you looking for?"

"Ah-ha!! *There* it is!!" Karen suddenly exclaimed, with excitement. Flipping the turn signals on whilst quickly checking the rearview mirror, Karen saw that no other vehicles were anywhere near their vicinity on the deserted two-lane road. She then turned the steering wheel of the large SUV and made a left onto an almost totally hidden, single-lane dirt road.

As Karen slowly drove along the narrow path deeper and deeper into the forest, Big Bertha would lurch whenever she hit an occasional bump or deep rut in the forgotten and unmaintained service road. Noticing the vast overgrowth of weeds and vegetation impeding her progress, the housewife muttered, "*This is a lot different from what I remember...*"

"Remember?" Jacob asked, looking out the window to his right. "You mean you've been here before?" Suddenly, all sorts of ghastly scenes from those horrific slasher movies that Rachel used to force him to watch with her crept into his head. Could it be that his sweet, beautiful, religious Mother was actually a deranged serial killer? He then turned to Karen and enquired nervously, "Mom? What's going on?...this is starting to get creepy."

"*Creepy*?" Karen replied, looking over to Jacob. "Ooopss!! Sorry!" She then giggled as the Expedition bounced once more, after the front passenger tire dipped into another deep rut. Seeing the worried and confused expression on her son's face, she said, "This isn't creepy, Snuggle Bear...I just wanted to show you something."

"Out here? In the middle of nowhere?" Jacob asked, taking another peer out the window. Though daybreak was fast approaching, it was still mainly the twilight gray hues of predawn eerily surrounding them.

"Yes..." Karen reassured him, "Don't worry...it won't be long now."

A few moments later, the Ford SUV made its way out of the dark woods and into a small clearing overlooking the Chattahoochee River. Karen then shifted the transmission to park and depressed the manual brake pedal, before pressing the ignition button to shut the engine and headlights off. Turning to Jacob, she then asked, "So? What do you think?"

Jacob looked out the windshield at the impressive view of the flowing river cutting its way through the rolling hills and vast Georgia landscape down below-- its forested horizon was freshly tinged with the golden, red, and brown hues of the onset of autumn. The once darkling sky above them was now beginning to glow in shades of pink and orange, promising a glorious sunrise for that early November morning. "*Wow*!" Jacob whispered, in fascination. "It's beautiful, Mom...almost like a painting! But..." He then turned to his Mother and asked, "How do you know about this place?"

Smiling demurely, Karen replied, "Well...back when I was in high school, my boyfriend at the time, Chase McFadden, used to bring me out here frequently. Not many people even know it exists, so it was a good place for parking and..."

When Karen didn't finish her statement, Jacob smiled knowingly, "Ohhhh...I get it now." He then joked, "So, this must've been your 'safe spot', for you to be a bad girl when you were younger. And all this time, I thought Aunt Brenda was the naughty one!"

"Now, hold on just a second there, young man..." Karen rebutted, holding up her index finger defensively, "I'll have you know that I was still a virgin when I married your father. Now, I will admit that I did some things before I met him, but unlike your naughty Aunt, *my* virtue was intact on my wedding night!"

Jacob raised his hand. "Wait a minute-- you used to date Chase McFadden, the former Wildcats quarterback?"

Karen nodded, "Yes, we dated during our junior and senior years. Why...do you know him?"

"I don't know him personally," Jacob replied, "And I may not be as much of a sports fanatic like dad and Rachel are, but every student who attends Dunwoody High School knows the story of Chase McFadden. He was the former high school All-American quarterback who got a full-ride scholarship to the University of Florida. His senior year there, he was predicted to be a top draft pick in the NFL-- that is, until he broke his leg in the SEC Championship Game against Alabama."

"Yep...that's him." Karen confirmed, flatly.

"Well, what happened?" Jacob asked, intrigued by his Mom's connection to the well-known and somewhat tragic story.

"Last I heard, he was divorced from his third wife and living down in Tampa...or somewhere down that way."

Jacob shook his head, "No...I meant, with you two. What happened? Why'd you end up breaking up?"

"Oh..." Karen replied, "Well...basically, he and I didn't see eye to eye on the issue of pre-marital sex. He kept pressuring me to go all the way, and I was adamant about not giving in to him, so...eventually, we went our separate ways. For a while, I often wondered if I should've given in, but something kept telling me 'No'...and that I was right in making my decision."

"And did you? Make the right decision, I mean?" Jacob asked, rhetorically.

"Yes. Yes, I did..." Karen replied with a smile, "I faithfully prayed about it and trusted God to guide my way. Then, during my freshman year in college at a Christian Fellowship camp, I met the man whom I was meant to spend the rest of my life with-- your dad. I thank the Lord daily for bringing us together and for the wonderful life that he's provided us. I especially thank him for his greatest gift of all..." She finished her

statement by running her hand along Jacob's cheek, "My two precious children."

Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom. I want you to know that I really appreciate the stroll down memory lane this morning. But now I really have to ask...why did you bring *us* all the way out here?"

Karen rolled her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh, "I must say...sometimes you can be just as dense as your father!" Leaning over the console closer to her son, she then said softly, "I promised you last night that I would 'help' you this morning. However, with your dad being at home, and since we can't do anything in the house while he's there, I figured this spot would be a good alternative for me to keep my promise...as well as help prevent any 'accidents' around Sara today." The dutiful Mother glanced at Jacob's crotch and noticed the growing bulge inside of his pants. The teenager's pheromone scent had by now strengthened noticeably, causing the tingling in her hardened nipples and in between her legs to intensify even more. With a teasing look, Karen peered deeply into her son's eyes and added, "That is...unless you no longer need my 'help'?"

The intense stare in his Mother's beautiful eyes had Jacob literally hypnotized. Her lush and curly, naturally dark eyelashes were beguiling as she blinked seductively at him, transmitting a secret Morse code message for them

to have illicit Mom-son sex. Struggling, Jacob fumbled for the right words: "No, Ma'am. I...I mean...yes, Ma'am. I mean...I *do* need your help, Mom."

Karen's rosy lips curled into a smile, "That's what I thought you would say..." Her boy's amusing, flustered response reminded her of the poor waiter, Ryan, who Brenda had tormented a couple of days prior.

Moments later, and just like in one of her recent dreams, Karen found herself stretched across the SUV's center console whilst slobbering her soft lips all over Jacob's rigid shaft in a sloppy blowjob. The combination of the hormones' influence, plus being back at her and Chase's 'safe spot' after all these years made for a bizarre nostalgia. Nevertheless, as she sucked on Jacob's big, tasty cock whilst a screaming *Def Leppard* song played in the background, Karen, the middle-aged, soon to be 44-year-old housewife, felt like a teenager again.

Jacob couldn't believe his good fortune. Just twenty-four hours prior, his Mother had been furious with him for engaging in anal sex with the assistant district attorney, Ms. Turner. Now, here he was-- less than a day later, in his father's pride-and-joy SUV, and receiving a world-class blowjob from his dad's loving wife of more than two decades, AKA, his Mom. The teenager was finally 'parking' with a gorgeous babe. However, because that

'babe' was the same woman who'd given him birth, he'd regrettably never be able to brag about it to his friends.

Jacob clutched at the squeaky leather seat's upholstery with his left hand whilst holding tightly to Karen's ponytail with his right as she hungrily bobbed her head up and down in his lap. Even though she was sure they were safely isolated in the middle of nowhere, his Mother had instructed him to keep an eye out just in case anyone happened to show up. However, soon the teenager's only focus was on one thing: the gorgeous MILF and '**BEST MOM EVER**' who was now blowing his painfully erect dick like a seasoned professional.

Karen began to feel the strain of being in such an awkward position. Her muscles began to ache from stretching awkwardly across the seats with her big breasts pressing onto the center console. It had definitely been much easier to do this back when she was a lithe teenager, and not a middle-aged housewife who'd borne two children.

However, Karen was in a zone, and the constant arousal flooding her body helped her cope with the temporary discomfort. She sucked and slurped on Jacob's fleshy knob like a woman possessed. The continuous trickle of hormone-laced precum from her son's pee slit she was ingesting only helped to fuel the fire she now felt in her pelvic region. A long, slimy string of combined seminal

fluid and spittle hung from her chin, but at the moment, she didn't care.

Jacob felt the familiar pressure building inside his heavily bloated balls, signaling his impending morning load was near its boiling point. Taking a quick glance out the window to inspect that the coast was clear, he relaxed upon seeing nothing and turned his attention back to his beautiful Mother. "Oh yeah, your mouth feels soooo good, Mom!" he grunted, grasping harder onto Karen's ponytail. "Yeahhhh...suck it *harder*...suck my dick, *Mom*!!"

Typically, Karen would've pulled back and promptly reprimanded Jacob for using such foul language. However, she remembered her agreement to allow him some leeway regarding dirty talk-- so long as it was only during their 'sessions'. Plus, strangely, the bawdy words and Jacob saying 'Mom' as he degraded her was somehow making Karen feel extra naughty and seemed to turn her on even more.

Tightening her grip as she furiously stroked Jacob's veiny shaft, Karen began humming her locked lips around the ridged helmet and weeping, mushroom-shaped tip of his cock. She could feel the fleshy beast swelling in between her fingers, its pulsating hardness clear evidence that her son was about to pop.

Jacob released his hold of Karen's ponytail and now gripped the edge of the seat with both hands. He leaned further into the soft backrest of the front passenger seat as his Mother literally sucked the sperm right out of his aching testicles. Just like the sun indelibly rising in the eastern sky, Jacob's morning load of teenaged spunk was about to rise up through his quivering shaft and burst forth irrepressibly in all its dazzling glory.

"Oh, Mom..." Jacob grunted, "You're gonna make me...*cum*!" Lifting his butt up off the seat, he cried out, "Oh yeah, Mom!! Here it...*comes*!! I'm gonna...bust a huge nut...in your hot, *sexy* mouth!!! Swallow it, Mom!!! Swallow my nut!!..*Swallow it AAAAALLLLLLLL*!!!!"

"*Mmmmmmmm*!!" Karen moaned with pleasure, as she gulped down her second breakfast of that morning. With each blast of Jacob's sweetly thick 'protein shake' which she swallowed as fast as she could, Karen could detect the trace flavors of her son's own breakfast that she'd fed him earlier. Just like last time, she paused to savor the slightly maple-tinged ejaculate now spewing onto her tastebuds before guzzling the warm and filling payload down her gullet. However, even as skilled as she'd become, a small amount of her son's jism still managed to escape Karen's mouth and drip onto the seat in between Jacob's legs.

Moments later, Jacob fought to catch his breath, throwing his head back as his head spun. Still gasping for air, he

gazed out the glass pane of the sunroof at the beautiful sunrise brightening the cloudless clear sky up above. Meanwhile, his beautiful Mother lapped in his lap, tirelessly using her mouth and tongue to clean his oversized penis of any cum she may have missed. Karen then rummaged around inside the glove box until she found some wet wipes. The ever-prepared Mom pulled two of the pre-moistened sheets from the travel package and commented, as she wiped the evidence off the seat between Jacob's legs, "Better clean this up...we wouldn't want to leave any stains behind that might catch your father's attention."

With the clean-up complete, Karen tossed the package of baby wipes back into the glove box and slammed the door shut. After carefully crumpling up the used sheets in the front cupholder and noting to dispose of them properly later, she then sat up straight and commented, "Wow, I'm proud of you, Snuggle Bear...you were able to finish really quick this morning!" Glancing over at the radio, she noted the time and added, "In fact, we shouldn't have any trouble at all getting you to school on time today."

Immediately after the words left her mouth, Karen looked down to see that Jacob's cock was still fully erect. Standing proud and tall and swaying slightly back and forth, it resembled a flagpole caught in gale-force winds.

"Well..." she said, with a slight chuckle, "Perhaps I spoke too soon."

Jacob shrugged and replied, "Sorry, Mom...but you know, it *has* been since Wednesday, and uh..." He took another glance at Karen, with her flushed face, tussled hair and still dressed in her 'gardening clothes' getup and added, "It also doesn't help that you just look so dang hot this morning."

"Awww, thank you..." Karen replied with a smile, "You know, us old ladies appreciate every compliment we can get."

Jacob sighed, "Mom, how many times do I gotta tell you...you're not *that* old!" He then joked, with a grin, "You're taste in music, however..."

"Ah!!" Karen gasped, playfully punching him on the shoulder. "Well, young man...just for that remark..." She then reached over and cranked the radio's volume back up as they both shared a laugh. The hormones surging through her bloodstream and the current carefree environment had the aroused housewife feeling intoxicated-- giddy even. She felt young again.

"But seriously..." Karen posited, as she took a hold of Jacob's raging boner, "What *are* we going to do about this?" Arching her eyebrow coyly, while slowly stroking the vein-covered shaft with her delicate left hand, she

explained, "There's no way I can send you to school in this condition...especially since you're going to be around Sara today." Once again, the mere mention of her son's love interest's name caused a wave of envy to wash over her.

Jacob smiled, "No, Ma'am...you can't. But I do have an idea..."

Karen batted her eyes, "Oh, I'm sure you do." She then glanced over at the radio and, noticing the time, commented, "Well...I suppose it's a good thing that we left as early as we did." Turning back to Jacob, she added, "You know, the back seat would be much more comfortable...don't you think?" With a demure expression on her face, Karen ended her suggestion by biting her bottom lip.

Jacob nodded, grinning goofily, "Yes, Ma'am. I think so too..."

"Do you have one of your condoms?" Karen asked rhetorically, as she began undoing the top button of her tight khaki short shorts.

"No, Ma'am. I forgot-- I used my last one yesterday..." Jacob half-lied, distractedly kicking off his shoes and pulling his pants off all the way.

"Oh..." Karen replied mindlessly, her gaze fixated on her son's glistening bare cock waggling as her own shorts fell to the SUV's floor.

Moments later, the early morning sunlight began to seep in through the trees-- their golden-hued leaves starting to fall into the mostly forgotten forest clearing. If anyone had happened to stumble upon the secluded cliffside area, they would no doubt have noticed a navy-blue Ford Expedition innocently parked overlooking the riverbank. However, if those said person(s) were to investigate more closely, they would discover the out-of-place SUV rocking ever so slightly back and forth on its suspension. Should they have ventured even closer, the bouncing springs of Big Bertha's shock absorbers would reveal the shocking origin of this unusual movement. Namely, the not-so-innocent activities of the jauntily swaying vehicle's two occupants-- who'd both now climbed into its spacious back seats.

Safely obscured by tinted windows, Jacob sat in the center of the second-row bench seat, wearing only his white undershirt and matching white tube socks. The rest of his clothes lay haphazardly beside him, with his shoes tossed to the floor. Blaring from its speakers, the SUV's cabin was filled with the reverberating sound of sappy and annoying 80's music. At that moment, however, the cheesy tune was the furthest thing from the teenager's

mind. He was focused solely on the incredible vision right before his eyes.

Karen straddled Jacob's lap, plunging herself up and down on his massive cock and splitting her tight vagina wide open. Already a viscous layer of her vaginal juices, mixed with Jacob's precum, lathered the full length of his shaft now pistoning inside her. By the look of things, Karen could already tell she was going to need to use some more baby wipes from the glove box pretty soon. Meanwhile, her discarded khaki short-shorts and light pink bikini-cut panties lay crumpled together atop her son's clothes besides them. She still wore her wedge sandals, whilst her milk-laden, bra-encased tits bounced up and down within the confines of her snug-fitting '**BEST MOM EVER**' T-shirt.

Karen's left hand gripped the bench seat's headrest, with her right planted flatly against the sunroof. Although the large SUV had plenty of headroom, the length of travel from bottom to top of her son's incredible member caused the dutiful Mother to rise a bit too far every so often and bump up against the glass panel above.

"*Oh*!! *Oh*!! *Oh*!!" Karen cried out in painful pleasure, each time she landed on Jacob's skinny thighs, and the spongy tip of his drooling, saturated penis came into contact with her raw and tender cervix. Her eyes were now closed, and her head was thrown back as her son

screwed her to the song *It Must Have Been Love* by Roxette. Due to her highly aroused state and her pussy's recent hair-trigger, the housewife had already experienced one body-thrashing orgasm and was quickly chasing down another.

Jacob rested his hands on Karen's rising and falling hips, his fingers eagerly clasped to her to-die-for ass. He was in teenager heaven witnessing his gorgeous, half-naked Mom fuck herself silly on his chemically enhanced pussy pleaser. As he watched her heavy, lactating boobies bouncing inside her shirt, he suddenly felt an overwhelming craving for another helping of Karen's sweet and mouthwatering Mommy milk.

Taking his right hand, Jacob grabbed the hem of Karen's tight-fitting top and slowly raised it up her chest, exposing her matching pink push-up bra and the creamy cleavage of her jiggling breast meat. With the shirt now bunched up under her neck, the only words he could make out on the garment were '**BEST MOM'.**

Whilst continuing to ride her son at a steadily increasing pace, Karen looked down to find Jacob staring longingly at her bra-encased breasts bouncing mere inches from his face. It was the same look Rachel always expressed when she was a baby and knew she was about to be breastfed. Suddenly, her motherly instincts kicked in, and she asked

softly, "Snuggle Bear? *Unnghh*!! Are you... *Ohhh*!! Thirsty?"

Jacob, continuing to stare at Karen's chest, nodded and squeaked out, "*Yes...Ma'am!*"

Karen slowed down to almost a stop as she reached behind her back and quickly unfastened the hooks to her overworked bra. Being in public as they were, initially, she didn't want to get undressed any more than was necessary. To be safe, she figured it would be easy to simply slide her shorts back on should someone unexpectedly show up. However, the hormones were once again clouding her better judgment, and since Jacob needed nourishment, how could the '**BEST MOM EVER**' deny her baby boy?

Deftly sliding the loosened straps from her shoulders, Karen maneuvered the bra from underneath her shirt whilst still keeping her top in place. She then dropped the light pink garment onto the growing pile next to them, consisting of her shorts and panties in addition to Jacob's pants.

"Wow, Mom..." Jacob said with a smile, "Your tits are so beautiful!!" It was always a thrill seeing his Mother's magnificent jugs. They hung perfectly proportioned on her chest...so big, round, and full. Tiny droplets of

breastmilk had already begun to exude and peek out, clinging to her hardened pink nipples.

Keeping to their agreement, Karen didn't rebuke Jacob for his use of colorful language. Instead, she smiled at the lewdly bold compliment and replied, "Thank you, sweetie, but...I thought you were thirsty?"

Without saying another word, Jacob leaned forward and eagerly pressed his face into the pillowy flesh of Karen's left breast. His searching lips quickly discovered and latched onto its leaking, protruding nipple. At once, he began to suckle on the rubbery nub and was instantly rewarded with a steady flow of milk.

"*Ohhhhh...YESSSS*!!" Karen hissed, as her life-giving essence flowed from her buzzing teat and into Jacob's hungrily feeding mouth. A spark of immense pleasure shot down her spine and directly to her overstuffed vagina, causing its walls to squeeze tightly onto Jacob's shaft and spurring Karen to resume riding her son.

Meanwhile, back at their house, Robert had just finished wrapping up another conference call. Deeming he was due for a break, he decided to go to the kitchen and get himself another cup of coffee before tackling his next task.

As Robert refilled his coffee mug, he noticed the dirty dishes piled in the sink and several items left in disarray

on the counter and breakfast nook table. Knowing how much of a stickler his wife was about keeping her kitchen spotless and clean, he began to wonder where Karen was and if she had made it back home yet.

"*HONEY*!!" Robert called out, as he returned the carafe to the coffee maker's warming station. Hearing no response, he walked over and peered out the kitchen window. Surprised to find 'Big Bertha' still absent from the driveway, he muttered, "Huh...I would've thought she'd be back home by now."

Walking back down the hall to his office, Robert placed his coffee mug on his desk and picked up his cell phone. "Well..." he said to himself, glancing at the screen, "No missed calls or texts. *Where on earth could she be*?"

"Ohhh!! *Unngghh*!! Ohhh!! *Unngghh*!!!" Karen rhythmically moaned and called out, timed to each spine-tingling plunge of her pussy on Jacob's cock. Her right arm was curled around her son's shoulders whilst her left hand cupped the back of his head, pulling him tighter to her bosom. The sound of him mewling in pleasure whilst nursing at her breast caused her to smile and think triumphantly to herself, "*Eat your heart out, Sara Miller. You can NEVER take care of my boy like I can!*" The exultant Mother then leaned down and whispered sweetly, "*That's it, Snuggle Bear...drink all that you want. Mommy can make more...*"

Suddenly, a text alert rang out on Karen's cell phone. The message was from Robert: **Hey, honey...I thought you'd be home by now.**

Whilst continuing her frantic pursuit of another orgasm, Karen twisted her body and looked over her shoulder towards the front of the SUV. She saw her cell phone still clipped inside the car mount attached to the dashboard with its screen now lit up. She couldn't read the message but knew from the distinctive 'golf swing' swoosh sound effect it had emitted that it was from her husband, Robert.

The phone alerted once again: **I hope Big Bertha isn't giving you TOO much trouble.* 😎 *LOL!**

"That's...*ohhh*!!!..your father...*unnggh!!!*" Karen grunted in whiny protest, as her fleshy round bottom slammed down onto Jacob's lap. "I should...*unngghh*!! See what...*ohhh*!!..he needs."

Jacob pulled back from Karen's breast and groaned, pleading, "No, Mom...don't stop! You feel so...*gooood*!!" He then placed his hands back onto his Mother's gyrating hips and grabbed the undulating cheeks of her ass, both to keep her held down and to assist her movements. Just like with Melissa and her instructions from a couple days prior, he was hoping to keep Karen going and not interrupt their latest hot and horny mating session.

"*Unngghhhh*!!!" Karen moaned louder, as she continued to bounce hard on Jacob's cock, and held onto his shoulders for balance. "But it could be...*ohhhh*!!...important!!"

Grasping the gorgeous cheeks of his Mom's flouncing, quivering ass, Jacob began pulling down harder on Karen's hips. "Just ignore it, Mom! If it's important...he'll call."

Karen felt a wave of guilt for ignoring her loving husband whilst engaged in wantonly debauched and unprotected incestuous intercourse with their son (and in of all things, the back seat of Robert's personal vehicle!) However, Jacob was right...it did feel good...*really* good. The sin-inebriated housewife was inching closer and closer to another climax, and she suddenly found that she, too, did *NOT* want to stop.

In her fogged mind, Karen rationalized Jacob's statement. He was right. If it *was* important enough, Robert would definitely have called instead of texted. Succumbing to her overpowering lust, the married Mom thus disregarded her husband's attempt to contact her and began bouncing faster and even harder on her son's pussy-pleasing, cunt-resizing cock.

After a few minutes, Karen's phone chimed in with another text from Robert: **Hey babe...when are you coming back*?*

Karen however kept eyes closed and ignored it, as she continued to writhe about in ecstasy. Even though she easily heard the notification, the otherwise-engaged Mom was not about to abandon her duty of 'helping' her son-- as well as her elusive pursuit of another orgasm.

Several minutes later, another text arrived: **Hi hon! Just finished off all the coffee...want me to start up another batch for when you get home*?*

Still the message went unheeded. Unbeknownst to Robert, his son had already started up another 'batch' of his own. Namely, one that Jacob had freshly brewed in his testicles and was now begging to 'get home' deep inside Karen.

"Oh, Jake!!..." Karen cried out, "You're so...*deeeeep*!!!"

Soon, another notification: **Hey, slowpoke...are you coming*?*

Karen ignored the alert, as her bouncing on Jacob's dick now reached a feverish pace. Ironically, she was indeed close to 'coming'. She was closing in on finally capturing her latest cataclysmic orgasm and, as if a woman possessed, there was simply nothing stopping the horny housewife now. "Oh, sweetie!! *YESSSS*!!!" she called out

in passion to her son, her breathing now hot and heavy in his ear, "Mommy's getting...*close*!!!"

Jacob began thrusting upwards even harder as Karen clamped down, matching her frantic downward plunges stroke for stroke. This resulted in the tip of his cock scraping the ridged roof of Karen's vaginal canal and raking against her G-spot with each violent plunge. "Oh, *YESSSS*!!!" she cried aloud in pleasure, using her left arm to cradle her enormously clapping breasts and keep her heavy udders from swinging too much out of control.

As Karen approached dangerously close to the edge of climax, she could sense the immense pressure building inside both of her breasts. With her right hand, she grabbed the back of Jacob's head and pulled his face tighter to her bosom. At the same time, she removed her cradling left arm to give her son easier access to her unbearably aching teats.

Karen continued pogoing on Jacob's hormone-enhanced fuck stick whilst he forcefully and voraciously sucked on her buzzing nipples. Unable to hold out any longer, Karen's whole body gave in, and she began to cum. "*AAAAAHHHHHH*!!!" Throwing her head back and screaming in ecstasy as she plunged headlong off the edge, Karen slammed her bouncing butt down onto Jacob's lap one last time.

Grinding her hips in a circular motion with abandon, Karen rode out the waves of the colossal orgasm tearing through her entire body and drowning her in its deluge. With her left hand, she squeezed her left boob as the unattended nipple haphazardly ejaculated streams of breast milk, which forthwith splattered all over the bench seat's leather-upholstered backrest.

Jacob moaned as he gulped down her creamy Mommy milk which now gushed into his mouth at an alarming rate. At the same time, he smiled in triumph as the warmth of Karen's feminine juices leaking from her spasming vagina and now drenching his oversized nutsack alerted him to the fact that he had just made her cum. "Oooh, that was a good one!" he exclaimed, feeling her hot cunt still clamping down tightly around his cock.

Moments later, Karen sat on Jacob's lap, her arms embracing his neck and holding his face tightly to her bosom. Resting her chin on the top of his head, Karen leaned forwards on trembling knees and fought to catch her breath. Closing her eyes, she enjoyed the occasional aftershock jolts which her echoing orgasm and her son's continuing languid thrusts elicited from her still twitching vagina.

Still coupled to her teenaged son, Karen's phone alerted her to yet another importunate text message from Robert. Reluctantly, she pulled away from Jacob and interrupted

their all-too-brief and intimately connected Mother-son embrace. Kissing the top of his head, she whispered, "*I'd better go see what your father wants*."

"But Mom..." Jacob whined, "I still haven't finished yet."

Looking down at their sinful junction and wiggling her hips, Karen chuckled, "Believe me, I can tell..." referencing Jacob's fully erect penis still lodged deep inside her and probing her warm and wet pussy. She continued, "But if you want me to 'help' you finish, I need to reply to him before he begins to worry and does actually call, okay?" She ended her statement by booping his nose with her index finger and clenching the walls of her loving cunt muscles one more time on his shaft.

Groaning at her exquisitely sexy, teasing squeeze, Jacob relented with a sigh, "Okay, Mom." He was so close to busting another 'nut' inside her again and his churning balls were desperate to do so. This time though, he also wanted to try and actually get her to describe aloud what she wanted, instead of just saying '*YES*!' or nodding her head. They were out in the middle of nowhere anyways, so why not?

On shaky legs, Karen raised up from Jacob's lap, dislodging herself from his mammoth cock. Immediately, she was hit with a disappointing sensation of emptiness from the void left by her son's satisfying girth vacating

her vaginal canal. She hoped, however, that a quick text to Robert would placate her husband, and then she could get back to her motherly duty of satisfying her son-- as well as her own lustful needs.

Without a single thought for modesty, Karen turned around and leaned over in between the two front seats. This left her naked, juicy bottom vulnerably sticking up in the air, tauntingly and tantalizingly right in Jacob's line of sight. The enticing view of her meaty clam and to-die-for ass proffered right in front of him was too much for the teenager to resist. As Karen stretched her body forward and grabbed her cell phone--

SMACK!!

"*Ohh*!!!" Karen gasped in shock, from the surprising slap on her exposed rear end. Half joking, she tittered, "Jake!...Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Can't help it, Mom..." Jacob replied, "You've got such a great ass...one that's just begging to be spanked!" He then gave Karen's 'great ass' another whack, enjoying the sight of her Georgia peach buttcheeks wobble and jiggle, as well as the faint palm print he made.

"Alright now..." Karen said, in a slightly more serious tone, "You need to stop it." As she began to read Robert's string of unanswered text messages, she added, "Remember, I'm going out with your dad tomorrow night,

and it wouldn't be wise to leave any visible marks on me like you did last time."

Jacob was a bit surprised she didn't get on him for using the word 'ass'. Nevertheless, undeterred, Jacob replied with a sly grin, "Okay, Mom...whatever you say." He then got up from the seat and quickly maneuvered himself into position behind Karen, his knees burrowing into the soft leather-upholstered middle bench seat. Before his Mom could protest his intention, he placed the precum-leaking bulbous tip of his raging boner at the still gaping entrance to her drooling-wet vagina. He then unceremoniously shoved his hips forward, fully implanting his aching rod once more inside his Mother's tight and welcoming love tunnel.

"*Ahhhhh*!!" Karen squealed at the sudden (though not totally unexpected) penetration, which caused her to drop her cell phone onto the driver's seat. Using her right hand to brace herself against the dashboard, she looked back over her shoulder, "Jacob Mitchell!! What on earth??"

"Sorry Mom..." Jacob replied, grabbing a hold of her flared hips as he began slowly sawing his cock in and out of her tight, yet accommodating, pussy. "But it hurts so bad...and I *really* need to bust my nut!!"

"Don't say..." Karen began, then quickly corrected herself, stopping short of reprimanding him and remembering her agreement to allow Jacob some use of dirty language.

"*Unngghhh*!!" Karen grunted, once Jacob hit bottom. At first, she contemplated having him pause so they could change into a more comfortable position. However, her pussy vetoed that thought and clamped down around her son's invading shaft which was now lighting up the pleasure sensors inside her brain.

As Karen's viscous pussy butter coated the full length of his shaft, Jacob quickly got into a good and steady rhythm. "Oh yeah, Mom...your *pussy's* so wet...it feels *awesome*!!" Unable to resist disobeying his Mother's admonition, he playfully smacked her jiggling butt one more time and commented, "It won't take me long now!"

Even with their agreement concerning Jacob's use of dirty talk, the conservative Mother couldn't stand to hear certain words come from her son's mouth, and the 'P' word was one of them. However, if doing so was going to help him finish quicker in these particular situations, she could swallow her indignation and tolerate the bawdy language for the time being.

Now bracing herself with both arms, Karen's bent-over body lurched forward with each thrust. Her big, hanging tits swung heavily back and forth in rhythm to Jacob's

thrusts, which soon matched the tempo of the rocking SUV. "*Ohh*!! *Ohh*!!" she chanted, as each plunge of Jacob's cock resized her clutching love channel, priming her pussy for another mind-blowing orgasm.

As the suggestive tune *I Want Your Sex* by George Michael played its jaunty, pulsating beats from the stereo speakers, Karen's brain was lost in a fog from the overwhelming pleasure now coursing throughout her body. She knew there was something which she originally needed to do-- something which had placed her in this vulnerable position in the first place. That 'something' was now a distant thought and memory, feeling more like a distraction from her impending climax which she knew wasn't far off.

Suddenly, Karen's cell phone, which lay face down on the driver's seat, chimed in with another text alert from Robert. At last remembering what she'd intended to do before Jacob's crudely impulsive intrusion, Karen reached down and picked up the device. With her right hand still planted against the dashboard for support and with her son continuing to plow into her trembling body, the housewife did her best to reply to her husband with the use of only her left hand.

In her current state, Karen didn't even bother to read her husband's message. She used her left thumb and composed the text: **ss orrry driii vngg**. Hoping the

gibberish would suffice for the moment, she pressed 'send' and simply dropped the cell phone back into the driver's seat. She then joined her left hand along with her right against the dashboard.

Jacob gave Karen's round, glorious bottom one final slap and placed his hands on both of the front seats' headrests. He then propped up on his feet into a squatting position and began riding his Mother like a thoroughbred in the homestretch of the Kentucky Derby. Robert's Ford Expedition began to vigorously rock back and forth, its suspension rhythmically squeaking and moaning in protest. Along with this, the sloppy squelching of Jacob's cock pistoning in and out of Karen's sodden vagina joined in on the lewd symphony.

Jacob watched as the flesh of Karen's cushiony buttcheeks rippled each time his crotch slammed into her comely ass. "Oh yeah...I'm getting close!!" he groaned, staring at the white ring at the base of his cock that had formed from his Mom's pussy cream and his precum mixing. Remembering they had once again abstained from using a condom, he asked (both out of habit and with an ulterior motive), "Where should I...do it, Mom?"

Karen gave no verbal reply, at least nothing that was intelligible. Her only response was a series of grunts and groans with an occasional "*Oh yes*!!" as her son began to relentlessly clap her cheeks.

Jacob could sense the familiar tightening in his balls, as his second thick load of the morning simmered in his heavily flopping nut sack. He asked again, this time more suggestively, "Mom? Where should...I do it? In your...*pussy*???"

Karen had almost forgotten that Jacob wasn't wearing a condom-- not that they'd bothered to use one recently even when they did have one on hand. Regardless, she had every confidence in Brenda's sample Midoxinol birth control which she was still taking. Hopefully, Karen thought, those pills would continue to be effective in protecting her and preventing an accidental and wickedly sinful pregnancy with her own son...at least she still prayed it would.

Sensing the ticking time bomb of her own orgasm counting down, Karen was well aware of how much more intense its explosions were whenever she climaxed simultaneously to Jacob inseminating her womb. Wanting nothing more than to experience that kind of ultimate and earth-shattering ecstasy once again, she began thrusting backward into the teenager's plunges in a desperate attempt to set both him and herself off. Thus, along with her feral-sounding grunts and groans, Karen guardedly nodded her head in approval to her son's suggestion.

Jacob smiled in triumph. For some perverted reason though, he still wanted his Mother to validate her consent

aloud verbally. Slowing his cock to a grind till it matched in tempo to the raunchy song playing on the radio, he repeated, accenting on each thrust, "*Mom*...I didn't...*hear* you. Do *you*...want *me*...to *cum*...in your....*pussy*??"

Karen's arms were getting tired as she used the dashboard to push herself back against Jacob's forward thrusts. Her head dropped down so that her line of sight was on the center cupholders and the front floorboards below her. Smelling the scent of Jacob's prior load on the crumpled, used wet wipes drove her mad with lust and her libido off the charts. Meanwhile, the twin globes of her swinging, clapping tits were now bouncing off her chin. Giving in fully to the insidious effects of the wicked hormones and heightened estrogen in her system, Karen at last uttered, in a voice barely louder than the radio, "*Yes*!!!"

Jacob was also now under the powerful influence of the hormones, with its boost of testosterone driving his deep, primal urges. Feeling more confident and aggressive than ever, he decided to goad his Mother even further. "I still can't *hear* you, *Mom*! Did you *say*...you *want* me...to *cum* in your *pussy*?"

"*YES*!!" Karen affirmed, a bit louder this time. She could now feel his heavy scrotum slapping lewdly with a rhythmic thumping against her sweaty, jiggling behind. Slamming back harder, she hinted for Jacob to pick up his speed again.

"You want your own *son*...to actually bust his *nut*...in your...*pussy*? In your tight...*unprotected*...married...*PUSSSSYYY*???" Lost in his passion, Jacob ignored the fact that his Aunt Brenda had mentioned to him the previous weekend that his Mother was taking some type of experimental birth control. Right now, all he wanted to do was to live out the kinky fantasy that he'd pictured a couple days before, when he'd imagined taking his pregnant Mom in a similar fashion on her marital bed. Torn between clenching his eyes whilst envisioning his raunchy reverie or staring down at his present lewdly raw coupling with his Mom, Jacob instead chose to combine both as he urged her on more ardently, "*Say it, Mom*...!"

"*YESS*!!!" Karen finally cried out loud, raising her rear end and arching her back. "YES!! DO IT, JAKE!!" Looking over her shoulder, her brow knit and with a helpless expression on her face, she began pushing back even harder and added, "DO IT! PUT IT DEEP INSIDE ME, BABY...*JUST LIKE YOU DID ON HALLOWEEEEEEN*!" Her obscenely outrageous words immediately shocked her as soon as they left her mouth. Was this what Brenda meant, when she had suggested talking dirty? No, Karen thought, quickly convincing herself her reasoning for uttering such a blasphemous instruction was to stave off as much of a mess in her husband's SUV as possible. Logic aside, Karen couldn't

deny the liberating feeling of at last saying something out loud which she'd long kept repressed. Deep down, she knew the main reason for her rash remark was that she craved the unparalleled feeling of her boy's invading seed once again flooding the deep recesses of her womb.

"*Close enough*..." Jacob thought, relishing in his Mom's submissive surrender and finally hearing her yelling aloud (in so many words) what she really wanted. Spurred on by her words and driven wild with lust as he met her vulnerable gaze, he then moved his hands from the headrests and grasped tightly to Karen's gyrating hips. "Okay, Mom...you want it deep...?" Now on his haunches, the teenager's legs promptly went into overdrive, using the squeaking leather seats for leverage as he began slamming his abs into her plush, rippling behind mercilessly with total abandon.

"OH MY...*YEESSS*!!! DO IT, JAKE...PUT IT INSIDE *MOMMY*!!! PUT IT IN *DEEEEEEEEP*!!! WE-WE CAN'T MAKE A MESS IN *BIG BERTHAAAAAAA*!!!" Karen cried out, trying to explain with a weak excuse yet failing miserably. As her trembling legs gave way, Karen widened her stance and tilted her butt up, offering her birthing hole completely to her son. Jacob's rock-hard cock then angled upwards in response and began hammering away at her sensitive G-spot, causing the

frayed nerve endings in her shuddering vagina to go haywire.

"Oh, *yeahhhh* Mom...I'll give you a nice messy '*big birth-a*', alright..." Jacob groaned with a sneer, ramping up his grinding thrusts and pulling Karen by her ponytail, causing her head to snap back. Leaning in, his hot breath grunted with growing excitement in Karen's ear, "Get ready, Mom...your little *Snuggle Bear's*...about to give it to you deep...really...*REALLY* DEEP!! *DEEP* in that *hot*...Mommy...*pussy*...that...*best*...Mommy pussy. 'Cos...you're the *best*, Mom...the...BEST...MOM...***EVERRRRRRRRRR***!!!!"

As Jacob roared out the word 'EVER', he grabbed Karen by her shoulders before slamming his pelvis against her upturned ass one last time. Mashing the piss slit of his swelling cockhead directly onto her cervix, he then held himself fully embedded inside his Mother's quivering, cumming cunt. "AAARRGGHHHH!! *YEAAAAHHHHHH*...HERE IT COMES, *MOM*!!! TAKE IT...*TAKE MY NUT*...TAKE IT *ALLLLLLL*!!!!" Jacob growled savagely, as his churning testicles finally released their massive payload and began hosing down Karen's birthing track with a torrential tsunami of his rampant, chemically enhanced babymakers.

"*YESSSSSSSSSSSSS*!!!" Karen hissed, her eyes nearly bugging out as her vacant womb was flooded with wad

after wad of Jacob's thick and potent life-creating fluid. "*OHHHH*!! YES...*YEEEESSSSSS*!!!" she screamed louder, as the thermonuclear time bomb of her own orgasm immediately exploded, sending shockwave after shockwave of earth-rending pleasure reverberating throughout her exhausted and sweaty MILF body.

As she lovingly accepted Jacob's seed, Karen's wide-open eyes stared off through the windshield at the lovely view of the now sunlit Georgia landscape below. It was the same view of natural glory which she used to share with her high school boyfriend at this exact same spot. Inside her husband's Ford Expedition however, something else much more naturally lovely and glorious was taking place. Steady pulses of breastmilk now ejected from Karen's pink, diamond-hard nipples at the same time her son Jacob pulsed and ejaculated his virile sperm inside her. Karen did her best to keep her milky streams from splattering onto the dashboard and the leather upholstery and creating even more of a mess for her to clean before returning the luxury SUV to her husband at home. However, none of this registered or mattered to the married Mother at the moment. All she could see was the fireworks going off inside her head from the excruciating ecstasy Jacob was giving her as his impossibly large monster cock kept firing off ropes of semen into the open and willing receptacle of her womb, absolutely flooding her depths with swarms of his potent baby batter.

"*Whewww*...dang, that was a nice, fat load!" Jacob huffed, his head buzzing as he popped back up and exhilarated in the intensely thrilling, post-nut high that he only got with Karen. Still in the process of emptying his sack, he kept his cock held in place, slowly thrusting in and out whilst resisting for as long as he could its eventual deflation. Leaning over Karen's back, he pushed her shirt up and lashed her ponytail to the side, smooching her clammy skin and placing loving pecks all over the back of her neck and on her shoulders. He only wished that he could leave a love mark on her skin, just like his DNA was now leaving another territorial mark in her pussy. "Happy birthday, Mom..." Jacob groaned finally, after his still implanted penis had completely plastered Karen's uterine walls and deposited the full contents of his balls deep inside her. He only wished his true 'present(s)' would be something Karen could 'unwrap' nine months later...

"Oh, Jake..." Karen moaned, her eyes closed and lost in her own recent fantasy whilst propping her weary elbows on the center console. As she did so, she felt her spasming vaginal walls involuntarily coaxing the full contents of Jacob's early 'birthday present' for her deep into the lower recesses of her birth canal, its rhythmic squeezing completely draining his testicles. Just like she'd done the other day when she had climaxed on his bed, Karen couldn't help flexing other muscles in her quivering loins of her own accord as she reveled in her secretly repressed

reverie. Alas, contrary to her lurid fantasy, Jacob's little swimmers regretfully wouldn't be finding a round and friendly playmate or two from her ovaries-- ready, waiting and willing for them to hook up with. "*Thank you, baby*..." Karen purred softly, before quickly clarifying, "For not making a mess."

Moments later, Karen sat atop Jacob's lap as they reclined back against the second-row seating, sensuously making out. Neither of them spoke, as they took a few moments to gaze in each other's eyes and recover from the whirlwind intensity of their post-coital bliss. The music from the radio drowned out their heavy breathing as their still connected genitals languidly churned the forbidden froth of their latest Mother-son copulation. The air inside the cabin hung heavily in a humid combination of pheromones mingled with the heady aroma of their most recent raw intercourse.

Jacob fought to catch his breath as Karen, who outweighed him, leaned back and turned her head towards him as they kissed. Though it was somewhat uncomfortable, he wasn't about to complain. He absolutely loved the feeling of his Mom's soft, curvy half-nude body pressed up against his with his cock buried in her cum-filled pussy, knowing without a doubt he would've happily died like this.

With his arms wrapped around Karen's torso from behind and his cheek pressed to the sweat-sheened skin of her feminine shoulder, Jacob breathed in her heavenly scent: a sweet mixture of vanilla, lavender, and his Mother's familiar, naturally enticing musk. He lazily ran his right hand up along her slightly curved tummy, both her belly and uterus now filled with his 'busted nut', and gently cupped her hanging left tit, relishing both its milk-laden heft and full, pliable softness. A low murmuring growl rumbled in Jacob's throat as he reveled in the triumph of his latest pretend 'breeding' session with his Mom.

All the uncertainty and frustrated anxiety that had accumulated over the past day and a half and stored up in Jacob's young testicles had now been totally poured into Karen. Just like the last time they'd had 'make-up' sex (in the laundry room months before), there seemed to be an extra ferocity motivating their fervid coupling-- amplified even more by the hormones now affecting both of them, as well as the new wrinkle of dirty talk accompanying their latest exchange of sexual fluids. Also yearning to seal their reconciliation, Karen for her part willingly accepted Jacob's eager deposit in turn, basking in its satisfying and fulfilling feeling it gave her even as her son's rampant testosterone (as well as the estrogen flowing inside her) slowly flushed from their respective bodies.

Finally breaking their kiss and breathing heavily, the dreaded post-orgasmic clarity hit Karen first and her mind began to race. As the overpowering effects of the hormones steadily receded from her system, she began to feel guilty for not having responded to Robert's text messages sooner. She also now questioned herself for having brought her son out to this remote, secret spot to engage in their illicit and sinfully salacious activities, knowing full well she'd never even brought her husband here nor ever mentioned the place to him. Above all, she'd once again allowed her son to ejaculate inside her-- no, not 'allowed' she thought, *encouraged* him would be more like it...and she had enjoyed it.

Karen glanced down and noticed her T-shirt was still bunched up to her neck and pulled over her shoulders, fully exposing her big round breasts. It was like she wanted to cover up her latest misdeed and bury the memory of openly saying the shocking words which she knew she'd uttered in the throes of her passion. Seeing the scrunched upside-down letters of the words '**BEST MOM**', she put a hand to her forehead and stated rhetorically under her breath, "*Oh Lord*...a*m I a bad wife*?"

"What was that, Mom?" Jacob asked, hearing his Mother whisper something.

Before Karen could respond to Jacob's question, her cell phone jarringly began ringing. Noticing it was Robert's distinctive 'Tomahawk Chant' ringtone, she turned and looked back at her son. "That's your dad calling...I'd better answer it."

Breaking away from Jacob's embrace, Karen climbed off his lap, finally uncoupling herself from her son's softening penis. Taking a quick glance behind her, she was surprised that his monster was surprisingly devoid of the usual and obscenely thick coating of their combined fluids, no doubt because of how deeply her son had deposited his 'nice fat load' inside her. Relieved for once at not having to use her sensuous mouth to clean Jacob's penis up, Karen then turned her rapid assessment of the aftermath back to the front cabin. As she leaned over the driver's seat to collect her phone, she quickly noted with dismay the vast barrage and unsightly outcome of her breastmilk spattering all over the dashboard and leather upholstery.

No longer having Jacob's cock acting as a plug, Karen also immediately felt a thick wad of her son's latest DNA deposit ooze from her ravaged vagina and begin to slowly drip down the insides of her legs towards the floorboard. With a heavy sigh, she added another task to her growing list of chores and acknowledged there'd be a lot more cleanup to do before she could even hope to take the

vehicle back home in a decent and presentable condition to her unsuspecting husband.

With her ringing phone in hand, Karen turned the radio down and plopped back onto the bench seat, laying on her hip in the hopes of minimizing a further mess. She glanced at the screen and thanked God that it was just a normal call, and that Robert wasn't requesting FaceTime.

Before answering the call, Karen looked over to Jacob sitting beside her and sternly reminded him, "Remember...you're at school, so *be quiet*!!" After her son gave her a mock salute, she swiped the screen and put the phone up to her ear.

"H--hi honey!!" Karen greeted Robert rather shrilly, then immediately tried her best to sound absolutely normal. Feeling a slight chill, she quickly pulled her shirt the rest of the way down to cover her still dripping, naked breasts. Even though he couldn't see her, Karen felt a sudden sense of shame and exposure talking to her husband whilst nearly nude in the backseat of his SUV with their teenaged son, who'd once again had unprotected sex with her. What made it even worse was when she felt another glob of Jacob's thick and slimy teenaged spunk work its way from her freshly fucked pussy and leak off her clammy legs onto Big Bertha's leather upholstery.

"Yes, sweetheart...I'm so sorry that I caused you to worry," Karen replied to Robert. She then came up with a good fib and continued, "While dropping off Jake at school, I noticed Nancy was there dropping off Matthew as well. She and I got to talking, and the time must've just slipped away from me...you know how us ladies can get when we get to gossiping!" She then placed her thumb over the phone's mouthpiece and whispered to Jacob, "*Hurry up and get dressed*!!"

To avoid having to explain any more about her ignoring Robert's text messages, Karen continued with her alibi: "Oh, while Nancy and I were chatting, I found out something exciting. It just so happens that she and her husband Greg went out to *Tech Noir* just last weekend, and she confirmed everything Janet told me-- that the place is absolutely *unbelievable*!!"

"Yes that's right..." Karen replied to Robert, shaking her head. She then snapped her fingers to get Jacob's attention. He'd quietly (and foolishly Karen thought) stepped out half-naked from the car's rear door and was now in the front passenger seat, putting the rest of his clothes back on. Mouthing the words "*Wet wipes*!" Karen pointed at the glove compartment, whilst silently thanking God her son hadn't slammed any of the doors shut when he went up front.

As she opened the travel package and took out several of the cleaning wipes, Karen enthusiastically said, "Honey...I want you to know that I'm *really* excited about going out to the club tomorrow night." Using the pre-moistened baby wipes to clean up her son's baby gravy from the insides of her thighs and as best she could from the ravished lips of her married vagina, Karen added, "I really think this'll be an unforgettable weekend-- for both of us." She prayed it would be...first, for Robert's sake, so he could at last have a special memory to hold onto. And secondly, Karen thought, so he could finally let go and stop trying to remember that Atlanta trip...for her sake.

After a couple more minutes, Karen was eventually able to end the phone call with Robert. "Here..." she said, as she tossed the package of cleaning cloths back up front to Jacob. "Since you're already dressed, go ahead and start wiping everything down up there."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jacob replied, noting the serious tone in her voice, which let him know that she was back into her 'Mom mode'.

After adjusting her bra and pulling her shirt back down, Karen began sliding her panties up her long legs, adding, "After I'm done getting dressed, I'm taking you straight to school." She then picked up her khaki shorts from the seat beside her and said, "Once again, we're gonna be cutting

it way too close, young man, and I simply *cannot* go into the office wearing *this* to sign you in!"

As Karen kicked off her wedge sandals and worked her booty shorts over her dainty feet, she began to question the wisdom of her rash choice of wardrobe that morning. What would everyone think if she went into the school building and saw her dressed in her khaki short-shorts and skin-tight '**BEST MOM EVER**' T-shirt?

Karen could only imagine the silent outrage and brimming envy of the primarily female office staff. A hot flash blushed Karen's face once she realized the head clerk, Mrs. Anderson, would also be completely clueless to the fact that (just like previously) she was once again secretly carrying a womb full of her son's sperm inside her. Conversely, Karen knew the reaction would be much different for the males-- especially all the horny teenaged boys. The thought of all those lustful stares from so many hormone-driven teenagers made the middle-aged MILF almost reconsider signing Jacob in...almost.

"Mom? You okay?" Jacob asked, noticing Karen staring off into space.

"Oh..." Karen responded, shaking her head and clearing her thoughts, "Yes, sweetie...I'm fine."

Jacob chuckled, "Looks like you were daydreaming, or something."

Karen replied, as she finished putting her clothes back on, "I'm just thinking about all the things I need to get done today, before your father and I can head out for the weekend." After fastening the top button on her khaki shorts, she then asked, "How's it going up there? Did you get everything cleaned up?"

"Yes Ma'am...I think so." Jacob replied, as he placed the package of wet wipes back into the glove compartment and closed the door shut.

"Good boy...just add those to the pile of used wipes in the cupholder. I'll dispose of them on the way home," Karen said, maneuvering in between the front seats and getting back behind the steering wheel. After fastening her seat belt, she pressed the ignition button and turned the radio back up. Putting on her sunglasses, she added confidently, "Now, let's get you to school!" She then lowered the front windows halfway down and tilted the sunroof up to ventilate the cabin, before carefully executing a multipoint turn with Big Bertha out of the wooded clearing. Though she had to break the speed limit a few times, the determined Mother, now feeling a lot more comfortable driving the behemoth SUV, nevertheless got her son to school just in the nick of time.

As she made the trek back home Karen was once again lost in her thoughts and swirling emotions, traveling along the familiar route from Dunwoody High back to her

house, which she could almost drive blindfolded. She couldn't help but feel a sudden guilt once more rearing its ugly head from having deceived her innocent husband. Despite convincing herself the necessity of having done so, a strong sense of growing remorse still wracked her heart.

To make matters worse, the song *Hands to Heaven* by Breathe was playing on the radio. The somewhat Christian-sounding, obscure 80's hit was among her favorites, and had also been one of the first songs she and Robert had danced to at their wedding. As she sang along to its poignant lyrics Karen felt tears welling up, as well as more and more of Jacob's warm and viable seed leaking from the tender folds of her vagina and into the gusset of her cotton panties. In a sickening realization, Karen pondered how nearly 44 years before she had emerged from her dear, departed mother Patricia and into the world. Now, 44 years later, life-creating sperm belonging to Jacob-- her very own son, was also emerging...except this time from *his* Mother. Silently 'raising her hands to heaven', Karen wiped her eyes and prayed for the continual effectiveness of Brenda's contraceptive pills, whilst promising Robert a night full of 'sweet caresses' (and much more) the following evening.

Along with her desperation to get Robert to forget all about Atlanta, Karen was determined to make everything

up to him for her myriad transgressions which she knew her husband could never find out about. Her recent conversations which she'd had with both Melissa and Brenda then came to mind. Contemplating their salacious suggestions, she then spent the rest of her drive home figuring out how to go about doing exactly just that, which slowly took her mind off things and thankfully this (along with some more upbeat music) brightened her mood.

Eventually, a smile slowly crept on the gorgeous wife's face. Karen then said under her breath, "*You'd better buckle up, Mr. Mitchell, because come tomorrow night...Mrs. Mitchell is gonna rock your world!*"

*** *Later that evening...* ***

Since Sara was having dinner with her parents that night, Jacob was up in his bedroom on his PC, playing his favorite Star Wars video game. Suddenly he heard a soft knock on his door, followed by his Mother's sweet voice, "Hey, Snuggle Bear..."

"Hey, Mom..." Jacob returned her greeting, without looking back. He was laser-focused on the task at hand--trying not to get killed by the TIE fighters who were right on his tail as he deftly maneuvered his X-wing towards the Death Star's central core.

Karen found the room looked as it normally did whenever Jacob was playing his video games: almost pitch dark, with the only light coming from his computer monitor. As she entered the doorway, she asked, "Jake, honey...how can you even see anything that you're doing there? How about I turn on a lamp?"

"No, Mom..." Jacob replied, with a grunt. Leaning in his chair to the left, he watched as his Rebel fighter on the monitor pitched and rolled in the same direction, attempting to dodge enemy fire. "I like it dark!"

Karen sighed, "That surely can't be good for your eyes, but okay...suit yourself." Stepping up behind Jacob's chair, she then quietly watched him play his game for a moment, before asking, "So...are you winning?"

Unaware that Karen was standing right beside him, her unexpected question startled Jacob. He lost his focus for just a split second, but the distraction was more than enough to throw his fighter off course. At once his X-Wing was sent careening onscreen, before slamming into the deep trench wall of the giant space superstructure known as the Death Star.

As Jacob watched his mission aborted and his X-Wing explode in a fiery blaze of glory, he replied dejectedly, "Not anymore..." He then tossed the controller onto his

desk and lashed out in frustration, "*DANGGIT*!! I'm never gonna get past this stage!!"

"Calm down, sweetie..." Karen spoke softly, as she patted Jacob's shoulder, "It's just a game, you know." He could tell she was freshly showered, with her slightly damp hair and lavender-vanilla scent tantalizing his nostrils. Karen then added, as she walked towards Jacob's closet, carrying a clothes basket, "Also, you need to watch the language."

Trying not to sound annoyed, Jacob sighed and replied, "Sorry, Mom..." Swiveling his chair around, he began to continue, "It's just very-- " He then stopped mid-sentence once he saw Karen (the primary source of his frustration at the moment) bent over and rummaging around in his clothes hamper. The sight of her upturned and yoga pants-clad bottom, illuminated only by the light of his computer screen just a few feet away, instantly made his anger quickly disappear.

"It's just very what, sweetie?" Karen asked, when Jacob hadn't finished his statement.

"Ummmm..." Jacob replied, his eyes glued to his Mother's shapely and sexily round butt. "You know...frustrating." Trying to gather his thoughts, he added, "I'm just frustrated because I've been stuck on this same stage of the game for weeks now. Matt's already two stages ahead of me!"

Still bent over at the waist whilst continuing to sort through Jacob's dirty laundry, Karen sighed, "Well, honey, just remember, anything worth achieving is never easy. Just set your sights on your goals and keep working hard at it until you accomplish them...*never give up*!"

Jacob watched his Mother-- well, her ass really, as it hypnotically swayed side to side with her movements. Adjusting the growing lump in his pajama bottoms, he wondered if his palm print was still visible under those leggings, and whether that puffy mound in the sexy gap between his Mom's legs still carried some of his early 'birthday present' that he'd pumped into her that morning. Shaking his lustful musings, Jacob was then reminded of his ultimate goal of one day planting his cock deep inside Karen's beautiful, forbidden ass and pouring years' worth of frustration into her-- claiming her tight rear end entirely for himself and finally deflowering his Mom of her final virginity in an epic buttfuck for the ages.

Suddenly, Karen stood up straight and turned to Jacob, "Sweetie, I know without a doubt..." She leaned over and kissed the top of his head, "...that my little Snuggle Bear can do *anything* he sets his mind to."

Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom."

Karen returned his smile and then turned back to sorting the laundry. "So, are you and Sara still going out tomorrow night?"

Jacob picked up the controller from his desk to restart the game. "Yes, Ma'am...that's the plan." Suddenly, his cell phone lit up with a text alert. Picking up the device, he quickly noticed it was from some unknown number.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: **Are you alone*?*

Totally perplexed, Jacob glanced at Karen and found that his Mother was still busy sorting his laundry.

JACOB: ***Who is this*?*

UNKNOWN NUMBER: ***WE NEED TO TALK*!*

Jacob's eyes widened.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: ***Meet me at the church tomorrow morning*.*

JACOB: ***Mrs. Miller*???*

DONNA MILLER: ***Be there @ 9:00 AM sharp*!*

Karen picked up the now full basket of dirty laundry and turned to find Jacob staring at his cell phone. Out of curiosity, she asked, "Who are you texting?" Feigning a smile she then added, trying to hide any tone of jealousy, "Is it Sara?"

"Uh, *NO*!!" Jacob blurted out, perhaps too quickly, before flubbing, "It's uh...just Matt. He's asking if I wanted to come over to his house tomorrow morning and hang out. His mom bought him a new video game."

Karen smiled, "Oh, well...that's fine with me. Tell Nancy I said 'hi', and that her son's such a sweet boy."

Jacob suppressed a chuckle as he thought to himself, "*Yeah, you wouldn't think Matt was so 'sweet' if you knew even half of the perverted things he thinks about you*!" He then replied, "I sure will, Mom."

As she walked around the bed carrying the laundry basket, Karen asked, "Did you want me to give you a ride over to their house?"

"No!" Jacob replied emphatically, stealing another glance at his cell phone, "I mean, no, Mom...there's no need. Besides, I know you said you have a mountain of stuff to do tomorrow morning, before you and dad head out for your birthday weekend getaway."

Karen sighed, "That *is* true..." She then followed up, "Well, perhaps your dad can take you? He says he's going to play golf in the morning with some co-workers-- Oh, wait...never mind, he's leaving around 7:00. You probably want to sleep in on a Saturday, huh?"

"Yeah...that's okay, Mom..." Jacob replied, "I'm fine with riding my bike...*honest*."

"Okay, then..." Karen shrugged, as she headed for the door to leave, "Just be careful, and have fun!"

Jacob felt a buzz in his hand and looked back down at his phone to read the new text message which had just arrived.

DONNA MILLER: **Be sure to come alone.**

Jacob smiled. "Yes, Ma'am, I will."

Verbally, he was replying to his Mother, yet at the same time he was texting the exact same words back to Mrs. Miller...

****

END OF CHAPTER 17

WICKed Hormones Ch. 18

*****DISCLAIMER*****

This story is a complete work of fiction and is meant for entertainment purposes only!! All sexual participants are eighteen years of age and older!!

*****AUTHOR'S NOTES*****

Firstly, my continued and deepest gratitude to Oedipus_Sex. Not only for her editing prowess, but also for her invaluable advice and superior creative input. I cannot thank her enough for volunteering her valuable time and exceptional skills that transform my marginal work into something so much better than I could ever do alone.

I want to thank each and every one of you for taking the time to read this story. Your continued interest and feedback are greatly appreciated. I genuinely hope you will find the wait well worth it.

Chapter 19 is in the works and will be released as soon as possible. Until then, we hope you enjoy our latest installment...

CHAPTER 18

"Ugghh!! Oh yes!! Ugghh!! Oh...God...YESSS!!" Donna Miller's choir-like voice exclaimed in exultation to the pitch black of her darkened bedroom. With each downward plunge, the pulsing slab of rock-hard cock currently ensconced in her quivering cunt inched her closer and closer to climactic paradise.

Eagerly straddling David's waist, Donna began bouncing even harder atop her husband. Once his hands grasped a hold of her perfect, C-cup breasts and yearning, aching nipples, the aggressive move caused the blonde housewife to arch her back. Despite David's groping, kneading fingers on her soft and perky boobs feeling much rougher than usual, Donna wasn't about to complain one bit. She merely reckoned his hands felt more calloused than usual due to all the yard work he'd been doing recently.

David's fingers began to roughly pinch her buzzing nipples, causing Donna to shriek out from the painful pleasure. "Oh yes!!" she called out, throwing her head back, "Squeeze them harder, David!!...That feels so good, sweetheart!!!!"

"Sweetheart??" the sneering, accented voice of the man beneath her asked, with an incredulous chuckle, "Who you callin', sweetheart? *Tssk!* Menng! And who the fuck is David??"

Alarm bells went off in Donna's head and she immediately stopped bouncing, as a cold chill ran down her spine. However, she kept herself fully impaled on the meaty cock currently plugging her, soaking it with her arousal. She strained to look down at the figure lying beneath her, but because it was so dark in the room, she could only make out a faint outline. Now starting to panic, the preacher's wife asked nervously, "W-what's going on?? W-who...who are you??"

"Who am I?" a faintly familiar, baritone voice replied. The gold shining off the grille in his teeth could barely be seen as he flashed an incredulous smile, his grinning lips topped by a thin moustache.

Donna felt the stranger release his firm grip on her tender breasts and begin fumbling with the side table lamp. With a sudden *click* the room was flooded at once with the garish pastels of flickering neon lights. At the same time, the chilly November of Donna's bedroom was replaced by an unseasonable balmy

humidity wafting in from an open balcony sliding door.

"You know who I am, puta loca!" replied the mystery man, with an arrogant tone.

Donna blinked a few times from the sudden blinding illumination and disconcerting change of scenery. Once her eyes adjusted to the unwelcome light, she gasped in horror to find a muscular, bald black man lying on his back beneath her. It took her a few seconds, until she gasped once she finally recognized her unexpected bed mate: someone whom she hadn't seen or thought about in over two decades.

Manolo Escobar was a member of the security detail team that worked for the 'Select Model Managements' agency in Miami. His team would typically accompany the firm's talent whenever they traveled abroad, or attended parties and major events. The 40-year-old Cuban exile and former boxer had a serious kink for gorgeous blondes, and Donna fit that bill perfectly. Despite knowing that fraternizing with any of the clients would be grounds for immediate termination, Manolo (or 'Manny' as he was more commonly known) was more than willing to take that chance-- especially if it meant bagging the high-class and strikingly beautiful young model.

That particular Saturday night, several of the agency's stable of female talent had attended a fund-raising gala at a swanky resort in South Beach. Manny had made sure (as usual) that Donna would be his charge, and that night, he planned to finally make his move at seducing and corrupting the beautiful glamour model.

After observing Donna, along with several of her fellow models, indulging in an endless supply of alcohol and the occasional recreational drug, Manny decided his time had finally come. Evidently, his roll of the dice that night ended up being quite successful.

Looking down at the smiling face of her sex partner, Donna couldn't remember how she ended up in this situation. Her last memory was climbing into her king-size marital bed and peacefully falling asleep next to her loving spouse. Now she found herself naked in a luxury hotel suite, riding her former bodyguard like a bucking bronco in a rodeo. She asked again in total bewilderment, "Wh-Where's David?? Where's my husband?!?"

"Husband?!" Manny asked, chortling as he shook his head, "What husband? Chica, you know good and well you ain't married. I think you snorted too much of that primo yeyo!"

Donna looked down at her left hand to notice her wedding and engagement rings missing from her finger. She then happened to catch her reflection in a large wall mirror to her right. The image was that of a younger Donna Russell, the freshly-minted glamour model from some 20-something years prior.

Donna continued to gaze at herself in the mirror. It was a time when she was just getting to the heights of her modeling career...so young and so beautiful. She couldn't help but admire the youthful reflection staring back at her: so firm and trim...almost perfect. Even in her current state, with her makeup smeared and her long platinum blonde hair wildly disheveled, she had to admit the sight of her flawless and slender, milky white, feminine body sitting atop the hulking and masculine, dark black Cuban beneath her was a stunning contrast and quite sexy-looking. Without thinking, she reared her shoulders back, relishing the fit and toned vision of her younger self.

That's when Donna's memory began to return. It was the night that she and Manny had hooked up for the first time.

Up to that point, Donna had never found herself sexually attracted to Manny (or any black man for that matter). She had been raised in the backwaters of northern Florida near Gainesville, by very old-school parents who held strong beliefs that races should not mix. Yet somehow, in her highly intoxicated state,

she'd allowed this dark and muscular Cuban to maneuver his way into her hotel room, then into her bed, and eventually into her young and lithe, twenty-one-year-old body.

That night, Donna Russell and the retired semi-pro boxer entered into a secret, illicit affair fueled entirely by hot, depraved sex and Manny's seemingly endless supply of illegal recreational drugs. At first, the young glamour model was reluctant to foster their 'relationship'. However, she quickly found herself hooked-- both on the 'yeyo', as well as her bodyguard's big black cock.

For the next several months, Donna and Manny secretly continued their precarious entanglement of sin and vice. The older black Cuban raised on the streets of Havana took every opportunity to corrupt the naÃ¯ve young white woman hailing from the middle-class suburbia of La Crosse, Florida. However, it all came to a screeching halt when it was eventually discovered that Manolo Escobar was both dealing drugs, as well as corrupting models, and therefore was terminated immediately by the security firm. Around the same time, Donna's overindulgence in those drugs had caused her to miscarry the unintended (and unwanted) fruit of their illicit affair. The guilt and remorse of that traumatic event was the first major step in Donna abandoning her decadent life as a model and eventually turning her life around.

Manny's deep voice suddenly boomed again, "Menng, that must have been some really good blow you and your friend shared. That shit got you all fucked up!"

"Friend? What friend?" Donna asked confused, before hearing a soft moan. She glanced to her left, and there on the far side of the king-sized bed was a naked young woman faced down and passed out. She quickly recognized the unconscious brunette to be her friend and fellow model, Rebecca Rawlings.

Donna and Rebecca had met just a few months prior but quickly formed a tight bond and were basically joined at the hip thereafter. They were always roommates on these types of excursions and loved to party together, whether it was with a couple of hot guys or just the two of them alone.

"Becky?!..." Donna whispered when her beautiful friend moaned once again, shifting her hips and splaying open her sexy, long legs. The young blonde then caught a glimpse of the brunette's freshly-fucked bald pussy, glistening with a frothy mixture of her juices and Manny's DNA.

Manny looked over at Rebecca and huffed, "I think your hot friend there had a little too much to drink..." He turned his gaze back to Donna and added, "That crazy jinetera passed out right after our first go." The bodyguard cackled gruffly again and then said, "But you, baby girl...you're like the Energizer 'sex bunny', ain't ya? You just keep goin', and goin', and goin'!"

More foggy memories worked their way to the front of Donna's brain. She vaguely remembered that sometime during the evening, Rebecca had presented her with a small vial of cocaine. Little did either of them know that it was from Manny's personal stock, and the top-quality coke was also laced with ecstasy. The two inebriated women then snuck off and in private (or so they thought), snorted a couple of lines each of the powerful, brain-numbing narcotics.

Manny, doing his 'job', had kept a close watch on the two super-hot models. Once they appeared to be fully intoxicated to excess, he made his move and offered to escort the young ladies back up to their hotel room. With them under the influence of alcohol and his mind-altering drugs, he was able to easily seduce the hammered glamour models out of their clothes and into bed.

Looking up at the gorgeous blonde straddling his waist, Manny returned his big black paws to Donna's perky white tits. While squeezing the firm and yielding flesh of her mouthwatering breasts, he commented brusquely, "Damn girl! You have got to be the finest bitch I've ever fucked!" He then flexed his rock-hard cock inside her pussy and asked, "So, what do you say piruja...ready to fuck some

more?"

"Yeesssss!!!" Donna hissed, feeling Manny's black tool twitch once again as it roughly re-sized her young, tight pussy. The present-day Donna Miller, the middle-aged preacher's wife and dutiful mother, would have been seriously offended being referred to with such abhorrent and degrading terms in Manny's vulgar native slang.

Donna Russell, however, was under the control of the illicit chemicals currently surging through her bloodstream. The euphoric effects of the corrupting drugs had her body humming with an overwhelming arousal, and her husband David was quickly becoming an afterthought. She began running her hands through her long platinum-blonde hair whilst lewdly grinding her hips on her black lover and replied, "Oh yeah, Manny...let's fuck some more!! FUCK ME 'TIL I CAN'T WALK!!!!"

Donna Miller's eyes suddenly popped open, and she instantly sat up, gasping for air whilst clutching the comforter to her chest. It took her a few moments, but she soon realized she wasn't in some seedy hotel suite with her former bodyguard/lover, but instead back at home in her warm marital bed. Still trying to catch her breath, she sighed in relief, realizing that it had all been just one of those crazy, hormone-fueled nightmares of her sordid past-- a shameful past that she would rather not remember. Its only virtue was to serve as a sobering reminder of the former life that she had left behind. Namely, a life of utter sin and decadent depravity which led her to commit a grave sin and that even now, after all these years, carried a guilt which she could never fully escape.

Like every other time she awoke from these horrible dreams, Donna's remorse was outweighed as her body burned with an unwanted sexual desire. Even now, she could feel the familiar tingling of her hardened, pale pink nipples poking underneath her silky soft chemise nightgown. Running her slender fingers along the gusset of her silk panties, she could also sense the flood of sensuous arousal taking place between her sexy, long legs.

Desperate to extinguish the flames of her carnal lust, Donna looked to her right-- only to be disappointed. David's side of the bed was completely empty. "Damn it!!" she whispered in frustration, eschewing her learned habit of no longer cursing. The horny preacher's wife forgot that her husband had gotten up early that morning to go to Buckhead to visit his ailing uncle and thus wouldn't be back until later that afternoon. As usual, her loving and considerate spouse had been careful not to jostle the bed when he got up, so as not to wake her.

Donna loved that sweet man with all her heart, but in times like this, Donna didn't want 'sweet and considerate'. She wanted-- no, she needed, heedless and callous. The pious church lady needed a man to take her-- to use her sexy body for his personal pleasure...to treat her like Manny had done, all those years ago: like a slut.

Donna glanced at the alarm clock on her nightstand. It was still early that Friday morning, so she knew Sara wouldn't be up for school just yet. With her body aching for relief, the housewife knew she had only one option. Warily sliding out of bed, she padded barefoot to the master bathroom. There, she retrieved the menacing dildo safely hidden in the back of the linen hutch.

With her surrogate cock in hand, Donna stepped over to her side of the king-sized bed and dropped the 'Black Magic' sexual aid onto the light-blue down comforter. She then reached under her nightie, peeled her damp panties off her hips, and allowed her silk undies to slide down her smooth legs and pool around her feet. After stepping out of the sodden garment left forgotten on the floor, Donna climbed back into the bed that she shared with her husband to join her secret, store-bought lover.

Now lying comfortably on her back, Donna picked up the dildo laying by her side with her left hand. Whilst running her long and slender, white fingers

admiringly along the vein-covered black shaft, she suddenly realized how similar the fake penis resembled that of her former bodyguard. Donna also felt a strange mixture of guilt and excitement at the sight of her wedding and engagement rings glimmering against the pitch-black hue of the fake penis. For the moment, her excitement won out over her guilt, as she turned the menacing dildo's knob to 'ON', instantly bringing the imitation phallus to life.

Digging her heels into the bed's soft comforter, Donna spread her legs wide and placed the bulbous tip of the vibrating dildo right at the entrance of her drooling vagina. "Unnggggghhhhhh!!" she moaned, as she unceremoniously pierced her tight opening with the silicone sex toy. As she allowed her married pussy to adjust to the girth of the monstrously thick invader, Donna closed her eyes and relished in the satisfying vibrations it radiated in her core.

Soon, Donna was moaning louder in ecstasy as she slowly inserted more and more of the 'Black Magic' dildo into her eager sex. "Oh God, yes!!" she whimpered, careful not to make too much noise, and almost climaxing once she'd taken the mammoth dildo's full length.

Donna spent the next fifteen minutes in her marital bed, violating herself with her secret sex toy. She tried her best to imagine it was her sweet husband's average-sized penis thrusting in and out of her love tunnel. However, her brain was having none of it, as it flooded her memories with visions of the past that she'd long buried. Her mind's eye couldn't even see David just then-- only the vile recollections of her former life: wallowing in gross sin, utter debauchery, and the foul men she had fornicated with...especially one in particular.

Still not satisfied after two body-wracking orgasms, the 'prim and proper' Donna Miller was now face down with her ass perched high up in the air. It was always his favorite position and if she had to admit it...hers too. The religious housewife held the dildo (now in thrusting mode) in place with her left hand. Donna closed her eyes and imagined it was her former lover behind her, mounting her roughly and having his way with her as if she were some cheap harlot or common slut.

"Oh yes...YES!!" Donna whimpered again, as the wave of her next impending climax began to crest. Using her nimble fingers, she quickly switched the silicone invader's speed to full thrusting mode. "Oh God! YES!! Harder...HARDERRR!!!!" she called out to her invisible lover. Sensing that her third orgasm was going to be her most intense one yet that morning, Donna bit down on her pillow in the hopes of muffling her cries of passion (just in case her daughter happened to be awake and moving about in the house).

"MMMMMMPPPHHHHHHH!!!!" Donna mewled into her soft feather-down pillow, as she surrendered to the relentless waves of pleasure washing over her trembling body. Lost in the salacious memories of her wicked past, the proud pastor's wife screamed out shamelessly in the same bedroom and home that she shared with her faithful and loving husband, "Oh, yesss!!! Oh, my...GAWWWWWD!! YESSSS!!! Fuck me!!! FUCK ME, MANNYYYYYYY!!!"

Minutes later, Donna straightened her knees, allowing her body to lay flat on the bed. The dildo slid out from the silky confines of her married pussy and plopped onto the soft comforter between her still trembling, long shapely legs.

As she lay in a prone position with her face buried in her pillow, Donna began gently sobbing. With the hormones quickly flushing from her system, the intense euphoria she had just experienced was gone. Now, all she was left with was the usual emptiness of guilt and shame that followed each one of these salacious episodes.

Donna rolled onto her back and lay motionless. Staring up at the ceiling, with tears streaming from her eyes and down across her temples, she eventually whispered remorsefully, "I'm so sorry, sweetheart...please forgive me."

Suddenly, there was a soft knock at the bedroom door. From the other side, Sara's softly muffled voice asked, "Mom? You awake??"

In a panic, Donna sat straight up, with her heart thumping in her chest. She realized at once her lack of attention in locking the door, chiding herself for her negligence. "Y-yes sweetheart...just give me a second," Donna anxiously replied, whilst grabbing the dildo and quickly shoving her 'partner in crime' beneath her pillow.

As Donna got out of bed, she quickly noticed and collected her panties, which were still on the floor where she had carelessly discarded them. Padding her way across the room, she then tossed the skimpy garment into the clothes hamper in the closet.

After putting on her robe, Donna walked over and opened the bedroom door to find Sara already dressed for school. The gorgeous young teenager was wearing her usual Friday school attire: a tasteful knee-length skirt dress paired with a 'Dunwoody High School' sweatshirt. Sara's platinum-blonde hair was done up in a fashionable ponytail, similar to the way Donna wore hers during the week--either at home, or out running errands around town. The light makeup Sara wore (and Donna allowed) also brought out the striking blonde teen's natural radiance and piercing blue eyes.

Donna's breath caught in her throat as she gazed at her beautiful daughter. Save for being a few years younger, Sara was the spitting image of her reflection in the mirror which Donna had seen from her earlier nightmare. The shocking resemblance left Donna speechless, as she was reminded of the reason why she was doing the things she did (even if it meant betraying the love of her life: her husband, David Miller). Donna was duty-bound to protect Sara from the vile and wretched evils of the world...evils which would gladly prey on her immaculate and innocent daughter. She was not going to allow Sara to be led down a similar path that she had traveled, and which always ended in the same outcome: corruption and self-destruction.

"Mom? Are you okay?" Sara asked with concern, after several seconds of silence.

Without saying a word, Donna wrapped her arms around Sara and pulled her in close for a tight hug. As she stroked the back of her daughter's head, she whispered in her ear, "Yes, my angel...I'm fine. I just...love you so much!"

Sara pulled back from Donna and replied with suspicion, "I...I love you too, Mom." Knowing her mother always became very affectionate with the slightest amount of alcohol, Sara asked half-jokingly, "Did you have wine before bed again, last night?"

Donna laughed and shook her head, "No...no wine. I promise!"

Noticing her mother's crystal blue eyes, now red and watering with tears, Sara said, "You've been crying! Is something wrong?"

Donna chuckled while wiping the tears from her cheeks. "I'm okay, precious...I uh...I just had a very disturbing nightmare, that's all."

"Oh, well...you wanna talk about it?" Sara asked, with genuine concern. "Whatever it was, it must've really upset you."

Donna smiled and shook her head, "No, sweetie...that won't be necessary. Like I said, I'm fine. Besides, it was just a silly dream...nothing worth burdening you

with."

"Okay...if you're sure." Sara replied.

Donna nodded, "I appreciate your concern sweetie, but I'm sure." She then reached out and began playing with Sara's platinum-blonde hair. "So, *sniffle*...you and Jake still have plans for tomorrow night?"

"Yes, ma'am. We're going to the mall to catch a movie and probably eat at the food court...that is, if that's okay?" Sara replied.

"Of course!!" Donna responded emphatically, "You kids need a lift?"

Sara answered, "Actually, we just might. Jake said his parents are going away for the weekend...something about Mrs. Mitchell celebrating her birthday, I think."

"Oh, that's right!!" Donna responded, recalling the conversation she'd had with Karen over the phone the day before. Her friend had mentioned that she would be unavailable that coming Sunday morning to help with the Beginner's Sunday School Bible class because Robert had surprised her with their little birthday getaway.

Sara continued, "So, if you don't mind-- "

"Say no more..." Donna interrupted her daughter, putting up a hand. She then pulled Sara in for another tight hug, "Anything for you, my angel." Another tear escaped her eye and trickled down her cheek.

Sara was still a bit confused about all the extra affection from her usually stoic and aloof mother, but she wasn't about to complain. As she lingered in Donna's warm embrace, she couldn't understand why Jacob always shied away from his Mom's show of love. Maybe it was just a guy thing.

Sara whispered, "Mom? Are you sure you haven't had any wine?"

Donna laughed out loud as she pulled back from Sara, "No, sweetie...I promise, no wine." As she brushed a stray blonde hair from the shoulder of her daughter's red sweatshirt, she asked, "Was there something else you needed?"

"Huh??" Sara asked, totally confused.

Donna chuckled, "You knocked on my door, remember? I just assume you needed something from me or wanted to ask me something?"

"Oh!! Yeah...I did." Sara replied, trying to gather her thoughts after being thrown off by her mother's unusual show of affection and vulnerability, "I was just checking to see if you were awake yet. I was on my way down to the kitchen, and since dad isn't here, I wanted to see if you'd like me to start making some coffee?"

"Oh yes!" Donna smiled, "That would be wonderful. Thank you, sweetie!"

"You're welcome, mom! My pleasure." Sara responded, with a smile of her own.

Donna kissed Sara on the cheek and said, "Let me take a quick shower and get dressed, and I'll be down in just a few minutes." As she watched her daughter walk away and descend the staircase, the dutiful mother pondered to herself, "Perhaps that nightmare was more than just a dream...Could it be that it was also a warning?"

Donna stepped back into the master bedroom and closed the door, this time ensuring it was locked. As she walked back over to the bed, she continued with her thoughts, "Maybe God is trying to caution me that Sara isn't entirely safe? And that I need to do more to ensure she doesn't easily fall prey to the

temptations that ensnared me at her age?"

Reaching under her pillow, Donna pulled out the hidden dildo and immediately felt a slight flutter of arousal between her legs. As she examined the menacing black phallus, still glistening with traces of her natural essence on its veiny shaft, she was reminded of a Bible verse her husband had recited during a recent sermon: "I can do all things through Him who strengthens me." - Philippians 4:13

"Yes, Dear Lord..." Donna whispered in silent prayer as she removed her nightgown, leaving her totally naked. Laying the silky garment down onto the bed, she continued, "Please give me the strength to protect my little angel...whatever it takes."

The nude mother then walked into the master bathroom, still toting the 'Black Magic' dildo in her right hand, and stepped into the roomy shower cubicle. Donna started the shower's water and then closed the frosted glass door. After a few moments, she exclaimed aloud, "Damn that boy and his wretched hormones!! This is all his fault...Unnnnnggggghhhhhh!!!!"

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That Friday night, the Miller family had dinner at Parkwoods, a local fine-dining restaurant located in nearby Peachtree Corners. It was one of Donna's favorite establishments, since she loved the food, the ambiance, and their exceptional wine selection. Her only complaint was that a few of the pretty waitresses always seemed to be a little too friendly with David-- whether they laughed too loud at his jokes, or put an occasional hand on his shoulder whilst refilling his iced tea. Of course, who could blame them for wanting to flirt with her distinguished and dashing husband? Other than his handsome good looks, David was an intelligent, charming, and down-to-earth man who was just easy to talk to. Maybe that's why he was such a good pastor.

Donna never sensed any real threat since she knew without a doubt how David felt and would always be loyal to her. He was just naturally jovial and liked to joke around with everyone-- no matter their gender or age. However, as confident as the gorgeous former model may have been that evening, she still had a jealous streak (and any hussy be damned who came sniffing around what belonged to her!)

As the trio enjoyed their delicious meals, they engaged in their usual lively family banter, which involved catching up after a week full of appointments and activities. Sara updated her parents about her past week at school, and how she had aced two exams: one in chemistry and the other in trigonometry. The usually humble and unconceited teenager couldn't help but beam with pride at the praise and accolades showered upon her by her delighted parents, especially her mother.

Later, as they waited for dessert and coffee to arrive, Sara inadvertently steered the conversation to Jacob and their plans for that Saturday night. This in turn caused Donna to become less of a participant, as her mind began to drift. Her thoughts returned again to her disturbing dream from that morning involving her younger self and her former fling rampantly engaging in wild interracial sex more than two decades prior. She knew without a doubt that the dream was fueled almost entirely by the lust-inducing hormones currently coursing through her middle-aged body, all thanks to her daughter's incorrigible boyfriend.

Twirling her wineglass between her slender and elegant French-manicured fingers, Donna continued to space out. She no longer even pretended to listen to her husband and daughter's mundane conversation. Instead, the housewife stared blankly at the red liquid swirling in her snifter as visions of her most recent tryst with Jacob from the previous Sunday morning swirled around in her thoughts.

A wave of unsolicited arousal suddenly washed over Donna's body as she recalled in great detail being bent over David's large mahogany desk with her dress skirt

hitched up to her hips. At the same time, Jacob mercilessly plowed his chemically-enhanced abomination in and out of her cheating cunt, causing her to see stars and scream like a shameless harlot in the soundproof confines of her own husband's private office. Meanwhile, out in the main sanctuary, David obliviously preached his sermon on sin and salvation to his equally clueless congregation. To make matters worse, the faithless wickedness of it all caused Donna to achieve her most intense orgasm yet, to the point where she carelessly allowed the gangly teenager to finish inside her for the first time and sully her once faithful, married pussy.

Even after bringing herself to a third orgasm that morning in the shower, the 'Black Magic' dildo still couldn't live up to the thrill and satisfaction of a real-life cock unleashing a load of hot, virile sperm deep inside her womb--especially like the monster hanging between Jacob's skinny legs.

As always, Donna justified it all as a necessary evil to protect Sara's virtue and innocence, and prevent her from falling prey to a world fast becoming more sinful and evil with each passing day. Soon, the dutiful 'helicopter mom' felt an unmistakable moistness accumulating in between her crossed, stocking-clad legs. Clenching her silky thighs together, Donna attempted to extinguish the unwelcome flames, only to find her arousal flaring up even more. Though she knew exactly what she needed to quench her blazing lust, Donna also knew finding any opportunity to do so at the moment was going to be a bit difficult.

"Does that agree with you, Donna?" she suddenly heard David ask, snapping her out of her stupor.

"I-I'm sorry, honey. What did you say?" Donna sheepishly asked back, raising her wineglass to her shiny, red-stained lips.

David chuckled and replied, "I said I plan to head back down to Buckhead again tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning, you say?" Donna inquired, after swallowing her sip of the sweet alcoholic beverage.

"Yes, tomorrow morning." David confirmed, with a nod. He then explained, "My cousin Ethan asked for some help in transferring some furniture from Aunt Carol and Uncle Frank's master suite upstairs and into a more convenient bedroom downstairs. Doing so would help eliminate the need for his father to climb up and down their house as much and thus lower the risk of a fall in his current condition. Some of that furniture is quite heavy, so I of course volunteered to assist him tomorrow in making the move."

The wheels inside the former model's pretty head began to turn, and David could tell his wife across the table from him was suddenly lost in thought. Donna's pensive face and striking blue eyes had that familiar, faraway look in them. Somewhat unnerved, David then asked, "That is, of course, unless you have something more important for me to do tomorrow."

Donna shook her head in response, "N--no sweetheart. Nothing comes to mind..." Without sounding too eager, she added, "In fact, I think it's a splendid idea and very sweet of you to want to help out your family. You should go. Are Peter and Paul coming to help?"

David shook his head regarding their two sons, "Unfortunately they said they had a rough week and wanted to 'blow off some steam' tomorrow before heading back to Emory on Monday...I wasn't intent on pressing them regarding the matter, and said their Uncle Ethan and I could probably handle it." David then leaned in towards Donna and said softly, "You know, you could always come with me. We could make a day of it. After I help Ethan, we can go get lunch and then maybe stop by that flea market over in Madison that you like so much. I know how you love thrifting and the challenge of finding a bargain."

Donna smiled and reached over, placing her hand atop David's, "I appreciate the sweet offer, my love, and would happily accept any other day. However, I need to do some grocery shopping and finish some other errands tomorrow morning before the ladies' auxiliary luncheon that afternoon. Plus, I promised Sara that I would drop her and Jacob off at the mall for their date tomorrow evening. I hate to have to decline, but can I have a rain check?"

David returned Donna's smile, "Of course, my dear. I totally understand and respect your devotion to the church and our family." He then gripped his wife's hand with his and added, "Just another reason why I love you so much!"

Suddenly, Donna felt the crushing weight of immense guilt wrap itself like a boa constrictor around her heart. Here she was, sitting across the table and blatantly lying to the man whom she loved more than life itself. She was turning down David's loving invitation for them to spend a Saturday together and instead was devising a plan to utterly betray him. Still telling herself her adulterous infidelity was done only for Sara's sake, Donna knew deep down it was also to placate an irritating itch that, sadly, David could never hope to scratch.

With her voice beginning to crack, Donna whispered, "I love you too...more than anything. Please remember that." Feeling her eyes beginning to well up with tears, the regretful wife downed the rest of her wine, then collected her purse and said softly, "Now, if you both will please excuse me...I'm going to go visit the powder room."

Sara quickly spoke up, "Great idea! Mind if I go with you, mom?"

As Sara stood up from her chair, Donna, nonplussed and not having a good excuse to say no, replied, "Of course, sweetie."

Being ever the gentleman, David stood up as well. As the two most important women in his life turned to leave, he joked, "Don't leave me here by myself too long. You never know...Danielle (their waitress that night) might try and take me home with her!"

Donna stopped and turned back. Leaning over the table, she then whispered to David, "Just you let her try, dear..." Patting his cheek with her left hand, she added ominously, "I'll beat her within an inch of her life!"

David's eyes widened in total shock. He was only kidding like he usually did in his whimsical, playful banter. However, the icy look in Donna's eyes and the sinister sneer on her beautiful face led him to believe that she was dead serious. With a slightly nervous chuckle, he whispered back, "You know...that's not very lady like, but I honestly believe that you would."

Donna's only response was a snarky "Mmm-hmmmm..." and a cocking of her eyebrow. She then turned and said to Sara, "Come along, sweetie."

David sat back down as his teenage daughter and his wife of more than two decades walked away toward the back of the restaurant. Whilst watching the hypnotic sway of Donna's hips undulate beneath her form-fitting, houndstooth pattern wool skirt, he muttered, "I'm not sure if I'm more frightened...or aroused!"

A few minutes later, Donna was squatting on a toilet with her skirt around her waist and her dainty Victoria's Secret panties stretched around her knees. She then began relieving her bladder of the three glasses of wine she'd drunk at dinner. Meanwhile, Sara sat in the stall next to hers.

As the two women continued their conversation about Jacob, Donna pulled her cell phone from her purse and began secretly composing a text message. However, it wasn't her usual cell phone-- it was a burner phone that she had purchased at Walmart earlier that week. Doing this while urinating in a public restroom cubicle wasn't the most dignified way to carry out her plan, but since her

daughter had decided to tag along for her lady's room visit, the scheming mother felt she had no other option.

DONNA: *Are you alone?*

As she sat there patiently waiting for a reply to her random, anonymous text, Donna suddenly realized something. The way that Sara spoke about Jacob reminded her a lot of how she used to talk about David during their courtship, all those years ago. It was clear that her daughter had true and genuine feelings for the boy. Sara may even be falling in love.

JACOB: *Who is this?*

An even more unnerving thought then entered Donna's mind. If things continued down this current path and progressively got more and more serious between the two teenagers, it was possible that marriage might well be in their future. Though certainly not a guaranteed outcome, especially considering how young the two were, nevertheless it was still highly plausible. With her anxiety ratcheting up, Donna quickly composed another text.

DONNA: *WE NEED TO TALK!*

It wasn't that Donna disliked Jacob. He was a good kid: smart and level-headed, courteous, a born-again Christian, and above all from a very respected family. In fact, in any normal situation, she would be more than thrilled for Jacob to be her daughter's suitor. However, things were not normal.

DONNA: *Meet me at the church tomorrow morning.*

How could things ever be normal between herself and Jacob? Especially after she had willingly betrayed her marriage and fornicated with the boy not just once, but twice! Her conscience then reminded her that Jacob's 'condition' wasn't his fault-- the poor boy had never asked for it. He never wanted to be a 'guinea pig' pumped full of Dr. Grant's experimental drugs, which then affected his sex organs and basically turned him into some kind of insatiable breeding machine. Once again, those wicked hormones were all to blame.

JACOB: *Mrs. Miller???*

A vibration and light from her burner phone's screen alerted Donna from her thoughts and she looked down at the latest text reply. Rolling her eyes, she scoffed under her breath, "Who else would it be, Einstein?" before composing her next reply:

DONNA: *Be there @ 9:00 AM sharp!*

Yes, those same wicked hormones were to blame, which now had her absconding to a toilet stall (of all places) and using a burner phone to set up another scandalous tryst with the same teenager who was dating her daughter, as well as his ungodly, and yet incredible, abomination. The normally stoic wife and mother suddenly felt like a common junkie, the same kind she used to see in some of the seedier, shadier parts of Miami. Donna imagined this must've been what those sort of sketchy people felt, contacting their dealer in order to get their next fix-- just to satisfy an uncontrollable, sinful craving.

Hearing the sound of the toilet flushing in the next stall over, Donna hurriedly typed out one more message.

DONNA: *Be sure to come alone.*

Placing the burner cell phone atop of the wall-mounted toilet paper dispenser to her left, Donna quickly tore off several sheets from the dispenser roll and wiped between her legs. As she did so, she felt a tiny spark of pleasure as the soft tissue came into contact with her sensitive, tingling clit. After flushing

her own toilet, she then stood, slid her panties back up, and then pulled her knee-length skirt back down into place.

19â “23 minutes

Suddenly, Donna's cell phone buzzed audibly from the top of the metal dispenser and lit up with another notification. Thankful that the loud rush of flushing water had drowned out most of its vibrating noise, Donna picked up the phone and read:

JACOB: *Yes ma'am...I will.*

A wave of reluctant excitement washed over Donna once the promise of what would take place the following morning now seemed officially planned out and finalized. Suddenly, she heard the lock *clack* and the door open in the stall next to hers, followed by the rhythmic 'clicking' of Sara's heels as she walked over to the line of sinks against the opposite wall.

Whilst washing her hands, Sara called out, "Hey, mom...you okay in there?" She then added, with a giggle, "You didn't fall in, did 'ya?"

As Donna powered down the cell phone and nervously prepared to exit her own stall, she silently scoffed at her daughter's question. Sara had definitely inherited her father's sense of humor, as her witty quip sounded exactly like something David would joke about. "No, sweetheart..." she replied, flatly, "I didn't...fall in."

Before opening the door to her stall, Donna buried the burner cell phone at the bottom of her purse to keep it safely hidden. Once she exited, she then walked over to the line of sinks and stood beside Sara. As she ran her hands underneath the faucet, Donna looked over and glanced at her daughter's beautiful reflection in the mirror. Suddenly, a wave of guilt mingled with her nervous anticipation. It then dawned on Donna that she had just purposely lined up another illicit and adulterous 'assignation' with Jacob at church-- where she would most likely once again willingly betray her loving husband (and her precious daughter) at their house of worship.

Vigorously scrubbing her hands with the soap and warm water, Donna quickly reminded herself that her doing this again was all a necessary evil. Hopefully, Jacob would soon be cured, and this whole unseemly ordeal would be over. Then things could go back to normal-- or as 'normal' as they could ever hope to be.

Until then however, Donna knew she had to remain strong. Rinsing her hands, she said another silent prayer-- hoping that God would forgive her and give her the strength to see her purpose through. That purpose, after all, was to protect Sara's precious innocence from the evil temptations and lecherous effects of those wicked hormones. If it meant sacrificing her own virtue and body to the boy who could well one day end up being her own son-in-law, Donna thought, then so be it.

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On Saturday morning, David and Donna Miller got up around 6:00 AM as they both had a busy day ahead of them. Namely, their respective plans and good intentions involved helping out beloved family members. However, one spouse's 'plan and good intention' was going to require a certain amount of disloyalty and betrayal to the other.

After a nice, leisurely breakfast together, the loving wife kissed her husband

goodbye at their front door and said to him almost mournfully, "I love you...Please be careful." With her arms crossed, Donna leaned against the door frame, still wearing her fluffy bathrobe, and watched as David backed his black GMC Yukon Denali out of their driveway. She then returned her husband's farewell wave and cheerful *honk*, hoping her added bright smile helped to mask the guilt currently clutching at her heart. Namely, a guilt for what was bound to take place later that morning...

The night before, whilst dining out with her family at a local restaurant, Donna had excused herself to go to the lady's room. Her ulterior motive for doing so was to arrange another tryst with Jacob Mitchell for the following morning. Knowing the dangers of what could happen if the teenaged boy were to become aroused in the presence of her innocent daughter, the dutiful mother felt honor-bound to abide by the secret and unholy pact she had made with Karen's afflicted son. It was better to be safe rather than sorry, Donna reasoned, especially when it came to preserving her precious Sara's virtue. Thus, locked inside a restroom stall and using a recently purchased burner phone, Donna was able to accomplish her goal of surreptitiously scheduling another nefarious rendezvous.

As she watched David's SUV disappear down the street on its way to Buckhead, Donna realized with a heavy heart that she would now have to begin her preparations to meet Jacob at the church. At the same time, an involuntary twitch deep inside her vagina caused her pink nipples to pucker with anticipation and, along with it, bring another wave of shame. Donna reminded herself that this was a necessary sacrifice in the greater scheme of things and not to lose focus. Her thoughts drifted back again, as it often did in these circumstances, to the tale of Tamar in Genesis, or even Lot's daughters earlier in that book of Moses. These 'fallen' women (one could even call them 'anti-heroines') had all undertaken unseemly methods and means to justify what they believed was the ends to a greater good: the preservation of their family. Somewhat comforted, Donna stepped back into the house, closed the door, and made her way upstairs.

Later, after showering and blow-drying her platinum-blonde hair, Donna Miller stood along her side of the bed, still wrapped in a fluffy bath towel. She looked down at the two matching bra and panty sets she had laid out to choose from. Both were from Victoria's Secret and in a very similar style: skimpy and sexy.

Once she had made her decision, Donna removed her towel and dropped it onto the bed. Having made her choice of the seafoam-green, lace balconette bra, she slid its straps up her slender arms and onto her delicate shoulders. After fastening the hooks, Donna adjusted the lacy cups onto her shapely mom boobs, immediately creating a mouthwatering display of eye-popping cleavage.

Next, she reached down and collected the bottom half of the set. Stepping into the matching pair of bikini-style panties, Donna slowly slid the skimpy undergarment up her smoothly-shaven, long legs. As she adjusted the garment onto her hips, she noted the pleasant sensation created by its soft gusset rubbing against her freshly-waxed vagina. Now no longer totally nude, she then sat down on the side of the bed and adorned her shapely legs with a pair of silky, flesh-colored, thigh-high stockings.

After styling her hair in her usual fashionable bun, Donna sat at her vanity desk in just her sexy lingerie set and stockings. As she leaned in closer to her reflection, her striking blue eyes (softened by lightly powdered cheeks) sparkled in the light cast from the bare bulbs encircling the round vanity mirror. Bringing her left hand up, Donna slowly began applying her lipstick, with the diamonds in her engagement and wedding rings glimmering in the bright, unforgiving light as she did so.

Having finished with her makeup, Donna next applied some of her signature scent-- Chanel perfume. Finally, she slipped into a hunter-green, long-sleeved, knot-tie wrap dress, pairing it with block platform-heeled sandals. She then

attached a simple pair of gold earrings along with an everyday gold bracelet to her right wrist. Standing in front of her full-length mirror to assess the finished product, Donna found it to be impeccable, as always.

Lingering as she gazed at her reflection, a decadent sneer on Donna's face masked her classic beauty. Her eyes then locked onto the golden cross hanging from her neck and resting just above her hint of cleavage. The pendant was one which she always wore (even when showering), and to her symbolized the perfect love and ultimate sacrifice of her Saviour. Suddenly, Donna felt another dreadful combination of guilt and excitement battling with her heartstrings as she prepared to go to her Saviour's house and make her own personal 'sacrifice'.

With both agonizing and tantalizing dread, the housewife knew exactly what was likely in store for her. Soon, her conservative, yet stylish, form-fitting dress would probably be draped over the back of the chair which sat in the corner of the missionary quarters' bedroom. Her sexy push-up bra would most likely reside alongside her stylish church-lady frock, if not haphazardly tossed aside altogether. Meanwhile, her silky pair of skimpy panties would no longer be wrapped around her trim waist but would instead lie somewhere on the floor, no doubt in the vicinity of her equally discarded high-heeled shoes.

Running her palms down across her ample chest, Donna felt her pink nipples tighten and begin throbbing inside the soft, lacy cups of her bra. Sensing her bald vagina moistening, Donna rubbed her stocking-clad thighs together, hoping to suppress (if only temporarily) the vexing heat building between her legs.

Noticing it was getting late, Donna returned to the bed. There, she picked up the other bra and panty set, placing them (along with another pair of thigh-high stockings and a few select toiletries) into her purse. Her plan was to freshen up with a quick shower after her 'talk' with her daughter's boyfriend, and to save time in case things went too long, eschewed bringing another dress. After all, she was still scheduled to head up the ladies' auxiliary luncheon later that afternoon.

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It was around 8:30 that morning when Donna finally pulled into the main parking lot at Grace Baptist Church. Like last time, she drove her white Buick Enclave SUV around to the back of the complex and parked at the private entrance to the missionary quarters. As she turned off the ignition, the preacher's wife suddenly noticed a major hurdle in the way of her conducting her devious plan.

A beat-up silver Ford Ranger pickup truck was parked at the far end of the lot. Donna immediately recognized the dated vehicle as the one belonging to the church handyman, John Rayford. With an exasperated sigh, the preacher's wife mumbled, "Oh, dear Lord...what's HE doing here? This could ruin everything!"

Out of habit, the former model took one final glance at herself in the sun visor's small, lighted mirror. Satisfied with the reflected image, Donna collected her purse, got out of her vehicle, and used her personal key to gain entrance into the missionary building's small apartment.

As soon as Donna entered the familiar and commodious bedroom, she was immediately reminded of her last visit to these quarters. She could vividly remember lying practically naked on the queen-sized bed and fucking herself silly with her newly-purchased 'Black Magic' dildo.

That would not, however, be the case today. She would not be alone and definitely would NOT be fucking herself. This time, she would have a partner in her sinful crime of adultery and sacrilegious defiling of the Lord's house, all in the name of 'sacrifice'.

Gazing at the queen-sized bed originally meant for visiting husband-and-wife missionaries, Donna felt another twitch in her nether regions. The non-descript

and innocent piece of sleep furniture was once again about to be desecrated, (not to mention her sacred wedding vows). Despite the guilt of this eventuality, Donna still sensed a thrill of anticipation knowing that, this time, she would be conducting her 'sacrifice' in a more comfortable setting than David's private office and desk. That is, if she could get past one major and unwelcome hurdle.

Shaking herself out of her daydream, Donna placed her purse on the bed and then went to go find John Rayford. With Jacob due to arrive soon, she knew she needed to find the intrusive custodian and get him off the premises immediately.

It didn't take her long as once she exited the apartment, Donna found John at the far end of the hallway. He was carrying a beat-up step ladder in his left hand along with a tool satchel draped over his right shoulder. The gruff and lumbering handyman appeared to be heading towards the maintenance shop.

Hearing the loud, echoing sound of high heels 'clacking' against the linoleum floor behind him, John turned around to find Mrs. Miller heading his way. He watched enraptured as the tall, beautiful blonde goddess glided down the hall in her figure-hugging green dress like a fashion model strutting down the runway. For the most part, John thought Donna was a nice lady. However, on some occasions, she could be a bit of a taskmaster and drama queen, and with the determined look on her beautiful face, he reckoned this looked to be one of those times.

Whenever he saw his boss now, the old man's mind would drift back to that day-- the day when he had inadvertently discovered Donna in the missionary quarters. Unavoidably intrigued, he stood glued to the spot as he spied on the pastor's wife while she stripped off her dress and talked with her spouse on her cell phone.

After Mrs. Miller had ended the call with her preacher husband, John then secretly witnessed the pious church lady remove her panties, lie down on the bed, and shamelessly pleasure herself with a menacing black sex toy. The salacious memory instantly caused John's cock to stiffen in his grungy overalls.

"M-Mrs. Miller?..." John asked, in total surprise, "What are you doing here?"

"I should probably ask you the same thing, John..." Donna replied, as she warily approached her employee. Now standing just a couple of feet away, she put her hands on her hips and looked up at the tall, hulking recluse. Trying to keep her voice steady and firm, she asked, "I thought we agreed you were going to take a load of donations to the Valley Rescue Mission down in Columbus today?"

"Y--yes, ma'am...we did..." John replied, sheepishly, "But you see..."

Donna interrupted, "So, why haven't you left yet? I told Reverend Green you would be there no later than 11:00...it's almost 9:00 now."

"Yes, ma'am, I know. But yesterday, Pastor Miller asked me to install the new smoke detectors...before I left for Columbus."

"New smoke detectors?" Donna asked, somewhat confused.

"Yes, ma'am. Don't you remember?" John replied, in his thick West Virginian accent, "You told me to buy 'em all right after the fire marshal said our current smoke detectors were obsolete and all our buildings were out of code. Being a church and all, he kindly gave us a 'grace period' to get 'em replaced. After that, you said you wanted 'em all changed out-- even the ones in the missionary quarters."

"Oh..." Donna scoffed, shaking her head, "That's right...I do remember all that now." She then asked, "Well, thankfully you finally got around to it. Are you done with all the installations?"

John nodded, "Yes, ma'am...just finished. As 'fer the donations, I already loaded 'em all in my truck. I was plannin' on gettin' on the road to Columbus...just as soon as I put all my tools away and locked up the church."

Donna shrugged and replied, "Well, don't worry about locking up...I'm going to be here for a while. I have something...important to take care of before my ladies' luncheon this afternoon." The cooly aloof church lady suddenly felt her cheeks burn with shame and embarrassment. Clearing her throat, she then added, "So, go ahead and put your things away, since you should probably get going...Reverend Green will be expecting you. Thank you again for your diligence, John, and I'll see you tomorrow morning for church service."

"Yes, ma'am...you're welcome, ma'am." John Rayford replied, obsequiously.

As John turned and carried on his way towards the maintenance shop, Donna called out, "Oh, and John, one last thing..." When the older man halted and slowly turned back to face her, she continued, "Since I'm the one ultimately in charge for the upkeep of this church's buildings and grounds, whenever Pastor Miller--or anyone else, asks you to perform any maintenance duties in the future, I expect you to run it by me first...is that clear?"

John merely nodded his response and then turned, before resuming his way to the maintenance shop.

As Donna watched the awkward, yet loyal, long-time employee lumber his way down the hall, she shrugged and thought, "Well, he may be severely lacking in social graces, but at least John makes up for it in his abilities as a custodian and handyman."

After ensuring John had left and driven away in his old Ranger pickup truck, Donna quickly walked around the church to make sure that all the doors were indeed locked. She then returned to the bedroom in the missionary quarters and noted the time on the digital alarm clock. It read 9:00 exactly.

Suddenly, she heard a text notification from the burner phone hidden within her purse. Donna quickly pulled the device out and saw a message from Jacob.

JACOB: *I'm here.*

An irrepressible twinge of excitement washed over Donna as she composed her response.

DONNA: *Are you alone?*

JACOB: *Yes, ma'am...I rode my bike.*

DONNA: *Come around to the back...you'll see my car.*

They both then met one another at the private entrance. After ensuring no one else was around, Donna quickly ushered Jacob into the missionary quarters' hideaway apartments. As the teenager walked past her, the blonde housewife caught a whiff of his enticing scent, ratcheting up her nervous arousal.

Once he had taken a quick look around, Jacob commented, "Wow, this place is really cool! I don't think I ever remember seeing this part of the church before."

With a polite, yet prideful, smile Donna replied, "It is quite nice, isn't it? Years ago, when we expanded the main building, I thought it'd be beneficial to have a comfortable place for visiting missionaries to stay. That way, they could have all the comforts of home, and also enjoy some privacy, without having to spend an exorbitant amount of money on a hotel room." She then extended her hand like a tour guide and offered, "Let me show you around."

Jacob followed Donna as she led him through the apartment's quarters, explaining in great detail her inspiration for each room's interior design. Despite looking attentive, the teenager only heard about half of what she said as he closely followed her around. Instead, he was too busy watching the gentle, side-to-side swaying of the church lady's shapely and sexy butt undulating underneath her form-fitting dress. Jacob had already been aroused when he arrived since (during his bike ride over) all he could think about was the high likelihood that he was going to get a chance to fuck the beautiful preacher's wife all over again. Now, just like Donna, the horny teen's arousal was intensifying with each passing minute-- along with his confidence in bedding the former model.

Eventually, they ended up in the pre-designated bedroom for their 'meeting', whereupon Donna collected her purse from where she had left it earlier on the bed. When she disappeared into the bathroom, Jacob noticed a chair in the far corner of the room. It was a linen-upholstered, mocha-colored, push-back recliner. Still somewhat fatigued from his bike ride over, Jacob took a seat in the chair and found it to be quite comfortable.

After placing her purse on the bathroom counter, Donna returned to the bedroom and found Jacob sitting in the chair across the room, casually unlacing his shoes. "Young man..." she began, mildly bewildered, "Just what do you think you're doing?" The preacher's wife brooked no doubts as to where things were headed, as well as what was about to take place that morning. However, she still didn't care much for the teenager's brusque manners and blatant show of arrogance in making himself feel right at home, like he owned the place.

Jacob, for his part, couldn't quite understand why his level of confidence seemed stronger with Mrs. Miller than with any of the other women who 'helped' him with his condition. Maybe it was from a conversation he'd had with Sara during the cookout the previous Sunday. During that talk with his girlfriend, Jacob finally began to put the pieces together and eventually realized that his sister was correct. The conservative pastor's wife was definitely a slut-- or at least she used to be...

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While they were relaxing in the pool the previous Sunday afternoon, Jacob had glanced over to Sara on the floating lounger beside him. He couldn't help but admire her inherently natural beauty. With her platinum blonde hair, flawlessly creamy skin glistening in the sun, and striking blue eyes (though hidden by sunglasses at the moment), she resembled some kind of virginal Nordic goddess. Even with all of the help he had received that morning from his Mother and Mrs. Miller, the sight of his gorgeous girlfriend laid out in nothing but her skimpy bikini quickly caused his flaccid cock to stir inside his baggy swim trunks.

After a moment, Sara suddenly turned to Jacob and asked, "Do you smell that?"

Jacob's pulse quickened. "Uhh...smell what?" he replied, trying to play dumb. He then glanced down at his crotch to make sure there was no visible lump in his loose-fitting swimwear.

Sara removed her sunglasses. "It's that same sweet, vanilla-like scent from last night in your sister's pool house." She looked around and added, "And I don't see any flowers anywhere nearby..."

Jacob tried to think of something, but all he could come up with was, "It's probably just the sunscreen." He then continued, with a frustrated tone, "My Mom makes me practically bathe in the stuff!"

Without warning, Sara grabbed Jacob's arm and pulled it to her nose. After sniffing his skin a couple of times, she let go of her grip and nodded, "Yeah...I guess that could be it. It smells just like the flowers from last night...weird, huh?"

"Yeah...really weird." Jacob replied, chuckling nervously. He then asked, "So, umm...are you feeling okay?"

Sara smiled and giggled slightly, "Yes, I feel fine." Tilting her head curiously, she then asked, "You seem to keep asking me that...what's going on?"

"Nothing-- " Jacob answered quickly, shaking his head, "It's just that...I remember from yesterday you telling me about your asthma...and, since we've been active in the pool for a while now, I just wanted to make sure you're alright, that's all."

Sara beamed a smile, "Awww...you're so sweet!! But don't worry...I took a dose of my inhaler right before we came outside, so I should be good for several hours at least."

Jacob was now more perplexed than ever, since Sara still seemed to exhibit no effects whatsoever from his pheromones. Somewhat relieved by this, Jacob then thought it best to change the subject, while he still could, "You know...I've been meaning to ask you something."

Sara put her sunglasses back on and replied, "Oh? What is it?"

"Well..." Jacob began, choosing his words carefully, "I've been wondering...how come you've never thought about following in Mrs. Mill-- I mean your mom's footsteps?"

Amused, Sara chuckled, "My mom? Being a model, you mean?"

Jacob nodded, "Sure! Why not? I mean, you're every bit as pretty as her...actually, more so, if you ask me."

Sara smiled, "Well, thank you for the compliment...that's very sweet. But...I'm not sure if I'd like that kind of lifestyle...I mean, I'm not the type who craves that sort of attention." Still pondering the possibility as she looked straight ahead, Sara continued, "In fact, I'm more than happy to live just a quiet life and raising a family..." The pensive teenaged beauty then watched as Karen walked back into the house, before adding, "...sorta like your Mom."

With a blissful sigh, Sara turned back to Jacob and said, "Besides, even if I did wanna pursue that career path, my mother would absolutely freak out and most likely would disown me!"

"Why do you say that?" Jacob inquired, his curiosity piqued.

Sara carefully shifted her body and turned over on her side to face Jacob. "Well...she has, several times over the years, said that exact same thing-- loud and clear. Also...I think she also added that, as long as she 'had breath, no child of hers would ever start down that path.'"

"Wow..." Jacob replied, "That's kind of harsh!"

Sara continued, "Plus, about a year ago, mom and I went to Atlanta for the day to go Christmas shopping. While we were in the mall, she ran into an old friend of hers who also used to work as a model and, I believe, was also from the same agency they used to work for. I can't seem to remember her name-- Renee?..Rebecca?..anyways, it was something like that."

Sara waved her hand, "In any case...they got to talking for a few minutes, but I

could tell mom was really uncomfortable and wanted to get away from that lady as soon as possible. Turns out, she now owned a modeling agency, and asked me if I was thinking of trying to maybe get into the business. She was about to offer me her card, but mom snatched it before I could even take it. I could tell right away she wasn't happy."

"Why did your mom do that?" Jacob asked.

Sara replied, "Mom calmly explained to her that I was only sixteen and had no intentions of considering modeling as a career path. She then politely returned the card to the woman."

"Was that the end of it?" Jacob inquired.

Sara nodded, "Pretty much. They talked for a few more minutes, and as they were saying their goodbyes, the lady offered Mom her business card again and suggested they get together sometime after the holidays to catch up. This time, Mom kept the card."

"Did your mom ever call her?"

"No..." Sara replied, shaking her head, "At least, I don't think so. She never mentioned that woman again after that. Later on, when we were having lunch in the food court, I asked her about her friend, but she just shut me down and changed the subject completely."

Jacob then asked, "Why do you think she's against it so much? Modeling, I mean? From what my Mom's told me...your mom was quite successful and had made quite a good living doing it."

Sara nodded, "You're right...she was very successful, and her career was on the upswing when she quit." Shrugging her shoulders, Sara continued, "I don't know the real reason...and doubt I'll ever find out-- my mom absolutely hates to talk about it." Rolling over onto her back, Sara looked up at the clear blue sky and added, speculating, "It's like something bad happened, and she's either too afraid, or embarrassed, to let anyone know."

Jacob turned his head, and he, too, gazed up at the brilliant November sky. Suddenly, he remembered the conversation he had in the kitchen with Mrs. Miller, that day when he had helped her set up the patio tables for their family cookout. She'd recounted to him a tale of a young woman from her hometown near Gainesville, Florida who had rebelled against her family and Christian upbringing-- only to end up making a complete shambles of her young life.

Jacob's eyes widened when he finally connected the dots. "Of course!!" he whispered to himself, "How could I have missed that??!"

Turning her head back to Jacob, Sara grabbed her boyfriend's hand and asked, "Did you say something? Missed what??"

Jacob looked admiringly at Sara, whose striking blue eyes were still hidden behind her dark sunglasses. If he didn't know better, he could have sworn it was the younger version of Mrs. Miller, floating in the pool lounger beside him. Deciding to keep his revelation to himself for now, he fumbled a response to his equally gorgeous girlfriend, "I uh...was just thinking...laying out in this sun is starting to get downright hot. How about I get some of that sunblock and rub some more on you? You know, just in case I missed a spot!"

Sara squeezed Jacob's hand, flashed her beautiful smile, and replied, "Oh, okay. That would be great...thank you!"

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Pulling off his shoe and placing it on the floor beside the chair, Jacob

collected his thoughts and then looked up at Mrs. Miller, before innocently replying with a cheeky grin, "I thought I would just go ahead and start getting ready..."

"Get ready for what, exactly??" Mrs. Miller asked, arching an eyebrow and her voice laced with disdain.

As Jacob began unlacing his other shoe, he replied, "Well, you know..." He glanced over at the bed and then back at Mrs. Miller with a knowing look on his face.

Donna huffed and placed her right hand on her hip. "Oh, I see. Well, I must say...that's quite presumptuous on your part, don't you think? Or have you forgotten that I'm a married woman?"

Jacob shook his head, "No, ma'am...I haven't forgotten. Not one bit." Pulling off his other shoe, he added, "But when you said in your text that you wanted to 'talk'...I just as well assumed that it was code for you wanting to 'help' me again."

Donna stepped closer to Jacob. Another whiff of his exotic scent entered her nostrils, and along with it, another warm wave of arousal coursed throughout her body. Her tingling, pencil eraser-like nipples began protruding into the soft material of her fashionable bra. Trying her best to ignore her sinful desires (at least for the time being) she replied, "No...when I said we needed to talk, I meant it. We need to talk."

"Okay..." Jacob responded, as he placed his other shoe on the floor beside the one already there. He then looked back to Mrs. Miller and asked, "What did you wanna talk about?"

Donna stepped back and slowly sat down at the foot of the bed. Crossing her legs and taking a deep breath, she asked dispassionately, "Young man...what exactly are your aspirations towards my daughter?"

"My 'aspirations'?" Jacob asked back, puzzled and suddenly recalling that corny 'dad joke' made by Darth Vader in 'Rogue One'.

"Well, yes-- your intentions. I need to know that they're pure and genuine."

Jacob's facial expression became serious, "Yes, ma'am...very genuine, I assure you. I hope I haven't given you any reason to doubt them...have I?"

Donna shook her head, "No...no, you haven't. In fact, as I said before, up till now you've proven yourself to be quite honorable in that regard. You've held up your end of the bargain, as you promised...and I appreciate that."

Jacob nodded, "Of course." Leaning forward, he continued, "Mrs. Miller...I just want you to know that nothing has happened. I sincerely respect Sara's position on pre-marital sex, and you have my word-- I would never, ever pressure her to go against her beliefs. I really, really like her, and I'd never want to jeopardize our relationship."

Donna tried to continue projecting her usual stoic veneer. "Well, that's good to hear, because at the risk of inflating your ego, listening to her talk about you at dinner last night...I can tell that she's formed quite an attachment to you."

Jacob smiled, "Really? Wow! That's great to know...and believe me, the feeling is mutual."

Donna tilted her head and replied, "Isn't that strange, though? You confess to having such strong feelings for my daughter and yet, here you are-- with me."

Jacob knitted his brow, "Well, yes...but Mrs. Miller...you were the one who

asked for this meeting, remember? Not me." He then added, "Besides, didn't you just remind me earlier, that you're the one who's a married woman...and to a pastor?"

"That's true..." Donna nodded, as she stood from the bed, "I did ask that you meet me here this morning..." She slowly walked towards Jacob, who was still sitting in the chair by the window. "But it was you who assumed it was for something more...shall we say...indecent." Now standing right in front of Jacob, Donna looked down at him with her arms crossed and an eyebrow raised. She could already see the enormous lump that had formed inside his pants, and her mouth began to salivate just thinking about getting her lips around that ungodly monstrosity. "Hmmmm..?"

Jacob sat back in the chair and replied, "Yes, ma'am...I guess I did. However, that was our agreement, correct?"

"Yes..." Donna acknowledged, "That was the pact we both agreed upon. And since, so far, you've held up your end of the bargain..." Not being able to hold out any longer, the pastor's wife quickly lowered herself down onto her knees. She then began to unbuckle Jacob's pants and continued, "It appears I have no choice but to uphold mine. That is, until you're totally cured of your affliction-- while at the same time maintaining your promise to keep my daughter's virtue safe." Furrowing her brow, Donna then thought to herself, "Even if it means sacrificing my own..."

Minutes later, Jacob sat in the chair with his arms draped over the armrests. He wore a goofy grin on his face while he watched his girlfriend's prim and proper mother use both her hands and mouth to basically make love to his throbbing and rock-hard penis. Donna took him all the way in and then all the way out, before twirling her hot, pink tongue around his angrily-hued and weeping tip. She then licked him from the bulbous head of his cock down to his oversized, sperm-filled balls and back up again, before sucking the teenager's entire length back into her sultry mouth.

Jacob grunted, "Ugghhh!! Damn, Mrs. Miller...for a preacher's wife... you sure know how to suck a mean cock!"

"Mmmmmmmm..." Donna hummed, narrowing her eyes and knitting her brow at the teen's crass and vulgar comment whilst feverishly servicing his ungodly babymaker. Normally, Donna would've felt more guilt at being reminded that she was a married woman-- as well as shamelessly breaking her sacred vows. However, by constantly inhaling Jacob's scent and ingesting his endless supply of chemically-enhanced precum, the pious church lady now found herself at the mercy of those wildly wicked hormones. With each passing minute her arousal increased more and more, until in no time, the inebriated housewife's nipples ached with a yearning desire, and her saturated pussy throbbed with a deep and carnal need.

"Sssslllllrrrrp!!" Donna's pursed lips lewdly slobbered, hungrily lapping the sweet and sticky discharge endlessly oozing from the mushroom-shaped head of Jacob's cock. Using her left hand to pump up and down on his well-lubed and vein-covered shaft, she voraciously swallowed the gooey combination of her spittle and his syrupy precum coating its surface. Donna then smacked her luscious red lips together and replied almost proudly, "Well, you know...I wasn't always a preacher's wife. I did have a life before I met my husband." Then, with a mischievous grin, the former glamour model returned the teenager's penis to her mouth and resumed her sloppy blowjob.

"Oh, yeah...I'm quite aware of that." Jacob replied nonchalantly, before adding, "That reminds me, Mrs. Miller...I've been meaning to ask you something."

"Mmm-hmmm?" Donna responded, her piercing and icy-clue eyes staring up vulnerably and looking sexy beyond words. However, before Jacob could speak, Mrs. Miller's cell phone suddenly chimed and began vibrating. Recognizing the ringtone, she quickly pulled back whilst continuing to pump the teenager's

mammoth cock with her left hand. Putting up her right index finger Donna then murmured, with her voice catching in her throat, "Hold that thought..." After swallowing with a silent gulp, she got up off her knees and walked over to the queen-sized bed.

Jacob glanced at his erection, standing tall and proud as it teetered from side to side. It was covered in a glossy sheen of Mrs. Miller's saliva, his precum and streaks of her red lipstick. Fearing the interruption might damper his morning fun, Jacob rolled his eyes and whispered, "Great...just when things were starting to get good!"

Donna picked up her regular cell phone from the nightstand and sat down on the edge of the bed. As she stared down at the screen and confirmed her husband's name as the caller, her stomach began to do flip-flops. Mrs. Miller glanced over to Jacob and put her index finger against her smeared red lips as she hesitantly pressed the answer icon. The teenager nodded, understanding her unspoken message.

Donna put the phone to her ear and offered a soft, "H--hi, honey! How was your drive over to Buckhead?" Hoping to mask any more risky lilts to her speech, she quickly cleared her throat. As she listened to David's response, his warm voice caused flames of guilt to ignite within her chest. Feeling a bit antsy, the loving wife stood up from the bed and began to slowly saunter around the room as she carried on a banal and mundane conversation with her husband.

Still seated in the chair across from her, Jacob watched as the blonde housewife paced anxiously back and forth in the same pattern like a caged animal, whilst guiltily speaking with her husband on the phone. Even though Mrs. Miller was still fully dressed, the teenager couldn't help but admire the former model's stunning beauty and exceptional grace. He began stroking himself while ogling his girlfriend's classily-dressed mother.

"Yes, sweetheart...I'm at the chur-- " Donna stopped mid-sentence, happening to glance over in Jacob's direction. The sight of him intently staring at her whilst leisurely pleasuring himself caught her completely off guard. At first, she felt a bit offended at being gawked at like a piece of meat and her instinctive reaction was to silently reprimand the lecherous boy. However, she quickly remembered her modeling days and the thrill she always received from so many men leering at her with that same lustful look. "I'm uh...working on some reports...for this afternoon's meeting."

Donna's sense of guilt was now battling with her irrepressible arousal, and as usual, her sincere emotions were no match for the sinful craving caused by the mind-fogging chemicals coursing through her body. The normally pious church lady continued pacing back and forth in the missionary bedroom whilst seemingly carrying on a normal conversation with her husband. At the same time, she almost unconsciously added a bit more swing to her hips as she strutted around the room, as if willfully teasing and enticing her daughter's young boyfriend.

Jacob quickly picked up on the subtle change in Donna's gait-- her movements were now more fluid and deliberate. He also noticed the slight grin on Mrs. Miller's face when she again glanced his way. Feeling much more confident about where things were headed, the teenager removed his pants and boxers, leaving him nude from the waist down.

Donna caught sight of Jacob dropping his garments onto the floor beside the chair. She then stopped walking and stood at the foot of the bed facing the nearly naked teenager. As she stepped out of her high-heeled sandals with practiced ease, Mrs. Miller casually asked her husband, "So, how are things going along with the furniture move?" She then wiggled and flexed her toes onto the soft carpet, enjoying the temporary freedom from the fashionable footwear.

"Uh-huh..." Donna responded to David, whilst using her right hand to unfasten the knot at the waist of her green wrap dress. She then allowed the loosened

garment to fall open and expose her Victoria's Secret bra and panty set to Jacob's youthful, leering eyes. Seeing the smile appear on the teenager's face, she added softly, "Well, I'm sure your aunt and uncle greatly appreciate you being there to help out."

Holding the phone to her left ear with her left hand, Donna used her right hand to slip the dress from her right shoulder. She then switched hands and repeated the actions, completely removing the loosened frock and allowing it to puddle to the soft carpet. With a coy expression on her face as she intentionally turned around, Donna slowly bent over to pick up the discarded dress before draping it neatly along the foot of the bed.

Next, she raised her right leg and placed her foot on the mattress, using her shoulder to support the phone against her ear. "David?..." Donna asked, as she peeled her nude thigh-high stocking from her glorious long leg, "What did you say?" While listening to her husband, Donna removed the silky hosiery from her foot and placed it alongside her dress, then, using the same process, quickly relieved her left leg of the matching nylon.

"No, sweetheart..." Donna replied to her husband, as she reached behind her back with one arm and deftly unfastened the hooks of her bra, "I haven't made it to the store yet...I plan to stop by the Publix on the way home this afternoon." The loosened brassiere fell from her torso, allowing her pink-capped, C-cup breasts to swing freely. At once, her nipples puckered from the chill of the HVAC system.

Despite the cool air against her sensitive skin, Donna still felt a wave of heat flush across her body, which was no doubt caused by Jacob's intense gaze roaming all over her near-nudity with a lustful hunger. She sensed a naughty thrill run up her spine at the degeneracy of having a phone conversation about something as mundane as grocery shopping with her innocent husband, while at the same time shamelessly stripping herself naked in front of a teenaged boy-- in the Lord's house, of all places!

As Donna piled her Victoria's Secret bra onto the bed along with her other disrobed garments, she asked David softly, "Did you need me to pick something up for you while I'm there?"

Jacob meanwhile had now removed his Spider-Man T-shirt, rendering him completely nude as he resumed slowly stroking his aching cock. Still sitting in the chair, he continued to enjoy the former model's seemingly improvised strip show right in front of him, while at the same time she talked on the phone with her clueless husband as if nothing at all was unusual.

Looking back over to Jacob, Donna found it a bit disconcerting to see that he was now fully nude. The fact that he was naked in and of itself wasn't so unnerving. It had more to do with Jacob's lingering underdeveloped stature and his lack of pubic hair, all stemming from the complications Karen Mitchell had during his premature birth eighteen years prior.

Donna immediately thought of her two sons, who in stark contrast to Jacob, were both tall and strappingly handsome boys. Both of them were currently away at college at the nearby exclusive (and expensive) Emory University-- though thankfully on lacrosse scholarships. Peter was slightly elder by a few minutes over Paul, who was the younger of the identical twin brothers. They both attended the Goizueta School of Business and, since it was close by, were still able to visit home every once and a while. The sight of Jacob's gangly and underdeveloped frame reminded Donna of her sons more when they were in their

pre-teen years. The uncanny resemblance made her feel a bit queasy at first, as if she were about to engage in something not only immoral, but also illegal.

However, Donna quickly reminded herself that whereas Jacob might've appeared younger to unsuspecting eyes, he was in fact, of legal age. That fact was especially hammered home once she gazed upon the more than full-grown manhood attached to the otherwise lanky teenaged boy. Its towering length and massive girth immediately caused a quivering sensation deep within her by now drooling vagina.

Donna once again used her shoulder to support the cell phone to her ear and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini-style panties. She then pulled the final article of clothing down off her hips and said to David, "Sure, we can grill out tonight if you want..." As she allowed the skimpy garment to slide down her long legs and pool at her feet, she added, "I'll make sure to pick up some steaks while I'm at the store."

The fact that Donna now stood before Jacob in the small church apartment bedroom, wearing nothing but her jewelry, suddenly felt so surreal. She lightly giggled, trying to keep the conversation with her husband on track, although her attention quickly focused elsewhere. "Come to think of it, I could use a nice, big helping of protein right about now..." she joked to her husband, whilst gazing hungrily down at the teenager's fat tube meat steak.

Donna stepped out of her panties, leaving them on the floor, and padded softly over to the lounge chair. Now standing right in front of Jacob, her heart began thumping in her chest. "I know, sweetheart..." she replied to her husband, her voice heavy with affection, yet distant, "I wish I didn't have so much to do today, and I could've gone with you." She bade her farewells to David as she stared into the teenager's eyes, "Okay, I'll see you later at home...I love you too."

After disconnecting the call, Donna stood before Jacob in all her naked glory. Along with her ongoing struggle with guilt, her body tingled with nervous anticipation at what was about to occur. She once again reminded herself that this momentary infidelity was a necessity. A selfless and justifiable act all in the name of protecting her precious daughter, Sara. Meanwhile, the look of awe in Jacob's eyes gave the middle-aged former model a strange boost of confidence, allowing her to push aside her emotions and carry on with her necessary 'sacrifice'.

Donna shut down her phone and let it slip from her fingers onto the carpet in front of the easy chair, its soft *thud* breaking the highly-charged silence hanging heavily in the apartment bedroom. With no words being spoken, the surprisingly fit housewife climbed with feline grace onto the chair. She then took position to straddle Jacob's waist with her legs spread wide, lewdly draping her luscious gams over the armrests. Suddenly, Donna remembered that this was one of the many positions she and Manny used to love fucking in during their countless hotel room hookups all those years ago. The raunchy recalled memory sent a chill up her spine and a desperate yearning in her married pussy.

Donna glanced down at Jacob's mighty erection rising up and swaying between them like some sort of vagina-hunting serpent. Using her left hand, she slowly stroked his vein-covered trouser snake, trying to ignore the wedding rings on her finger which were glimmering in the soft morning light. With her guilt temporarily at bay, the pastor's wife then casually and softly asked, "So, shall we continue with our...talk??"

"Unngghh!! Ohhh!! Unngghh!!" Donna grunted breathlessly minutes later, in between each downward plunge on Jacob's impossibly large dick. If she didn't know better, she could swear that she was impaling herself on a baseball bat-- with the tip hitting places it probably wasn't meant to. However, outside of the initial sensation of overwhelming fullness, the bouncing, middle-aged housewife felt no pain-- only a continuous surge of extreme pleasure.

With her long legs draped over the chair's armrest, Donna unashamedly rode her partner's monster cock with sheer and utter abandon. Her fingers held tightly, digging into Jacob's skinny shoulders. He, in turn, gripped his girlfriend's mother underneath her flouncing and shapely backside, helping her to bounce up and down on his raging boner.

"Wow, Mrs. Miller..." Jacob commented, "This position is great! Do you and Pastor Miller ever do it like this?"

Donna had her eyes closed. She was trying her best to imagine that she was with David instead-- or even her former bodyguard, and not her daughter's insouciant teenaged boyfriend. However, Jacob's cheery, easygoing voice couldn't help but shatter that illusion and bring her back to reality. Opening her eyes and looking down at Jacob, Donna shook her head with an incredulous expression on her face. Her hair was still pinned up in its fashionable bun from earlier that morning, though a few strands of her platinum locks had worked their way loose and now flounced about her gorgeous face.

"No." Donna replied tersely in a labored whisper, almost chuckling at the ridiculous notion. As much as she loved David, his one shortcoming had always been in the bedroom, as his idea of sex was staid, very conservative and just plain vanilla.

"Oh, I get it..." Jacob smiled, knowingly, "This is the kind of stuff you did before you met Pastor Miller and became a 'prim and proper' preacher's wife." He then teased, "I wonder what other dirty secrets you keep from your husband?" When Mrs. Miller didn't react, he added, "Or have you told him all about your past...when you had a life?"

Donna wanted to stop and chastise Jacob, since she felt he was trying to disrespect her and her marriage-- while at the same time hitting uncannily close to the truth. Nevertheless, the former model did have a life...a life she cherished and wouldn't trade for anything in the world. The excitement, decadence, and excess of those past years living in sin couldn't hold a candle to the peace and fulfillment she now enjoyed, serving the Lord and raising her family. However, she was too much under the influence of the WICK-Tropin hormones to slow down to rebut her partner's astute assumptions. Instead, her response was to narrow her striking blue eyes at the shrewd teenager and convey her unspoken message for him to drop the subject.

Nonetheless, Donna thought, Jacob was quite perceptive in making his logical deduction. This particular position was something which Donna hadn't engaged in since she'd last done it over twenty years prior with her former bodyguard and lover, Manolo Escobar. Back then, at the tender age of twenty-one, Donna Russell was very fit and quite limber-- a fact which Manny often crudely complimented her on, referring to her as a 'spinner'. For the most part, Donna still possessed a very lithe frame (thanks to a healthy diet and regimen of regular exercise). However, now that she was a married, middle-aged woman who had bred three children, Mrs. Miller found the rediscovered position much more taxing than what she remembered. Plus, her partner back then had been much stronger and able to assist her much more than the one currently seated in the chair beneath her.

Donna could sense the rumblings of her first orgasm fast approaching. It was building like the clouds of a summer storm threatening just over the horizon. However, the thunder and lightning of that deluge would have to wait temporarily since the housewife's aching muscles rendered her unable to continue much longer in her current position.

Reluctantly, Donna rose up high enough so that she was able to tuck her legs off the armrests and uncouple herself from Jacob, then dropped back down to resume straddling the teenager. Whilst catching her breath and giving her burning thighs a break, she gazed down at the menacing tower of flesh glistening with a

shiny coating of their combined bodily fluids: his precum and her natural lubricant.

Noticing the faraway look in Donna's piercing blue eyes, Jacob asked, "Mrs. Miller? Are you alright?"

Donna staring at Jacob's cock replied, "I'm fine..." Even with the guilt, her vacant pussy felt strangely empty as she yearned for the void to be filled once more with the teen's throbbing beast. The married mother glanced over her left shoulder at the queen-sized bed, almost as if the cozy-looking mattress was beckoning to her. Turning back to Jacob, she asked, "Here's an idea...why don't we make ourselves a bit more...comfortable?"

Moments later, Donna found herself on that soft and comfortable bed, facing the headboard on her hands and knees. Her heart pounded in her chest as she dug her fingers into the plush material of the bedspread, bracing herself as Jacob thrust into her dripping-wet vagina from behind. The sound of their bodies colliding filled the private and intimate bedroom, punctuated only by their ragged breaths.

Donna hung her head down, with her eyes closed, as she once again tried to imagine she was with David. However, her desperate attempt at such an illusory refuge was rendered useless as her clouded mind couldn't block out the palpable proofs of her infidelity currently bombarding her senses. The unfortunate reality was that she once again was willingly cheating on her innocent husband with her daughter's boyfriend, even if her reason for doing so was to protect Sara from falling prey to those wicked hormones.

"Ahhhh!!" Donna yelped inadvertently, when Jacob's penis came into contact with those recently discovered nerve endings deep inside her love channel. To show some respect towards David, the housewife tried to remain silent and give no indication of any carnal enjoyment whatsoever. However, with the teenager's probing phallus reaching newfound places which her poor husband never could, she found that easier said than done. "Oh, Gawwwd!!" escaped her lips as another fierce jolt of pleasure shot up her spine, and Jacob's pelvis smote her hip and thigh with a great fervor.

Donna's one consolation was that she had remembered to sternly admonish Jacob not to finish inside her this time, despite sensing the teenager was unhappy about it. Nevertheless, he reluctantly agreed to her one condition before joining her on the bed. Thus, Donna felt she could at least take some solace in not repeating the same mistake and allowing the precocious teen's semen to sully her married vagina once again.

Though Jacob wasn't thrilled with Mrs. Miller's demand, he figured if that's what it took to bang the beautiful preacher's wife once more...then so be it. Feeling the walls of Donna's adulterous pussy spasm around his throbbing member quickly dispatched that disappointment. "Uggh! You feel...so good...Mrs. Miller!" the teenager grunted between each plunge, his gaze shifting back and forth every few seconds from the sexy blonde MILF he was railing beneath him and something else that caught his attention on the nightstand.

Jacob glanced back down to admire the rippling of Donna's soft and supple flesh each time he slammed his crotch against her fit and rounded buttcheeks. His veiny cock shaft was covered in a thick lather of the disdainful church lady's natural cunt butter, forming a white ring of her accumulated pussy cream at the base of his column. Sensing her vaginal walls tightening once again, he decided to tease and torment her a bit more, "Oh yeah, Mrs. Miller!! That feels awesome!! Uggh!! Squeeze me with your cunt!! Squeeze that cheating...married...pussy!"

Once again, Donna's first thought was to stop and chastise Jacob for his crude and ill-mannered language. Even though she suspected his crassness was due to the influence of the radical hormones, it still was no excuse for him to be so

disrespectful to an elder-- who also just happened to be his girlfriend's mother.

Donna gritted her teeth, refusing to give Jacob the satisfaction of replying to his arrogantly vulgar outburst. However, with each passing moment, Donna could feel herself losing control. It was the same helplessness she had felt the previous Sunday morning, when she found herself bent over her husband's desk while Jacob plowed away at her like she was some cheap, drunken harlot. Each tantalizing thrust up her syrupy love tunnel slowly replaced her shame and guilt with an unbridled need and desire. Every time he hit that sweet spot, Donna couldn't help but let out an involuntary yelp-- despite her desperate attempts to retain some form of her dignity.

It was unavoidable-- Donna's body was once again betraying her. Slowly giving in, the housewife pushed back against Jacob, meeting each of his thorough strokes with equally ardent force as they exuberantly mated. The squeaking of the old mattress reminded the former model of the cheap, seedy motels in Miami where she and Manny used to always regularly meet up. There, in those dank and dated rooms off the interstate, they would spend hours fucking like rabbits. Their time together on those rickety beds was fueled by a pure and unabashed interracial depravity, and an endless supply of mind-altering drugs.

Donna Miller, now a doting mother and faithful wife, cherished the reformed life she currently led. She thanked her Heavenly Father every day for delivering her from that wretched past life of worldly sin and vice and bestowing upon her the undeserved blessings she now received each day.

Recently however, there was one small piece of her former life which she had escaped and left behind that she grudgingly had to admit she was beginning to miss more and more. Whether it was due to the unforeseen side effects from the unscrupulous doctor's chemical cocktail, or the horrible yet arousing dreams of her sordid past, the loving wife (or her body at least) yearned for the raw, physical, animalistic sex which she had so enjoyed back then.

Donna adored her husband, and he was generally good in bed. Although quite conservative between the sheets, the pastor was an attentive and caring partner. Their sex was affectionate, gentle, safe and warm-- they made love.

However, today, Donna was NOT interested in love. She wanted to relive the inferno of depraved lust and unbridled passion from her secret and shameful past. Donna Miller-- the 'prim and proper' church lady...needed to FUCK!

An "Oh, dear God!!!" escaped Donna's mouth as she raised her head, looking back over her shoulder, "That abomination of yours...is an absolute...BEAST!!!"

Jacob grinned, "Yeah? Maybe so...but you know what I think?" He then began thrusting harder into the preacher's wife, "I think...you like it!"

Donna didn't respond-- not verbally at least. Instead, she replied with a litany of incomprehensible grunts and groans as she began pushing her hips back into Jacob with even more enthusiasm. The headboard began battering the wall even harder as the annoying squeaking of the mattress grew louder, creating a lewd, yet melodic, tune.

Jacob took Donna's wordless reaction as a confirmation, "You do, don't you!" Just like with his own Mother, he wanted to hear his girlfriend's mom actually say it. Hoping to elicit her confirmation, the teenager continued to taunt her with each tormenting thrust, "Remember...confession...is good...uggh!..for the soul!"

Jacob was right-- Donna did like his cock (and much more than she showed). Her original reason for doing this in order to protect Sara and her innocence now seemed quite forgotten. However, a lingering shred of conscience reminded her that to admit she liked it would be like purposely admitting to cheating on

David and basically spitting on their marriage.

A long and drawn-out "Unnnggggghhhhhh!!!!" was therefore Donna's only response. She hung her head back down in shame, as the gold cross she wore around her neck swung back and forth in rhythm with her hanging tits. Like the shiny rings she wore on her left hand, the golden pendant represented sacred vows-- vows she was perilously close to breaking once again.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Miller..." Jacob said, glancing down as he continued to piston his cock deeply in and out of her sin-inflamed slit. Donna's bald cunt was now puffy and red, its lips gripping hard and excreting more and more of her frothy girl cream around his dick. The teenager continued, blasphemously adapting a phrase he had learned from his Mom: "What's said in the Lord's house...stays in the Lord's house." Hearing nothing more than her constant moans and groans, he then added, "I promise, Mrs. Miller...no one outside these walls will ever know what you truly are-- just a cock...hungry...SLUT!!"

Donna's resolve finally broke. "Yes, Yes...YESSSSSS!!" she grudgingly admitted, "Damn you...you fucking bastard! I DO like it!! Oh, dear Lord, please forgive me!! I love it! I am a slut...a slut for this MOTHERFUCKER...and his HUGE COCK!!" With all her defenses gone, the defeated housewife gave in and succumbed to the unbearable lust-- shattering her long-held and carefully crafted faÃ§ade of decorum. Donna waved the white flag by lowering herself down on her elbows with her face planted against the bedspread, whilst at the same time lowering her standards to the debased speech of common whores. As a token sign of her surrender, she arched her back and raised her ass higher into the air in total submission. "Now, stop talking, you little shit and...Oh, God!! Just FUCK me with it!!!"

Out of courtesy to his elder and girlfriend's mother, Jacob smiled deferentially and replied, "Yes, MA'AM!!" With his dick still fully embedded inside Donna's clutching vagina, he quickly got up onto his feet and maneuvered on his haunches into a crouching position over Mrs. Miller. He then resumed thrusting his cock in and out of the debauched preacher's wife and asked, "You mean... like this? Like a...SLUT???!"

The words stung, but they were true. She was a slut-- saved by God's holy grace. The sensations and sounds inside the cozy missionary's apartment brought back more salacious memories from her sordid and slutty past. However, along with those flooding memories came also the guilt. Donna still felt a great sense of shame for enjoying it so much. She was, after all, a married woman, and this was no way to conduct herself-- especially as the wife of a well-respected pastor. Despite that, right now the strength of the spirit was weakening...while the needs of the flesh were winning.

"HARDERRR!!!" Donna growled into the comforter, before raising her head and looking back up. She wanted to be punished...she wanted it to hurt-- not because she enjoyed the pain, but to override and rebuke the sinful pleasure overwhelming her. Donna saw it as some form of penance to God, her husband, and her daughter for taking such delight in fornicating with the teenaged boy and succumbing to openly breaking her solemn marriage vows.

Jacob meanwhile did as Donna requested, and began thrusting harder into her cheating cunt, causing the squeaking of the mattress and the thumping of the headboard to grow even louder.

Unfortunately for Donna, there was little to no pain to assuage her guilt.

Jacob's pistoning, oversized member only increased the euphoric sensations radiating throughout her body. She called out in frustration, "I said 'harder', damnit!!" The housewife then turned the tables on him and became the antagonist, "Is that all you got?? C'mon, you little bastard!! I said 'FUCK' me!! Fuck me like you...HATE me, you filthy...MOTHER...FUCKER!!!"

Taking Donna's vile and expletive-laced commands as a personal challenge, Jacob grabbed the frustrated housewife by her shoulders, a mischievous grin spreading on his face. He then widened his stance and replied with ragged breaths, "Y--yeessss...maaa'aaam!!!" With that, the teenager commenced slamming his ungodly pussy wrecker in and out of the preacher's wife with all his might, jamming the tip of his spear into her baby chute deeper than ever before. At the same time, he focused his savage ire and furious energy on the object he had noticed earlier on the nightstand...

The impact of Jacob's ramped-up thrusts drove the air from Donna's lungs as her striking blue eyes shot wide open. "HOLY SHIIITT!!" she cried out, partly from shock, guilty pleasure, and exquisite pain. "It's too DEEP!! Oh my God...Jake!" Donna winced, warbling and trying to look back over her shoulder, "I-I think you're fucking...my...my WOMB!!"

Jacob's grimacing face was a mask of pure, savage lust as he pummeled his girlfriend's mother. Beads of sweat dripped from his forehead down onto Donna's sexy and curvy back as he leaned into her ear, "But it's what...you wanted...right??" The teenager continued with calculated and cunning precision, absolutely fucking Donna's brains out, "Now, take it...take it like a good...slutty...wife...and mommy!!"

"Yes...Yes...Oh, God...YESSSSS!!!" Donna screamed. Even with his slight build, Jacob was able to push her (though she far outweighed him) further up the bed, to the point where Donna had to place her hands flat against the rocking headboard to prevent herself from banging her head. "Fuck me with it!! Fuck this cheating wife and mommy with that HUGE...FUCKING...ABOMINATION!!!"

Jacob did just that and then some. He continued to pummel Donna's sloppy vagina with no remorse. His vein-covered shaft churned up an excessive amount of Mrs. Miller's cunt butter to the point that the frothy cream began to drip down onto the comforter. The lewd noises coming from Mrs. Miller's ravaged sex competed with the loudly protesting bed and her vile screams of bloody murder.

Donna's whole body arched, face down and ass up, whilst getting reamed hard and deep. The words tumbling from her beautiful mouth were either incoherent or too filthy to be uttered in the Lord's house. The explosion of sinful pleasure took her completely by surprise. Clawing her fingers at the dark, cherry-lacquered headboard as her feet and toes curled behind her, the frenzied preacher's wife flailed about wildly as she squealed out in testimony, "I'm cumming!! Oh, dear...GOD!! I'm...CUUMMMINNNGGGG!!!!" The former model's whole body then convulsed, bucking her ass back into Jacob's crotch and squirting her womanly essence all over the teenager's wicked abomination.

After powering Donna through an enormous and earth-shattering orgasm, Jacob fought to catch his breath, then pulled out and fell backwards flat on his back, gazing up at the ceiling. Mindlessly, he focused on a newly installed smoke detector, watching the little green power indicator light blink on and off every five seconds.

Suddenly, he was broken from the trance when he felt the mattress shift around him. Raising up to see Donna, his eyes caught sight of her just long enough to recognize that the vision of her wildly naked beauty was truly a sight to behold. Before he knew it, the lust-inebriated pastor's wife had repositioned him on the mattress up against the headboard, before crawling and straddling her sexy frame on top of him.

Now completely pinned down, he admired up close the flawless porcelain skin of

Mrs. Miller's model-quality body glistening in a sheen of her perspiration. Jacob's raging boner, coated in a glossy white lather, rested against her flat stomach, with the tip poking into the butt of her hanging left tit. The fact that some of her makeup had smeared and more of her platinum blonde tresses had worked its way out of her bun only accentuated the middle-aged mom and housewife's raw and unbridled sexuality. If this vision was any indication of what the future Sara might look like (if they did eventually get married), Jacob knew without a doubt he'd be a very pleased husband.

"So..." Donna commented coyly, as she took hold of Jacob's throbbing dick with both of her hands, "It seems we're having a little trouble putting this...BEAST...back to sleep." A curt smile formed on her lips, and her crystal-blue eyes twinkled with mischief. The preacher's wife may have had her bells rung in that first round, but she was still drunk with arousal from the inebriating effects of those wicked hormones.

Jacob lifted his head to see Donna's fists languidly sliding up and down the length of his aching cock. His eyes caught sight of the glimmer of the wedding rings on her left hand. "Sorry..." he gasped, still slightly out of breath, "I wasn't...able to finish...in our last go."

"Well, young man, I know one thing's for certain..." Donna spoke, with slight concern, "We have got to get this taken care of immediately. After all, I can't allow you to go on a date with my daughter tonight with this...raging beast still in your pants!" The concerned mother arched her brow and tightened her squeezing grip to get her point across.

Jacob smiled, "Yes, ma'am!" He then began to raise up onto his elbows and added, "I'm definitely up for another go, if you are..."

"Oh, no!!" Donna replied emphatically, as she released her grip on Jacob's cock. Pressing her left hand against Jacob's bare chest, she then pushed him back down onto the mattress. "It's plain to see that you overexerted yourself just now..." she continued in a motherly tone, whilst removing the clips holding her disheveled bun in place, "You just lie there and relax... " The 'concerned mother' then shook her head, allowing her long blonde locks to fall about her delicate shoulders and frame her angelic face. Donna then finished her statement, her voice becoming soft and sultry, "I'll take care of everything from here!"

Jacob was entranced as he watched Donna rise on the mattress and hover above him. The blonde Nordic beauty swiveled her hips while positioning the tip of his beast at the yawning mouth of her ravenous MILF pussy. Her eyes were tightly shut in concentration as she slowly lowered herself down. A high-pitched whine escaped her throat as her hungry, yet still-sensitive vagina devoured his mighty meat stick one painstaking inch at a time.

Now fully impaled on Jacob's incredible pillar of flesh, Donna rocked her hips. "Ooohhh!!" she sighed, overwhelmed by the incredible feeling of satisfying fullness. It felt as if the boy's dick was poking into her stomach. "Dear Lord...it's just so...BIG!!"

Donna opened her eyes and glanced down at the skinny teenager lying beneath her. Once again, she was reminded that this was not for her pleasure-- at least not entirely. There was a greater purpose for her fornicating with Jacob and for once again cheating on her husband. Trying to regain control of her voice, she said, "Now, let's see if we can't get this stubborn beast of yours to go back to sleep!"

Donna began grinding her hips in preparation. She couldn't help but moan from the pleasant sparking of her hardened clit rubbing against Jacob's pelvic bone. "After all..." she said, her voice unable to hide her arousal, "You do have a date with my daughter this evening, and we don't want to risk any...accidents, right?"

With nothing more to do than to lie there and hang on for the ride, Jacob smiled and replied enthusiastically, "Right!!"

Donna began with a slow, steady rhythm. With her hands planted against Jacob's bare chest, she lifted her hips until the tip of the teenager's ungodly tool threatened to pop free before dropping all the way back down. She looked into the dresser mirror to her left. The reflection reminded her of her dream from the day before. Only this time, instead of straddling her former bodyguard from more than two decades earlier, she was riding her daughter's present love interest-- and the teenaged son of her long-time friend and fellow church member, Karen Mitchell, no less.

As if posing for a camera, Donna began running her hands through her long blonde tresses and proudly sticking out her impressively comely chest. The salacious image of the former model reflected back at her was impossibly naughty, yet immensely sexy.

Eventually, Donna began slamming herself up and down. She mewled and cried out from the powerful sensations building with each plunge on Jacob's magnificent cock.

Jacob grabbed Donna's rising and falling asscheeks with both his hands and helped her to fuck him. Feeling his confidence spike once again, he resumed teasing the beautiful MILF, "Oh yeah, Mrs. Miller...you sure do ride cock like a pro!! Do you ever fuck Pastor Miller like this?? If you do...then he sure is one lucky dude!!"

The comment about her husband raised Donna's ire. Instead of responding to his rudely personal question, she grunted in frustration and replied with a question of her own, "Young man! Were you never taught...the old adage: 'Children should be seen...and not heard!'?"

Jacob grinned, "Yes, ma'am. I've heard it...but not since I was a little kid!"

Donna lowered her upper body and shoved a pillowy tit in Jacob's face. She then whispered in his ear, continuing their adversarial banter, "Then shut the fuck up, and do something...a little more...constructive...with that filthy...motherfucking...mouth of yours!"

Jacob licked at Donna's little pink nipple, teasing her pebble-hard nubbin with his tongue, before instinctively latching on and sucking it deep into his mouth. As he nursed on Mrs. Miller's beautiful breast, he wondered if she would soon begin to lactate, just like his Mom. He found the idea of sampling the church lady's sweet mommy milk-- the same milk that used to feed Sara and her brothers-- to be quite thrilling, making him suck even harder. He then gently bit down on the rubbery flesh, remembering how much she'd enjoyed it that time in her home office.

"Yesss!!!" Donna gasped from the pleasant sting radiating from her tender breast, and down to her vibrating pussy, "Oh God...YES...bite it!!" She quickened her pace, nearing closer and closer to another glorious climax. "Bite it...bite it HARRRRD, you dirty little MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRR!!"

As Jacob sank his front teeth deeper into Donna's pink nipple, he felt the slippery walls of her vagina constrict around his pulsating shaft. The tightening grip of her pelvic muscles seemed like the final spark needed to bring the massive load that simmered in his churning balls to a full boil.

Remembering his promise, Jacob reluctantly spat Donna's tasty nipple from his mouth and pulled back from her silky, soft breast. "Mrs. Miller...." he warned, "I'm...I'm getting....close!!"

Donna was very close as well, with each lowering lunge of her hips priming the

pump and increasing the pressure building deep in her core. "No! Not...not yet..." she replied, before whispering, "Hang on...just a...little bit...longer!!"

Even though she knew she could hop off anytime and finish Jacob with just a simple handjob, Donna remained riveted to her current position. Despite the fact that her main objective was about to be met (and continuing was completely unnecessary) she nevertheless maintained her relentless ride atop her young partner.

Jacob could feel his searing hot jism working its way from his bloated testicles and up through the shaft of his cock like lava in a volcano. Tightening his grip on the housewife's plunging hips, he warned her a second time, "Mrs. Miller...getting...real...close!!!"

Alarm bells finally rang in Donna's head, alerting her to stop and leap off the dangerous beast. The dutiful wife was adamantly against Jacob polluting her married vagina once again-- no matter how good it felt having her insides hosed down with the boy's virile seed. Yet, somehow Donna couldn't find the will to stop. Just like the other women 'helping' Jacob with his affliction, the pastor's wife found herself literally hooked onto those body-wracking, mind-blowing, inseminating orgasms.

"Please!!...not yet!! I'm...I'm almost...there!!" Donna began to beg. Her body, now under the complete influence of the hormones, had taken total control over her logical thinking. Leaning back and thrusting out her breasts, she began riding Jacob at an even more frantic pace. The innocent bed beneath them squeaked and groaned as if it could fall apart at any moment. "Please!! Oh God...PLEASE!!"

Just then, Donna's eyes focused and were drawn to an innocuous photo that she'd quite forgotten about, and which was on the nightstand. The framed picture was one which she herself had placed there when she had decorated the room during its remodeling. It showed her two smiling and hunky twin boys, all sweaty and dirty from when they had won their high school state lacrosse championship a few years before. In their arms, Peter and Paul were holding up their beaming and proud, blonde bombshell mother-- Donna Miller herself. Her lithe MILF body was carried horizontally in her sons' arms like a posing cheerleader, except she wore a light and breezy summer dress that looked like it could spill her tits out at any second. A sinister and lecherous thought suddenly took root in Donna's lust-fevered mind, as she pictured herself as Peter and Paul's 'trophy' and imagined what it would be like to be 'tag-teamed' by her two handsomely strong and athletic sons...All three of them in a naked and messy, sweaty heap...screwing wildly like animals in a three-way on the grass after one of their games-- with her caught up and pinned in between them-- and each of her stud boys claiming one of her tight and forbidden mommy holes...Fucking and sucking and pounding her hard with their eagerly thrusting young cocks, until both of them...

"UNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHH!!!" Donna squealed loudly, arching her back as her most massively powerful spasm yet wracked the clenching walls of her vagina.

Jacob meanwhile was at the point of no return. "Uggh! I can't hold back, Mrs. Miller..." he called out, "I'm gonna...BLOOWWWW!!!" Donna's latest, powerful squeeze had finally pushed the teetering teenager over the edge, and there was now no turning back. He, too, had noticed the photo earlier (when he was doing Donna doggy-style) and the smug look on her twin sons' faces had really irked him, fueling his latent and longtime grudge against Peter and Paul. Growing up, Donna's boys had always hassled and picked on Jacob for his diminutive stature and delayed growth, both at church and at the schools they attended. It was only during his freshman year at Dunwoody High that they finally let up on him-- no doubt aided by the fact that his sister Rachel had actually dated Paul (when she was a senior and he a junior) and the Miller twins afterwards no longer bullied Jacob. Peter was always the nicer one and even looked out for him thereafter,

but Jacob never did like Paul and liked him even less once Rachel revealed that she only went out with him just to keep them from harassing her baby brother. Therefore, treating his latest opportunity as a way to 'get back' at Donna's two cocky and jocky twins, Jacob had no other option but to arch his back, thrust upward, and let nature take its course. "AAAARRRGGGHHHHHH!!!" he growled furiously, on the verge of ejaculation. Even though Jacob was unaware that Donna had long had her tubes tied after having Sara, he nonetheless still reveled in the wicked thought of giving Peter and Paul's own mother another set of twins (and thus completing his ultimate revenge).

"NO!! NOOOOOO!!" Donna cried out in desperation. Even as she felt Jacob's cock swell to the point that it threatened to burst, she continued bouncing like a woman possessed by some sex demon. "Y-YOU...CAN'T--!" But before she could finish her statement, the first torrential blast of teenaged spunk ejected from the beast and directly into her waiting womb, triggering her much-anticipated orgasm.

"GOOD GAAAWWWWD...ALMIGHTYYYYY!!!" Donna screamed, slamming her pussy down to the root of Jacob's cock. It felt as if a nuclear bomb had exploded deep inside her vagina, splattering her insides with his hot and sticky cum. Waves of pleasure radiated throughout her convulsing body, to where even the muscles in the arches of her feet and toes vibrated. The devoted wife and mother was lost in the throes of sheer ecstasy as the orgasmic tide washed away all remaining thoughts of her husband, his church, and saving her daughter Sara from her mind.

"Ugggggghhhhhhh!!!" Jacob groaned from beneath Mrs. Miller. His cock pulsed and throbbed as it continued spewing massive rope after massive rope of his chemically-enhanced sperm into the deepest recesses of the former model's exquisite pussy.

Donna could feel each powerful jet of Jacob's virile seed coating every little nook and cranny of her reproductive tract. The inner muscles of her vagina instinctively milked his girthy member, as if trying to drain every single drop from the teenager's broiling nuts in the hopes of sinfully breeding a second set of twins with her own daughter's teenaged boyfriend. Throughout all this however, Donna's brain was occupied with something else altogether-- another (though no less depraved) notion. For some vile reason, she couldn't shake the mental images of taking load after load of Peter and Paul's young and studly virile sperm flooding her holes raw, out of her head.

19â “24 minutes

Just when the housewife's orgasm was beginning to wane, Jacob thrust his hips upwards once more, and without warning, Donna was hit by another and more powerful wave of semen. Both her mind and body froze from the shock, with her back arching involuntarily and causing her head to snap back. The screams emitted by the church choir's star diva vocalist sounded like an opera singer hitting her aria's final crescendo.

"Oooohhhhhhh...Fucccccckkkkk!!! Ooooohhhhhhh...GODDDDDDDDD!!!" Donna's musical voice squealed, as she took hold of her jiggling breasts and pinched their tingling nipples between her slender fingers. Gazing up at the ceiling, her eyes glassed over as the ecstatic euphoria carried her away.
"I'm...I'm...cumminnnnng...A--AGAAAIIIINNNNNNN!!!"

From the corners of her striking blue eyes, fresh tears, along with her mascara, trickled down Donna's powdered cheeks. With a tortured look on her face and her teeth clenched, the preacher's wife called out to heaven and exclaimed, "Sweeeeeet...JEEESSSUSSSS!!!" At that moment, Donna's climax apexed, and her

overstimulated pussy squirted another sluice of her slick, womanly essence all over Jacob's cock and the overworked bed's comforter. The glorious apogee of her latest orgasm plateaued, and its fierce intensity was unlike anything Donna had ever felt, "FFFUUUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!! FFFFFUCKKKK MEEEEEEE...YOU MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRRR...SSSSS!!!!"

With fluttering eyes Donna threw her head back and gazed blankly at the smoke detector mounted directly above the bed. However, her unfocused and clouded brain couldn't register the unfamiliarity of the newly-installed safety device. Instead, she had visions of a sublime paradise flashing in her mind and felt as if the actual rapture was taking place in her psyche. She was literally drowning in ecstasy, whilst imagining her eager twin boys ravishing her MILF body and pumping her full of their hot and forbidden family seed. The blurry vision of that little blinking and innocent-looking green light capturing her illicit, adulterous and imagined incestuous climax would be the last thing Donna saw before collapsing forwards, as she and Jacob both slipped into darkness...

Jacob was the first one to stir. He awoke to find Donna passed out, lying face down on top of him, and with her head next to his. Her scent was a heady mixture of floral shampoo, Chanel perfume, and the sweaty musk of adulterous sex. Inhaling deeply, the teenager quickly decided he liked the smell.

Jacob also liked the feel of Donna's soft and naked body against his. However, with the way she was positioned, he was finding it hard to breathe. On top of that, she was pressing down painfully onto his bladder.

"M-Mrs. Miller?" Jacob whispered, as he gently shook Donna's shoulder. After getting only a soft, frustrated moan in response, he tried again. "Mrs. Miller?!" he said, a bit louder this time.

"W-what??" Donna replied, a bit startled, as she quickly lifted her head. A total look of confusion was on her face, as she looked around and tried to gather her bearings. It was almost comical to see the normally well-groomed and pristinely-attired former model totally nude, with her makeup smeared, drool on her lip, and portions of her blonde hair stuck to her cheek.

Donna's brain reconnected, and suddenly, she remembered what had just transpired in that bedroom and whom she had 'transpired' with. Panic laced her voice when she asked, "W-what are you still doing here??" She then frantically began looking around for a clock, "What time is it??!"

"Almost noon...I think." Jacob replied with a soft groan, as Donna's frantic shuffling around on top of him cut off more of his air.

Donna's eyes widened. "NOON??!!" she squealed, pushing the hair out of her face, "Oh, my Lord!! How long was I out??"

"Not sure..." Jacob replied, trying to adjust himself underneath his girlfriend's naked mother, "I think I conked out about the same time you did." The teenager then chuckled, "You really wore me out, Mrs. Miller, and I have to say...it was awesome!!"

Donna looked back at Jacob, her eyes narrowing, "Will you please shut up!!" While pushing herself up, she continued, "You need to get out of here, and I've got to go get cleaned up and ready for my meet-- " It was then that she noticed her squishy pussy clamped around the length of his deflated cock, which was still stuffed inside her married vagina.

"What in the world??" Donna muttered, as she shifted her hips from side to side. Her brow furrowed as she looked into Jacob's eyes. He merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"JACOB MITCHELL!!" Donna cried out in a typical motherly tone, as she scrambled to get off the teenager. His limp cock acting as a plug, slid slowly out of her

pussy followed by a gushing stream of thick and pearly semen. "Y-You came inside me...you little shit!!" she exclaimed, as she jumped off the bed. Whilst waddling towards the bathroom, she clamped her left hand against her crotch, attempting to stem the tide and prevent Jacob's unwanted deposit from leaking out onto the carpet. "I can't believe you!! Even after our discussion, you still finished inside me??!! AGAIN?!?!"

"Sorry, Mrs. Miller..." Jacob replied, trying to sound remorseful. He sat up and scooched to the edge of the bed. From there, he watched Donna make her way into the bathroom and (without closing the door) hover over the toilet, trying to force the sperm out. The teenager was fascinated watching the proud pastor's wife frantically wiping herself up with toilet paper, and muttering in frustration whilst trying to get every last drop out.

"Well, young man..." Donna replied, in a snippy tone, "'Sorry' doesn't change the fact that you came inside me-- after I explicitly told you not to!" Pregnancy wasn't in the least her worry. It was more about maintaining some semblance of loyalty to David. The loving wife felt bad enough that she was breaking her sacred vows of marriage in a twisted attempt to protect her daughter. Donna wanted to at least keep something exclusive for her husband, as some strange sign of her continued fidelity.

At the same time, Donna also wanted to avoid the crushing guilt she had felt the previous Sunday. After her and Jacob's sinful tryst in David's office during the morning worship service, she had spent the rest of the day sinfully carrying Jacob's babymakers inside her womb. She was downright mortified to be alongside her loyal husband whilst visiting his ailing uncle, only to feel the teenager's spunk oozing from her married vagina and continuously threatening to leak down her stocking-clad legs.

Donna began to feel a little better as it appeared her efforts began to pay off and Jacob's sperm began pouring from her pussy as if she were peeing. She then lowered herself down onto the toilet seat and began urinating, hoping that doing that would assist in removing more of Jacob's cum. However, there was no way she could get it all out as she had lain on top of him, passed out for God knows how long, with his spent cock plugging her up like a cork. Her womb radiated with a pleasant heat, swollen as it was with millions of Jacob's chemically-enhanced and potent young sperm (and which were no doubt, at that very moment, frantically searching in vain for her vulnerably fertile egg-- which they would never find).

Donna soon gave up when the steady flow slowed down to a drip. However, her womb still felt bloated from all the semen still trapped behind her cervix. She knew then she was looking forward to a long afternoon of teenaged jizz constantly leaking into her Victoria's Secret panties. Making a quick mental note, Donna decided to stop by the 'mother's room' in the nursery as, most likely, there would be some panty liners there.

After wiping with more toilet paper, Donna examined the copious amount of Jacob's slimy deposit that had collected on the tissue. She hissed, flabbergasted, "Jesus Christ!! What a mess!!"

Jacob, having stood up from the bed, walked over to the open bathroom door. "I truly am sorry, Mrs. Miller..." he apologized once again, "But...I did warn you, several times in fact...and, well...you were also the one in control."

Donna turned to Jacob and asked in disbelief, "I was the one in control??"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, ma'am. Remember? You were on top of me...riding me and...literally begging me-- "

"Alright...alright!!! That's enough!!" Donna put up her hand and shut the door slightly, interrupting Jacob's statement. "I really don't need a play-by-play commentary!" With the hormones now flushed from her system, the housewife was

once again experiencing the usual guilt and remorse that always followed these 'necessary' sessions with the boy. Guilt for the act of cheating on her husband-- and remorse for having enjoyed it so much (and fantasizing about something far more perverse and unnervingly close to home whilst doing it). Damn those wicked hormones!

"Well..." Jacob replied, shrugging his shoulders as he leaned against the doorpost, "You have to admit it, Mrs. Miller...you kind of were-- in control, I mean."

Donna looked down at her hands in her lap. She gazed at the glimmering gold and diamond reminders of her sacred marriage vows that she wore on her left ring finger. With a heavy sigh, she replied, "You know something? I'm starting to think that when it comes to these hormones...no one is truly in control. At some level, we're all at its mercy. In any case, the sooner they cure you, the better!"

Jacob tried to sound lighthearted, "Well, if it's any consolation...it seems that we were successful. Look!" When Donna inquisitively pulled the door open and peered out, he added, "The beast is back asleep!"

Donna's gaze dropped, and she took notice of Jacob's cock. It was indeed back asleep. The now flaccid beast hung down harmlessly halfway to the teenager's knee. It was pushed out slightly by the presence of his heavy testicles-- so large and swollen they looked to be about the size of two oranges. In her mind, Donna thought, "Good God...no wonder he ejaculates like a horse!" She recalled again the chapter about the two harlot sisters in the Book of Ezekiel: "Yet she increased her whoring, remembering the days of her youth, when she played the whore in the land of Egypt and lusted after her lovers there, whose members were like those of donkeys, and whose issue was like that of horses." Shaking her head, Donna scoffed and replied, "Yes, it appears you're correct...the beast is finally asleep."

Normally, the proud and proper Donna Miller would never in a million years have allowed herself to be in this position. Here she was, a highly respected pastor's wife and sitting on a toilet, totally naked-- with her equally naked daughter's boyfriend standing just outside the bathroom doorway. All the while his virile seed was dripping from her well-fucked pussy, they were casually carrying on a conversation as if it was totally normal. It should have felt more awkward for far too intimate a moment after they had just engaged in rampant and unbridled adulterous sex. Yet after these last few weeks, Jacob had seen another side of her-- a dark side, which not even her own husband had ever witnessed. Perhaps it was fitting that in some perverse way, she was beginning to feel a comfortably wicked, yet strangely familiar, bond with the teenager.

Pulling the door open a bit wider, Jacob stepped into the bathroom and asked, "So...you wanna hit the shower really quick?" When Donna dropped her head and didn't respond, he added, "What do you say, Mrs. Miller? I know I could really use one after what we just did."

Donna looked up and replied matter-of-factly, "Well, I'm going to go take a shower...You are going to get dressed and leave! Remember, the rest of the ladies' auxiliary members will be here in about an hour, and I need to get cleaned up before they arrive."

Jacob rebutted, "But Mrs. Miller...it won't take us that long. Besides, I can't go home in this condition...my Mom will suspect something for sure!" Raising an elbow, Jacob emphasized his point and sniffed under his arm.

The mere mention of Karen Mitchell caused Donna to suddenly feel ashamed of being here with her friend's barely-legal teenaged son. She crossed her arms across her naked breasts and replied sternly, "Jacob...we accomplished our goal for today, and there is absolutely NO need for any more foolin' around! If you want to clean up, go and use one of the other restrooms in the church. I,

however, will be showering in here...alone!"

Jacob knew by Donna's tone that things were now back to the status quo between him and the stoic preacher's wife. He only hoped she wouldn't hold the blunder of him finishing inside her again against him, and thus jeopardize any more future 'sessions' together. With a simple nod, he replied, "Yes, ma'am..." and then turned and began to walk out of the bathroom.

"Oh, and one last thing..." Donna called out, before Jacob stepped out of the room. When he turned and looked back, she continued curtly, "The next time I tell you not to finish inside me...I expect you to abide by what I say! Is that clear??"

Jacob's eyes widened, "Next time??"

Exasperated, Donna asked again in a more aggressive tone, "I said, is...that...clear??!!"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes ma'am...crystal!!"

In her usual stern tone, Donna said, "Now, if you would be so kind as to close the door all the way on your way out. Oh, and be sure that no one sees you leaving!" Closing her eyes, she then silently said a prayer like the last time she had found herself in this ridiculous situation.

After closing the bathroom door, Jacob stood still for a few seconds, pondering Donna's intriguing statement. When he heard the toilet flush, he turned back and asked through the wooden barrier, "Mrs. Miller...did I hear you right? Did you say...'next time'?"

From the other side of the door, Donna's only reply was, "Sara and I will be by to pick you up around 6 o'clock!!"

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After getting her 'boys' out of the house early Saturday morning, Karen finally had the place all to herself. With Robert off playing golf with his work colleagues, and Jacob (so she thought) over at Matthew's playing a new video game, she looked forward to at last having some quiet 'alone time'.

Having finished cleaning the kitchen and doing the laundry, Karen wearily made her way upstairs. Once in the master bedroom, she pulled out her overnight bag and began packing for her birthday weekend getaway with Robert later that afternoon.

Despite her fatigue, Karen felt a growing sense of excitement as she secretly packed away the ensemble which her sister Brenda had bought for her as a birthday present. Throughout the week, Karen had kept the gift carefully hidden from Robert (so as not to spoil the surprise). Her plan was to unveil the new outfit at the hotel later that night-- right before they departed for an evening out of dinner and dancing. Karen's hope and prayer were that she could finally provide her faithful and loving husband with a night that he would never forget. Namely, an occasion which would literally 'blow his mind' and forever displace any thoughts and memories (or rather, the lack thereof) which Robert had concerning that night at the Atlanta hotel nearly two months before. Even though they were celebrating her birthday, Karen sincerely believed accomplishing her goal with Robert would be her 'gift' to him and something she had no doubt would top any gift she received that year.

At last done with her packing, Karen padded over to the master bath carrying the latest mystery novel she was currently reading in one hand, whilst toting a glass of wine in the other. Normally, she wouldn't be drinking alcohol so early in the day, but since it was her birthday weekend, Karen reckoned 'no harm, no foul' and once again decided to follow her younger sister Brenda's advice to

'live a little'.

After starting the bathwater and pouring in some bath salts, Karen topped off the soothing concoction with her favorite lavender-scented bubble bath. Whilst waiting for the large and spacious jacuzzi tub to fill, she lit several tea candles strategically placed around the room. Soon, there was enough of a warm glow to allow Karen to read her book-- yet not enough brightness to ruin the relaxing ambience which she had carefully crafted.

Removing her silky pink robe, Karen hung it on a hook and now stood before the vanity in just her bra and panties. She then piled her long and lustrous hair on top of her head, before clipping her dark brown locks into place. Looking in the mirror, she noticed that a dark, wet stain had formed in the front of her bikini-cut undies.

Karen had been aroused all morning due to the vividly illicit dream she'd awoken from. It was essentially a replay of what had taken place in Jacob's room on Wednesday. This time however, whilst her son viciously took Melissa from behind, the gorgeous lawyer had her beautiful mouth planted against Karen's freshly-waxed vagina, eating her out as if it were her last meal. At the same time, Jacob's unnervingly piercing gaze of determination, as he penetrated the hapless attorney caught in between them, seemed to sear his unspoken and primal desires straight into Karen's soul. To her frustrated dismay, Karen woke from her sordid dream at the exact moment the carnal threesome in which she found herself conjoined reached their orgasmic climax.

At first, Karen contemplated sneaking into the bathroom and masturbating to satiate her burning lust, whilst Robert slumbered obliviously next to her in bed. However, she quickly changed her mind and dismissed the notion. Somehow, allowing her lustful excitement to slowly simmer and build throughout the day seemed like the better option. That way, (as Brenda suggested) she could unleash her pent-up sexual fury onto her sweet, yet deserving husband later that night.

Karen continued to gaze at herself in the mirror, as she reached behind her back, unclasped her bra, and dropped it onto the countertop. With her beautiful breasts now fully exposed, she gently massaged them as she often did after freeing them from the constricting and increasingly ill-fitting prison in which they were confined. Immediately, she could feel the nerve endings in her pink nipples come to life and harden in anticipation of further stimulus.

Crossing her arms underneath her glorious mounds, Karen slowly turned back and forth in front of the mirror. She admired the feminine curves and luscious shape her body now possessed, as a result of all her hard work. This was probably the best shape that she'd been in since before falling pregnant with Rachel, Karen thought. With a wicked grin, she whispered to the striking woman in the mirror, "Now...let's give Mr. Mitchell a night he'll never forget!"

A while later, Karen rested her head against the cushioned headrest at one end of the tub, with her MILF body fully submerged in the hot, fragrant bubble-filled water. The fizzing bath salts pleasantly tickled her sensitive skin as she read her novel, whilst taking an occasional sip of wine. The alcoholic beverage tasted sweet on her palate as it slid down her throat and into her stomach, leaving a warming sensation in its wake.

The mystery novel lent to her by Melissa turned out to be much more erotic than she was used to reading. Ironically, the heroine of the story was a beautiful attorney who was part of a law firm seeking to prosecute a powerful drug lord. However, due to some shady legal technicalities, the charges had been dropped. Shortly after the drug lord's release, the attorney's brother, who also happened to be a vice cop, was killed in a drug bust at a fancy strip club. Later, when the attorney received word that the strip club was owned by the same drug lord, her anger and thirst for revenge causes her to take matters into her own hands. Against her husband's wishes, the lawyer goes undercover as a stripper and infiltrates the club in the hopes of gathering enough evidence needed to bring

down the criminal kingpin once and for all.

As Karen continued reading the sordidly convoluted novel, her mind pictured Melissa as the beautiful main character. Her arousal spiked with each erotic scene, as the married undercover lawyer delved deeper and deeper into the seedy criminal underworld of lust and vice. Without even realizing it, Karen soon had her left hand slipped in between her long legs, and was leisurely stroking her engorged clit with her middle finger, as she lost herself in the story.

Suddenly, Karen closed the book and set it down on the edge of the tub next to her cell phone. Her body was literally vibrating. Though strongly tempted to masturbate herself to release, she wanted to hold off and save all her sexual energy for later that night. However, that was still a long way off, and she was literally hurting for release. As Karen slid forward and spread her legs wider, she whispered to herself, "Maybe just this once...to take off the edge."

Moments later, Karen's head was thrown back and her breathing was erratic as she inhaled the lavender-scented steam. Her left hand cupped her round, pillowy breast and pinching her tingling nipple, whilst under the water her right hand frigged her swollen clit at a blistering pace.

With her eyes closed, Karen continued to imagine Melissa as the character from the book. She envisioned the well-educated, married lawyer debasing herself by dancing and stripping for a room full of anonymous, horny men. "Oh God!!" Karen whispered, as she began replaying the illicit dream from earlier that morning in her mind. She could almost feel Melissa's lips tightly sealed against her pussy, whilst her talented tongue sliced between her tender folds and danced along her blood-filled clitoris. Caught up in the moment, she whispered, "Oh, Melissa...YESSS!!!"

Just then, from the other side of the door came a muffled, "Mom?" The unexpected sound of her son's voice distracted Karen, and she lost her path to the teetering edge of what was sure to be a great climax.

With a gentle tap on the door, Jacob asked again, "Hey, Mom? You in there??"

Trying to keep the frustration out of her voice, Karen responded, "Yes sweetie..." She reluctantly removed her hand from between her legs and continued, "I'm here."

Jacob, knowing his Mother quite well, asked with a wry smile in his voice, "Lemme guess...You're taking a bubble bath?" His mind couldn't help but begin to imagine his gorgeous Mother lying naked in the tub, with her hot, MILF body covered in a layer of white, frothy bubbles. Despite the lecherous thoughts brewing in his mind and wanting an excuse to gain entrance into the bathroom, at the moment, Jacob had nothing.

"Yes, I am..." Karen affirmed, closing her legs and sitting up a bit straighter, "Just trying to relax a little, before your dad and I head out later this afternoon." The housewife suddenly had a flashback to years before, when Rachel and Jacob were little kids. Back then, it seemed whenever Karen attempted to sneak off for a little 'me time', it never failed that one of her children, (or sometimes even her husband) would come looking for her. "Did you have a good time over at Matthew's?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob fibbed. He couldn't help but smile at the thought of his Mom assuming he'd been over at his friend's house 'playing video games', when

instead he'd gone to their church, having another kind of 'fun' with the preacher's wife. "In fact, we had a great time. Hopefully, we'll play more of the same game next time."

"Well, I'm glad you had fun..." Karen replied, "You and Sara still plan on going to the mall later?"

"Yes Ma'am..." Jacob confirmed from outside the bathroom door, "Mrs. Miller and Sara are coming by to pick me up around 6:00."

Karen picked up her wine glass and, before taking a sip, asked, "Oh, that reminds me...did you give any more thought to what we talked about this morning?"

Jacob (being a typical teenager) had no idea what his Mom was referring to. Many of the things Karen suggested, no matter how well-intentioned, always seemed to go in one ear and right out the other. "Ummm...what was that exactly?"

Lowering the wine glass from her lips, Karen swallowed the sweet liquid and then replied, "Don't you remember? I asked you about-- " She stopped mid-sentence and then placed the wineglass back down beside the book. With an exasperated sigh, she then said, "Jake...just come on in here."

"Really??" Jacob asked, with a big, surprised grin spreading across his face, "Are you sure??"

"Yes, I'm sure..." Karen replied, rolling her eyes. She then chuckled and thought to herself, "It's not like you haven't seen everything, already!"

"Okay...only if you're sure." Jacob responded, trying not to sound too eager, "I mean, I wouldn't wanna barge in on your...'personal time'."

"Pfffft...too late for that!" Karen mused, with a chuckle, "It's okay, sweetie...I'm tired of yelling through that blasted door anyway!!"

Jacob opened the unlocked door to the spacious, dimly lit bathroom and stepped inside. He immediately made his way over to the jacuzzi tub, where he found his Mother soaking in her bath and covered from the neck down in a layer of scented bubbles. The soothing aroma wafting from the tub, along with the flickering tea light candles, created a soft and romantic environment.

Less than a few hours prior at Grace Baptist Church, Jacob had deposited a huge load of sperm deep inside Mrs. Miller's married pussy. Nevertheless, he didn't get a chance of having a second go with the preacher's wife. This fact, coupled with his gorgeous Mom's naked body just hidden out of sight in front of him by only a thin, frothy barrier, soon had the teenager aroused once more. In addition, his overactive testicles quickly began churning up another batch of his rampant sperm.

Karen repositioned a couple of the tea candles to make room for Jacob to sit on the edge of the tub. As he sat down, she asked, "As I was saying, did you give some thought about what we talked about at breakfast this morning? Namely, about you asking Mrs. Miller to drop you off at Rachel and Scott's house after your date with Sara tonight?"

Jacob suddenly remembered the conversation. He shook his head, "Not really...but if it's okay with you, I'd rather just come back here." Asking Donna Miller such a request was awkward enough after that morning (especially if she drove him to Rachel's after dropping off Sara). Jacob may have thought differently if it had meant that he and Rachel would be alone all night. However, he knew Scott would be there, and thus any chances of any 'negotiating' with his big sister would be little to none.

Karen sat up a bit more, causing the tops of her matronly bosom to peek

alluringly above the canopy of bubbles. The exposed, glistening swells of his Mother's beautiful breasts didn't go unnoticed by Jacob. "Why not, sweetie?" Karen asked, in her usual motherly tone.

"Well, for starters," Jacob grumbled, "I'm 18 years old now...not eight."

Karen sighed, "I'm well aware of that, Jake, but I'd just feel a lot better knowing that you weren't here in this big ol' house by yourself all night long. I'm your Mother...and I can't help but worry."

Jacob smiled, "I know you do, Mom...and I love you for it, but I'm more than capable of taking care of myself now. Especially for one night."

Karen pondered for a few seconds, then lifted her right hand up from the bubbly water, pointing at her son. "You promise me that you'll make sure the house is locked up, and the alarm set, as soon as you come home?"

Jacob nodded, "I promise."

"And you'll text me?" Karen added, emphatically.

"Yes Ma'am..." Jacob replied with a chuckle, "I'll text you as soon as I walk through the door."

"Alright...be sure that you do." Karen relented.

"Don't worry...I will. Thanks, Mom!" Jacob replied.

"You're welcome." Karen sighed, "But are you sure you don't want to reconsider?"

"Mommmmm!!" Jacob whined, in frustrated exasperation.

"Well..." Karen put up her hand, "The only reason I ask is because you and your sister seem to be getting along quite well lately. It's like you two are becoming quite chummy." The fact that Jacob and Rachel were so friendly with each other recently had caused Karen's fears to resurface concerning that horrible dream she'd had a while back. Namely, the vivid nightmare where she came home from church and discovered her children having illicit sexual relations.

"Chummy??" Jacob echoed, in an incredulous tone. "That's just what she wants you to see around here, especially when you and dad are around." He then scoffed and added, "Let me tell ya, at her house, she is the Queen Bee and lets everyone know that she's in charge. She may as well be a Marine drill sergeant!"

"Alright..." Karen relented once more, "I just thought it'd be a nice chance for you and Rachel to continue strengthening your bonds as siblings."

Secretly, Jacob already had plans for 'strengthening' their sibling bond (or at least, he hoped so). Rachel had texted him on Friday mentioning she wanted to discuss something of importance with him. Without going into further details, she then promised to elaborate more on Sunday. The teenager eagerly accepted having to wait, since he would never turn down an opportunity to possibly 'negotiate' with his big sister again.

Jacob huffed with feigned disinterest, "Thanks, but no thanks...our bonds are strong enough. I'd rather just stay here, and play video games."

"Okay...okay," Karen gave up, "Forget I even asked." Jacob's reaction to her suggestion seemed to be quite genuine. It eased her mind (at least for the time being) that perhaps her fears were unwarranted, and nothing sinful or immoral was taking place between her kids.

"Oh, and one more thing..." Karen added, "Just because I won't be here does NOT

mean you have permission to gorge yourself with junk food all night. Don't think for a minute I don't know exactly how many Reese's Peanut Butter Cups there are in the fridge. You can have a few, but don't go crazy tonight...you hear?"

With a relenting sigh, Jacob replied, "Yes, Ma'am."

Karen then slid back down so that she was fully submerged again beneath the sudsy water and picked up her book. "Now, if you'll excuse me...I'd like to finish reading and relax a bit more, before your dad gets back."

As Jacob stood up, he asked, "When's dad supposed to be home?"

"Well, let's see..." Karen replied, as she picked up her cell phone and checked the time, "He should be finishing up his round soon, and then he plans to have lunch with the guys at the club. So, I'd say another hour...maybe two."

"One to two hours more you say?" Jacob thought to himself, "That should be plenty of time!" He turned back to find Karen had resumed reading her novel. She held the book in one hand and her glass of wine in the other.

Jacob leaned back against the counter and said, "You know what, Mom? I've been thinking..."

"Uhh-huhhh??" Karen responded absentmindedly, whilst continuing to read the captivating story. The plot was venturing into another highly erotic scene where in order to gather the information needed for her investigation, the undercover married lawyer was in the process of giving a private lap dance. Her seductive show was to none other than a thug who reportedly worked for the recently acquitted drug lord, and things were quickly spiraling out of her control.

Without looking up, Karen asked, "What's on your mind, sweetie?" She was hoping Jacob would hurry up and leave the bathroom since her arousal was beginning to spike. She wanted to continue her 'alone time' and find her way back on the path towards that elusive orgasm which her son had inadvertently denied her by his intrusion.

"Well..." Jacob began innocently, "Since dad isn't gonna be back for another couple of hours, I was thinking now might be a good time to have our first...modeling session."

Karen looked up from her book, arching an eyebrow, "Really?"

"Sure..." Jacob responded, "After all, you did agree to pose for me."

Karen shook her head, "No, Jake." She then looked back down at her book and added, "Today's not a good day, but I promise we'll do it...some other time."

Jacob stepped over to the tub and explained, "Aww...c'mon Mom. It's the perfect opportunity! I mean, we've got the whole house to ourselves, and you said it yourself-- dad won't be home for another hour or two. Plus, I've been playing around with the camera, familiarizing myself with its settings and what not, and I think I'm getting pretty good at it now."

Without looking away from the book, Karen replied, "Jake, like I said, I just want to relax and read for a while before your father gets home. With us going out tonight, and then with Rachel and Scott treating the entire family for dinner Sunday night for my late birthday celebration, this'll probably be the only chance I'll get this whole weekend."

Jacob counter-offered, "Okay...then how about this? We'll only do a few test shots. It'll be good practice, for when we do have time for a more proper session. I promise, it won't take long."

Karen looked up and sighed, "Sweetie, I'm just not ready. I have no makeup on

and my hair is a mess...On top of that-- I'm naked! When I said 'tasteful pictures', I meant I could model for you in one of my bikinis, or perhaps in some lingerie. Wouldn't you rather wait for another time, when I can get myself all dolled up for you?"

"No, Mom..." Jacob countered, "You're perfect just the way you are: all natural and real-- that's what I want. We can do the glamour stuff some other time. Besides, you won't be totally naked in the photos. You'll have the bubbles to cover up with." He could see Karen mulling it over and her resolve wavering. In the hopes of pushing her over the edge and getting her to comply, he then added, "In my opinion, there's nothing sexier than a gorgeous woman taking a bubble bath by candlelight. Believe me, Mom...these pictures will be beautiful, sensual, and I promise-- tasteful."

Still staring down at her book, Karen contemplated her importunate son's suggestion. She really wanted to continue with her 'private time', however, Jacob did make a valid point. With them being all alone in the house, it was a good opportunity for her to live up to her end of their bargain. A bargain which (she reminded herself) she had foolishly made whilst under the influence of those wicked hormones and her unwarranted envy towards Sara Miller.

Be that as it may, Jacob had fully held up his end of the deal by bringing home a straight-A report card. So, it was only fitting that she reciprocated in kind by fulfilling her end of the agreement honorably. Plus, (even though she would never admit it to her son) Karen actually found the thought of posing for some naughty, yet 'tasteful', pictures to be somewhat thrilling. Now that it could actually occur, and much sooner than Karen expected, the intriguing notion only seemed to heighten her state of arousal.

Jacob's voice suddenly broke her train of thought as he asked hopefully, "So, what do you say Mom?"

Karen finally snapped the book shut and with a wary sigh, looked up at Jacob, "Alright, mister...I'll give you fifteen minutes, but that's it!!"

A big grin spread across Jacob's face. "Alright, Mom!! I'll go grab the camera." As he dashed out of the bathroom, he yelled back excitedly, "Wait right there!!"

Karen scoffed and thought to herself, shaking her head, "Wait right here?? Where am I gonna go?" She then decided that a little more 'liquid courage' might be warranted, to get her through what she was about to do. She called out to Jacob, even though he had already disappeared, "Jake!! Go down to the kitchen and get the wine bottle from the fridge!"

Not two minutes later, Jacob was back in the master bathroom with his GoPro and the bottle of wine in tow. As her son positioned the camera and adjusted its settings, Karen poured herself another glass of her favorite pinot grigio.

"Okay...I think we're ready." Jacob said, as he stepped over to the tub.

"Now remember..." Karen stated, after taking a big gulp of her wine, "We agreed we're only doing pictures today...so no videos!"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am...Got it-- no videos, pictures only."

After setting her wine glass down on the edge of the tub, Karen began manipulating what was left of the bubbles to properly hide her more sensitive areas. "Well, we'd better hurry it up..." she said, with a sigh, "I'm losing my coverage here. How do you want me?"

Jacob knew better than to answer that question honestly. The poses he wanted her in were way dirtier than what his conservative Mother would ever be willing to agree to-- at least for the time being. He didn't want to blow his opportunity, so for now he decided to start the session off slowly and get her more

comfortable being nude in front of a camera. Then, he could maybe turn the heat up slowly until eventually talking his Mom into agreeing to do some more 'hardcore' stuff.

Jacob picked up the book from the tub's edge. "Here take this..." he said, as he held out the hardback novel to his Mother.

Taking the book from her son, Karen asked, perplexed and a little surprised, "You want me to read?"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...like I said...all natural. Don't even look at the camera. I want you to pretend like I'm not even here." As he moved to better his position, he added, "For example, just do whatever you were doing before I came in."

Karen's eyes inadvertently widened for a second and she could feel herself blushing. Recalling her exact activity the moment Jacob had intruded on her alone time, she thought to herself, "There's no way on God's green Earth I'm letting you take pictures of me doing THAT!" As she reopened her book to where she had left off earlier, the impromptu model said, "Okay, Mr. Photographer...let's get to it. I set a timer alarm on my cell phone, so your time is ticking..."

For the next few minutes, the bathroom was silent except for the discrete and near-silent simulated shutter sound from the digital camera, along with the occasional lapping of the bath water when Karen changed positions. Jacob tried to speak only when necessary, so as not to distract his Mother or make her feel uncomfortable.

Jacob used his secret knowledge of porn to guide him. He remembered from his favorite MILF site, one particular pictorial very similar to this situation. He had Karen mimic many of the benign poses done by that model, including pretending to shave her sexy long legs in a very sensual manner. Even though her vagina and nipples remained strategically hidden by the bubbles and sudsy water, he was still able to get some great, nearly-nude shots. The fact that he was actually directing and taking photos of his practically naked Mom caused his excitement level to spike and the 'beast' inside his pants to eventually reawaken.

As the minutes passed by, Karen quickly became more and more comfortable with the situation. The combination of her already aroused state (along with a third glass of wine) soon chased away her reservations and caused her to relax. The strait-laced Mother was beginning to actually enjoy posing for the camera. She began to imagine herself as a sexy model posing for some racy magazine, like her good friend Donna Miller had done in her past life, decades before. The idea of thousands, even millions, of faceless men lusting over her pictures made her feel downright intoxicated.

BEEP-BEEP!!!...*BEEP-BEEP!!!*...*BEEP-BEEP!!!*

The timer alarm on Karen's cell phone suddenly went off. Both Mother and son glanced at the annoyingly chirping device that had rudely disrupted the highly erotic atmosphere. After Karen reached over and disengaged the alarm, Jacob sighed, "Wow...time's up already. That was quick."

"Yep. That it was..." Karen agreed, as she sat up straight in the tub and (no longer inhibited by the 'rule' of the photoshoot) revealed the top half of her

torso to Jacob's leering gaze. Her heavy round boobs were suddenly fully exposed to her son, except for where globs of bubbles desperately clung to and obscured her hardened, pink nipples. Instinctively crossing her arms over her naked breasts, Karen then asked, "Were you able to get all the pictures you wanted?"

Jacob shrugged and replied matter-of-factly, "Mostly...I guess."

"You guess??" Karen responded, echoing Jacob's somber tone.

"Well, yeah..." Jacob replied, as he fiddled with the camera's settings. "There were a couple of other angles that I wanted to experiment with, but since we both gotta get ready for our evening plans, I guess we can try that some other day."

Karen was actually enjoying their little 'modeling session', since the illicit thrill of posing nude for the camera now had her body humming with arousal. Her hope was to build up the excitement throughout the evening and keep it bottled up until later at the hotel. Then, she could uncork and unleash her pent-up lust for the benefit of her innocent and unsuspecting husband. Picking up her cell, Karen checked the time, "Well, if you wanna get a couple more shots in...then I guess a few more minutes wouldn't hurt."

"Really??" Jacob asked, pleasantly surprised.

"Yes, really. So, what did you have in mind?" Karen replied, as she picked up her wine glass with her right hand and gulped down the last of the pale-yellow liquid. Keeping her left arm discretely shielding her breasts, Karen noticed Jacob kicking off his shoes whilst unbuckling his belt and asked, somewhat confused, "Jake? What are you doing?"

"Just getting outta these clothes..." Jacob responded, as he unzipped his fly and began pulling his pants down his legs. "This is gonna be great...You're the coolest Mom ever for doing this!!"

Setting the empty wine glass down, Karen put up her hand, "Now, hold your horses there, mister! Why do you need to take off your pants just to take a few more photos?" The teenager's distinct and overpowering scent immediately entered her nostrils and lungs, causing her arousal to spike even more. Karen knew where things would likely lead if they ventured down this path again, but she also knew that (no matter how badly they both wanted it), that 'thing' simply couldn't happen...at least not that day.

Determined to make that night extra special for Robert, Karen needed her plan to succeed so he could finally forget all about Atlanta. Therefore, she couldn't in good conscience give in to having intercourse with Jacob again. Doing so would doubtless risk Robert noticing a definite difference in the feel and tightness of her vagina later that evening (not to mention the unmistakable deposit of their son's seed likely still leaking from inside her).

As Jacob pulled off his socks, he explained, "Because I want these pictures to be taken from a 'bird's eye' point of view. So, in order to get the proper angle, I'll need to stand in the tub." Now wearing only his Spider-Man tee-shirt and boxer shorts, the teenager directed his 'model', "So, if you would Mom, go ahead and lie back in the water..."

Feeling somewhat better about Jacob's seemingly logical intentions, Karen simply replied, "Okay." She then complied with her amateur photographer's directions as he posed her for a dozen or so more shots.

Minutes later, Jacob was no longer using his camera to take any more 'tasteful' and partially-nude photos of his Mother. Now, he sat in the corner of the jacuzzi tub's surround with his back resting against the mirrored wall. Meanwhile, strategically positioned on a hanging shower shelf behind him, the camera secretly continued recording video without his Mom's knowledge...

Karen was now on her knees and tightly grasping Jacob's fully-erect cock with both of her hands. Her head was bobbing up and down as she ravenously sucked her son's mushroom-shaped tip, causing strands of her hair to gradually come loose from the clips holding them in place. Desperate to quickly coax the simmering load of sperm from Jacob's bloated testicles and into her waiting mouth, Karen tucked her wayward tresses behind her ear and instead focused on the immediate task at hand.

After completing their impromptu photo session, it was readily apparent from the massive lump in Jacob's boxer shorts that he was going to require Karen's customary 'help' before going on his date with Sara Miller. Even though she may have succumbed too easily and gotten all 'hot and bothered' from the various stimuli arousing her that day, the loving housewife still held fast to at least one scruple. Namely, that of not engaging in sexual intercourse with her son and thus spoiling what she planned to lavish lovingly on Robert that evening. In order for that plan to work, Karen knew she had to remain steadfast and save herself for her devoted (yet oblivious) husband later that night.

As a substitute, Karen offered the services of her dainty hands and sultry mouth, which Jacob grudgingly accepted. However, as soon as the dutiful Mother began blowing her teenaged son, she instantly noticed something amiss. Tinging the usual scent of Jacob's arousal was a barely perceptible yet reeking, gamey smell. Karen quickly chalked it up to her son possibly skipping taking a shower that morning, plus exerting himself riding his bike to and from the Johnsons' house. A bit put off by the odor, Karen pulled back momentarily and said in her usual, motherly tone, "Goodness, Jake!! You really need a shower!!"

Karen became a bit more concerned when she noticed yet another distinct aroma emanating from Jacob's naked body. It was a faint hint of perfume-- (Chanel, to be exact) and it was NOT a scent which Karen ever wore. She did know, however, that her good friend and Matthew's mother, Nancy Johnson, literally bathed in the stuff.

Suddenly, alarm bells began going off inside Karen's head. Did something improper happen that morning between her friend Nancy and Jacob? If so, how did they get away with it? Where was Matthew during all this, or better yet, Nancy's husband, Greg?!

Trying her best to focus on the immediate 'job' at hand, Karen couldn't seem to shake the worrisome thoughts racing in her mind. She was almost tempted to ask Jacob about it, but hesitated once she remembered the last two times she had mistakenly accused her son of wrongdoing with other women. Karen didn't want to make the same mistake a third time, especially without any proof.

Karen then remembered something important: Nancy had always been a very 'handsy' and affectionate person. It wasn't unusual for the buxom and fiery redhead to hug and love on Jacob as if he were her own child. Feeling a bit relieved, the worried Mother dismissed her misplaced concern and told herself that was what most likely had happened. Nancy had probably embraced Jacob once or twice, thus leaving her powerful and unmistakable scent on her son. Resuming 'loving' on Jacob in her own, special way, Karen gladly accepted that as the most plausible reason (at least for the time being).

The minutes passed until Karen pulled her mouth back, yet continued pumping Jacob's rigid member with both her hands. She then looked up at her son and asked, "You getting close?"

Unbeknownst to her, it was taking Jacob a bit longer since not too long before, he had busted a serious nut inside Preacher Miller's wife. Knowing that this dirty secret was something which his Mother could never find out about, Jacob could only awkwardly answer, "Uhh...sort of."

"Sort of?!" Karen exclaimed, incredulously. Then, in an exasperated tone, she

continued, "Jake...you need to hurry! Your father will be home soon, and I still need to finish getting ready for our getaway date tonight."

"Well, Mom...if time's such an issue, then I have an idea that might help us finish quicker...ugh!" Jacob commented, seemingly grunting his own frustration.

Karen shook her head and remained focused, "Sweetie, we've already discussed this. We can't do that...not today at least." It wasn't that Karen didn't want to-- in fact, she needed to, because her body was literally aching for it. Tightening her grip, she began jacking her son off even faster, and prayed that her efforts would cause Jacob to 'pop' soon, before those wicked hormones drove her insane and she succumbed to her own overpowering lust.

"I understand, Mom..." Jacob replied with feigned solemnity, as he watched Karen continue with her hand job and delighted by her de facto admission that they'd be fucking again...very soon. Staring at her beautiful face, his Mom wore a mask of complete determination in her quest to get him off and prevent any 'accidents' from occurring during his evening with Sara. Jacob's gaze then wandered down to Karen's bare breasts, now swinging freely from the up and down motions of her willowy arms. At once, an idea came to mind, "Say, Mom? If we can't do that...then how about a nice, hot titty fuck?"

Karen's brow furrowed and her eyes immediately darted up at Jacob. She hated those two words with a passion, but remembered their agreement concerning the relaxed rule against dirty talk. Biting her tongue, Karen instead kept up her pace and silently maintained her steady pumping of Jacob's rock-hard member.

Worried that he may have overstepped the bounds and said too much, Jacob attempted to diffuse the situation and with a casual shrug, chuckled and said, "Well, Mom, it does help...I mean, you do have an awesome pair of boobs!"

Just as she was about to agree to Jacob's crass request, Karen recalled the conversation she'd had with Brenda when they had lunch the other day at the Bon Appetit bistro. An intriguing idea suddenly came to mind, once Karen remembered what her younger sister had suggested. Releasing her grip on Jacob's pulsing cock and with a demure expression, the bemused Mother then leaned back on her heels. Noticing the look of confusion on her son's face, she asked coyly, "How about we try something a little...different today?"

Watching as Karen sat back down at the other end of the tub, Jacob replied, still somewhat bewildered, "Umm...okay. What did you have in mind, Mom?"

Karen slid her feet forwards and let her thighs spread apart. "Well, for starters..." she responded, whilst immodestly proffering the gap in between her knees sticking up out of the water, "You should come sit here with me."

Jacob did as instructed and immediately slid down into position at the end of the tub. At Karen's direction, he soon found himself sitting between his Mother's splayed-open legs and in a reclining position, with the back of his neck nestled in the confines of her big, pillowy boobs. For some reason, a strange sense of familiarity suddenly came over Jacob-- like a long-lost memory.

Wrapping her arms around Jacob's mid-section, Karen draped her long, sensuous legs over his, and then asked, "Comfy?"

Jacob half chuckled, "Yeah...very."

"Good!" Karen said, with a smile. Pulling Jacob tighter to her chest, she sighed and commented, "Ohhh, how I miss this...When you were little, you used to always sit here and play with your toy boats, while I washed your hair and bathed you."

Jacob half turned and said, "You know, for some weird reason...I think I remember that!"

"You do??" Karen asked, a bit surprised.

"Yeah...I know it sounds weird, but I think I do," Jacob replied, as he faced forward. "The toys were Navy ships...which Grandpa George gave to me."

Karen giggled, "Yes, yes he did! He used to fill up a kiddie pool in the yard for you, and then you'd both pretend you were onboard one of his old submarines, sneaking up on some foreign enemy's battleship." Meanwhile, her right hand languidly ran across Jacob's chest and stomach, whilst she gazed at his full-mast erection, jutting just above the surface of the water like a menacing periscope. Reminiscing, Karen then said softly, "It was so adorable how excited and animated you would get!"

Jacob looked back again and asked, "So, is that what you wanted to do? Relive the past, and the times when you used to give me a bath?"

"I suppose you could say that..." Karen replied, her voice softening even more. Reaching over, she then picked up her bottle of lavender-scented bodywash and popped open the top using her thumb.

"You should've told me ahead of time, Mom, " Jacob replied with another chuckle, "I could've brought some of my old toys with me."

"Mmmmmmm..." Karen moaned in Jacob's ear, as she turned the bottle upside down and squeezed it. Viscous globs of the thick, floral-scented liquid slowly oozed out of the container, landing on the tip of Jacob's 'periscope' before trickling down along its shaft. The Mother's voice suddenly became softer and more sensual. "Don't worry, baby..." Karen said, setting the bottle aside and taking a hold of her son's throbbing dick, before adding, "You have the only toy we need, right here..."

"Oh, wow!!" Jacob commented, as he watched Karen's dainty hand slowly slide up and down the exposed portion of his rock-hard penis, coating it in a heavenly, creamy lather. "That feels so good, Mom!!"

"Does it now?" Karen replied softly, wrapping her left arm across Jacob's chest and pulling him tighter to her body, "Well then, you just lie here and relax..." Her exquisitely gripping hand began jacking him off faster, with the fragrant bodywash creating a lewd and wet 'schlucking' sound. Kissing her son on the ear with her soft lips, Karen then whispered, "Mama knows best how to take care of her baby boy..."

The sensations created by Karen's hand, the feel of her warm, wet, matronly body pressed against his back, with her long, silky-smooth legs wrapped around his waist, and the sound of his Mother's sweet, sensual voice breathing hot into his ear, all combined to lull Jacob into an unusual erotic state. It was so intimate and taboo...yet naturally familiar, and for some strange reason made the teenager feel almost like a little kid again: safe in his Mother's warm and comforting, loving arms. Laying his head back onto Karen's chest, Jacob stared ahead through hooded eyes at her sensuous hand continuing to work its magic and groaned, "Oh, Mom!!"

Over the next few moments in that romantically candlelit bathroom, Mother and son indulged in the delights of their incestuously shared bath. And once again, the 'WORLD'S BEST MOM' did what she did best: dutifully care for her son's needs.

Soon, Karen's clasping and perfectly-manicured fingers had churned the creamy lavender bodywash into a thick and frothy lather. At the same time, she would occasionally kiss Jacob's neck and shoulder, whilst every now and then whispering sweet, motherly words of encouragement into his ear such as, "You like this, Snuggle Bear? You like Mama giving you a bath?"

Feeling Karen's sexy grip on his cock tightening ever harder, Jacob grunted,

"Ugghh! Yes...yes, Ma'am!"

Karen slid her left hand from Jacob's chest and across his stomach, before reaching down into the warm bath water and gently cupping and fondling his bloated testicles. "Ooooh...My goodness!" she gasped in feigned astonishment, "My little man isn't so little anymore, is he?"

Jacob, getting into the naughty banter, replied, "Don't worry Mom...ughh!..I'll always be your little man, no matter what."

"Awwww, you don't know how much I love hearing that..." Karen whispered, with a smile. Again, she softly squeezed Jacob's enlarged nutsack, eliciting another groan from her son, accompanied by a noticeable flinch as his legs tensed up. Showing immediate concern, she then asked, "Oh, did I hurt you, Snuggle Bear?"

Jacob chuckled and replied with a slight nod, "A little...they're pretty sensitive right now."

"Mmmmmmm...I bet. They must be full of my baby...boy's...little...babymakers." Karen teased, placing her plump lips next to Jacob's ear, "Do you need Mama's help?"

Jacob again groaned in response, aroused by the naughty and slightly nasty words from his Mom's hot breath in his ears accentuated with each languid stroke of her hand.

"Would it help if Mama were to make you pop like a firecracker and empty those...BIG...full...what do you call them-- 'nuts' of yours?"

Hearing his normally uptight Mother's uncharacteristic and unusual dirty talk was quickly pushing Jacob to the edge. "Yes Ma'am...please!"

"Well then, don't you worry...Mama's gonna make it all better...Mama's gonna make you...bust...that...nut!" Karen teased, as she began jacking him off faster and fondling his balls even tighter.

Jacob could sense his aching testicles about to boil over. The end was near, and a glorious one it was promising to be. He grabbed Karen's silky, smooth legs that were wrapped around his torso as his whole body began to tremble. "Oh, Mom...it's working! I'm getting...close!!"

Karen's slender arm began pumping with all its might, causing the soapy water to splash and slosh all around the tub. "That's it, Snuggle Bear," the loving Mother whispered in encouragement, "Just let it go...you're gonna feel so much better!"

Karen's soft voice and the titillating warmth of her breath on his ears and neck had Jacob teetering on a razor's edge. "Nnnnggggghhhhh!!!" he groaned, as the pressure continued to build.

Karen had to admit, Brenda was right once again. Talking dirty to her son was working like a charm, as she could feel Jacob's pulsating cock rapidly swelling in her hand and threatening to burst at any second. She hated to admit it, but the naughty language was also spiking her own arousal. Karen was almost tempted to slide her left hand down between her legs and attain the orgasm she'd so badly needed earlier. However, she didn't want to risk ruining the moment. This was for Jacob and his sexual satisfaction. Hopefully, (Karen reassured herself) she would get hers later that night, at the hotel with Robert.

"Go ahead, Baby...show me what my little man can do." Karen's sultry lips caressed Jacob's cheek right by his ear, with her slithering tongue licking the edge of his earlobe for a second as she spurred him on, "You can do it...I know you can."

"Oh, Mom!!" Jacob grunted, his voice now shaking with desperation, "I'm...I'm...about to--!!!"

"Go on, Snuggle Bear..." Karen's sensuously naughty voice interrupted, accentuating her words again with each grip-tightening tug, "It's okay...You can do it!! Be my big, brave boy and...shoot...that...BIG...FAT...load for Mommy!!"

"OH, GOD!!!" Jacob cried out as his churning testicles clenched, crinkling his nose in wincing agony from his Mom's clasping grasp and triggering, nasty words. "MOOOMMMMM!!!!" he yelped, popping up unsteadily from the frothy tub and freeing himself from Karen's clutches. Gingerly twisting around on wobbly, shaky legs Jacob carefully positioned himself on his knees to face his Mom. His frantic movements caused the tepid, foamy bath water to slosh around noisily and reveal in tantalizing ripples Karen's gorgeous upper torso laid out in all its glory before him.

"There you go!!" Karen shrieked with excitement, leaning forward slightly and extending a leg to graze the base of her son's cock with the dainty toes of her right foot. "Good boy!! Let it squirt!!"

The mere touch from his Mom's sexy feet finally set Jacob off, igniting at last the fuse in his churning testes. "AAAARRRRRGGHHHHHH!!!" he growled, as the first huge ropes of hot, teenaged sperm threatened to erupt from the tip of his angrily-hued dick like a geyser. The intensity of his impending orgasm caused Karen to instinctively lift her hips up out of the water, revealing her tummy and the bald pubic mound of her shaven pussy. Coupled with her arousal, her logical reasoning for doing so was to catch as much of her son's coming ejaculation on her torso and chest as possible in order to avoid cleaning up a huge mess in the tub. For his part, faced now with the dilemma of two tempting targets, Jacob knew there could be only one correct choice.

With gritted teeth and concentration knitted across his young, determined face, Jacob gripped the shaft of his pulsing manhood with his right hand as he carefully readied his aim. Unable to utter any words of direction, he then used his left hand to nudge Karen's wet, soap bubble-coated thigh, hoping she got the hint before his cock violently spewed its ejaculate. Smiling coyly, his Mom took the cue and carefully leaned back on her elbows as she proffered her wide, child-bearing hips to her son and threw both her thighs over the tub's edge. Now that her pelvis was fully exposed, Karen gave in to the inevitable and shamelessly spread herself open for the seminal onslaught she knew was coming. Like a busy little bee, her little man was about to pollenate the parted petals of her shaven, bald flower.

After only a few furious strokes, at once thick milky ribbons of Jacob's baby batter splattered haphazardly all over Karen's legs and loins, before glazing onto her tirelessly pumping fingers as she in turn jilled her son's seed into the inflamed threshold of her vagina. "That's it, baby...Do it...Shoot it all over my-- put it on Mommy's hole! Put it IN Mommy's hole!! Get it all out for Mommyyyyy!!!" Karen cooed encouragingly, the wicked effects of the hormones (as well as the wine she'd drank) combining with her already heightened arousal that day to cloud her morals and loosen her inhibitions. Using the same hand, she then luridly peeled apart the meaty lips of her leaking womanhood, revealing the tantalizingly ridged tunnel of her birthing track hidden behind the fleshy pleats of her pussy and opening her vulnerable vulva even more for her son.

"Ahhhhh!..yeah, Mom...hold that sweet Mommy pussy open for me, ughhh!! I'm gonna shoot my load deep inside it...bust my nut all up inside you...ugghhh!!! Gonna

fill you up!! Yeahhhhh, take my nut Mom...take it all!!!" Jacob was finally able to grunt aloud raggedly, purposely aiming and pointing his spurting glans which was now mere inches away from Karen's perfectly targeted, splayed-open Mommy hole. Each frantic jerk of his hand up his shaft was followed by an accompanying barrage of his young and healthy, babymaking DNA as it landed on the vagina that had once borne him.

Karen winced at Jacob's vulgar use of the dreaded 'P-word', much more so than the rest of his crude and colorful language uttered in the heat of his ejaculation. Yet, she couldn't help but whine in moaning delight as hot wad after hot wad of thick, potent semen fired off from the piss-slit of her son's relentless cannon. Even at point-blank range, the first searing ropes landed haphazardly all over her vaginal mound, creating a spermy deluge of a hot mess before Jacob was able to correct his aim and soothe the held-open and inflamed, nectar-leaking lips of her flowering womanhood with his warm, hormone-laced 'pollenating' ejaculate.

Finally, several salvoes hit bullseye and shot onto their intended mark-- splattering inside to plaster the internal walls of Karen's spasming pussy, fulfilling her son's stated guttural goal of shooting her full and no doubt reaching all the way back to the puckering gateway of her womb. Once her vaginal vestibule absolutely overflowed with his spunk, Jacob aimed the remainder of his spend on the inner and outer folds of Karen's by now messy pussy, coating both it and her still thrumming fingers completely. At last spent of ammunition, Jacob's tensed-up body relaxed, and he released his semi-hard monster, its softening shaft landing heavily with a lewd, fleshy *plop!* onto Karen's upper thigh as it oozed out the last few trickles of his warm, viable seed on her smooth, wet skin.

Moments later, the candlelit bathroom was once again silent. Jacob lounged back on his haunches at one end of the tub, his breathing still a bit ragged. "Wow, Mom..." he whispered, getting up slowly on wobbly legs and sore knees to stand and lean back against the tiled wall behind him, "That was...intense!!" Meanwhile, his naked Mother languidly tucked her legs back in the bath, soaking her body once more beneath the tub's tepid water with her hand in between her still quivering, squirming legs.

With eyes closed dreamily, Karen tilted her head back and lovingly ran her sperm-covered fingers in and out of herself beneath the water. "Mmmmm...Yes, yes it was..." she replied, lost to the world for a few moments in a post-orgasmic reverie. Though her own mini-climax wasn't as intense as Jacob's, she still basked in its fleeting aftershocks, thankful that at least a little of the edge had been taken off her simmering arousal that day. A serene and demure expression graced her face as she squirmed her quivering legs underwater and her vagina spasmed one last time over her fingers. At the same time, her mind raced at the thought of the swarming clouds of her son's swimmers doing Lord knows what at the moment, both in the water-- and inside her. Finally opening her gaze, she then noticed that her son's penis was now completely flaccid. Letting out a long and deep exhale, Karen was at last able to state, "Well, it looks like we were successful in our mission...good job, sweetie!!"

Quickly looking up from his GoPro that he'd retrieved from the shower shelf behind him, Jacob chuckled as he pretended to shut off the camera. "Honestly, you did most of the work Mom...the only thing that I managed to do..." Surveying the carnage of his cum residue that had splattered all over Karen's loins and legs (before washing off and was now drifting around in cloudy wads in the tub's bath water), he continued, "...was to make a big mess!"

Not having noticed that Jacob had snuck one last photo of her, Karen snickered in agreement, "Yes, perhaps you did, but at least we accomplished our goal in the end-- and without having to resort to us having...intercourse. That's what's most important, right?"

"I guess..." Jacob replied with a sigh, conceding that his Mom was right (though

he nevertheless rued the fact he wasn't able to give her another early 'birthday present' like he wanted). Tilting his head, he then looked down towards Karen, comforted in the knowledge that the chances of them hooking up again to have hot, forbidden Mom-son sex were still very much in play (and not going away anytime soon). "As always. thanks for the help, Mom...Love you."

Karen smiled and stood up to embrace him, wrapping her arms around Jacob's chest. "Awww...I love you too, Snuggle Bear...and you're welcome...as always."

Suddenly, Karen's cell phone lit up and emitted a familiar golf 'swoosh' sound of an incoming text. The unexpected intrusion broke the spell of their intimate moment and caused them both to immediately tense up. "It's your father..." Karen spoke, her voice laced with concern. Keeping her left hand cupped self-consciously to her vagina, she picked up her phone with her right hand and read the message. "It's okay...he's just now leaving the club."

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief. Feeling more relaxed, he leaned back and rested his head back against the tiled wall, "So...how much time do we have?"

"None!" Karen replied abruptly, as she used her thumb to respond to Robert's text.

"None?" Jacob asked, "But I thought you said dad was just now leaving the country club?"

"He is..." Karen affirmed, as she placed her cell phone back down on top of her book, "Which means he'll be here in about thirty minutes, so we need to clean up here, and fast. I also badly need to take a shower-- can't risk your dad coming home and finding any evidence of all the...mess you made now, can we?" Patting Jacob on the shoulder, she then got up and said in her usual, admonishing Mom voice, "So, time's up...let's get moving!"

At first, Jacob didn't move. Instead, he asked hopefully, "You know, Mom...I really enjoyed this. Any chance we can do it again sometime?"

Karen rolled her eyes and scoffed, "Which part? The sharing a bath or the... 'help' I provided?"

Jacob tilted his head backward and grinned up at Karen, "Both!!"

Karen shook her head and sighed, chiding herself, "Karen Mitchell, you walked right into that one!"

"So can we?" Jacob chuckled as well and asked, in a voice again full of hope.

Karen looked searchingly at Jacob, "Perhaps...if you're a good boy," she replied with a smile and leaned down, kissing Jacob on the forehead. She then added, "Now c'mon, no more dawdling. We need to hurry up and get out of this tub, before we both start looking like a couple of prunes!"

As Jacob stood up and got out of the tub, Karen commanded whilst rinsing herself off, "Oh, and be a good son and fetch me a towel...ooh, and my robe!"

After helping Karen clean up the bathroom, Jacob picked up the GoPro camera from the countertop where he'd carefully set it down. While Karen had her back to him, he quickly checked to ensure the prized video it had taken was safely preserved on its memory card. He collected his clothes from the floor and began to leave when suddenly his Mother said, "Oh, and Jake...about that camera."

Jacob turned back around and replied, "Ma'am?" He immediately dreaded that Karen was aware of what he'd done.

As she stepped closer to Jacob, Karen said in a serious tone, "Remember, no one-- and I mean NO ONE-- must ever see those pictures. It must remain our

little secret!"

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied solemnly, with a nod.

"I mean it, Jake!!" Karen snapped, her voice taking on an even harsher tone, "NO ONE!! I'm taking an awfully big risk allowing you to even keep those photos, so be sure to hide that camera as if your life depends on it!"

If only Karen knew, she would've been especially worried about the last few photos Jacob had taken of her. In her inebriated state of arousal following her son's profusely abundant 'deposit', she had inadvertently posed and was caught in the act of masturbating with his semen underneath the murky water. No doubt, the conservative Mother's remorse would have given way to something more along the lines of being totally aghast had she known that her 'photographer' had candidly captured her doing something that dirty.

"Don't worry, Mom..." Jacob replied, smiling casually, "No one will ever find out about them, I promise. I mean, I haven't let you down so far...right?"

Karen nodded, though not without some reservation, "No...not yet."

"See, Mom? You can trust me." Jacob stated, confidently.

After a moment, Karen's expression softened, "Yeah, okay...I suppose."

"Great!!" Jacob happily commented. He then asked tentatively, "So...do you think next time, we could try taking some video?"

Karen huffed and tilted her head admonishingly, "Jake, don't push it. You should be grateful that I even allowed...what I did today."

"Oh, I am...but will you at least think about it?" Jacob asked excitedly, "I have some really good ideas, and I know you'd look really awesome!!"

Karen growled in annoyance, "Jake!! If you don't get out of here before your father gets home, there won't even be a next time. Now, go on so I can take a shower. And you need to go take one, too!"

Jacob grinned, "So, can I take that as a 'yes'?"

Karen grabbed Jacob by the shoulders and turned him around. Giving him a firm nudge towards the door, she then said emphatically, "GOOOO!!!"

Little did Karen know, but she had already been secretly recorded on video. Later that night, when he knew he'd be alone in the house, Jacob's plan was to upload their surreptitiously filmed bathtub escapades directly to his computer. Once he unlocked the GoPro's encrypted memory card (using a passkey PIN number he reckoned no one would ever guess) Jacob could transfer the luridly naughty files to his hard drive and then eagerly watch his gorgeous Mom in her gloriously nasty debut 'performance'...

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Later that day, Karen and Robert drove down Georgia state route 400 and checked into the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Buckhead Village (which thankfully for once, took less than 20 minutes since there was light traffic for a Saturday afternoon). Centrally located in the heart of the chic and ritzy district just north of Atlanta, the hotel was an excellent choice for their planned weekend excursion. In addition, the nightclub Tech Noir was only a few blocks away-- as well as a new Italian restaurant that had recently opened, Novo Cucina. Karen had been keen to dine there for a while, ever since Donna Miller had suggested the swanky new establishment to her several weeks before.

After settling into their luxurious, king-sized presidential suite, Robert

started getting dressed for the evening whilst Karen excused herself to go to the bedroom. Before closing the door, she gave strict instructions to her husband that under no condition was he to attempt sneaking a peak at her while she got ready for their date.

A while later, Karen stepped out of the bath, drying herself off as she padded naked into the spacious bedroom. Stopping at the full-length mirror, she took a moment to gaze admiringly at her beautiful and curvaceous figure. Her mind then inadvertently thought back to the pseudo 'modeling session' from earlier that day with Jacob. As she recalled what had transpired only a few hours before, Karen felt a naughty thrill run up her spine. Though she'd been a bit apprehensive at first, once she was able to relax, Karen had actually had fun. The normally strait-laced and reserved Mother had even found the experience to be quite exhilarating (not to mention extremely arousing).

Karen began to wonder if she ought to suggest to Robert that he take some partially nude pictures of her as well. In the past, whenever he'd broached the subject to her, she had always flatly turned him down. The fact that she was allowing her son to possess naughty photographs of her, but not her faithful and loving husband, brought on a slight sense of guilt.

Whilst pondering these thoughts, Karen told herself that (after all) this would most likely be the best physical shape she'd be in for the rest of her life. Perhaps it'd be nice to have a few photos to keep for posterity that only her husband (in turn) would know about. Plus, it would be something extra special to add to their date night and would hopefully ensure that Robert finally forgot and let go of that night in Atlanta.

After wrapping herself in one of the hotel's soft and fluffy robes, Karen curled a bath towel into a makeshift turban to hold up her still damp hair. Then, she walked over to the makeup vanity and sat on the stool. There, she began applying her cosmetics, including a few she had purchased specifically for this occasion. As she leaned closer to the mirror, she began thinking about the alluring possibilities for the night ahead.

Karen felt a nervous excitement beginning to build as she wondered what reaction she would receive from Robert once he saw her in the outfit she had brought for that night. Namely, the birthday gift that Brenda had purchased for her and had helped her pick out, all for the expressed purpose of 'blowing' her husband's mind.

To start off, the new shoes her younger sister had selected were open-toed, ankle-strap platform stilettos. They were shiny black patent leather and had six-inch spike heels. Remembering how much Robert had fawned over the ruby red Dorothy 'stripper shoes,' Karen was quite certain these would also be a big hit with her husband.

As for the underwear, the ensemble Karen donned was also black-- what little there was of it. The bottoms were a hollowed-out, T-back, low-waist style G-string. Made from a sexy floral pattern lace design, the panties were also bedazzled with tiny gold jewels along with a little gold bow centered at the top of the front panel. The thin strings that accentuated her full, curvy hips were connected to the lacy front panel by miniature gold buckles. To complete the lingerie set, Karen's matching black, lacy push-up bra was equally decorated and skimpy, yet supportive enough to create a massive amount of mind-numbing cleavage.

Turning to what she would wear that night, (and the actual centerpiece of the entire ensemble,) it was a sleeveless, shiny, metallic-gold mini dress. The sexy garment fit Karen like a glove, with a very low scoop neckline that exquisitely accentuated and showcased her magnificent bosom. The daringly short hemline wrapped tightly around her hips, barely concealing the housewife's round and meaty to-die-for buttcheeks.

A month prior, had Brenda even suggested she wear something so risquÃ© and revealing, Karen would have immediately and adamantly refused. However, being lusted over like she'd been during the Halloween party the week prior had awoken something in Karen and instilled a newfound confidence in the conservative housewife. She secretly looked forward to the naughty thrill of going out to dinner and dancing in such a provocative, attention-seeking outfit at the dance club that night.

Desperate for her plan to work, Karen had gone the extra mile to make it happen (in addition to her over-the-top outfit). Her fingers and toenails were freshly manicured and varnished to match the shimmering gold color of the dress, courtesy of a nail salon birthday gift card from her daughter, Rachel. Karen had also used the special wax Brenda had supplied on her sexy long legs and to touch up her pubic area to ensure that her vagina was totally bald and silky-smooth. The powerful, yet sweet, scent of the lavender bath oil she had used earlier emanated from her sensuously soft skin. At all costs, the loving wife was going to do everything in her power to make her husband forget all about that night in Atlanta.

After putting on the finishing touches of her make-up, Karen gazed into the mirror to closely examine the results. Turning her head from side to side, she suddenly realized that her right hand was softly stroking the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. Dangerously close as her wandering hand was to her vagina, Karen somehow fought the urge to stroke or slip a finger deep inside herself. As badly as she wanted to, and as wet as she already was from her mounting arousal throughout the day, she knew now wasn't the time or place. Instead, to keep her hands busy and take her mind off the temptation, Karen grabbed a blow-dryer and used the opportunity to dry off her hair and tease her tresses into an appropriately voluminous 80's hairdo.

Once she was finished, Karen stood up and walked over to the bed, where she had her outfit all laid out. Hitching her G-string panties up her wide child-bearing hips, she then hooked and adjusted the push-up bra straining to hold her heavy Mommy-milkers into place. Twirling several times in front of the full-length mirror, Karen once again admired the sexy vision staring back at her. The now 44-year-old wife and Mother of two was fully confident that Robert was going to be absolutely floored by what he was going to see later that night.

After slipping into her new dress and shoes and completing all the finishing touches, Karen stood in front of the mirror to examine herself. In particular, she lovingly gazed at the birthday present Robert had given her just before they left their house earlier. His gift consisted of an 18k gold sunflower pendant with a dazzling,.75ct diamond in the center. Karen had always had a fondness for sunflowers, which her loving spouse of nearly twenty-five years very well knew.

At first, Karen had gently chided her husband for spending so much on such an extravagance. However, Robert insisted that his gorgeous wife and the Mother of his children was more than worth it. As he fastened the gold chain around her slender neck, he had commented, "After all, what good are all the hard work and long hours I've done if I can't spoil my wife once in a while, like she deserves?"

Karen's stare lingered in the mirror, lovingly admiring the glimmering piece of jewelry resting just above her creamy cleavage. The brilliant round-cut diamond seemed to sparkle with fire in the bedroom light as she indulged herself in a rare moment of vanity. Suddenly, a familiar text alert from her cell phone broke Karen's gaze. Picking up the chirping device, she saw that it was a message

notification from her sister, Brenda.

BRENDA: *Hey Big Sis! How's it going?*

KAREN: *Hey Brat! Great so far...getting ready to go to dinner.*

BRENDA: *So, tell me...what was Rob's reaction?*

KAREN: *He hasn't seen it yet...just finished getting dressed.*

KAREN: *I really hope and pray this works!*

BRENDA: *Don't worry...it will!*

BRENDA: *I bet you look fabulous!! ðŸ˜ƒðŸ »*

Instead of replying with a worded text, Karen took a selfie of herself in the mirror. With a mischievous smile, she then sent the picture to Brenda's phone.

BRENDA: *ðŸ˜¯ HOLY SHIT!!*

BRENDA: *OMG!! Is that really my big sister?*

With a giggle emoji, Karen texted back: *ðŸ¤ Yep...it's me!*

BRENDA: *Damn girl...you look like sex on a stick!!*

BRENDA: *If Rob doesn't fuck you silly...then I gladly will!!*

Karen's eyes bugged out, as she gasped in shock and immediately texted back: *ðŸ˜³ BRENDA!!!*

KAREN: *YOU'RE HORRIBLE!!!*

BRENDA: *LOL*

BRENDA: *Guilty as charged! ðŸ¤£*

BRENDA: *But seriously...good luck, Sis...let me know how it goes*

BRENDA: *Luv u!! Have fun!!*

KAREN: *Thanks...I will...luv u too!!*

BRENDA: *Oh yeah...remember to put on that last thing I got for you! ðŸ˜ *

KAREN: *OK...will do...TTYL!!*

Karen put her phone down and picked up her bottle of perfume. After spritzing the sweet fragrance onto strategic areas of her body a few times, she placed the bottle on the vanity. Then, almost as an afterthought, she obliged her baby sister's request and donned the golden pair of 80's-style 'shutter shades' that they'd spotted at a boutique booth right as they were about to leave the mall. It was the last item Brenda had bought for her during their shopping trip and the good doctor had insisted it was a must accessory to complete Karen's retro-chic 'look'. With her hands on her hips, the determined housewife checked herself in the mirror one last time and said to the reflection, "Okay...let's do this!!"

"Awwww...c'mon!!!" Robert called out to the flat-screen television from the sofa of the hotel luxury suite's living room. He had just watched in disbelief as a University of Miami defensive back intercepted a pass thrown by the Georgia Tech quarterback and ran it all the way to the endzone for a 'pick-6' go-ahead touchdown. "Ughh...this is ridiculous!!" he groaned in frustration, whilst

shaking his head and downing a beer from the suite's cocktail mini fridge.

Suddenly, from behind the sofa came Karen's sweet voice, "So...how's the game going?" She looked with bemusement at her husband's tasteful attempt at a 'Ducky' (Jon Cryer's character) prom outfit from the movie Pretty In Pink.

"Not very good..." Robert scoffed, shaking his suitably coiffed head as he stood up and switched off the television with the remote. Turning around to look behind him, he added, "We just can't seem to-- " The sullenly annoyed husband stopped mid-sentence, and his jaw dropped, as soon as he laid eyes upon the absolutely stunning vision standing right before him in the middle of the room.

Karen (or at least someone whom Robert thought was her) was donning a shiny, sleeveless, metallic mini dress with a hem so short her ass was practically sticking out the bottom. The glittery, gold fabric looked as if it was literally painted onto her body as it clung to her sculpted curves, accentuating her voluptuous, hourglass shape. The dangerously low-scoop neckline exposed a deep cavern of cleavage, bringing further attention to her mouthwatering breasts.

A pair of glossy black platform heels which adorned her small feet pushed her to almost six feet in height, making her a bit taller than her husband. The sexy footwear forced her bare, toned legs to take on a taut appearance and her alluring rear end to thrust outward.

Karen's angelic face was made up to porcelain-like perfection. Glistening ruby red lipstick enhanced her succulent lips, and lightly applied blush brought out her naturally high cheekbones. Her dark brown hair was partially pinned in place by decorative gold sunflower hair pins, with curled tresses hanging loosely down her back. Atop her big mane of heavily blow-dried and hairsprayed 80's-styled hair, Karen had propped the stylish pair of golden slatted shades that Brenda had bought her. Eschewing putting them on for the time being allowed Karen to instead show off the heavier-than-usual eyeliner and glittery, smokey brown eyeshadow that she'd put on. Combined, the striking makeup seemed to make her warm, hazel eyes burn even hotter and stand out even more.

At a loss for words from astonishment at his wife's complete transformation, Robert was finally able to choke out, "K-Karen??"

With a coy, sheepish shrug of her delicate shoulders, Karen smiled, "Yes, sweetheart...it's me. It's still me." Yet Robert (sporting a deer-in-the-headlights look on his face) failed to follow up his reaction right away, causing Karen's confidence to wane. "It...it's too much, isn't it? I...I look silly, don't I?" she asked haltingly, the smile fading from her lips.

"NO!!" Robert at once adamantly replied, shaking his head. "No, no, no!!" he reiterated, as he quickly made his way around the sofa and approached Karen, placing his hands gently on her hips. "It's great, hon! No, not just great...it's fabulous!!" he stated reassuringly, while looking her up and down. "It's...it's...HOLY SHIT, KAREN!!"

Karen half gasped and half giggled as she immediately slapped her husband playfully on his arm, "Robert Anthony Mitchell...LANGUAGE!!"

"Sorry, honey, but..." Robert replied, as he continued to ogle his wife. "You just look so...so...I just can't find the words!!"

Karen's bright smile returned. Placing her right hand against Robert's cheek, she stated rhetorically, "So, I take it you like it then?"

"Like it??" Robert asked in disbelief, chuckling. "That's a very poor understatement...I mean, I thought you looked HOT in that Dorothy costume on Halloween...but this makes that getup pale in comparison!"

"Is this even better than what I wore in Atlanta?" Karen asked, her voice tinged

with tentative hope.

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Robert stated nonchalantly, "Whatever you wore in Atlanta, I honestly can't even remember it right now!" He then took Karen's slim, long-fingered hands into his own and added, "Karen, outside of our wedding day...I can with all sincerity say that you have never looked more...AMAZING!!"

Karen's confidence soared to new heights and her smile widened. "Good! You don't know how glad I am to hear that!" Silently, she thought to herself with some relief, "Score one for Karen...thank you, Brenda!!"

"So, tell me, the uh...gold dress and black shoes...were those on purpose?" Robert asked rhetorically, a bemused smirk on his face. He was referring to his alma mater Georgia Tech's primary colors of gold and black. "No offense, but this hot-lookin' Bulldogs alumnus looks more like the ultimate Yellow Jackets fan!"

Ignoring the playful taunt, Karen gave her husband a coy smile, "Maybe. Just so you know, there's more 'black and gold' for my horny hornet and busy lil' bee to see..." With a slow, seductive pirouette, she donned the stylish golden shutter shades and turned to walk away, continuing, "But that'll have to wait till...later."

Robert's gaze hovered downwards and immediately honed in on Karen's delectably peach-shaped backside. Her high-heeled stilettos caused her round, juicy bottom to sway side to side hypnotically (which Karen purposely exaggerated in no small fashion). Biting his lip, he began following closely behind her and asked, "Well...why not show me now? We can be a little late for dinner."

Karen spun around, her sparkling hazel eyes seeming to beam with mischief through the slats of her shades. "Oh, no..." she giggled, tapping a finger into Robert's chest and shaking her head, "You need to cool your jets there, mister!" Seeing the slight look of disappointment on her husband's face, Karen dialed back the torment and promised, "We can have playtime when we get back." Picking up her glittery gold clutch purse, she added, as Robert opened the door for her to exit their suite, "Besides...we have reservations at Novo Cucina. I haven't eaten anything since breakfast, so I'm absolutely starving!!"

"So am I..." Robert thought to himself, licking his lips as he tapped the keycard to lock their room and hurriedly caught up with Karen sauntering down the hall towards the elevator. All the while, his eyes were glued to his gorgeous wife's to-die-for birthday ass.

********** Later that night **********

After a fabulous dinner at Novo Cucina, Robert and Karen made their way down the block to Tech Noir. As soon as the bouncers let them through the door, a wave of heat hit the middle-aged married couple, instantly warming up their goosebumped skin chilled by the early November air. Standing at the railing of the balcony, they stared for a moment in awe at the hedonistic scene pulsating just below them. Like every Saturday night, the club was jam-packed with bodies gyrating to loud New Wave, synth and techno dance music from the 80's. Judging from the diverse clientele, it seemed as if every generation from X to Z was represented on the crowded dance floor.

It had been quite a while since Karen or Robert had been in a nightclub, and never one quite like this. The atmosphere inside was pure electric. Tech Noir's dÃ©cor was very retro, highlighted by scores of pastel and dayglo neon fluorescent lights accentuated by shimmering disco balls, laser wall projections and other hi-tech visual effects. On several mezzanine levels various dance floors were offered, each with its own DJ and bar areas, catering to one's musical taste.

"Want a drink?" Robert asked Karen, as she looked around in disbelief.

"WHAT??!" Karen replied, unable to hear what her husband was saying above the din of New Order's 'Blue Monday' currently bombarding their ears.

"BAR!!" Robert tried to yell above the music. Finally, he leaned in closer and practically shouted, "LET'S GO TO THE BAR!!"

With a nod Karen agreed, reckoning some 'liquid courage' was definitely warranted considering the bustling, crowded confines of the club. Taking Robert's hand (and to avoid yelling), she leaned in closely and said in his ear, "Remember...only beer for you tonight!!" Pulling away and arching an eyebrow, the expression on Karen's face indicated she didn't want a repeat of what had happened in Atlanta, when Robert had passed out once they got back to their hotel.

Descending down the stairs hand in hand with Robert towards the main floor, Karen felt a thumping which began in her ears and proceeded throughout her body. As the bass track continued to bounce, it was as if the sound waves were literally energizing every square inch of her sensitive skin. In rhythm to the pulsing techno music, the buzzing energy soon radiated to her chest, causing her nipples to tighten inside her sexy black bra.

Weaving through the pressing bodies of the crowd, Karen noticed many men (and even a few women) eyeing her up and down with lustful looks. Self-conscious of their leering attention, Karen immediately donned the slatted shades her younger sister had told her to wear. As they stood at the bar ordering drinks, she made sure to follow Brenda's other advice and hang on to Robert like a cheap suit. Feeling anonymous whilst openly showing affection to her husband instantly helped Karen loosen up (not to mention, as Brenda promised, made Robert feel like a million bucks).

About an hour later, after having a blast on the dance floor, Karen sat at one of the many high round tables scattered throughout the bar area. Sweaty from vigorously dancing to the song 'Get Into the Groove' by Madonna, she decided to cool herself off by finishing her second cocktail of the night. Whilst waiting for Robert to return with a fresh round of drinks from the nearby bartender, Karen was spotted sitting alone by a couple of young guys.

Both were college-aged and currently interning at an investment banking firm in Atlanta. On weekends they liked to drive over from the city and cruise the local bars for hookups with good-looking (and hopefully desperate) middle-aged women, which was their kink. As soon as the young duo spotted the gorgeous, classy-looking brunette MILF sitting alone at her table, they wasted no time and made their way over.

"HI!!" the bolder of the two called out, getting Karen's attention.

Karen turned, surprised to find two well-dressed and very handsome young men who were around her daughter Rachel's age, standing at her table. Both were holding drinks and wore stylish, Miami Vice-looking suits. Karen's bulging eyes, hidden behind the gold shutter shades she was wearing, belied her true reaction (once she acknowledged the pair). Bemused and not totally unaware of what was going on, Karen knowingly decided to play along, just for fun.

"HELLO, BOYS!!" Karen replied seductively, flashing a coy, Mona Lisa smile.

The more assertive one with a white suit jacket and pastel pink crewneck undershirt stepped closer, "GREAT PLACE ISN'T IT??"

Karen nodded, "YEAH!! REALLY GREAT!!"

Her bold suitor couldn't help but lust after Karen, sitting on the high-level chair like she was. He had seen some pretty women in this club before, but

nothing compared to this scantily dressed, gorgeous MILF. "I'M PAUL, AND THIS..." he motioned his head towards his more reserved companion, his identical twin (except he was wearing a tie), "...IS PETER!!"

"EVENING!" Peter called out, suavely giving the pretty lady his best smile.

"HELLO...PETER!!" Karen shouted in reply, making sure not to give her name and trying her best not to sound awkward once she confirmed it was Donna Miller's twin boys (of all people!) who were hitting on her.

"I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN YOU HERE BEFORE..." Paul asked, "DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN??"

Karen had to suppress a laugh at the young man's lame line. "NO," she replied, "IT'S MY FIRST TIME HERE...MUCH LOUDER THAN I EXPECTED!!!"

Paul smiled and stepped a little closer, "HOW ABOUT WE BUY YOU A FRESH DRINK? THEN WE CAN GO INTO ONE OF THE PRIVATE ROOMS...IT'D BE MUCH QUIETER IN THERE!!"

Karen smiled, "BOYS...I THINK YOU'RE CLIMBING UP THE WRONG TREE. I MEAN, YOU BOTH DO REALIZE I'M OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR MOTHER??"

With a wry smile, Peter shrugged, "DOESN'T BOTHER US ANY!!"

Paul grinned mischievously, "YEAH...WE ACTUALLY PREFER..." He then glanced down at Karen's exposed cleavage and added, "MORE MATURE WOMEN!!"

The smile drained from Karen's face. "WELL, JUST SO YOU KNOW...I'M ALSO HAPPILY MARRIED!!" She then pulled her left hand out from under the table. The flashing lights of the nightclub caused the diamonds in her wedding rings to glimmer and sparkle.

"THAT'S OKAY WITH US..." Paul turned to his brother for confirmation.

Peter nodded, "YEAH...WE DON'T CARE!!"

Stifling her shock to discover the two boys she'd known as Donna Miller's well-behaved sons had grown up to be such philanderers, Karen spotted Robert making his way back over to their table. He was weaving through traffic carrying his beer in one hand and her third Cosmopolitan in the other.

"WELL, MAYBE YOU DON'T CARE..." Karen replied, as she slid off the high chair, "BUT I DO!! GOOD NIGHT BOYS!!" She then sashayed her way quickly over to Robert, making sure to exaggerate the swing of her curvy hips in her skin-tight dress (and hoping it distracted the Miller twins from recognizing her husband). She then placed both her hands on Robert's face and pulled him in for a deep, soulful kiss.

"DAMNIT!!" Paul cursed, shaking his head and downing his drink as he ruefully watched the madly making-out couple turn away and disappear into the dancing crowd. "That was the baddest MILF I've ever seen in here!"

"You're telling me!" Peter agreed, turning his twin brother away by the shoulder so they could survey the club for any other mature women to prey on, though all would no doubt pale in comparison to the one who'd just shot them down.

Just as they were about to walk over to the adjoining dance area, Peter stopped in his tracks. "Say, did that last lady we hit on remind you of anyone?" he asked Paul, whilst finishing the rest of his own drink.

Paul shrugged, still annoyed from being rejected and desperate to find their next target to take his mind off what had happened.

"Come on, bro!" Peter nudged him on the shoulder, "I could've sworn she reminded

me of Mrs. Mitchell...from church."

"Rachel's Mom?" Paul scoffed, "No way!" (Paul had briefly dated Rachel during her senior year of high school and thus had been well acquainted with the strait-laced and very conservative previous version of Karen.)

The two young men then chuckled at the ludicrous notion, but after taking a few steps, the Miller twins (as if on cue) both turned around at the same time. Growing up, they'd both had a serious crush on Karen and each fantasized about her in his own way. To miss out with a woman who could've fulfilled all their fantasies was therefore doubly a blow to Peter and Paul. They tried to locate the mysterious MILF, but to no avail, as she and her husband had by then disappeared into the bustling throng.

"WOW!!..." Robert asked, breaking Karen's kiss breathlessly and shocked by his wife's unusually aggressive PDA. "WHAT WAS THAT FOR??"

"JUST A THANK YOU FOR TONIGHT!!..." Karen replied, taking a sip of her drink and breathing a sigh of relief once she knew they were safely away from Donna Miller's sons. "I'M HAVING A BLAST BY THE WAY!!"

Robert smiled at his wife. After taking a swig of his beer, he asked, "WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE SOME MORE??"

"LOVE TO!!..." Karen replied, handing Robert her drink. "BUT FIRST...I'M GONNA GO POWDER MY NOSE!!"

As Karen made her way down one of the dimly lit hallways, she was pleasantly surprised to find the volume of the music in that area of the club was quite a bit lower. Once inside the restroom, Karen made her way to one of the many private stalls and sat on the toilet, relieving her bladder.

Karen had to admit the evening was going better than she could have even hoped. Her dress was a big hit with Robert, who couldn't seem to keep his hands off her. The combination of the wild environment, the hormones, alcohol, and being flirted with and hit on (by her friend Donna's twin boys no less!) had the housewife feeling like a young woman again.

Karen could feel her heart thumping in her chest. Her body was aflame with arousal-- she could actually smell it. The tiny gusset of her G-string was soaking with her essence. It was taking all her self-control not to rub one out then and there in the nightclub restroom. The thought of jilling herself to climax, locked in the privacy of the bustling restroom's tiny stall, was downright intoxicating. What a shocking story that would be for her sister, Brenda!

However, Karen somehow found the strength to resist the intriguing temptation. She was dead set on saving everything instead for Robert once they went back to the hotel. Her plan was, after a couple more dances, to lure her husband away from the club and go back to their room to hopefully spend the rest of the night rocking his world. With the way Robert had been eyeing and pawing at her all evening, Karen reckoned achieving that plan wouldn't be difficult at all.

After finishing up in the restroom, Karen exited back into the long hallway. She immediately heard one of her favorite 80's dance tracks, Yaz's 'Situation' thumping out in the club. Excited by this, she began to search for Robert so they could dance to it like they'd done, years ago.

Karen didn't get very far. Above the din of music and the clicking of her high heels against the hard floor, she could hear her husband's voice just ahead. Turning the corner, she found Robert at the end of the hallway right outside the men's room. He was talking animatedly on his cell phone with an intense look on his face. At once, Karen's excitement was replaced by a sense of foreboding.

She instinctively began to worry that something was wrong at home. Being an overprotective 'Mama Bear', Karen instantly regretted not pushing harder to have Jacob stay with his older sister Rachel for the night. However, as she slowly made her way over to Robert and overheard his call, she realized with growing dread that the problem wasn't at home. Worse...it was his work.

"Yes, Ray..." Robert wearily spoke into the phone with his direct boss, Raymond Spears, the President of Conway Enterprises. "We already sent Fuso everything that they asked for-- I made sure of it personally. Why they're getting cold feet now, I honestly don't know! According to Lester, they were all set to go and ready to sign on the dotted line this evening at the worksite."

Glancing up, Robert then noticed Karen standing anxiously right in front of him. He could see the look of concern mingled with frustration written all over her face. Returning to his call with Raymond, he continued, "Well, I'm not sure...I'll have to get with Lester and the rest of my team." Seeing Karen's brow furrow and the look of consternation she was giving him, Robert mouthed, "I'm so sorry."

"TONIGHT?!?" Robert then blurted incredulously, his voice becoming elevated, "Why tonight?? Can't we discuss this with them on Monday or at least maybe tomorrow?" The exasperated husband lowered his voice, "Look, Ray...I'm nowhere near the worksite right now. I'm actually down in Buckhead Village with my wife, celebrating her birthday!"

As Robert continued the high-tension conversation with his boss, Karen felt her own internal conflict. On the one hand, she was angry about the unforeseen interruption to their evening. It had been a great night so far-- in fact, one of the best that she and Robert had experienced in quite some time. She was really looking forward to going back to the hotel and accomplishing the goal she had in mind. Namely, reconnecting sexually with her husband and giving him a memorable night so he could finally let go trying to remember Atlanta.

On the other hand, Karen could also see the strained look on Robert's handsome face. She knew this unexpected hiccup to their plans wasn't his fault and that he had worked very hard to ensure they'd have no interruptions to their evening. Karen also knew how important this deal with Fuso was to her husband's career at Conway Enterprises, and thus their own financial security. The Korean firm was Robert's first big account since he had received his promotion, and letting their construction deal fall through would be utterly disastrous.

Despite not being happy one bit, Karen knew what she had to do. She had to swallow her resentment and play the good, supportive wife.

"I understand that Ray, but I don't see why we have to do this tonight...what's one more day gonna-- " Robert stopped mid-sentence when Karen stepped closer and placed her hand on his shoulder. He lowered the cell phone from his ear, and with a saddened look whispered, "I'm so sorry...I'm trying to hurry and wrap this up."

"Go." Karen simply said, hiding her frustration.

"H-hang on, Ray...I'm gonna put you on hold for a second." Robert said to his boss. After putting the phone on hold, Robert lowered the device again. He then said to Karen, "No! This is our night...I refuse to ruin another one!"

"Nothing's ruined." Karen said, with a strained smile, "Honey...you need to go

do this."

Robert shook his head, "But our plans...going back to the hotel and all. Besides, Lester and the Fuso reps are all the way up in Alpharetta. It'll be really late by the time I get back."

"Well..." Karen sighed, "Just drop me off back home before you head to your meeting."

Robert then asked, "What about all our things back in the room? And checking out?"

"I'll call the hotel and explain..." Karen replied resignedly, "We can come back tomorrow and collect our things. It's not that big of a deal."

Robert pondered things for a few seconds, before eventually dropping his shoulders, "I'm sorry."

Karen forced another smile, then kissed Robert's cheek, "It's okay...really."

As she pulled away, Robert's eyes traveled up and down his wife's scantily clad body once more. "Damnit! And you look so freakin' amazing tonight!"

Karen placed her hands on Robert's chest, "Well...I'll keep the dress on until you get home. And remember...I still have some more black and gold to show you!"

His spirits lifted, Robert then asked, "And the shoes??"

Karen rolled her eyes and giggled, "Yes, sweetheart...I'll keep the shoes on too." She finished by saying, "Now...go on and tend to your work. Then hurry home and tend to your wife!"

"Alright..." Robert reluctantly, yet finally, agreed. "Hopefully, it shouldn't take that long."

"It better not!" Karen replied, biting her juicy bottom lip and arching an eyebrow.

Less than an hour later, Robert hurriedly dropped Karen off back at their house and quickly changed into a more proper suit jacket for his emergency meeting. After combing his hair back to its usual 'do and kissing his wife goodbye, he then rushed to his SUV and drove off into the night to meet up with Lester and the Koreans at the worksite in Alpharetta. Listening to the loud clatter of the garage door as it closed shut, Karen poured herself a glass of wine in the kitchen and then made her way upstairs.

Looking down the hallway, she could see a faint light flickering from underneath Jacob's bedroom door. Unsurprisingly, he was still wide awake late on a Saturday night and likely playing one of his video games on his computer. After setting the glass of wine down on her nightstand, Karen went back into the hallway and made her way to Jacob's room. Even though he'd done as he was told to and had texted her earlier when he got home from his date with Sara, Karen still wanted to check in on her little man.

Knock-knock

"Hi, sweetie," Karen greeted him softly, as she slowly opened the bedroom door. Just as she suspected, she found her son sitting at his desk, the only light in the room coming from the computer monitor.

"Hey, Mom," Jacob replied, as he quickly shut down the video he was watching. It was the secret recording he had done of them in the bathtub earlier that day.

As soon as Karen stepped into the room, she could detect her son's distinctive

scent-- he was aroused. Even though it wasn't as overpowering, considering Karen's condition, just a whiff of it was like adding gasoline to the fire. Standing near the door, Karen couldn't quite see what was on her son's computer screen. As she walked around the bed, she asked suspiciously, "Jake...what are you doing?" Her initial hunch was that he'd broken her rule about not looking at online porn. However, as she stepped up behind the computer chair, she quickly discovered it was something different.

Without turning around, Jacob casually replied, "Oh, nothing...I was just looking at some of the pictures you posed for earlier. Take a look."

Karen's eyes widened in shock. A nearly nude photo of her laying in the bathtub filled her son's 32-inch HD gaming monitor. Only a few globs of white bubbles prevented the conservative Mother from exposing her entire birthday suit to the camera. "Jake!..." she gasped in surprised horror, "You're looking at these now?" Even though they were alone in the house, she instinctively glanced over at the open bedroom door.

"Sure...why not?" Jacob shrugged, continuing to stare at the screen, "I mean...you said in your text that dad had to rush to work for a meeting." As his hand clicked on the mouse and scrolled through more pictures, he added, "So, I figured now would be as safe a time as any."

Karen replied, "Well, perhaps so, but still...I wasn't expecting to-- " She stopped mid-sentence once she saw more of the photos appear on the screen as Jacob cycled through the file folder. Becoming more intrigued, she placed her hands on the back of Jacob's chair and leaned in over her son's shoulder for a closer look. Pleasantly surprised by how good she actually appeared in the pictures, she inadvertently whispered, "Wow!!"

"I know, right?" Jacob commented, as another photo popped up on the screen-- with each one better than the last, "Admit it, Mom...these came out great!"

Karen had to admit-- Jacob was right...the photos did turn out great. As Karen stood leaning over the back of Jacob's chair and reviewed all her photos, she found herself involuntarily squeezing her thighs together. The enticing scent of her teenaged boy, combined with the heat that had been simmering deep in her belly all day long, quickly had her vagina leaking once again.

Mindlessly, Karen slid her right hand underneath the extremely short skirt of her gold dress. Her fingers lightly grazed against the lacy material of her G-string, causing her tender clit to now throb with need. As her exploring digits brushed over her soaking-wet gusset, her breath hitched, "Just a quick one..." she whispered, to no one.

"What was that, Mom?" Jacob asked, distractedly. His attention was still locked on the computer screen and the incredible photos of his near-naked Mother.

Karen quickly removed her hand from underneath her skirt. "Oh! I said um...that's a good one!" she commented at the current photo on the monitor. It was one of the later pictures that had been taken, when the reserved Mother had relaxed and gained more confidence.

The photo consisted of Karen sitting on the edge of the tub and was taken sideways of her profile. Her left arm was cradling her massive naked breasts and hiding her pink nipples, whilst her right hand held a razor as she pretended to shave her right leg covered in shaving gel.

As Jacob continued to cycle through the files, Karen found herself increasingly hypnotized by the risquÃ© images. She couldn't believe how incredible she actually looked in the photos. "Jake..." she commented absentmindedly, whilst staring at the screen, "I am really impressed. You did a great job, sweetie."

Jacob shook his head, "I didn't do anything, Mom. It's all you. All I did was

point and click. The camera simply loves you. Like I said before, you could've been a model."

Karen smiled at her son's compliment. She knew Jacob was biased, just like Robert. However, as she gazed at her images on the computer monitor, she had to admit, maybe-- just maybe-- in another time...another life...who knows?

"Oh, my God!!!" Karen shrieked in horror at the image which suddenly popped up on the screen. This particular photo was one which she hadn't even known had been taken. It was the final and most graphic pose she'd been captured doing during the 'session', and which somehow, in her inebriated state, she'd allowed Jacob to surreptitiously photograph.

Jacob had to have carefully positioned himself, standing with his back leaning on the tiled wall, in order to get the shot properly from a bird's eye view of her, Karen thought. In the photo, she was reclining in the bath-- with her knees bent slightly, and her legs spread-eagled with her heels resting on the outer edges of the tub. Her left hand was cupping her left breast...with the diamonds in her wedding rings sparkling from flickering candlelight. At the same time, her right hand was strategically placed between her splayed-open thighs and covering her bald, sperm-covered vagina in a way as to give no illusions that she was obviously masturbating-- using her own son's cum as lube. The beautiful 'model' had her eyes closed, with her head tilted slightly back onto a folded towel for a pillow. Her mouth was partially opened and curled into a tiny, yet naughty smile, evidently enjoying herself.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Jacob asked innocently, noticing his Mother breaking her strict rule of never taking the Lord's name in vain.

"What's wrong?!" Karen asked her son, emphatically. "That's what's wrong..." she replied, answering her own question, whilst pointing at the monitor. "That picture is downright...dirty!! The other ones aren't as bad I suppose, but this one is borderline obscene!"

Jacob replied calmly, "Really?? I don't think so...I think it's awesome!"

Karen rolled her eyes and huffed, "You would!!" She then added, "Just look at my breasts!!"

"What about them??" Jacob asked nonchalantly, "They look great, as always."

"Yes, that's my point..." Karen replied, "They're totally exposed!! What happened to our agreement about only showing partial nudity?? Didn't you see there were no bubbles covering my...nipples?"

Jacob shrugged, "I guess by then, all the bubbles had dissolved, and I just didn't pay attention...I'm sorry." He then tried to defuse the situation by buttering her up, "To be totally honest with you, I was only focused on how gorgeous you looked and how awesome the picture was going to be. You look fabulous Mom, and it's a great photo...the best one we did, in my opinion. You truly are a natural at this."

Karen continued staring at the image of herself on the monitor. She still couldn't believe that was her in the photo, and that she hadn't noticed when it was taken. That was not Karen Mitchell: the reserved housewife and Mother who sang in the church choir and occasionally taught Sunday school. This woman was someone else. Maybe she could blame the hormones and the alcohol for once again causing her lapse in judgment, but the look on that woman's face-- that coy little satisfied smile, was proof positive that she had enjoyed what she was doing.

After getting over her initial shock, Karen realized perhaps the photo wasn't so bad after all. Once again, Jacob was right. She did look fabulous, and she suddenly felt a strange sense of pride. It was almost a shame that no one

outside Jacob and herself would ever see her this way: so exposed, so beautiful, and so hot.

"Mom?..." Jacob reluctantly asked, "If this picture upsets you so much...I can delete it, if you want." He really didn't want to do so, but if it would smooth things over with his Mother, he would placate her objection.

"NO!!" Karen replied, perhaps a little too quickly. She then straightened back up and added, "I mean...no, you don't have to. Not yet at least. After all, I did agree to pose earlier...and these are for you and you alone." With a deep sigh, she finally relented and said, "But Jake, I cannot stress this enough-- you must keep these photos hidden and never, ever look at these when your father's in the house...am I clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am...loud and clear!" Jacob replied, as he clicked the mouse and closed out the folder. He then spun his chair around and continued, "I promise you, Mom...no one will ever-- HOLY CRAP!!!" It was the teenager's turn to be surprised this time, seeing Karen in her gold dress and black platform heels.

"Jake!!" Karen gasped, "What's with the language?"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob apologized, "But...have you looked in the mirror lately?" He reached over and clicked on the nearby desk lamp to get a better look, then pointed towards the dresser mirror, "Wow!! Have you seen yourself?"

Karen scoffed, "Yes, Jake...I've seen myself." She turned and looked into the mirror, "Oh...that's right." With all the turmoil and concern she'd felt reviewing the pictures from their 'modeling session' earlier that day, Karen had completely forgotten about the outfit she was still wearing.

Jacob's eyes widened as he looked his Mother up and down. "Dang, Mom! You look...absolutely..." No further words came from the teenager's mouth.

Karen couldn't help but smile as she sat on the edge of Jacob's bed, "You know, that's the same type of reaction I got from your father earlier. I take it you approve as well?"

Jacob nodded, "Well, yeah!! I mean...how could I not?" His lips then curled in a knowing smirk of realization, "Oh, I get it...so this must be the dress that Aunt Bren' helped pick out for you? The dress??"

Karen nodded with blushing confirmation and looked down at herself, "Yep...the dress."

"Now it makes sense..." Jacob replied. "Wait a second," he then asked, flabbergasted, "You mean to tell me you wore this out with dad to dinner and then to the nightclub for your date, but instead of going back to the hotel with you, he dropped you off here so he could rush off to some work meeting?!"

Karen sighed, "Jake...it's not that simple."

"Mom...it is that simple. Dad's an idiot!!"

Karen cut her eyes, "Jacob Dean Mitchell!! I will NOT have you disrespect your father that way!"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "But he is. How are you not more upset?"

Karen softened her voice, "I was, at first...in fact, I was very upset. I'd been looking forward to this night for several reasons, but something came up which was none of your father's fault. He did everything in his power to make sure nothing would interrupt us this weekend. It's just one of those things where someone else fell short, and now your dad's the one paying for it."

Jacob huffed, "Yeah, well...it seems to me that you're paying for it too, Mom. If you ask me, that isn't fair to you."

Karen leaned forward and took Jacob's hand. Smiling warmly, she said, "That's very sweet of you to worry about me, baby. But I'm okay with it now, since unfortunately...life isn't always fair."

"I know one thing, though..." Jacob began, "If I were in dad's shoes tonight, I would've told my boss to go pound sand. There's no way I would've ditched my wife and celebrating her birthday to go to some stupid meeting on a Saturday night!!"

Karen leaned back and replied, "Jake...your dad's only doing what he has to do, and sometimes that means having to make sacrifices. He works very hard to provide a good life for us, and securing this deal is vital in his continuing to do so." When Jacob didn't respond, his Mother added, "Sweetie...don't be so quick to judge your father. Remember...right now, you aren't married and still live at home with no true responsibilities. How about we check back in ten to fifteen years from now, when you do have a family of your own, and see if you still think the same way?"

Jacob stared into Karen's soft hazel eyes. She was giving him that motherly 'you know I'm right' look. With a nod he replied, "Okay, Mom...I see your point." He then perked up and said, "But I meant what I said...you look smokin' hot in that dress!!" Not one to let an opportunity go to waste, Jacob stood up from his chair and asked, "What do you say I get the camera and we do another quick photo shoot of you modeling it for me? It'd be a shame to not get some pictures of you, wearing that tonight!"

Karen shook her head and sighed, "Jake...that's probably not a good idea. Your dad said hopefully the meeting won't be that long. In fact, if all goes well, he should be back home within the hour. So, we really shouldn't push our luck and start anything tonight."

Jacob tried to negotiate, "Aww...c'mon, Mom...just give me fifteen minutes, like before."

Karen rolled her eyes, "Yeah...and look how that turned out!" Getting up from the bed, she then looked down at Jacob, "No, I'm going to go and wait for your father to get home. While I do so, I plan to drink my glass of wine and read my book-- which, may I remind you, I didn't get to finish earlier today because someone interrupted me." After sharing a knowing look, Karen leaned down and kissed Jacob on the forehead, "Good night, Snuggle Bear...love you!"

Jacob stood up and gave his Mother a tender embrace, "I love you too, Mom. Happy birthday."

Karen gave a last smooch on her son's cheek and pulled away with a smile. Before making her way towards the door, she turned and added, "Don't stay up too late."

Jacob nodded, "Don't worry...I won't." As he watched his Mother walk out of the room, his young eyes were fixated in fascination on Karen's juicy bottom spilling out her skin-tight dress and swaying temptingly from side to side. Shaking his head, he smiled and muttered to himself, "I still say dad is an idiot!"

Upon entering the master bedroom, Karen stopped at her vanity mirror, where she touched up her makeup and reapplied some perfume. She then walked over to her side of the bed and picked up her cell phone to check if Robert had called or perhaps had sent her a text message. Nothing. Sighing, she set the device down and picked up her book.

Still fully dressed, with her stiletto shoes dangling over the edge of the mattress, Karen reclined halfway onto the king-sized bed that she shared with Robert. Propping up some pillows to rest her head and back against the headboard, she then opened up her book and began reading where she'd left off. The current passage found the heroine once again degrading herself in order to obtain information needed to prosecute the evil drug lord and find justice for her brother.

Taking a sip of wine, Karen's thoughts wandered as she circled back to the photographs from her impromptu 'modeling session' that Jacob had sweet-talked her into the day before. The images of how great she had looked in the photos seemed inescapably seared and ingrained into her memory-- especially that last one in particular. Again, Karen reflected to herself, what a shame that no one other than her and Jacob would ever see how incredibly sexy the pictures had turned out!

Suddenly, a naughty idea came to mind. Karen looked up from her book and mused mischievously, "Maybe I could at least show them to Brenda and let her see how her big sister can also live...on the edge." Shaking her head incredulously and quickly dismissing the notion, she then went back to reading.

About a half hour later, Karen was once again totally immersed in the book. The explicit scenes of the erotic thriller had her wound up tighter than a spring. Reaching over, she picked up the fluted wineglass from her nightstand and downed another sip. Glancing impatiently at the alarm clock, she then muttered, "Robert Mitchell...you'd better get home soon, or I'm gonna go ahead and start without you!"

Suddenly, a familiar golf swing *swoosh!* sound alerted Karen to a new text from her husband. She quickly picked up her phone and read the message:

ROBERT: *Hey.*

KAREN: *Hey there, handsome. You on your way home, I hope? I'm waiting...*

ROBERT: *Not yet...still in a teleconference meeting.*

Karen huffed in frustration. She then texted: *Still??!*

ROBERT: *Afraid so...turns out things are worse than I thought and our partners insisted we speak directly to their superiors in Seoul.*

KAREN: *How much longer??*

ROBERT: *Not sure, but it looks like it's gonna be an all-nighter.*

Gob-smacked, Karen dropped the phone to her lap and stared blankly ahead, at a total loss for words. After a few seconds, another text alert broke her catatonic daze.

ROBERT: *Don't wait up for me.*

As she read those words, Karen could feel her anger rising and her blood beginning to boil. She was almost tempted to send Robert a scathing text to express her frustration. However, after composing a few words she reversed tack, knowing it wouldn't help the situation any and would only add to her husband's stress. Instead, Karen deleted what she'd begun typing and revised her response.

KAREN: *Well, that's just peachy!!*

ROBERT: *I'm so, so sorry...I promise I'll make it up to you somehow.*

KAREN: *It's not your fault.*

ROBERT: *I'll text u when I'm leaving.*

ROBERT: *I love you*

KAREN: *Luv u â ¤ï¸ *

Irritated, Karen tossed her cell phone onto the bed beside her. Crossing her arms beneath her heaving breasts, she then muttered, "Darnit, Rob!!" It was a clear sign of her profound displeasure (in more ways than one), as the reserved housewife almost never uttered any curse words, minced or otherwise.

Not only was Karen highly frustrated about not being able to complete her plans with Robert that night, but now, after a long day of arousing stimuli with no relief, she was basically a ticking sexual powder keg just waiting to explode. She badly needed something to set her off and release the pressure.

With a deep sigh, Karen stood up from the bed and went to the walk-in closet, where she unzipped and slid out of her sexy gold dress. After hanging up the garment, she then took down a robe which she had purchased specifically for that night. The new piece of lingerie matched her bra and panty set perfectly, since it was also black lace and very sheer. "Might as well get some use out of it!" Karen whispered to herself

After slipping on the sexy new robe, Karen went to her dresser, dug around, and pulled out a rolled-up towel that she had hidden at the very back of the middle drawer. After carefully unravelling the cloth, she came face to face again with the hot pink dildo which Melissa had gifted to her during her last visit. As the highly-aroused housewife examined the menacing sex toy, she said to the imitation phallus, "Well...I guess it's just you and me, tonight."

Making her way back towards the bed, Karen caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror. She stopped and stood for a moment, gazing at the incredible vision staring back at her in the reflection. The gorgeous MILF now wore nothing but her matching bra and panty set along with the matching see-through lacy robe. Paired with her high-heeled stilettoes, Karen looked like she belonged in the centerfold of a Playboy Magazine. Shaking her head once more in disappointment, the disgruntled housewife thought to herself, "What a waste...you're missing out, Rob!"

Slowly sitting down on the edge of her bed, Karen looked down at her hand clutching her surrogate lover for the night. She still couldn't believe this was how her long-anticipated evening was going to end. Turning her head, she took a glance at the closed bedroom door to ensure it was locked. A sudden realization then hit her as her mind drifted past the doorway and down the hallway to the last bedroom on the right...and the teenager who currently occupied it.

Karen bit her bottom lip whilst pondering her momentous decision. "Should I?" she debated with herself. Surprisingly, she found herself quickly succumbing to the irresistible temptation. Feeling a familiar and unmistakable quiver deep in her married vagina, the horny Mother whispered, "Oh, why not..?" A devilish smile crept onto her beautiful face as she added, "After all, it is my birthday."

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Wrapping the dildo back up in its towel and burying it in the rear of her dresser drawer, Karen carefully ensured it was well hidden. After tying the silky sash of her satin robe, she then grabbed her cell phone and made her way

down the hall until she stood right outside Jacob's bedroom door.

Karen could feel her heart pounding in her chest a mile a minute as a momentary wave of guilt washed over her and she suddenly debated going through with what she had in mind. After all, she only ever did these things with Jacob whenever he came to her in need of 'help' or when it was absolutely necessary to prevent anyone else from discovering his condition. This time, however, there would be no such rationale for what she was about to do.

Despite knowing she could have easily followed through with her original plan and used the sex toy which she kept safely hidden from her husband, Karen decided that simply wouldn't suffice. Her ordeal of suppressing her lustful, carnal desire throughout the day had her primed like never before, only to be disappointed by Robert in the end. Whatever hopes she had of salvaging the evening with her inattentive spouse waned less and less with each hour he didn't return. By the time Karen came to her fateful decision, those hopes were thoroughly dashed-- her disappointment instead replaced by a simmering frustration mingled with the nagging desire still afflicting her. All these whirling emotions needed an outlet (and soon), if she was ever going to get any sleep that night. Thus, it would take more than a piece of pink silicone to at last satiate her daylong and by now excruciating craving. There could be only one solution.

Karen raised her fist, but at the last second decided to forgo knocking. Instead, she grabbed the doorknob, twisted it, and then slowly pushed the door open. Softly stealing her way inside, she found her son's room to be nearly pitch-dark except for the glow of the computer monitor in its screensaver mode situated across from the bed. In the faint lighting, she could just barely make out Jacob under the covers, laying on his side in bed and facing away from her. "Jake??" Karen whispered hoarsely, "Honey? You awake?" When he didn't respond right away, she began to slowly back her way out of the room.

"Mom??" Jacob suddenly answered whilst rolling over, his voice soft and groggy, "Is...is something wrong?"

"No, sweetie...nothing's wrong." Karen replied quietly, as she stepped back into the room, "I'm sorry that I woke you...go back to sleep."

Jacob sat up in bed wearing an Iron Man T-shirt. "It's okay, Mom...I wasn't fully asleep yet, just sort of drifting." Rubbing his eyes, he glanced at his cell phone in his hand on which he'd been 'reviewing' the bathtub video one last time before he dozed off for bed. Seeing it was after 1:00 a.m., he then asked, "Isn't dad home yet?"

"No...not yet," Karen replied with a heavy sigh, gently closing the door behind her and stepping closer towards the bed.

After quickly swiping back to the GoPro app's home screen, Jacob set his phone face down on the mattress and reached over to turn on the small lamp on his nightstand. At once, a soft light partly illuminated most of the room, whereupon Jacob immediately noticed Karen's sexy and extremely short see-through robe. "Woah, Mom..." Jacob exclaimed, now fully awake and his eyes quickly adjusting. "You look awesome!! When did you get that?"

With a wan smile, Karen plopped down on the side of the bed next to Jacob's hip. "Same day your Aunt Bren' bought me the dress." Smoothing out the silky robe's lower hem that had ridden up her thighs as she sat, Karen looked herself over and added, "I was hoping to surprise your father with it tonight, but-- "

"But dad had to go and be an idiot...right?" Jacob scoffed, interrupting his Mother.

Tilting her head admonishingly, Karen cut her eyes. "Jake! What have I told you before about disrespecting your father? And as I'm certain I've explained to you

previously, sometimes things aren't always that simple."

Barely suppressing another scoff, for once Jacob felt no obligation to immediately apologize. "Well, tonight he is, Mom...and yes, some things are that simple."

Too jaded to admonish her son any further into obedience, Karen sighed and dropped her head. Returning a weak smile to her face, she looked back up and said, "You're still too young, but you'll understand it better when you're a bit older."

Reaching out, Jacob clasped his Mom's hand into his own and replied, "I may be young, but I understand completely." He then scooched closer and continued, "I understand that this entire evening was his idea. I understand that you went all-out to impress him and make up for the night he 'missed out' on in Atlanta. I understand that it's now way past midnight and no longer officially your birthday, but instead of being at some fancy hotel and having the night of his life with you, he's over at some boring work meeting, while you're here at home...alone."

Holding back tears, Karen leaned her head on Jacob's shoulder and said, "But I'm not alone..." She then gently ran her hand down his cheek, and smiling warmly, continued, "I'm here with you...my little man."

Wrapping an arm around his Mom, Jacob smiled in turn, "You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know..." Karen replied, sighing with a slight nod. Looking Jacob straight in the eyes, she then added, "Still...your dad is only doing what he must to provide for our family, and he deserves your respect. So, I don't want to hear you say anything like that about your father ever again...understood?" Though the radical hormones had caused her to cross way too many barriers as it was with Jacob, Karen wasn't about to allow her son to get in the habit of breaking God's fifth commandment (at least while he lived under her roof).

"But Mom-- "

"Understood?" Karen asked again, this time more sternly and not giving her son an inch to argue his rebuttal.

"Yes, Ma'am." Jacob replied, cowed for the moment into submission.

"Good...at least we have that settled," Karen said, the look of admonition fading from her face. "Besides...I didn't come in here to bicker with you." Breaking their side embrace, she turned her body towards Jacob, which caused her short robe to ride even higher up her creamy thighs. "I came here to ask you something very important..." Her voice took on an even softer tone.

"Oh, okay..." Jacob replied, his interest piqued as he leaned back against the headboard. Taking a moment, he then checked that his cell phone was still within reach under the covers. "What is it, Mom?" Drifting his eyes downward, his leering gaze lingered all along Karen's exposed long legs. Immediately, his thoughts drifted back to their photo session from earlier that day and how sexy his Mother had looked naked in the bathtub. Images of Karen with her wet skin glistening in the soft candlelight and her pussy covered in his cum were even now only inches away, remotely uploaded mere minutes before to his phone from the GoPro's memory card. Smiling to himself as he pulled his cell safely next to him, Jacob could feel his cock beginning to stir anew underneath the covers.

Clearing her throat, Karen straightened herself to face her son and continued, "Jake...we had a conversation here not too long ago, right in this very room...do you remember that? Do you remember what you said?"

His mind churned for a few seconds, as Jacob pondered the question with a blank expression before shrugging, "Mom...we've had lots of conversations in here.

You're gonna have to give me a bit more to go on."

Karen turned her head and gazed into Jacob's eyes...the same warm, hazel color as her own. "That day, when I was in here collecting your dirty laundry and you said to me that you would always be there for me...if I ever needed you."

At last recalling, Jacob smiled, "Oh yeah...I remember now...that's the day you told me I had to go to the mall with you to-- "

"Did you mean it?" Karen asked softly, interrupting her son. "Did you...really mean what you said?"

Jacob turned serious, "Yes, I meant it...every word."

Taking her son's hand in hers in turn, Karen smiled with relief, "Thank you, sweetie."

Jacob leaned in closer to Karen and clarified, "Mom...how could I not? You're the most important person in the world to me. You gave me life...you nurtured me...you've taught me so much. Even to this day, you still take care of me and protect me like no one else on earth ever would." Seeing his Mother's eyes welling up with tears again, he added, "Of course I meant it. Even when I'm married and have kids of my own, I will always be here for you...wherever and whenever you need me." He then said with a slight grin, "And I promise...that's not just the hormones talking."

Karen couldn't help but stifle a laugh at his remark, referring to the conversation they'd had in his room earlier that week. That conversation had soon turned into them passionately making out on Jacob's bed, only to be cut short by Robert arriving home early from work. Reaching up, Karen smiled and smoothed her son's messy mop of dark brown hair, "Well, I'm glad to hear that."

Suddenly, Karen picked up on Jacob's scent. He was aroused. Her eyes drifted downwards onto the unmistakable lump now tenting just beneath his Star Wars comforter. "As a matter of fact..." Leaning in, she then kissed him on the forehead before standing up, "I'm very glad to hear that..."

"Y-You are?" Jacob asked, as he watched Karen stand up, back a few steps away from his bed and slowly turn around.

With her back to Jacob, Karen replied softly, "Yes, I am...and I can't tell you how much that means to me." Whilst untying the sash to her robe, she continued with candor, "You see...even though tonight's fiasco wasn't entirely your dad's fault...I still can't help but feel somewhat let down...unfulfilled even." With the thin, silky garment now hanging totally loose, she turned back to face her son.

"Whoa!!" Jacob exclaimed, his eyes bulging wide at the incredible vision suddenly standing right before him. Karen's sheer black robe now hung wide open, displaying her curvy MILF body clad in the matching black lace push-up bra and tiny G-string panties-- an awe-inspiring sight no doubt originally meant for his dad that night. Along with her perfectly styled hair and heavier-than-usual make-up, the teenager swore his Mother could have been a Victoria's Secret model.

"So, you see Snuggle Bear..." Karen continued, her voice husky with desire and a sudden alacrity that broke Jacob's entranced stare. "This time, I need your help...and I need it bad!" Peeling the robe sensually off her shoulders, Karen swiftly shimmied the lustrous fabric down her back, allowing it to slide from her arms and pool onto the floor behind her. "Mommy needs it bad...really, really bad!"

"Holy shit!" Jacob whispered, unable to take his eyes off his sexy, now nearly-nude Mother as she bent over to pick up her discarded robe.

Karen heard Jacob's comment. However, rather than rebuking him for his colorful language like she usually did, the horny Mom ignored it. Instead, after folding her robe over the backrest of Jacob's computer chair, she padded softly back to his bed and asked, "Oh, and sweetie...where's your camera?" Some strange, eerie intuition caused her to want to ensure that what they were about to do (again) wasn't somehow secretly recorded by her clever boy.

19â ‟23 minutes

Too late. A sly, wicked little grin spread across Jacob's face as he half-truthfully stated, "Over there, on the Boba Fett helmet right above my desk...I put it back in its head harness." Karen glanced at it for a few seconds, relieved to see that it appeared dormantly shut off before turning her attention back to her son's bed. Meanwhile, beneath his comforter, Jacob quickly pressed a button on his GoPro's phone app to immediately begin filming...

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Minutes later, in Jacob's dimly lit bedroom, the GoPro Hero 9 action camera gifted to him by his Mother sat innocently across the room. It appeared for all intents and purposes inactivated-- strapped as it was by its head harness to the life-sized Boba Fett helmet atop his computer desk. However, the illicitly obscene racket which the innocuously looking device was secretly recording from the teenager's twin-sized bed was far from innocent.

"Ohh! Unghh! Oh...YESSS!! Unnghh!!"

Each rhythmic thump of the headboard against the drywall was answered in turn by a corresponding squeak from the bedsprings which currently accompanied Karen's whining moans and squeals of depraved pleasure. Coupled together with Jacob's aggressive grunts and groans, the obscenely connected duo formed an unholy melody of unprotected Mother-son fornication which now reverberated throughout the teenager's bedroom.

Karen was flat on her back, clad only in her bra and jewelry, along with the shiny black high-heeled shoes still adorning her dainty feet (as per Jacob's special request). Her knees were bent and her thighs spread-eagled widely, with the six-inch spikes of the platform stilettos stabbing into the comforter.

"Unnnghh! Oh, J-Jake! Unnghh! Oh, Y-yes! B-baby...YESSSS!!!" Karen warbled, whilst letting her son have his way in pounding her with his bare, condomless cock.

Jacob was positioned in the cradle of Karen's splayed open legs with his face buried in between the deep, soft cavern of cleavage created by her sexy push-up bra. Wrapped in his Mother's soft and loving arms, Jacob thrust his hard and naked oversized manhood in and out of her slippery love tunnel, eliciting lewd wet squelching sounds from the junction of their raw and unbridled coupling.

Initially, (after ensuring on his phone that the GoPro was activated to record their illicit activities), Jacob had gotten up from his bed to let his Mom get on her back before eagerly crawling in between Karen's long, silky legs. Noticing that in her haste his Mother had removed her G-string, the teenager gazed hungrily at his Mother's glistening, freshly waxed vagina after she'd plopped onto the mattress. Just as he was about to lower himself down with every intention of sampling the sweet juices leaking from his Mom's ripened Georgia peach, Karen threw out her leg.

"Not now, Jake!" Karen whispered harshly, pressing a shiny black stiletto heel into his skinny chest and stopping him before his watering lips could reach their target.

Jacob looked up to find his Mother peering up at him over the mountainous swells of her bra-encased boobs. With eyes filled with lust and desire, her still made-up long lashes seemed to beam an unspoken Morse code message to him for them to get down to business and fuck.

"But Mom...I just wanna take care of you...like you deserve."

"You can 'take care' of me by getting over here, young man...and putting that thing-- " Karen hissed, her customary stern voice almost demanding, yet stopping short of openly stating the obvious. Briefly sitting up, she instead used her thighs to firmly position her son with barely repressed impatience. Aggressively grabbing Jacob by his shoulders, she then pulled him down towards her and, with no less subtlety, stated, "I need something else right now!"

"Sh-should I get a condom?" Jake asked tentatively, delighted though a bit bewildered as he positioned himself above his Mother. Karen's unnatural, assertive behavior (though not unwelcome), was nevertheless unnerving and completely threw him off.

Leaning back on her elbows with exasperation, Karen shook her head, "No, sweetie!" Reaching down in between them, she then used her left hand to take hold of Jacob's thick and veiny shaft. As she heedlessly positioned the leaking, bulbous tip of her son's cock at her equally wet and tight opening, Karen looked deep into his eyes-- the same shade of hazel as her own, and whispered huskily, "No condoms tonight!" The impatient Mother then placed her right hand on the small of Jacob's back and literally pulled him into her body.

"Unnnnggggghhhhhhhh!!!" Karen's plaintive moan whined aloud in painful pleasure, as Jacob's incomparable length abruptly penetrated the exquisitely tight threshold of her soaking-wet socket. Just like the previous times they'd had sex, her son's probing manhood seemed to fit her womanhood perfectly, as it sank deeper and deeper inside her. Her son's wickedly enhanced monster felt as if it was literally made for piercing her soul-- reaching blissful depths which her loving (and unknowing) husband could only dream of touching. "Oh, yes! It's so BIG...so deeeeep!!" Karen called out, her bulging eyes watering and staring straight into her son's equally determined gaze as she gripped his straining triceps.

Jacob plunged in and out of Karen at a slow and continuous, steady pace-- relishing in her clutching yet welcoming tightness as her married, maternal pussy yielded to his openly welcomed invasion. Digging his fists into the mattress, he peered down and enjoyed the awesome sight of his thickly-veined cock lewdly coupling with his Mom's drooling-wet and forbidden cunt. Nothing could ever top the exquisite tightness of her vaginal walls accommodating him full bore and he hoped that his camera was perfectly capturing their forbidden (and no doubt sexy) illicit union. Namely, the membranous folds of his Mom's snugly hot snatch clutching and basting the full length of his angrily hued cock with her loving maternal nectar as he pistoned in and out of her welcoming Mommy hole. With how slickly silky her juices were aiding his probing thrusts and quickly coating his shaft, his Mom had to have been wet even before coming into his room. Realizing this fact only served to spur Jacob on as he ramped up his tempo, and it was no time before he brought his Mother to her first quick and sudden, shuddering orgasm. Exerting his youthful, taboo-triggered stamina, Jacob's unrelenting attack allowed Karen no room for respite before he was already priming her for another, earth-rending climax.

Thrilled by Jacob's energetic and merciless pounding in his obliging quest to quench her daylong lustful desire, Karen aggressively scissored her legs behind his lunging, flexing ass. Her hastily removed, skimpy black G-string now dangled helplessly from her left ankle and threatened to flutter at any moment from her

chic, stiletto heels. In the intense ferocity of their latest incestuous copulation, Jacob's impossibly thick appendage awoke sensory regions deep in the depths of her womanhood which until recently she never fathomed could ever be delved.

Deeper and deeper Jacob probed, as Karen relished in the relief that her son's ravishing monster provided to every square inch of her ridged love tunnel-- scratching at long last the nagging, carnal itch that had been pestering her all day. Soon, the sharp stilettoes of her flouncing high heels beating rhythmically on her son's ass left sore, red marks on Jacob's relentlessly thrusting behind. He barely felt it however, deeming the momentary pain well worth the incomparable pleasure he now indulged in as he fervently fucked his Mom's brains out and her forbidden pussy into oblivion.

With lustful relish, Karen sensed her second impending orgasm steadily building from her son's relentless invasion. The sensation began deep in her core like a warm liquid-- flowing through her tummy and up into her chest, before finally spreading throughout her extremities. Each deep plunge of Jacob's pistoning cock acted like a pump, churning and increasing the delicious pressure inside her milk-laden breasts. In no time, the intense fervor of their incestuous mating was causing her tingling nipples to leak her creamy Mommy milk lusciously into the soft cups of her push-up bra.

"Oh, J-Jake...Yesssss!!!" Karen hissed, her right arm hugging her son tighter to her body as they feverishly rutted like wild animals. Cradling the back of his head with her left hand, her manicured fingers tangled in his mop of brown hair, pulling Jacob's face deeper into the cleavage of her pillowy, soft breasts. "Harder...sweetie!! H--Harder!! M--Mommy's...getting close!!!"

Eager to properly 'take care' of his Mom, Jacob obeyed her request and ramped up his thrusts in and out of her slippery, wet canal without mercy. Before long though, having his face buried in the tender flesh of Karen's bountiful bosom caused the teenager to find it increasingly difficult to breathe. The lack of oxygen, along with the sweet scent of his Mother's perfume, soon made him feel extremely light-headed.

"Oh, sweetie!!" Karen exclaimed, her long legs uncrossing and forming a wide, V-shaped saddle which allowed Jacob to hump her even faster. The tiny G-string thong now twisted around the spike of her shoe, fluttering about useless and forgotten-- and waving like a white flag of surrender. "That's it, h-honey...that's it!!"

Fearful of passing out, Jacob was finally able to squirm his way out of Karen's tight clutches. For a few seconds, the two of them looked down and watched with intrigued fascination as the bulging outline of Jacob's thick shaft plowing in and out could be seen lewdly distending Karen's pubic mound. At last catching his breath, the teenager with some reluctance rose up and sat back on his heels. His pulsing snake slithered slowly from his Mother's lathered-up pussy, creating a raunchy slurping sound as it vacated its favorite berth.

"Nnnnnggghhhh!!!" Karen moaned in frustration, as her vagina immediately felt empty and wanting. She had been precariously close to achieving her desperate need for more relief, and her first climax had only been the tip of the iceberg in accomplishing that endeavor.

Seeing the disappointed look on Karen's face, Jacob commented, "Don't worry, Mom...I'm still gonna take care of you." As he repositioned the tip of his cock at the yawning hole in between the glistening pink petals of his Mother's blossoming pussy, he added with a sly, knowing look, "Really good care..."

Jacob took hold of Karen's long legs at the crook of her knees. He then proceeded to push his hips forward in one swift thrust, causing the head of his penis and over half its shaft to slip snugly back within the threshold of his Mother's sopping-wet vagina. At once, the satisfying feeling of her son's sinful

invasion filling her up again extracted a moan of approval from Karen's red, painted lips.

With the hormones now in full effect and his confidence soaring, Jacob looked down at Karen as he pushed her legs back towards the headboard. He took a quick sideways glance over at the camera, hoping they were positioned properly on the bed for the lens' wide angle to record everything. With a dull 'clunk' the soles of Karen's designer high heels momentarily contacted the wooden headboard, letting the triumphant son know she was now fully pinned into submission like he'd done her in Atlanta. Turning back to his Mother, Jacob smirked and said, "You might wanna grab a hold of something, Mom..."

"Oh, my!" Karen whispered, instantly knowing what Jacob had in mind as he manhandled and literally bent her in half. Anticipating what was to come, she quickly reached back over her head and gripped the planks of the headboard just as her teenage son lunged forward, driving the rest of his shaft balls deep inside the same birthing canal that had once borne him. "Oh, JAKE!!!" Karen squealed, as her eyes widened in shock and rolled back in their sockets from the delightful pain of Jacob's perversely oversized cock instantly filling her aching void. "Careful, sweetie..." she whined, in a voice more pleading than one of parental authority.

"It's okay, Mom..." Jacob replied in a reassuring tone. He pulled back so that only the tip of his cock remained within the leaking lobby of his Mother's warm sheath, "I know you can take it. Remember...I'm here for you, and I know exactly what you need." The horny teenager then slammed forward once again, causing Karen to yelp out loud from the sweet ache of her son's upwards-angled cock aggressively raking her G-spot and then hitting bottom, with each breathtaking lunge knocking the wind from her lungs.

Soon, the air in Jacob's bedroom, a virtual nerd paradise, reeked with the heady scent of sweat, perfume, and forbidden, unprotected Mother-son sex. The teenager's bed rocked-- rattling and squeaking from his powerful thrusts. His massive sperm-filled testicles slapped teasingly against Karen's exposed virginal asshole, steadily becoming slathered in her vaginal fluids. The rhythmic drumming against her hitherto pristine rear passage by her son's heavily broiling nuts caused tiny sparks of taboo pleasure to run up the tantalized Mother's spine.

"Oh Yes!! Oh Yes!! Jake...YESSSS!!!" Karen cried out in the throes of ecstasy from her son's frantic plundering of her womanhood. Jacob's outrageous cock coated in her girl cream quickly had her riding on razor's edge as it plunged in and out of her clinging, wanting pussy.

Spurred on by his Mother's reaction, Jacob grunted in between each incomparably exquisite thrust, "How's this...Ugghhhh!..Mom?? Is this...Ugghhh!..what you...Ughhh!..needed??"

Karen gazed up admiringly at her son, her heart filling with motherly love. The look of determination on his handsome face, along with the dewlike drops of perspiration gathering on his forehead, was proof-positive of his intentions to follow through with the promise he'd made to take care of his Mama.

"Y-yes, baby...YES!! That's what...I needed!! I-I'm almost!! Don't sssss-stop!!" Karen pleadingly encouraged with total submissive abandon, which only served to fuel Jacob's savage drive to mercilessly pummel her even more. Soon, her mouth dropped open with her tongue lolling out the side of her lips and her head tilted backward. Seeing this, Jacob couldn't help but lean in to Karen's mouth, as their tongues tangled and wildly flickered together, engaging in a hot lingual sex of their own. In no time at all Karen felt her hips twitch and her legs begin to shake as her latest momentous orgasm blossomed. "OH, YES! JAKE!!! YEEESSSSS!!!" she wailed pulling her mouth away, as the waves of pleasure from her overstuffed pussy crashed ashore and reverberated throughout her extremities. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!" the climaxing Mother's operatic aria of

ecstatic euphoria exclaimed, bouncing off her son's bedroom walls which were covered in superhero posters.

Not even allowing her to recover from her latest orgasm, Jacob wasted no time and had his Mom flip over, before positioning Karen on all fours with her facing the secretly recording camera. Staring listlessly ahead with glassy eyes towards her son's desk, the dutiful Mother (now on her hands and knees) had no idea she was starring in her first-ever porn video.

Quickly scurrying up behind Karen, Jacob promptly mounted her doggy-style-- watching appreciatively as his oversized cock pierced her opening and unceremoniously spread her luscious pussy lips apart. The teenager enjoyed doing his Mother in this position more than anything else, especially since it gave him the opportunity to admire all her divine, amply feminine curves. It was like his thick, fat cock and heavy balls were perfectly made to mate with Karen's plump and perfectly-shaped Georgia peach butt. From the tapering of her sexy, sweaty back down to her amazing MILF ass, so wide and so round, Karen rear end was truly God's work of art and to not fuck it with his huge dick seemed like blasphemy. Jacob also knew that pounding her like this was as close as he could get (for now) to his ultimate, dirty little fantasy that he desperately wanted to do with his Mom.

Jacob's hands roughly grasped Karen's matronly hips as he drove his rock-hard cock in and out of her quivering vagina. He couldn't resist the temptation of slapping his Mother's meaty buttcheeks, quickly giving her rippling white flesh a glowing pink hue. "Dang, Mom..." he commented between playful blows to her curvy derriere, "You are so hot...and this juicy ass of yours is simply to die for!!" The teenager then leaned forward and rasped in her ear, planting a smooching love bite on her shoulder before leaning back and swatting her jiggling bottom once more. The pop and sting of these actions caused Karen to squeal, even as Jacob's slapping abs from his pelvic thrusts smote her hip and thigh and mercilessly pounded her into submission.

Despite her foggy state of arousal, Karen felt enough apprehension concerning the possibility of Jacob leaving visible marks on her body. As before, she worried that if they weren't careful, Robert might discover the incriminating evidence of their son's handprint on his 'loyal' wife's juicy backside. However, due to her current simmering frustration with her husband that night (not to mention the increasingly kinky sense of enjoyment she felt from being spanked), Karen ignored her better judgment and allowed her little man to have his naughty fun. For the time being at least, Karen was going to let her son fully claim her ass as his.

Satisfied for the moment in taking out his sadistic lusts on his Mom's luscious butt, Jacob grabbed her by the shoulders and really began railing her. From the corner of her eye, Karen just happened to catch their movement in the dresser mirror. The disturbing reflection was one of utter sin and debauchery-- something which the Karen of only a few months before would've been totally aghast to witness. Namely, a happily married 44-year-old Mother on all fours in her 18-year-old son's childhood bed, with her long, brown, 80's-styled hair flouncing wildly about whilst her bra-encased Mommy boobs swung mightily back and forth beneath her torso. Behind the gorgeous Mom, her eager baby boy was slamming his crotch against her rippling, upturned, bubble-shaped ass in a steady rhythm, driving his teenaged cock in and out of the same maternal sheath that had once given him life and shamelessly engaging in the same timeless activity originally designed to procreate new life.

In the muted light, Karen's gaze was transfixed by the glistening strings of her churned-up pussy butter hanging from their sinfully-connected genitals and stretching down to the Star Wars-themed bed comforter. In any other place and time, this unspeakable scene of incestuous outrage would have been a horrifying spectacle and utter abomination to her eyes. Instead, the alluring sight of their raw and forbidden mating ramped up Karen's arousal even more-- to the point that a devious part of her kind of wished that Jacob's camera was secretly

recording their wicked Mother and son copulation. Little did she know, but her wish was at that very moment being granted.

Karen could sense a pressurized sensation brewing from within the deepest recesses of her loins. It felt like a burgeoning bubble growing larger and larger with each maddening stroke of Jacob's probing, pulsing babymaker. The agonizing pleasure of his fat, dribbling cockhead raking up on her G-spot and drubbing against her cervix pushed her closer and closer to the edge of another passionate climax. In her desperation to chase down that release, her hands resorted to grasping the soft bedding, with her fingernails digging deep. Arching her back, Karen raised her butt higher in submission, proffering herself completely to her son as she began pushing her hips up against Jacob's thrusts. "Ohhhh...mmmmm...ohhhh! Harder Baby!! Unnggggghhhh!! Mama...needs it...harder!!!"

Jacob, being the ever-obedient son, did just that. He got up into a crouching position over Karen's sweat-covered back and, with a new sense of urgency, held tightly to her hips and began vigorously thrusting harder and deeper into his Mom's love hole. Though being on his haunches soon made his legs burn, he was determined to power through and give his Mother the thorough fucking she so desperately needed. Since he had already dumped several loads earlier that day with Mrs. Miller (and in the tub with his Mom), Jacob also knew he was in no danger of cumming anytime soon.

"You...want it...like this...Mom??" Jacob grunted, leaning in hard again into her ear. "You...like it...rough??" Getting back on his knees, his pounding thrusts quickly pinned Karen's butt beneath him.

"Oohhhhhh!!" Karen squealed, partly in pleasure and partly in shock, as Jacob's violent blows forced the rest of her body down, pressing her face and chest into the mattress. "Mmmmm!! Mmmmm!! Yes, Jake...YESSSS!!" she cried out, turning her head to the side and encouraging him to continue. "Don't stop!!!"

"So, Mom..." Jacob asked, laying his legs atop hers, as he continued to goad his Mother, "Is this what you...had in mind...when you said...you needed it baaaaaaaad?"

"Yesssss!!" Karen replied, her words now hissing from her lips. "Oh, Yesssssss!!!" She could feel the orgasmic bubble of tension building deliciously and continuing to inflate deep in her core.

"See Mom..." Jacob continued, "I told you...I'd be here...for you...ugghhhh!!! Even if dad...isn't." Spurred on by an arrogant sense of triumph, he adjusted their stance once more, pulling her up by the hips, and began pounding his Mother's vagina even harder. The violent plunging of his cock stirred up even more of her pussy juice, which now began trickling in rivulets down the insides of Karen's thighs.

"OHHHHHH!!!" Karen moaned even louder, giving herself completely to the moment and being thoroughly sexually conquered by her son. The lewd clapping sound of Jacob's bloated nut sack flopping against her rippling backside added to the taboo chorus of raw, incestuous lovemaking, no-- MATING that now echoed throughout the room.

Driven by his hormone-fueled lust, Jacob took a fist full of Karen's wavy dark brown hair and pulled back, causing her to raise up onto her hands. He then ramped up the dirty talk, "Oh yeah, Mom...I can feel your pussy squeezing hard on my dick...danng, it feels so good!!" After a couple of more strokes, he added

with a sneer, his words calculatingly timed with each thrust, "And I...don't care...what you...say...I still think...dad's an...IDIOT!!"

Karen felt her vaginal walls instinctively clench tighter with each insolent word uttered by her son, shaking her head 'no' and moaning her displeasure in response. Looking back over her shoulder with furrowed brow and pleading eyes, the look of turmoil etched on her face was quickly wiped away by Jacob's merciless attack. She didn't mind the dirty talk...in fact, she was actually beginning to enjoy it (as Brenda promised she would). Karen did not, however, enjoy hearing her son so blatantly disrespecting her husband and his father. Clinging to her last shred of opprobrium, the loving wife wanted to pull away and sharply reprimand her child. However, her son's impossibly-sized and irrepressible cock going full-bore into her and resizing her innards felt way too good to stop. Karen was closing in on another mind-numbing orgasm which, like her previous ones, she knew she needed badly. Carnal desire thus outweighed propriety and decorum, as Karen told herself there was plenty of time to discuss the matter of maintaining respect for Robert later.

Meanwhile, Jacob continued fucking his Mother's body, as well as with her mind, using slow, deliberate strokes. "It's okay, Mom! You can admit it...I'm sure you're thinking...the same thing. Dad could've been...back at the hotel...spending the evening...with his gorgeous wife!" He ended his statement by using his free hand to smack Karen's wobbling buttcheek.

"Ohhhhhh!!" Karen cried out in surprise from her son's tormenting, yet pleasant sting.

"But nooooo..." Jacob continued, sneering tauntingly, "Instead, he chose to go to work...and leave you here at home...high and dry." He then took another swat at his Mother's juicy round bottom, this time eliciting a drawn-out moan of torturous pleasure from her lips.

Even with her mind clouded with arousal from the powerful chemicals pumping through her bloodstream, Karen knew she should defend her husband. It wasn't Rob's fault. He was only doing what was necessary for his family...right? Right?

"The joke's on him, though..." Jacob gloated, tightening his grip on Karen's hair and snapping her head back, causing it to raise up a bit more. He wanted to make sure the camera was capturing her pretty face. "Little does he know...in his failure to take care of his wife...all his wife had to do...was come down the hallway...to her son's room...to get ALL her 'needs' FILLED!"

"Unnnggggghhhhhh!!!" Karen moaned, arching her back once more. The bubble blooming deep within her core continued to increase in size, its pressure continuing to build to an unbearable level. In her agonizing torment, she desperately needed Jacob to bring on her climax-- and soon.

"See, Mom..." Jacob continued, whilst taking a second hand full of Karen's lustrous brown locks, "It's all dad's fault. Right now, he's gone off who knows where...and foolishly would rather be working...while you're here...in your son's bed...with your wet married pussy...stuffed full of your little Snuggle Bear's BIG cock!!"

Now fully under the sway of those wretched, wicked hormones, Karen lost all control and found it increasingly difficult to think critically. Unable to form coherent words, she simply responded with a series of mewling grunts that sounded less human and more like that of a wounded beast.

"Admit it, Mom..." Jacob gloated, pulling back with both hands full of Karen's hair like the reins of a horse as he continued with his slow, methodical prodding, "What kind of man...does something...like that??" An onrush of hormonal testosterone surged in his bloodstream from berating his hapless dad, as his grinding testes quickly brewed up his latest thick batch of Mom-claiming babymakers. "Only a total idiot! Right??" Gritting his teeth, the teenager then

began slamming into Karen's pussy with total abandon. Drops of sweat fell from his forehead and landed on his Mother's curved back.

Karen's mind was totally scrambled from her son's insidious words rewiring her brain-- even as his relentless monster screwed those same brains out. By now her flush, sweaty body was humming with guilt-ridden torment and in desperate need of release. With each stroke, she could feel Jacob's probing cock poking closer and closer to that swelling bubble of immense pressure welling up inside her. If only it would-- and then suddenly, it did.

"Right...MOM???!" Jacob asked, as he gave one final, violent thrust upward and inward, and the tip of his angry spear finally burst her bubble.

"YEEESSSSSSSS!!!!" Karen screamed at last, her eyes widening in awestruck ecstasy the second her orgasm exploded. As wave after wave of euphoria crashed ashore throughout her body, Karen lost all control and was wracked by seizure-like paroxysms. Thrashing about wildly, her gaze eventually homed in on a photo of Robert and Jacob sitting atop the desk across from her. It had been taken several years before, when the smiling father-son duo had gone fishing up in Lake Allatoona-- a bygone, innocent time that now seemed lost forever. With her makeup now totally smeared and mascara running down her cheeks, the disillusioned wife stared resentfully at her husband's obliviously grinning, unmoving face and finally, yet reluctantly, admitted, "Oh, yes!! YES!! He's...he's an...IDIOT!! YOUR DAD'S A STUUUUUPID IDIOTTTT!!!! OHHH, YESSS!!!"

Curling his lips in a final sneer of triumph, Jacob (still holding himself fully embedded in Karen's vagina) chuckled, "Dang, Mom!!" He could feel his Mother's climaxing, sin-incited pussy clamp in a vicelike death grip all along the length of his cock, as a sluicing gush of her girl juice instantly bathed his heavily flouncing balls. He then added, a bit out of breath, "Wheww! That must've been a good one!!"

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" Karen exclaimed in rapturous release, as an incomparable ecstasy continued wreaking its havoc on her entire body. Tears of joy trickled from the corners of her soft, hazel eyes once she realized her own son had just made her squirt. Unbeknownst to the convulsing, seizing housewife, mere inches from the focus of her irate marital outburst was the GoPro, still strapped to her son's Boba Fett helmet on the shelf above his computer. Thus, when she had yelled during her embittered conniption fit towards the photo of Robert, the seemingly innocuous and dormant camera's lens right next to it had captured everything.

Still a bit winded, Jacob slowly and reluctantly disengaged from Karen before falling back onto his bed. Staring up at the ceiling as he worked to catch his breath, he watched as his toy Millennium Falcon pendulously swung from its fishing line. The model spacecraft's back and forth swaying, caused by the vibrations of the headboard banging against the wall, helped Jacob slow down his breathing as it wound down in tempo.

Even though Jacob had yet to ejaculate and his bloated sperm-filled testicles ached like crazy, he relished the sense of pride he felt listening to his Mother's soft mewls of thoroughly-fucked satisfaction. She was still sprawled prone in front of him huffing for air, with her head turned to the side and a shellshocked look on her face. He reckoned after a couple of minutes or so, he could approach Karen for another 'go' once she recovered. That is, so long as he didn't push his luck any further by goading his Mom into calling his dad an idiot again.

Jacob didn't have to wait that long to find out. Luckily for him, Karen was still highly aroused and under the powerful influence of the WICK-Tropin hormones. The mattress shifted, and Jacob suddenly found his Mom looming over him as she unbuckled and removed one of her shoes.

"So..." Karen began, standing next to the mattress as she dropped the stylish

heel onto the floor, "...ready for another go?" The expensive black leather stiletto made a soft 'thud' as it landed on the carpet next to her thong panties which had flown from her feet in the throes of their wild sex. "My little man apparently still has a BIG problem..." she continued open-endedly, stating the obvious as she glanced down at Jacob's crotch and gently pulled him towards the edge of the bed.

Delighted by her enthusiastic assertiveness, Jacob was nevertheless surprised that his Mom wasn't giving him the riot act for persuading her to say what she did. Feeling a bit relieved, he rose up on his elbows and looked down along his concaved torso towards his towering erection. The purple-hued cock glistened in the faint light, bobbing and throbbing along with his pulsating heartbeat. Eagerly sitting up, he then replied, still catching his breath, "Yes, Ma'am...I'm dying to bust my nut, and it's hurting pretty bad too. If you're up for it...we can definitely have another go...I just need a minute to-- "

"Oh, no..." Karen cut him off, as she tossed the second high-heeled shoe from her foot to join the first one discarded on the carpet. Facing away and straddling herself into position on Jacob's lap, she continued impatiently, "I think you've done more than enough, young man...you took really good care of me." Reaching behind her back, she then unclasped and removed her overworked bra. Freed at last from their constraints, her Mommy boobs wobbled enticingly as they bounced heavily on her chest. Her nipples were still visibly wet with milky remnants from when she'd lactated inside the bra from her last orgasm. Dropping the lacy black piece of lingerie onto the mattress beside her, Karen looked back at Jacob with a smile and added, "Now, I think it's time that I take over."

Daintily hovering above Jacob's narrow hips, Karen reached under her excitedly drooling vagina and grabbed a hold of his beastly cock. "Mmmmmmm!!" she whimpered, slowly descending onto her son's towering manhood. Closing her eyes, Karen's face grimaced in a combination of pain and pleasure from the unsettling, yet exquisite, spreading sensation of fulfillment which she only felt from Jacob's penile monstrosity plugging her aching vaginal void.

"Aaaahhhhh!!!" Karen sighed contentedly, once she finally bottomed out and the pink lips of her hungry pussy kissed the root of Jacob's throbbing cock. "Oooh, sweetie...Mmmmm...your big thing..." she whispered, whilst rocking from side to side, "It feels like...unngh!..you're in my belly!!"

"Wow!" Jacob muttered in awe, as he watched Karen slowly roll her hips on top of him and looking like she was moving to some unheard, suggestive music. He began imagining how his beautiful, conservative Mother must've looked like earlier that evening, wearing that slutty dress and gyrating around on the nightclub's dance floor. No doubt, with her perfectly dolled-up hair and pristine makeup, it must have been pure magic.

Now, hours later, Karen's makeup was smeared and her long brown hair greatly disheveled, with several strands sticking to her clammy, rosy cheeks. Her shapely, nude MILF body glistened as well with a sheen of perspiration, all thanks to their latest Mother-son exertions. From his closet mirror's reflection, Jacob could see tiny dots of his Mom's breastmilk expressing once more from the ends of her hardened pink nipples. "Dang Mom..." he stated, as he reached around and gently squeezed both of Karen's hanging Mommy boobs with his young hands. His eager ministrations on her heavy globes quickly caused the creamy, steadily exuding droplets to enlarge in size. "You are so freakin' HOT!!"

Karen opened her eyes and looked back at her teenaged son pinned to the mattress beneath her. "Thank you, sweetie..." she smiled pridefully, placing her hands on the edge of Jacob's mattress. The cotton material of his Star Wars comforter felt cool and soft against her fingertips as a hot flash radiated across her entire, sweaty body and up her neck.

Like the other times they had done it in this position, Karen started off by

slowly bouncing on Jacob's fully embedded cock. "Now..." she rasped in a breathy voice, before gradually picking up speed and lengthening her strokes, "You just sit there...Mmmm!! Like a good boy...Unngghhh!! And let Mama...Ooohhh!! Take care of you."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob nodded and replied politely to his Mother. Knowing better this time around, he avoided any mention of her weight as she settled in his lap reverse-cowgirl and began riding him harder. In fact, she didn't seem to weigh anything at all as he released his grip on Karen's milk-laden breasts and placed his hands on her wide, bouncing hips. For both Jacob and Karen, the hormones were now fully in control-- with testosterone fueling the son's eager, masculine aggression and estrogen enhancing his Mother's yearning, feminine craving. A smile crept onto his face once he realized that in this position, his gorgeously prim and proper Mom was perfectly framed for her unwitting debut performance as his personal, hot and sexy porn star.

Moments later, the room was once again filled with a noisome racket from Jacob's bed protesting its ungodly and unfathomable use.

Squeak-Squeak-THUMP! Squeak-Squeak-THUMP! Squeak-Squeak-THUMP!

The screeching mattress springs and the headboard banging against the wall created an abhorrent rhythm of sounds, as evidenced by the wicked incestuous activities taking place in the bedroom.

"Mmmmmmm..." Karen moaned into Jacob's mouth, tilting her neck around and kissing her son less like a Mother and more like a seasoned lover. Their wrestling tongues swapped saliva as their twisting lingual digits slithered together like a pair of mating snakes.

Karen's matronly hips rose and fell with strong, deliberate strokes. Her juicy quim created a lewd slurping sound with each sinful plunge on Jacob's fully-loaded babymaker into her unprotected birthing track. Soon, the dutiful Mother could sense the pressure of yet another climactic wave quickly beginning to build.

"Oh, sweetie..." Karen whispered, breaking their kiss and seeing traces of her red lipstick smeared sloppily on her son's face. "Are you...getting close?" By now seasoned and in-tune to her son's anatomy, the walls of her vagina excitedly sensed his pulsing penis flex erratically as it bulged in her slick and welcoming confines.

"Yeah, Mom!!" Jacob grunted, "Wh-Where do you...want it?"

Staring deep into her son's hazel eyes, the same rare color that he'd inherited from her, Karen replied with just a naughty smile. She then faced forward, removing Jacob's hands from her hips and interlocking their fingers together on the bed so she could use him for leverage. With wanton carelessness, she turned her head back and crinkled her nose, whispering hornily in his ear, "Do it...inside me!!"

Jacob's eyes instantly lit up and his lips curled, "Really??"

Karen resumed bouncing on her son's massive dick in the hopes of synching up and unleashing their impending mutual orgasms. Like a drug-addled addict, she was desperate to experience once more the unworldly and all-consuming ecstasy of climaxing whilst Jacob flooded her womb with his thick, chemically enhanced baby-batter.

"Yes...really, baby. Give Mommy another...hot...and messy...birthday present!!" Karen replied heedlessly in a husky voice as she began slamming her hips down onto Jacob's crotch. The skin-on-skin collision caused a loud *smacking* sound that joined in on the rest of the salacious chorus reverberating throughout the teenager's bedroom.

"Oh yeah, Mom, I'd love to do that again...I'm getting pretty close!" Jacob warned, sensing his aching balls about to boil over. "Ugghh! Your hot, tight pussy feels...amazing!!"

Instead of getting chastised like Jacob expected, Karen simply smiled at him and answered, "Good!" Squeezing his hands tighter, she began riding him even harder for all she was worth. "Go ahead, baby...and bust that nut...deep inside me!!"

"Holy smokes!!" Jacob whispered to himself, as his Mother lurched up and down in front of him, flailing uncontrollably like a woman possessed. He was totally mesmerized watching and hearing the sides of her enormous, teardrop-shaped boobs swing in opposite circles of one another and clapping together on her heaving chest.

"It's alright, sweetie!!" Karen encouraged her son, as she felt his cock swell even more within her love tunnel. "I can tell you want to...You're just dying to burst, aren't you? Just let it go!!" She could sense her own climax simmering just below the surface, ready to erupt and make its presence known. Her orgasm promised to be a big one, the raucous kind which only Jacob's ungodly thing could deliver. In her determination to punch her ticket for yet another trip to orgasmic heaven, Karen somehow found another gear.

Meanwhile, with each violent plunge Jacob could feel himself sinking deeper and deeper into the soft bedding. His beautiful Mother and her to-die-for ass sitting atop him were literally fucking him into the mattress. "Oh God, Mom...so tight..." the teenager called out, "Your hot, tight pussy's...gonna make me cum!!"

Squeak-Squeak-THUMP! Squeak-Squeak-THUMP! Squeak-Squeak-THUMP!

The old, twin-sized bed lurched, sounding as if it could fly apart at any moment. "Go on, Snuggle Bear!!" Karen cried out in desperation, "Do it!! Do it...deep inside...Mommyyyyyyy!! Shoot all your hot stuff...deep inside me!!!" Her back began to arch, as her frayed nerve endings ignited and started firing off. "Give it...to me, baby!! GIVE IT...TO MEEEEEEEE!!!" Karen exulted to the heavens from the sudden thermonuclear explosion of her unworldly pleasure. Its rippling shockwaves radiated throughout her gyrating body, causing her nipples to burn and her toes to curl.

"Holy shit!!" Jacob exclaimed in complete fascination, watching his Mother writhing wildly in the throes of her ecstasy. The feel of her climaxing pussy clamping and squeezing down all along his cock, combined with the sight of her swinging tits shooting breastmilk wildly up into the air, finally pushed him over the edge.

"OH YEAH, MOM!!" Jacob yelled, as he thrust his hips upward, before unleashing a tsunami of teeming, teenager spunk deep into his Mother's vagina. "YOU WANT IT? HERE IT COMES...TAKE IT!! TAKE YOUR SON'S NUT...TAKE IT ALL!!! TAKE IT DEEP INSIDE YOUR HOT MOMMY PUSSSSSYYYYYY!!!"

"YES JAKE!! FILL ME UP, SWEETIE!! YES!! YEESSSSSSSS!!! SHOOT IT ALL UP INSIDE MEEEEE!!! FILL MOMMY UP! FILL MOMMY UP!! FILL UP YOUR MOMMYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!" Karen screamed, as she felt Jacob's twitching cock explode thick, hot gobs of his DNA deep inside her birth canal and plaster every square inch of her uterus with an entire generation's worth of future Mitchell babymakers. Her pussy tightened around his hosing member, milking his clenching,

churning testicles entirely of its genetic contents as she came uncontrollably.

Jacob's searing cum shot out with ungodly force, gushing from his piss slit directly through the opening in Karen's hungrily lapping cervix and saturating her womb and vaginal tract until she was so thoroughly stuffed, her boy's densely creamy seed came seeping out around the edges of his thrusting penis. The liquid heat coating her uterine walls quickly spread throughout the horny Mother's entire reproductive system. Its radiance seemed to travel up her fallopian tubes, making her ovaries buzz once more and sparking another orgasm immediately on the heels of the first.

"AAAAHHHHHH!!! MYYYY GAAAAAAA!!!" Karen shrieked, grabbing a hold of her breasts whilst screaming at the top of her lungs. Her body went rigid and stopped bouncing, with her ass grinding fiercely against Jacob's lap as she rode out the heavenly waves of rapturous ecstasy and coaxed every last ounce of her son's potent paternal payload from his balls.

After finally drifting back down to earth, Karen gave her tits one last squeeze and lay her hands on top of Jacob's sweaty knees. She leaned forward and let her boobs hang loosely below her, the leaking remnants of her creamy, maternal breastmilk dribbling in trickles onto his legs, before ending up on the soft, plush carpet.

Once his pulsating cock had finally stopped firing off his deposit, Jacob's slowly deflating monster eventually slipped out from the still clenching lips of Karen's pussy. Appreciative and lustful moans and groans from the mating Mother-son duo greeted their decoupling, as Karen spread her thighs over Jacob's legs. At once, from the gaping hole of her womanhood, lewd wads of her son's man batter started oozing out-- landing in a viscous white combined mixture with her juices onto his semi-erect shaft. Unbeknownst to Karen, the raw and evidential proof that her very own son had just creampied her was currently being filmed in all its 'hi-def, 4K' glory by Jacob's GoPro.

Instead, still trying to catch her breath, Karen fell back obliviously and tucked her cheek into Jacob's dark brown hair, inhaling her Snuggle Bear's natural pheromone scent. She sighed from the pleasant aftershocks which caused her vagina to contract every few seconds in the instinctive desire to retain every single drop of remaining sperm. The contractions triggered shivers up and down her spine as well, as Karen shuddered at the thought of her son's virile young seed once again embarking on their wickedly sinful journey deep inside her. Feeling another hot flash travel up her neck, Karen knew without a doubt what Jacob's potent little invaders' one unspeakably forbidden mission was: to seek out and find her fertile and mature, maternal target.

"Well, Mom?" Jacob asked, equally out of breath and staring up at the ceiling after falling back with her onto the mattress. "Did you get...what you needed?"

Karen sighed, her wandering train of thought broken, "Yes, I did..." Looking over her shoulder, she smiled demurely and kissed Jacob's clammy cheek. Caressing his jawline, she continued in a whisper, "Thank you for being here for me." She then sat up from his lap and lay on her side beside him.

"You're welcome, Mom..." Jacob replied, as he turned towards her and snuggled up against his Mother. Resting his cheek against Karen's pillowy, soft boob, he added with a yawn, "You know I'm always here for you...*yawn*...anytime."

Karen smiled as she began running her fingers through Jacob's mop of damp brown hair, "Thank you, baby...that's sweet, but don't get too comfortable...we've got to get moving soon."

Jacob draped his arm over Karen's mid-section as they spooned face-to-face. "Awww...can't you just stay here and spend the night with me, Mom?"

Karen sighed, "I don't think that's a good idea, Jake...your dad could come home

any minute now. Besides, we still need to clean up this...mess that we've made." She then scoffed and added, "Plus...I definitely need a shower!"

Jacob closed his eyes. "Don't worry about all that, Mom...I'll clean up in here. Anyways, didn't dad say he'd text you when he was on his way?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, he did..." Karen replied. Keeping Jacob's left arm wrapped around her, she reached over him and picked up her cell phone from the nightstand. After seeing there were no new message alerts from Robert, she placed the phone back down.

"Nothing? Well, that should give you more than enough time to take a shower..." Jacob commented, his voice soft and groggy from the irresistible pull of sleep. "Please stay Mom...snuggling up like this with you feels...so good."

"Alright..." Karen relented, with a slight huff. Wrapping her right arm around Jacob, she then pulled him tighter to her chest. Kissing his forehead, she smiled warmly and whispered, "But just for a few minutes." Within seconds she could hear him gently snoring.

As Karen lay there holding her sleeping son and staring once again at the father-son fishing photo across the room from her, she suddenly felt a slippery glob from Jacob's most recent seminal deposit oozing from her ravished and slightly sore vagina. Her thoughts once more pondered the vast swarms of her son's energetic 18-year-old, chemically-enhanced little swimmers currently exploring her reproductive tract in a desperate search for her prized, 44-year-old ripe and ready Mommy egg. Despite her confidence that (thanks to Brenda) she was perfectly safe, Karen couldn't help but feel a bit concerned at that intriguing, wicked possibility happening. After all the recklessly risky and unprotected casual sex they'd engaged in recently, all it would take was for just one of Jacob's healthy and eager little 'tadpoles' to find her waiting and unwittingly willing ovum, and nature's design would do the rest. Sickly twisted and perverted as that design would be, nothing would then stop her son's genetic material from injecting his filial/paternal blueprint onto her maternal DNA. 23 chromosomes from Jacob would then mate and mix with 23 chromosomes from Karen, fusing their genes and thus starting the unstoppable chain reaction which their potent and fertile genetic combination would no doubt succeed in creating: a brand-new life. Desperate to dispel these wickedly sinful and forbidden notions, Karen reminded herself of the extra protection that a dose of the Midoxinol birth control would afford her. They were in her purse, just down the hall, and she planned to immediately take one as soon as she got back to her room to prevent the unthinkable. Just to reassure herself however, Karen whispered a silent prayer.

The longer Karen lay there with her thoughts and battled her sinful temptations, the drowsier she became. She knew she should get cleaned up, go to her own bed, and wait for Robert. However, she had to agree with Jacob...laying together and snuggling did feel nice, and she wanted to enjoy just a little more time with her 'Snuggle Bear'. With her prayers now ended, Karen's right hand then wandered as if of its own accord down her sweat-sheened tummy until it lay atop her mound.

With a quiet sigh of contentment, she found herself absentmindedly rubbing her mons pubis-- right above where she now knew she carried a wombfull of her son's brimming sperm. Even now, its heat warmed her insides soothingly and, almost without thinking, Karen shifted from lying on her side to on her back to prevent the chief cause of that lovely feeling from further escaping. With the echoing flutters and spasms in her vagina subsiding, the warmth radiating from Jacob's hot wads of genetic material seemed like an addictive stimulant-- prolonging and extending her fleeting orgasm. That heat kept the ember flames in Karen's loins from extinguishing, as its euphoric effect traveled like wildfire throughout her reproductive tract. Little did she know that on a microcellular level, her son's determined host of DNA messengers were even now sending out their hormone-enhanced chemical signals, hoping to induce Karen's ovulation in order to get a

little playmate, until it felt like her ovaries were on fire.

With a soft moan, Karen squirmed her legs as her heavy eyelids slowly closed. She then felt another creamy dollop of Jacob's baby batter escape from between her pussy lips to join the growing pool of semen, mixed with her feminine juices, collecting on the soiled bed sheets. Lifting her pelvis, the wearily fatigued Mother propped a pillow beneath her in the hopes of stanching that flow. Karen told herself it was to prevent making more of a mess, but deep down she also knew it was to keep as much of her Snuggle Bear's addictively warm DNA deposit safely home inside her. Finally, Karen surrendered to a deep slumber, dreaming of millions and millions of Jacob's swarming, baby-making tadpoles frantically swimming in a silky, mother of pearl river towards their ultimate, irresistible, (and quite possibly, inevitable) goal...

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It was early Sunday morning, and sunlight had just begun to creep over the horizon, bringing with it the crisp, mid-autumnal promise of a brand-new day. In the still and quiet conservative neighborhood of Sandy Springs, the only sounds were from the pre-dawn melody of wildlife coinhabiting the lush and tree-lined suburb with its residents. From the occasional chirping of a whip-poor-will to the lonesome call of a mourning dove ringing out from high in the branches, nothing else disturbed the dearth and doleful stillness of that gray November morning.

One by one, the lights began to come on in the perfectly-manicured homes up and down the quaint, upper-middle-class streets. Families were waking from their slumber, eating breakfast, and preparing to go later on that morning to their respective houses of worship on this, another glorious Christian Sabbath. All in all, it was a typical Sunday morning in the Deep South.

Typical that is...except at the Mitchell household.

"Unngghhh! Ooohhh!! Nngghhh!! Yessss!!!" Karen's rousing moaning mating call warbled aloud, breaking the home's silence with her own early morning melody. The squeaking and thumping from Jacob's bed was the perfect rhythmic accompaniment for her sweet choir voice lead, as the tune of their familiar, wickedly incestuous Mother-son duet reverberated throughout the teenager's bedroom.

"Oh, Mom!!" Jacob called out haphazardly, plowing hard into his Mother from behind. "I'm about to...bust another...FAT...morning nut...deep in your...tight...hot...pussy!!"

Karen was naked and on all fours with her juicy round, to-die-for ass high up in the air and her swollen milk-laden boobs swinging wildly back and forth beneath her torso. Her tingling nipples scraped across her son's Star Wars-themed bedsheets, leaving white trails of breastmilk in their wake all over the embroidered exploding Death Star. "Do it, sweetie!!" Karen recklessly replied in a shaky voice, her face grimacing and the shuddering walls of her welcoming cunt squeezing deliciously along the entire length of Jacob's cock. She was on the verge of another sinfully wicked orgasm as her son pounded her in his (and increasingly her own) favorite position: from behind. "Unnngh! Do it!! Shoot that fat morning load...bust your nut and pump all of it deep inside Mama!!"

"Thank you, Aunt Brenda!" the horny son silently thought to himself, as he relished in the squeezing tightness of his Mom's sin-inflamed cunt trying to milk the very contents of his balls from his aching cock. Deciding to ramp up their increasingly kinky dirty talk and wantonly risky banter, Jacob dug his skinny fingers deeper into the soft, pliant flesh of Karen's matronly, child-bearing hips. With slow, deliberate slams of his energetic young pelvis into her quivering, perfectly-shaped butt, Jacob decided to cross the line and finally utter the unspeakable. At long last, the wicked seed which his hot Aunt had planted in his brain on Halloween was about to bear fruit: "Tell me why you want

my nut, Mom...ughh!..Is it 'cos you want me...uggh!!..to put a...UGGHH!!!..baby inside you?"

Shocked by Jacob's words, Karen stared down at the mattress. Her whole body tensed up as she stoically processed a response to her son's outrageous and hell-damning suggestion.

"Answer me, Mom..." Jacob firmly asked again, heedless of her conflicted turmoil, as he plowed his Mother into submission. He wanted to hear her actually say it. "Do you want your very own son...uggh!..to put...his baby...inside you?"

Karen just happened to notice the early morning light beginning to bleed around the edges of the drawn curtains. The once strait-laced, sternly scolding Mother had fallen so far and was now on the edge of falling headlong into the irredeemable abyss which her son's salacious proposal entailed. In a last-ditched effort to avoid uttering the inevitable, instead of answering his question, Karen replied desperately, "Hurry up and finish, Jake!! Unngghhh!! Your father...could be home...Ohhhh!! Any minute!! We can't risk him catching us...UNNNGHHHH!!!..fooling around like this!!!"

"Then answer me, Mom..." Jacob continued to prod, ignoring Karen's halfhearted protests and urging her on to take the final plunge, as he began to slam his hips into her rippling backside even harder. "Do you want ME...your own little 'Snuggle Bear'...to put...a baby inside you?"

Feeling her climax cresting to crescendo, Karen finally surrendered and gave in, "Y-Yes!! YESSSS!!! Pump me full of your thick, baby-making load!!!" She began slamming her hips back, meeting Jacob's violent thrusts, "Give me your seed! I want it!! I want it all!! Give it to me!!! PUT A BABY INSIIIIIDE MEEEEEEEE!!!"

Hearing that pushed Jacob over the edge. "Oh, shit Mom!! Yeah? You want me to knock you up with my load?...Then take it! Take your son's nut!! Take it ALL!!!" He then slammed his crotch into Karen's upturned ass one last time...the tip of his cock pressing directly against the yielding entrance to her womb. "Yeahhhh, Mom...I'm about to put all my babies...DEEP INSIDE YOUR HOT, MARRIED MOMMY PUSSY!!" He then threw his head back and yelled out in triumphant relief, "AAAAAAARRRGGGHHHHH!!!" as another virile young load of his potent baby-making sperm pumped out of his testicles and hosed its thick contents deep into his Mother's welcoming depths.

"Yes! Yes!! FUCKKKKKKK!!!!!" Karen cried out, as her most epic, climactic orgasm yet rolled throughout her body, causing her glorious ass to ripple uncontrollably. "Plant your seed...deep inside Mommy's womb!! Fucking fertilize Mommy's egg!!! I hope your sperm finds ALL of my eggs!!! Fucking knock me up and impregnate me, Jake!! Oh, FUCCKKKKK!! Oh, dear Lord, forgive me...I WANT MY OWN SON TO BREED ME!! I WANT TO HAVE MY BABY'S BABY!! FUCKING--YESSSSSSSSS!! I WANT TO HAVE ALL MY BABY'S...MOTHER...FUCKING...BABIES!!!"

"FUCK YEAHHHHHH, MOMMMMMMM!!!! ARRRRRRRRGGGHHHH!!!!" Jacob growled primally, churning his thick payload rapidly into Karen with sheer, reckless disregard as they exuberantly rutted like wild beasts mating in heat. Giving in to a perverse animal lust to breed forbidden offspring, Jacob and Karen both openly hoped that they were indeed consummating the wickedly sinful deed which Karen had just obscenely and blasphemously uttered. In the sheer depravity of the moment, Jacob didn't even notice that he'd just triggered his Mom to curse aloud the very first obscenities he'd ever heard from her lips-- shattering the glass ceiling of her dirty talk to smithereens and sinking its depraved depths to an utterly filthy new level. Needless to say, the total ferocity and open expression of their mutual desire to sinfully inbreed new life caused Mother and son to both pass out (still coupled in a sweaty heap) from sheer exertion in their latest effort.

Moments later, Jacob lay on his back, his whole body numb and his eyes closed as he fought to catch his breath. Feeling the mattress shift, he watched through

hooded eyes as Karen got up from the bed and began moving about the room. Suddenly, the darkened room was flooded with the soft light from the early morning sun as Karen peeled apart the drapes.

Jacob adjusted his eyes to the brightness, turning his head to find Karen standing at the window with the dawn's sunlight shining on her like a heavenly aura silhouetting her frame. She was now wearing her silky black robe with her back to him, gazing wistfully out into the now sunny backyard. For an early November morning, the verdant and lively bustle outside which his Mom appeared to be pondering seemed more like a scene from spring or early summer. Mystified by the strange and unnerving sight he was witnessing, Jacob lay back puzzled on the bed in a semi-paralyzed state as the shock of his euphoria drained away. With his serious case of 'morning wood' now properly taken care of, he eventually looked down at his well-pleased and now flaccid cock and whistled, "Whewww! That last go 'round seemed to finally do the trick...thanks, Mom."

Continuing to look out the window, Karen smiled and blithely replied, "You're welcome, sweetie...couldn't risk taking you to church this morning and being around Sara in that condition now, could we?"

Jacob chuckled, taking a hold of and waggling his dormant beast which was still coated with their combined love fluids, "No, I guess not..."

"Speaking of church..." Karen continued, her still quavering voice only slightly returning to sounding stern, "Y-You should probably get a move on...and start getting ready."

Rolling his eyes to where he once again stared up at the ceiling, Jacob groaned as usual, "C'mon, Mom...just a few more minutes." With a strange weight of exhaustion pinning him to the mattress, Jacob thought pleasingly to himself, "I'm totally bushed from trying to knock you up all weekend: the past two days, last night and this morning...and on of all days, your birthday!"

Turning slightly to where she looked back over her left shoulder, Karen tilted her head admonishingly and replied in her familiar motherly tone, "Don't 'c'mon Mom' me, young man! You've got to take a shower and clean up in here before your dad gets home...which I remind you, could be any minute now."

Jacob knew there was no use in arguing with his Mother, especially once she got back into her 'Mom' mode. "Okay...okay..." he relented, slowly leaning up, "You win...I'm getting up."

"Good boy..." Karen replied softly. She turned her gaze back to the view of nature out the window and added, "After I get cleaned up, I'm going downstairs to start making us some-- Ooohh!!" Karen suddenly winced, in slight discomfort.

"Mom??" Jacob asked with concern, turning his head abruptly towards her with his brow furrowed. Blinking, for a brief moment, he thought the dazzling morning sunlight shining through Karen's hair made her look like Mrs. Miller. Rubbing his eyes and now fully sitting up, he spun around until both his feet plopped onto the carpeted floor, "Mom...are you okay?"

"Yes, sweetie..." Karen answered, with a knowing giggle. "I'm fine. I guess all of our...shenanigans last night and this morning have gotten Luke and Leia quite energized!"

Jacob's relief was nonplussed as he sat on the bed and stared blankly at Karen

for a few seconds. Then, tilting his head to the side and greatly perturbed, he asked, "Luke and Leia? Mom? Who the heck are Luke and Leia?"

Karen slowly turned away from the window and faced Jacob, whose eyes immediately widened in shock. Standing before him was his sundrenched and radiant Mother, dressed in only her silky black robe. The garment was unfastened, loosely hanging open down her sides, exposing his gorgeous Mother's full-frontal nudity. His jaw dropped as he gazed speechlessly at the beautiful, heavenly vision of his Mother: his gorgeous, glorious...heavily PREGNANT Mother!

With an incredulous tone, Karen sighed and repeated rhetorically, "Who are Luke and Leia?" She then smiled warmly and lovingly cradled the obscenely large and round baby bump that she now sported, before de facto stating, "Why, our twin babies, you silly goofball! Mmmmmm...the Force must be strong in our family."

Inexplicably faced with the dire consequences of their constant and reckless wanton mating, Jacob was at a loss for words. No, he was totally blown away. From all appearances, his Mom looked as if she was just days away from giving birth to their...whatever she was carrying. Finally, after a few seconds, Jacob was at last able to blurt out, "WHAT???!"

Ignoring her son's flummoxed and slightly comical reaction, Karen glanced down at her tautly bulged, heavily swollen belly and added matter-of-factly, "I still can't believe I let you talk me into going along with those silly names. But we put it to a vote, and you and your dad won fair and square." With a scoff, she added, "I bet he wouldn't be as excited about this upcoming 'Big Birth-a' addition to the family if he found out who the real father wa-- Oooh! I feel like I'm about to burst...I think you might've just broken my water during that last go 'round!"

Jacob, still completely shell shocked and confused, could only manage to get out, "WHAT THE HOLY FU--???" as he fell back on the mattress again. Instead of his bed however, he suddenly felt like he was splashing headlong into the ocean's depths and drowning, whilst hearing a loud and wet gushing sound.

"--Ugghhh!!" Jacob gasped, as he suddenly jerked awake. He found himself spooned up behind Karen, his clammy cheek pressed against her upper back, and his raging morning wood nuzzled in the plush, warm confines of her asscrack. Whilst trying to gather his bearings, Jacob noticed his right hand had also reached around and was now fondling his Mom's heavy boob, tweaking the stiff nub of her still leaking tit. Unable to pinch himself to see if he was still dreaming, Jacob instead felt himself shuddering in a cold sweat-- half recoiling and half intrigued as he whispered sharply to himself, "What the hell was THAT?!"

Lifting his head just high enough to peer over Karen's shoulder, Jacob noticed his alarm clock read 6:30. After listening intently for a couple minutes he realized that, luckily for him and his Mom, evidently his dad hadn't arrived home yet. Laying his head back on the pillows, Jacob breathed a sigh of relief and muttered to himself, "Dang...that must be some meeting."

"Mmmmmm..." Karen moaned in her sleep, as she wiggled her juicy butt and pressed it back into Jacob's crotch. His early morning erection nestled even more in the warm crack of her meaty backside, which kinkily was still slippery from their leaking combined fluids.

Even though it had only been a hormone-induced dream, Jacob still found himself totally freaked out by how real it seemed. He'd started having raunchy dreams ever since his 'condition' began (usually involving his most recent partner, relative or otherwise, along with occasionally acting out what he wanted to do with Sara), but recently his reveries were explicitly centered on his Mom. In an attempt to not awaken Karen, he carefully moved his hand from where it currently rested on his Mother's luscious boob and carefully slid it around to her tummy. As his exploring fingers traveled ever so slowly down along her torso, he breathed a big sigh of relief to find her belly back to normal-- with only the

slightest amount of roundness. Despite how much the teenager secretly fantasized about knocking his Mother up, a remaining logical part of him knew the reality of that crazy desire ever occurring would be totally disastrous for their family.

Eventually, Jacob's searching hand returned to the underside of Karen's left breast. Being the 'boobie hound' that he was (according to his Mom anyway), he couldn't resist cupping the supple, round globe of flesh again and giving it another gentle squeeze.

"MMMMmmmmmm..." Karen moaned louder, only this time it sounded like it was more due to pleasure than frustration. Now partially awake, she placed her left hand on top of her groping partner's and whispered, "That feels nice, honey..."

As more and more of the sleepy alcohol-induced fog evaporated, the housewife lazily stretched and took inventory of her fatigued body. Her long legs were tangled in the bed sheets, but surprisingly, nothing hurt too badly. Though her shapely calves were tight, and her dainty feet felt sore from hours of walking and dancing in those ridiculous heels, neither were giving her anywhere near the lingering agony she'd anticipated. Smiling mischievously, she debated whether to entice her son Jacob to watch a Star Wars movie later on, in return for him giving her one of his spectacular foot rubs.

The area between Karen's sexy legs, however, was another story, as she squirmed her thighs together. Her hairless crotch was a swampy, sticky combination of her female fluids and the unmistakable gooey texture of sperm. Along with this, she could also feel a throbbing yet satisfying ache in her muscles and deep in her vagina that could only come from an extended session with her--.

Suddenly, Karen realized the hand gently caressing her breast was not only missing a wedding ring, but also far too small to be her husband's. Her eyes popped open, and she immediately realized she was in her son's bed. "Oh, no..." she muttered, "I've done it again!" When she saw the time displayed on the digital alarm clock, she panicked even more. "Oh my goodness, Jake..." she squealed, raising up onto her elbow, "We've gone and done it again!!" Pulling herself out of her son's clutches, she asked frantically, "Where's your father??!"

"Relax, Mom..." Jacob replied calmly, "I'm almost certain he isn't home yet."

Now sitting on the side of the bed, Karen had self-consciously wrapped the comforter around her naked body. "How can you be so sure?" she asked, keeping her voice low while trying to smooth out her mussed-up hair.

Jacob now also sat up, "Well, he never did send you a text that he was coming home, right?"

Karen leaned over and grabbed her cell phone from the nightstand. "No..." She shook her head while checking her messages, "Looks like nothing since last night."

Jacob leaned back against the headboard. "There, you see? Plus, if he did come home already...I'm pretty sure we would've heard the garage door going up."

Feeling a bit relieved from that fact, Karen sighed and nodded her head. "You're right...we would've." Reaching over and placing the phone back down on the nightstand, she added with a chuckle, "That thing is so loud, it could wake the dead!"

"Exactly..." Jacob agreed, "So don't worry, Mom. We definitely would've known if he came in the house."

Karen sighed and nodded, "Okay...you're probably right. That makes me feel much better." She then reached over and picked up her cell phone again.

Seeing his Mother quickly composing a text message, Jacob asked curiously, "Texting dad?"

Still looking at her phone, Karen nodded and replied, "Yes...I just want to make sure he's okay. Then I'm going to text your sister."

"Rachel?" Jacob asked, a bit confused, "Why?"

"Because..." Karen explained, her thumbs typing rapidly, "Since I'm already here, there's no need for her and Scott to come all the way out here to pick you up for church." After sending the messages, she placed her phone back on the nightstand and turned back to Jacob with a coy smile, "You can just ride with me."

"Y-You're still going to church?" Jacob asked.

Karen nodded, "Sure, why not?"

"Well..." Jacob grinned and replied, "I just thought after all that dancing at the club and then our, ahem...late night shenanigans, you'd be worn out and would rather just sleep in."

Karen smirked, "I thought I would too, but to be honest...I feel fine--energized even." Giggling softly, she then asked, "How about you? Think you can keep up with your old Mom this morning?"

Jacob shook his head incredulously, "Mom...how many times do I have to say it? You're not old!" He then grinned and added, "Well...at least not that old."

Karen's jaw dropped. She gasped, feigning shock, and playfully slapped Jacob on his shoulder. "Okay, young man...just for that, no pancakes for you!"

"Awww...c'mon Mom," Jacob replied. "That's not fair! You know how much I love your pancakes!"

Karen teased sarcastically, "Well, after all...I might just be too old and decrepit to go down to the kitchen and cook, ya know."

Jacob scrunched his face, "Mom, you know I'm only joking...right?"

Karen giggled, "Of course I know you are, silly." She then ruffled her boy's mop of messy hair and added, "Besides, I would never deprive my little goofball of his Mama's pancakes." After a mutual chuckle between them, she then asked, "But seriously...how are you feeling this morning?"

Jacob nodded, "Not too bad. Like you, I thought with so little sleep, I'd be a total zombie right now, but I actually feel pretty good. I mean, even though I only got a few hours, I slept like a log. There's something about sleeping with you, Mom, that I find really comforting and relaxing."

"Awww...that's sweet," Karen said with a smile, "Glad to be of help!" She then leaned over and kissed Jacob's forehead. As she stood up from the bed, she kept the comforter pressed to her chest. "Now...I'm going to go take a shower, and then I'll go down and start making us some breakfast. You, in the meantime, need to clean up in here and then start getting ready. Remember...your dad could be home any minute."

"Hey, Mom?" Jacob asked, his voice laced with a hint of hopefulness.

"Yes, sweetie?" Karen replied almost absentmindedly, whilst quickly collecting her robe and push-up bra from the bed.

"If we are gonna go to church..." Jacob stated matter-of-factly, "I'm gonna need

a little more of your...help."

Karen was just about to stoop over and pick up her high-heeled shoes from the floor when she stopped. Standing up straight, she glanced over to Jacob and noticed the huge lump hidden beneath the bed sheet which lay haphazardly on top of his waist. "Goodness, Jake!" she said with a huff, "Last night wasn't enough for you?"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob replied with a shrug, "I guess sleeping next to you all night and then having this really vivid dream about you this morning...kinda woke it up again." He then pulled the sheet off, exposing his now fully-grown erection to his Mother's eyes.

"Vivid dream?" Karen asked mindlessly, cocking her head to the side, "What kind of vivid dream?"

"Oh, you know..." Jacob started, unsure whether he should include the part about him getting his Mom pregnant. The last thing he wanted to do was to freak Karen out. "Typical dirty stuff...basically what we did last night."

"Oh, okay..." Karen began, licking her lips as she stepped closer to the bed, with her focused gaze now locked onto Jacob's raging boner. Already, copious amounts of pre-cum were bubbling up from its slit and trickling down the sides of his veiny shaft. "I'm more than willing to help you, but just know that if your dad gets home before we finish, we'll have to stop immediately and you'll have to think of something on your own."

"That's fine, Mom...I know the rule." Jacob shrugged with a slight nod, barely repressing his excitement.

"Also..." Karen added, sheepishly, "We're gonna have to think of something different this time...unlike what happened last Sunday." When she noticed the confused look on Jacob's face, she said softly with her lips curling demurely and just the slightest hint of a smile, "Mommy's still a bit sore...down there."

A naughty grin crept onto Jacob's own face, "Oh, I see...glad to be of help!"

The coy expression drained from Karen's lips as she rolled her eyes. With a sigh, she shook her head with exasperation at her son's brazenness and responded sardonically, "Okay, smarty-pants."

"I'm just teasing you, Mom..." Jacob replied, "But that's no problem...I have an idea of something. In fact, from what I can recall...we were doing it in my dream earlier."

Using her left hand to keep the comforter covering up her chest, Karen raised her right index finger, her face hardening, "Ohhh, no...You can just hold it right there, young man. If you're suggesting what I think you're suggesting, then the answer for that is still a big, fat NO!"

Jacob knew immediately what Karen was referring to, and even though he would've loved nothing better than to finally get a crack at tapping and laying some pipe in his Mother's virgin ass, he knew better than to suggest it again so soon. "No Mom..." Jacob replied innocently, whilst half-fibbing, "I meant earlier in my dream...from what I remember how it started off."

"Oh..." Karen responded, somewhat surprised. She knew from the look on her son's face that the last time they were in his bed (with Melissa) his secret determination in getting her to agree to engage in that vile and wickedly filthy act had been unmasked. Relieved, she then asked, "Well then...what did you have in mind?"

Jacob took a hold of his fully erect cock and began slowly stroking it up and down. More and more of his thick and pearly lubricating liquid began to ooze

from its tip. "Well, ya know...I never did get that titty fuck yesterday."

Karen had to resist her motherly instinct to rebuke her son for using that horrible phrase. Instead, she bit her tongue and rolled her eyes apathetically. "I should've known..."

Jacob shrugged, "Well, you did say that our time might be short...and doing that always seems to speed things up for me." As he continued stroking his cock and literally basting its shaft with his overabundance of pre-cum, he added, "Not to mention, I really need to get rid of this. I promised Sara last night that I'd sit with her during church service this morning."

Along with Jacob's intoxicating scent reigniting her arousal, the mere mention of Sara's name had the same immediate effect on Karen's irrational and unwarranted jealousy. "Well..." she said matter-of-factly as she released her hold on the comforter, allowing it to fall to the floor, "We'd better get to it, then."

Jacob smiled at the incredible sight of his gorgeous Mom standing next to his bed in all her naked glory. Imitating an old cartoon character of his younger days (Johnny Bravo), he muttered, "Oh, Mama!!"

Moments later, Karen lay ensconced once more on her son's bed with her head resting on a soft pillow. Jacob then moved into position to where he straddled his Mother's upper torso, with his pre-cum lubricated cock residing snugly in between her heavy, milk-laden breasts. Wasting no time, Karen promptly used her hands and wrapped her huge tits around Jacob's rock-hard dick, lovingly imprisoning it in the lush confines of her heavenly cleavage.

"Dang, Mom..." Jacob muttered appreciatively in fascination, "I think my big, fat cock and your huge, awesome tits were absolutely made for each other!"

Karen stared down at her son's veiny cock resting heavily in between her 'awesome tits'. Despite Jacob's crass description, oddly, she found herself totally agreeing with him: their anatomy fit together in a perfect union. Robert, being as much of a 'boobie hound', had done this on occasion with her over the years. However, due to the recent expansion in size of her breasts, his last attempt had ended up being a humorous failure when her husband's average-sized penis completely disappeared in the pillowy confines of her recently swollen globes.

Such was definitely not the case with Jacob's ungodly endowment. His enormous phallus fit snugly within the delectable dÃ©colletage of Karen's rack with several inches of veiny shaft and its oversized head extending far beyond her mouthwatering mammary canyon. The dirtiness of their hormone-enhanced lewd body parts' carnal pairing caused Karen's pussy to salivate instinctively in anticipation, no doubt hoping some of their other anatomy could soon mate again. With a seductive tone, she licked her lips and said, "You'd better get a move on, baby...We wouldn't want your dad to come home and find you doing something so...naughty and wicked with your Mother's breasts!"

Karen's salacious statement had an immediate effect on her son. "If you say so, Mom!! Uggh!!" Jacob groaned as he began thrusting forward and backward. After just a few strokes, his mushroom-shaped tip began caroming the bottom of his Mother's chin. "Dang, Mom..." the teenager commented, "Your boobs look awesome and feel great wrapped around my dick! I just love titty-fucking you!"

No longer caring how dirty Jacob spoke, Karen could feel her own arousal continuing to spike. Feeling a bit naughty, she puckered her juicy lips and the next time Jacob's cock neared her mouth, the lust-inebriated housewife planted a loving kiss on its rubbery bulb. She repeated the action again and again, each time her lips and tongue lapping lower onto her son's glans. "Mmmmmmm..." Karen moaned from the stimulating pleasure of teasingly blowing Jacob's cocktip, whilst at the same time pinching her hardened nipples between her thumbs and

forefingers. Tiny geysers of creamy breastmilk sprayed from her buzzing teats, dribbling in warm rivulets into the makeshift love tunnel formed by the valley of her cleavage. Mixing with her son's pre-cum, their perfectly-matched juices quickly combined, adding additional lubrication for Jacob's wickedly sinful fun.

Seeing his Mother act so wantonly lewd blew Jacob's mind. He decided to continue the sinful banter, "You like this too, huh Mom?" he asked in between thrusts, hoping to coax her into talking dirty. "You like it...when your little 'Snuggle Bear'...uses his thick, long dick...and fucks your big, fat...milky tits?"

Karen should have cringed from such language coming from her 'Snuggle Bear'. However, the intoxicating effects of the hormones had her judgement clouded and inhibitions lowered to the point where she was getting increasingly comfortable with Jacob's dirty talk. Rather than indulge Jacob with a response though, Karen instead nodded enthusiastically, before licking the pre-cum from her lips and taking another sloppy taste of her son's weeping, spongy knob.

"Wow, Mom...that is so hot!!" Jacob grunted, as the familiar tingling in his balls intensified. "And you...are so beautiful!!"

Karen couldn't help but smile from her son's ardent, though no doubt sincere, compliment. However, even in her current aroused state she knew their time was getting short and she needed to help Jacob over the finish line. Tightening the exquisite grip of her soft breasts around his pistoning rod, she whispered with a sultry tone, "C'mon, baby...you need to hurry up and finish...Can you do that...for Mama?"

Jacob began thrusting even faster and harder, "Oh Mom...that feels so good!! Yeah, I can do it...I'm almost...there..."

"Mmmmmmm..." Karen mewled, looking Jacob straight in the eyes, "That's it...Now, be a good boy...and finish for Mama!"

Jacob then caught sight of the new sunflower necklace Robert had gifted Karen for her birthday. The glimmering gold pendant had fallen to the side and rested on the pillow beside her neck. As his churning load of sperm began its journey from his balls and up through the shaft of his cock, the teenager grunted, "Hey Mom...I think I might have...something to go along...with that gold necklace you got... from dad..." Seeing the look of confusion in his Mother's warm, hazel eyes, he added with a sneer, "A nice, fat, pearly one....AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!"

At once, Karen gasped in shock as the first ribbon of hot jizz blasted from the dilated slit at the tip of Jacob's purple cockhead. It painted a perfectly gooey white stripe from the middle of her neck up to her chin, coating the chain of her husband's birthday gift, and plastering her chest totally and completely with her son's crudely improvised 'pearl necklace'.

"OH MOM...OH MOM!!" Jacob called out from the utter pleasure and relief of his thick release marking his Mother. Several more and larger blasts erupted from his pulsating cock, splashing against the underside of Karen's chin before ricocheting back and splattering all over her chest and boobs.

"Oh, Jake..." Karen squealed, as the torrent of her son's hot and sticky cum ran down both sides of her neck and splattered all over her shoulders. "Yes, baby...get it all out...give all of it to Mama!"

Finally, with his aching balls completely drained empty, Jacob peered down to

admire his handiwork. His spent, big cock lay twitching in between Karen's heaving breasts, drooling the last of his semen into the oozing confines of her cleavage. Her chest, neck, and shoulders were dripping wet with a naughty mixture of virile, teenaged cum and sweet, nourishing Mommy milk. "Wow Mom!" Jacob whispered, catching his breath, "That was awesome!! Thank you!"

"You're welcome, sweetie..." Karen replied softly, with a smile. Continuing their playful banter from earlier, she added, "Glad to be of help!" She then took Jacob's deflating penis and, for the next few minutes, silently licked up the last trickles of her son's sweet and creamy nut juice from his sensitive piss slit.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, there came a light knock on the bedroom door. Karen and Jacob immediately froze, the same deer-in-the-headlights look of sheer horror in their eyes, with neither of them remembering if the lock was engaged.

"Jake? Are you up?" Robert's unmistakable voice asked, knocking again.

"Yeah, dad..." Jacob replied, trying his best to sound calm, "I'm up." When he saw the knob turn and the door begin to open, he quickly dismounted his Mother and yelled out in panic, "NO, DAD...DON'T COME IN!!"

Karen's heart literally jumped out of her chest. It would be a world-ending disaster for Robert to find them like this: together, naked in Jacob's bed, with him straddling her nude body, and her exposed breasts totally covered in their son's ejaculate. She prayed God would have mercy, and somehow keep her husband from coming into the room.

The door stopped. "What's wrong, Jake?" Robert asked with concern and confusion through the six-inch gap, as he obliged Jacob's request for privacy. Normally, he might've barged right in, but fatigued weariness from his long overnight meeting and driving all morning somehow kept Robert from opening the gap any further.

In the nick of time, Jacob made a mad dash to the door and took hold of the knob. He then placed his foot against the bottom of the panel just in case his father decided to push the door open any wider. If he did, it would give Robert an unobstructed view of his son's bed and his nude, cum-covered wife laying atop it.

Thinking quickly, Jacob explained to Robert, "I'm uh...getting dressed, dad...and I'm... I'm naked!!" He hoped that would be enough to keep his father on the other side of the door.

"Getting dressed?" Robert asked with a slight chuckle and still a bit confused, "At 7:30? That's a bit early for you, isn't it?"

Jacob looked back at Karen and could see the horrified look in her eyes. Now sitting up straight, she instinctively held the bed sheet to her chest, covering up her nakedness and shame. Thinking back to the week before, Jacob brainstormed his elaboration on the fly. "Mom woke me up earlier and told me to go ahead and get ready for church..." Turning his head back towards the door, he added, "She said something about Mr. Crenshaw wanting a choir meeting before the service starts." Jacob glanced back at the bed to find his Mother giving him an approving nod and a thumbs up, with the tense apprehension in her body easing.

Hoping to change the subject, yet still not completely clear from danger, Jacob asked casually, "When did you get home, dad? I didn't hear the garage door go up."

"I just got here..." Robert replied, groggily, "I came in through the front door...didn't want to disturb you or your Mother. Figured you both would still be sleeping." Robert then asked, his voice sounding increasingly tired, "Speaking of your Mom...have you seen her? She sent me a text while I was

driving back, but I can't seem to find her...*yawn*...anywhere in the house."

Totally stumped, Jacob looked to his Mother and shrugged his shoulders. Quickly thinking herself over the events of the past week, Karen used her index and middle finger to make a little 'running man' gesture. The teenager nodded in understanding and replied to his father, "Yeah, dad...she said she wanted to go for a quick run before breakfast."

Karen smiled, and mouthed to Jacob, "Thank you!" whilst at the same time silently thanking Melissa.

"Oh okay..." Robert replied, wearily, "Well, do me a favor will ya, sport? When she gets back, I'm probably gonna be passed out. * yawn * After the meeting ended I remembered we still had to check out of the hotel and grab all our things, so I ended up having to drive all the way back down to Buckhead Village before heading home. Tell your Mom I'm not gonna make it to church today. Also, she forgot her purse in Big Bertha last night...*yawn*...I put it on the kitchen counter, with all the rest of our stuff."

Karen suddenly realized she had yet to take any Midoxinol that morning, since the remaining samples which Brenda had recently provided her were all in the purse. A shuddering wave of panic washed over her, as she thought of the millions and millions of Jacob's little swimmers currently scurrying around inside her reproductive system, desperately searching for that one elusive egg of hers to fertilize and without a doubt conceive their forbidden and incestuous child/grandchild.

"Will do, dad!" Jacob's chipper and carefree voice responded, interrupting Karen's train of thought as they both watched the door slowly being pulled closed.

Suddenly the door stopped moving, leaving an annoyingly narrow remaining crack, and Robert said, "Oh and Jake...one more thing. You might wanna clean your room up before your Mom gets back. If I didn't know better, I'd swear it smells like you've had a girl in there, doing the nasty with you all night long!" With that, the door finally shut.

Once the door closed, Jacob quickly and quietly turned the lock, replying with a feigned, yet slightly nervous chuckle, "Good one Dad! No problem...I'll take care of it."

Breathing a huge sigh of relief, Jacob turned back to find Karen tying the sash to her black robe. "Whewww!! That was close!" Jacob said softly, as he approached the bed.

"No, Jake..." Karen said sternly, trying to keep her voice low as well, whilst gathering up her bra and panties, "That was TOO close!!" She then sat down on the edge of the bed, still visibly shaking.

After slipping on his boxer shorts, Jacob sat down beside Karen. "It's okay Mom...dad has no idea you were in here."

"It's my own fault..." Karen berated herself, inconsolably feeling guilty. "I should've locked that darned door...or better yet...I should've immediately gone back to my bed, instead of falling asleep in here."

Jacob rubbed her shoulders, trying to calm her nerves, "It's not your fault Mom...How could we have known dad would come in through the front door instead of the garage? He never does that. Plus, I should've thought about locking the door, too. But the main thing is...we didn't get caught."

"This time, you mean!" Karen replied, holding up her index finger, "These blasted hormones keep enticing us to push the envelope further and further." She looked at Jacob and added, "Mark my words...if we keep playing with fire...we're

eventually going to get burnt, and it's NOT going to be pretty!"

"We'll just have to be more careful, then." Jacob replied, now hugging Karen sidelong and trying to reassure her. "Besides...if things go according to plan...hopefully by this time next month, I'll be cured of this condition and things can go back to normal. We just gotta keep our eyes on the prize."

Karen sighed and smiled, "You know...you sound a lot like Ms. Turner." She then ran her fingers through her son's messy tuft of hair and added, "Lord willing, you're both right."

Jacob returned her smile, "Yes...Lord willing."

Karen then sniffed and scrunched her nose. "Your father's right...you should clean up in here. This room of yours smells awfully funky."

"Well...I had help you know." Jacob said, with a grin.

Karen scoffed and nodded in agreement, "That you did." Patting Jacob on his thigh, she then added, "So, I suppose it's only fair that I help you with the cleanup of...our mess. I should probably hide out in here for a few more minutes, anyhow...just to give your father time to fall asleep."

"Sounds good..." Jacob replied, as he stood up from the bed, "I'll sneak out to the linen closet and get some clean sheets."

"You do that..." Karen said, standing up, "Oh, while you're at it...would you go down to the kitchen and get my purse for me?"

"Huh? Why?" Jacob asked, a bit confused, "What's so important that you need your purse now?"

Karen huffed, "Jake...I have my reasons." In a frustrated tone, she continued, "Just please do as your Mother asks, and go get my purse."

Still not understanding the importance of her requested errand, Jacob complied, "Yes Ma'am...no problem."

"Thank you, baby." Karen's voice returned to its normal, soft tone as she leaned down and kissed Jacob's forehead.

They both then walked over to the door, where Jacob turned the lock and partially opened it to make sure Robert was nowhere outside. Seeing the hallway empty, he quickly exited the room to get new linen, as well as his Mom's purse.

Karen meanwhile quietly pushed the door shut and re-engaged the lock, then made her way over to the bed. As she began stripping the soiled sheets from the mattress, her mind wondered if taking the Midoxinol so late after intercourse would still be just as effective. Her last dose had been late Friday morning (after her and Jacob's secluded forest 'shenanigans' in Big Bertha) and it was now Sunday morning. Taking her phone, Karen made a calendar note to herself with an alarm to alert her after services concluded at Grace Baptist that morning. Her plan was to make sure she discussed her delicate situation with her sister Brenda after church, and to do so as discretely as possible.

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After eating a hearty breakfast, Karen drove as planned with Jacob to church services in her red Jeep Grand Cherokee. Like every Sunday morning, the lovely Mother was classily arrayed and wore a conservative (yet figure-flattering) midnight-sky midi dress. Her off-white, high-heeled leather pumps perfectly matched the floral print pattern of the form-fitting garment she was wearing. Jacob meanwhile sat beside her in the passenger seat with his Bible in his lap and was clad in his usual Sunday attire of khakis, paired with a button-down

dress shirt. The weather had finally chilled somewhat, so Karen made sure to bring a light cardigan (whilst also cajoling her son into adding a pullover sweater vest to his customary ensemble).

As they drove through their quiet suburban neighborhood on the way to Grace Baptist Church that crisp and clear fall morning, the cabin inside the SUV also seemed to have chilled. Even though the radio was set to its standard 80's music station, the volume was low and Karen wasn't singing along, nor was she as lively like she normally was.

Jacob recognized these red flags all too well: his Mother was mulling something over. Unnerved by the awkward mood as he stared ahead at the familiar and now autumn leaf-lined route to church, Jacob glanced over to his Mom. Even with her sunglasses on, the teenager could almost read the worried expression of deep thought which appeared etched in Karen's eyes.

"Mom?" Jacob asked cautiously, "Am I...in trouble, or something?"

"In trouble?" Karen asked, her son's sudden question bringing her out of her numb stupor. Turning slightly to Jacob, she shook her head, "No, you're not in trouble." She then smiled and asked in return, "Why would you think that, sweetie?"

Jacob shrugged. "Well...you're not your usual chipper self this morning. Did you and dad have an argument over what happened last night?"

Karen turned her head and faced forward. "No...we didn't have an argument. In fact, I haven't even had a chance to speak to your father since he dropped me off last night. When I went into our bedroom to shower, he was already passed out cold." She then added lightheartedly, "Luckily for us, that man sleeps like a rock as soon as his head hits the pillow."

"So...nothing's wrong then?" Jacob asked again. He felt better about his situation, but was still concerned that his Mother didn't seem like her usual jovial self.

Karen sighed, "I'm just thinking over a few things that I need to sort out, that's all." She turned back to Jacob and added with a forced chuckle, "Nothing for you to be concerned about."

Jacob turned in his seat towards Karen, "Well, maybe not, but perhaps I can still be of help somehow." He leaned over and placed his elbow on the center console dividing their seats. "After all...I was a big help to you last night, right?"

Stopping at a traffic sign, Karen turned to look at Jacob. Even though he could barely see her eyes through the sunglasses, the teenager still sensed his Mother's steely stare.

Karen couldn't argue the fact that Jacob had been a huge 'help' to her the previous night. However, with the hormones now flushed from her system and her out-of-control arousal satiated, the dutiful Mother couldn't help but feel some residual guilt. That guilt stemmed mainly from coming onto her son and asking him for sex (even if it had been some really, really great sex). So great in fact, that she felt something else residual from that 'great sex' still leaking from her sore vagina. Even now, it was seeping into the panty liner that she'd put on to protect the crotch of her underwear.

After a few seconds and no reply from Karen, Jacob asked again, "I was a help to you...right, Mom?"

Karen slowly pressed her foot on the accelerator and turned her head to look straight ahead. "Yes, Jake..." she responded finally, with a heavy sigh, "I have to admit...you were a big help." Out of the corner of her eye, she could see a

wide grin spreading across her son's face. "But I wouldn't be so smug about it... " she added, "You do realize we came within a frog's hair of your father catching us, right? If he hadn't stopped opening the door when you yelled out--well, let's just say it would've been game over...for both of us."

"I know Mom..." Jacob replied, suitably sobered and his tone now a bit more serious, "And you're right about what you said right after that...we do need to be more careful."

Karen chuckled at the understatement of the year, still looking straight ahead, "Yes, we do!" She then shook her head in self-reproach, "My falling asleep in your bed was also very irresponsible on my part."

"But you know..." Jacob commented, in a thoughtful tone, "If he had caught us in bed together, you could always use the excuse that I wasn't feeling well last night and you simply decided to sleep with me...to keep an eye on me."

Karen turned back to Jacob and replied, "Well, as plausible as you think that excuse might be...I don't think it would've flown over too well."

"Why not?" Jacob asked, "You used to do it all the time, whenever I'd get sick."

Karen scoffed, "Well, Einstein...mainly due to the fact that you're not a little boy anymore, and we were both stark naked! Not to mention, you were straddling my chest with your...stuff sprayed all over me, and your...thing pressed between my breasts."

"Oh yeah..." Jacob said with a smile, remembering that moment, "Was that a nice way to start the day!"

Karen sighed and rolled her eyes, "Honestly...you and your father are more alike than you realize!"

"Seriously though, Mom...you never know. As exhausted as dad was this morning, he just might have bought it." Jacob stated, with a shrug, "I mean, after all, he was dumb enough to leave you alone last night...to go to that stupid meeting!"

As she slowed down for a red light, Karen turned to Jacob and cut her eyes, "Alright now, that's enough of that kind of talk. Must I remind you again of the discussion we had earlier?"

"I'm just stating a fact, Mom..." Jacob replied, "Even you said it yourself."

"Jacob!!" Karen spat her son's name from her mouth, as if it were poison, "I said that's enough!!" When her son didn't respond, she again asked, "Did you hear me?" Now that the hormones were out of her system and her alcohol-induced fog lifted, the guilt of being reminded what she had screamed in the wee hours that morning began to creep in. Even though Robert was none the wiser, Karen felt bad enough as it was for uttering what she had. Little did she know how much worse that guilt could actually be, since there was now video evidence of what she'd recklessly shouted aloud. Namely, proclaiming her husband an idiot.

Suddenly, a horn honked from the car behind them. "Mom, the light's green...you should probably go." Jacob stated softly.

Karen didn't budge. Instead, she continued staring at Jacob and, lowering her sunglasses a little, asked once again, "I said, did you hear me??"

17â “22 minutes

Jacob knew by his Mother's tone that he had pushed the envelope a bit too far. Instead of risking her additional wrath, he sat back in his seat and mumbled morosely, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good." Karen stated, coldly. She then turned forward and abruptly pressed her foot on the accelerator.

As they rode along in silence, Karen once again tried to deal with the whirlwind of emotions swirling around in her head. She was highly frustrated...perhaps not so much towards Robert personally, but more with how their evening had gone. Before he'd received that call from his boss, everything was going along fine and according to plan. It appeared she was virtually guaranteed success in helping her husband finally forget all about that lost night in Atlanta. Now, Karen felt like she was back at square one.

Karen was also frustrated with herself. She knew the influence of the alcohol and the hormones had played a huge part in her actions after Robert left for his emergency meeting. However, she still couldn't fully excuse herself, as the nagging guilt continued to heavily weigh on her. Now, Jacob's fresh reminder to her of what she'd done didn't help the situation any.

"Jake..." Karen spoke softly, as she looked straight ahead. "I'm sorry for snapping at you, but I need you to understand. What I said last night...about your father...was wrong. I only said what I did in the heat of the moment...and because of my own personal frustrations."

"I know Mom," Jacob replied, "I'm sorry too...I just lost control and got carried away in our dirty talk. It's like you said before...these hormones have us doing and saying stuff we normally wouldn't."

Karen turned to Jacob with a slight smile curling her lips.

"So..." Jacob continued, relieved the tension had lifted somewhat, "What's next? You gonna have a talk with dad about how frustrated you are with how things went last night?"

Karen chuckled. She reached out and patted Jacob on the shoulder. "Never you mind. That's for me and him to worry about, and not you. I'll sort things out with your father in due time."

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As soon as Karen had parked at Grace Baptist and closed the driver's side door of her Jeep, she immediately heard the joyful sound of a little boy's voice shouting, "AUNTIE KAREN!!" She quickly turned around to find little Daniel running towards her, with his arms spread wide and his blonde hair flopping with each stride. The doting Aunt couldn't help but smile at the sight of her precious nephew dressed in his Sunday suit, complete with a Blue's Clues necktie.

"DANNY SWEETIE...DON'T RUN!!" Dr. Brenda Sullivan yelled out. However, by the time she got the words out of her mouth, her son had already been swept up into the loving and protective arms of her older sister.

Brenda and Mark made their way over to Karen, who was holding Daniel in a hug and in the process of giving him one of her signature raspberries. The preschooler wildly giggled at the ticklish sensation caused by his Aunt's vibrating lips pressed tightly against his chubby cheek, blowing air and making a loud and wet obnoxious sound.

"Karen?" Brenda asked, a bit bewildered, "Wh-What on earth are you doing here?"

Karen glanced at her gorgeous baby sister and her handsome brother-in-law. They were both dressed in their usual Sunday best attire. Mark wore a dark-colored, tailored suit and tie, while Brenda donned a form-fitting, knee-length dress. She was somewhat shocked to see her baby sister wearing an outfit that didn't showcase any cleavage for once.

"It's a long story, I assure you." Karen replied whilst laughing, as Daniel reciprocated the raspberry kiss on his Aunt with one of his own.

Still confused, Brenda said, "I just thought you'd still be at the hotel, and...*ahem*...sleeping the night off."

"Well..." Karen replied, as she used her fingers to straighten out Daniel's mussed-up hair, "One of us is sleeping it off."

"Uh-oh..." Brenda remarked, assuming the evening hadn't gone exactly as planned.

"Yeah..." Karen affirmed, giving her sister a knowing look.

"Ummm...Mark, honey?" Brenda turned to her husband, "Why don't you take Danny and go on inside? We'll be right in."

"Sure thing..." Mark replied, knowing his wife and sister-in-law needed some privacy. "C'mon, buddy!" he then said to his son, "Let's go so Mommy and Aunt Karen can talk."

"Okay, daddy..." Daniel obediently replied. He then turned to Karen and asked, "Auntie Karen? Will you sit by me in church today?"

Karen smiled, "Of course I will, munchkin!!" She gave him a quick kiss on his cheek and then set him down onto his feet. After giving him a playful swat on his backside, she added, "Now go on inside with your daddy and save us a spot on our favorite pew."

After Mark and Daniel left to go inside the church and no one else was within earshot, Brenda shook her head and asked softly, "So...I take it last night didn't go so well?"

Karen sighed and nodded slightly, "At first, things were going great. Robert literally flipped out over the dress, and we were having the best night out we've had in years. I was certain my plan was going to work and he would finally forget all about Atlanta."

Brenda huffed and then asked, "So, what happened?"

Karen then spent the next few minutes explaining the previous night's events to Brenda: from the terrific dinner to the absolute blast they had at the dance club. She even mentioned how two 'college-aged frat guys' had hit on her, (though for obvious reasons withheld the fact that they were Donna Miller's twin boys). Then, she related how the evening came to a screeching halt when Robert received the call from his boss, and he had to take her home and go to his emergency meeting. However, Karen purposely left out the part of her going to Jacob's bedroom and asking her own son for sex. Mostly it was because she still couldn't shake the guilt, but also the thought of mentioning such things on church grounds was appalling.

As they walked slowly towards Grace Baptist's main building from the parking lot, Karen continued, "So, now I don't know what to do...it's like I'm starting all over again. After all that planning and hard work, I still have this hanging over my head."

Brenda turned to Karen, "I'm sure there's something else you can do."

Karen leaned closer and lowered her voice, "If you are going to suggest...sodomy

again...well you can just forget it!"

Brenda put up her hand and in a low tone replied with a chuckle, "I'm not referring to that exactly. But I'm sure there has to be something that Robert's always wanted to try in the past, that you were reluctant to do. Maybe something from the early days in your marriage? Or, maybe some crazy role-play fantasy?"

Karen thought for a few seconds. Suddenly, her face lit up, and her rosy lips curled into a smile. "That's it, Brenda!! That's it!!" She then threw her arms around her younger sister and added, "You are a genius!!"

"I-I am?" Brenda asked in response, as she hugged Karen back, "Well, that's good to know, but you mind telling me what 'that' is?"

As they continued to walk up the front steps of the church, Karen replied, "I'll tell you about it after church!"

Moments later, Karen and Brenda sat at their usual spots on their favorite pew. Little Daniel was seated in between them, drawing a picture for his Aunt Karen. Meanwhile, Jacob was off sitting with Sara, and Mark was still standing around with some of the guys discussing the previous night's college football games. As they waited for Rachel and Scott to arrive, Karen decided there was no use in putting it off till after church and she had time to discuss one other major concern with the 'good doctor' while they were alone.

Karen checked the pew behind them to make sure no one else was nearby. She then leaned over to Brenda and whispered, "Say, Bren'...what happens if you miss a dose of the Midoxinol? Will it still be just as effective?"

Caught somewhat off guard, Brenda turned to Karen, "Why do you ask? Did you miss a dose?"

Karen nodded, "Yes...with everything going on yesterday, I forgot to take it. I didn't realize it until this morning."

"Did you take it as soon as you remembered?" Brenda replied.

Karen nodded again, "Yes...yes, I did."

Brenda smiled, "Well then, don't worry. Even though the Midoxinol is designed to be taken daily, it was engineered with that particular concern possibly occurring sometimes. So, as long as you've been taking it regularly as prescribed, even if the occasional dose is missed, its overall protection and clinical potency won't be affected much. You should be fine."

"Okay...that's good to know." Karen whispered, with a sigh of relief.

A knowing little grin then spread across Brenda's face. "Is there anything...else you want to tell me about last night?"

Karen could tell her sister was already suspicious and mischievously alluding to something, especially since she and Robert hadn't made it back to the hotel to engage in sexual relations. "No," Karen replied, shaking her head and hoping not to give off any more obvious signals. "I was just curious...that's all. You know...just in case something did ever happen."

"Uh-huh..." Brenda replied, in a bemused tone. Her smile then morphed to a more serious expression, "Well, if anything were to...'ever happen', just remember...I also have access to the Plan-B pill."

Karen gasped audibly and her eyes widened in horror. "BRENDA!!" she replied in a harsh whisper, and immediately swiveled her head around to ensure they were still alone, "You know I could never do that!!"

Brenda put up her hand and leaned in closer, lowering her voice even more, "Take it easy, Sis...I'm well aware of that." Looking down, she saw that little Daniel was still blissfully occupied with his drawing. Feeling it was safe, the younger sister continued, "Believe me, I'd like to think I'd never do so either. Terminating an unintended...accident is always a serious matter. However, this is uncharted territory we're talking about, and an 'accident' of that magnitude would surely require the most...drastic solution."

"I know..." Karen sighed, "And the longer this...thing drags on, the more I'm worried about the possibility...of both happening." The older sister held back confessing her recent growing desire to be pregnant again, whilst at the same time denying the chief cause: those wicked hormones. Instead, she chalked up the strange craving as due more to her envy towards Brenda and Rachel, especially since they made known their intended plans to try for simultaneous pregnancies in the coming months.

Brenda smiled and took Karen's hand, "In any case, I don't think you have anything to worry about. Just keep taking the Midoxinol every day like you have been doing and when the time comes, we can discuss your other alternatives once those trial pills run out. I know your strong stance on the subject, but I only brought up the morning-after 'nuclear' option to let you know that I have access to them...just in case you ever find yourself facing that impossible, 'doomsday' scenario."

"Thanks, Bren'...I appreciate it." Karen sighed, clasping her younger sister's hand tightly, "Let's just pray it never comes to that..."

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Later that evening, the entire family gathered at The Capital Grille restaurant near the Perimeter Mall in Dunwoody. Sunday dinners were normally held at one of the sisters' or Rachel's house (now that she moved back), but this week the occasion was to have a late celebration of Karen's 44th birthday. After the scrumptious meal, and as they waited for coffee and desserts to arrive, Karen excused herself to go to the ladies' room.

Once locked inside the stall, Karen hitched up the skirt of her dress and pulled down her panties, before squatting down on the toilet. As she eased her bladder, she took the opportunity to remove the second panty liner she'd put on after church and check the gusset of her lacy underwear. After close examination, Karen was pleasantly surprised to discover that the leakage of Jacob's most recent semen deposit from the wee hours earlier that morning had finally stopped. She now knew it was safe to move forward with her plan and hopefully finish what she'd started with Robert the night before.

After answering nature's call, Karen straightened out her dress and exited the stall. She placed her handbag on the counter and washed her hands, using the opportunity to check her reflection in the mirror. Before heading back out to rejoin her family, the lovely housewife noted her youthful, radiant glow and recently fitter physique. Judging by appearances, she still didn't look a day over 34 (instead of her actual age), and with a smile said a silent prayer thankful of that fact, and her good genes.

The temperature that evening was indeed more seasonably cool, so Karen had worn a long-sleeved and ribbed knit sweater dress, along with a pair of black high-heeled pumps. The figure-flattering garment was plum colored, with a knee-length hem and a V-shaped neckline that exposed a respectable amount of cleavage. For the time being, her cardigan was swathed over her shoulders with its arms tied in a knot on the front of her chest.

After checking her makeup and hair, Karen ran her palms down the front of her dress, smoothing out any wrinkles in the body-contouring fabric. Satisfied with the reflection, she muttered to the gorgeous woman in the mirror, "Okay, Karen...let's go take care of that unfinished business!"

About an hour later, the whole family was outside the restaurant and making their way across the parking lot to their respective vehicles. Karen and Brenda walked together arm-in-arm away from the group, speaking in a hushed tone.

"Remember what I said this morning at church..." Brenda whispered, making sure that no one was within earshot, "If you ever decide you'd like to have a 'back up' plan...just let me know. I'm sure I have some samples at the office."

Karen stopped and turned to face her sister. "Brenda, like I've told you...I could never do that!!"

Brenda put up her hands, "I know, I know...I'm not saying you would. But it might be a good idea for you to have a couple on hand, just in case anything 'accidental' was to ever happen...because you just never know."

Those foreboding words reminded Karen of a similar conversation she'd had with Melissa recently about unexpected pregnancies. She began to wonder how she could even handle it if the improbable did occur, and she was faced with the 'doomsday' scenario. Karen had worked so hard to hide everything from Robert and (in her mind) protect him from her deplorably sinful, yet necessary, sacrifices to help Jacob through his challenging 'condition'.

Karen knew there would be no way to hide a pregnancy, and an incestuous one no less. It would irrefutably end her marriage and destroy her family. However, could she go against her Christian beliefs and core values to end an innocent life-- her own child/grandchild's innocent life? Could she live with herself after making such a decision?

Shuddering as a cool gust blew by, Karen decided to brush aside those worrisome thoughts...for the time being at least. Tonight, she had another concern that needed to be dealt with. "Okay...you win." Karen relented with a deep sigh, clasping her cardigan tighter over her shoulders, "You're right...Maybe it would be a good idea to have one on hand...just in case."

Brenda wrapped her left arm around Karen, "Okay, drop by my office tomorrow..." She continued, embracing her older sister closer, "I'm sure I can find a few sample packs."

Meanwhile, Jacob had strayed from the group and was leaning against his dad's navy-blue Ford Expedition, AKA 'Big Bertha', busily composing a text to Sara. Due to her asthma flaring up, the beautiful blonde teenager had to unfortunately forgo accompanying Jacob and his family for dinner. Both Mrs. Miller and Karen decided it was better for Sara to stay home instead of risking her condition with the cooler weather that night.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a hand grabbed the collar of Jacob's dress shirt and tugged on him. "Aaahhh!!" the teenager yelped, totally caught off guard as he was easily dragged around to the other side of the large SUV and away from prying eyes.

"What the hell, Rach??" Jacob asked in shock, once he realized it was his older sister. Rachel, like Karen, had gone with an alluring and form-fitting sweater dress for the evening. The only difference was the beautiful blonde's figure-flattering garment was hunter green in color, along with a mock turtle neck. However, where the dress may have lacked in exposing any cleavage, it more than made up for it with a super-short hemline which showcased the young wife's sexy, long legs. While he rubbed the area of his neck where the collar had chafed his skin, Jacob continued, "What's your problem?? I was in the middle of sending a text to Sara, to see how she's doing."

"Ssshhhhh!!" Rachel replied, with her index finger to her lips, "Keep it down, nerd!! You can finish texting your little girlfriend in a minute...But first, I wanna talk to you in private."

Jacob whispered, "Okay, but you didn't have to wring my neck off to get my attention, ya know...that hurt!"

Rachel rolled her eyes, "God, you're such a wimp!! I still don't understand what Sara Miller sees in you."

Jacob scoffed and replied, "Like you said a while back-- Luckily for me, she's into dorks." Checking his cell for any replies from Sara and seeing none, he then asked, "Now...what did you wanna talk about?" Holding up his phone, he added sarcastically, "You know you could've just called or texted me like you did Friday, instead of practically taking my head off!"

"Oh, please...stop being such a drama queen!" Rachel chided. Glancing around to ensure their privacy, she continued, "Besides...must I remind you, the topic I wanted to discuss is of a more...sensitive nature?"

Jacob remembered Rachel's text from two nights prior and his interest piqued. He smiled, "Okay, big sis...You have my full attention now...what did you wanna talk about?"

"We can't go into it here, you moron!" Rachel hissed, "There's not enough time or privacy. Like I said a couple nights ago, I was thinking I could sign you out of school early sometime this week and we could talk then, like we did before. You know...the ol' 'doctor's appointment' routine."

Jacob nodded, "Sure thing...what day and time is my...'endocrinologist appointment' gonna be?"

Rachel checked the calendar on her phone, "It'll have to be either Tuesday or Thursday. It all depends on Scott, really...He plans to go back over to Birmingham on one of those days, and he won't be home until late."

Jacob smiled again, "So, I take it there'll be some...'negotiating' involved?"

The siblings could hear everyone's voices just a few cars over as the customary hugs, along with plenty of 'goodnights' and 'love yous', were being passed around. They heard Brenda call out to Grandpa George, "Hey, Pops...you're riding home with us, right?"

Rachel sighed heavily, "Look, dork...we don't have time for this. Are you gonna be available on either of those days, or not? Yes, or no?"

Jacob shrugged and answered (perhaps too enthusiastically), "Yes! Either day is fine with me. But...I do have exams both of those mornings-- so, after lunch would be better."

Rachel nodded, "Fine. I'll let you know tomorrow which day, once I find out for sure." Just then, Jacob's cell phone lit up and began to vibrate. As the older sibling turned to leave and rejoin her husband, she covered her tracks and said to her little brother, "Tell Sara I said 'Hi', Jake...and I hope she feels better!"

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About a half-hour later, 'Big Bertha' slowly pulled up into the Mitchells' driveway, right next to Karen's Jeep. "That sure was a great place..." Robert

commented, as he shut off the Ford Expedition's big V-8 engine and the driver's seat automatically adjusted back to its preset parked position. He then said to Karen, as he pressed the button on the garage door opener, "In fact, we should go back there sometime, just the two of us...maybe for a date night."

Robert noticed that his wife had been uncannily quiet the entire drive home. Due to time constraints and being busy for most of that Sunday, they hadn't been able to really discuss how Saturday night had turned out. Now, with Karen's unusual silence, he began to worry that the hammer was finally about to drop.

Once the loudly clanging mechanical garage door finally rolled up, it was eerily quiet inside the cabin of the family's luxury SUV. The only sound was the low-volume radio playing the 80's tune 'Hold Me Now' by the Thompson Twins.

After a few seconds of silence, Karen tilted her head to the left and said, "Jake, honey...why don't you go on inside and finish up your homework?"

Jacob was in the back seat and in the middle of sending another text to Sara. Even though he heard his Mom, he continued composing his message and (without looking up from the screen) replied, "I don't have any homework to finish, Mom...I completed everything earlier, before we went out to dinner."

"Well then..." Karen countered, "Go on up and get ready for bed. It's getting late, and you have school tomorrow. I'll be up in a bit, to tuck you in."

Jacob threw his head back and groaned in frustration. "Mommm!! How many times do I have to remind you...I'm eighteen now and don't need to be tucked in anymore!!" Had they been alone, he would've been more than willing to take his Mother up on her offer. However, with his father around, Jacob knew there was no chance at all for any Mommy-son bonding time that night and thus had to fake his exaggerated disgust. Plus, he could almost hear his dad chuckle at the mere notion of a middle-aged Mother tucking her basically adult son into bed.

"Jacob!!" Karen replied, as she turned in her seat and glared at her son. Keeping her voice soft, yet firm enough to let him know that she was serious, she then admonished, "Do as you're told, and go on into the house."

It finally registered with Jacob. His Mom wanted to be alone with his dad, which could only mean one thing: she was actually pissed about last night and was about to give him the riot act. Growing up, his parents almost never had any serious arguments in front of him or his sister, Rachel. They had minor disagreements, sure, but if it was anything else more serious, they'd always adjourn to another room and hash things out behind closed doors.

Reckoning that this was probably one of those times, Jacob realized it was best he obeyed his Mom and took his leave. Opening the back door and before climbing out of 'Big Bertha', he thus replied simply, "Yes Ma'am...goodnight, dad."

"Goodnight, sport..." Robert replied, just before the rear door slammed behind them.

As Jacob briskly walked from the driveway and into the garage to enter the house, he turned his head to steal a glance at the SUV's front cabin. For a brief moment, he saw a glimpse of his parents sitting morosely side by side in the front seats-- before the dome light shut off and they were engulfed in darkness. Walking past the laundry room, Jacob shook his head and muttered, "I don't think you're gonna have a good rest of your night, dad, but best of luck anyway!"

Once Jacob had disappeared into the house, Karen stated softly, "Now that we're alone, I think we have some...'unfinished business' to deal with."

Robert gulped slightly, figuring this night wasn't going to end well for him. Still, he decided to test the waters and asked tentatively, "So, I uh...take it

this has to do with...last night?"

As Karen stealthily slipped her feet out of her high-heeled pumps, she replied flatly, "Yes. As a matter of fact...it does."

Robert began to plead his case, "Look, honey...like I said last night...I'm truly sorry about what happened, and I promise to-- "

Before he could finish his statement, Karen turned up the volume on the radio, causing Def Leppard's song, 'Pour Some Sugar on Me', to completely drown out her husband's apology. She then caught Robert completely off guard as she hiked up her dress skirt and climbed over the console separating them, before straddling his waist.

Bewildered by his conservative wife's unusually aggressive and uncharacteristic antics, Robert asked, "Honey? Wh-what are you doing?" He was even more shocked when he caught a glimpse of Karen's naked and glistening-wet vagina as she settled onto his lap. "Karen?? Where...where are your panties??!"

Without speaking, Karen looked down at her husband and gave him a naughty grin. Holding up her right hand, the purple-colored thong underwear dangled in between her thumb and forefinger. Biting her bottom lip and arching her eyebrows, Karen waved the dainty little garment side-to-side, before dropping it onto her husband's left shoulder.

"When?" Robert asked, still trying to comprehend the situation, "When did you take those off?"

As Karen began to unbuckle Robert's pants, she replied nonchalantly, "Earlier tonight, at the restaurant...when I went to the restroom."

Robert's eyes widened even more, "You mean to tell me...the whole time you sat at the table with your entire family...including your own father...eating dessert and drinking coffee, you were going...commando?!"

"Mm-hmm..." Karen affirmed, giving her husband a mischievous smile and a wink.

Since Robert was driving that night, he'd refrained from drinking alcohol, and only drank iced tea and coffee with dinner. This fact, coupled with the thought of the strait-laced Mother of his children doing something so naughty and out of character, quickly caused him to gain an erection.

"Oh my..." Karen gasped, as she fished Robert's hardened cock out of his pants, "It appears someone is happy to see me tonight!" Lifting herself higher, she then placed the tip of her husband's fully erect penis to the entrance of her wet pussy, before staring into his eyes and saying, "Now, about that 'unfinished business'..."

Robert had tried several times in the past to persuade Karen to fulfill this particular fantasy of his. Every time he asked, however, his reserved wife had shot him down. Now that it was finally coming true, he could hardly believe it was happening. Staring back into Karen's lust-filled hazel eyes, Robert felt the exquisite heat of her vagina engulfing his manhood and whispered, "Oh, God!!"

Meanwhile back in the kitchen, Jacob stood in front of the refrigerator and collected several white fudge Reese's peanut butter cups to take up to his room. Knowing Karen would frown on him for eating more sweets right before bed, Jacob figured he'd better take advantage of the opportunity. After all, his Mom would probably be fussing at his father long enough for him to retreat upstairs and enjoy his bedtime snack.

After grabbing a can of Coke and closing the refrigerator door, the telephone began to ring. Jacob placed his 'stash' down onto the counter and picked up the landline phone. "Hello?" he spoke into the handset.

"Hey there, studmuffin!" Brenda's playfully seductive voice greeted him from the other end of the call.

"Hey, Aunt Bren'!" Jacob replied, pleasantly surprised to hear the gorgeous doctor's voice.

"Is your Mom around?" Brenda asked, "I called her cell phone twice, but she's not picking up." The beautiful doctor had actually found a few sample packets of the 'Plan B' morning after pill in the desk drawer of her home office. She figured it would be easier for Karen to stop by her house to pick them up, instead of going all the way out to her clinic in Brookhaven.

Jacob chuckled, "I'm not surprised."

"Oh? Why's that?" Brenda asked, a bit confused.

"Well..." Jacob responded, "She and dad are still out there in 'Big Bertha'."

"They are??" Brenda asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes, ma'am..." Jacob replied, "Mom told me to head on inside while they stayed in the car...I think she's giving him the riot act over what happened last night."

Brenda couldn't help but smile and stifle a giggle. She suddenly remembered the conversation she and Karen had discussed after church earlier that day. Her older sister had conveyed her plan to fulfill Robert's long-time fantasy of having risky sex in their SUV whilst parked out in public. Karen's hope was that doing that would finally help get her husband to forget all about Atlanta once and for all.

Trying to hide her bemusement, Brenda commented, "Oh...well, I hope she isn't being too rough on him..."

"Unngghhh!! Yesss!! Ohhh!! Yesss!!!" Karen cried out with each violent plunge onto Robert's cock. Remembering Brenda's advice to 'fuck him three ways to Sunday', the lovely housewife was doing just that. She slammed her curvy MILF body down onto her husband's lap so hard it caused 'Big Bertha' to slightly rock back and forth. Hearing the familiar squeaking of the Expedition's suspension reminded Karen of the last time she'd had sex in the large SUV. That time had been with her son Friday morning, and they had been alone deep in the secluded woods hidden away from everyone. This time, however, was a bit more dangerous. She and Robert were in public, and in their own driveway. The thought of being caught in flagrante by some random passerby-- or worse, one of her neighbors, inflamed Karen's arousal even more, causing her to 'fuck' her husband harder. As she gyrated in rhythm to the Def Leppard classic hit song blaring through the speakers, Karen began to sing enthusiastically along with the band, "â™«â™ª Pour... some... sugar on meeeee!! â™ªâ™«"

Robert still couldn't believe his long-time fantasy was actually happening. Resting his hands on Karen's waist, he felt the soft material of her sweater dress on the pads of his fingers and watched enraptured as the prim and proper angel he had married screwed him like some sex-starved banshee. His eyes then locked onto his wife's massive boobs gyrating underneath the fabric of her figure-hugging garment. Karen's heavily flouncing melons caused the sunflower pendant he'd gifted to her the day prior to bounce off the exposed cleavage of her mouthwatering breasts. Lost in his own personal heaven, the middle-aged husband groaned and whispered, "Jeeeeze, Karen...ughh!..you are so damn hot!!"

Hearing Robert's comment, Karen opened her eyes and smiled down as she continued to undulate her hips on her husband's throbbing penis. She then placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned down, pressing her lips to his in a deep, soulful kiss.

"Say, Aunt Brenda..." Jacob asked, back at the kitchen phone, "Something's come up recently, that I wanted to talk to you about. That is...if you've got the time?"

"Why sure there, stud! I have all the time in the world for ya..." Brenda replied to her nephew, "What is it you wanna talk about?"

"Well, if it's alright with you..." Jacob responded, "I'd rather not go into detail about it over the phone."

"Really, now?" Brenda asked.

"Yes, ma'am..." Jacob explained, borrowing terminology he'd learned from his sister Rachel, "It's somewhat of a...delicate nature."

"Oh, I see..." Brenda replied, "If that's the case...why don't you ride over here with your Mom sometime this week? Then we can discuss anything you'd like."

"Well...that's the other thing I wanted to ask you," Jacob continued, with some apprehension, "It's something I'd rather keep between us...for now, at least."

"You want me to keep a secret from your Mother?" Brenda asked, somewhat flabbergasted, "I dunno about that, Jake. We're sisters...and we usually share everything."

"I know, Aunt Bren'..." Jacob replied, "But I wouldn't ask if I didn't think it was really important."

"Am I correct to assume that this has something to do with your...condition?" Brenda asked.

"Yes, ma'am..." Jacob affirmed, "It does."

"Hmmmm...Something to do with Sara, I suppose?" Brenda presumed.

"Yes." Jacob tersely replied.

Suddenly, Brenda gasped into the phone, "Oh, my God!! Please don't tell me you've gotten her pregnant!!"

"What?!?!?" Jacob asked incredulously, "NO!! Aunt Bren'...she's NOT pregnant! It's nothing like that."

Brenda sighed in relief, "Whew! Okay...that's good to know. Because if that ever happened, you know your Mom would KILL you!! Probably Sara's mom too!"

Jacob chuckled slightly, "Oh yes, ma'am...I know that for sure. So...what do you say, Aunt Bren'?"

After a few seconds of silence, Brenda replied, "Well...technically, I *am* still your acting physician until you're cured of this affliction. And, since you're eighteen years old and a legal adult now...I guess our conversation would legally fall under the protection of 'doctor-patient confidentiality'."

Jacob smiled, "So, is that a 'yes', Aunt Bren'?"

Brenda sighed again, though this time with a smile in her voice, "Yes...I suppose so. Let me look at my schedule for the coming week and check which day I can knock off from work early to come by your school and pick you up. Pretty sure I'm on the list of adults allowed to sign you out."

"Yes...I'm sure you are." Jacob replied, "That'd be great...thanks, Aunt Bren'!"

"Anything for you, stud!" Brenda responded, "I'll text you tomorrow, once I know the day and time. Meanwhile, would you do me a favor and have your Mom call me when she's done giving your dad the...'riot act'?"

Jacob walked over to a window and peered outside, but because of the dim lights in the driveway couldn't see what was going on inside 'Big Bertha'. If he had looked closely enough though, he would've seen the large SUV gently rocking back and forth on its suspension.

Turning away, he then replied, "Yes, ma'am, I will." With a chuckle, Jacob added, "But it might be a while...they're still out there. Dang...Mom must be giving it to him really good!"

"Oh, Karen...that is so good!!" Robert grunted, whilst tightening his grip on Karen's waist, "You're gonna make me...I-I can't...hold it!"

Hearing that caused Karen to ride Robert even faster. Remembering the last time she'd done this, she then placed her right hand against the closed sunroof to prevent banging her head against the glass panel.

Karen couldn't help but feel a bit guilty, mainly for not having fulfilled this fantasy for Robert before now (especially since he had asked her on several occasions over the years-- only to deny him every time). To make matters worse, she hadn't even performed this risky act with her husband first. Instead, she had christened 'Big Bertha' with her teenaged son a few days prior and didn't even think twice about doing so with Jacob. For now, Karen decided to push the guilt of that fact aside and deal with it later. Rather than dwell on it, the loving wife was dead set on completing her mission of making things right for her husband. "Don't hold back, Rob!! Unnnghh! Do it...give it to meeeeeeeeee!!"

"Ohh, Karen!! AAGGGHHHHHH!!" Robert groaned aloud, as his cock twitched and exploded in his gorgeous wife's pussy.

"Yes...Rob!! YESSSS!!" Karen squealed, making sure to exaggerate her gyrating movements. Then, to enhance her husband's fantasy even further, she leaned into his ear and used a bit of dirty talk, "That's it, sweetheart!! Unload those big balls of yours!! Plant your seed deep where it belongs...deep inside your wife!!"

Karen followed Brenda's advice to a 'T', though in truth, she ended up 'faking it' just a bit. To ensure she properly stroked Robert's ego, the loving wife regretfully embellished her own excitement-- something she never had to do with Jacob and those chemically-enhanced, mind-numbing orgasms she always experienced with her son.

It wasn't that Karen didn't enjoy sex with Robert (because she did so very much). However, whenever she achieved those hormone-fueled orgasms with Jacob, she literally saw fireworks going off in her eyes, along with other, inexplicable physical reactions. Not so with her husband. With Robert, the type of climaxes he elicited from her were more like hearts floating by on a breeze.

Karen knew that to compare the two men in her life was simply unfair (which was why up till then, she'd always avoided having sex with her husband and son on the same day). The raw and sinful pleasure Jacob gave her was solely caused by those wicked hormones she told herself, and was only physical and temporary. With Robert, however, there was the love, intimacy, and a partnership that they shared for almost a quarter-century-- all of which Karen was desperately trying to preserve.

Moments later, Karen remained straddled on Robert's waist, with her head resting on his shoulder. Still clinging to each other, they both fought to catch their breath whilst enjoying their post-coital high.

As the 1981 hit song 'Keep on Lovin' You' by REO Speedwagon filtered through the

speakers, Karen silently prayed that her plan had worked. Hopefully, her efforts paid off and would be enough for Robert to finally forget all about that night in Atlanta.

Eventually, Karen raised up and brushed the hair out of her face. "Well..." she said, borrowing a line from her son and huffing, "That was...intense!"

"I'll say!" Robert replied with a chuckle, "Thanks to you, unlike that night in Atlanta, this'll be something I'll never forget! Still, though...I thought we were supposed to be celebrating your birthday?"

"Oh, we are..." Karen responded, whilst collecting her panties from Robert's shoulder. "In fact..." she continued, lazily twirling the skimpy garment on her forefinger, "What do you say we go on inside, and continue my 'celebration'...in our bedroom?"

"Continue??" Robert asked, a bit surprised that Karen would be raring to go another round so quickly.

Karen smiled, "Why, of course! You didn't think we were done, did you?" She chuckled and continued, "Oh no, my dear, sweet husband! You see, here's how it's gonna go. We're going to go upstairs and, after I freshen up, I'm gonna put that gold dress back on. In the meantime, I expect you to take one of your little blue pills to get yourself ready..." Leaning in, she then stuffed her panties into the pocket of Robert's dress shirt and whispered seductively, "Because... we have a lot more... 'unfinished business' to take care of!"

7â “9 minutes

Robert, seeing the wild look in his wife's eyes, felt a sudden surge of excitement mingled with a touch of trepidation. Borrowing his own line from his son, Robert then whispered in response, "Oh, Mama!!"

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Early Monday morning, Jacob was in his room getting dressed for school, when his cell phone gave out a text alert. Picking up the device from his nightstand, he saw that it was a message from his Aunt Brenda.

BRENDA: *Hey there, stud. I checked my schedule. How does Thursday sound?*

JACOB: *Hey, Aunt Bren. Thursday's fine with me.*

BRENDA: *Great! I'll pick you up at school around 1pm.*

BRENDA: *BTW, since it's time to extract some more samples, we can go ahead & come to my house & kill two birds w/ one stone.*

Jacob knew exactly what his hot Aunt meant. With a smile, he composed his reply.

JACOB: *ðŸ˜ Sounds great, Aunt Bren'. See ya Thursday!*

After finishing getting ready for school, Jacob grabbed his book bag and headed down to the kitchen. Whilst descending the stairs, he began to wonder how things had gone for his dad the night before. Evidently not too good, since his Mom never made it to his room to give him her customary goodnight hug (or at least, she didn't make it before he fell asleep).

Once Jacob got to the bottom of the stairs, he was surprised to hear the cute

sound of his Mother giggling. He was about to turn the corner and enter the kitchen, when he stopped dead in his tracks at what he saw.

Karen was standing at the counter in her usual pink satin robe, with her hair pinned up, and was pouring herself a cup of coffee. Robert, meanwhile, stood behind his wife, already dressed for work and with his arms tightly wrapped around her waist. Friskily nuzzling her bare neck, the amorously affectionate husband caused the gorgeous MILF to giggle even louder, "Rob...stop!! After last night, I thought for sure you'd be exhausted this morning!"

"Oh, I am...but it was dang well worth it!" Robert replied before planting his lips onto the nape of Karen's neck and gently nibbling on her tender flesh.

Karen giggled, "Rob!!" Wiggling her way out of Robert's clutches, she turned to him and said, "Now, go on and eat your breakfast, before it gets cold."

"Oh, alright..." Robert replied, reluctantly. He gave Karen one last, playful swat on her juicy backside, causing her to yelp in surprise, then turned to find Jacob standing in the doorway. "Hey there, sport!!" he said joyfully, before making his way to his designated chair at the table.

"Mornin', dad..." Jacob replied, still somewhat shocked to find his parents in such a playful mood, after what he'd assumed had been a night-long argument between the two of them.

"Jake, honey?" Karen chirped, bashfully averting her son's gaze and rearranging her robe and hair, "Sit down, and I'll fix you up a plate. I made your favorite...pancakes!"

"Sounds good, Mom...thanks!" Jacob replied awkwardly, as he placed his bookbag onto the floor next to his chair. He then took his usual seat at the table across from his father.

Karen set a plate of pancakes, eggs, and bacon down in front of Jacob. "Now...you two go on and enjoy your breakfast, while I go put some clothes in the washer." Before leaving for the laundry room, the lovely Mom kissed the top of her son's head. She then gave Robert a wink, before leaving the kitchen whilst humming the tune of Def Leppard's 'Pour Some Sugar on Me'.

Jacob picked up the syrup bottle and said to his father, "Wow...Mom sure is in a good mood this morning."

Karen was in a good mood-- a great mood, in fact. She had every confidence that her plan had been a huge success. After what they had done last night, she was certain Robert would finally give up on ever trying to remember what had taken place in Atlanta. Following Brenda's advice, along with using that slutty gold dress, had given her husband more than enough great memories in their own marital bedroom to overshadow anything that could've happened (or rather, didn't) at that hotel.

After taking a sip of coffee, Robert replied, "Well...I don't wanna brag, but..." He then leaned forward and whispered, "I showed your Mother a *really* good time last night...if you catch my drift!"

After slathering his pancakes with syrup, Jacob placed the bottle back down on the table. Scrunching his face in disgust, he replied, "Dang it, dad!! T-M-I! Ewww, that's just...gross!" He picked up his fork and added, "I'm trying to eat here, ya know!"

Robert sat back in his chair with a smug and satisfied grin on his face. "Don't worry, son, but one day you'll know what I'm talking about. You'll understand the gratification of knowing you were able to satisfy your woman in the...arts of the bedroom."

For a split second, Jacob had to suppress a laugh at his father's boastful delusions of grandeur. He was well familiar with the gratification of satisfying a woman in the 'arts of the bedroom'-- (especially his dad's woman!)

After stabbing some pancake onto his fork, Jacob replied with a feigned huff, "C'mon, dad...no kid wants to hear about his parents 'doing it'! Can't we talk about somethin' else?"

Robert chuckled, "Okay, okay...sorry to embarrass you." He picked up his coffee cup and asked, "So, how's your school week looking?"

After swallowing, Jacob nodded and replied, "Good, I guess. I have a couple of big exams this week. How 'bout your week?"

His dad then relayed the laundry list of boring-sounding meetings and activities he had lined up for the upcoming week. Just then, Jacob felt his cell phone begin to vibrate. As he fished the device from his front pocket, Robert warned his son with a chuckle, "I'd be careful if I were you doing that, son...Wouldn't want your Mother catching you looking at that at the table!"

Jacob quickly turned his head and glanced at the door leading down to the laundry room. Seeing it was safe for the time being, replied, "Don't worry, dad...I'll be quick."

"I didn't hear that!" Robert quipped, before looking up to check the time on the wall clock. "Speaking of quick..." he said, taking one last sip of coffee before getting up from his chair, "I'd better get a move on, or I'm gonna hit that terrible traffic heading into work." He then made his way into the laundry room to give Karen his usual 'goodbye' kiss.

With his father out of the room, Jacob checked the text message he'd received.

RACHEL: *Hey, squirt. How's Tuesday sound?*

JACOB: *Works for me!*

Robert returned to the kitchen and collected his jacket and briefcase. As he grabbed his car keys from the hook by the door, he said, "Gotta run, sport. Hope your exams go okay, and you have a good week!"

A smile spread across Jacob's face, as he read the next string of reply texts from Rachel.

RACHEL: *I'll pick you up @ lunch*

RACHEL: *Then we can continue our discussion and maybe...*

RACHEL: *Negotiate*

"Thanks, dad..." Jacob replied, "With the way things are coming together, this could end up being a great week!"

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END OF CHAPTER 18

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WICKed Hormones Ch. 19

*****DISCLAIMER*****

This story is a complete work of fiction and is meant for entertainment purposes only!! All sexual participants are eighteen years of age and older!!

*****AUTHOR'S NOTES*****

As always, my many thanks and utmost gratitude to Oedipus_Sex for lending her talents and sacrificing her time to work with me on this project. Her input and guidance have proven to be invaluable.

And as always, thanks to you for taking the time to read our work, and we hope you enjoy our latest installment. Chapter 20 is already in the works.

CHAPTER 19

On Tuesday at lunchtime, the Dunwoody High School cafeteria was filled to the rafters with students and their usual cacophony (as it was every afternoon). Amidst all the bustling, teenaged ruckus, Jacob and his friends sat at their usual secluded corner table, discussing various topics ranging from comic books to hot girls.

Whilst conversing with his friends, Jacob pulled his usual sandwich from its brown paper bag. At once, he noticed a bright yellow sticky note, decorated with little drawn hearts and balloons, stuck onto his lunch's clear cellophane wrapper. Right away Jacob knew what it was, as on many occasions his Mother would often attach a small inspirational note to the lunch she so lovingly prepared for him.

Jacob quickly removed the small, conspicuous note from his sandwich, hoping no one had seen it. He knew it would be humiliating if his friends-- or worse, someone outside their group-- found out that a high school junior was still receiving sweet little messages from his 'Mommy'.

With his friends seemingly engrossed in their inane and banal conversations, Jacob discreetly held the note below the table and read:

Good luck on your exam today, Snuggle Bear...

I know you'll make me proud!

Love, Mom

XOXO ðŸ˜˜

Despite his embarrassment, Jacob couldn't help but smile. Overriding his conflicted emotions, he felt a familiar warmth blooming quietly inside him, accompanied by a slight stirring in his loins. Just like his true feelings, he knew no one else could ever see Karen's message, knowing its loving sweetness was meant for him alone. Therefore, before anyone noticed, he quickly folded the note with care and tucked it into his pants pocket.

As the group of boys ate their lunches, Steve Sutton, the newest member of the 'Pitiful Little Band', spoke up morosely, "Well, guys, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but..."

"But what?" Jacob asked, after a few seconds of silence.

"I'm afraid it's a no-go on borrowing my sister's car to go to Comic-Con," Steve replied. Seeing the dejected looks on his friends' faces, he added, "Look...I

told you guys she was gonna say no. I even asked her if she would consider taking us, but she basically laughed in my face."

"Well, that's just great!" Matthew Johnson replied sardonically and visibly frustrated, "What are we gonna do now? Comic-Con's supposed to start in just ten days...Damnit! Thanksgiving break's gonna suck!!"

He stared dejectedly at the battered flyer for the upcoming convention which Steve had produced, and the boys now passed around. In big, bold letters it proudly announced: "ATLANTA COMIC-CON! NOV 20-25 ONLY!!" surrounded by photos of several A-list actors from recent well-known superhero movies, as well as scores of attendees in cosplay attire from previous Comic-Cons.

Jacob glanced at the dates posted on the flyer and realized with mild annoyance its conflict with the college tour his Mom had scheduled for that weekend. They'd be driving down to Athens on Friday and spending the next few days checking out the University of Georgia. This time, however, it wouldn't be his dad joining them. Instead, his older sister Rachel (and the only other Georgia alum in the family) would be tagging along...

Suddenly, Mike Tarver chimed in with a big smile on his face, "Hey, here's an idea! Maybe Jake could ask Rachel if she'd be willing to take us?"

After nearly choking swallowing part of his sandwich, Jacob took a big swig of Coke and replied to Mike, "Yeah, right! I can tell you right now, I'd probably get the same reaction Steve did. Besides, even if she did say yes, there's no way I'm gonna let you spend the whole day hitting on my married sister. We'll just have to think of something else."

"Speaking of your married sister..." Matthew interjected, "Look what the cat just dragged in through the door!" As if on cue, every one of the boys turned their heads and gazed at the far end of the lunchroom.

The loud ruckus of the cafeteria immediately lowered several decibels as soon as Rachel Morgan entered the room. As the heavy steel door slammed shut behind her, the former Dunwoody Wildcats cheerleader strutted confidently across the floor...with every set of male eyes locked onto her.

For Rachel, it felt like high school all over again-- receiving and enjoying the exact same thrilling attention she got back then. That was especially true on pep rally Fridays, when it was customary for the cheer squad to wear their figure-hugging, short-skirted uniforms. She vividly recalled that it was just on such a Friday during her senior year when, as she strode confidently through the cafeteria in her 'Wildcats Cheerleading' outfit, a self-assured and athletic junior from the lacrosse team had boldly approached her and asked her out for a date.

Today, Rachel might not have been wearing her old sexy cheerleading uniform, but her choice of wardrobe was just as eye-catching. The former Wildcat wore a tight, form-fitting burgundy sweater dress-- nearly identical to the hunter green one she'd worn to dinner the previous Sunday night. Apart from her dress color, the only other change was her choice of footwear. Instead of high-heeled pumps, the gorgeous blonde had opted for her favorite pair of platform wedge sandals.

Steve commented first, "Dannng...it's just so unfair for a woman to be that drop-dead gorgeous!"

"You ain't kidding..." Mike replied with a chuckle. Then, slipping into his best impression of Montgomery Scott from the 2009 Star Trek movie, he added with a grin (and terrible Scottish accent), "She is one well-endowed lady. I wouldn't mind getting my hands on her 'ample nacelles'-- if you'll pardon the engineering parlance."

The corny joke and reference to the starship Enterprise flew right over Jacob's head, but the obvious innuendo didn't. He shot his friend a glare and said, "Mike...would you please shut up? That's my sister you're talking about!"

"Oh, c'mon, Jake..." Mike fired back, rolling his eyes. "Sister or not, you can't seriously claim that after all those years living under the same roof with her, the same thoughts never once crossed your mind. If you do...then you're a goddamn liar!"

Truth be told, Jacob couldn't deny it. Ever since hitting puberty, he'd been uncomfortably aware just how amazingly attractive his sister was. He was only human, after all. Still, hearing Mike go on and on about Rachel had quickly worn thin -- and crossed a line which (for obvious reasons) he could never admit.

At that moment, Jacob wanted nothing more than to knock his arrogant friend down a peg or two. He was sorely tempted to put Mike in his place by letting him know that not only had he, her baby brother, gotten intimately familiar with his sister's 'ample nacelles', but he'd thoroughly explored every single pleasure deck of the USS Rachel from bow to stern. And as for her 'warp core'? Jacob knew for a fact that he'd probed it thoroughly-- not to mention triggered more than a few out-of-this-world, sisterly meltdowns.

Luckily, before Jacob could say anything he'd instantly regret, the normally reserved Kevin Wheeler looked up from his book and interjected, "Mike...would you just can it?" The shy teenager (who'd quietly nursed an innocent crush on Rachel for years) then added with unexpected ire, "Not everyone's a freakin' pervert like you!"

Before things got out of hand, Rachel sauntered up to the table, one hand planted on her hip. With her usual disdainful tone, she announced, "Hey, losers...so, Squirt...you ready?"

Jacob, putting his half-eaten sandwich into the brown paper bag, replied, "Yeah... let me just get my stuff together, then we can go."

"Where are you off to this time?" Matthew asked, referring to the last time Rachel had signed Jacob out of school early.

"Endocrinologist..." Jacob replied tersely with a huff, trying to sound frustrated.

"Again??" Mike scoffed, "Didn't you just go there the other week?" Then, grinning suavely, he turned to Rachel and added, "Or is this just an excuse for your sister to come and see me? You know, Rachel...you don't have to dress up like that just for me."

Recalling the last time a high school junior had arrogantly hit on her (and how disastrous that had turned out), Rachel gave Mike a scornful look and replied, "Don't worry, dweeb...I didn't." Even though she didn't owe an explanation, to keep her baby brother's cover intact, Rachel offered one anyway, "Not that it's anyone's business, but Jake's doctor recently adjusted his treatment and wants to monitor him closely for a while-- just to be safe."

"Pssshhh! I think he just wants to bail for the rest of the day...knowing we've got tomorrow off," Mike retorted, shaking his head. (The following day, Wednesday, was Veterans Day and school would be closed.) Then, with a smirk, he added, "Must be nice having a hot, older sister to help you skip class!"

Tuning out his pompous friend's ribbing rebuke and annoying jab, Jacob slung his bookbag over his shoulder. "Okay, Rach...I'm ready," he said, pushing his chair back under the table, before adding, "See you guys, Thursday."

Mike watched as Rachel and Jacob walked away, his eyes glued to the former cheerleader's shapely, juicy bottom swaying side-to-side beneath her snug

sweater dress. With a smug smile, he muttered, "You know, guys...it's only a matter of time before she comes to her senses. The only question is-- will I still be available when she does?"

"Give it up, dude..." Matthew said, rolling his eyes and shaking his head. "You're so delusional, it's honestly just sad."

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"Sssslllluuuurrrpp!!!" Rachel sucked obscenely, her sensuous lips and tongue loudly lapping up the syrupy pre-cum bubbling from Jacob's cocktip. Kneeling at the side of her marital bed, the older sibling had both her hands grasped onto her baby brother's enormous dick, whilst servicing it with a good old-fashioned sloppy blowjob.

Jacob meanwhile lay sprawled across the mattress and reclining back onto his elbows, with his legs dangling over the edge of the bed. With rapt attention, he watched through hooded eyes as Rachel spit-polished his spongy knob like a seasoned porn star. As soon as his sister had pulled into the driveway of her and Scott's brand-new house, Rachel led him upstairs to the master bedroom. There, she had Jacob strip naked before immediately commencing with their sinful 'negotiations'.

"Mmmmmmmm!!" Rachel moaned, pulling her sultry mouth off the mushroom-shaped head of her little brother's sister-slobbered penis. "So..." the older sibling began, smiling devilishly whilst teasingly pumping her soft and slender fingers up and down Jacob's long and bloated, veiny shaft. "Have you given any more thought to what we talked about earlier in the car?" With eager impatience, she then resumed her oral ministrations, rewrapping her salivating lips around her younger brother's profusely drooling tip as it lavished her tongue with its sweet and loving, fraternal nectar.

During the drive from Dunwoody High in her black Ford Mustang GT, Rachel got straight to the point and had casually confessed something that had been weighing on her chest for over a week. Namely, her overwhelming desire to once more witness her younger brother and conservative, straitlaced Mother engaging in another one of their forbidden, sinful 'sessions'. As she floored the accelerator of Scott's recent promotion gift to her, Rachel figured (with growing excitement) that the upcoming overnight campus visit to Athens in less than two weeks would be the perfect opportunity to put her devious plan into motion. That thought, along with her brother's exotic scent in the enclosed confines of her new car, sparked Rachel's arousal to the point that by the time she pulled impatiently into her driveway, her panties were already soaking wet.

Rachel's recent erotic obsessions weren't helped by the fact that Scott's manager had been sending her husband to offices all over the Deep South lately. From Charlotte to New Orleans, Scott was away so much from home that it was greatly interfering with the young couple's sex life. Additionally, her marital partner's absence was annoyingly putting her and Scott's plan to try for their first baby on indefinite hiatus. In fact, the last time Rachel had a real-life cock in her pussy was when she and Jacob had last fucked, just before Halloween nearly two weeks prior. Day by day Rachel's sexual frustration grew, until she felt long overdue in satisfying her nagging, carnal female hunger. Despite her 'Black Magic' dildo being a satisfactory substitute, it still couldn't replace the real-life thing-- nor sate the primal craving in her horny (and currently ovulating) pussy.

"I dunno, Rach..." Jacob dubiously replied, throwing his head back as the slithering tip of Rachel's tongue bore into his sensitive piss slit. Looking back down at his sister's merciless oral assault, he groaned before continuing, "What if you get caught? Mom for sure's gonna freak out...Besides, didn't you already see enough that day at the house...when you caught us in the shower?"

Smiling coyly, Rachel pulled back again and half-lied, "Well, no...not really."

Swallowing the combination of spit and precum, she then clarified, "Since I was hiding behind the door, I didn't get to see very much. I mainly just listened." Conveniently, Rachel omitted the fact that she had actually caught them flagrantly in the act twice now. The second time had been on Halloween night, when she had peeked in on them fucking on her pool house couch during the Braves' World Series-clinching game. Tauntingly squeezing the base of Jacob's dick, Rachel looked up mischievously and added, "Next time...I actually wanna be in the room, and witness you two close up...going at it-- doing the nasty..."

Crinkling his nose and flinching as his big sister's sexy, slithering tongue raked once more across the sensitive tip of his drooling cock, Jacob groaned and asked, "Why do you wanna watch us...so badly?"

Rachel shrugged nonchalantly, "To be honest, I'm not entirely sure..." In truth, she couldn't yet admit that almost nightly since Halloween, (when she'd spied on Karen and Jacob's incestuous mating through her pool house window), she'd been having very intense and realistic dreams reliving what she'd seen. In her visions, however-- whenever Karen realized she was present, instead of becoming angry, the loving Mother beckoned with her hand and invited her elder child to join in on their sinful, familial tryst. "I guess..." Rachel explained, "I just find it strangely intriguing to witness our sweet and God-fearing Mother acting so wicked and out of character...with her very own son."

Jacob still felt a bit apprehensive, "I just don't want you to ruin everything by freaking her out-- and then she decides to stop helping me."

"She won't..." Rachel shook her head, dismissively, "I promise, nothing'll be ruined. If Mom freaks out or gets pissed, I'll take all the blame." The big sister added, "Besides, she knows how I can be-- especially when it comes to bossing my little brother around."

Jacob chuckled, "You know...truer words have never been spoken."

Rachel let go of Jacob's cock and then stood up. As she kicked off her sandals, she motioned for her brother to lean back against the headboard. "You do realize..." she began, whilst peeling off her form-fitting sweater dress, "If you play your cards right...this could lead to that long-awaited threesome you've always dreamt about." She then draped her discarded garment over the footboard of her and Scott's marital bed.

Jacob's eyes widened-- not only at Rachel's statement, but also by the fact that his gorgeous sister now stood before him wearing nothing but a sexy matching dark red bra and panty set. His mind suddenly drifted back to the previous week, and the quasi-threesome he'd experienced with Melissa and his Mom. As insanely hot as that experience had been, it would no doubt pale in comparison to the ultimate fantasy of having both his Mother and older sister in bed at the same time (just like his Aunt Brenda had teased him about on Halloween). Leaning forward slightly, he then asked, "Really? You know how uptight and conservative Mom is. Do you think you could get her to actually go along with that?"

Rachel shrugged, a mischievous expression on her face as she reached back and unfastened the hooks to her bra, "Maybe..." After removing the loosened garment and dropping it atop her discarded dress, she added, "I mean, you know best how she gets when she's high on those hormones. Who knows what she could be talked into doing?"

Jacob couldn't help but stare at Rachel's noticeably perky and delectably flush, youthful boobs. They were perfectly round and proportioned, sitting high and proud atop her chest. Her little pink nipples hardened from her chemically enhanced arousal and, (unbeknownst to Jacob) her currently very fertile condition. Like a beckoning beacon, the golden cross pendant residing between his sister's fleshy globes glistened as it caught the afternoon sunlight beaming through the window. "That would be SO awesome..." the teenager muttered, his voice trailing off and his face looking lost as if in a trance-- imagining both

his Mom and Rachel naked on all fours in front of him. His mind pondered what it'd be like, pounding them both hard from behind...switching back and forth between their sweet and tight, family holes. The only debate left after that would be which one would be first to dump his latest and greatest, huge family load into.

Amused by the faraway look in her baby brother's eyes as he absentmindedly stroked his cock, Rachel hooked her thumbs into the thin waistband of her skimpy panties and asked, "So...I take it you're on board?"

Jacob watched intently as Rachel slowly peeled the dark red thong from her curvy hips, allowing the sodden garment to shimmy and slide down her taut thighs and sexy, long legs. Bending down bashfully, she then proceeded to collect her undies from the plush carpeted floor of her master bedroom.

Rachel straightened back up and noticed the same goofy, faraway look still plastered on Jacob's face. With a giggle she then asked, "Well, nerd...what do you say?" before finishing her statement by playfully tossing her balled-up panties at her brother's crotch. The lacy, delicate garment fluttered open mid-air, before conveniently landing atop the towering erection Jacob was slowly masturbating.

Without missing a stroke, Jacob took hold of Rachel's slightly damp thong and held it in his hand. It still felt warm from her body heat, and the silky material emanated the pungently sweet and musky aroma of his sister's scent. "Maybe..." he replied noncommittally. With a sly grin, he wanted to see what else Rachel would be willing to do to get him to go along with her devious, devilish scheme.

"Oh, c'mon, Squirt...." Rachel huffed, now primed at the edge of the bed and ready to seductively crawl all over Jacob. "Just think about it...you'd be getting twice the amount of family T&A..." As the naked and horny older sister leaned in closer to her baby brother and took a hold of his throbbing erection, she added suggestively, "You know the old saying: Double the pleasure...double the fun..."

Jacob replied, "Well...that is a very enticing offer, I must say." As Rachel slowly hovered in closer over the bed and his enormous cock, he asked, "But tell me...how exactly do you plan to pull all this off?"

Stopping short just as she was about to climb onto the mattress, Rachel smiled, "Don't worry...I have a plan. I'll take care of all the details...you just need to agree to do everything as I say. So...do we have a deal?"

With a knowing look of how exactly his big sister could enhance her offer, Jacob then nodded towards Rachel's closet. "Not quite...but you are heading in the right direction. How about sweetening the deal...like we talked about?"

Rolling her eyes and letting out a slight scoff, Rachel quickly padded over to her wardrobe to fish out her remaining trump card to seal the deal with her baby brother. On the drive home she had mentioned her nostalgic memory of being a cheerleader whilst walking through the cafeteria to pick him up. Jacob immediately began scheming how he could work that knowledge to his advantage. He'd always secretly harbored impure thoughts growing up about how his big sister looked super sexy whenever she wore her cheerleader outfit. Thus, he offhandedly mentioned that if Rachel really wanted to recruit him to her alma mater (as well as her devious scheme to seduce their Mother) she should wear her

old Georgia Bulldogs cheerleading uniform during their planned 'negotiations'. It wouldn't hurt that at the same time, Rachel would be fulfilling another one of his longtime secretly-held fantasies.

Quickly digging out an old set hanging in the back of her closet, Rachel emerged less than a minute later and began donning the familiar red and black 'BULLDOGS' cheer squad outfit which she hadn't worn in well over three years. As Jacob watched, still lying in bed and slowly stroking his cock, his big sister performed a sort of reverse-striptease: pulling the red sweater vest with a big Georgia 'G' logo over her chest, yet rolling its bottom hem to purposely leave a teasing amount of her perky underboobs showing beneath. Rachel then slowly put on the matching red and black pleated miniskirt, though remaining commando underneath-- since this was after all her final ploy to push her younger brother over the finish line. With a mischievous smile, Rachel then performed a raised-arm pirouette and leg kick (giving Jacob a quick flash of her naked, shaved pussy) before asking demurely, "So, Squirt...ready to officially become a Georgia Bulldog?"

"Not quite..." Jacob replied cryptically, eliciting a quizzical and exasperated look from Rachel. "Lara Croft?" he then clarified tersely, a wry grin spreading over his lips.

With a huff, Rachel shook her head and hurriedly disappeared into her closet once more, her pleated miniskirt twirling and teasingly revealing her shapely, bare bottom. Before long, she emerged yet again-- only this time she donned a very realistic, chestnut-brown wig (complete with a French-braided ponytail) with her natural, honey-blonde tresses tucked neatly underneath. The wig had been part of her 'Lara Croft' costume from a few Halloweens prior and, thanks to Sara's recent comment about his Mom, Jacob had lately grown obsessed with the look. Remembering his big sister had worn the 'Tomb Raider' getup several years prior, he'd casually asked Rachel during their drive if she still had the brunette hairpiece. For her part, Rachel was at first puzzled by her baby brother's strange question, though it didn't take her long to correctly guess his ulterior reason.

"There...happy?" Rachel asked sassily from the closet doorway, an eyebrow raised and a hand on her hip. Using her other hand, she then brushed the long, braided ponytail which she was teasingly caressing behind her back and sauntered over to Jacob. Though slightly annoyed by her younger brother's obviously weird kink, Rachel nevertheless found herself strangely excited to kick off their 'negotiations'-- with a new added element of impromptu roleplay.

Not able to wait any longer, Rachel then climbed impatiently onto the bed, taking her baby brother's cock by its base, before unceremoniously feeding her hungry pussy with Jacob's big fat meat stick. As the raw action began underneath her miniskirt, the saucy smile on Rachel's face suddenly vanished and was replaced by a look of shock and awe. "Oh dear...GAWWWD!!!" she gasped, whilst slowly descending inch by agonizing inch onto her brother's bare, menacing pussy-pleaser. "I always forget...just how BIG...this thing...really is!"

Finally, Rachel found herself fully impaled on Jacob's oversized manhood. The glistening wet lips of her married pussy tightly wrapped around the root of her brother's fully embedded cock. With her eyes closed, she slowly rocked side-to-side for a few moments, allowing his impossible girth to rearrange her insides. Her plaintive whines of discomfort quickly turned into sexy moans of pleasure.

Rachel opened her eyes and looked down at Jacob-- his face wore a snarky grin. Placing her hands on her brother's skinny shoulders, she began to slowly bounce up and down. "Nnnggghhhh!!" she mewled, digging her fingers into Jacob's bony frame and bracing herself for the onslaught about to be unleashed. The initial ache in her vagina as it fully adjusted to her baby brother's monster invader quickly faded away. In its place came a pleasant and satisfying fulfillment, as Jacob's unprotected cock probed her as yet unimpregnated birthing tract and fucked away the horny itch that had been nagging her loins for over a week.

"So...Snuggle Bear...does this help...to convince...you?"

"Oh yeah..." Jacob grunted, enjoying the sight of his big sister's perfect, youthful body writhing in ecstasy right above him. Though having sex with his Mom in her sexy 'Dorothy' costume on Halloween night had been an unforgettable and incomparable experience, doing his sister all dolled up like she currently was immediately came a close second place. Apart from her green eyes and smaller tits, he swore Rachel looked like the spitting image of his Mom-- only much lither and more than twenty years younger in age. With a primal groan, Jacob slid his hands from grasping the fabric of imaginary Bulldogs cheerleader 'Karen's' sexy miniskirt, moving them from her hips to up and under her rolled-up sweater vest. Then, taking hold of Rachel's young and perky bouncing boobs, he squeezed them aggressively and added, "Now this is what I'm talking about...Mom!"

As Rachel's wet pussy lubricated their juncture and fully adapted to Jacob's cock, she was able to ramp up her tempo and lengthen her travel up and down his fleshy pole. She quickly found herself closing in on her first climax of the afternoon, and (momentarily forgetting their roleplay and to keep 'in character') muttered, "Damn it, Squirt...you're gonna make me...cum already!!"

Suddenly, Rachel's eyes caught sight of the framed picture on her nightstand. The wedding photo of her and Scott caused the usual guilty feelings to bubble up in her chest. However, more importantly than that, alarm bells suddenly went off in her head, reminding her that she was no longer taking birth control. If things got too out of hand and her little brother got too excited living out his sick fantasy, any thick load of Jacob's nasty swimmers dumped inside her would undoubtedly succeed in knocking her up with her own child/nephew/niece. "Remember, dork...unnghhh!! Err...Snuggle Bear. Do NOT...Nnnngghhhh!!! Finish inside...Oh yes!! My...Oh...God!! Your...MOMMY's...PUUSSSYYYYY!! AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!" The young housewife threw her head back, causing the brunette ponytail of her wig to lash and whip back and forth along her back. Shuddering as she wildly convulsed on top of her baby brother, Rachel leaned in and felt her pussy explode-- basting their sinful union in a luscious, climactic orgasm.

"Don't worry, sis-- I mean, Mom..." Jacob groaned savagely in Rachel's ear as she continued lurching about, riding the cresting waves of her ecstasy and maintaining their illicit junction. With another ulterior motive in mind, he wanted to prolong this hot and sexy taboo roleplay with Rachel as much as possible-- until he could act out what he really wanted. Bunching her now wrinkled miniskirt in his fists, Jacob added, "Message received...loud and clear!" He then grabbed a hold of his sister's/imaginary Karen's gorgeous, and perfectly-shaped rear end as his thoughts ran wild with what he wanted to soon do. Grasping her flouncing asscheeks as he used his sister's bouncy, marital bed, Jacob clasped his eyes closed and sprung himself hard-- up and into his younger 'cheerleader Mom's' cheating, married pussy...

****** A while later... ******

"OH, YES!!! OHHHH MYYYY....GAAAAWWWWWDDDDD!!!! YEEESSSSS!!!!" Rachel screamed aloud to the heavens, her eyes closed and head thrown back, announcing her third climax of the afternoon. Each intense orgasm had been stronger and more addictive than the last. As she bounced on Jacob's massive dick in her frantic, rutting quest to chase down her fourth orgasm, Rachel was like a woman possessed. That wasn't that far from the truth since, in a way, she was possessed. Namely, by the overpowering effects from the WICKtropin hormones which now had her using her baby brother for the past half-hour like a human sex toy.

Growing a bit weary, Rachel slowed down and leaned forward, using her hands to brace herself against the upholstered headboard of her and Scott's bed. The red 'Georgia Bulldogs' sweater vest had by now been discarded and thrown carelessly on their bedroom carpet. Meanwhile, Rachel's sweat-slickened body quivered from the delicious aftershocks brought on by three consecutive mind-numbing orgasms--

with another one looming not that far away.

Seeing Rachel's luscious and youthfully naked boobs now dangling in his face, Jacob took advantage of the opportunity and latched on to a hardened pink nipple. He then began to suckle at his sister's succulent breast like a hungry baby-- looking up at his brunette-wigged sibling and continuing to imagine her as a younger version of their Mom. The pleasant stimulation on Rachel's heretofore never-before nursed nipples quickly drew soft moaning gasps from her throat.

After catching her breath, Rachel broke character once more and asked, "So...tell me, Squirt...you made your mind up yet? You in with me on this?" Knowing her little brother all too well, Rachel had no doubt he would eventually agree to go along with her devious plan-- she just had to continue with their little taboo song and dance. It was a song and dance which, the young housewife had to admit (with the new, added element of their 'Mom-son' costumed roleplay), was now a lot more enjoyable than any of their previous 'negotiating' sessions.

Jacob pulled back from Rachel's tit and looked up at his sister. In between flickering licks of his tongue on her stiffened nipple, he replied, "I must admit, Mom...er, Rach...you've gotten really good at sweetening this negotiating thing." Gently squeezing both of her breasts, he then playfully teased the tips of her sensitive teats with the end of the wig's ponytail, which had worked itself to drape to the front over Rachel's shoulder. Smiling deviously, Jacob then added, "But to get this deal over the finish line...I'm gonna need you to spice things up with just a little bit more...motivation. So, tell me, what else does 'Mom' have to offer?"

Rachel gazed down into Jacob's warm hazel eyes. She could tell by his roguish expression and the look of animal desire on his face what it was he really wanted to do. After a few seconds debating in her head, she finally relented, "Okay...fine." The older sibling sighed, then straightened herself back up. Lashing the 'Lara Croft' braid behind her sweaty back as she dismounted her brother, she added, "But you'd better say 'yes'. Now, go get the stuff...you know where I keep it."

Minutes later, Rachel lay prone on her stomach and face down on her marital bed, while Jacob straddled the back of her shapely thighs. At the same time, his eager hands pried apart the fleshy globes of her young and juicy butt as he sawed his impossibly huge dick in and out of his helpless sibling's forbidden and well-lubricated rear passage.

"OH, GOD!!" *Smack!* "OH, SHIT!!" *Smack!* "OH, FFFF-UCK!!" Rachel screeched, failing miserably to keep up her impression of their straitlaced and chaste-lipped Mother. Her body tensed and her teeth clenched with each impact of Jacob's hairy groin against the silky, taut skin of her firm backside. Meanwhile, the young housewife's flailing feet and legs flounced on the bed behind her, with her painted toes curling into little balls each time Jacob thrusted hard and reamed her a new one. Gripping tightly to the soft, fluffy comforter, Rachel held on for dear life as her baby brother seemed hell bent on pounding her into the springy, loudly squeaking mattress. The loud, raunchy slapping of skin hitting skin, along with her yelps of tortured pleasure, combined to form the perfect soundtrack for the hormone-fueled and incestuous sibling sodomy taking place on the bed which Rachel shared with her loving husband.

Rachel originally hadn't planned to give Jacob any further access to her tight and shapely bottom. After all, he had already unofficially decided his intention to attend the University of Georgia. Even though that decision had yet to be announced before the entire family (especially in front of their father), Rachel already considered it a fait accompli. However, with the overwhelming and irrational desire to seduce their Mother consuming her mind, Rachel knew some further 'negotiations' were needed to obtain her brother's help in that enterprise. Namely, convincing Jacob to offer the services of his huge cock and

powerful hormones in the hopes of carrying out her sinfully wicked plan. Therefore, Rachel figured giving him her ass was her best bargaining chip to get Jacob to go along with her sinister scheme.

"Ugghh...oh, yeah!! Keep talking nasty, Mom...FUCK!!!" Jacob grunted, in between each violating plunge into Rachel's well-lubed and tightly grasping butthole. Biting his lip and clenching his eyes every few seconds, he fully lived out the closest experience he'd had so far of truly fulfilling his deepest and darkest fantasy. Not even Melissa could compare to the searing heat of his sister's clamping bowels-- nor the added taboo sinfulness of their raw and raunchy, sibling anal coupling. That fact alone heightened the wicked pleasure, until it felt as if Rachel's hot and unyielding sisterly tightness was going to literally melt the flesh off his raging boner. Vividly imagining it was Karen's forbidden and maternal, exquisitely clenching rear passage that he was violating into submission, Jacob groaned deeply and exclaimed, "Your ass...is awesome, Mom!! Ugghhh!! Yeah...moan sexily for me while I fuck it!! Now, this...This is what I call...negotiating!!!"

Rachel wearily raised her head and fixed her disheveled wig as she tried to look back over her shoulder, the muscles in the fiery chasm of her bowels clenching with each ass-reaming plunge. A mixture of tears and mascara streamed down her cheeks, as she pleaded (in her best Karen impression) with her relentless little brother, "Oh, my! Please...Please finish, Jake! Goodness! I don't think...Mommy can cum...anymore!!"

Jacob placed his hands down onto the comforter just outside Rachel's shoulders and leaned in. While continuing to slam his crotch into her miniskirt-clad and upturned backside, he whispered huskily into her ear, "C'mon, Mom! I'm sure you have at least one more...left in the tank...for your little Snuggle Bear..." Now fully under the influence of the wicked hormones, he couldn't help but further tease his roleplaying big sister with a reminder of what it was they were doing. "Besides...I think there's still a few remaining dry spots...on the bed you share with dad...that haven't been soaked yet!"

"Oh, God!!" Rachel moaned, her eyes rolling back in their sockets as she felt a delicious shiver down her spine from the sheer and nasty depravity of it all. Lowering and shaking her head in embarrassment, she stared between her legs at the evidential reminder of her prior squirting orgasms which she'd already achieved, and which her 'son' had just referred to. As Jacob continued to pummel her ass into submission, a wave of guilt penetrated Rachel's cloud of arousal, causing the young housewife to feel shame for once again desecrating her marital bed.

"Don't worry...Mom," Jacob grunted in between thrusts. "'Dad' will never find out. Plus, it's not your fault. It's these hormones. They've turned you into a...SLUT! A shameless and cheating...buttfucking...SLUT!!!"

Rachel gasped in shock and couldn't believe what Jacob had just said. Sure, they might've bickered and annoyingly pestered each other like most siblings do. However, never in a million years would she have thought that her usually sweet and nerdy brother would ever cross that line and refer to her (or their Mom) with such a degrading term.

For her part, Rachel had been called that word only one other time in her life.

During her senior year in high school nearly four years earlier, Rachel had dated Paul Miller (Donna Miller's son). He was in fact the bold junior from the lacrosse team, who had gone way out of his league and asked her out in the cafeteria that one particular Friday afternoon. Swallowing her initial disdain, Rachel grudgingly accepted the cocky jock's offer for a date as a way of keeping him from harassing her brother, Jacob (who at the time was in 8th grade at the adjacent Dunwoody-Peachtree Middle School). Her younger sibling may have been a total geek, but he was her geek-- and she loved him. Picking on him was her job, and hers alone.

After Rachel and Paul had been going out for about a month, the blonde beauty slowly overcame her misgivings until she came to grow fond of the preacher's son. She found him to be not only handsome, but also charismatic and very mature for his age-- that is, when he wanted to be. Though they'd grown up knowing one another from church, that one year age gap (and Donna's high standards for him) had always been a difference too difficult to hurdle-- until Paul finally worked up the nerve to ask Rachel out. Eventually, Paul no longer bullied Jacob and (as Rachel intended) even became somewhat friendly towards his varsity cheerleader girlfriend's nerdy younger brother.

That very first Miller-Mitchell teenaged romantic idyll, however, didn't last very long. During a pool party cookout one Saturday afternoon (and going against Donna's strict rule of no girlfriends allowed upstairs) Paul had snuck Rachel up to his bedroom. Knowing his parents were very busy playing hosts to all the guests, he figured there was little chance of them getting caught.

In the middle of them making out, Paul (using his charming ways) was able to get Rachel out of her bikini top. Soon, the high school senior's hard pink nipples glistened in a generous coating of her junior boyfriend's eager saliva.

Paul knew from a conversation they'd had the previous night that Rachel felt they weren't that far enough in their relationship to go 'all the way' just yet. However, with some smooth talking, he was able to entice her into at least giving him a blowjob.

While Paul stood by the window with his swimming trunks pulled down around his knees, Rachel knelt topless before him, wearing nothing but her bright red bikini bottoms and the gold cross pendant around her neck. As the nearly naked cheerleader sucked on her boyfriend's cock, Paul ensured their safety by spying through the blinds on the activities taking place down in the backyard.

Paul's icy blue eyes scanned diligently and watched as his father, David, and his twin brother Peter manned the grill. Meanwhile his ever-vigilant mom, Donna, buzzed around the patio in a matching wide-brimmed sunhat and stylish white bikini set, making sure every guest was tended to and having a good time. As the teenager was about to blow his load down Rachel's throat, his leering gaze darted from Donna to the sight of the older and bustier brunette version of his girlfriend: Karen Mitchell.

Paul's cock twitched immediately at the sight of Rachel's Mother. She was wearing a typically conservative, black one-piece, halter-style swimsuit. Though the garment wasn't exactly one to ignite the imagination, on Karen it was plenty sexy enough for Paul-- with its high cut accenting her wide, shapely hips and to-die-for MILF ass. The suit's low dipping neckline also framed the gentle fullness of Karen's large, swelling breasts-- showing off just the right amount of her matronly cleavage without being considered scandalous.

For years, Karen had been a primary masturbatory fantasy for Paul-- as well as his brother Peter (and many of the other teenaged boys who attended Grace Baptist Church). The fact that he was now dating a younger, honey-blonde version of his fantasy woman and, (fingers crossed) would fuck her very soon, was literally icing on the cake.

As Paul watched Karen and her bountiful Mom-booty glide across the patio-- with her luscious red lips pursed every few seconds to the straw of her cold sweet tea, he reached the point of no return. Imagining it was the older brunette's

sultry mouth wrapped around his dick, he grunted, "Oh, yeah! Suck it...suck my cock...you...BIG...beautiful...SLUT!!" before busting a serious nut down Rachel's guzzling throat.

Pulling her lips off Paul's quickly deflating cock, Rachel was utterly shocked and humiliated. Fighting off the tears welling up in her widened eyes, she automatically assumed Paul was speaking about her. After all, she was the only female in the room at the moment, sucking his dick and swallowing his thick, salty load.

Paul, of course, couldn't admit and tell her the truth, as that would doubtless go over like a lead balloon. "Oh no, babe...I wasn't talking to you-- I was fantasizing about your super-stacked, bodacious-assed Mom!" Instead, all Paul could do was just clumsily play it off as some harmless dirty talk uttered in the heat of the moment. Needless to say, Rachel's already tenuous opinion of Paul was shattered instantly and she broke up with him shortly thereafter. She may not have been Mother Teresa, but she was raised to at least have some self-respect.

Presently feeling a similar humiliation, Rachel wanted to stop immediately and give her younger sibling a tongue-lashing for the ages. Yet those same hormones he'd spoken of had too much control over her at the moment. Unlike when Paul had (unbeknownst to her) imagined that she was Karen, Rachel was willingly playing along under the WICKtropin's insidious influence in fulfilling Jacob's sick fantasy regarding their Mom.

Instead of shoving Jacob off of her and tearing him a new one, all the hormone-inhibited housewife could do was simply shake her head in weak protest as the rest of her body shuddered in agonizing ecstasy. In fact, while allowing her younger brother to continue to rearrange her guts, Rachel found herself actually arching her back to better aid the angle of his attack.

A knowing smirk spread over Jacob's face as he noticed Rachel raising her butt higher into the air. Taking that as a green light, he pulled at her braided ponytail, forgetting for a moment it was a wig and loosening it somewhat from Rachel's pate. Leaning in once more, Jacob continued with his tormenting banter, "It's okay, Rach...I mean, Mom! Remember, no one will ever find out...not even dad-- er...Scott!!" Rearing back with a chuckle at his frazzled, lust-addled brain's confusion, he then ramped up his merciless thrusting as he thoroughly railed his helpless sister.

Pulling at his sister's wigged ponytail revealed something else that further fueled his motivation. There, smack dab in the middle of her glossy, sweat-sheened back, lay her gold cross necklace. Somehow, during their vigorous sibling sex, the chain had worked itself backwards to where the crucifix now flounced jauntily along Rachel's spine. Unable to stop staring at it, the visual symbolism of something close to what his Mom always wore quickly spurred Jacob on and stimulated his thrusts into overdrive.

Meanwhile Rachel, looking down at the comforter, shook her head again in conflicted, tortuous agony. Strands of her sweaty, honey-blonde hair which had loosened from under the wig now flounced around and stuck to her face. Amazingly, she could feel another orgasm beginning to build. Even with the guilt of hearing her husband's name, she instinctively began pushing her hips back to meet Jacob's powerful thrusts, causing the toned cheeks of her butt to quiver as they clapped loudly against her brother's abs.

Jacob sneered, slowing his thrusts to a taunting tempo, "Besides, it's no longer just about us 'negotiating'...or you 'helping' me, right? Admit it, Mom...these hormones have you addicted. Addicted to my cock...your Snuggle Bear's...big...fat...fucking...cock...going in and out of your gorgeous...tight...jiggly...Mommy...ASS!!"

"Nnnnnnngh! Shut the fuck up, you nasty, dirty...mother...fffffffffffff!!!"

Rachel whimpered, biting her lip as she lowered her head and rested her cheek against the comforter.

"Don't fight it, Mom...it's plain to see you are..." Jacob teased, groaning with each calculating, penetrating thrust. "Think about it...you sneak me out of school...bring me back home while your husband is gone, and recruit me right under dad's nose to your ol' college...ooooh, would he be PISSED!! Then to top it off, we FUCK...we fuck like wild...and horny...filthy street dogs!!!!"

"Oh, Gawwwwwwd!" Rachel whispered, clenching her eyes shut and picturing the sinful, incestuous depravity Jacob was describing. The familiar, delicious pressure in her core was quickly building-- triggered as it was by the lurid visions of Mother-son fornication now playing out in her head. "Nnnggghhhh!!" she whined, increasing the speed of her hips pushing back as she chased after that one final, elusively glorious climax.

"Not to mention..." Jacob continued, "You happily agree to take my oversized dick...your son's dick...right up your young and tight...beautiful...Mommy ass!!" The younger sibling accentuated each word with each stabbing probe of his cock into his sister's clutching, stretched-out butthole.

"Unnnggggghhhhhh!!!!" Rachel cried out, overwhelmed by the half pleasurable, half pain-laced sensations her relentless brother was giving her.

Jacob could tell that Rachel (just like Karen early Sunday morning), was stubbornly teetering on the edge. His goal now was to hear this imaginary, sluttier version of his 'Mom' admit that she was a big cock slut-- just like when his real Mother admitted his dad had been an idiot for going to that stupid emergency work meeting. Not to mention how Donna Miller had also shamelessly admitted her love for his 'abomination' (as she called it).

"Then to top it off..." Jacob added, relishing in taunting the 'Queen Bee' in her own master bedroom whilst officially dubbing her a size queen. "You end up squirting...all over your marital bed...from getting ass-fucked by Mommy's...little...Snuggle...Bear! Sounds like a...BIG...cock-loving...SLUT...to me! What do...you say??"

"Nooo! I-I'm...NOT!!" Rachel responded halfheartedly. However, she was finding it more and more difficult to deny what she had become. It was true-- she was addicted. Addicted to the soul-splitting, mind-numbing orgasms which those blasted, wicked hormones (along with Jacob's unnaturally large dick) had reduced her to. Namely, by causing her body to react and feel things which she'd never experienced with anyone else-- including her loving, yet clueless husband, Scott.

As he fully acted out the total corruption of his 'Mom', Jacob could sense the massive load churning in his aching, oversized balls about to erupt. With limited time to get a 'confession' out of his sister before he deluged the depths of her ass in triumph, Jacob ratcheted up his pistoning cock to a whole other gear. He began slamming into Rachel's upturned butt even harder, causing the Morgans' marital bed to squeak aloud in noisome protest. Grasping his sister by her hips as he plunged headlong towards his tumultuous release, Jacob began to grunt erratically, "C'mon, Mom...just...say it!!"

"OHHH...SSHHHIIIIITTTTT!!!" Rachel cried out, her voice warbling eerily like Karen's (except for the obscenities) as she lifted her head from the mattress and her whole body shuddered from her brother's merciless assault. Her eyes were filled with fresh tears as she gnashed her teeth and the agonizing pressure inside her continued to build to thermonuclear meltdown proportions. Like an annoying itch in the small of her back, the elusive orgasm she so desperately sought was still painfully just out of her reach. "Dear, Gawwwwwwwwd!!" she squealed pleadingly. "Pleeeeease...let me CUM!!!"

Jacob glanced down and caught sight of his cock as he thrust it raw in and out

of Rachel's ravaged ass. The shaft of his purple-hued abomination glistened in a thick nasty coating of their combined bodily fluids, as his fleshy piston stirred up his sister's searing hot guts. His voice now took on a savage tone, wobbly with urgency and slipping momentarily out of his illusory fantasy in the hopes of pushing his sister over the edge. "J-Just admit it, Rach!! You know...y-you want to!!"

Rachel was by now beyond desperation. Like a tightly-wound spring, her muscles tensed up-- ready to pop, whilst her need for release was utterly maddening. As the young housewife straddled the thin line between tormenting agony and sweet ecstasy, she at last surrendered and fully gave in to the hormone's wicked effects. Despite a tiny, remaining shred of reluctance, Rachel willingly decided to debase herself and finally give in to her brother's goading demands.

"YESSSS!!!" Rachel shrieked, looking down and staring at the dark stains of her female ejaculate left behind from her previous orgasms. She couldn't help but feel embarrassed at the sheer volume, as its dampness spread all over the comforter.

"What's that...Rach??" Jacob asked, noticing his sister slow down her counterthrusting and coming almost to a complete stop, as if lost in a trance. Pausing momentarily, with only a few inches of his bloated dick remaining lodged in his sister's ass, he inquired, "Did you...say something??"

Totally exasperated and groaning with frustration, Rachel grudgingly responded in a louder voice, "I SAID...YES, DAMNIT!! YESSSSSS!!"

"Yes?" Jacob asked. He knew exactly what his sister was referring to. Nevertheless, he wanted to hear her actually say it. "Yes, what...Rach??"

Just then, something inside Rachel snapped and the elder sibling (unable to fight her feelings any longer) flipped the script and suddenly became the aggressor. Turning her head and looking back over her shoulder, her flushed face was a mixture of pure disdain and pitiful surrender. Knitting her brow and with angry flames of desire dancing in her sparkling, glaring green eyes, she spat back at Jacob, "YES!! You filthy, fucking...mother...FUCKER! I'm...UNNNNGHHHH!!! Your Mommy's...OOOOHHHHHH!!!!...a SLUT!!!"

Jacob smiled at Rachel's confession and was delighted she was choosing to stay in 'character', but he wasn't done yet. "Really, Mom? A slut? What kind of a slut??"

Noticing the snarky little grin on Jacob's face, Rachel furrowed her brow even more and realized with annoyance he wasn't going to let her off so easily. She would definitely have to get back at him for this, some other time. However, for now all Rachel could do was cut her eyes and glare as she willingly admitted, "I'm a horrible, cheating slut...these god-awful hormones of yours...unnnggh! Have turned me into a horny slut...a slut for your-- for my son's big freak of a cock!!" The young wife dipped her head and looked back down at the dark stains on the comforter whilst shamefully continuing with her confession. "Your Mom's a sinful, cheating slut! I get off...from having my married ass fucked...by my geeky little-- UNNNNGHHH!!!...My horny, little Snuggle Bear!! Oh, goodness, help me! It's unlike anything...I-I've ever experienced!! Ooooooohhh!! I love having my son's huge, thick cock...Unnnnghh!!! Resizing my sinful...horny...cheating... churchgoing...Mommy...ASS!!! Pounding and rearranging my nasty guts!!!" Turning her neck back to Jacob, she then asked with a disdainful glare, "There! Is that...what you wanted...to hear...you sick, perverted fuck?!?"

Though slightly taken aback, Jacob was nevertheless thrilled with how things were going. He never expected such a grand confession to come from his big sister, and acting it out like he wanted-- as a dirtier, foul-mouthed version of his Mother of all things! In a shocked tone, the only thing he could manage in response was to nod and say, "Yeah!!"

Rachel began to sway her hips side to side and exclaimed, "Oh, God...then stop talking...Shut the fuck up...and just...FUCK...MOM-MEEEEEEE!!"

"You got it, Ma!!" Jacob replied. Callously slamming his hips forward, he began driving the entire length of his lubricated shaft with full-bore strokes in and out of Rachel's juicy bottom.

"OHHH...GAAAWWWDDDD!!!" Rachel screamed, as every nerve ending in her forbidden passage's orifice was raked raw by her brother's relentless and ruthless invasion. Her back arched instinctively from the shockingly intrusive sensation, causing a good amount of girl cream to excrete from her empty, yet quivering quim.

Giving Rachel no room for respite nor time to adjust, Jacob then got up onto his haunches and crouched over her back. As he continued to violently violate his sister's ass like she demanded, he inquired, "Like this? Is this...what Mommy...wants??"

The teenager's relentlessly deep thrusting (along with his gigantic sperm-filled testicles slapping against her buzzing clitoris), immediately got Rachel back on the pathway to reaching her orgasm. Her arms gave out as she slumped forward and received Jacob's pounding penetration, causing her face and the top half of her torso to plant against the mattress. Leaning quickly up onto her elbows, she then threw her head back and cried out, her voice carrying throughout the otherwise empty house, "Yes...YESS!! Oh, God...YESSSSS!!! FUCK MEEEEE!!"

Arching her back once more like a dog in heat, Rachel shamelessly assumed a downward puppy pose. This caused her taut and flawless round ass to rise even higher, proffering its full anal access to her insatiable sibling behind her. Now clutching at the disheveled mattress' soft bedding with her fists, she repeated her screaming, demanding command through gritted teeth, "FUCK...MEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

Surrendering to the full effects of the WICKtropin now flooding her system, Rachel took the initiative and turned the tables on her younger brother once more. She slammed her twerking rear end right back at him, pinning his pelvis and thrusting butt briefly against the headboard until their frantic and frenetic mating movements resynchronized. Now that Jacob had committed to her and her Mom's alma mater, Rachel resolved to live up to her end of the deal and make it official.

"Come on, Bulldog..." Rachel mewled, looking sexily over her sweaty shoulder back at Jacob, "Howl and bark for your hot and sexy-ass Mama...unnghhh! Join us in our dog pack, son...our dog pound! Ahhhh!! That's right, pound Mama!! Screw being a stupid Yellow Jacket!! Yeahh, Bulldog...quit being a nerdy runt...be a TOP DOG...and pound your big sister's young...tight...ass, while you do me dog-giiiieeeeeeeeee!!!!" Relishing in the sheer, uninhibited depravity she was uttering, Rachel squealed with delight as Jacob answered her filthy mating call and caused her own girly nectar to start trickling anew down the insides of her legs.

The mention of 'runt' rekindled old memories Jacob had of being bullied by the Miller twins, since that had been their old nickname for him. With a renewed and angry, animalistic vigor, Jacob regained the initiative and pummeled his older sister's tightly-clenching married ass, driven by Rachel's colorful, triggering words. He too was totally under the overwhelming, wicked influence of the hormones now, as he heeded her directions and his abrupt, canine "ruff-ruff!!" barks and primal growls rumbled from his throat. The scent of Rachel's arousal and the feeling of her clammy wetness starting to spatter on his flexing thighs drove him wild with lust. Briefly stopping their rough, doggy-style fuck and foulmouthed, roleplay banter, he then wrapped his skinny right arm around her neck. Pulling the back of Rachel's head aggressively to his lips, his grunts now resounded rhythmically in her ear as he rasped playfully, "See, Rach...I knew it! I knew...you had...at least one more...left in your tank!! Now...use that

superpower...and squirt...SQUIRT...for your...baby brother!!"

Even in her fervid and feral delirium, Rachel recalled Jacob's lame comic book-inspired reference to the hormones' side effect on her-- namely, her newfound 'superpower' of having intense, squirting orgasms. Like an unstoppable deluge, she knew with looming expectation the pending climax currently building up inside her core promised to be truly epic and monumental.

At the same time, due to her paralyzed and inebriated state, Rachel's clouded mind couldn't come up with her usual, snappy comeback. The powerful hormones coursing throughout her body had her riding an unrelenting wave of arousal along with an instinctual, feminine drive to be dominated into submission. With growing desperation, she was frantic for her craving to be Jacob's conquest to crest-- and bring with it the elusive release she so longingly needed.

"Shut the fuck up!! You nerdy...little...GEEK!!" Rachel at last cried out, beyond annoyed by her brother's tormenting tease. Her voice choked up a bit due to Jacob's firm, but gentle, hold around her neck, yet she was still able to get out in between gasps, "Just FUCK my ass...your Mommy's ass...Make me your BITCH...and make me...cuummmmm!! Filthy...nasty...dirty...MOTHER...FUCKER!!!"

Now at the point of no return and sensing the thick, churning load in his nuts about to boil over, Jacob crinkled his nose at his sister's taunting, goading rebuttal, before getting in one final jab, "That...I am, Mom! But just so you know...I'm also a...sisterfucker...which I guess...makes Rachel...a brotherfucker!!"

"Yes...YESSSSSS!!!" Rachel broke character once more, and shamelessly confessed, "Oh, God...I AM!! I'm a shameless...cheating...BROTHER...FUCKER!!!" Her need to bring on her climax now overwhelmed any sense of logical thought or action. "Unnnnghhh! Now, fuck your sister...your horny, slutty-assed sister...Bust a fat, Georgia Bulldog nut in my butt...and... make...me...CUUUMMMM!!!!"

Those final, triggering words and Rachel admitting her total submission to him at last lit Jacob's fuse as he picked up his ferocious pace to overdrive. Releasing her neck, he now planted both hands on her hips and felt his whole body begin to tremble. This was quickly followed by the familiar tingle in his enormous, overfilled testicles as his viral and corrupting payload rocketed up his swelling, chemically enhanced member's throbbing shaft. "Do it, Rach!!" he hissed. "Show me what a slutty sister you really are...and cum!! Cum...in your marital bed...getting butt-fucked...by your own...baby...BROTHER!!!" Slamming his hips forward one last time, Jacob threw his head back and growled savagely before holding himself balls-deep inside his sister's quivering ass and howling, "UGHHH! FUCK YEAH, RACH...TAKE IT...TAKE MY BULLDOG NUT...DEEP IN YOUR SWEET, BULLBITCH BUTT! TAKE MY NUT, BITCH...TAKE IT ALL!! AAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH...AHHHWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! AH-AH-AHHHWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

Torn between clenching his eyes shut and imagining at long last his ultimate forbidden fantasy of anally conquering his Mom, and keeping his eyes open to witness and live out the next best thing presently with his sister-- Jacob chose to do both. One second it was Karen's wide hips he was tightly grasping and plush, matronly ass he was savagely penetrating as he finally staked his claim and planted his flag deep in his Mom's last remaining unsullied virginity, bathing her pristine maternal rear orifice with his vast host of triumphant, teenaged tadpoles. The next second, his short-circuited brain shifted to Rachel-- looking like she was, like a bitch in heat...so hot, yet so much like a

younger-version Karen. Nevertheless she was still his sister and the true receiving target of his climactic, impending and infernal insemination. She had just given him the green light-- and nothing was going to stop him from paying her back a little for all the bitchy things she'd done to him in the past. Spurred on by both these motivating visions and primal urges, it took only a few seconds before the testosterone-laced and hormone-fueled payload thickly brewing in Jacob's scrotum rocketed forth in searing-hot ropes from his piss slit.

"OHHH, FUUUUCCCCK!!!!" Rachel screamed manically, as the stick of hot 'dynamite' buried in the horny cavern of her 'sweet butt' literally exploded, and a torrential tsunami of Jacob's incestuous seed flooded her pummeled guts. Wad after wad of thick, warm sperm deluged her depths, splattering and soothing the ravished nerves in her pipe-laid rectum, before finally sparking off her much-anticipated climax. "YESSS!...OH, GAAAAWWWWWDDDDD...YEEEESSSSSS!! I'M...I'M CUUMMMINNNGGGG!!! M-MOMMY'S...CUUMMMINNNGGGG!!!!" she yelled out, as the maddening pressure inside her finally released. Like a wound-up spring, her entire body let loose and was wracked with shuddering convulsions, before going into meltdown and exploding in an earth-shattering, orgasmic supernova.

Jacob immediately felt it-- a liquid heat gushing from his sister's climaxing pussy and dripping down the front of his thighs. At the same time, the clenching, vice-like contractions in her loins radiated towards her invaded channel, with the walls of her butt deliciously and willfully clamping all along the length of his shaft. For what seemed like forever, the siblings' simultaneous release of fluids from their sweaty, writhing bodies went on and on, joined by a cacophonous chorus of moans, groans and heavy breathing. Along with Rachel's incoherent blubbering, Jacob became aware of a new sound: a hissing sound similar to that of pressurized fluid escaping a valve and splattering onto the bedding below.

"Fuck, yeah, MOM..!" Jacob teased, as his sister's horny and inflamed ovulating vagina continued squirting her slick feminine juices onto both him and the bedding, "Empty that tank...Rach!!"

"EEEEIIIIIIIIIINNNNGGGHHHHHH!!!" was Rachel's only whining response, followed by a nonsensical babble of unknown tongues and torrid, illicit profanities pouring from her mouth. At last, their mind-numbing mutual releases gradually died down, accompanied by the prolonged high of the hormones' incomparable euphoria flushing into their bloodstreams. As she felt the room begin to spin out of control (and before the expected and dreaded onrush of guilt and remorse), Rachel breathed a huge sigh of relief. She was thankful that it was only her ass that her baby brother was now pumping his thick, fat load of potent babymaking swimmers into (and not her still gushing, unprotected, and no doubt, very fertile young pussy).

Moments later, Jacob's well-satisfied cock remained fully embedded inside Rachel's flush-red and quivering butt. Smiling contentedly, he could still feel the aftershocks of her muscles spasming tightly around his pulsing shaft. His slowly deflating, yet still throbbing monster flexed instinctively to her loving squeezes as it dribbled the last remnants of his seed into her squelching and thoroughly flooded bowels.

"Dang, Rach!" Jacob commented with a chuckle, groaning as he playfully slapped his sister's shapely bottom, eliciting a moan and a final, sharp anal squeeze from her. "I think that was your best one yet! You keep spewing geysers like that-- I may need to start calling you 'Old Faithful'! What do you think?"

Rachel, with her brain still frazzled and feeling totally rewired, was unable to respond intelligently. Instead, she simply moaned again as her knees gave out from under her and her whole body floundered flatly onto the bed. A whining, plaintive "Nnnnnggggghhh..." at last escaped her lips, when Jacob's semi-rigid 'trouser snake' slowly slithered from the greasy confines of her battered rectum. With his cock no longer acting as a plug, a frothy lewd mixture of their familial bodily fluids began to belch forth from the young housewife's dilated

anus, further soiling her marital bed.

Jacob couldn't help but gaze with bizarre fascination as the steady stream of his cloudy, white DNA deposit oozed from his sister's distended and thoroughly fucked, yawning bunghole. As it fought to close itself back up and retain his thickly seeping seed, he gently pinched one of Rachel's clammy cheeks and stated softly, "You know something? Even though that's kind of gross...it's still pretty cool! Mommy's butt must really love taking her son's nut!"

"Oh, my God..." Rachel moaned in exasperation into the comforter, the rush and high from their torrid fucking quickly dissipating. Before remorseful reality set in and she finally blacked out, she added, "You...are such...a dork!"

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Rachel awoke to the familiar, high-pitched squeaky sound of a school bus braking to a stop at a nearby street corner in her quiet, upscale, suburban neighborhood. From inside her deathly-still house, the sound of laughter and chattering of kids along the sidewalk as they made their way home alerted the young, exhausted housewife to how late it actually was.

Even with her eyes closed, Rachel knew it was already around 3:45, thanks to what she recently learned from her new next-door neighbor, Mrs. Thompson. Namely, that the Dunwoody-Peachtree Middle School bus driver, Mr. Pritchett, was a strict stickler regarding punctuality along his route.

As she hovered in the hazy world of semi-wakefulness and debated whether to get up or keep dozing, the sensation of her left boob being gently squeezed caused a soft moan to escape Rachel's throat. Feeling a bit more lucid (with no need to pinch herself from her dreamlike state), she took notice of the warm naked body pressing up against her back. Even though she was well aware it was her nerdy little brother, still, Rachel felt a strange enjoyment from their intimate, post-coital cuddle time.

"Mmmmmm, this feels nice..." Rachel whispered, smiling warmly as she placed her left hand atop the one cupping her young and perky tit. That smile instantly evaporated, however, once she noticed something was off and discovered a pair of wedding and diamond engagement rings on the fingers she'd just caressed. At once, her eyes popped wide open at the realization there were two large, soft breasts pressing into her back. It wasn't Jacob after all-- it was a woman!

"Mmmmm...I agree..." the woman whispered back, in Rachel's ear. "This does feel nice...Honey Bear!"

Immediately recognizing the voice and detecting the unmistakable scent of vanilla and lavender, Rachel glanced down. Blinking with a dumbstruck stare at the feminine hand groping her boob, she shrieked, "MOM???!!"

"Huh??..." Jacob responded groggily, as Rachel's unexpected outburst jarred him awake from his nap. Still spooned up behind his sister, he lifted his head and replied over her shoulder, "No, not Mom...it's just me. You okay?"

Twisting her body from Jacob's clutches, Rachel turned to face her younger brother. With lingering bewilderment, she pulled the bedsheet defensively up to her chest and replied, "Yeah, I'm fine...but I could've sworn...for a second there, you were...Mom."

With a knowing smile, Jacob asked, "Let me guess...you were dreaming?"

Rachel nodded, "Yeah, but it felt...so real. It wasn't like any dream I've ever had-- it was like I was actually living it. I swear, I could even smell Mom's perfume!!"

Jacob chuckled wryly in response. "That's crazy...but I know exactly what you

mean."

Rachel's brow furrowed, "Huh? You-You've had 'em too? The crazy dreams, I mean?"

Jacob raised up and leaned back against the headboard. "Yeah. Actually...I've had quite a few of them. Apparently, it's just another unintended side effect of these danged hormones."

Sitting up as well and keeping the sheet pressed to her chest, Rachel responded, "Really?? Well...what are yours about?"

Jacob shrugged, "Sexual stuff...mainly."

"Of course." Rachel thought, rolling her eyes. After a couple of seconds, she asked, haltingly, "Sooo...have you...dreamt about me?"

"Sure, I have..." Jacob replied, nonchalantly. "A couple of times, in fact."

Rachel covered her face with her hands and whispered, "Oh, my God!"

"What's wrong?" Jacob asked.

"'What's wrong?'" Rachel shot back, scoffing in reply, "What's wrong is-- That's just too weird! Knowing my baby brother is...having dirty dreams-- about me!"

"Oh, riiiiight..." Jacob replied wittily, in an ironic tone, "That would be really weird, wouldn't it? Me, having dirty dreams...about my big sister." He finished his statement with a dramatic wave of his arm, pointing out the obvious fact that they were in bed together, totally naked-- and with the evidence of their latest, sinful coupling still leaking from their genitals.

Punching him playfully on the shoulder, Rachel huffed, "You know what I mean, dork! Outside of me 'helping' you, or our 'negotiating' sessions, we should be just normal siblings."

Rubbing where Rachel's fist had landed, Jacob shrugged, "I can't help what I dream, Rach. Besides, after these past couple of months, I think the chance of us ever going back to a normal brother-sister relationship has totally gone out the window...don't you?"

Rachel didn't respond right away, but had to agree with Jacob's rhetorical statement. There was simply no way they could ever go back to what they were before. Even after Jacob was cured, and they could finally move on with their lives, the memory of their salacious encounters would always be with her. Try as she might, she could never truly forget the unworldly, sinful pleasures she'd experienced...all thanks to her younger sibling's unfortunate 'affliction'.

Then it dawned on Rachel-- she didn't want to forget. She suddenly felt a strange happiness from having helped her baby brother through his trying time, despite all the lingering guilt (not to mention at the expense of breaking her holy vows of matrimony in doing so). In a twisted way, she and Jacob had shared something special that not many siblings ever experienced, and knew she now had an even stronger bond with the 'little twerp'.

"What about Mom?" Rachel asked, in lieu of answering Jacob's loaded statement.

"What about her?" Jacob replied.

"Do you have dirty dreams about her, too?"

"Oh, yeah..." Jacob nodded knowingly in response, "Very dirty dreams, and sometimes even a bit...disturbing."

"Disturbing?" Rachel replied, her interest morbidly piqued. Scooching a bit

closer to Jacob, she asked, "What do you mean?"

"Well..." Jacob began, "This past Sunday morning...I dreamt that Mom and I were having sex in my bed, and she was...pregnant."

Rachel's eyes widened. "Pregnant??!" she gasped, in a whisper.

Jacob nodded. "Yep...very pregnant. And I'm talking about the 'ready to pop' kind of pregnant."

Hidden behind the bed sheet Rachel still clutched to her chest, she could feel her pink nipples harden and begin to tingle. Normally, she chalked up the unnerving sensation to her growing anticipation of soon being with child and becoming a mother herself. Even though she and Scott had only recently started to try, Rachel was nevertheless very excited that her young and fertile, yet vacant, womb would soon be carrying her future son or daughter. This time, however, the yearning feeling's onrush was much more magnified and far more intense.

At the same time, a luridly vivid vision flashed in Rachel's mind. She could see her beautiful, nearly full-term Mother with her baby brother, with both of them sweaty and naked in Jacob's bed. Surrounded by all the geeky movie paraphernalia in his nerdy bedroom, Karen was on all fours bracing her elbows on Jacob's Star Wars comforter-- with her rounded, heavily pregnant belly pressing into the mattress. Meanwhile, her lactating Mommy tits were swinging wildly back and forth beneath her, leaking creamy trails and spraying milk all over the place as Jacob mercilessly pounded her from behind and plowed Karen raw in and out of her pregnant and thoroughly knocked-up Mommy pussy.

The pleasant buzzing in Rachel's breasts quickly radiated down to her bald pussy, causing her clitoris to harden and reignite her ardent arousal. As if on autopilot, her knees parted as she mindlessly snaked her right hand down between her thighs. "So?" Rachel asked, unable to suppress her eagerness to hear more details. "What's so disturbing about that? It's normal for pregnant women to have sex, you know. In fact, I've read they usually get super-horny and want even more sex...the closer they are to delivering."

"Really?" Jacob remarked, intrigued. "That's not all, though. The babies Mom was carrying...were mine."

"Yours??" Rachel gasped again, the pad of her middle finger now making contact with her throbbing clit. "Babies???"

"Twins..." Jacob confirmed proudly, with a smile. "A boy and a girl."

"Oh, my God..." Rachel responded softly, as she continued smearing the female juices rapidly leaking from her vagina all over her blood-engorged clitoris. The pleasant sensation emanating from her little sex nubbin, along with the alluring notion of her beautiful conservative Mother and nerdy younger brother illicitly conceiving a forbidden set of incestuously-bred twins, spiked the highly aroused older sibling's excitement tenfold. Trying to conceal from her brother that she was secretly jilling herself towards climax, Rachel whispered, "G-Go on...what else?"

With a pleased look of contentment, Jacob lay back down and placed his hands behind his head. Staring up at the ceiling, he said, "In the dream, Mom told me she was gonna name them Luke and Leia." Then, turning to Rachel, he remarked, "How cool is that?"

Rachel immediately stopped strumming her clit. She dropped her head on the pillow and huffed incredulously, "Dear Lord...do you always have to be such a nerd?" With the edge of her spiked arousal somewhat dulled, she instead spent the next few moments staring blankly up at the ceiling, pondering her brother's ludicrous, yet lurid disclosure. At the same time, Rachel fought off the

temptation to resume pleasuring herself to the intriguing images of forbidden family fornication and incestuous impregnation now firmly implanted deep in her imagination.

"What's wrong?" Jacob asked, turning fully onto his side and studying his sister closely, who seemed to be lost to the world in her thoughts. "I think those are good names." After a few more seconds and still no reply from Rachel, he added, before flopping himself back on the pillows, "Besides...like I said before...I can't help what I dream."

Eventually, Rachel raised her head and brushed the loosened tresses of long, dirty blonde hair still clinging sloppily to her flushed face. With a sigh, she relented, "I guess you're right about that." Noticing Jacob now lying flat on his back, she took the opportunity and climbed on top of him, straddling his skinny waist.

Looking down at Jacob, Rachel released her grip on the bed sheet and allowed it to drop, exposing her youthful bosom to her brother's leering stare. Noticing his admiring gaze at her perky, perfectly round breasts, she asked, "So...have you made a decision concerning my proposal?"

Jacob chuckled. "Well...right now you kinda have me at a disadvantage...so I don't think I'm really in a position to refuse, am I?"

"So, is that a 'yes', then?" Rachel asked, with a smile.

"Yeahhh...I guess so," Jacob sighed, nodding his head and feigning disinterested ambivalence. "Let 'Operation MILF Buster' commence."

The smile drained from Rachel's face, "Oh, dear God... I really hope Mom knows what she's getting into..." before impishly thinking, "...or rather, what's about to go into her!" Noticing the time on the clock, she then commented, "We'd better get a move on and go hit the showers...I need to get you home, before Mom gets suspicious."

Rachel started to get up off Jacob, but then stopped. Leaning down and tracing the stiff nipples of her perky boobs onto her brother's skinny chest, she stated, in a serious tone, "Oh, and one more thing-- about you calling me the 'S' word earlier..." Narrowing her stare, she then poked a manicured fingernail into his sternum, "It's okay in the heat of the moment, but if you EVER call me by that nasty term outside of our 'sessions'...I guarantee you, you're gonna regret it!"

Jacob, looking up into Rachel's fiery, sparkling green eyes, could tell she meant business. Knowing he'd be smart to comply, he replied softly, "O-Okay."

With their noses almost touching, Rachel added with a sneer, "Just remember...dad taught me long ago how to properly gut and clean a fish, and I've never forgotten!" She was referring to when they were just kids, when Robert would take them on the occasional Saturday fishing trip to one of the nearby lakes. Jacob, however, was a bit too squeamish to learn that particular skill, unlike his then 'tomboy' older sister. "Plus, just so you know," Rachel continued, "I still have a really sharp fillet knife down in the kitchen." She then jabbed the sharp nail of her index finger into his stomach, right next to his belly button. "Understand, little brother?"

Now sensing a genuine fear of his older sibling, Jacob nodded and muttered,

"Understood...totally."

Rachel pulled back just a bit and smiled, "Good..." She gave him a quick peck on the cheek and continued, "Just making sure we're on the same page." Sitting up straight she then added, whilst dismounting her brother, "Okay...now let's get cleaned up and get you home. God help us if Mom really starts to worry, since I told her I was gonna pick you up at your normal let-out time."

Jacob watched mesmerized for a few seconds, admiring his older sister's shapely, naked rear end as she got off the bed and sashayed toward the master bath, seemingly adding an extra 'sway' to her hips. Getting up from the mattress and collecting his clothes from the floor, Jacob couldn't help but smirk at his handiwork. Namely, the oozing trail of his thick, white semen still leaking from between the crack of Rachel's gorgeous ass and down the inside of her legs. As he made his way over to the door to leave the bedroom, he stopped dead in his tracks when he heard Rachel suddenly ask, "Where are you goin', Squirt?"

Jacob turned to find Rachel on the other side of the room. She was standing at the threshold of the master bath's doorway in all her naked glory, with one hand on her hip and the other braced against the wooden doorframe. The soft bathroom lighting filtering through behind her made his sister look as if she were posing for Playboy Magazine.

"Just heading to the guest bathroom...you did say we needed to get cleaned up, right?" Jacob replied.

"Yeah, I did..." Rachel responded coyly, with a smile. "But I was thinking...maybe you wanted to shower together?" As she slowly turned and made her way towards the frosted-glass cubicle, she added sensuously, "At least...that's what you wanted to do, last time."

Jacob now felt a little bit dumbstruck as he briskly walked back towards his sister. Just moments before, Rachel had threatened to 'gut him like a fish,' and now his sister seemed open to live out his suggestion from their last 'session' of offering to shower with her. It reminded him of how his Mother could go from one minute acting like a cock-hungry porn star, and the next moment go right back to her strict and conservative, straitlaced 'Mom' mode. Shaking his head slightly, he thought to himself, "Women can be so confusing!"

Suddenly, he heard the toilet flush and saw Rachel standing demurely in the doorway once more, slowly untucking her hair hidden beneath the ponytailed 'Lara Croft' wig. As more and more of her honey-blonde tresses emerged, she continued, "Or don't you have anything 'left in the tank'? Now that you've gotten that 'Mommy' kink out of your system...you think you have anything left in there to take care of your big sister?"

That statement hung in the air-- along with the pungent, earthy aroma of brother-sister booty sex still lingering in the room. Turning back around with a wink and a grin, Rachel then pried the brunette hairpiece off her head and tossed it playfully at Jacob. Unable to catch the wig due to the clothes still in his hands, it instead landed perfectly onto his already semi-erect and instantly hardened cock. Stifling a giggle, Rachel then gave her brother a mischievous glance over her shoulder, batting her eyes in an unspoken, inviting message and teasingly lifting and dropping the twin globes of her gorgeous, jiggling asscheeks. This gave Jacob a brief, enticing glimpse of the alluring and moistened parted lips of her clam, before Rachel disappeared out of view as quickly as she had appeared.

As soon as Jacob heard the loud 'hissing' of the shower start up, he immediately tossed his clothes down onto his sister's soiled and wildly disheveled king-sized marriage bed. He looked down to see his now raging behemoth of a cock proudly standing at attention, though hidden beneath the by now ruined hairpiece that so reminded him of his Mom's shade of chestnut brown. Feeling the familiar, horny twinge in his heavily churning balls as they refilled their 'tanks' once

more, Jacob carefully placed the wig on his pile of clothes-- taking note to save it as a memorial fetish trophy of Rachel's to keep always. With his raging dick waggling obscenely before him, he then hurriedly went to the nightstand and grabbed the tube of lube from its drawer. Noticing a shiny-gold foil packet-- one of Scott's unused (though no doubt, smaller sized) condoms-- Jacob pick that up as well, before calling out in answer to his sister with a devilish smile, "For you, Rach...always!"

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It was around 1:30pm on Wednesday afternoon, and Karen had just finished making a fresh pitcher of iced tea in her kitchen. As she cheerfully stirred the syrupy-sweet beverage, she also hummed along to the music playing on her brand-new Amazon Echo (the birthday present her daughter Rachel had given to her at dinner on Sunday).

In addition to her buoyant mood, Karen was dressed to the nines to go out for a run. Despite it already being the second week of November, she wore a pair of Boudaner brand butt-lifting yoga shorts along with a backless, square-neck tank top. The Georgia red of the form-fitting garment perfectly matched the red trim color of her black, skin-tight running shorts. Still, just in case the unseasonable weather turned chilly, she had a black 'BULLDOGS' hoodie tied around her waist.

Right as Karen set the glass pitcher on the refrigerator shelf, the doorbell suddenly rang. Closing the fridge, the housewife quickly toweled off her hands and said, "Alexa...stop music!" before making her way to the foyer. There, she pulled open the beautifully ornate, solid oak front door to find (as expected) Melissa Turner on the other side and dressed in a skimpy running outfit not too dissimilar from her own. The young attorney wore her long black wavy hair in a stylish ponytail, mirroring Karen's, and carried a duffel bag slung over her right shoulder.

With one hand resting on her hip, Karen let out a sigh. "Well, there you are!" Stepping back from the doorway, she gestured for the young attorney to come inside and added, in her familiar motherly tone, "I was beginning to get worried."

"I know, I know..." Melissa replied, as she stepped past Karen into the house. "I'm sorry-- but it took me forever to get out of the office this morning!"

Karen giggled as she closed and locked the door. "That's okay," she said with a playful smile. "But what did you do-- change in the car?"

"No..." Melissa huffed, taking the lead and briskly making her way towards the kitchen. "On the drive over, I realized I'd left my duffel bag at home-- like a total dummy. And to make matters worse, I forgot to charge my phone too!"

"Oh no..." Karen replied sympathetically, as she strolled behind Melissa. Watching her young friend wave her hand animatedly and bob her head while venting, Karen couldn't help but be reminded of her younger sister, Brenda.

"I know, right?" Melissa replied, without looking back. "So, since I had to drive all the way across town anyway, I just went ahead and changed at home."

"Well..." Karen responded, "I guess in the grand scheme of things, that did save you a little time."

As they walked into the kitchen, Melissa kept up her rant. "Oh, and don't even get me started on that horrific roadwork on the I-85/I-20 interchange." Setting her duffel bag down onto the kitchen counter, she continued, "That's just insane! I don't know how your poor husband puts up with that commute every single day."

Karen leaned up against the counter. Crossing her arms beneath her ample bosom, she shook her head and smiled warmly, "He manages it somehow, but believe me...I hear about it every night!"

As Melissa unzipped her duffel bag, she giggled, "Well...the fact that he has yet to go postal on anyone proves to me that you've married a saint."

Karen's smile deepened, her rosy lips curving as thoughts of Robert mingled with her new friend's validation that she had indeed married a good man. Yet, at the same time, a twinge of guilt tightened around her heart. The loving housewife couldn't escape the memory of her unspeakable betrayals and sins against her sacred vows-- driven by the overpowering effects of her son's wickedly corrupting hormones.

Although Robert remained blissfully unaware of her deception and disloyalty, Karen vowed in her nightly prayers that once life returned to normal, she would devote herself to making amends to her innocent and unsuspecting husband. In a gentle and affirming voice, she answered Melissa, "Yes...I know I did."

Karen then noticed Melissa pulling a fancy gift bag from her duffel and asked curiously, "What've you got there?"

Placing the bag down onto the counter, Melissa answered, "Just before I left home to come here, I had an idea. Since it's already getting late in the day, and the weather's supposed to turn nasty later...why don't we skip the run, enjoy the sun while it lasts, and go relax in your backyard?"

Karen glanced at the clock and realized Melissa was right-- time was slipping away. Jacob would also be due home in a couple of hours from a day out spent at the mall with Sara. Gazing out the kitchen window, she replied, "Well, you're right. It really is beautiful outside right now, and-- "

Before Karen could finish her statement, Melissa pulled a bottle of wine from inside the gift bag and said, "Plus, I brought this with me."

Karen's eyes widened in surprise as she asked, "Melissa! What's this?"

Melissa beamed warmly as she held out the bottle, "Just a little late birthday present for you..." Playfully pulling the wine away slightly, she added, "Unless you live by that old adage 'Beware of Greeks Bearing Gifts'?"

As Karen graciously accepted the gift and turned the bottle of pinot grigio to study its ornate label, she replied, "I thought you said your grandmother was from Italy?"

"She was," Melissa nodded. "But my great-grandfather was originally from Greece." Once more waving her hands animatedly, she giggled and added, "So I guess you can say my heritage is 'Mediterranean mutt'. The region we're from-- Caserta, near Naples-- was settled by Greeks centuries ago, even before Roman times. Actually, come to think of it, most of the southern portion of 'The Boot' was."

With an appreciative smile for her knowledgeable and incomparable friend, Karen looked up and said, "Oh, really? This must be an expensive wine then, Melissa-- thank you! But you really shouldn't have. After all, you already gave me a birthday present the last time you were here...remember?"

Melissa waved her hand dismissively. "Eh...don't mention it. I had an extra bottle in the chiller at home, and I remembered you're a bit of a wine connoisseur-- though this vintage actually hails from Northern Italy. Anyways, I thought we could drink it while we enjoy our relaxing, girls-only afternoon."

Karen knew at once that Melissa's remark was code speech for something much more decadent (and sinful) than them simply relaxing in the backyard that afternoon.

She immediately felt an involuntary flutter as she recalled the vivid dream which had woken her up earlier that morning. The memory of that salacious reverie-- which involved her, Jacob, and Melissa-- instantly reignited Karen's hormone-fueled arousal.

The gorgeous lawyer then stepped closer to Karen and inquired, "Now that you mention it, though...have you been enjoying the uh...gift??" Melissa punctuated her question with a raised eyebrow, her expression laced with suggestive curiosity.

Karen realized Melissa was alluding to the hot pink vibrator she'd gifted to her the week prior. At once, she felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she recalled (privately) that she had, in fact, enjoyed the gift more than once. Determined to sidestep the question, the housewife deflected with a light and slightly nervous chuckle. "Why don't I grab us a couple of glasses, and we head on out to the patio?" she suggested, handing the wine bottle back to Melissa. "After all, we're wasting sunlight in here."

An impish grin curved across Melissa's lips. Karen's blush and evasive silence were all the answer she needed. "Okay..." Melissa giggled, knowingly. "You do that."

Moments later, the two women stepped out onto the backyard patio, basking in the unseasonably warm, November afternoon sun. "Oh..." Melissa muttered, her expression shifting to surprise, tinged with disappointment, as she immediately noticed the inground pool had been covered.

Melissa's reaction prompted Karen to reply, "Oh, yes. I forgot...Rob finally found the time to drain and cover the pool." Turning to her friend, she added flatly, "Now that it's empty, he wants to replace the liner and hopefully fix the leaks."

Noticing the edge in Karen's tone, Melissa turned to her and asked, "And what's wrong with that?"

Karen's gaze shifted to the big blue tarp stretched across the pool. "Because the pennyâ ‘pinching, 'doâ ‘itâ ‘yourself' warrior I married has a bit of a habit of biting off more than he can chew."

Melissa chuckled. "Oh, really?"

"Yes!" Karen nodded. "Don't get me wrong-- Rob can fix some things, and I love that he tries to save us some money. But sometimes I wish he'd just listen to me and hire a professional."

Melissa tilted her head. "And you think this is one of those times?"

"Absolutely," Karen replied with exasperation. "Did I ever tell you about the plumbing fiasco we had not too long ago?"

Melissa shook her head. "No...I don't think you did."

As they moved to the umbrellaâ ‘shaded patio table, Karen sighed. "That man-- God love him-- spent an entire Saturday afternoon trying to fix a leak in Jake's shower. I told him before he even started that he should call a plumber. But did he listen?"

Melissa raised a brow. "I'm guessing...no?"

"Exactly," Karen said, setting two wine glasses on the table. Mimicking Robert's voice, she added, "'Don't worry, sweetheart...I've got this-- it'll be an easy fix!'" Turning back to Melissa, she asked, "So, can you guess what happened next?"

"You ended up having to call in a plumber anyway?" Melissa responded, pouring wine into one of the glasses.

Karen dropped into her chair with a wry and sarcastic smile. "Ding â ‘ ding â ‘ ding! Once again, you're 100% correct. Tell her what she's won, Bob!"

As she poured wine into the second glass, Melissa giggled. "I hear you, sister! I've got the same problem with my Donnie. He's a brilliant doctor, but when it comes to major mechanical or electrical repairs around the house, he can be such a doofus. I've reached the point where I don't even let him try anymore."

Once Melissa settled into her chair, she and Karen raised their glasses. The young lawyer grinned and proposed a toast: "Here's to the two morons we fell in love with!"

"Here, here!" Karen laughed, clinking her glass against Melissa's before remembering to add warmly, "Bless their hearts!"

After taking her first sip of wine, Melissa leaned back in her chair with a heavy sigh. "Still, it's such a shame..." she lamented.

"What is?" Karen asked, lifting her glass to her lips for another taste of the crisp, tart wine.

"Your pool," Melissa replied. "I was really looking forward to another swim." Her gaze lingered on Karen's warm hazel eyes as she added softly, "Last time was really...refreshing. Wouldn't you agree?"

Catching the mischievous glint in Melissa's dark brown eyes, Karen glanced toward the blue tarp stretched across the empty pool. Her thoughts then drifted, reliving the recent memory her friend had just evoked.

Karen pictured herself and Melissa drifting together in the sparkling water, nude bodies pressed close as they clung tightly to one another. Their sultry lips were locked in a lingering kiss as their tongues intertwined in each other's hungry mouths with the eager passion of horny teenagers discovering first love.

"Yes...yes it was," Karen replied, recalling how Melissa had drawn her in close while they made out. Guiding their movements, Melissa had wedged her right leg in between Karen's. This immediately led to the horny housewife grinding her excited pussy against the young lawyer's shapely thigh. The sinful memory quickly caused Karen to tremble with desire as she felt a quiver take place in her moistening vagina.

Without thinking, Karen inadvertently blurted, "Well, you know...there's always the hot tub." The words escaped her mouth before she could stop them, and though she instantly regretted opening that door, she couldn't deny the rush of excitement now coursing through her veins.

Melissa's eyes widened after another sip of wine. "Mmmmm...hot tub?" She glanced toward the inâ ‘ground jacuzzi, set her glass on the table, and stood with a grin. "Hell yeah...let's do it!"

Kicking off her shoes and tugging off her socks, she laughed as Karen giggled and asked rhetorically, "So I take it, like last time, we won't be bothering to wear any suits?"

Without hesitating, Melissa peeled off her halter-style sports bra, leaving her topless. Her young, perky boobs jiggled enticingly on her chest as she dropped the garment onto the table next to her wine glass.

"Oh, we're wearing suits, alright..." Melissa replied, flashing a mischievous smile. In one fluid motion, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her

skin-tight workout leggings, along with the skimpy thong beneath them. Pushing them down over her curvy hips and toned legs, they quickly pooled around her ankles-- leaving Melissa completely naked as she stepped out of the rest of her workout attire. The warm afternoon sun now kissed her flawless olive skin as she turned slightly toward Karen. With her hands on her hips, she finished her statement excitedly, "Birthday suits-- just as God intended!"

Karen's eyes widened in astonishment. "You're so bad!" she whispered.

"You know it!" Melissa giggled, scooping up the wine bottle and her glass. As she padded across the patio toward the hot tub in nothing but her 'birthday suit', she called back over her shoulder, "Now c'mon-- hurry up and get out of those clothes. Like you said, we're wasting sunlight here!"

Karen was entranced as Melissa walked away, her gaze tracing the graceful lines of her friend's nude figure-- from the elegant length of her back, to the curve of her hips and butt, all the way down her toned, strong legs. What had begun as a spark of attraction now flared into something harder to ignore.

Quickly downing the rest of her liquid courage, Karen then rose as if compelled by an unseen force. With deliberate movements, she shed her clothes, adding them to Melissa's pile. Soon, the housewife stood by the table, clad in nothing but a pair of bikini-cut black panties.

Across the patio, Melissa had already slipped into the jacuzzi, sinking neckâ ‘deep into the bubbling water. Her eyes were closed, a serene smile resting on her lips as she savored the invigorating warmth of the steamy, bubbling water.

With some hesitation, Karen's fingers brushed the waistband of her final article of clothing. Even though no one could see them (and her panties left little to the imagination), still, Karen felt that skimpy cotton garment was her final, fragile shield-- against what, she wasn't sure. Her relationship with Melissa had become inappropriate enough as it was, with many barriers and prior defenses already broken as they grew to trust one another. Deep down, Karen already knew where this latest moment between them would lead to-- those wicked hormones would make sure of that-- and her racing pulse betrayed her anticipation.

Surrendering herself to the tide of desire pulling her forward and whatever fate lay in store for her, Karen took a deep breath and shed her last bit of hesitation. At the same time, her final barrier fell away as she pulled her panties down off her sexy, wide hips. Wiggling her butt, the flimsy garment promptly slid down her legs and puddled around her ankles.

Karen picked up her empty wine glass and stepped out from beneath the umbrella's protective shade into the warm sunlight, leaving her discarded panties behind on the patio. As she walked toward the hot tub, a familiar nervous excitement stirred within her-- just as it had the week before. Only this time, she was completely naked in her own backyard, in broad daylight. The sensation was strangely liberating. "If only Brenda could see me now!" she thought.

Sensing Karen's presence, Melissa cracked one eye open and saw Karen stepping into the bubbling water. Her other eye widened when she saw that her gorgeous friend was totally naked. A smile tugged at her lips as she admired Karen's graceful, curvaceous form.

"Well, there you are!" Melissa teased. "I was starting to get worried."

Karen rolled her eyes as she sank into the tub across from her. "Sorry, but the traffic was horrific!" she quipped. Both women laughed, then leaned back in mirrored positions. After a moment, Karen sighed contentedly, "Ohhh...this is nice."

"I'll say," Melissa agreed. "I'm going to tell Donnie that a hot tub is going straight to the top of my mustâ ‘have list when we buy a house."

After a few minutes of lighthearted gossip, Melissa slid closer to Karen with the wine bottle in hand. Refilling their glasses, she asked, "So...you haven't said anything yet, but I'm curious. How did the weekend go? Did your plan to make Robert forget about Atlanta work?"

Karen took a sip, muffling her reply. "Mmm...yes. As a matter of fact, I think it did."

"That's great!" Melissa said, as she set the wine bottle down onto the concrete beside the jacuzzi. Sliding into the seat next to Karen, she lifted her glass and added, "Tell me all about it."

"Okay, but first..." Karen began, haltingly. "I have to tell you...things didn't go exactly according to plan."

"Uh-oh..." Melissa leaned in, her curiosity piqued. "So, what happened? And don't leave out any of the juicy bits."

For the next several minutes, Karen recounted the weekend in vivid detail. She described how Saturday evening began perfectly-- Robert admiring her dress, their fantastic dinner at Novo Cucina, and the absolute blast they had dancing at Tech Noir.

Karen then recalled how their night took a sudden downturn when Robert's boss called, pulling him away for an emergency work meeting and cutting their date short. Melissa listened intently, sipping her wine, and hanging onto every word as Karen explained how the rest of her evening had unraveled. The lovely Mother recounted in explicit detail how she became so desperate for sexual gratification later that night, that she ended up shamefully seducing her own son. Not only that, but their sinful intercourse continued the following morning-- on the Lord's day of all days-- with them nearly getting caught by Robert!

Karen concluded her story by sharing how, despite the setback (and her weekend wildly veering off course), she managed to turn things around and complete her mission in the end. She described to Melissa how on Sunday night, after a family dinner celebrating her birthday, she surprised Robert by fulfilling one of his longâ ‘time fantasies. Namely, by publicly having sex with him in their SUV while parked in their driveway-- and thus making their weekend memorable after all.

Throughout Karen's salacious story, Melissa increasingly felt the full effects of both the hormones and the alcohol coursing through her veins. In no time at all, she found herself holding her empty wine glass in her left hand, while her right hand somehow snuck its way in between her shapely thighs. By the time Karen's lurid tale concluded, the young lawyer was mindlessly stroking her chemically enlarged clitoris-- especially to the vivid vision of her beautiful friend shamelessly copulating with her very own son.

Melissa's glazed-eyed gaze then homed in on Karen's chest and her buoyant Mommy boobs floating just below the surface of the bubbling water. It was then that she noticed just above her friend's exposed cleavage the intricate gold pendant snugly nestled in between Karens's delectable decolletage

"Is that new?" Melissa asked, setting her empty wine glass aside before sliding

closer to get a better look.

Glancing down, Karen smiled and realized Melissa was referring to the new piece of jewelry she wore around her slender neck. "Yes-- it is. Rob gave it to me Saturday, just before we left home for the hotel."

"It's absolutely stunning," Melissa said, lifting the ornate pendant gently in her left hand. Admiring its impressive weight (for its size), she marveled at the expert craftsmanship and the sparkling fire glimmering from its 0.75ct diamond center. "This must've cost a pretty penny."

"Oh, I'm sure it did..." Karen responded with a sigh. "I even told Rob he shouldn't have spent so much."

Melissa tilted her head, still studying the precious jewelry's expert craftsmanship. "And what did he say to that?" she asked.

Karen smiled and said humbly, "The sweet man that he is responded like he usually does-- he said that I'm worth it."

Melissa looked up into Karen's warm hazel eyes. "You definitely are," she whispered, their faces now only inches apart. After a lingering pause, the aroused lawyer added, "So...I take it Sunday night in your driveway helped Rob to finally forget all about Atlanta?"

"I'll say," Karen giggled. "He's been grinning non-stop since Monday morning. I don't think even turpentine could wipe that goofy smile off!"

"See? What did I tell you?" Melissa teased, with a naughty smile. Resting her hands on Karen's shoulders, she then murmured seductively, "Don't ever be afraid to try something new. You might be surprised to find yourself enjoying things you never thought possible..."

Their eyes locked again, the air between them charged. Karen cleared her throat, beginning, "I think you may be-- "

But before she could finish, Melissa leaned in and began kissing her. Unlike the week before, Karen felt no internal conflict or hesitation. Instead, the lust-inebriated housewife immediately opened her sultry lips, forcing her silky tongue with certainty and conviction deep into her younger friend's mouth. The warm confines of the hot tub quickly increased in temperature as the two women grabbed hold of one another and began pressing their naked bodies together.

Melissa was taken aback by Karen's uncharacteristic boldness, yet the unexpected and intense aggressiveness sent a shiver of pleasure down her spine. Moaning, she reciprocated in kind by enthusiastically twirling and darting her tongue against Karen's zealously invading lingual digit. As their passionate kiss deepened, she could taste the lingering tart sweetness of wine on Karen's juicy red lips.

That Wednesday afternoon, in the secluded privacy of Karen's backyard oasis, the two gorgeous women surrendered once more to the pull of their hormone and alcohol-fueled desires. Hidden away from the rest of the world, they lost themselves over the next several minutes in unspoken longing. Driven by warmth and wine, they quenched another, more sinful thirst by drinking from the fountain of Sapphic lust.

As their kiss grew more fervent, Melissa shifted, taking the lead. Beneath the bubbling water, she guided Karen closer, placing both hands on her knees and pulling them apart with little resistance. Melissa then snaked her right hand between Karen's splayed-open thighs, across the silky-smooth skin of her hairless pubis, and began jilling her friend with expert precision. Karen's body trembled in response, her breath catching as she yielded completely to her friend's aggressive advances.

"Mmmmmmmm..." Karen moaned approvingly, as her highly-aroused body began quivering intensely from the sensuous sensations. She instinctively shifted her hips forward and spread her legs even wider...surrendering fully to Melissa and encouraging her to take things further.

As the connection between them intensified, each movement became charged with more and more passion. Melissa gladly accepted the unspoken invitation. She unceremoniously inserted two fingers inside Karen's slippery vagina, causing the lustful housewife to gasp-- half in shock, half in arousal. For the next several minutes, the assistant district attorney finger-banged the middle-aged Mother, with her thumb pressed firmly against Karen's blood-engorged clit.

Melissa's magical touch quickly had Karen's trembling body teetering on the edge of release. Even under the hot bubbling water, she could feel herself gushing all over her young friend's thrusting digits. Karen broke their kiss and clung tightly to Melissa-- the sudden onrush of sensual lust now overwhelming her. Living on the edge once more, Karen felt a naughty thrill from their daring intimacy and the thought of achieving a backyard, Sapphic climax in broad daylight for all to see.

"Oh, Melissa!!" Karen whispered urgently, her voice breaking with need. "Yes...YESSSSSS...Melissaaaaa!!!"

Suddenly, Melissa pulled back, leaving Karen startled and breathless. She felt an empty void as the skillful fingers ravishing her tight little gash left her married pussy. Disappointed from being denied so close to her orgasm, Karen's eyes flew open, as she whimpered with confusion flashing across her face.

"Why...why did you-- " she began, only to be silenced when Melissa gently pressed the same two violating fingers to her rosy lips.

Instinctively closing her mouth, the horny housewife immediately began licking the slippery nectar-coated digits, savoring the sweet-and-tart flavor of her own essence mingled with the faint tang of chlorine.

"Why did I stop?" Melissa asked softly, her tone playful yet enigmatic and leaving Karen entranced. Leaning back slightly, the young lawyer's naked body glistened as it caught the waning rays of sun peeking through ominously gathering clouds. Water trickled down her flawless olive skin-- every inch of it like a sculpted Greek work of art-- and clinging to it in long silver trails which highlighted each and every one of her smooth, feminine curves.

Echoing Karen's own words from the week before when they had made out in the pool, Melissa teased in a playfully sardonic tone, "Because we can't be caught doing this out here...remember?" With an impish grin and a mischievous glint in her eyes, she extended her hand and added, "Plus, it's starting to get awfully cloudy out here. So, what do you say we head on inside...before it starts raining...or anyone sees?"

"Ooppfff...kay..." Karen nodded in agreement, still shamelessly savoring Melissa's fingers as she mumbled around her friend's tastily slender digits. A restless yearning now stirred deep within her, causing a tingling at the apex of her shapely, long legs. With a look of unsated hunger in her eyes, the determined housewife then took Melissa's offered hand, before eagerly declaring, "Let's go!"

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Upstairs, behind the closed and locked door of the guest bedroom, the blinds and curtains were drawn, shutting out the glare of the afternoon sun. Flickering scented tea candles cast a soft, romantic glow across the room. Smooth jazz drifted through the air, its melody competing with the steady drone of Mr. Evans's gas-powered leaf blower across the street. Together, the sounds formed

an unlikely soundtrack to the hushed sounds of intense, heavy breathing along with the slick rhythmic noises emanating from between Karen's legs.

Cool air from the HVAC vent high up on the wall wafted over Karen's flushed, pale skin as she lay stretched across the crisp white sheets, the firm mattress supporting her supine frame. Her long legs bent at the knees, with heels pressing into the bed for leverage as she spread her thighs wide open-- caught between vulnerability and anticipation. Arching her torso slightly, Karen propped up with her elbows tucked beneath her, giving her a clear line of sight down the entire length of her body.

Karen's gaze drifted over the impressive twin peaks of her matronly breasts and along the pale expanse of her slightly rounded tummy. She took in every curve until her attention was fixed on her bare, freshly waxed mons pubis. There, Melissa's head now moved with focused intent in between her shapely thighs, utterly absorbed in her task at hand. Melissa seemed to be lost in deep concentration, her slender bare shoulders flexing as she worked diligently with her mouth.

"Oh, my...she's good at this!" Karen thought to herself, as a deep, trembling moan escaped her lips. She tried to hold back, not wanting to break Melissa's rhythm or concentration, but the rising intensity made silence impossible. "Yes...don't stop!" she whispered urgently.

The combination of sight and sensation soon overwhelmed Karen. Melissa's licking wasn't at all tentative-- it was consuming, filled with a confidence that felt like a revelation. "Dear Lord...she's REALLY good at this!" Karen gasped, her body writhing and responding instinctively to every deliberate movement.

The silky, yet textured surface of Melissa's tongue dragged slowly and firmly upwards over Karen's entire vulva-- from her sensitive perineum to her engorged clitoris. Once there, its tip drew circles on her blood-engorged nubbin with pinpoint accuracy, causing her to gasp and writhe even more on the bed.

Occasionally, Melissa delved deeper and lower, darting her tongue in between Karen's cushiony butt cheeks. There she alternated between feather-light flicks and sustained pulsing pressure against the housewife's pristine and virgin asshole. Sparks of perverse pleasure then fired from Karen's pink little starfish, before traveling up her spine and leaving her breathless. The addictive sensation quickly overrode any negative thoughts or misgivings Karen had about the lewd act which her friend was indulging in. When Melissa eventually shifted from licking her most sacred and forbidden orifice, Karen felt a strange pang of disappointment, wishing the moment could last forever.

Karen's disappointment, however, was short-lived. Melissa's mouth quickly returned to the top of Karen's vagina, with her lips creating an air-tight seal as they closed around her clit. Melissa began sucking intensely on the ultra-sensitive bud, while her talented tongue was deliberate and unrelenting in its unceasing assault. Waves of pleasure coursed through Karen's naked body in response to each flickering stimulus brought on by Melissa's lingual invader.

"Ooohhhh!!!" Karen yelped, barely a above whisper, when Melissa's index finger suddenly slid inside her pussy. The intrusive digit then curled upwards, stroking that spongy sweet spot hidden deep within, as its satisfying scratching perfectly synchronized with Melissa's relentless assault on her burning clit. That ravishing attack on her G-spot, combined with the sustained vibrating suction on her engorged love button, quickly pushed Karen close to the edge, before shattering her ability to keep quiet any longer.

"Oh, M-Melissa!" Karen shrieked aloud, using both hands to grab Melissa's head. "Yes...I'm getting close! Don't...please...don't stop!!"

Melissa didn't stop. Instead, she drew on practiced confidence perfected years ago with her college roommate. By varying her rhythm with playful precision--

sometimes slow and broad, sometimes quick and focused-- Melissa never allowed Karen to settle into predictability. She continued using her tongue to assault Karen's rock-hard clitoris: alternating between broad, flat strokes and focused, rapid flicks directly on her vibrating nubbin. The constant shifts in her attack kept Karen balanced on a razor's edge, overwhelming her with a rising tide of desire.

"Ahh...ahhh!!" Karen's voice rose sharply, her breath catching as Melissa worked her magic with focused determination. "Oh, yes, Melissa!! Right there!!" The housewife twisted her slender fingers into the attorney's silky black hair and pulled her face tighter to her vagina, "Don't stop...don't you dare stop!!!"

Karen felt the intensity building within her as she was being taken right to the precipice. The sensation of her oncoming orgasm surged through her like the gathering storm outside-- tightening every muscle, making her breath catch...her thighs tremble. Each time she neared the edge, Melissa would ease off slightly just enough to draw out the moment and then change her motion, letting the intensity subside before driving it higher and harder again.

Karen felt like she was about to lose her mind. No one had ever eaten her out like this-- not any boyfriend, not Jacob...nor her poor husband Robert. Even Brenda's unique feminine touch couldn't hold a candle to the exquisite torture she was now experiencing with this beautiful young woman and her talented oral skills. Melissa's sheer confidence and technique in the 'art' was pure mastery and left Karen reeling. For the first time, she understood why her younger sister spoke so appreciatively about the allure of a woman's touch.

"I'm so close," Karen gasped, her hips lifting instinctively, seeking more friction, her whole body shaking. "So...close...please...I'm right there...Oh, Melissaaaa!!!"

But Melissa didn't let up and ignored Karen's pleas. She continued her soul-destroying technique on her married friend and instead made deliberate, loud slurping noises against the married Mother's slick folds. The vibrations echoed throughout Karen's core, crashing in wave after wave of relentless sensation. The peaks grew sharper, the valleys shorter, until the pressure inside her felt unbearable-- a desperate, consuming need radiating outwards from deep in her womanhood. The usually composed and conservative Christian housewife was reduced to a blubbering, desperate mess.

"P-Please, Melissa!" Karen gasped, her toes curling into the balls of her feet. "Please...it feels so good...I-I can't take it!!" Her hands clawed at the sheets, fingers bunching the soft fabric as she struggled for control.

"So close...please...I'm right there!" she cried, her voice breaking into a high, desperate edge. "I need to...please...let me...finish!!!"

"Then do it, Karen!" Melissa urged, her voice muffled yet unmistakably firm. "Cum...cum for me. Cum for me...NOW!!!"

With a final surge of determination, Melissa buried her face completely in Karen's pussy. Her juicy lips sealed tightly around her vibrating clitoris, sucking with fierce, unrelenting intent-- every movement precise, every touch designed to push her friend past the point of no return. Her tongue pressed flat and firm, twirling rapidly against the housewife's engorged nub. Her right hand was a blur as her thrusting finger curled deep inside, rubbing firmly against Karen's sweet spot.

"Ahhh-- yes! Oh, my Gaaaa-- Yes...YEESSSS!!!!!" Karen screamed, as she came undone and the climax detonated deep inside her like a seismic wave of erupting ecstasy. Her thighs tightened instinctively, clamping around Melissa's head and holding her close in place as violent tremors racked her entire body.

Her back arched sharply off the bed, a raw, strangled sound tearing from her

throat. Her vision blurred, eyes rolling back as the white-hot pleasure flooded every nerve ending. A sudden gush of warmth released from deep inside her vagina, spilling out and soaking Melissa's chin and the sheets beneath her. Karen's orgasm was so intense it left her shaking, breathless, and completely undone.

Slowly, Melissa lifted her head, flushed and radiant from the intensity of the moment. Her beautiful face was drenched, glistening in the soft candlelight, with a faint sheen catching the warm glow. Karen's sweet girl cream slickened her olive complexion, coating her lips and chin. One clear droplet traced the curve of her jaw before falling away.

Karen lay sprawled across the crisp white sheets, completely drained as the last waves of her orgasmic high slowly ebbed from her body. Her dark chestnutâ ‘brown hair-- once neatly gathered in a ponytail-- had come undone, fanning out around her in a wild, tangled halo on the soft pillow. Damp strands clung to her temples and cheeks, softening the flushed contours of her lovely, fair-skinned face. Her limbs felt boneless, heavy, and unresponsive, as though every ounce of strength and stress had been poured out of her.

Karen's warm hazel eyes were wide and unfocused as she stared up at the ceiling, still trying to process what had just happened. Remnants of her red lipstick smudged at the corners of her slightly parted lips, as she struggled to draw in slow, shaky breaths of cool air. She knew-- without a shred of doubt-- that what she'd just experienced was the most intense, devastatingly effective oral sex of her life. The best ever. Even now, the memory of Melissa's expertly-delivered precision and confident technique sent faint tremors throughout her still quivering body.

Hearing Karen's uneven breathing, Melissa lifted her head slightly. "You okay?"

"Wow...just...WOW!!" Karen finally managed in disbelief, panting and grappling for words. Her mind was still a swirling haze, struggling to form coherent thoughts from the lingering aftershocks of pleasure. "My sister would definitely like you."

Suddenly, the mattress shifted. "Well, like I've said before-- I'd love to meet her...do you have her business card?" Melissa replied, shrugging coyly and a small, knowing smile tugging at her lips. "Just set us up...I'm all for it!"

Karen's gaze drifted downward just in time to see Melissa slowly crawling on top of her, looking every bit like she was ready to pounce. The lawyer's youthful breasts swayed in an almost hypnotic rhythm, with a predatory glint in her dark, mysterious eyes as she closed the distance. Unfazed by her friend's intent, Karen's lips curled into an impish grin when she took in the state of Melissa's face. A soft giggle bubbled out as Karen teased, "Looks like I made quite the mess!"

Now hovering above Karen with their faces just inches apart, Melissa let out a low giggle. "Yes...yes, you did," she teased, amusement flickering in her eyes as she licked her lips. "But that's okay...'cos you taste so damn good!" Without hesitation, Melissa leaned in and pressed her mouth to Karen's, capturing her in a deep, lingering kiss that carried all the warmth and intensity still humming between them.

As Melissa's kiss deepened, Karen let out a low, involuntary moan from the sinful pleasure of tasting herself on her friend's plump, juicy lips. She then

opened her mouth and welcomed the young lawyer's searching tongue with surprising eagerness and intensity, pulling her in closer instead of shying away. Any thought of hesitation evaporated. Instead of being disgusted by the off-putting fact that (just moments before) the same tongue had been lapping at her strictly off-limits, virgin nether hole, the conservative housewife began eagerly sucking on the invading digit. A deeper sound escaped Karen's throat, fueled by the raw, dizzying thrill of giving in so completely to the dirty, sinfully salacious thrill. The conservative housewife-- usually so composed-- found herself responding with a hungry, unrestrained urgency, matching Melissa's boldness with her own.

Over the next few breathless moments, the two women engaged in a hot, Sapphic make-out session wrapped up in each other. Their kiss deepened and softened in turns as the romantic, candlelit room filled with sounds of passionate female moans and wet, smacking lips.

At last, Melissa pulled back and broke their kiss, her lips still tingling and her breath unsteady. Hovering above Karen, she studied her with a slow, smoldering look. "So..." she murmured, in a low, husky whisper. "What do we do next?"

Karen gazed up into Melissa's dark, alluring eyes. Without giving it a second thought, she replied sheepishly, "Well...I could...you know...do you. If you'd like." The words hung between them-- part offer, part request.

Karen couldn't believe the words that had just slipped out of her mouth. The usually conservative and reserved housewife had actually offered to willingly perform cunnilingus on another woman. But instead of recoiling from suggesting something so shocking, a surprising rush of excitement surged through her. The boldness of it, the sheer audacity, sent a shiver racing down her spine. Beneath that, an even deeper thrill stirred at the thought of once again sampling the forbidden taste of Melissa's sweet pussy. She also found herself strangely craving something else-- to experience the feel and texture of her friend's chemically-enlarged clitoris on her lips and tongue.

Melissa's eyebrows lifted in amused surprise. "I must say...that is a very tempting offer. But..." Pushing herself up with her hands, she then added with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "I had something else in mind." She tilted her head, her expression naughty and expectant. "Now...where's it at?"

Karen blinked up at her, a faint furrow creasing her forehead. "Where's...what at?" she asked, genuinely puzzled.

Melissa let out a scoff. "Oh, come on. You know-- the gift." She arched a brow again, giving Karen a knowing, pointed look. "Where do you keep it? I'm sure you've got it tucked away somewhere clever."

"Oh, that! Well, it's in my-- no, wait..." Karen stammered, feeling a blushing heat rise in her cheeks. She'd almost forgotten that the 'gift' wasn't in its usual hiding place. Normally, she kept it safely out of sight in the back of her dresser drawer, in the master bedroom and far from Robert's eyes. However, that wasn't where it was at the moment. Karen's gaze drifted to the left, her eyes settling on the mirrored vanity against the wall as the memory of what had brought it there clicked into place.

Earlier that morning, Karen had been jolted awake by yet another one of those vivid, hormoneâ ‘fueled dreams involving herself, along with Jacob and Melissa. Once again, it felt so real that it left her heart racing and her thoughts tangled-- along with her body aching for attention. At first, the horny housewife tried rousing her sleeping husband, still halfâ ‘lost as she was in the lingering haze and frustration of her dream.

"Rob, honey..." she whispered, giving his shoulder a gentle shake.

All she got in return was a loud, grumbling snort as Robert rolled over, sinking right back into his heavy snoring.

Karen briefly considered trying to wake Robert again-- she really did need his help-- but then at the last second stopped herself. Her poor, exhausted husband had a long, stressful day ahead, and she couldn't bring herself to add to his busy plate. Therefore, Karen relented and chose a less appealing option.

With a quiet sigh, she slipped carefully out from under the covers, doing her best not to disturb Robert. She then got out of bed and wrapped herself in her favorite satin robe. The silky fabric felt cool against her stillâ ‘warm skin as she padded softly across the room to where she kept the gift tucked away from Robert's sight.

Upon reaching her 'clever' hiding place, Karen retrieved the dastardly sex toy from its secret spot. Clutching it discreetly, she then eased the bedroom door open and slipped into the hallway, moving silently through the dim morning light.

There, in the quiet stillness of pre-dawn darkness-- when the house felt suspended between night and day-- Karen stood alone in the dim hallway. She held the pink silicone dildo in her left hand, while her right grasped the cool metal of the guest bedroom doorknob. But instead of turning it, she froze, caught in a moment of limbo. Her breath quavered and her chest rose and fell in uneven waves as she stood there, weighing the choice before her.

She was caught between impulse and restraint, conscience and sin. The silence around her seemed to amplify everything-- the thrum of her heartbeat, the faint creak of the floorboards beneath her feet, and most of all the insistent whisper of temptation curling around her from every direction. Its insidious voice pressed in on her from all sides-- drowning out all sanity and reason, and urging her, coaxing her, daring her...

Karen's gaze veered to the left, settling on the bedroom door at the far end of the hall. The thought of who-- and what-- awaited her just behind that wooden barrier caused a sharp flutter of sinful excitement to take place in her already aroused and moistened vagina. Her thoughts began to run wild at the possibilities that would unfold if she simply took those few remaining steps and crossed that last threshold. Already, the horny housewife could feel her female essence trickle from the tender folds of her inflamed pussy and create a hormone-induced puddle in the gusset of her cotton panties.

Karen snapped her head back to the right, looking down to the closed master bedroom door at the other end of the hallway. Oddly, the usual weight of remorse and guilt was nowhere to be found-- even though she knew exactly what a profound betrayal it would be to commit against the person sleeping inside. She bit her bottom lip, weighing the risks and the consequences against the dangerous pull of desire urging her to break her numberâ ‘one rule...and surrender to carnal sin.

"He's a heavy sleeper..." Karen found herself murmuring, grasping for justification. "We'd just have to be extra quiet, that's all. He would never know..."

As she took one step to the left, the sudden, sharp barking of a dog outside snapped Karen out of her turmoil and the gravity of her momentous choice. Across the street, her neighbor Mr. Evans had evidently just taken his golden retriever Milly out for her usual early morning walk. The jarring sound of the friendly canine felt like the last sentinel of morality and common sense, finally sobering the desperately horny mother and bringing her back to her senses. The moment's irrational and dangerous decision faltered. Karen's pulse steadied, and the lustful haze clouding her judgment cleared from her mind. With a heavy, chastened sigh, she whispered, "Don't be stupid, Karen...It's not worth it. Just go in there and take care of yourself."

And take care of herself she did. Karen slipped into the guest bedroom and locked the door behind her, where she used Melissa's gift to quietly satisfy her needs-- twice.

"Which drawer?" Melissa asked, noticing Karen staring off at the vanity, clearly lost in thought.

"Huh?" Karen blinked, snapping out of her daze.

Melissa giggled as she rose from the bed. "Which drawer is it in, silly?"

"Oh..." Karen replied, pushing herself up onto her elbows. "Uh...bottom left."

As Melissa bent over to pull open the drawer, Karen's eyes drifted despite herself, taking in her friend's gracefully-shaped ass and the clean-shaven clam peeking out between her thighs. She breathed a small sigh of relief as she remembered that she had, in fact, cleaned the dildo after her early morning solo session with the magnificent sex toy.

After a few seconds of rummaging, Melissa straightened up with the towelâ wrapped vibrator in hand. As she turned, her eyes landed on a small white plastic jar sitting on the vanity. She picked it up, turning the unmarked container curiously in her fingers. "What's this?"

"Oh...that?" Karen responded, feeling her cheeks blush. Too embarrassed to offer the full truth, she improvised, "It's nothing. Just, um...some lotion. For preventing irritation after shaving or waxing. You know-- sensitive areas. My sister Brenda gave it to me and says it's an awesome remedy. A nurse at her office makes it from an old, homemade family recipe."

Melissa set the towel-wrapped dildo onto the vanity and twisted the jar open. After giving the creamy contents a quick sniff, she nodded approvingly. "It certainly smells nice! Does it actually work?"

"Oh, yes..." Karen answered, perhaps a little too quickly. "Quite well, in fact," she added a bit more sheepishly, as she recalled her use of the 'lotion' earlier that morning as a masturbatory aid. "If you want to try it for yourself, I can probably get you some."

Melissa screwed the lid back on. "Sure, that'd be great," she shrugged nonchalantly as she placed the jar back down onto the vanity and picked up the towel-wrapped gift. Pulling the cloth away to reveal the pink silicone device, she flashed Karen a mischievous smile. "But for now...how about we get back to business?"

She then tossed the towel onto the bed and flipped the vibrator's switch with her thumb, bringing the devilish toy humming to life. Climbing onto the mattress, the still naked lawyer added, "After all, time's running short-- and I still wanna show you another fascinating way we can use this thing..."

A wave of nervous excitement washed over Karen, her eyes widening as she whispered, "Oh, my..."

****

Creak!...

"Oh!!"

Creak!...

"Ahh!!"

Creak!...

"Ugghhh!!"

Karen voice rose in time with the loud, irritating squeak of the guest room mattress' old box spring. She lay on her back, heels digging into the soft bedding, knees falling apart as tension rippled through her body. Her fingers clutched the crisp white bedsheets in a tight, bracing grip.

Melissa was on top of Karen, snugly entrenched in the saddle created by the married Mother's widely spread legs. The young lawyer's shapely ass rose and fell at a steady pace while plunging the vibrating dildo in and out of the housewife's gushing, wet vagina. Melissa hungrily nursed at one of Karen's lactating nipples while fucking her friend with the imitation phallus.

Karen could feel the familiar pressure building deep within her core, a rising wave she knew all too well signaling her orgasm was beginning to crest. "Oh, Melissa..." she whispered, wrapping her arms around the younger woman as her toes curled against the sheets. With her left hand gently cradling the back of Melissa's head, her eyes fluttered as the moment tightened around her. "I'm...almost....THERE!!" she gasped.

Suddenly, Melissa stopped thrusting her hips. She lifted her head, releasing the rubbery nipple from her mouth and freeing herself from Karen's clutches.

Disappointed from being denied what was sure to be a glorious orgasm, Karen opened her eyes to find Melissa climbing the bed. "W--What's wrong?" she asked, her voice unsteady and confused as she instinctively drew her legs together. The abrupt pause left her yawning vagina suddenly feeling empty and exposed.

"Nothing's wrong..." Melissa answered, now standing at the side of the bed. With hands planted on her hips and a look of focused, almost hungry determination on her beautiful face, she added, "I told you-- I'm gonna show you what else we can do with this...thing...remember?"

Karen's gaze drifted downward to the thing jutting out from between Melissa's legs. The hot pink vibrator curved upward from her crotch in a way that was almost alarming-- if not a little unsettling-- catching the light and glistening with a shiny coating of their combined female essence. The sight of the assistant district attorney was both comical and a bit disturbing, eliciting amusement mixed with unease. A flicker of guilt washed over Karen as she remembered, with a jolt, that she was not only willingly cheating on her husband, but doing so with another woman-- an illicit affair which she'd never imagined herself capable of, even in a moment of recklessness fueled by those wicked hormones.

"Yes..." Karen squeaked, giving a small nod. "I remember." A nervous thrill fluttered through her as she wondered what her friend had in mind. Her empty pussy still hummed with need and anticipation, yearning to be filled once again-- even if only by the sinister-looking silicone sex toy sticking out menacingly from Melissa's hairless cunt.

"Well then..." Melissa replied, a slow, knowing grin spreading across her face. "Be a good girl...and get on all fours for me."

Karen immediately guessed what Melissa had in mind. Without hesitation, she rolled over and positioned herself on her hands and knees. Any lingering guilt she had was easily drowned out by the chemically heightened arousal coursing through her body, sweeping every other thought aside.

It wasn't that long ago when Karen would've considered having sex in this manner as not only sinful, but downright degrading to women. Yet now-- thanks to Jacob's influence and her Brenda's constant reminders to 'stop being so rigid'-- this onceâ ‘unthinkable position had quickly, and unexpectedly, become one of

her favorites. As she widened her knees farther apart and arched her back in a posture that was both submissive and daring, a wicked thrill of excitement jolted through her. She knew she was about to cross yet another boundary in her evolving, personal quest to 'live on the edge' more than she ever used to.

"Damn, you're beautiful," Melissa whispered, as she climbed onto the bed, admiring the perfect globes of Karen's juicy backside and the tender folds of her glistening pussy. "It's like a work of art!"

Karen lowered her gaze bashfully to the mattress and caught sight of the sunflower pendant dangling from her neck. It reminded her of Robert and how many times in the past he'd said something similarly appreciative about her round, matronly bottom. "Thank you," she murmured in response.

"Oh, my!" Karen squealed when she suddenly felt Melissa's mouth return to her pussy, sending a sharp jolt through her. "Nnnnnghhh...Melissa..." she groaned as her friend peeled apart her vaginal lips and drove her tongue deep inside her juicy Georgia peach.

Karen eased herself down onto her forearms, lifting her ass higher into the air in instinctive response to Melissa's sensuous tongue. As it slid upwards and began lapping at her crinkly pink butthole, the sensation sent a series of tingles up her spine. Her body in turn responded on its own, as she reached up to cup her breast and pinch a hardened nipple, causing a sudden stream of breastmilk to spray out from the rubbery nub and onto the bedsheets below.

"Nnnnnnnnngh!!" Karen moaned in frustration, when she felt Melissa suddenly pull her mouth away from her vagina and nether hole. Feeling the mattress shift, she glanced over her shoulder just in time to see the young lawyer repositioning herself behind her. Melissa now held the menacing dildo in her hand, its bulbous tip poised and ready as she pointed it towards her helpless partner's dripping wet snatch.

Their eyes met. Melissa smiled, her lips still shiny with a coating of Karen's girl juice, and asked, "You ready?"

Karen felt the first inch of the vibrating dildo slowly ease into her slickened folds. She nodded quickly, her breath catching both in affirmation and pleasure as she hissed, "Yesssssss..."

"Good!" Melissa grunted, sneering as she took hold of Karen's plush, flared hips. With one firm, decisive thrust, she then drove the entire length of the sex toy deep in her friend's welcoming love tunnel.

"AAAAHHHHHH!!!" Karen cried out-- partly in shock, but mostly in overwhelming pleasure.

Melissa held herself pressed up tightly against Karen's upturned ass-- with the vibrating dildo now fully embedded inside Karen's clutching vagina. With a soft giggle, she commented, "That's the same reaction my college roommate had the first time we tried this..." The lust-crazed young lawyer then pulled back slowly, until only the tip of the silicone phallus lodged in Karen's pussy. "Now, let's see if I can make you scream...just like she used to do!"

Slap...Thump!! *Slap...Thump!!* *Slap...Thump!!*

The rhythm of skin hitting skin matched the steady thudding of the headboard

banging against the wall. Melissa threw her head back with an aggressive sigh of satisfaction while Karen moaned and whimpered beneath her on all fours, fully surrendering to Melissa's hormone-fueled lust. The housewife shuddered as a mini orgasm rippled through her body, and the young lawyer took it as her cue to move faster-- and harder.

"You like that?" Melissa grunted, her fingers digging deeper into the yielding flesh of Karen's matronly hips. She began slamming the dildo into her with such fierce, unrestrained energy that the bed began to creak and shake beneath them, each movement more forceful than the last. Karen's moans shifted into something raw and desperate, almost like she was on the edge of tears from the overwhelming intensity of Melissa's relentless onslaught.

Even through the chaos of sensations assaulting her, Karen felt a flicker of awe. Melissa was astonishingly good at this-- far more practiced than she had ever expected. Karen began to wonder just how much Melissa and her roommate had done this back in the day. Or, perhaps she had multiple partners over the years for her to gather such expertise and confidence in fucking another woman?

As Karen's strangled cries of pleasure rose above every other sound in the room, Melissa suddenly slowed and then stopped. The married Mother assumed her Sapphic partner needed a breather-- but she quickly realized that wasn't the reason at all. The assistant DA was simply preparing for the next stage.

Shifting her grip on Karen, Melissa got up on her haunches and inched her body closer before stating confidently, "If you liked that...then you're gonna love this!"

She then surged forward again and resumed thrusting the dildo in and out of Karen, as though chasing the thrill of her college years. Driven by that rush of nostalgia and desire, the young lawyer moved with wild, reckless abandon, giving in entirely to her lust as she began riding the middle-aged housewife with total abandon.

The creaking of the bed beneath them had now become even louder under the strain of their frantic rhythm. Every joint and board seemed to object in protest to the unfair treatment it was receiving.

Karen's cries now bordered on hysterical. It almost sounded as if she were pleading with Melissa, though the only sounds that managed to come out were broken whines and breathless whimpers. The wicked, upward curve of the imitation cock her friend mercilessly wielded was utterly ruthless. Its bulbous-shaped head raked violently back and forth against the hapless housewife's sensitive G-spot, making her see stars. Karen's slender fingers clutched the shaking headboard so tightly her knuckles had gone white, her voice muffled by the soft pillow beneath her face.

Melissa, meanwhile, seemed lost in a trance as she savagely used Karen's body. A low, continuous growl reverberated in her throat as she moved with a fierce, singleâ minded intensity. There was something almost inhuman in the way she drove forward, like an animal humping its mate-- each motion more urgent than the last. Her growls began to rise in pitch and volume as she violently plunged the vibrating phallus into Karen, desperately seeking her release and edging them both closer to simultaneous climax.

Karen was absolutely beside herself, her strangled cries echoing through the room as the relentless pounding she received from Melissa finally cause her arms and legs to give out. She sank down onto the mattress, her body lying flat and unable to hold herself up any longer.

Unfazed, Melissa followed her down, pressing her torso firmly against Karen's back. Their mating now took on a raw, unrestrained intensity as she savagely fucked her prone-bone style. Her breath was hot against Karen's ear as she leaned in and muttered breathless, fevered profanities, urging her on. "That's

it, Karen! Give it up...Cum for me!! SCREAM for me!!!"

The two ladies' voices blended together as they climbed toward the same breaking point-- Karen wailing aloud with wild abandon like a woman possessed, while Melissa let out low, primal grunts like a wild animal whose only reason for existing was gratifying its most basic instinct.

With one final, violent thrust of her hips, Melissa plunged the silicone phallus deep inside Karen's vagina, pushing them both past the edge. The intensity of their mutual orgasms caused the two women to lurch about as their nervous systems went haywire. Their shared release made both their bodies jolt and tremble, as if neither could fully control the onrush of pleasure tearing through them.

"AAAAHHHHHH...MELISSSSAAAAAA!!!!" Karen screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice cracking as her climax surged to unheralded heights-- higher than she'd ever felt before. Melissa let out a raw, unrestrained roar of her own as the intense ecstasy washed over her young and fit body in countless waves of rapture. Then everything went dark.

When Karen finally drifted back to awareness, she stayed still for a moment, eyes closed, letting the warm afterglow settle through her. Soft jazz floated through the room, blending with the distant drone of Mr. Evans's leaf blower across the street. For once, she was grateful for the annoying racket of her neighbor evidently still working out in his yard-- hopefully it had helped to keep the old man (or any passerby for that matter) from hearing the married Mother screeching like a banshee from hell.

Next, Karen became aware of the warm, naked body draped over her. Melissa's firm breasts flattened against her back, with the dildo still lodged deep in her vagina. The young lawyer's soft, ragged breath on her shoulder elicited a low, involuntary moan of approval from Karen. "Mmmmmm..." Melissa then planted slow, tender kisses along the nape of her neck, her hips moving in a subtle, lingering rhythm that sent fresh ripples of sensation through Karen's body. "Ohhhh..." Karen gasped, when the tip of the silicone phallus inadvertently pressed into one of the many, still sensitive, pleasure points deep inside her love tunnel.

"You okay?" Melissa whispered into Karen's ear.

"Oh yes..." Karen replied softly, eyes still closed, a soft smile spreading across her lips as Melissa's warm breath caressed her cheek. "Better than okay."

Melissa let out a cute giggle. "I know we totally skipped the massage this time, but...do you feel relaxed?"

"Oh, heavens yes," Karen sighed, finding her voice. "I feel like a limp noodle. In fact, I have to say..." She then borrowed one of Jacob's favorite lines, "That was...awesome!!"

"Well, good..." Melissa giggled again, pressing a quick kiss to Karen's ear. As she lifted herself off Karen's back, she felt a faint, sticky warmth as their sweaty bodies pulled apart. "Gotta keep my number-one client happy."

"Don't worry...she's happy," Karen murmured, still not quite ready to move. "Very happy." A low moan then escaped her lips, from the pleasant yet frustrating feeling of the dildo sliding out of her, leaving her vagina with a sudden, hollow ache of emptiness. "Unnnggghhh..."

Karen felt a faint pang of guilt-- mostly because she didn't feel guiltier. She suspected it would hit her harder later, after Melissa left and the last of the hormones finally flushed from her system. But for now, she felt strangely calm and contented. She reminded herself that this was only a temporary fling, something separate from her marriage and her love for Robert. Just as Brenda had her 'waxing sessions' with her coworkers, or Melissa her past college

indiscretions with her roommate, this would simply become Karen's own private secret-- something to look back on with a mix of both fondness and disbelief.

A sudden cool draft from the HVAC vent above her prompted Karen to reluctantly roll over and sit up. Pulling the white bedsheet to her chest, she tried both to warm herself up and shield her goosebump-covered skin from the cool air. Karen glanced over just in time to witness Melissa unceremoniously plop her end of the glistening wet dildo from her bare-naked pussy. That sight alone sent a small, involuntary shiver through Karen's sloppy vagina as she remembered the intensity of the pleasure she'd felt only moments earlier from her young friend, along with that devilish, pink sex toy.

In a sheepish voice, Karen said, "You know...you really are good with that...thing."

Melissa held the dastardly dildo in her right hand and gave a playful shrug. A thick string of her female juices hung pendulously from the egg-shaped bulb that mere seconds before had resided inside the lawyer's love chute. "It's not that difficult...Just takes a little practice." She stepped closer, holding it out to Karen as she added with a teasing smile, "Want me to show you?"

Karen stared at the dildo, now just inches from her face. Its wickedly curved shape and meandering veins crisscrossing all along its shaft made it appear even more vile and wretched up close. The sight and scent of their combined love fluids coating its length caused her nipples to harden instantly beneath the bedsheet shrouding her teats. As the hormonal haze coursing through her system began to wane, Karen felt her cheeks warm with embarrassment. "Uh...maybe some other time," she stated softly. Looking at the clock, she then added, "Besides...it's getting late. We should probably straighten up in here."

After slipping into a couple of robes, they then set about putting the bedroom back in order. Melissa blew out the tea candles and tucked them away while Karen stripped the sheets from the bed.

As the two women worked together to pull fresh linens over the mattress, Karen's lingering curiosity finally got the better of her. "Can I ask you something...personal?"

Melissa, tugging the fitted sheet over a corner of the mattress, nodded. "Of course...Ask me anything you'd like."

Karen hesitated. "So-- and you don't have to answer if you don't want to-- but...your roommate back in college. Was she the only one you ever...you know...or were there-- "

"Others?" Melissa finished for her, pausing as she smoothed the sheet with her palm before answering. "No. No others. Only Laura." She then glanced across the bed at Karen with a teasing smile. "Why-- are you jealous?"

"NO!" Karen blurted out emphatically, shaking her head. "Of course not." Feeling her cheeks redden, she continued, "I was just...I dunno...curious, I guess." With a shrug, she added, "I mean, you told me you don't normally have lesbian feelings, or anything."

"Nope." Melissa shook her head as she unfurled a clean top sheet down onto the bed. "Not at all."

"So..." Karen asked, while tucking the sheet under the mattress, "How did it come about-- between you and Laura? Did it just sort of...happen?"

"Basically...yeah." Melissa nodded. "Neither of us even considered ever getting into that kind of relationship. I guess you can say it was just fate, or timing, or the planets lining up just right that night."

"Wow..." Karen replied, after a moment of silence.

"Yeah, wow..." Melissa echoed. She then went on to describe in great detail how her 'extra-special' friendship with her roommate had shifted on a freezing winter night in their drafty dorm room. How sharing a bed for warmth had started out innocent enough, only to evolve into a night of steaming-hot and unbridled Sapphic passion. It was a night that changed their relationship forever, creating a bond unlike anything she'd ever had before.

Once Melissa finished her tale, Karen asked softly, "And after all these years, you've never felt anything like that again?"

"Nope...not once," Melissa replied. With the bed now fully made, she made her way over to Karen and gently cupped her cheeks. Looking deeply into her warm hazel eyes, she whispered, "That is, until now..." She then leaned in, pressing her lips to Karen's, as the two of them shared a deep and lustful, breath-stealing kiss.

After a few moments of making out, they finally pulled back from each other. Still catching her breath, Karen retied the sash of her robe, glanced at the clock once more, and said, "We'd better stop and get cleaned up...Jake should be getting home soon."

Just then, her phone chimed, alerting her to a text. Karen knew immediately from the familiar shrill beeps of R2-D2 that it was from Jacob. She picked up her cell from the nightstand and read his message. After composing a quick reply and hitting 'send', she looked over to Melissa. "Well...turns out Jake's going to run a bit late. He and Sara decided to watch a movie at the mall, so her mom will be dropping him back home later."

"Oh, that's right-- Veterans Day. No school," Melissa replied, as she cinched up her own robe. "In that case, Donnie's for sure gonna be pulling a double shift at the hospital. He won't be 'til midnight-- or later...so, I've got nowhere else to be."

"Well..." Karen responded slowly, "If that's the case...you feel like sharing a shower?" She then set her cell phone back down on the nightstand and picked up the dildo sitting next to the lamp. As she held the hot pink sex toy aloft, she added with an impish grin, "Then maybe you can show me...how to use this?"

Melissa bit her bottom lip, smiling playfully as a mischievous warmth lit up her eyes. "Mmmmmm...I'd love to!!"

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"Hi, honey..." Karen spoke sweetly into her cell phone to her husband, Robert. "Oh, nothing much...just wanted to see how you were doing-- and what time you planned to be home." With the phone pressed to her ear, the lovely housewife stepped onto the back patio, which unlike earlier now looked glum and gloomy with a veil of threatening rainclouds overhead. There, she gathered up the clothes she and Melissa had carelessly discarded when they had stripped naked and impulsively skinny dipped in the hot tub.

After finishing up their shower (which included a quick tutorial from Melissa showing her how to properly insert the dildo into herself and use it on another woman), Karen had realized they'd forgotten everything in a pile on the patio table. She therefore quickly threw on a bra and panty set, along with a simple cotton dress and-- cell phone in hand-- made her way out to the backyard.

Feeling the chill of the late afternoon November air engulfing her, she then quickly retrieved the garments before making a beeline for the sliding doors leading back to the kitchen-- and the warmth of indoors. With their clothing draped over her left arm, Karen used her right hand to slide the door closed, shivering slightly as she entered. "Oh... so you'll be leaving on time today?

That's good," she replied to her husband, trying her best to mask any dismay in her voice.

Karen glanced up at the clock. Even with the wet roads and horrible traffic on the interstate surely slowing Robert's commute, she feared they were cutting things way too close. As her husband continued chatting obliviously on the other end of the call, she tried to think of a way to buy a little more time.

"Say, honey..." Karen cut in, when an idea finally popped into her head. "You know what? I'm plum worn out from running errands all day. How about you just pick up dinner on your way home? Anything you choose would be fine with me."

Karen made her way out of the kitchen and began to ascend the staircase. "Baldino's?" she repeated brightly. "Sure...that sounds great!" She was genuinely pleased with Robert's choice of take-out (his favorite sandwich shop). Not only was the food excellent, but the shop's downtown location would add a little extra time to his drive home-- time she very much needed.

Still chatting with Robert, Karen stopped by the master bedroom, tossed her skimpy running outfit into the dirty clothes hamper, and set her shoes neatly in the closet. Then she returned to the hallway, with Melissa's discarded running outfit still draped over her arm.

"Just get me my usual-- the American Special," she said into the phone. "A half-footer will be plenty." As she made her way down the hall, she added, "Get the same for Jake, I guess..."

Halfway to Jacob's room, Karen stopped dead in her tracks. Even through his closed bedroom door, she could easily make out the unmistakable melody of the sin and debauchery taking place behind the wooden barrier. The rhythmic knocking of the headboard against the wall and the infuriating squeak of the bedframe mixed with a chorus of muffled grunts and groans-- all accompanied by thunderously loud rock music.

"Actually...you might want to get Jake a full foot-long," Karen said carefully into the phone, trying to keep her tone light. At that exact moment, she was imagining her teenaged son plunging his 'foot-long' babymaker in and out of the engaged assistant DA's birthing tract. "He's been quite busy today, and I'm sure he's worked up quite an appetite."

"OH!...MY!!...GOD!!!...YEESSS!!!!!" Melissa's loud, ecstatic cry rang out from behind Jacob's door. Her muffled voice was perfectly in sync with the wooden headboard thumping against the wall. Karen winced, clutching the clothes a little tighter and cupping her hand closer to her phone as she continued towards the sounds of humping down the hall.

"You know what, Rob..." Karen said matter-of-factly when she felt a slight quiver take place in her freshly showered vagina. "On second thought, I want to change my sandwich order. If you don't mind, get me the Sicilian instead..." Hearing Melissa's cries of unadulterated pleasure reminded her of the intensely passionate afternoon she'd spent with her young friend earlier. "I have a craving for some spicy Italian."

Eager to end the call so she could motivate Melissa and Jacob to hurry things along, Karen added quickly, "Honey...I'm gonna hang up now, okay? I need to check on Jake-- I think he needs my help." With her left hand, the aroused Mother absentmindedly groped her left boob through the thin cotton dress. She could feel her hardened pink nipple begin tingling within the padded cup of her bra.

"What kind of help?" Karen repeated Robert's question. Forcing a casual tone, she elaborated, "Uh...Spanish. He asked me to go over some grammar and vocabulary words with him. He's got a test tomorrow."

As she approached Jacob's bedroom door, Karen ended her husband's call to prevent him from hearing any of the vile noises coming from their son's room. "Please be careful driving home, sweetheart. I love you." She didn't even wait for Robert's response before pressing the hangup icon on the screen.

Karen turned the knob and pushed the bedroom door open. "Alright, you two...are you just about-- " She stopped midsentence the moment she crossed the threshold and stepped inside. The air was thick with the overpowering, pungent odor of dirty sex and Jacob's pheromone-charged scent, hitting the concerned Mother like a heat wave. Her already latent arousal reignited immediately, spreading rapidly through her freshly showered body like wildfire.

"Oh my..." Karen whispered, stopping dead in her tracks as she witnessed the illicit scene taking place on her son's twin bed. Her left hand let go of Melissa's running shoes, hitting the carpet with a soft thud.

Melissa's shapely bottom was stuck up in the air, with one side of her face mashed into a pillow. Her eyes were rolled back halfway in their sockets and her mouth hung open, trickling drool from her lips onto the Star Wars-themed pillowcase. The strange constant moaning escaping her throat sounded as if the young lawyer was having some sort of medical episode.

Jacob meanwhile was on his knees behind Melissa. His hands grasped tightly to her curvy hips as he relentlessly plowed his wildly oversized cock in and out of the gorgeous lawyer's engaged pussy. The determined teen grunted at the end of each eager plunge, causing the entire bedframe to protest loudly in response. The raunchy rhythm in turn was accompanied by a lewd, loud slapping sound every time his energetic crotch smote Melissa's proffered, upturned butt.

Karen inadvertently glanced down to the floor where Melissa's shoes landed-- and that's when she spotted the used condom. The discarded prophylactic lay about halfway between the bed and where she was currently standing, with several huge globs of Jacob's gooey deposit leaking out. The messy evidence soiling the dark blue carpet fibers reminded Karen just how long her son and Melissa had been going at it. As aroused as she may have been, the motherly instinct in her couldn't help but cringe and think, "How many times do I have to tell him not to throw those used condoms on the floor? Not only is it disgusting, but it's also just something else to clean up later!"

Karen's gaze drifted back to the wildly inappropriate fornicating couple on the bed-- a barely legal teenaged boy and an engaged officer of the court. When she saw that her son's ungodly penis (currently thrusting in and out of the lawyer's heavenly body) was in fact wrapped in one of his 'Magnum' sized condoms, a small sense of relief flickered through her mind: "Well...at least he's following my instructions and using the things for protection. That's a positive, I guess."

"Mom?" Jacob asked, snapping Karen from her thoughts. "What...did you...say?" His voice was strained and breathless in between each violent thrust of his skinny hips as he got back to work-- completely absorbed in the task at hand.

Karen forced herself to look back up to Jacob and his pale, wiry frame. He was covered in a sheen of perspiration as he slid his glorious cock in and out of Melissa's tightly gripping vagina like a well-oiled machine piston. Remembering what had happened last time, she purposely stepped over the slippery, leaking condom and stood beside the bed, arms crossed and trying to project authority. "I was asking if you two were just about done. Y'all need to hurry!"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob replied, continuing his relentless pace. "Being around...Sara all day...got me all...worked up. I really need...to nut...one more time." He turned to Karen, "Just give us like...twenty more...minutes."

"Yeah...Karen..." Melissa grunted from below -- lifting her head just enough to add, "Just...twenty...more...please!" She closed her eyes and moaned, "Oh my gaawwwdd...that's so good!!!"

Karen could feel a hot flush rise through her body and the gusset of her fresh pair of bikini-cut panties becoming a literal swamp. Despite fully knowing the otherworldly pleasure her friend was experiencing at the moment, someone had to be the logical adult in the room. She bent down to Melissa's level and stated lowly but firmly, "We don't have twenty more minutes..." Then she straightened back up and addressed Jacob again, "Your father's leaving work on time today. We need to get Melissa cleaned up and out of here...very soon! Are you getting close?"

"Not...yet," Jacob grunted through clenched teeth. "But...I'll try and hurry." He then ratcheted the pace of his thrusting up another notch, drawing an involuntary squeal of approval from Melissa.

With her anxious apprehension spiking by the second, a desperate idea suddenly came to Karen. She wasn't a fan of what she was contemplating, but time was of the essence, and she figured it would help push Jake over the finish line.

"Jake...take the condom off," she said flatly, in a low tone.

"Huh?" Jacob faltered for a moment, unsure if he'd heard his Mom correctly.

"I said..." Karen repeated, slower and a little firmer, "Take...the condom...off."

"You're serious?" Jacob asked, caught off-guard by the suggestion, yet not slowing down one bit.

"That would help you finish...faster, right?" Karen replied, still unsure if she was comfortable going this route.

"Yes, Ma'am...it would," Jacob admitted, an incredulous smile flickering across his face.

Karen stepped closer, her tone serious, motherly and unmistakably authoritative. "But listen, Jake...you cannot finish inside Ms. Turner. You hear me?"

Jacob nodded with a groan. "Yeah."

"I mean it, Jake...no shenanigans," Karen pressed once more, her eyes locked on her son's. "Can I trust you? Can I...really trust you?"

Jacob nodded again, more emphatically this time. "Yes, Ma'am...you can." He slowed his movements down to almost a complete stop and added, "I promise, Mom....no shenanigans."

From the bed, Melissa let out a frustrated moan and pushed her hips back toward Jacob. Her voice strained with impatience as she whined in a desperate tone, "C'mon, Jake...I need more!"

Karen felt a fresh wave of doubt questioning her lack of clear judgment, but the clock was ticking and she saw no better option. With a relenting sigh, she stated: "Fine, Jake. Go ahead. Take it off...it's okay."

Without hesitation, Jacob wasted no time. Much to Melissa's chagrin he immediately pulled his monster-sized dick out of her cunt before ripping the condom off his throbbing cock in one swift motion. Grinning, he held it up for a

second. "Won't be needing this!"

"No-- don't!" Karen blurted, but she was a tad too late. Jake had already flung the condom across the room. It landed, with unfortunate precision, right into one of Melissa's running shoes.

Karen dropped and shook her head in exasperation. "Jake...how many times do I have to tell you? Stop throwing those things on the floor...it's disgusting!"

Jacob barely heard her as he pressed the tip of his now unsheathed cock to the gaping entrance of Melissa's drooling vagina, clearly intent on picking up where he'd left off. "Don't worry, Mom," he said brashly, his attention otherwise engaged. "I'll make sure to clean everything up-- once I'm done."

He then thrust his hips forward, plunging the entire length of his gigantic pussy pleaser deep into the impatient lawyer's love chute, causing Melissa to yelp from the shocking pleasure. "Oh, yeah..." Jacob groaned in relief as he hilted himself fully and resumed fucking the older, engaged woman in his bed. "That's much better." Turning to Karen, he said in between each raw, bareback thrust, "Now I should...finish in...no time...Mom!"

"Just hurry," Karen replied anxiously, unable to hide her impatience and unease. She stepped over to the desk, draped Melissa's running clothes over the back of the computer chair, and sat down. Even though she'd given Jacob the go-ahead to finish with Melissa without using protection, Karen was still determined to supervise them and ensure her son kept his word. Keeping one wary eye on her son and friend and the other on the clock, she couldn't help but acknowledge the fact she'd been intimate with them both-- nor avoid the mixed feelings she now felt, watching them shamelessly copulating.

As Karen settled into the chair and the role of reluctant, yet riveted chaperone, another song from Jacob's playlist began. Its thumping, pulsating opening notes now blasted through the computer speakers-- a song Karen knew all too well from the years when Rachel used to play it constantly during her 'Twilight' phase. Despite not being her usual genre of music, the familiarity of the song 'Supermassive Black Hole' (by the British rock band Muse) made the scene unfolding before her more surreal than it already was. Hearing it now, in this room, in this moment, felt bizarrely disorienting, as if the universe had chosen the music as the soundtrack for a scene she was never meant to witness.

Back when Rachel played it ad nauseam, Karen had never much cared for the song. She always thought it sounded suggestive, somewhat dirty and a little too sexually-charged for her taste. But now, with the air thick and the room pulsing with movement, breath and heat, the music seemed almost too fitting. In her current state of arousal, Karen had to admit it went along perfectly with the pornographic scene taking place before her very eyes in Jacob's room. The thrumming beats and syncopated rhythms wrapped sinuously around and interwove synchronously with everything-- the tension, the urgency, the wrongness-- making the whole sordid situation feel dreamlike and unreal.

The longer Karen sat there, the more the sensory overload pressed in from all around. The sights, smells, and sounds began to wear on her-- all of it blurring together until she felt lightheaded and unmoored by temptation. She checked her cell phone for any missed calls or texts from Robert. Nothing. He was still on schedule to arrive soon, so with each passing minute Karen felt more and more like time was slipping too quickly through her fingers. Just to be safe and to calm herself, she turned the ring volume up to its highest level and placed the device back down onto the desk.

Without fully realizing what she was doing, Karen next shifted in the computer chair, throwing one leg over the armrest in a posture she'd normally never allow herself. It wasn't graceful, dignified or very ladylike, but Karen was now past the point of pretending like she wasn't affected-- or cared. The tension inside her had built into something sharp and electric, something she couldn't quite

contain, and she was now desperate to take the edge off. As she continued witnessing the scene of utter sin and debauchery unfolding before her eyes, she slid her right hand down between her splayed open legs. Karen gasped when her fingers traced over the saturated gusset of her panties, causing a spark of electricity to burst from her rock-hard clitoris. It was shocking, startling and impossible to ignore. She sucked in another breath, her eyes fluttering shut for a heartbeat as the room seemed to spin around her.

Moments later, Karen's right hand was buried within her skimpy panties. Despite knowing she shouldn't be doing this and that she was supposed to be the 'responsible adult' in the room, yet here she was, wantonly jilling herself towards a much-needed climax. Karen found herself strangely grunting and moaning in time with Melissa-- one second unable to keep her eyes off the raw mating transpiring only a few feet away, the next second driven by her desperate urges to clench her eyes shut and escape into the heightened senses of her thoughts. The latter soon proved more prevalent as Karen imagined it was she herself now on the twin bed and on all fours, taking her son's mind-blowing, body-jarring pounding from behind. She didn't even feel shocked when a lurid idea (inspired by the previous week's revelries) crept into her mind, and she debated whether to act upon it. "That would definitely help Jacob finish quicker!" she thought. At the last second however, Karen remembered their race against time and dismissed the tempting notion, instead musing, "Where's that blasted vibrator when I need it?"

With her eyes still half hooded in hazy pleasure, Karen stole another glance at Jacob's alarm clock on his nightstand. The time it now flashed jolted her back to reality-- it was much later than she'd realized-- and Jake was still heedlessly plowing away at Melissa with no end in sight. A fresh wave of anxiety immediately washed over Karen's languidly leaning, legs akimbo and still tingling MILF body.

"Oh, for heavens sake, Jake!" she commented in a frustrated outburst, sitting back up and pulling her wet fingers from her slippery wet snatch. Her son was taking far too long and on top of that, her own personal needs would now have to wait. "You need to finish-- now!"

"I'm...trying...Mom!" Jacob grunted in between thrusts. Then, with a hopeful glance, he suggested, "Maybe...I could...do it...in her butt?"

"NO!" Karen immediately shot back. "You are not doing...that!!"

"But it would...help me...finish quicker," Jacob insisted.

"I said NO, young man-- and that's final!"

Determined to take control of the situation, Karen rose from the chair and without saying another word, quickly unbuttoned and shimmied out of her dress. After draping the thin cotton garment neatly over the back of the computer chair with Melissa's clothes, she deftly unfastened and removed her overworked white bra as well, placing it atop the pile. Now in nothing but her jewelry and damp white panties, Karen cautiously sauntered over to the bed.

The memory of how things had quickly spiraled out of control the previous week was still fresh on Karen's mind. With each slowly measured step she took towards Jacob's mattress, a lustful inner voice seemed to be tempting and goading her, getting stronger and louder by the second-- and no doubt stemming from those wicked hormones. By the time she was inches away from the mattress, the voice was practically yelling at Karen. It stated that all she needed to do was climb onto that bed, get down on all fours, peel her soaking wet panties to the side and let her son have his way with her with his bare penis. Yet when she reached the edge of the bed and felt its shuddering frame against her knees, Karen at last found her resolve. She was adamant against being drawn into another quasi-threesome and things devolving into something even worse than the salacious events from the week before. Instead, the desperate Mother hoped what she was

about to do would be enough to finally push her son over the top and bring the late afternoon's sordid activities to an end.

Jacob, still focused entirely on Melissa, finally looked up and froze when he saw his near-naked Mother standing beside him. He was surprised, but definitely not disappointed. "Mom?" he asked, his stunned eyes now locked onto her captivatingly beautiful tits. Already, tiny droplets of milk could be seen clinging to the ends of her rock-hard nipples. "W--what are...What are you doing?"

"I told you..." Karen replied, stepping closer, her voice tight with urgency. "We need...to hurry!!" Hefting her left breast with her left hand, she then placed her right on the back of Jacob's head and guided his face to her chest. As she shoved the rubbery, pale pink nub into her son's mouth the determined Mother was certain this would break the stalemate and snap Jacob out of the loop he seemed to be stuck in.

Instinctively, Jacob leaned in and latched onto the nipple, a low, groaning "Mmmmmmm..." escaping his lips as he began to immediately suckle on Karen's breast. At once, her hefty, pillowy tit surrendered its sweet and creamy Mommy milk as it flowed from her heavy udder straight into his mouth and across his tongue. The nourishing maternal nectar instantly lit up his taste buds and fueled his magnified libido.

"Ooohhhhh..." Karen moaned softly, as the flickering tip of her son's tongue raked across the sensitive nerves in her rigid, leaking nipple. Its exquisite tingling ran from the teat in Jacob's mouth and directly down to her neglected vagina. "That's it, Snuggle Bear..." Karen cooed sweetly. "Suck on Mama's breast...drink all you want."

Jacob was on teenager cloud nine, caught up in a dizzying rush of stimulation and adrenaline. Once again, he had two drop-dead, gorgeous women in his nerd lair. Not only was he savagely fucking an engaged district attorney doggy-style on his bed, but now his super-hot, straitlaced Mom was whispering all sorts of dirty talk while he nursed hormone-laced milk straight from her soft and succulent, lactating breast. He didn't even care she was using that blasted nickname in front of Ms. Turner. With all this sensory overload, he could sense his end was approaching-- fast.

Karen sensed it too. After so many times together-- some intimate, some similarly frenzied and chaotic-- the loving Mother was by now well attuned to her son's tells. She recognized by the way his breathing shifted, the way his voice tightened, and the way his skinny, wiry frame trembled, that her little man was about to blow his big load. Though she hated to admit it, by now Karen also knew (thanks to Brenda) just the right naughty words to sweetly whisper in her son's ear and trigger exactly what she wanted. "That's it, sweetie...do it...do it for Mommy..."

Suddenly, the playlist ended and the music on the computer stopped, leaving the room filled only with the unnerving rhythmic creaking of the bed. This was accompanied by the strained chorus of Melissa and Jacob's savage grunts and groans, along with Karen's soft and subtle mewling moans.

Then Karen's cell phone rang and from the ringtone she knew instantly who it was-- Robert. The timing couldn't have been worse since the last thing she wanted to do was to leave Jacob now when he was so close to finishing. However, Karen also knew she needed to ascertain where her husband was at the moment and how close he might be to getting home.

With clear reluctance, Karen pulled back her tit from Jacob's sucking mouth-- a final jet of breast milk spurting from her nipple and splashing onto her son's chest as she did so. "I've gotta answer that...it's your father," she said, already moving toward the desk to grab her vibrating phone. As she quickly hustled to the doorway to leave, Karen paused and fixed Jacob a firm look,

warning him sternly, "Remember what I told you, Jake. Don't forget."

"Yes, Ma'am...I...remem...ber..." Jacob managed, his voice beginning to crack.

Wearing nothing but her white cotton panties, Karen stepped into the hallway and pulled the door shut behind her. "Hi honey..." her muffled voice drifted back from the other side as she answered the call and began a conversation with her husband. The sound of her voice faded as she moved farther down the hall and away from the bedroom.

Now left alone with Melissa, Jacob's breathing grew ragged. "Ms. Turner...I'm nearly there..." he strained, sensing the huge, churning load in his aching balls about to boil over. "Can I...cum on...your...tits?"

Melissa didn't lift her head, only letting out a low, conflicted sound and shaking it once-- 'No.'

Getting dangerously close to the edge, a now desperate Jacob gulped hard and then asked, "You wanna...swallow it?"

Again Melissa shook her head, but this time more forcefully. Pushing herself up onto her forearms, her voice now broke with urgency as she gasped, "No...inside! Oh, God!! Please...I want it...inside me!!" The intensity in her tone made it clear she was overwhelmed by something she no longer seemed able to resist. Just like the other women in Jacob's circle, Melissa had by now become addicted to the unparalleled hormone-fueled climaxes which only her current nerdy, teenaged partner could provide. But even more than that, the orgasmic rush triggered and set off by having her womb flooded with Jacob's chemically-engineered spunk were truly otherworldly and the definition of pure ecstasy.

Jacob hesitated, remembering the promise he'd made to his Mother not to finish inside Ms. Turner, "But...my Mom-- "

"It's okay, Jake..." Melissa said, glancing back over her shoulder. "I'm safe. It's a safe...time of the month...for me."

She and Donnie, both Catholic and fairly traditional, had recently begun practicing the rhythm method, eschewing more modern, external forms of birth control. Donnie, confident in his medical expertise, believed this natural approach would serve them well as they prepared for marriage, when they immediately planned to start a family. So far, they had carefully tracked Melissa's cycle and managed to avoid any unintended 'accidents'.

But Melissa also knew at the same time how limited her opportunities were. With her highly-publicized court date looming and Donnie's demanding holiday schedule about to consume him, the chances for any genuine, unguarded intimacy between them were shrinking fast. That awareness, paired with the hormones' insidious influence, now made her reckless and willing to take risks she normally wouldn't. Thus seizing whatever opportunities she could-- even if it meant tempting fate-- led Melissa to now indulge her secret 'side fling' with Jacob so dangerously.

"Y-You promise...not to...tell?" Jacob asked, mere seconds away from reaching the finish line.

"I...promise!!" Melissa replied, breathless and on the edge of reaching the pinnacle herself. "Please, Jake..." she begged, as she began slamming her hips back toward Jacob with growing urgency, meeting his thrusts head-on. Her voice now rose, as she neared her breaking point. "Give it...to me! Put it...inside...mmeeeEEEE!!!!"

The intensity of Melissa's climaxing vagina as it clenched all around his swelling cock finally pushed Jacob over the top. "You want it? Here it comes! Take it, Ms. Turner!! Take my nut!! Yeah!! Take all my babies...deep in your...tight...hot..." The teenager then threw his head back and, with one final thrust, yelled out, "...PUSSSSYYYYY!!!!" Planting his cock balls-deep inside the engaged lawyer's quivering cunt, Jacob's churning testicles immediately boiled over. At once, a huge load of his thick, hot baby batter splattered against Melissa's cervix, instantly invading her womb.

Feeling the surge of Jacob's raw and searing seed flooding her insides sparked another, even more intense orgasm for Melissa. Her nerves went haywire, and she fell face forward, screaming into the pillow as her body experienced the utter joy of 'pure ecstasy' she'd been craving, "YES JAKE!! DO IT!! YES!! DEAR GOD, ALMIGHTY!!! YEEESSSSSSS!!!!"

With his balls now completely empty (and Melissa's womb now full), Jacob reluctantly pulled out and fell back onto the bed. His skinny chest was heaving, yet the last tremors of adrenaline were still running through him. Melissa widened her stance and he watched with fascination as frothy, viscous wads of his teenaged spunk cascaded from the engaged lawyer's gaping pussy. His satisfied gaze followed its track as it streamed down along the insides of her thighs in oozy white rivers of his DNA.

"Wow, Ms. Turner..." Jacob managed, catching his breath in between gasps. "That was...awesome!!"

With one side of her face still buried in the pillow, Melissa let out a weak, weary giggle-- recognizing immediately where Karen had probably picked up her earlier remark. "No...kidding," she finally muttered softly, totally dazed and spent.

The room was now deathly silent, and Jacob could faintly hear Karen's voice drifting in from down the hallway. Fortunately for him, it sounded like she was still on the phone with his dad. Remembering the stern warning his Mother had given him right before she'd left the room, he sat up and moved quickly off the bed.

Next, he gathered Melissa's clothes from where they'd slipped off his computer chair and onto the floor. "Ms. Turner, we'd best get you cleaned up before my Mom comes back. I really don't want the drama of her finding out that I nutted in your pussy-- after she told me not to."

Less than thirty minutes later-- after a rushed cleanup and even quicker goodbyes to Karen and Jacob-- Melissa was already in her Lexus IS 350 'F Sport', heading back home. In fact, she'd left the Mitchells' house just in the nick of time, barely five minutes before Robert pulled into the driveway.

As she drove her titanium-gold luxury sports sedan along I-85 and into her 'home base' of Fulton County and Atlanta, the rain started to downpour and the traffic slowed to a crawl. Still, Melissa refused to let it dampen her mood. The young attorney couldn't help but smile, as she rode out the post-orgasmic high from an afternoon of mind-blowing sex. Squirming her thighs and absentmindedly placing a hand to her belly, she could still feel the warmth radiating from Jacob's huge, chemically-engineered DNA deposit lingering in her womb.

Melissa glanced down at her left hand resting against her board-flat stomach, her eyes catching the sparkle of the beautiful engagement ring residing on her fourth finger. The gleaming diamond instantly brought Donnie to mind-- her loving fiancÃ© and future husband, currently working a double shift at the hospital that night. A wave of guilt suddenly attempted to invade her state of euphoria as she contemplated the high-stakes game she was playing. Along with that pang of remorse, a twinge in her loins alerted her to the fact that a nerdy teenager's eager little swimmers-- his 'babies'-- were currently swarming around in her reproductive tract, desperately searching for the ultimate prize: her

unprotected and (as yet) unfertilized egg. Melissa's anxiety waned once she reminded herself this 'game' was only temporary and that (still confident she was perfectly 'safe'), everything would be just fine.

Unlike the frustrated drivers who were probably cursing that traffic was moving at a virtual snail's pace, Melissa's mood was surprisingly upbeat. Tapping her finger on the steering wheel, she now sang along to the song happening to play on the radio. Coincidentally enough, the song was Katie Perry's 'I Kissed A Girl', and the catchy tune made her think of the time she'd spent with Karen earlier that day, causing a flutter to take place in her tummy.

Suddenly, Melissa's cell phone rang. She turned down the radio and answered through the handsâ ‘free system. "Hello?"

A bright and pleasantly familiar female voice chimed in through the car speakers. "Hey, girlfriend!"

"Laura?!" Melissa exclaimed, her already buoyant mood lifting to new heights. She instantly recognized her best friend and former college roommate, Laura Kinsey, on the other end of the line. "Oh, my God-- it's so good to hear your voice!"

Laura giggled girlishly on the other end. "It's good to hear yours too, Mel." 'Mel'-- the nickname Melissa's family and Jersey friends still used-- always made her smile. "How are you and Donnie?"

"We're both doing great," Melissa replied. "Donnie's buried in his hospital residency, while I'm putting in lots of extra hours on this high-profile case I'm assigned to, but otherwise we're fantastic!" She let out a sarcastic, yet playful, sigh. "Well...aside from this God-forsaken rain and traffic that I'm stuck in at the moment." Shifting topics, Melissa then asked, "So, how are you, Rick, and the boys?"

Rick, (Captain Richard Kinsey of the United States Air Force) was stationed in Germany, where he and Laura lived with their three sons: 10â ‘yearâ ‘old Noah, 6 year old Christopher, and the youngest, 4â ‘yearâ ‘old little Ricky-- AKA 'Junior'.

"We're all doing really well," Laura responded. "Though I'll admit, being a mom to three rambunctious boys-- four if you count Rick Sr.-- keeps me busy. It's exhausting, but I wouldn't have it any other way."

After several minutes of catching up, Melissa asked, "So Laura...since we usually stick to texting or Facebook, I've gotta ask-- what made you wanna call? Not that I'm complaining, mind you...because I'm thrilled that you did."

"Well," Laura answered, her voice brightening even more, "I've got some exciting news. And I wanted to tell it to you personally over the phone, instead of just texting."

"Exciting news?" Melissa echoed. Maintaining her witty sense of humor, she then asked, "Laura...are you pregnant with baby number four?" Melissa remembered how her former roommate had always dreamed of having a little girl.

"God no!" Laura burst out laughing. "I had my tubes tied right after little Ricky Jr. was born. This kitchen oven is officially closed!"

"Oh-- okay," Melissa responded, curiosity now fully piqued. "So, what's the big news then?"

"Rick just got promoted to the rank of Major!" Laura announced proudly.

Melissa gasped. "Wow, Laura! That is great news...congratulations!!"

"Oh...and that's not all..." Laura continued, her voice bubbling with excitement. "Rick's being transferred back to the States. We're coming home!"

"Really?" Melissa exclaimed. "Oh, Laura, that's wonderful news! Where to? Somewhere close by, I hope."

In a softer tone, Laura replied, "Warner Robins Air Force Base."

"WARNER ROBINS?!" Melissa squealed in delight, slamming on the brakes as she nearly rear-ended the car ahead of her. "Laura! Warner Robins is only about an hour's drive south from my house!"

Laura giggled again, "I was hoping you'd be happy with the good news."

"Happy?" Melissa exclaimed. "Happy is an understatement-- I'm absolutely thrilled! This is the best news I've heard in ages! So, tell me...when are you moving?"

"Well, the official PCS move won't happen until after the first of the year," Laura explained. "But I'm planning on flying out next month to start getting the house all set up."

"What about the boys?" Melissa asked, pressing the accelerator as traffic finally began to inch forward once more.

"They'll be staying with my parents," Laura elaborated. "We plan on spending Christmas and New Year's up in Jersey anyway. So, once I get the house all settled, the boys and I will come back down after the holidays, and Rick will join us later in January."

"Well, just so you know," Melissa offered, "I'd be more than happy to help you get everything sorted once you're here. I can show you around and get y'all settled. I really think you'll like living here-- it's a great place to live." A car suddenly cut Melissa off, and she honked, fighting the urge to let the 'Jersey girl' in her take over and flip the guy off.

"That sounds wonderful...thank you," Laura replied. "Oh-- and one more thing. I was gonna ask if you could recommend a hotel nearby. I'll be needing a place to stay until all our furniture arrives."

"A hotel?" Melissa repeated, almost offended. "Oh, hell no! You're not staying at some hotel. You can stay with me."

Laura protested half-heartedly, "Oh no, Mel...that really isn't necessary. I don't wanna put you out."

"Put me out? Stop it," Melissa waved her off. "You wouldn't be putting me out at all-- I've got plenty of room. Besides, it'll be nice having someone around in the house with me since Donnie's at the hospital most nights."

"Well..." Laura hesitated. "Only if you're absolutely sure."

"I'm positive," Melissa reiterated, sliding into the next lane as traffic finally began to move. "In fact, I insist. And if you try to back out, I'll drag you to my house kicking and screaming if I have to!"

Laura giggled. "Now there's the ol' roomie I know and love! Well, in that case...I guess I don't have much of a choice now, do I?"

"Nope," Melissa answered, with a matching giggle of her own. "So, it's settled then. I'll even pick you up from the airport-- just let me know when you're flying in...roomie."

"I'll be sure to do that....roomie," Laura replied happily. "Oh, Mel...this is

so exciting! It's gonna be just like our glorious college days all over again!"

Melissa laughed heartily in agreement. "Yeah-- only this time without the awful dorm room and cheap alcohol!"

Laura laughed along. "Oh my God...those were the days, weren't they?" After a few more minutes of reminiscing and talking through plans, the blonde housewife added, "Mel...I'm sorry to have to cut this short, but I'm having a heck of a time getting little Ricky to settle down tonight. Can I call you back later?"

"Of course, Lor'...I completely understand," Melissa answered warmly. "Give Rick and the boys a big hug for me."

"I will," Laura promised. "I'll text you my flight itinerary once everything's set. This is gonna be great! Can't wait to see you, Mel...love you!"

"Can't wait either-- love you too! Bye!" Melissa hung up and with that, the call ended.

As she continued her drive home, Melissa's thoughts drifted back to those 'glorious' college days she and Laura always joked about. Suddenly, the engaged assistant Fulton County DA felt a wave of nostalgia washing over her. She found herself yearning for those carefree weekends fueled by all that 'cheap alcohol' and the secret nights spent with her gorgeous blonde roommate in that 'awful dorm room'.

Melissa felt a slight yet pleasant quiver take place between her legs as another glob of Jacob's teenaged spunk slipped from between the tender folds of her pussy and into the crotch of her panties. The naughty memories her best friend had stirred up caused a smile to creep onto her beautiful face.

"I think you're right, Laura," she murmured to herself. "This is gonna be great!"

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Later that night, Robert lay on his side of the king-sized bed he shared with his wife. Dressed in black cotton sleep pants and a worn yet comfortable Georgia Tech T-shirt, he sat with his back against the dark cherry wood headboard. His laptop rested on his thighs as he composed an email. With all the contracts finally signed, he was now sending the proposed itinerary to the Fuso management team in Busan, Korea, outlining their upcoming visit to Atlanta the following week.

As Robert continued typing on the keyboard, he called out to Karen, "Hey honey, remind me again-- when exactly are you planning to take Jake to Athens for his next campus visit?"

From behind the partially closed door of the master bathroom, Karen called back, "Next Friday afternoon, right before Jake's Thanksgiving break starts the following week. I'll probably sign him out of school early so we can beat the rush hour traffic. We should be back by Sunday evening."

Robert chuckled. "Yeah, getting a head start on that traffic is definitely a good idea." After a few seconds, he added, "I'd avoid I-85 and I-20 if you can. Both interstates are total nightmares right now, with all that roadwork and construction."

From the bathroom, Karen replied, "Yes, I know. That's the plan. I was thinking of taking Highway 278 down to Conyers, then following Highway 78 up to Athens. Hopefully the traffic won't be as bad on that route."

Robert paused his typing. "Honey, are you sure you're comfortable with just you and Jake going alone? If you wait 'til after Thanksgiving, I could go with you."

He then resumed composing his email.

Karen replied, "Of course I'm comfortable. And just so you know, I appreciate the offer, but Julie went through a lot of trouble to set everything up, and I'd hate to back out on her now."

Glancing at herself in the mirror, Karen decided it might be the right moment to break the news to Robert. "Besides...you don't have to worry, because we're not going alone."

Robert stopped typing again. Turning his head towards the bathroom door he then asked, "What do you mean you're not going alone?"

Karen took a steadying breath before answering. "Well...Rachel's going with us."

"Rachel?" Robert repeated, now sounding confused and a little bit suspicious. "Why is Rachel going? When was this decided?"

"Just yesterday," Karen said, offering a small, harmless fib. "When she found out from Scott that he had to be out of town that weekend, she offered to come with us. She said she wanted to use the opportunity to visit a couple of her friends who still live in Athens."

After a brief pause, Robert replied flatly, "Oh...I see. So that's her plan."

"What plan would that be, dear?" Karen asked, doing her best to play dumb.

"You know what plan," Robert said, his voice taking on a sardonic tone as his suspicions seemed to be confirmed. "Her trying to push Jake toward attending Georgia-- like you and she did."

Karen shook her head slightly at her husband's pettiness. "Well, how's that any different from you trying to nudge him toward Tech when we were in Atlanta?"

"It's just different..." Robert replied, frustration creeping into his voice. "Rachel's always had a way of strongâ ‘arming Jacob into doing whatever she wants. It's been that way since they were kids."

Karen rolled her eyes. "You don't know for sure she'll do that, honey. And besides, I'll be there too."

"Oh, don't get me wrong," Robert replied. "I trust you to remain neutral. But Rachel is a whole other story. I know my little princess-- she'll do whatever it takes to get her way. She'll use every trick she can think of." Crossing his arms, he continued, "Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if she used her connections to get a group of cheerleaders to flirt shamelessly with Jake just to sway his decision. Rach knows how to play dirty."

Little did Robert know just how right he was about his daughter. Rachel didn't just 'play dirty'-- she played really dirty. The ignorant father's 'little princess' had in fact shamelessly employed a tactic involving cheerleaders recently. Namely, by dressing in her old Georgia Bulldog outfit (as well as posing as a younger version of Karen) in order to get her way. Using her sultry mouth and heavenly body, Rachel was then able to successfully entice Jacob with unspeakable acts of sin and debauchery.

Karen meanwhile chuckled as she brushed her long chestnut-brown hair. "Sweetheart, I seriously doubt that'll happen. I've already had a talk with her. And even if Rachel did try something so desperate, Jacob only has eyes for Sara Miller-- you know that."

"Yeah, you say that..." Robert responded, dubiously. "But I also remember what it's like to be a teenaged boy practically oozing with raging hormones. You put Jake around a bunch of pretty girls, and who knows what he might get talked into

doing? Just promise me you'll keep an eye on Rachel and do your best to keep her from taking advantage of his naÃ¯ve youth and inexperience."

Karen knew she could never tell Robert the truth about how wrong he was about Jacob. 'Youth and inexperience' were definitely no longer their son's weaknesses. She felt her cheeks burn at the realization that Jacob in fact now had his own personal mini-harem (of which she, his own Mother, was the founding member). If anything, it was she who'd succumbed to weakness-- thanks to those wicked, 'raging' hormones. Placing the hairbrush down onto the countertop, Karen felt the tingling inside her already aroused vagina intensify. She couldn't help but shudder as she pondered just how far she had fallen into sinful, incestuous adultery.

Karen composed herself and peeked around the partially opened bathroom door. "Now, Rob, don't get yourself all worked up. And don't forget our deal about the big game Thanksgiving weekend-- no griping or complaining, remember?"

That 'deal' they'd made during the drive back from Atlanta felt like ages ago now, but it was the only thing Karen could think of to try and steer the conversation into safer waters. Robert had promised to ease off and not pressure Jacob regarding his choice of college after high school. In exchange, Karen grudgingly agreed to cheer for the Yellow Jackets in their upcoming annual rivalry football game against her beloved Bulldogs. The devoted wife and Mother had even promised to 'lower herself' and wear a Georgia Tech jersey to the game.

Forcing an enthusiastic tone, Karen then asked, "Have you decided which jersey you want me to wear?" Even now, the former Bulldogs cheerleader couldn't believe she was going to willingly don the colors of the 'enemy'. The things a wife and Mother will do for her family!

"Yeah...as a matter of fact, I have," Robert replied, his face lighting up. "Since the game's in Athens this year, Tech will be in their white away jerseys. I've got one for each of us, hanging up in my side of the closet."

"Great!" Karen replied with a feigned smile, before slipping back behind the door.

As Robert resumed typing on the laptop, he asked, "Do you wanna try it on? I can go grab it from the closet, and you could model it for me."

"Actually..." Karen replied, pausing one last time to check her freshly reapplied makeup in the mirror. Satisfied with her reflection, she switched off the bathroom light, opened the door, and added seductively, "I thought I could model something else for you tonight."

Robert looked up from his laptop and froze, his fingers halting mid-keystroke. His jaw nearly dropped open as the soft glow from the bedside lamp revealed the stunning vision of his beautiful wife.

Karen struck a sexy pose in the doorway, her right hand resting high on the frame while her left hand settled confidently on her hip. She wore the sheer black robe she had originally planned to surprise Robert with during their weekend getaway. The delicate see-through lace hung open in the front, revealing the skimpy black lingerie set she'd worn beneath her shimmering gold sequin dress that night. Her bountiful breasts were practically spilling out of the lacy trim of the black push-up bra. Meanwhile, the skimpy G-string left little to the imagination and was barely big enough to offer much coverage as it clung and stretched tightly around Karen's wide, curvy hips. To complete the newly replicated ensemble, Karen adorned her feet with the same black ankle-strap high-heeled shoes she'd worn to the dance club.

Just as he'd reacted when he first saw Karen in that dazzling gold party dress

at the hotel, Robert was at a loss for words. His eyes traveled slowly downward, drinking in every detail of the dream-like vision standing before him. When his gaze landed on the sexy, open-toed stilettos encasing his wife's dainty feet, the shocked husband muttered, "Holy...shit!"

Usually, Karen would've immediately chastised Robert for using such colorful language; but tonight, she ignored the minor trespass and replied with a sultry, "So...what do you think?"

Robert blinked himself out of his stupor, setting his reading glasses on the nightstand. "What do I think? Honey...you look simply amazing!"

Karen stepped towards the bed, her hips swaying with deliberate grace as she sauntered over in those ridiculous shoes. "Better than a football jersey?" she asked playfully.

"Uhh...yeah!" Robert scoffed. "As if you even have to ask!"

Karen giggled. "Good...I was hoping you'd like it. Just so you know, this was that other black and gold I had planned to model for you at the hotel last weekend-- before we got rudely interrupted."

"Oh yeah?" Robert responded with a warm smile, remembering Karen's comments before they'd left the hotel to go to dinner. He closed his laptop and continued, "Well, thank you for saving it for me. You look fabulous, honey...I can't believe I'm so lucky to have my own personal Victoria's Secret model!"

Karen smiled back, partly to mask the wave of guilt she suddenly felt. Little did her loving husband know, but she hadn't exactly saved it exclusively for him. Their teenaged son at the other end of the hall had already pipped her hapless husband to that post-- and enjoyed the privilege of seeing her secretly 'model' the skimpy little outfit first. That was the least of Robert's concerns, however. Karen carried secrets from that night which her clueless husband simply had no idea of-- unspeakable acts that took place while he attended his emergency meeting across town. Not only had she and Jacob brazenly engaged once more in adulterous, incestuous sex in Robert's home, but she had been the one to initiate it. Now, to top off all the guilt currently weighing down on her, Karen recalled her afternoon spent that day with another woman, when she'd succumbed once more to another type of adulterous sin. Just like her illicit lesbian affair with the young and beautiful assistant district attorney, Karen knew without a doubt things between her and Jacob had disturbingly reached a whole new level.

"Not that I'm complaining or anything, but I've got to ask..." Robert commented, snapping Karen from her wandering thoughts. Though the memories of the forbidden pleasures she'd experienced with Jacob the previous Saturday night (and into Sunday morning) were hard to shake, her oblivious husband continued. "What did I do to deserve this unexpected surprise? Especially on a typical Wednesday night?"

Karen's feigned smile widened as she attempted to push the lingering guilt and unease out of her mind. "Well..." she began seductively, slowly peeling the thin black robe from her shoulders. "I just want you to know how much I appreciate all the hard work that you do...and all the time you sacrifice to provide for our family." Draping the lacy slip across the foot of the bed, she continued, "Not to mention how proud I am of the way you handled getting that deal done with the Koreans."

With deliberate grace Karen fully crawled onto the bed, before finally adding, "Therefore, I think you deserve a little bonus...for all your hard work."

Expressing her wifely gratitude, however, wasn't Karen's only motivation.

Ever since Melissa departed in a rush earlier that afternoon, Karen had felt a

sense of unfulfillment bundled with a restless energy. Her lingering hunger stemmed mainly from the fact that she'd been denied a much-needed climax as she watched Jacob mercilessly pound Melissa into the mattress of his bed. Karen had been building herself towards a glorious orgasm as she masturbated to her own son and best friend, when Robert's inopportune call pulled her away. Now, without that release she so desperately needed, the insidious chemicals remained in her system-- having never been thoroughly flushed away. The horny housewife had spent the entire evening with those hormones simmering just below the surface, keeping her vagina drooling and yearning achingly for a cock-- a real cock.

Robert watched as Karen maneuvered herself slowly towards him and joined her in her playful banter. "Well, just so you know...I'll be getting a sizeable bonus at work pretty soon, for all my...hard work."

"Oh, really?" Karen began, sliding the laptop computer away from Robert and onto the nightstand on his side of the bed. Still on all fours, she stared into her husband's mesmerized green eyes, and added in a silky-smooth voice, "I bet it's nothing like the kind of 'bonus' I've got to offer, though..." She let her statement hang, punctuating it with her signature seductive expression-- biting her bottom lip and arching her eyebrow.

Robert's gaze drifted downward, locking onto Karen's pillowy, bra-encased big breasts. As he stared at his wife's twin fleshy globes threatening to burst free from their lacy imprisonment, he couldn't help but whisper the exact words he'd blurted out before, "Holy shit!"

Just like she'd done on Sunday night in their driveway, Karen started things off as the aggressor. She quickly relieved Robert of his sleep pants and underwear, then proceeded to give her husband a blowjob-- something generally reserved for special occasions (like his birthday or their wedding anniversary). Knowing he hadn't taken any Viagra, Karen also figured giving him a special treat like this would be the perfect way to get him hard faster.

Even though Robert's penis was above average in size, Karen found it impossible not to notice the vast difference between how her husband's fully erect cock felt in her mouth compared to that of their son's. Usually, she was able to take about three-quarters of Robert's length down her throat with ease. With Jacob, however, she was lucky to manage maybe a quarter of his shaft before her gag reflex warned her she'd reached her limit.

Then there was the matter of girth. Jacob had a sheer advantage in girth over his hapless father as well. By now, after a few minutes of spit polishing the teenager's massive knob, Karen's jaw muscles would already be aching, begging for a break.

Karen did her best not to note another glaring contrast, but her tastebuds would have none of it. Her tongue had grown far too accustomed to the tasty, sugary sweet flavor of Jacob's creamy precum which his cock leaked continuously in a thick, steady dribble whenever she blew her son. By comparison, what little amount Robert trickled here and there (the rare times Karen went down on him) was of a thin, watery consistency which she found saltier and much less appetizing to her palate-- not to mention its lack of the potent, lust-inducing hormones she'd grown addicted to.

At the moment, however, Karen wasn't at all interested in dwelling on any of these factors or comparisons. She had a far more immediate need (and a very specific purpose) for Robert's now fully erect penis.

After quickly removing her skimpy G-string panties and tossing it aside, Karen climbed over Robert and straddled his waist. The horny housewife then lowered herself onto his rock-hard member and, with far less time and effort than it ever took with Jacob, felt her husband's rigid cock slide fully into her vagina, burying itself to the root.

Closing her eyes, Karen immediately moaned from the pleasant and familiar feeling of having Robert's member pulsing inside her love tunnel. Yet as she slowly rocked her hips side to side, she found herself lamenting for something more. Namely, the salacious and almost painful sensation of fullness which she knew could only be felt whenever she impaled herself on her son's monster cock.

Karen scolded herself for even considering comparing her husband and son. She knew it was totally unfair and sinfully out of bounds-- yet she couldn't ignore simple facts. Robert was armed with a perfectly normal man-sized penis...one which had sufficiently satisfied her for nearly 25 years of marriage. Jacob, on the other hand, wielded something else entirely-- a chemically-engineered weapon of mass destruction. Thanks to the vile hormones which that conniving Dr. Grant had recklessly pumped into her son's system, Jacob's wickedly enhanced abomination threatened to topple Karen's very world. As she vigorously twerked her entire torso atop her helpless husband, the steady patter of rain and low rumble of distant thunder could be heard from outside. Karen shut out the noises, choosing instead to focus on chasing down that elusive orgasm, while also desperately trying to banish the storm of turmoil now raging inside her.

"Damn Karen..." Robert gasped, stunned by his super-sexy wife's sudden boldness as he watched her gyrate on top of him like some porn star. He was still at a loss for the recent loosening of her inhibitions when it came to bedroom activities. However, he wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth and planned to take full advantage of Karen's new liberated attitude. Her confidence, her movement, the way she carried herself-- all of it felt new and electric, almost overwhelming. "You are so freakin' HOT!!!"

Karen opened her eyes and looked down at him, pushing aside any negative scolding thoughts from her now clouded mind. With a slow, naughty smile, she reached behind her back and began unfastening the hooks of her black push-up bra. "You think that's hot?" she teased.

Slumping her shoulders Karen then removed the final piece of lingerie, tossing it onto the other side of the bed next to her discarded panties. With a mischievous glint in her eyes, the now naked wife and Mother braced her hands atop the solid cherry headboard and whispered, "How about we...turn it up a notch?"

Robert could only stare, awestruck, at the sight of the naked goddess perched on top of him. The woman he'd been married to for over two decades suddenly felt like a force of nature-- confident, radiant, and breathtakingly uninhibited. His eyes were drawn to the gentle hypnotic sway of her juicy, large breasts now hanging just inches from his face. "Dear God...yes, PLEEEASE!!" he grunted, and Karen was off to the races-- her renewed fire sweeping them both up in the moment.

Over the next several minutes, Karen clung tightly to the headboard while bouncing nonstop on Robert's normal-sized dick as she tried to chase down the release she craved. Just like she'd done in Big Bertha Sunday night, the housewife greatly exaggerated her movements, throwing herself into the performance like a seasoned porn star. This time, however, her show wasn't solely for Robert's benefit-- not entirely, at least. Karen's ulterior goal was to spark the much-needed climax she needed and relieve some of the agonizing pressure that had been building up in her all evening.

Still, for reasons she couldn't yet admit, Karen was having difficulty reaching that elusive summit. It was as if she was trying to climb a steep cliff in driving rain, leaving her restless and impatient. Each time the frustrated housewife felt like she was getting somewhat close, she slid back down the slippery slope and had to agonizingly start over. With a sigh, she changed positions, determined to shift her approach.

"C'mon, sweetheart..." Karen coaxed, her whining voice dripping with seduction

as she proffered herself invitingly. Now on all fours, she began wiggling her juicy, round bottom enticingly at her husband. "This here honeybee needs her big, strong yellow jacket..." she goaded, exaggerating her native Southern accent while lowering herself onto her forearms. "Now use that stinger of yours and take me...take me like you mean it!!"

As Robert positioned himself behind Karen, he hesitated for a moment, still perplexed by her newfound and uncharacteristic libertine behavior. Up until recently, she'd never favored sex in this position-- which she considered vulgar and obscene. However, once he caught sight of his wife's shapely, upturned butt beckoning towards him and the tender folds of her glistening-wet vagina begging for his cock, he decided not to question it.

Wasting no time, the fortunate husband eagerly placed the tip of his 'sufficient' cock at the opening to Karen's drooling, hungry pussy. He then grabbed a hold of her wide, matronly hips and commenced stabbing his stinger in and out of his honeybee's warm and sticky honeypot.

"Yes, sweetheart! YESSSSS!!" Karen yelped, urging him on and hoping her overexuberance would motivate Robert to really bring his 'A' game. Though the sex was nice and the familiar passion of their connection felt good, her much sought-for climax remained annoyingly just beyond her reach. She began slamming her hips backwards, meeting Robert's urgent thrusts head-on in an attempt to force his cock deeper than normal. "Harder, Rob! DEEPER!!" she exclaimed, her voice now laced with a hint of desperation increasing with each passing second. Despite her husband's gallant efforts, Karen began to have a growing suspicion he didn't have what it took to spoil her like she'd grown accustomed to with her son, nor provide her with what she urgently needed. Namely, the ability to hit that special, hidden sweet spot deep in her pussy which Jacob's monster had discovered and which she knew would instantly spark her orgasm to finally scratch that annoying itch.

Robert's grunting grew heavier and more erratic as he heroically did his best to comply with Karen's demanding urgency. Throwing himself into the task at hand, he began plowing into her for all he was worth, motivated in equal parts by raw animal lust and a captivated bewilderment at his wife's sudden boldness. "Ugh!! Ugh!! Yeah...take it...my little...honeybee!! TAKE IT!!!"

As he continued ramming himself in and out of his wife's luscious body, the loving husband found himself quickly enraptured. Namely, by the rippling flesh of Karen's cushiony, to-die-for bottom with each savage plunge of his thrusting hips. Using his hands, Robert purposely peeled apart the fleshy globes of her flawless ass to gain a better view of his glistening shaft pistoning in and out of her bald, thoroughly drenched pussy. "Damn, Karen! Your ass...is so...perfect!!" he groaned appreciatively, truly loving his wife's plush rear end and her new attitude towards sex in this position. It was then that a singularly raunchy idea reemerged in Robert's thoughts.

"Unnngghh!! HARRDERR!! Ohhh!! DEEEEPER!!" Karen barked in between Robert's violent thrusts, half ignoring his lewd compliment. She heard him and felt him, but the spark she needed her husband to trigger remained maddeningly out of reach. Unfortunately, despite her husband's valiant efforts, he was still falling woefully short in getting the job done. Every faint surge of hope Robert was able to muster dissipated just as quickly, leaving Karen chasing the fleeting, phantom echoes of an orgasm that simply refused to come.

From the dark recesses of her thoughts, a disturbing realization suddenly crept in-- disturbing because Karen knew deep down it was true. Her mind, already frayed by unresolved tensions that had been building up in her all day, began to fracture under the strain of fighting that truth. Clenching her eyes shut, Karen willed her body to respond-- her vaginal walls tightening consciously as if on cue. She focused her frayed thoughts on the man behind her-- the man she loved and with whom she'd built a life with. At the same time, Karen cupped her nipples and resisted her wildly swinging tits' natural impulse to spray hormone-

induced milk everywhere, thereby arousing Robert's curiosity. Just like on Sunday night, for some strange reason her sensitive nips only dribbled intermittently with her husband, and her suspicions for the reason why was something else she wasn't yet ready to admit.

The harder Karen tried, the more her mind was bombarded by unsettling, intrusive thoughts (triggered by salacious memories of recent events). From Melissa's distinct, feminine touch to Jacob's youthful, energetic intensity-- the reminder of how easily they'd pushed her over the edge left Karen little doubt how different it was with them compared to her husband. Robert was trying. He was giving her everything he had.

And yet...

A whisper from the back of her mind slipped through her defenses-- and her determined attempts to defend her husband. Its voice was cold, calculating, and unnerving as it sinuously affirmed the truth Karen so desperately denied. Forcing her eyes shut, she fought against the insidious musings now perverting her thoughts. However, each time Robert's unsatisfying thrusts slapped against her behind, the whispers seemed to only grow louder, feeding on her disappointment. Shame, longing, and frustration soon tangled together into a brewing storm until Karen could barely draw a steady breath. The only outlet she could manage to release the building pressure were her strained, increasingly perfunctory moans and yelps she made in response to her husband's efforts.

SLAP! *Unnngh!*

SLAP!! *Unnngh!!*

SLAP!!! *Unnngh!!!*

The rhythmic, reciprocal sounds of their marital coupling repeated interminably for what seemed like minutes on end. With each passing minute, her attempts to keep up appearances that she was actually enjoying it threatened to crumble and give away her ruse and growing dissatisfaction.

Clenching her jaw and biting her lip, Karen struggled with the turmoil now consuming her. She didn't want these thoughts and disappointments. She didn't want the comparisons. She didn't want the truth that kept clawing its way to the surface. Once again, a wave of self-loathing washed over the guilt-ridden housewife as she chastised herself for even thinking such horrible things. None of this was Robert's fault. He was a good man and an even better husband. He in no way deserved any of these disparaging sentiments.

Still, guilt alone couldn't erase the growing frustration bubbling up within her. Karen was desperate to silence the storm inside, desperate to feel something other than the yearning ache she couldn't seem to satisfy. In the end, the truth she kept trying to outrun caught up with her, squelching every attempt to escape it. Stifling a sigh of resignation, Karen finally admitted silently to herself, "If only it were Jake or Melissa back there...they'd get the job done!"

Reluctantly, her mind began replaying the activities earlier that day. She began imagining that it was, in fact, Melissa behind her, driving that wretched dildo in and out of her needy vagina. Unsurprisingly, surrendering to that surrogate, vivid vision had an immediate impact-- enough to put her back on the path towards an orgasm.

Suddenly, Karen felt something else altogether than guilt or frustration. Not too subtly, Robert had placed his finger against her pristine, virginal butthole. Gently applying pressure, his sly attempt to gain entrance to her most intimate and definitely off-limits orifice did not go unnoticed.

"ROB!!" Karen shrieked with a gasp, jerking away in shock. She turned toward her husband, sitting back as she swept her long brown hair from her face and lashed her tresses over her shoulder. "Just what the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Robert froze, immediately taken aback by Karen's sharp tone and vociferous reaction. She rarely ever cursed at him like that-- and when she did, it meant she was deadly serious. Suitably chastened and feeling more like a scolded child than her husband, all he could do was stammer a pathetic, "I...um...I just thought...well..."

"Well, what?" Karen snapped, her frustration boiling over. "You know very well my stance on this...subject. We've already had this conversation, years ago. I never imagined we'd ever have to revisit it again!!"

Robert tried his best to explain his rash action. "Look, honey...I'm sorry, but it's just...lately you've just been so...so..."

"'So' what?" Karen shot back, her voice dripping with venom as she cut him off. Folding her left arm across her chest to shield her naked boobs, she then asked, "What have I been, Robert? Go on. Tell me."

Hearing his full, proper name being used told Robert he needed to tread carefully. Choosing his words wisely, he confessed, "Well...you have to admit...these past few weeks you've been a lot more...shall we say...adventurous."

"Okay?" Karen replied, giving a slight nod. Her sardonic gesture was followed by a shrug as she tilted her head and narrowed her eyes, waiting for further explanation.

Robert swallowed hard and continued, "So, I just thought that maybe...you know..."

Karen's eyes widened as she realized what her husband was tiptoeing around and it all finally clicked. "Oh. I see." She then let out a sharp scoff and shook her head. "I can't believe this!" Looking back at Robert, she added, "Yes...maybe I have been a bit more...amorous lately. But that was me simply trying to reconnect with my husband-- trying to put some spark back into our sex life. In absolutely no way did it mean that I'm all of a sudden open to being...sodomized!"

Karen knew she could never tell her husband the real reason she'd been so 'amorous' recently. Namely, those insidious hormones currently coursing through her body and causing her to do all sorts of uncharacteristic things. She felt beyond shame and guilt for being willing to do outrageous things behind Robert's back with their son Jacob (and even worse, with Melissa), yet not with her own husband. Nevertheless, Karen knew retaining those secrets and concealing the truth was the wisest and only course of action.

The pressure from all these emotions and frustrations finally got to her and without thinking, she blurted out, "Tell me-- what is it with y'all and wanting to do it like that anyway?"

The moment the words left her mouth, Karen instantly regretted them. Getting off the bed, she collected her regular pink satin robe from the chair in the corner of the room and hoped Robert hadn't noticed the flash of guilt on her face.

"Y'all?" Robert echoed, confused. He tilted his head. "Who's y'all?"

Just as she feared, Karen knew she had overplayed her hand, and a wave of dread washed over her. With her back still turned to Robert, she slipped her robe over her shoulders and quickly scrambled for a viable explanation. "You know..." she replied, finally facing him again. Cinching the robe's sash tightly around her waist, she continued, "Y'all...as in all you men in general. What is it with y'all's fascination with doing it like that? Honestly, I just don't get it." She silently prayed beyond hope that Robert would somehow accept her answer.

To her relief, Robert let out a nervous chuckle and replied, "To be honest...I'm not entirely sure." He knew better than to aggravate the situation any further by admitting to the locker-room talk he'd had with his buddies. Several of them boasted their wives allowed the occasional butt play, and they all confirmed how good it felt having their cocks buried in the fiery chasm of their spouse's forbidden, nether hole. Instead, as he reached for his boxers, he explained, "Maybe because it's just different...or the fact that it's considered taboo in certain cultures and religions."

Thankful that Robert had played right into her deflection, Karen felt a great weight lifted from her conscience as she turned away and let out a silent sigh. Still, the lingering sense of frustration towards her husband remained, for reasons she couldn't quite explain. When Jacob had attempted to use his finger and violate her rear passage, her reaction hadn't nearly been as harsh. Perhaps that was due to him just being a curious teenaged boy who, in his innocence, decided to test her boundaries. Robert, however, was well familiar regarding her firm stance on the subject and, as her husband, definitely should've known better.

With a stern, unyielding tone, she stated over her shoulder, "Well, like I told you before years ago-- it's never gonna happen, and I'm not changing my mind. So, I suggest you just let it go and forget about it." Without waiting for a response, she stormed into the master bathroom and shut the door behind her.

Later that night, in the quiet darkness of their bedroom, Karen lay fitfully beside her sleeping husband. Her body still hummed with a lingering, hormone-fueled arousal that made sleep impossible. For a brief moment, she considered waking Robert up and giving it another go, but then remembered the new prospective client he had scheduled to arrive in the morning. Realizing he had a busy day at the office ahead of him and thus needed a full night's rest, Karen quickly shut that idea down.

After a few more minutes of staring up at the ceiling and locked in internal debate, Karen finally whispered to herself, "It's either that...or stay awake all night."

Karen slowly rolled her head to the left. She found Robert lying beside her with his back turned toward her. From his gentle snoring, she could tell he was definitely sound asleep. Deciding it was safe, she eased herself out of bed and collected her pink satin robe.

Before slipping into the silky garment, Karen caught sight of her reflection in the full-length mirror. She was wearing the same little white crop top sleep shirt that only came halfway down to her stomach, along with the dark blue bikini-cut panties that she'd changed into earlier. The last time she'd worn this type of outfit to bed, Robert had quipped about how much she resembled Kelly LeBrock's character 'Lisa' in that scene from the movie Weird Science.

The memory tugged a small smile from her face as she remembered her husband's silly love for those old, adolescent John Hughes films. Her anger from earlier had by now cooled a bit, and she began to feel a creeping sense of remorse for lashing out at him so harshly. She blamed those wicked hormones and their wretched side effects. With the way the chemicals caused her erratic emotions and erotic desires to ricochet so unpredictably, it was like she was on a constant roller coaster ride. For the time being, however, all she could do was resolve to deal with the guilt later-- after she took care of her immediate

physical needs.

After tying her robe, Karen glanced back to ensure Robert was still soundly asleep. She then quietly padded over to the dresser, slid open the drawer where she kept her safely-hidden sex toy, and discretely collected the towel-wrapped device. Holding it gingerly with her right hand, she then closed the drawer with care using her other hand and snuck out of the room as silently as she could.

Moments later, Karen found herself in the guest bedroom and quietly closed the door behind her, turning the lock with a soft click. She reached for the lamp on the nightstand but hesitated, deciding against turning it on at the last second. The room remained dim, lit only by the faint glow of the tiny night light plugged into the wall on the other side of the bed.

After unwrapping the towel from her secretly-concealed dildo, Karen set the hot pink sex aid gently onto the bed. Her eyes were fixed on it as she shrugged off her robe and contemplated the surrogate silicone lover laying there patiently, waiting for her to join it.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her dark blue panties, Karen continued to stare at the horrid piece of hardware beckoning enticingly at her. The tingling she felt between her legs intensified at the thought of finally giving her body the climax it so desperately needed to flush the sinful hormones from her system and quiet the storm brewing inside long enough for her to sleep.

At the same time, Karen couldn't quite shake a disquieting sense of disappointment. Once again, she was having to rely on a battery-operated substitute to provide the much sought-after relief she longed for. She reminded herself that her body and mind needed this. Just like Robert, she, too, had a busy day ahead. Shopping, errands and other responsibilities needed to be done, and, at the moment, this was her only way of getting some much-needed sleep.

Unless...

Before sliding her panties down her curvy hips, Karen's gaze lifted. She stared at the far wall that separated the guest bedroom from Jacob's. An irrational impulse she'd been fighting since the moment she left her own bedroom reemerged, growing stronger by the second. Once again, she found herself tempted by a perilous idea: to throw caution to the wind and recklessly break her number one rule.

Karen's mind flashed back to earlier that day. She could see Melissa and Jacob tangled together on his bed while she sat nearby in her son's computer desk chair, watching. She envisioned the young lawyer face down on the mattress, her butt high in the air, while her son pounded the engaged woman's vagina into a series of mind-twisting, body-wracking orgasms. Those vivid images seared into her brain made Karen's pussy twitch, leaking even more of her natural lubricant into the already wet gusset of her panties.

For a moment, Karen contemplated the unthinkable. She glanced down once more at the dildo-- the sensible, safe option. That's what she told herself in a desperate bid to stave off succumbing to the unconscionable alternative. Yet her thoughts kept drifting past the wall separating the two bedrooms, as her tempted mind broached the possibility of giving her body what it truly craved.

After several more seconds of agonizing self-debate, Karen finally whispered, "Dear God...please don't let him wake up."

Leaving her discarded robe on the bed, Karen picked up the silicone sex toy and tucked it safely under the pillow. Deeming it sufficiently hidden, she eschewed putting her robe back on, figuring she could come back for the two items later. With excited impatience, she then quickly exited the guest room, wishing to avoid any possibility of giving herself a chance to reconsider or second-guess her choice.

She assumed Jacob would be asleep at this late hour, since he had school the following morning, and therefore didn't bother knocking. The moment she stepped inside, however, Karen was immediately greeted by his unmistakable scent. The overwhelming aroma of his familiar pheromones was sharp and intoxicating, causing her arousal to spike at once and her sensitive pink nipples to harden and tighten. Soon, the quickly leaking tips of her tingling teats had elongated, to the point that they looked like they were trying to poke through the thin cotton material of her sleep top.

As Karen stepped into the darkened bedroom, her eyes adjusted and she found Jacob wasn't asleep at all. Instead, he was seated at his computer desk with his massive dick in hand, slowly jacking off to whatever it was he was absorbed in on the monitor. The shocked Mother froze, then quickly shut the door behind her and locked it. Then, in a harsh whisper, she demanded, "Jacob Dean Miller! Just what on earth do you think you're doing?"

Without looking away from the screen, Jacob replied flatly, "What's it look like, Mom?"

Karen circled around the bed until she stood beside him. "I know what you're doing. What I meant was...why aren't you asleep? Don't you have school to--?" she stopped midsentence as soon as she recognized the pictures he'd been ogling on his computer monitor.

Now standing behind his chair, Karen gasped. "Jake! I thought we agreed that you'd only look at those pictures when your father's not at home."

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob muttered, as he continued to scroll through the semi-nude photos of Karen from her bathtub 'modeling session' the previous Saturday. "I know we did, but I couldn't sleep. Ms. Turner left too soon to get it all out of my system and I was still worked up from being with Sara earlier. So, I thought if I could just get rid of this boner using your pics, that might help." Pausing his scrolling once he came across one of his favorite photos, he added under his breath, "Dang, Mom...you look so hot here!"

Karen felt a blush warming her cheeks and a hot flash travel up her neck as she gazed at the picture along with Jacob. She had to agree with her son-- she indeed looked pretty darned good. "Well..." she sighed, "In the future, at least lock your door."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob murmured, still staring at the screen with her. "Honestly though, I didn't think there was any danger. I mean...with you keeping dad busy and all."

Karen looked down at the top of his head. "Busy? What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, c'mon Mom...you know what I mean," Jacob replied. "I heard y'all earlier."

"Y-you...heard us?" Karen asked, feeling the burning heat now rising to her cheeks. "You weren't trying to spy on us again, were you?" Her voice sharpened into a more suspicious tone. "Because if you were..."

"I wasn't spying, Mom...honest," Jacob cut in quickly. "I was just in the bathroom brushing my teeth...but I was able to hear you halfway down the hall."

"Oh, my goodness!" Karen gasped, feeling even more mortified. "I didn't realize I was THAT loud," she half-said to herself, in a whisper.

"Don't worry about it..." Jacob shrugged, finally turning in his chair to face her. Once he saw what his Mother was wearing, his eyebrows shot up. "Wow...you look amazing, Mom! Doing the old Weird Science thing for dad again?"

"What?" Karen blinked, a bit confused. She then looked herself over and answered

sheepishly, "Oh. No...it's just what I picked out to sleep in, that's all. Besides...how would you even know about that, anyway?"

Still slowly stroking his dick, Jacob chuckled softly, "Mom, I've watched that movie with dad hundreds of times. He always mentions how much he likes it when you wear something like that to bed..."

A few seconds of awkward silence passed, before Jacob looked up and asked, "So, um...are you having trouble sleeping, too?"

"Why do you ask that?" Karen responded, trying to look him in the eye. Yet her eyes betrayed her, as she couldn't help but drift her gaze down to Jacob's hand traveling up and down along his bloated, veiny shaft. Her mouth began to water at the sight of continuously dribbling precum bubbling up from his pee slit.

"Well, it kinda makes sense," Jacob replied. "I mean, why else would you be in here instead of in bed with dad at this late hour? Unless..."

"Unless what?" Karen asked, her voice thinner than she intended.

Jacob's grin was quiet but knowing. "Unless dad wasn't able to seal the deal. From the way it sounded down the hallway, you were getting a bit frustrated." He stopped stroking himself, then stood up and asked, as he stepped closer and faced her. "Is that it, Mom?"

With sudden boldness, his right hand reached up and grabbed Karen's left breast through her thin cotton sleep top. He then roughly tweaked the rigid nipple capping the tip of her tit which was just begging to be pinched. As he leaned in, the drooling head of his cock bumped into Karen's panty-covered pubic mound, smearing precum onto it, while its elastic waistband tickled the underside of his glans. Groaning, his voice became huskier as he instinctively thrust his hips and teased, "Is that why you came in here to my room? Did dad disappoint you...again?"

At first Karen was caught off-guard by her son's brazen and cavalier attitude, yet she couldn't deny that Jacob's aggressive moves made her pulse jump, triggering a rapid chain reaction. The pleasant, latent tingling in her nipple quickly caught fire and spread throughout her boobs. Before long the inferno spread to her loins, stoking the heat in her already aroused vagina until its flames were fanned anew, engulfing it in a furnace of feminine, yearning desire. A small, shrinking voice of conscience yelled at Karen, but it was ignored. She should have stopped him, before this went any further. She knew exactly where this path was bound to lead. Instead, all Karen could do was muster a weak whisper, "Jake...you shouldn't say such things...about your father!"

"It's okay, Mom..." Jacob murmured, sliding his hands beneath the short hem of her crop top as he continued his subtle, yet deliberate, humping motions and left trails of slimy precum all over the fabric of her panties. He began kneading both of his Mother's beautiful, bra-less breasts, enjoying their hefty weight-- his touch slow, deliberate and claiming. "Remember what I said. I'll always be here for you...no matter what." His eager young fingers then took a hold of both of Karen's rock-hard nipples and gave them a playful pinch. At once his palms were rewarded with jets of warm and creamy Mommy milk, causing him to groan aloud again, "Damn, Mom...you've got such great tits!"

Karen's first instinct was to snap at Jacob for his colorful language, but the reprimand never made it past her lips. Instead, a low and throaty nasal noise

escaped her mouth, breathy and sensuous and one she couldn't suppress, "Mmmmmmm..." The current of electricity running from her nipples and straight to her vagina ramped up even more in voltage. Without even thinking, she grabbed a hold of her top's short hem and pulled it over her head, letting it fall to the floor. She now stood in the middle of her son's dimly-lit room wearing nothing but her panties, with her breathing shallow and uneven.

With pursed lips, Jacob lunged his head in and licked one of Karen's leaking nipples, collecting a hanging droplet of creamy, sweet breastmilk onto his tongue. "Dang it, Mom...you taste so good!" the teenager commented, before taking her swollen, aching nub fully into his mouth. After adjusting his stance slightly to gain easier access, he began hungrily nursing his Mother's breast, whose nourishing nectar she now freely and willingly relinquished to him.

The intense pleasure nearly caused Karen's knees to buckle. "Oh, Snuggle Bear!" she whispered, her right hand instinctively finding the back of Jacob's head, pulling him tighter to her chest. Feeling something slick on her thigh, she looked down and saw the tip of her son's massive cock now poking into her leg. Without hesitation, Karen reached down with her left hand and took a hold of his pulsing shaft before lovingly stroking its veiny exterior. "It's so big...so hard."

Moments later, Jacob pulled away from Karen's breast and looked up into his Mother's warm, hazel eyes. "How 'bout it, Mom?" he posed. "I'll finish what dad couldn't." Moving to the other side, he then took her other nipple into his mouth and began sucking on it too, drinking more of his Mother's warm and creamy breastmilk.

Karen gasped and squeezed her trembling thighs together as more and more of her womanly essence gushed from her drooling vagina. She wasn't sure how much more fluid her poor panties could absorb-- they were literally drenched.

Now fully sated with his Mom's hormone-infused milk, Jacob pulled back from Karen's breast and grinned naughtily. Creamy white residue still clung to his lips and chin as he again posited, "So, what do ya say, Mom? Let your little Snuggle Bear finish the job and fuck you silly...then bust a nice, fat load inside you, while dad's asleep just down the hall?"

Karen continued to stroke Jacob's by now leaking cock, having never released it even when he shifted position to her right breast. He stood more directly in front of her and his angrily-hued tip was angled even straighter at her yearning snatch, pointing home to his Mom's perfectly-fitting paradise. His drooling precum had by now soaked her dainty fingers and soiled the rings on her left hand as she languidly and absentmindedly jerked him off. At the same time, Jacob's not too subtle thrusts intermittently bumped the leg gap area near her loins-- signaling his youthful, eager intent and nudging them ever closer to his bed.

As Karen rubbed her son's glans on the front of her bare thigh and smeared his lubricating goo all over her smooth skin, she pondered his salacious suggestion. After a few more seconds contemplating, she glanced back at the locked bedroom door to ensure that it was securely latched. The last remaining logical corner of her mind then made a quick calculation to reckon where she currently was in her menstrual cycle. Deeming herself 'safe' on both fronts, she looked back down to Jacob with a demure expression and asked in a throaty whisper, "Can you keep quiet?"

Jacob's smile widened-- she was going to give in, and he knew it. "Yes, Ma'am," he whispered back, nodding with quiet satisfaction and certain now in her permission. The unspoken green light she'd just granted him instantly made his cock more erect and lengthen even longer as Karen released her hold. He now found his Mom seated at the edge of his mattress, leaning back on her elbows.

"I mean it, Jake..." Karen replied sternly, as she scooched back and

unceremoniously spread her legs wide open. Her permission was officially granted-- her posture undeniably intentional. Pulling her panties aside with her left hand (and not even bothering to ask Jake to use a condom) she added, "You have to promise me, because this could be very dangerous..." Reaching down with her other hand, she next used her index and middle fingers like fleshy forceps, prying apart her drenched pussy lips in open invitation. "And if we were to get caught-- "

"I promise you, Mom..." Jacob interjected, looming over her now with his bare cock in hand and staring intently into the inflamed and flooded, darkly ridged tunnel leading to his Mother's cervix. As if on autopilot, the drooling tip of his bare manhood homed in on the spread-open petals of Karen's leaking, gaping womanhood, drawn irresistibly to her openly exposed Mommy-hole (and the maternal, unprotected uterus it led to) like a magnet.

"I'll be as quiet as a church mouse," Jacob continued, his smile vanishing and the tone in his voice shifting, "The only question is..." With a deftness derived from constant 'practice' with her, he then proceeded to shove nearly the whole length of his throbbing, veiny monster into the welcoming clutches of Karen's forbidden Mommy pussy. In that one swift thrust, his precum and her womanly essence mixed instantly, combining in a loving, lubricating layer that coated his entire shaft. After uttering a hoarse and satisfied grunt, Jacob ended his statement. "Can you?"

Wincing only slightly, Karen threw her head back and moaned audibly, knitting her brow and hooding her eyes. Looking back to her son, she at once savored the exquisite, distended fullness which only Jacob's cock could provide whenever it plugged her vaginal canal. She then propped herself back up on her elbows to get a better view of their forbidden coupling and watched transfixed as her own son began to slowly penetrate her raw. Biting her bottom lip, she knew without a doubt before the night was through she'd have yet another thick batch of millions of little 'Jacobs' swimming around inside her-- and no doubt just dying to find her egg. However, before she could properly answer his question...

BEEP!!! *BEEP!!!* *BEEP!!!* *BEEP!!!*

The alarm clock on Jacob's nightstand suddenly erupted, its blare slicing through and interrupting the moment. Terrified that Robert might hear the shrill and disconcerting racket, Karen shouted in a panic, "QUICK, JAKE...SHUT THAT THING OFF!"

"Unnnggggghhhh--!!!"

Karen jolted up with a gasp and sat up drenched in a cold sweat. After several seconds feeling out of sorts, she finally realized she was in her own bed. The noise filling the room wasn't Jacob's alarm clock at all, but hers. Quickly reaching over with shaky hands to her nightstand, she fumbled for the 'SNOOZE' button and tapped it off to silence the annoying noise.

Still dazed and confused from the extremely lucid dream she'd just had, Karen examined herself and found she was still wearing the little white crop top along with her dark blue panties. Both were damp with the lingering evidence of her restless night.

Turning to her left, she next noticed that Robert's side of the bed empty. Glancing towards the bathroom, she saw there wasn't any sign of him there, either. Then she remembered -- her husband had an early meeting scheduled with a prospective new client for that morning. With a sigh both of regret and resignation, she figured he must have slipped out quietly to get a head start at the office.

Feeling a pang of remorse for not truly making things right with Robert before they went to sleep, Karen grabbed her cell phone and typed a quick text:

"Have a good day, sweetheart."

"Love youðŸ˜˜ "

Placing her cell phone back onto her nightstand, Karen immediately became aware that the heat of her arousal from the night before was still simmering inside her. Far from quenching its flames, the dream she'd just had only served to stoke it even more. And now, with Robert already gone for the morning, nothing stood between her and making the temptation that had been haunting her all night a reality.

Karen slipped out of bed and wrapped herself in her pink satin robe. She then left the master bedroom with a singular purpose and one destination in mind: Jacob's room.

As the horny housewife made a bee-line towards the other end of the hallway, a familiar yet delightful scent suddenly stopped Karen dead in her tracks: freshly brewed coffee. She paused at the top of the stairway, listening intently. Faint clinks and soft movement could be detected, drifting up from someone down in the kitchen.

A small smile tugged at Karen's lips. "Huh...Jake must be down trying to make breakfast. How sweet."

As she descended the stairs, the sounds she'd suspected coming from the kitchen became clearer and louder. Her suspicions that someone was there were now confirmed, and she had no doubts it was definitely her teenaged son.

Now standing just outside the kitchen, Karen remembered Jacob's reaction to her Weird Science getup in her dream. On impulse (and wanting to playfully surprise him), she slipped off her robe and decided to borrow a line from the character Lisa in the movie.

As she rounded the corner wearing only her tiny crop top and skimpy darkâ ˙blue panties, Karen announced in a feigned and exaggerated, soft British accent, "So...what would my little maniac like to do first?-- "

"AAAAHHH...ROB!!!!"

Karen squealed, nearly jumping out of her skin when she realized it was her husband-- and not Jacob-- standing in the kitchen. Even though she technically had a top on, she still instinctively crossed her arms over her chest.

Robert looked up from whisking eggs in a glass bowl, wearing one of her 'Kiss The Cook' aprons over his dress shirt and tie. "Well good morning...Lisa," he teased, jokingly. "Who else were you expecting to find down here? Me, I hope-- especially since you snuck up on me...half-naked!"

"Well of course you, silly..." Karen replied, as she reverted to her native accent and tried to recover her composure. Still gathering her bearings, she lowered her arms and continued, trying to cover her tracks, "I smelled the coffee brewing from upstairs and I thought it'd be fun to surprise you a little." As she discretely slid her robe back on, she added, "But it seems I'm the one who got a shock. What I mean is, I'm just caught off guard to find you down here...cooking."

As she watched her oblivious husband nonchalantly resume his whisking, a sudden realization hit Karen like a cold wave. If she hadn't detected the strong aromatic scent of coffee wafting its way up to the second floor, she'd most likely would've been in Jacob's room right now, totally naked in his bed (and doing Lord knows what).

A wave of guilt and shame washed over Karen as the unthinkable notion of Robert catching her and Jacob played out in her mind. The thought of her husband

discovering his own wife and son engaging in sinfully raw and incestuous, Mother-son intercourse was too much to fathom. Once again, Karen knew she had dodged a major bullet and (with silent, desperate gratitude), uttered a prayer to herself, "Thank you, God!"

Robert added a splash of milk to the bowl of egg batter and quipped, "Why so shocked? I can cook on more than just the grill, you know." He resumed whisking the eggs and added, with a chuckle, "Though I guess...it could've been worse. Could you imagine if it had been Jake down here-- and you barged in on him dressed like that?" Robert paused and placed the bowl down, laughing aloud at the notion. "Now that would've been a big shock to his system!"

Karen let out a nervous giggle and tried to steer the conversation to safer waters. With a dismissive wave, she stated, "Oh, please...as if Jake would even be up at this early hour. And cooking...on his own?"

Robert pondered the thought for a few seconds, then shook his head and scoffed. "You're right. That would never happen." He then turned to the stove and poured the battered egg mixture onto a heated frying pan.

Karen stepped closer to the island. "But I do want to ask-- what are you doing here? When my alarm went off and you weren't in bed, I just assumed you'd already left for the office."

Still tending to the scrambled eggs, Robert explained, "Well, that was my fault...I meant to turn off your alarm. I just wanted to make you breakfast in bed this morning..." He glanced back over his shoulder at Karen and continued, "As part of my apology for ruining things last night."

Karen felt her heart soften. "No, sweetheart..." she began, as she made her way around the island and wrapped her arms around her husband. "I'm the one who should apologize. I'm truly sorry."

Robert pulled back slightly, surprised, "You? You have absolutely nothing to be sorry about. I've been well aware of your position on that kind of stuff for years now, and should've known better. It was wrong of me to assume you'd changed your mind and try anything without talking to you first."

"Well, still..." Karen gently replied. "I shouldn't have been so harsh with you. Snapping at you wasn't fair at all. In your defense, lately I have been a bit more...'adventurous', as you put it-- as well as more vocal lately. I can understand how you might've come to that conclusion."

Robert nodded as he began dividing the scrambled eggs onto three plates on the countertop. With a sigh of relief, he stated with a warm smile, "Well...here's a thought. How about we just forgive, forget, and move on?"

Karen smiled back and kissed him on the cheek. "Now that sounds like a plan."

With the tension between them finally eased, Karen's thoughts drifted back to that other 'plan' she had in mind, before she got sidetracked downstairs. Namely, that of relieving another sort of 'tension' with a much-needed session with Jacob. Normally, she would've been appalled at continuing with her intentions after having just mended things with Robert, but the insidious hormones still in her system were now in control-- clouding her morals and judgement.

Trying to sound casual, Karen leaned against the counter and asked, "So...what time are those prospective new clients supposed to arrive? You mentioned you had a meeting with them this morning."

"Oh, that's right..." Robert replied, as he set the empty frying pan in the sink. "I haven't told you that part yet."

Karen tilted her head. "What part?"

"I got a text from them earlier this morning," he explained, turning toward her. "Their flight from California got delayed yesterday-- something about a TSA workers' strike on, of all days, Veterans' Day! Probably a blessing in disguise honestly, with all the rain last night. They won't be arriving 'til later this afternoon, so we're rescheduling our meeting for tomorrow. So...since I don't have anything else on my plate or scheduled for today, I figured I'd stay home and spend some time with my family again."

"Oh...really?" Karen replied, trying to sound pleasantly surprised. Inside, she could sense her earlier 'plan'-- the irrationally insane one that involved hooking up with Jacob for wild and unprotected incestuous sex-- now slipping further out of reach.

Robert picked up the coffee carafe and began filling two mugs on the countertop. "Yeah. I thought maybe we could also spend some time together today. What do you think?"

"Well, sweetheart..." Karen began, offering a smile she hoped looked natural. "That sounds wonderful, but I do need to run a few errands this morning. And I have to stop by Brenda's office to pick up some-- " She caught herself just in time, stopping short of confessing her real intention for visiting her younger sister that morning. Namely, in order to obtain some sample Plan-B 'morning after' pills which Brenda had offered her. Luckily, she was able to think of something quickly and continued, "Vitamins. Ones she says should help me with my mood swings...now that I'm no longer taking any birth control."

"No problem..." Robert responded nonchalantly, placing the carafe back into the coffee maker. "You go take care of your errands and see Brenda. I'll get a few things done here and send some emails while I wait for you. I've been meaning to take Big Bertha in for an oil change as well...she's way overdue for one. Anyways, once we're both finished, then maybe I can take you out for a lunch date this afternoon. How's that sound?"

Karen immediately felt guilt tightening around her heart. Here was her loving, faithful husband trying to carve out time to be with her-- yet all she could think about that morning was finding a way to get him out of the house. All so she could engage in unadulterated and illicit, illegal sex with their teenaged son (and then afterwards pick up pills from Brenda to prevent a potential pregnancy with that said son).

"Damn these hormones!" she uncharacteristically cursed to herself, frustrated by how clouded her judgment now felt.

Determined to push aside the irrational thoughts consuming her mind, Karen let a warm, curling smile soften her face. Lovingly placing a hand on Robert's cheek, she replied, "That sounds wonderful, sweetheart...I can't wait." Leaning in, she then gave her husband a soft kiss on the lips. As she pulled back she added, "Now...I'd better go and wake Jake up, before his breakfast gets cold."

As Karen stepped out of the kitchen, the wheels inside her head began spinning again-- along with a swirling mixture of guilt, longing, and frustration. All these torments tangled together in her thoughts, along with a rising sense of urgency and a feeling of being pressed for time. With the unexpected turn of events and Robert home for the day, she now needed to rethink everything. Above all, she had to come up with yet another plan in order to get a much-needed mating session in with Jacob-- in order to finally satisfy that intensely carnal, sinful desire that had been building up inside her since the day before-- and which her body was now intensely craving.

As she ascended the staircase, the determined Mother and wife ran through several possibilities in her mind. It was as if the two sides of her conscience-- the 'angel' and 'devil' Karens perched atop her shoulders-- were no

longer in conflict, but cunningly conniving together to bring about her descent into the depths of depravity and sin.

"Well Karen...what do you do now?" she asked herself.

Then she remembered something Brenda had said back on Halloween when posed with a similarly complicated predicament. Mimicking her sister's tone and borrowing her phrase, Karen softly answered her own question, "I dunno...but you know me. I'll think of something."

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"Mornin', stud!"

"If it's still a go, I'll be by your school to pick you up right after lunch."

Jacob's phone buzzed with a pair of texts in rapid succession, pulling him out of his semi-slumbering state. Still sprawled across his bed, he blinked at the messages glowing on the screen-- before a soft knock at his door alerted him in an entirely different way. With his plan to compose a quick reply to his Aunt Brenda interrupted, he quietly slid his cell phone under his pillow and pretended to be asleep.

"Jake...honey?" Karen whispered, as she entered the room. Crossing over to the bed, she sat down on the edge of the mattress next to her son and gave his shoulder a gentle shake. "Jake...wake up, sweetie."

"Nggghh..." Jacob groaned groggily, as he feigned waking up from a deep sleep. "Mom?..." he asked, raising up onto his elbows. "What's going on? Did I oversleep?"

"No," Karen replied, with a slight chuckle. "It's still early. I just thought you might want to come on downstairs. Your dad decided to stay home today and cook breakfast."

Jacob's eyebrows shot up. "Dad cooked?" he scoffed, tilting his head. "What's that about? Wait...am I being punished, or something?"

Karen laughed, shaking her head. "No, you're not being punished." She leaned in and continued, "Believe it or not, your dad's actually a pretty good cook. He just doesn't get the chance very often because I love to do it so much. Plus, I think he made waffles."

Jacob's gaze flicked toward the pillow still hiding his phone, a knot tightening in his stomach. Since he still hadn't replied to his Aunt's text, the longer he waited, the more likely she was to send a follow-up message. He couldn't remember whether he had the volume turned up on his phone or not, so any alert (even from under his pillow) would surely give him away. The last thing he wanted to do so early in the morning was to explain anything to his Mom.

Now somewhat anxious to get his Mother to leave, he replied, "Well, if waffles are involved, then I'm definitely curious to see what the old man came up with. Let me get dressed and I'll be down in a few."

"Okay," Karen replied. "I'll let you get ready, but first..." Using her hand, she brushed a stray lock of hair from her son's forehead and asked softly, "What do you have planned for school today?"

Remembering the secret arrangement he had to meet up with his Aunt Brenda, Jacob gave a shrug and fibbed, "Oh, you know...just a typical school day. Nothing special." He began praying that his phone would remain silent.

Karen gave him a knowing look. "Jake, it's Thursday. Don't you usually have chemistry lab on Thursday mornings?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I do." Jacob affirmed.

Karen cocked her head slightly. "Will Sara be there?"

Jacob nodded. "Uh...yes, Ma'am...as far as I know."

Karen leaned in and rested her hand lightly on Jacob's thigh, hidden underneath his Star Wars comforter-- close enough to send a message, yet subtle enough not to give away her intentions. "Well, I must say...I'm surprised you haven't asked me for any 'help'," she murmured sultrily, arching an eyebrow. "Or did Ms. Turner give you everything you needed yesterday that you don't need your old Mom?"

Finally catching his Mother's drift, Jacob sat up straighter and replied emphatically, "No, Ma'am! I mean...yes, Mom. Don't get me wrong...as much as I appreciate Ms. Turner, I'll always welcome your help-- even more so than her probably. And like you've said before, if I'm gonna be around Sara today, then it's better to be safe than sorry. Oh yeah, and how many times have I gotta tell you, Mom-- you're not old!"

A satisfied smile spread across Karen's face.

Placing his hand on hers, Jacob looked his Mom in the eyes and continued, "But with dad being home all day, how are we gonna pull it off? On top of that, you've been so worried about me showing up late for school too much lately, and having to sign me in."

Karen leaned in closer and replied softly, "You let me worry about that...okay?"

Jacob nodded. "Uh...okay."

Squeezing his hand, Karen stood back up, a demure expression on her lovely face. "You're right though. Your dad staying home today does make things a bit more...challenging."

With a knowing smirk, Jacob offered, "I know! We could always try the laundry room..." For some strange reason, he continued to harbor a horny desire to somehow do his Mother while his father was still in the house-- right under his very nose. Other than reaming her forbidden ass, breaking her number one rule was one of his biggest goals to accomplish.

Karen's grip and expression tightened as she remembered her vivid dream from earlier that morning. "No, Jake. As I've told you before, that's way too risky."

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "Just an idea."

Releasing his hand as she leaned in to kiss him softly on the forehead, Karen's mood brightened once more. "Don't you worry though. I'll come up with something..." As she turned to head for the door, she added, "For now, hurry up and head downstairs to the kitchen...before your breakfast gets cold."

Jacob pulled the covers off and made the motions as if he was starting to get up. "Okay, Mom...I'll be right down."

As soon as Karen left the room and he heard the door click shut behind her, Jacob counted to five, then pulled out his phone from under his pillow. He then

sat on the edge of his bed and hurriedly sent a reply text to Brenda:

"sounds great, aunt bren'"

"c u then! ðŸ˜ "

A little while later, Jacob sat beside Karen in his usual seat at the breakfast nook table, wolfing down Robert's surprisingly good scrambled eggs.

"You know, dad..." he commented, in between bites, "These aren't half-bad. Actually...they're pretty good!!"

Robert beamed with pride. "Well, thank you, sport..." Raising his coffee mug to take a sip, he looked to Karen across the table and said, "See, honey? I can use a stove-- as well as the grill!"

"Come to think of it, dad...maybe you should cook more often," Jacob added, taking a bite of waffle. He was expecting the usual scold from his Mom for talking with his mouth full, but for some reason it never came.

Instead, Karen smiled at her husband across the table and joined in on her son's idea. "Jake might be on to something there, honey." With a giggle, she added, "Perhaps you should take on more of the kitchen and 'Mom' duties around here."

Robert froze and his eyes widened. A look of terror flashed across his face. "Uhhh...I mean, I guess I could?"

After an awkward second, Karen and Jacob shared a knowing look and both burst out laughing.

Seeing the bewildered expression on her husband's face, Karen reached across the table and reassured him, "Relax, honey. I'm only half-teasing you. We just wanted to see what your reaction would be."

Jacob leaned towards his Mom, snickering, "Did you see the look on dad's face? That was priceless!"

Somewhat dejected that his wife and son would quip at his expense, Robert sat back in his chair and crossed his arms. "Ha-ha...laugh it up, you two! Glad that I can be a source of entertainment for you both this morning."

Robert's sardonic glare softened after only a few seconds, as he himself chuckled, "But I'll admit...y'all got me pretty good!" He rarely (if ever) got mad at Karen or Jacob, and when he did, it was never for too long.

Standing up with empty coffee mug in hand, he motioned toward Karen's cup. "More coffee?"

Still trying to stifle her giggling, Karen nodded and handed Robert her mug. "Yes, please...thank you, sweetheart."

As he refilled their coffee cups, Robert turned from the counter and commented, "So, Jake...I noticed it rained quite a bit last night. The weather channel I was watching earlier issued a heavy fog advisory until around 9:00 am. That could make things pretty dangerous for your bike ride to school this morning-- plus with the time change last week it's still pretty dark out there. Since I'm not working today, how about I give you a lift to school?"

"NO!! I'll take him!" Karen immediately blurted out, perhaps a bit too quickly and too loudly. This caused Robert to look toward her, confused.

Softening her tone, Karen smiled and continued much more calmly. "I mean...no, sweetheart. I'll be happy to take Jake." Meanwhile, her left hand had drifted down to her son's right thigh beneath the table, where Robert couldn't see.

Giving a gentle squeeze, she continued, slowly, "After all, I've got a ton of errands to run, plus I need to stop by Brenda's office while I'm out. It only makes sense that we--that I do it."

Nonplussed, Robert turned back to stirring their coffees. "Well, okay...I just wanted to see if I could help out, and take something off your plate."

"You did, sweetheart..." Karen reassured her husband, as she slid her hand further up Jacob's thigh. Her fingers then grazed the lump inside her son's sleep pants, quickly causing his steadily stiffening penis to become erect. Giving Jacob a mischievous, sideways glance, she added, "You made breakfast for our growing boy-- that already was a big help."

Jacob's eyes widened. He couldn't believe that his straitlaced Mother would do something so out of character as to basically fondle his cock with his dad right there-- in the same room! Rachel was right, he found himself agreeing. When those hormones took control, there was no telling what their Mom would be willing to do!

As Robert returned to the table, carefully holding two steaming cups of fresh coffee, Karen quickly removed her hand from Jacob's thigh before her husband noticed. "Besides..." she continued, clearing her throat and taking the cup her husband held out to her, "Didn't you say you wanted to get some work done this morning...so we could have our lunch date later?"

"I did," Robert nodded, sitting back down in his chair. "I was thinking we could try that place David was telling me about the other Sunday-- Parkwoods I think it's called...over in Peachtree Corners." Lifting his mug to his lips, he added with a grin, "He mentioned Donna really likes the place-- so it must be good...because you know how uppity she can be."

"True..." Karen agreed, with a soft chuckle. "I mean, I love the woman dearly, but she can be quite...presumptuous at times."

Jacob kept his head down and remained silent as he ate his breakfast. He pondered just how shocked his parents would be if they only knew the 'uppity' and 'presumptuous' preacher's wife the same way he'd recently gotten to know her. The teenager had seen Donna Miller in a light probably most other people (including her clueless husband) never had. He felt a strange sense of pride knowing that his massive cock and overpowering hormones could turn the snooty church lady into a cum guzzling, orgasm-addicted, cheating slut. The stark contrast between her polished public persona and the private, uninhibited version he was intimately familiar with made him smirk inwardly. But he knew better than to say anything.

Karen rose and carried her plate to the sink. "Okay, then. Agreed. You stay here and get your work done, while I take Jake to school." Stepping up behind Robert, she placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned in, close enough for her breath to brush his ear. "You promised me a lunch date, and I don't want anything getting in the way of that," she whispered alluringly, before giving her husband a kiss on the cheek.

"Don't worry," Robert said, his eyes fixed on Karen as she made her way around the kitchen. "I'm just gonna clear some emails in my inbox and then take Big Bertha down to the Jiffy Lube for a quick oil change."

"So, what time were you thinking?" Karen asked, as she picked up the syrup bottle and jug of orange juice from the table. "12:00? 12:30?"

Robert nodded, "12:30 sounds good." When he noticed Karen beginning to clear the table, he put up his hand, "Don't bother with any of that, honey. I'll clean up in the kitchen. You go on up and get ready to do your errands. I'll take care of things down here."

"Wow..." Karen commented, feigning wonder as she placed the syrup and orange juice back down on the table. "He cooks and cleans...might just be a keeper!"

Robert chuckled. "What can I say? I'm the total package."

"Yes, you are," Karen said with a wink. "Alright," she began, as she walked behind Jacob and ruffled his hair on her way to leave the kitchen. "Sweetie, you finish eating and then get ready for school. Let me grab my things and after I get dressed real quick, we'll leave."

Caught mid-gulp, Jacob downed his orange juice and replied, "Okay, Mom."

Watching her sashay out of the kitchen, the teenager felt his cock twitch with anticipation as he stole a glance at his Mom's matronly bottom hidden (yet undeniable) beneath her silky pink robe. He was still taken aback by her unusually bold action at the table, and how adamant she was about taking him to school. Getting more excited, he began to wonder exactly what she had planned for them that morning. Something was brewing, and he could feel it. Hungrily scarfing down his dad's scrambled eggs along with some toast, he fully refueled his tanks with carbs and protein in eager anticipation of what was to come. Hopefully, Jacob raunchily thought, he'd soon have a chance to give his Mom a far more naughtier -- and intimate-- version of 'scrambled eggs '.

Less than thirty minutes later, Karen eased her red Jeep Grand Cherokee through the thick morning fog with Jacob in the front passenger seat. The world outside was still dark and heavy-- the storm from the night before having left the roads slick and the visibility dangerously low. Moist air moving up from the Gulf the previous day had brought an overnight downpour that settled into an unusually dense fog by morning. It blanketed the entire area and had already caused a serious auto accident, backing up local traffic for several blocks.

Unwilling to risk their safety, Karen kept her speed low, accepting that Jacob might end up being late again. About halfway along their usual route, she chose to divert toward Dunwoody High School by an alternate path. The detour wasn't just about avoiding the gridlock-- it was also to give her a little more space to breathe, to settle her nerves, and to try and clear the crowded thoughts pressing at the edges of her mind.

Noticing their detour, Jacob glanced over to his Mom behind the steering wheel -- and only then noted what she was wearing. The outfit she'd chosen wasn't one she usually wore to take him to school, and suggested she was planning to perhaps go for a jog after running her errands.

Karen was wearing a black pair of Lululemon running tights and a matching black zip-up hoodie with red trim. She wore the hoodie halfway unzipped, exposing the top portion of her red sports bra. The super-supportive garment created a deep cavern of bountiful cleavage that the teenager found quite pleasing to stare at. On her dainty feet, she wore her favorite pair of white-and-red Sketcher slip-on running shoes. She'd kept her makeup light, and her long chestnut brown hair was pulled into a loose, yet stylish ponytail, with several loosened strands framing her face in a way that made her look angelic and radiant.

"So, Mom..." Jacob began, raising his voice over the loud din of music. As usual, Karen was blaring her playlist of 80's music. "Do you have a plan? I mean...for us to...you know."

Karen reached over and turned the volume down a notch. Despite having to drive slower than normal in the fog, she was still going to crank her favorite tunes. "I'm still working on it, sweetie..." she replied, her tone pensive and ruminating. The air in the cabin was now flooded with her son's intoxicating scent, and the horny mother was determined to find a way to take care of them both. Leaning closer, she then used her right hand to gently stroke Jacob's now throbbing erection through his pants. With a coy smile, she added, "But don't worry...I'll think of something." Coming to a stop, she gave Jacob a quick

reassuring glance before removing her hand from his thigh and placing it back on the steering wheel.

"Here's an idea..." Jacob offered. "How about we go back to your old secret make-out spot down by the river? That place worked out great last time."

"Yes, you're right...it did," Karen replied, nodding in agreement as she applied the brakes at another four-way stop. With the Jeep now sitting idle, she looked over to Jacob again and continued, "I actually thought of that already, but after all the rain last night, I'm sure that old dirt road's a sloppy mess." Gazing forward again, she elaborated, "I don't want to risk coming back home with the tires all caked in mud and have your father wondering where I've been." For a moment, her thoughts drifted to another sort of 'sloppy mess' she wanted to avoid Robert detecting-- namely the one her son was likely going to leave inside her. Shaking the lurid vision, she explained, "Also, I'm sure the fog's even worse near the river, so driving out there will definitely be a lot more treacherous."

The chemicals surging in Karen's bloodstream had kept her body humming with arousal for so long that she was now growing desperate. Desperate enough in fact that, for a fleeting moment, she even flirted with the notion of pulling off near the interstate and getting her and Jacob a room at the seedy Motel 6. But the more logical part of her mind quickly shot that diabolical idea down immediately. Not only would it cross another line of decency, but she also remembered she only had a credit card with her-- and a charge like that on the statement would be way too risky and raise far too many questions at home.

Tapping her thumb on the steering wheel, Karen continued to think. She even found herself reconsidering going back out to her secret make-out spot from her high school days, despite the dangerous and dirty ride. "Maybe after I drop Jacob off at school, I could go run the Jeep through a car wash...That'd be good enough to rinse all the mud off the tires," she thought to herself. At the same time, her body reminded her of an aching need for another type of 'dangerous and dirty ride'-- with her son.

As she let out a long, exasperated sigh, something along the roadside caught Karen's attention. Through the thick, smoke-like fog, she could barely make out a billboard advertisement looming just ahead. The smiling faces of a family of five stood in front of a red brick building, their warm expressions growing clearer as she drove slowly closer. The family's features quickly became more familiar. The father, somewhere in his late 40's or early 50's, had a jovial face which instantly put one at ease. His wife beside him was around Karen's age-- stern, statuesque and strikingly beautiful with her platinumâ ‘blonde hair styled up in a tight bun. Between them stood their equally stunning daughter, practically a younger clone of her mother, whose own gorgeous blonde tresses were plaited in a French braid hanging over her shoulder. Lastly, flanking the central trio were the family's pair of equally handsome, college-aged twin sons. One with glasses stood to the left of the father; while the other, unspectacled son stood to the right of his mother at the opposite edge of the group portrait.

In bold letters above and below the now fully recognizable family, an emblazoned message announced:

GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH

Come Worship With Us This Sunday!

Pastor David Miller

Everyone Welcome!

A mischievous smile slowly spread across Karen's face as she flicked down her left turn signal.

"Jake, sweetie..." she said, a lilt of excitement in her voice. "I think I've got an idea!"

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A few miles later, Karen steered her Jeep Grand Cherokee through the main entrance of Grace Baptist Church. The thick, low-lying fog shrouded the entire property in a ghostly haze, making the familiar faÃ§ade look more like a creepy house of horrors from a Stephen King novel rather than a place of worship.

Circling the complex with her SUV at a slow crawl, Karen felt a wave of relief when she saw that the main parking lot was empty. Still, as her vehicle traversed towards the back of the building, she kept a careful eye out for any unexpected vehicles-- especially one in particular.

Karen was well familiar with the old silver Ford Ranger that belonged to John Rayford, the church custodian. She would often encounter the old handyman whenever she arrived at the church early, either for her customary charity work or one of her choir practices. Like most of the congregation, she understood that Mr. Rayford was somewhat mentally challenged but generally harmless. Even so, the quiet simpleton's benign, solitary nature-- paired with the way he sometimes leeringly stared in an off-putting and downright creepy manner-- had always made many of the women in the church, Karen included, uneasy.

Steering her Jeep slowly around the main building, Karen navigated to the far west side of the complex. There, nestled beneath a grove of enormous oak trees and nearly swallowed by the thick fog, was Mr. Rayford's partially camouflaged utility shed. The small, rickety-looking shack was his workshop, housing the handyman's supplies along with an impressive array of power tools and woodworking equipment-- his pride and joy. But at the moment, the only thing that mattered to the horny housewife was what wasn't there: John's pickup truck.

Comforted by the fact that Mr. Rayford-- and seemingly anyone else-- was nowhere to be seen on the grounds, Karen eased her Jeep into a secluded corner of the rear parking lot near the workshop. Before parking her vehicle, she made sure to stay on the gravel patch behind the shed in order to avoid any mud caused by the overnight rain. The dense grove of trees in that area also offered extra cover, helping to obscure her bright red SUV from anyone who happened to drive or pass by. If memory served her correctly, the few outdoor CCTV security cameras she was aware of were all at the front of the main church and nowhere near this quiet, fogâ ‘shrouded corner.

After Karen had shifted the Jeep into park and cut the engine, Jacob finally looked up from his cell phone. He'd been completely absorbed in trying to beat a maddening stage of Genshin Impact and hadn't even noticed where they'd driven.

After taking a quick look around and realizing where his Mother had brought them, Jacob gave her an incredulous look and scoffed slightly, "The church? We're gonna do it...inside the church?"

Karen huffed and rolled her eyes, "Jake...don't say it like that!" She felt bad enough as it was about desecrating sacred grounds. The fact that her grandparents had helped build the church, and Jacob's namesake-- her late grandfather-- had been the head pastor for many years made it even worse.

"I'm going to help you..." Karen said adamantly, as if somehow trying to convince both herself and her son that what they were doing was justified. Then,

in a softer voice, she added, "Besides, we've done it here before...remember?"

"Oh, I remember alright," Jacob confirmed with a smirk, thinking back to that hot, sweltering afternoon during the rummage sale. "Not that I'm complaining...but I just didn't think you'd ever wanna...do it here again."

Karen sighed. "Well...it isn't my first choice. Nor is it even my second or third, for that matter." She pulled the key from the ignition switch, and with a huff, admitted, "Okay, it's not ideal. But right now, I don't see any other better option...do you?"

"No, I guess not," Jacob agreed. He unbuckled his seat belt and reached for the door handle, but then paused. "Mom...wait. How are we gonna get in? Don't they usually keep the doors locked?"

Karen held up her keyring. "Don't worry, sweetie," she said with a smile. "I've got that covered."

As a choir member, Sunday school teacher, and ladies auxiliary officer (not to mention a member of one of the founding families), Karen had 24/7 access to the church. The master key on her ring opened the main building, classrooms, and most offices-- everything except Pastor Miller's.

Using her key, Karen unlocked the main building's seldom-used west-side entrance, as she and Jacob slipped inside. Then, using her expert knowledge of the church's layout, she guided him through the hallways leading to the raised dais that held the pulpit and choir stall. Keeping her head looking forward, Karen purposely avoided looking towards the rows of pews to her left as they crossed the spacious and wide, stage-like area. Even so, she couldn't help but feel like they were being watched-- not by cameras, but by the stern, scornful gaze of long-departed congregants' souls, (especially members of her deceased family). It was as if she felt they knew her sinful purpose for being there, and she couldn't wait to escape their judgmental stare. The sensation prickled at her skin as she quickened her pace, eager to avert the imagined, scolding scrutiny sitting in those eerily empty seats.

Finally, Mother and son made their way to the opposite side of the dais where another door opened to a back staircase leading down to the lower levels. There, Karen deliberately chose a route back to the western side of the building which avoided any of the indoor security cameras that she knew of. However, what the crafty housewife didn't know was that several recently installed, discreetly-hidden devices were now tracking and recording every step they took.

They soon reached the church's nursery area and stopped outside the door to the 'mother's room'. Karen had deliberately chosen to try this location first, not wanting to desecrate the church any more than was necessary. If they were going to cross a line and do their sinful deed, she felt this was the best place (especially since they'd already done it on the old couch inside the mother's room once before).

Karen eagerly inserted her master key and tried to turn the doorknob-- only to find it locked. Undeterred, she slid her key into the lock again and tried jiggling more forcefully. However, much to her annoyance, it still wouldn't turn.

"What's going on?" Karen murmured, confused and frowning. "My key always used to work here before...I don't understand." She pulled the key from the doorknob, examined it closely, and then sudden realization hit. "Someone's changed the lock!"

Indeed, someone had changed the lock. Unbeknownst to Karen, Donna Miller had ordered John Rayford to have it changed the same day he'd discovered the used condom in the bathroom trash can. The pastor's wife figured the precaution would eliminate any future unauthorized or improper use of the room meant only for

mothers and their babies. More importantly, it would prevent the overall (and unthinkable) defilement of the Lord's sanctuary by whoever the miscreant(s) were that had done their abominable deed in there.

"Well, that's just peachy!" Karen huffed in frustration. "Where else can we go now?"

Without thinking, Jacob blurted out, "How about the missionary quarters?"

Turning to her son, Karen pondered the suggestion. "The missionary quarters?" Suddenly, the horny Mother felt a renewed sense of hope flicker to life. The little apartment seemed like the perfect solution to their problem. It was private, comfortable, and set up like a modest threeâ ‘room suite. And, most importantly, it had a lovely queen-sized bed.

Karen actually felt a little less guilty about the thought of using the quarters since, after all, it was meant to house visiting married couples. No doubt, such guests had taken advantage of its discreet, commodious spaces to engage in marital 'intimacy'-- which in God's eyes was perfectly fine, even blessed. However, she seriously doubted that David and Donna Miller would ever imagine the possibility of the cozy apartments ever being used illicitly. Namely, something so sinister and hell-damning as a Mother and son engaging in a debauched, perverted 'intimacy' of their own-- involving illegal, incestuous intercourse. If she only knew how wrong she was.

"Yeah..." Jacob affirmed, knowingly. "You know-- the little apartment at the back of the church, where visiting missionaries stay in."

"Yes, Jake..." Karen nodded, rolling her eyes slightly. "I'm well aware of the apartment, and I agree it's a good idea. I'm just surprised you know anything about that place."

In truth, Jacob hadn't known anything about it until about a week prior, when Mrs. Miller had asked him to meet her there for their latest secret 'talk'. Once he arrived, she'd given him a grand tour of the little apartment-- living area, kitchenette, and bedroom. He then spent most of that Saturday morning in the latter, happily buried balls deep in the married church lady's sweet, adulterous pussy.

"Well...uhhhh," Jacob fumbled, scrambling for a believable explanation. Even so, he nearly slipped up again. "I didn't...that is, not until I helped put something in Mrs. Miller's box-- I mean, I helped pack some boxes and moved them from the apartment and into one of the storage closets downstairs."

As they walked from the nursery and back to the hallway leading to the stairwell, Karen asked with curiosity, "When was this?" To Jacob's relief, his Mom hadn't seemed to notice his Freudian slip of the tongue.

Thinking quickly, Jacob fibbed, "Can't remember exactly. It was on a Sunday morning a few weeks back, after church service. I was talking with Sara in the parking lot and Mrs. Miller asked for some volunteers, so I offered to help." The teenager hoped his tall tale sounded casual enough so that his Mother bought his explanation.

After ascending the stairs back to the main level and heading back outside from the east-side exit, Karen found herself pondering. "Since when, if ever, did Jacob volunteer to help with any physical labor?" Then it clicked-- no doubt he was probably trying to impress his girlfriend's mother. Chalking up the likely reason as feasible, she decided to refrain from playfully teasing him any further about it. Instead, her preoccupied mind refocused on the pressing task at hand and her primary mission. Namely, to satisfy her urgent and immediate physical needs, which meant getting physical with her teenaged son-- ASAP.

Unfortunately, as soon as they reached the rectory building and headed inside

for the entrance to the missionary quarters, Karen discovered her key no longer worked there either. Earlier that week, Donna Miller decided to task Mr. Rayford with changing the locks on the apartment also, this time issuing the order much more discreetly. Her reasoning for doing so was just in case she ever planned to have an illicit meet up with Jacob in there again. That way, her having the only key would ensure their privacy and, more importantly, prevent them from being discovered during one of their 'talks'. Or so she thought...

"Son of a--!" the Christian housewife stopped herself short, before a curse she knew she'd instantly regret slipped out in front of her son. Her frustration was plainly visible now, with her frayed nerves spiking to new heights-- rivaled only by her increasingly tense sexual arousal.

Taken aback by his conservative Mother's near misstep and use of foul language, Jacob let out a low chuckle, "Whoa, Mom! This must really be getting to you...You almost cussed!"

"This is ridiculous!" Karen snapped. "What reason was there to change these locks?"

Jacob shrugged, trying to play dumb (even though he had a strong suspicion Mrs. Miller was somehow behind the reason). "Dunno. So...what are we gonna do now?" he asked, adjusting the crotch of his pants to allow more room for his ever-growing and aching erection. By now, he too was getting a little impatient and frustrated. "I'm getting really uncomfortable here, Mom...I mean, I really gotta bust a fat nut."

Karen fought the urge to scold her son for uttering something so lewd and profane on church grounds. Instead, she found herself agreeing with Jacob-- in her own way. Even though she didn't show it, she too was feeling quite uncomfortable. The chemical hormones simmering inside her had stoked her arousal from embering flames to an ardent inferno. Her entire body felt as if it was on fire and burned with anticipation-- with hot flashes shooting up to her flushed face and causing damp strands of her brown hair to cling to her glossy neck. The crotch of her panties, too, was a swampy mess-- though thankfully her tight black leggings obscured any obvious wet signs of her arousal. Karen felt like she was literally at the end of her rope, but the determined Mother wasn't about to let yet another obstacle derail her plan, nor deny her goal. Not if she could help it.

"Come on...let's go!" Karen huffed, grabbing Jacob by the hand and leading him down the hallway. The squeaking of her slip-on running shoes echoed on the polished linoleum floors as they hurriedly walked through the empty building, led by the desperate Mother's renewed determination.

As they headed back toward the rectory office's entrance, Jacob tried his best to keep stride-for-stride with his Mother. "Mom...where are we going?" he asked. When Karen didn't reply, he tried to answer his question with another question, "Back to your secret spot by the river?"

"No," Karen said, as they exited the auxiliary structure behind the main church and made their way back to the rear parking lot. She was pleased to find that the thick, heavy fog still blanketed the entire church complex's grounds, providing them the perfect cover for what she had planned. Scurrying hand in hand across the silent and eerily empty property, they quickly made their way back to Karen's red Jeep.

Once they reached the SUV, Karen immediately swung the rear driver's side door open. "Get in!" she said, her voice clipped with urgency as she motioned for her son to follow along. Without question, Jacob obeyed her command and circled around to climb into the back seat on the other side. Before yanking her door shut, the desperate Mom turned around and cast one last, long look across the fog-shrouded parking lot to ensure no one else was around.

Since the church was set back from the main highway, it was deathly silent except for the faint 'swoosh' of the rare car passing by the front gate and an occasional birdcall chirping high in the nearby trees. Satisfied that they were totally alone and not likely to be interrupted, Karen climbed in and impatiently slammed her back door shut, before urgently telling her son, "Alright...now hurry up and get those pants off!"

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Moments later, the misty predawn twilight surrounding Grace Baptist's grounds reverted to an ethereal eeriness, as if two frantic interlopers hadn't just trespassed its sacred precincts-- disturbing and silently slicing through its deathly still haze mere minutes prior. Everywhere around, a thick fog shielded the rising sun, preventing it from penetrating through and brightening the early morning's gloom. In a quiet corner of the church parking lot, beneath a shady grove of shedding, autumn-hued trees, the noisome, screeching springs of an old red Jeep bouncing on its suspension broke the hallowed grounds' otherwise sacred morning silence. And unlike outside, here a 'rising' son was definitely successful in penetrating through.

The lonesome, bright red SUV, cloaked by a thick blanket of white misty fog, was almost entirely hidden from the rest of the world. So, too, were the vehicle's two occupants (who at the moment most likely preferred it that way). Nevertheless, the distinct and rhythmic, back and forth squeaking coming from Karen's gently rocking, late-model Jeep belied the obvious sinful activity taking place within.

Inside, the air felt just as thick and heavy as outside-- though instead of cool, misty fog it was humid, balmy, and almost sticky. Meanwhile, the scent permeating the Jeep's interior was unmistakable: Jacob's exotic, intoxicating pheromones mingled with Karen's signature lavender-and-vanilla fragrance-- laced with her natural, feminine scent. Together, they combined into a heady and by now familiar aromatic concoction of forbidden Mother-son lovemaking.

Jacob sat in the middle of the back seat, with his pants and underwear pulled down impatiently around the shoes still on his feet. He wore a gray sweatshirt with "PROPERTY OF THE JEDI ACADEMY" emblazoned in dark blue letters across his chest. The teenager's face was buried in the soft flesh of Karen's pillowy tit, his lips latched onto one of her hardened pink nipples. A low, satisfied moan emanated from his throat each time he gulped down his Mother's warm and creamy breastmilk.

At the same time, Karen was straddling Jacob's lap and nearly naked from the waist down, with her discarded black running tights draped over the driver's seat headrest. Her sock-covered feet hovered over the edge of the bench seat that she was kneeling on, while her Sketcher slip-on running shoes lay somewhere forgotten on the floorboard. The black fleece hoodie she still wore was unzipped and splayed open in front, with her 'Georgia red' sports bra pushed up under her neck to give her son free access to her heavily milk-laden boobs.

After joining Jacob in the backseat of her Jeep, Karen had slammed the door shut behind her and quickly slipped off her shoes and running tights. She'd barely climbed onto her son's lap when she quickly realized how much less room there was back there than in her husband's big Ford Expedition. Nevertheless, the desperate Mother had waited most of the night and all morning for this moment, and she wasn't about to let this latest minor hurdle hinder her plans now.

As soon as she hovered over Jacob, Karen hurriedly stretched the soaked gusset of her panties aside and aligned the mushroom-shaped head of his bare cock with the drooling opening to her needy cunt. Then, resting her trembling hands on her son's shoulders, she braced herself to lower her entire body and release the pent-up frustration that had been brewing inside her for hours. "Nnnnggggghhhhh!" she moaned, her face flushed and her pulse thundering in her ears as she closed her eyes and furrowed her brow. As if magnetically attracted,

their genitals closed the space between the last few millimeters to their coupling before at last reconnecting. The intensity of the moment caused Karen's breath to catch in her throat at the first contact of Jacob's rock-hard, angrily purple glans with her wide-open, glistening pink Mommy hole. She then gritted her teeth as gravity took over and the precum-coated tip of his meaty spear slipped in further, piercing her drenched pussy with relative ease. Slowly rolling her wide, child-bearing hips, the lips of her salivating vagina soon began swallowing her second-born child's bloated shaft one agonizing inch at a time. In no time at all, they were fully copulating.

The intense, almost painful, stretching sensation from being stuffed full of her son's cock was an instant relief for Karen. As she slowly descended, taking in inch after inch, a wickedly naughty grin spread across her face and she whispered, "Oh, my Lord...I so needed this!"

Less than two minutes later, Karen finally hit bottom-- with the leaking lips of her vagina kissing the root of Jacob's fully embedded cock and his wiry pubic hair tickling the sensitive nerves surrounding her shaved mons pubis. By now her body had adjusted to the familiar, intense fullness which only her son could provide her. Grabbing a hold of the backrest on either side of Jacob's head, she began grinding herself on his lap as she ramped up their pace. Soon, the friction of her buzzing clitoris rubbing against Jacob's pelvic bone elicited just the right spark needed to finally ignite the powder keg she'd been waiting for hours to detonate.

Karen's eyes popped open as she threw her head back and an unexpected bolt of lightning shot from her stimulated clit. "AAAAAHHHHHH!!!" she screamed, the yell bouncing back down onto her from the sunroof's glass, with her back arching and her legs quivering in uncontrollable paroxysms. Jolts of electric ecstasy ran up and down her spine, causing her to one moment stiffen and the next moment flail about wildly in erratic spasms. Her long-awaited climax had exploded at last, lighting up her entire body's nerve endings and sending her into a wild, epileptic fit of orgasmic release.

"Damn!" Jacob gasped in awe, not expecting his beautiful Mother to reach her orgasm so quickly. As he watched Karen wildly lashing and lurching about on top of him while cumming uncontrollably on his lap, he whispered to himself, "This is so freakin' awesome!"

After riding out the last, wavelike echoes from her first climax of the morning, Karen leaned forward with a blissful smiled etched all over her well-satisfied face. Her breathing by now was a bit ragged, with her body still twitching every few seconds as she recovered from the onslaught of pure pleasure she'd just experienced. Resting her chin on top of Jacob's head while remaining astride his lap, Karen steadily slowed her movements and took stock of things. Though the intensity of her satisfying orgasm had taken the immediate edge off, she knew deep down it wasn't enough to extinguish the latent flames still blazing inside her-- just waiting to rekindle.

"Thank you, sweetie," Karen whispered into Jacob's ear, her half-naked body continuing to shudder erratically as she lay her head on his shoulder and her muscles slowly relaxed. "Mommy needed that...really bad!"

Placing his hands on Karen's wide, curvy hips while he enjoyed the echoing squeezes from her pussy, Jacob grunted back, "You're welcome, Mom...ugh!" Then, with a chuckle, he quipped, "But really...I didn't do much. You did all the work!"

Karen moaned as she felt Jacob flex his cock inside her, with her vagina correspondingly and involuntarily tightening in response around his thick, throbbing shaft of man meat. She then tilted her head as their mouths met and they engaged in an intense, tongue-wrestling French kiss to seal their first 'go' of the morning. Both of them knew their genitals were only taking a breather, and were far from done mating.

Once they finished madly making out (and working up a further sweat) Karen sat up straight and cupped Jacob's face in her hands. With a soft, appreciative giggle she explained, "No, you did plenty, baby...believe me." Then, looking her son straight in his eyes, she began to slowly gyrate again on his lap and sighed, "Now...how about I help you?"

Jacob smiled as he squeezed the soft, yielding flesh of Karen's matronly waist and matched her movements with his own, languid up-thrusts. "Sounds good to me, Mom!"

"We'd better hurry, though...unnnnngh!" Karen softly squealed, leaning back slightly and reaching down to lower the zipper on her hoodie. "After all...we shouldn't keep your girlfriend...unnnnngggh!...waiting!"

"Whoa!" Jacob whispered, his eyes widening as his Mother completely unzipped her fleece hoodie and fully exposed her sports bra-encased tits to him. He quickly noticed the twin dark patches on the red fabric's cups where his Mom's hardened nipples had expressed breastmilk during her orgasm moments earlier.

As Karen reestablished a slow, yet steady, rhythm she recognized the look in Jacob's face as he stared blankly at her bouncing boobs held tenuously in place within her restrictive sports bra. "Well, now..." she teased, playfully. "Would a certain someone like some...visual stimulation?"

Jacob, totally mesmerized by his Mother's hypnotically undulating bosom, nodded eagerly in response, "Oh, yes Ma'am!"

With both hands, Karen grabbed the elastic support band of her bra and pulled it up to the top of her chest, unleashing its hold on her magnificent boobs. The large, twin globes of succulent flesh dropped and wobbled enticingly, just inches from her teenager's face.

"Well, go ahead, my little boobie hound..." Karen said, noticing the familiar look of hungry longing on her son's face. "I can tell you know what to do."

Without a word, Jacob leaned forward and captured a hardened pink nipple between his lips. With the first suck, a warm stream of creamy breastmilk blasted across his tongue.

"Mmmmmmm," Karen moaned, a pleasant feeling radiating from within her breast. "There you go, sweetie...drink up," she cooed. "Mommy's little boobie hound."

For several minutes, Karen rode her son hard (and regularly hit her head on the glass sunroof even harder), while Jacob drank his fill of her nourishing breastmilk. Suddenly, she stopped bouncing, causing Jacob to pull back from her tit and ask, confusedly, "Mom? What's wrong?"

"Nothing, sweetie..." Karen giggled, rubbing the top of her head, before adding sardonically, "Other than the possibility of giving myself a concussion!" Looking down at Jacob, she explained, "It's just a bit more cramped in here than in Big Bertha...not as much room to move around." She then peered over his shoulder and took a quick glance out the back window, which, like the rest of the glass in her Jeep, had by now steamed up from their body heat and heavy breathing. To her great relief, there was still no sign of anyone driving up to the church unexpectedly.

A strange feeling then made Karen twist around slightly, at first to check if by a small chance anything was approaching the front of the SUV. After glancing past Mr. Rayford's rickety-looking workshop, her eye happened to catch sight of the faint tree line directly behind the church grounds. There, she noticed that the vast forest was almost completely hidden by the thick, white curtain of fog stubbornly lingering outside. As far as she could recall, those undeveloped woods were still Grace Baptist property, yet where that line of ownership ended was as hazy as the mist currently shrouding everything. Nevertheless, that wasn't what was currently on Karen's mind as her gaze pondered the autumn-hued grove of trees seemingly beckoning to her. Suddenly, she recalled a passage from one of the thriller novels she'd recently read, and a very naughty idea popped into her head.

Without a word, Karen quickly pulled her bra back down over her boobs, abruptly interrupting Jacob's hungry suckling. Then, just as unceremoniously, she reached behind her and grabbed her running tights from the driver's seat headrest before dismounting Jacob and plopping down in the seat beside him.

Unnerved by Karen's sudden and hurried actions, Jacob asked with genuine concern, "Mom? What's going on?" Their hot fucking had just started to ramp up again to a good, steady pace when his goal to put his own naughty plan into action was jarringly halted. Twisting around himself, he craned his neck and looked out the window. "Is someone here?"

"No. Relax, sweetie...ugh!" Karen replied, sliding her sock-covered feet back into her black running tights, while struggling to pull them back up. "No one's here...but put your pants back on." Then, with a mischievous glance at her son sitting beside her, she added with a smile, "We're going on a little hike!"

After putting the rest of their clothes back on and exiting the SUV, Karen and Jacob met at the front of her Jeep. She then took him by the hand and began leading him towards the tree line. As they silently passed Mr. Rayford's workshop, Karen began to second guess her intention and debated whether the secluded-looking shack would be a better, roomier alternative to continue with their 'shenanigans'. However, one glance at the heavy padlock securing the shed's even heavier-looking door quickly shot that idea down, and the horny Mother resumed her original plan.

Once they passed the small workshop, they came upon a clearing, almost like a path leading into the forest. While plodding over the rain-soaked earth, Jacob's right foot splashed through a puddle thoroughly hidden by fallen leaves. "Oh, that's just great!" he griped, noticing his soaked shoe and brackish-looking water creeping up the bottom of his pants leg.

"Careful where you step, Jake..." Karen warned. "You don't wanna get your foot stuck in the mud, or twist your ankle out here." Checking her wristwatch, she noted it was nearly 7:00 (though because of daylight savings ending over the weekend it felt more like 6:00), with a faint sign of dawn approaching. Still, she reckoned, they ought to have plenty of time for what she had planned.

Trekking deeper into the woods, Jacob increasingly felt unease closing in and noticed it felt darker, with the only sounds coming from their footsteps on the leaf-covered forest floor and the babbling of a nearby stream. He began to wonder what his Mom was up to, since this was totally outside her usual straitlaced, conservative character. Suddenly, visions from the many slasher movies Rachel made him watch when they were younger entered his mind. "Mom, this is starting to get creepy. Feels like one of those horror flicks me and Rach used to watch. You know...the one where the pretty girl lures the guy into the woods and he's never seen or heard from again?"

Karen sighed and rolled her eyes, "Darn that Rachel, and those disgusting movies she exposed you to when you were little! Can't tell you how many times I got onto her about that. I still say that's partly to blame for your fear of thunderstorms." Then, in a lighter tone, she joked, "But don't worry about Mike,

Jason or Freddie trying anything out here...Mama's here to protect you."

Put at ease somewhat by her quip, Jacob scoffed, "Thanks, Mom."

The sound of rushing water grew louder as they continued along the path. With all the rain from the night before, the babbling brook was now more like a small river. Near the stream's edge Karen stopped beside a rather large tree that upon closer inspection, appeared to have fallen some time before. Most of its bark was worn away by time and erosion, leaving the trunk relatively clean and smooth except for a soft layer of velvety green moss on its top surface.

Releasing her grip from Jacob's hand, Karen circled around to the far side of the once proud tower of oak-- now collapsed, forgotten and slowly decaying. The illicit scene from the erotic thriller novel she'd read flashed through her mind again, sending a naughty thrill up her spine. Inspired to once more 'live on the edge' a little, the normally conservative housewife decided then and there to fulfill one of her own little salacious fantasies. To that end, she was going to give this once proud and noble, majestic tree a major part in her little 'production'.

Brushing her hand over the magnificent fallen oak's weathered, moss-covered surface, Karen was pleasantly surprised to find it quite soft to the touch. The slightly damp, dew-covered surface felt soothingly cool to her warm, flushed skin as she caressed it with her palm. More importantly, the prospective 'prop' came up to just the perfect height for what she had in mind-- reenacting a similar scene from the book. With a smile, she muttered softly to herself, "I think you'll do splendidly..."

"What was that, Mom?" Jacob asked, stopping just behind his Mother.

Karen glanced over her shoulder and replied, "I said we need to hurry up and finish..." Then, leaning with her elbows onto the huge log and bending herself at the waist, she gave in to her lust and promptly presented herself to her son. "Unless you'd rather head back to the Jeep and I continue taking you to school?" The look in her eyes and her seductive tone were unmistakable, as she slowly and shamelessly swayed her hips from side to side. It was an open invitation to her son for him to take her right there at once-- and for them to get a little freaky.

Jacob's eyes bulged at the sight of his Mom boldly bent over the old fallen tree and proffering herself so brazenly to him. The black running tights wrapped mouthwateringly around her beautiful, round bottom looked like a second skin and was truly a sight to behold.

"Oh, heck no, Mom!" Jacob retorted, unbuckling his belt. "I still gotta bust a fat nut...We definitely gotta finish what we started!"

He was once again blown away by Karen's recent and uncharacteristic adventurous streak, but he sure as hell wasn't about to question it. No doubt, his sister's theory was correct about the hormones' unusual influence on their usually reserved Mother. Nevertheless, he was more than happy to reap the rewards and be the prime beneficiary of those weird side effects.

Karen smiled coyly, as she turned and faced forward, "I had a feeling you would say that."

Like a moth drawn to a flame, the eager teenager quickly moved into position behind the highly aroused and bent-over MILF. Realizing his Mother wanted him to take control, Jacob brusquely dug his fingers into the waistband of Karen's running tights. Then, with incremental and unceremonious tugs, he began to impatiently pull the 'painted-on' garment (along with her thong panties) from her matronly hips.

Gazing back toward the misty trail they'd taken, the horny housewife could just

barely make out the faint outline of her red Jeep. Meanwhile, the church's buildings were nowhere to be seen beyond the still thick and all-encompassing misty haze-- seemingly symbolic of the sinful shroud currently engulfing her morals. Though the metaphor and realization of how far she was from grace at that moment disturbed her, Karen brushed those thoughts aside. Instead, she refocused on her pressing, carnal needs and felt a naughty thrill knowing she was about to live out the highly erotic sex scene from the worldly and secular novel she'd read. From what she recalled, the married undercover lawyer (in order to maintain her anonymity) had reluctantly given in to the sleazy criminal and allowed him to have his way with her.

And his way with her, he did.

As Jacob slowly eased her athletic tights down off of her jutting rear end, Karen felt her arousal spike even more and a sharp ripple of eager anticipation shoot up her spine. The warm, wet silk of her soaked panties pulled stickily away from her throbbing pussy, leaving it feeling raw and exposed in the cool, damp open air. After her son had slid the garments down her legs and past her knees, another slight chill made her quiver as she felt her female fluids flow once more-- both down the insides of her thighs and from her puckering pink nipples within her sports bra.

Her yearning impatience was soon rewarded when she heard the familiar faint rasp of a zipper being lowered, just barely drowned out by the sound of rushing water from the nearby stream. That reassuring sound made her pulse jump, and Karen knew then and there what was about to happen. Dipping her hips even more and hooding her eyes, she stared blankly ahead and mischievously wondered if she'd ever confess to this naughty little 'hike' to her far more worldly sister, Brenda. Perhaps...

As soon as Karen felt the bulbous tip of Jacob's cock slide easily between the slick folds of her vagina, she adjusted her posture further to ensure the best alignment once their wicked, outdoors mating truly commenced. Doing so caused her boobs to press onto the cool layer of soft moss covering the tree trunk beneath her, but in no way did it feel uncomfortable. Instead, what Karen really wanted to feel and experience was the same thing that the woman in the story did-- she wanted it hard and dirty. Arching her back as she eagerly tried to get the action going, Karen moaned, no longer bothering to mask her desperate need, "We need to hurry, Jake...so don't hold back!"

And hold back, he did not.

"Aaaaiiieeee!!!" Karen yelped aloud in shock, her torso jolted completely off the tree trunk as Jacob grabbed her by the waist and slammed his hips forward. With one, swift thrust he buried his fleshy log balls deep inside his Mother's juicy, hot cunt, pulling her firmly against him as he sheathed himself fully inside her. Though she'd already been 'warmed up' from their time in the Jeep earlier, it was still nevertheless a major shock to her system to take her son's entire length all at once. With an incredulous, partly annoyed, partly amused expression on her wincing face, Karen looked over her shoulder and whined, "Careful, Jake...you're just...so BIG!"

"Sorry, Mom..." Jacob grinned, his ego boosted by his Mom's reaction and elicited compliment. Slowly drawing his cock from the warm confines of her vagina, he left only the tip lodged inside and added, "But you did say not to hold back."

"Yes...yes I did," Karen affirmed, nodding as she turned forward again. "And I meant it." Lowering herself back down onto the log, she braced herself by grabbing a hold of a partial branch attached to the dead tree trunk. Fixing her gaze back up the path, she moaned, "Just...start off..unngh!..a bit...mmmhh!..slower." With widening eyes, her mouth dropped open and her breath caught as inch after impossible, veiny inch slowly slid inside her, raking her ridged love canal.

Moments later, the small forest clearing was filled by a salacious symphony of outrageous sights and sounds. An illicit chorus of moans and grunts punctured the otherwise pristine natural setting, accompanied by the lewd, punctuated rhythm of skin slapping against skin. Jacob held tightly to his Mom's naked flared hips, energetically thrusting his bare cock in and out of her tight vagina at a steady, yet hard, pace. Meanwhile, Karen clung desperately onto the old log, hanging on for dear life as she fought to catch her breath while at the same time focusing her gaze on the path. Her senses were both excited and sharpened by the moment-- due both to her need to keep watch for any surprise visitors and the thrilling risk of them being discovered.

Jacob, for his part, was distracted by something else altogether-- though no less tantalizing and alluring to his senses. The rippling flesh of his Mom's shapely butt jiggling from the force of his impact and her squeals of pleasure suddenly reminded him of his sister and their 'negotiating' session from Tuesday afternoon. After several rounds of defiling her marital bed with her baby brother, Rachel had enticed him to join her in the shower for one last 'go' before taking him home.

Similar to Karen, Rachel was bent over in front of him, though instead of grasping a fallen tree, his older sibling tightly braced herself with a towel rack attached to the tiled wall. The sight of taking his sister from behind had tempted Jacob to fuck her gorgeous ass one last time, but as soon as he pressed his tip to her rear passage, Rachel immediately pulled away and pleaded, "No, Jake! I'm still a bit sore down there."

Widening her stance and holding herself shamelessly open, Rachel then looked over her shoulder and said, "Use my pussy instead..." before urging, "Go ahead, Squirt...fuck me! Fuck your slutty big sister's...married...cheating...pussy!!"

Soon after, having thoroughly fucked Rachel and brought her to two more, mind-twisting orgasms, Jacob sensed he was just moments away from blowing his load. "Rach?.." he began, his voice cracking with desperation. The ridiculously undersized condom he'd planned to use had ripped on the first attempt to put it on and thus that idea of 'being responsible' had quickly been discarded. Now, if he wasn't careful, he was on the verge of unleashing yet another load of potent, chemically-laced jizz bareback...and inside a woman he loved.

Before Jacob could finish his question, Rachel sensed his erratic urgency and shoved him back with her hips, abruptly uncoupling herself from her brother. She then spun around, pushing his skinny naked body easily against the tiled wall, before dropping to her knees and grabbing a hold of his enormous, twitching cock with both her hands. As she began to furiously jack him off, she stated matter-of-factly, "You know you can't finish inside me, twerp...remember?" Then, looking up at him with a coy, sneering smile, she asked, "So, what'll it be, Squirt? My tits...or my mouth??"

"Mouth...ugh!" Jacob grunted, staring down into Rachel's sparkling and impishly naughty green eyes. "Definitely...ugghh!..your mouth!!"

"Oh, yummy!" Rachel squealed enthusiastically. Without hesitation, her head leaned forward as she wrapped her lips sensuously around the purple knob of Jacob's penis.

"Oh, yeah...now that's what I'm talking about!" Jacob groaned aloud, grabbing her by her damp, honey blonde locks as she began to eagerly suck on his dick like a Hoover vacuum. "Suck it, Rach! Suck your baby brother's cock!! The same cock... that was just up your ass...only minutes ago...in your marital...BED!!!"

"Do it, Squirt!" Rachel urged him on, her vivid green eyes looking up at him

pleadingly as she popped her lips off his cock and vigorously stroked him through his release. Opening her sultry mouth wide and sticking out her lolling, sexy tongue as a tempting target, she then tauntingly teased, "Fill me with your nerd jizz...DORK!!!"

Quickly, Jacob's knees began to buckle, before he finally erupted and roared, "Here it cums! Swallow it...Rach!! Swallow it...you cum eatin', cheatin' slut!!! SWALLOW IT ALLLLL!!!! AAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

"...AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" Jacob was suddenly snapped out of his daydream by a loud noise seemingly melding seamlessly with the memory of his uproarious release. He quickly recognized the sound of his Mother's high-pitched squealing-- her usually soft, sweet voice warbling and screeching more like a Georgia barn swallow. As the teenager continued to plow away at Karen's tightly clutching vagina, another recollection from Tuesday's 'negotiating' session with Rachel suddenly came to mind. During their last go 'round in the shower, his sister had also given him pointers on how to nudge their Mom further along in his goal of getting her to talk dirtier when they fucked. His hope was that eventually, just like in one of his recent dreams, he could trigger Karen into actually using curse words and get really filthy saying outrageous things while they did the nasty. Now, inspired by the sights and sounds of their natural surroundings, Jacob decided to put his big sister's tips to good use.

"Hey, Mom...ugh!" he grunted, in between thrusts. "Since we're all alone out here...in 'mother nature'...ugh!..and ruttin' like a couple wild animals...ugh!..how about we go...ugh!..all the way?"

Karen's only response was to briefly knit her brow and shoot him an incredulous look over her shoulder, followed by turning forwards again and continuing with her barely repressed series of screeching squeals. She was trying to balance the pleasure of Jacob's monster of a cock pistoning in and out of her love tunnel while at the same time focusing on the task of keeping watch on the church. So far, their luck on that front was holding out-- though her own attempts to keep quiet were not.

"How 'bout it, Mom?..." Jacob asked again, undeterred and now leaning in with his breath hot in her ear. "Think about it...ugh!..we're already doin' it...doggy style. Aaannd...since you're a Georgia Bulldog...ugh!..getting humped out here in the woods-- go ahead, Mom...show that Bulldog pride...bark for me!"

Even though Karen's mind was distracted by her task as well as fogged by the sublime arousal controlling her body, she clearly heard and understood Jacob's comment. However, despite being turned on as she currently was, the proud Mother and housewife wasn't about to debase herself to such depravity. "Nnnooo!" she whined, shaking her head in response.

"Try it, Mom! You did say not to hold back, right?" Jacob goaded further. "It'll be fun! Just like this..." The teenager then began barking with each rough plunge of his prodding cock into his Mother's pussy. "RUFF! RUFFF!! RRRUFFF!!!" His voice got more growly and rougher as it echoed in the otherwise quiet forest.

Karen refused to play along nor give in to her son's provocative encouragement. In fact, she was shocked that he would even suggest such a thing. "Ahhhhhh!!!" she yelped, as Jacob grabbed her flouncing ponytail and yanked her head back. The abrupt, aggressive move jolted her and reminded her of the character in the book's rough treatment by the criminal as he had his way with her in the woods. At the same time, a passage from another book suddenly came to mind as Karen's head was violently snapped back, reminding her exactly where they were. Her eyes lifted up toward the canopy of falling gold and brown autumn leaves witnessing their sinful debauchery, and the dire words of Isaiah 57:5 rang in her ears: 'You burn with lust among the oaks and under every spreading tree...' The Biblical prophet's stinging rebuke should've filled her with shame, yet openly acknowledging her willful sinning here, on holy church grounds of all places--

somehow seemed to only intensify Karen's flames of incestuous arousal.

"C'mon, Mom..." Jacob taunted, in between thrusts. "Just pretend...you're the Mama bulldog...letting all the other animals...in the forest know...that you're being bred...by your own bullpup!" In any other situation the imaginary notion would've seemed goofy, but following Rachel's wickedly planted advice Jacob made sure to play both into Karen's school pride and the salacious scenario he'd just painted in her mind. With his left hand still grasping Karen's ponytail, the teenager then smacked his Mother's meaty right butt cheek and began barking once more to hammer his suggestion home, "RUFF! RUFFF!! RRRUFFF!!!"

"Aaaahhhhh!" Karen cried out, both from the mental and sensory overload as well as Jacob's relentless, battering ram-like insistence to topple her resistance. Taking one last glance towards the church, her resolve finally crumbled as she reluctantly gave in to the intoxicating chemicals fueling her overpowering lust.

"Arf, arf!" Karen barked half-heartedly, meekly surrendering to Jacob's idea and his hellacious high-jacking of her forest fantasy. Though she at first felt a bit silly, for some strange reason that little utterance seemed to enhance the openly naughty and risky activity they were doing. The proper wife and Mother began to feel a wild sense of wanton abandon-- as if she really was a bullbitch in heat, without a care in the world that her very own bullpup was about to give her a brand new, purebred litter. "ARF!! ARF!!!" she then yelped a little louder, pushing herself back against Jacob's thrusts, and clenching the muscles in her cunt with each sharply accentuated yap.

"RUFFF!! RRRUFFF!!" Jacob barked more boisterously in response, as he began meeting her tightening thrusts to the rear with equally energetic lunges forward. In no time, the sound of his pelvis clapping Karen's rippling ass cheeks was added to their lewd symphony as he drove himself harder into her pussy. The tempo of their carnal coupling soon stabilized until their timing aligned perfectly, as well as their rhythmic and strangely melodic matching canine mating calls.

As Mother and son continued with their playful roleplay banter, Jacob quickened his pace, eager to trigger both his and Karen's simultaneous climax. Though Karen could sense another glorious orgasm was near, thanks to her son's 'doggy' idea disrupting things, her steady build-up to it had stalled. "Deeper, Jake...deeper!" she whined, abandoning their charade momentarily and desperate to goad her son into hitting that special, hidden sweet spot which only his amazing, overgrown penis could reach and that she knew would get her back on track.

"I'm trying, Mom..." Jacob replied, "But could you...open your stance...just a little more?"

Due to her restrictive running tights pooled around her ankles, Karen was very limited in how wide she could spread her long legs. However, the frustrated and desperately horny Mom was a determined Georgia Bulldog with an idea.

"Hang on just a second, sweetie..." Karen said, freeing herself momentarily from Jacob's clutches-- despite his groan of frustration as his waggling cock, coated with a layer of their mixed lubricating fluids, popped free from her gaping Mommy hole. Impatient herself to get back to action, she then stepped out of her Sketcher slip-on shoes, wrestling the running tights along with her thong underwear from her ankles. After tossing the garments aside, she was now completely naked (sans her ankle socks) from the waist down.

With her left foot planted on the cold, wet ground, Karen next threw her right leg up onto the fallen log. Though she wasn't quite as flexible as she'd been back in her younger college-cheerleader days, she was still spry and nimble enough to make the movement look effortless and impress her teenaged son.

"Dang, Mom...that's so cool!" Jacob commented, somewhat shocked by his middle-

aged Mother's athletic agility. He marveled at how taut and straight her beautiful, long legs looked in that unconventional position, while at the same time accentuating her perfectly proportioned and matronly ass even further.

Looking back over her shoulder, Karen smiled, "I'm glad you're impressed, sweetie, but how about less talk and more action?" Pleased to feel the tip of Jacob's rock-hard cock immediately pressing up against the entrance to her yawning vagina, she added, "We really need to hurry up...so this time-- and I mean it-- don't hold baaAAAAAHHHHH!!!" Without warning, the teenager plunged himself balls deep inside her soaking wet pussy, catching Karen off guard and causing her to shriek aloud once more.

Doing as he was told, Jacob wasted no time and didn't hold back. Thanks to this new position, he was able to easily drive the entire length of his cock deep into Karen's needy pussy. "I'm not...holding back...Mom!" he declared, raising up onto his tiptoes to thrust even harder and flexing every muscle in his skinny legs and butt to drive himself even deeper. "Is this...what you...wanted?"

"Yes...YESS!!!" Karen screamed, literally seeing stars as Jacob thoroughly pummeled her sopping wet cunt and quickly causing a white ring of her creamy pussy juices to form at the base of his cock. Finally, someone had the equipment needed to hit that special, sweet spot which needed to get pummeled and scratch that annoying itch which had been tormenting her for hours. "That's it, baby!" she wantonly encouraged, gritting her teeth whilst leaning into the log to steady herself. "Hit it!! Hit it HARD for Mama!!!"

"Grrrrrrrrr!!!" Jacob growled in her ear, sounding more and more like a bulldog as he savagely pounded his Mother. Reaching his hand around, he began to grope one of Karen's huge bra-encased tits while his other hand tightly clasped her shoulder. Grunting into her ear, he groaned, "Ugh...yeah, let your tits out, Mom...I wanna play...with these puppies!!"

Suddenly, Karen's fogged mind recalled a vague memory, transporting her back to about twelve years prior. It was a typical weekend afternoon, and the Mitchells were enjoying a happy family outing together at the local mall. They just happened to come upon a pet store when Jacob noticed a litter of beagle puppies tumbling around in a display pen by the shop's window.

Sixâ ‘yearâ ‘old Jacob immediately grabbed Karen's hand. Tugging her toward the glass, he looked up at her with wide, pleading eyes and said, "Mommy...I wanna play with these puppies!"

Smiling as the warm, hazy recollection faded away, Karen lifted her right hand off the tree trunk and unzipped her hoodie. She then grabbed the elastic band of her sports bra and yanked it up to her neck, once again freeing her glorious Mommy boobs for her son's pleasure. "There you go, my little boobie hound...Play with 'em...play with Mommy's puppies."

Using his right hand, Jacob roughly kneaded the warm, sweaty flesh of Karen's wildly swinging and heavily milk-laden tit. He quickly found her rock-hard, lactating nipple and pinched it between his thumb and forefingers. At once, jets of creamy breastmilk leaked from the rubbery nub onto his palm, causing his Mother to gasp from the exquisite sensation.

The extra stimulation flooded even more hormones into Karen, fully taking control over her and spiraling her towards another devastating, earth-rending climax. Twerking her glistening ass back onto Jacob's relentlessly pistoning cock, she ramped up their fucking to a blistering pace-- desperate to chase down what she knew was going to be a truly epic, mind-shattering orgasm. This time, instead of moaning or squealing each time her son hit bottom, the normally reserved Mother reacted by yapping, "ARF!! ARF!! ARF!!" accompanied by tightly clenching clasps of her vaginal muscles all along his cockshaft. She began to belt her sharply yelped utterances at the sky even louder, no longer caring one bit whether anyone showed up or heard them as she whipped her head back. Seeing

this wildly outrageous moment through to its natural conclusion was essential and something Karen knew she badly needed to do. The primal, almost feral, determination driving her made her feel like a bulldog greedily clamped to a bone-- which no one was going to pry away from her.

Grinning wickedly, Jacob leaned in further and rested his chin on Karen's shoulder as he answered her maternal mating movements with his own youthful exuberance. His usually conservative Mother's totally unleashed and spontaneous, carefree reaction pleasantly surprised him and motivated him to match her energy thrust for thrust. "Heck yeah, Mom!" he grunted in Karen's ear. "That's the spirit...RUFF! RUFFF!! RRRUFFF!!!"

Soon, the wild and uninhibited taboo fucking proved too much for Jacob, completely overwhelming him with its sinful, sensory overload. He could sense the familiar tingle inside his sperm-filled testicles, telling him that his thick, brewing load of babymakers was about to pop. Without a condom the sense of urgency came over him even quicker, yet he still remembered from learned habit to warn Karen-- no matter how badly he wanted to finish inside her. Trembling, his thrusts grew more frantic and his breathing became much more ragged as he groaned through gritted teeth, "Mom! I'm getting close! I-I'm about to bust that fat nut! W-Where do you want it?"

Shuddering herself, Karen was also teetering on the precipice of a mighty climax. The last vestige of logical conscience in her mind once again warned her of the grave danger in allowing Jacob to fill her womb and plant his incestuous, laboratory-engineered seed in her unprotected matrix. However, the far more vocal and illogical, primal voice in her mind-- controlled by the radical hormones-- easily won the contest of wills. It reminded her of the sheer and utter ecstasy she experienced each time her son flooded her birth canal and laid claim to her entire reproductive tract with his chemically laced teenaged spunk. Karen's last remaining still small voice holding back in protest was finally drowned out by the argument that, thanks to Brenda, she was perfectly safe due to the extra protection of the Midoxinol birth control.

As soon as she felt Jacob's skinny body tensing up behind her, Karen snaked her right hand down between her legs and quickly found her son's enlarged, freely swinging testicles. "Mmmmm...go ahead, baby...it's okay...just let it go!! Empty these puppies...in Mommmmyyyyyy!!" Relishing the hefty weight in her fingers, she gently squeezed and massaged her little man's huge, heavy balls-- absolutely brimming with her future grandchildren-- before goading him further with just the right words she knew would push him over the edge. "Oooh...yes, Jake...do it! DO IT!!! Bust that nut!! Bust that fat nut...deep inside MOM-meeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!"

Spurred on by her unique (though still nasty) type of dirty talk, Jacob crinkled his nose as his thrusting hips went into overdrive. "Yeah? Oh, shit Mom!!!" he sneered in triumph, no longer caring whether he swore or not as he passed the point of no return. "Hell yeah! H-Here it cums, Mom!! Here come your son's puppies!!! I'm...I'm...CUUUMMIIIINNNNNNGGGGG!!!!!" Tightening his grip on Karen's hips, he let out a deep, guttural growl before hilting himself deep inside his Mother's pussy. She in turn slammed her plush, cushiony rear end right back at him, before wiggling her delectable derriere onto his pelvis as he held her in place. Meanwhile, Jacob fired off rope after rope of scorching-hot, teenaged sperm-- absolutely flooding Karen's velvety channel and thoroughly plastering the back of her cervix with his seed. "GGGRRRRRRRRR!!!!! TAKE IT, MOM!! TAKE IT ALL!! TAKE IT DEEP...AND TELL THE WHOLE FOREST WHAT WE'RE DOING!!!!"

The sensation of Jacob's virile semen splattering her insides and filling the neck of her womb finally ignited Karen's orgasm. "YES!! OH YES!!" she yelled, as explosion after explosion sparked off like fireworks behind her eyes. At the same time, her whole body convulsed from the overwhelmingly exquisite pleasure of being seeded by her son, causing her knee to buckle. Desperately grabbing onto the log, Karen held on for dear life as the tsunami rolled through her

body, before digging in deep and unleashing the full fury of her long-repressed desires.

"YES...YES!! MY LITTLE BULLPUP!!!" Karen shouted aloud for the entire forest to hear. "SHOOT ALL YOUR PUPPIES...DEEP INSIDE ME!!!! BREED MEEEEEEEEEE!!! BREED YOUR MOMMYYYYYY!!!" As the earth-shattering orgasm crested the middle-aged Mother, she let out a silent scream and her entire body suddenly froze in a final mind-wracking seizure. Arching her spine and throwing her head back, Karen found her voice again as she howled, "AARROOOOOOO!!!!"

"ARRRRRRRRGHHHHHH!!! HECK YEAH, BULLMAMA!! TAKE ALL YOUR BULLPUP'S PUPPIES!! PUREBREED OUR LITTERRRRRR!!!! LET'S BREED OUR OWN DOG PACK!!!! AH-AH-AH-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!" Jacob growled and howled alongside her, as he roared in triumph and fully emptied his nuts deep inside his Mother.

Karen was the first to stir, with her limp body still laying across the old log while her son was pressed up and sprawled against her back. As she slowly regained her bearings after having blacked out, she gasped for air, desperately trying to catch her breath. Uncertain as to what time it even was, Karen weakly tried to raise herself, nudging Jacob back to consciousness in the process. His own ragged breathing turned to a prolonged groan as the realization of what they'd just done quickly woke him from his short slumber. Despite being outdoors in the cool and moist November air, up to that point their bodies hadn't shivered or felt cold at all. Instead, thanks to the hormones' effects, wisps of steam now rose from their flushed and glossy, sweaty skin as the latent heat from their latest sweltering, forbidden Mother-son mating wafted from their still coupled bodies.

Now that her body was finally flushed clean of the mind-altering chemicals, the harsh glare of stark reality set in. In addition, Karen felt a rush of shame and humiliation as she replayed the vividly fresh memories and reflected on what had just happened. The proud and 'proper' Mother could hardly believe some of the things she'd said-- let alone that she'd actually debased herself to barking and howling like a dog. There was no longer any doubt in her mind that the influence of those wicked hormones seemed to be getting stronger. One thing was certain: how her and Jacob's little 'hike' had ended was something she would never, under any circumstances, retell to her sister Brenda...not in a million years.

Attached to her embarrassment was a deep sense of guilt. She had done things and behaved in ways she would never even consider doing with her loving husband of more than twenty years. Once again, she felt as if she had failed at being the true and faithful wife a good man like Robert deserved. The only solace she could cling to was the knowledge that these highly sinful, adulterous acts and lapses in her loyalty were due solely to the overpowering effects of the hormones. Shuddering both from the creeping cold finally getting to her and the sobering realization that the hormones' influence was gaining strength, Karen gently pushed back against her son once more, indicating for him to let her up.

On wobbly legs, Jacob stood straight up again bracing his hands on her hips as he grunted softly and pulled himself away from her. As soon as his softening penis slipped out of her gaping vagina, the floodgates opened and a torrential flow of his frothy white semen, mixed with her female lubricant, poured out from her yawning gash. The thick, creamy globs made a wet splashing sound as they landed on the leaf covered forest floor near her left foot before finally slowing to a steady, oozing trail down her leg.

Standing unsteadily behind his Mom, Jacob watched in fascination and commented,

"That's so cool!"

Once the flow of sinful evidence had finally subsided, Karen lowered her slightly numb right leg down off the log. She winced as she wiggled her toes, trying to coax feeling back into her foot that had fallen asleep. A tense and awkward embarrassment hung between them as she kept her back to Jacob and quickly pulled her sports bra back down. Finally, after adjusting her breasts inside the supportive garment, she turned meekly back to her son and said matter-of-factly, "Jake...hurry up and get dressed. We've been out here way too long."

After gathering her thong panties and running tights from the wet ground, Karen sat on the log and pulled them back on as quickly and quietly as she could. Unable to bring herself to look in Jacob's direction, she checked her watch instead and was relieved to see that thankfully they still had plenty of time. By the time she slipped her shoes back on, Jacob had finished dressing as well and was patiently waiting on her. Without saying a word, Karen rose to her feet and nodded, signaling for them to get going.

As they slowly began to make their way back up the trail to her Jeep, Jacob could sense something was bothering his Mother. Hoping to break the awkward silence, he said, "Thanks, Mom...for your help. Like always."

Keeping her eyes fixed straight ahead, Karen simply replied with a flat, "You're welcome, sweetie."

Still sensing the heavy tension between them, Jacob next tried to lighten the mood. "And hey-- thanks for that little 'hike', Mom. It was a barking good time...to say the least!"

Karen stopped dead in her tracks. She turned to Jacob, lifted a firm index finger, and sternly emphasized, "Jake...that did not happen!"

"What do you mean, Mom?" Jacob asked, confused by her sudden and sharp rebuke. "Of course it happened. I was there. We were just having some harmless roleplay fun-- it wasn't a big deal, or anything."

Karen cut her eyes, "Jacob Mitchell...mark my words!" She stepped closer, poked her finger in his chest and reemphasized, "That. Did. Not. Happen. And I never want to hear you mention it ever again. Understood?"

Jacob started to reply, "Mom, you have nothing to be embarrassed about...it was just the hormones-- "

"Is that understood?" Karen cut him off, raising an eyebrow and waiting for her son to acknowledge.

Jacob recognized instantly that Karen was now fully back in her 'Mom mode'. Clearly, she was feeling remorseful about letting him goad her into playing along and giving into the over-the-top doggy banter they'd engaged in. Knowing better than to argue, he relented and gave a mock, lighthearted salute. "Yes, Ma'am. Totally understood. It never happened."

A faint, bashful smile softened Karen's flushed face. "Good." Taking her son by the hand, they began to walk together back up the trail once more. "Now, let's get out of here."

As soon as they stepped out of the forest's eaves and onto the church's outskirts, Karen's eyes quickly scanned the area for any surprises. The early morning sun had already begun to burn away the fog, thinning much of their misty white cover. Soon, the familiar structures and looming main building of Grace Baptist Church came into view. To Karen, its brick faÃ§ade and high, vaulted windows seemed like glaring eyes as the two of them emerged from the woods where they had sinfully fornicated. Avoiding the buildings' judgmental stare like

she'd done with the hauntingly empty pews earlier, Karen was relieved to see John Rayford's pick-up truck was still nowhere in sight as they passed his workshop.

Once they reached her Jeep, Karen immediately opened the back driver's-side door. When Jacob noticed she wasn't getting behind the steering wheel, but instead stepping out of her shoes, he asked, "Mom? What are you doing?"

"Just get in, sweetie," Karen quietly replied. As Jacob walked around to the other side of the SUV, she took one last look around to ensure no one was present before climbing into the backseat.

After getting in and closing the front passenger-side door, Jacob glanced back to the rear of the Jeep and saw that Karen was peeling off her running tights. "Mom..?" he asked, more confused than hopeful. "What are you doing?" Though he was more than down to have another 'go', he doubted there'd be enough time to do so and get him to school on time.

Still wrestling to get the damp, clingy fabric past her ankles, Karen answered nonchalantly, "Jake, honey? Do me a favor and grab the pack of baby wipes from the glove compartment."

Jacob immediately complied with his Mother's wishes. After rummaging around for a few seconds, he found the travel pack of wipes and turned to hand it back-- only to find Karen was now bottomless, except for her slightly muddy socks and black pair of panties. "Here you go," Jacob said, passing the small package to his Mom.

"Thank you, sweetie..." Karen replied, as she took the wipes. "Oh-- one more thing. Check and see if there's a panty liner in there too."

"Panty liner?" Jacob asked, scrunching his face. "In your glove compartment?"

"Yes, Jake..." Karen replied, letting out a slight chuckle. "A panty liner." As she opened the package of baby wipes, she added, "A woman should always be prepared...for the unexpected."

Jacob shrugged and turned back around. "Okay...panty liner." Rummaging once more through the glove compartment in search of the feminine hygiene item, he privately thought to himself, "Man...girls are weird!"

Eventually, he found a Ziploc bag tucked away in the bottom containing a few inside. Turning back to Karen, he held it up and announced in a jokingly appalling fake French accent, "Voila, Madame! Les pan-tee line-nerrzz...as requested."

"Thank you kind, sir!" Karen replied, faking her mock British 'Lisa' accent once more and matching her son's playfulness as she accepted the Ziploc bag. Setting it down onto the seat beside her right hip, she then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and began to lift her butt off the seat. It was only after she started removing her underwear did she notice that Jacob was staring at her curiously, like a first grader watching a science experiment unfold.

Karen immediately stopped and cleared her throat. "Ahem! Jake...some privacy please."

"Privacy?" her son echoed, somewhat confused.

"Yes...privacy," Karen repeated, firmer this time. "Now turn around."

Now even more puzzled, Jacob knit his brow and blinked. "But Mom...not even an hour ago-- " He gestured vaguely past the front windshield towards the distant woods. "We were just-- "

Karen sighed. "Yes...I know."

"And the other day out by the river in Big Bertha," Jacob reminded her, "well, you didn't make me turn around while you got cleaned up then."

"True..." Karen admitted. "And that was my fault. I was on the phone with your father and not thinking straight." After a pause she added, "Do you remember what I told you at the hotel that night, concerning privacy? And how outside of our 'sessions' we need to try and remain in a normal, Mother-son relationship?"

Jacob nodded. "Yes, Ma'am. I remember."

"Well then, trust me..." Karen said with a soft, embarrassed laugh, "There are some things I don't even let your father watch me do. I certainly shouldn't be doing them in front of my son!"

Jacob hesitated, then finally nodded again. "Okay, Mom."

"Good boy." Karen twirled her index finger, signaling for Jacob to turn around. After he reluctantly faced forward in the front seat, she resumed removing her panties and continued, "Besides...I need you to keep a watch out and tell me immediately if anyone shows up."

A few moments passed by before Karen muttered in exasperation from the back seat, "Oh, my...goodness!"

"You okay, Mom?" Jacob asked, tilting his head to the left just enough to glance back without fully turning. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Karen shifting around in the back seat, clearly struggling with something.

"I'm fine..." Karen huffed. She dropped another used baby wipe onto the seat beside her and continued, "Just trying to clean up this huge...mess you left behind inside me!" Her tone softened into a teasing lilt as she rolled her eyes. "Typical teenaged boy, I guess." Then she yelped, "Goodness gracious, that's cold!"

Without thinking, Jacob reacted on instinct and turned around. "Need any help?" he asked-- only to freeze with wide-eyed wonder at the sight of his Mother. Karen was plopped in the center of the backseat with her heels dug into the cushion and her legs splayed wide open. He had caught her mid-cleanup, using a fresh wipe to stanch the flow from her ravished and still sensitive, cum-drooling vagina.

"No..." Karen replied, distractedly. "I think I'm more than capable-- " She stopped mid-sentence once she looked up and caught Jacob gawking at her from the front seat. The half-naked Mother instantly snapped her legs shut and pointed toward the front of the Jeep. "Young man...what did I say? Eyes front!"

With a sigh, Jacob shook his head and turned back around, folding his arms. "Yep," he thought to himself. "She's definitely back in 'Mom mode'."

Several more minutes passed before Karen reiterated from behind him, "Jake...you are keeping watch like I asked you, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob replied with another sigh. He stared blankly out the front windshield, glanced outside both side windows and stole a peek of the rearview mirror. "I'm happy to report...the coast is clear."

"Thank you," Karen responded as she resealed the pack of baby wipes. "'Cause Lord knows, the last thing we need are any surprises right now!" She then collected the semen-soiled wipes in a spare plastic bag she kept tucked in the driver's seat back pocket. Despite her best attempts, Karen was certain plenty of her son's potent sperm still lingered dangerously inside her.

"Yup...I agree," Jacob murmured, as he continued to keep a diligent lookout. He noticed the sun had burned off more of the fog, allowing beams of light to penetrate the haze and finally brighten everything up.

"Okay, finally..." Karen commented from the back seat with a breath of relief. "I think the tide's finally ebbed." Picking up her panties resting beside her hip, she began putting them back on and added jokingly, "Though I'll probably be leaking for the rest of the day...thanks to a particular someone!"

Jacob snuck a side-glance once more and half smiled, "Sorry, Mom." The teenager tried to sound sincere, but he was really quite proud of his handiwork. He liked knowing the fact that Karen would be running around all day with a naughty internal reminder of their wild and fun, Mother-son, morning mating session out in the woods.

"It's okay, sweetie..." Karen said, adjusting her thong underwear's gusset to hold the wider panty liner in place. "I'm just teasing. I know it's not your fault." She picked up the bag containing all the soiled, used up wipes and shook her head incredulously. "It's just...there's so much of it!"

Jacob's smile widened as he continued to look straight ahead. "Admit it, Mom. On some deep down level...you know you like it. You like how much I...nut inside you."

Karen winced and closed her eyes. "Jake...do you have to say it that way?" Nevertheless, she couldn't help but squirm her bare legs together.

Jacob noticed his Mom hadn't denied what he said. Turning slightly, he added, "You also didn't seem to mind it so much back in the woods, the way you were yelling. I mean...you really got into it and let loose out there. You looked like you were having a lot of fun, Mom."

Karen's sweet voice sharpened. "Jake! Not ten minutes ago, I specifically told you never to bring that up again! And yet here you are doing it anyway. Mark my words: It. Never. Happened!"

Jacob could tell he'd perhaps pushed the envelope too far. "Sorry, Mom..." he apologized. "Honestly, though, you don't have to be so embarrassed about it. It was just some harmless fun."

Karen didn't respond right away. Instead, she was focused on straightening out her running tights to put them back on. "Oh, great!" she huffed. "These are wetter than I thought from being on the ground...and I'm sure it'll be even more uncomfortable wearing them."

Jacob pressed on, softer this time. "Plus, remember Mom...it wasn't your fault. You were just overwhelmed by the hormones' influence the whole time. It's okay to admit you enjoyed it. No one got hurt, and no one outside this Jeep will ever find out about what we did." After a few more seconds of silence, he added sincerely, "Besides, I like to think of it as a secret that only you and I will ever share. Just like the photos you let me take-- something I'll cherish years from now, and a keepsake of the special 'Mother-son bond' we created only for us."

A ponderous silence stretched between them before Karen finally spoke. "All right, Jake..." Her voice was soft and resigned. "But if you ever bring it back up again, I'll ground you for an entire month!" With a heavy sigh, she reluctantly admitted, "Yes...I did enjoy our naughty little roleplay in the woods somewhat." Sliding her sock-covered feet into the running tights, she added softly, "And yes, I do like it...when you...finish inside me."

"I thought so..." Jacob beamed with satisfaction. "I mean, why else would you be so lenient with me about not using condoms lately?"

Karen struggled to pull the last few inches of her running tights over her shapely hips. "Well, that may...ughh...have to change here soon," she grunted, pausing to catch her breath. "Especially if you're not...ughh!..cured before I run out of birth control." She then let out a relieved sigh once she was fully dressed again. "Okay. All done. You can look now."

Jacob turned to see Karen scooching toward the door to get out of the back seat. "Birth control?" he asked with a purposely puzzled expression. As he watched his Mother slip her running shoes back on, he added, "Mom, I thought you said Dr. Taylor took you off the birth control pills a while back."

After closing the rear door, Karen climbed back into the driver's seat and sat behind the steering wheel. "That's right...she wanted me to take a break since my estrogen levels were so high," she explained, before pointing to her son's chest and adding, "Seatbelt."

Jacob pulled the strap across himself, still processing his Mom's words. Even though he already had a good idea how, he still asked with feigned curiosity, "So...how are you still on birth control?"

Karen flipped the sun visor down and, using the lit mirror, began checking her appearance. "Well, recently your Aunt Brenda's been participating in a test trial for a new prototype contraceptive called 'Midoxinol'. It doesn't affect a woman's estrogen levels as much, and it's supposed to be much safer than traditional birth control pills." Once her dark brown hair was preened back to her satisfaction, Karen added, "She had some extra samples that she gave me, which I've been trying out for the last couple of months or so. However, I'm getting low, and she's not sure if she can get me more."

Jacob buckled his safety belt fully, then looked over to Karen pleadingly. "Oh, please Mom...don't tell me we have to go back to using condoms! I hate those things. I get why I need to use them with Ms. Turner or--...anyone else, but even the larger ones you bought me are still kinda uncomfortable. On top of that, whenever I wear 'em it takes me so much longer to...finish."

Karen would never admit it, but she didn't want to go back to using condoms either. The beautiful housewife had gotten seriously addicted to the powerful sensations of Jacob 'nutting' his fat loads deep inside her vacant womb. The feeling of his hot, chemically-laced jism filling every nook and cranny of her birth canal was downright indescribable-- a truly religious experience. Her orgasms too, were amplified by the hormones, as she privately acknowledged to herself that nothing compared to the feeling of her own son's DNA plastering her entire reproductive tract. Coupled with that closely-guarded secret, the knowledge that Jacob's young sperm was hell-bent on seeking out and impregnating her Mommy-egg (in order to sinfully mix and inbreed their genes into new life) heightened and magnified everything a hundredfold over.

Finally composed, Karen flipped the visor back up and put her sunglasses on. "Well, let's just hope your Aunt Bren' succeeds in getting me some more samples," she commented. "If not, then we'll have to come up with an alternative...at least until you are fully cured." When she didn't hear an immediate response from Jacob, she turned and lowered her shades to give him a knowing look. "And don't get any bright ideas, young man. My answer to that sick little fantasy of yours is still a hard 'NO'!"

Jacob held up his hands in mock innocence. "I didn't say anything, Mom. You're the one who brought it up!" Wondering exactly which 'sick fantasy' she was referring to, he smirked and added, "You and that dirty mind of yours..."

Karen shot him a sideways glance. "But you were thinking it." She sighed. "You may not admit it, but I know you were..."

"Yeah, okay Mom, but so were you..." Jacob muttered, before checking his cell phone and repeating in half-agreement, "Anyway-- here's hoping Aunt Bren' can

get you some more samples."

"Yes, but let's not worry about that just yet..." Karen agreed, as she inserted her Jeep's key into the ignition. "Hopefully if things go according to plan, you'll be cured of all this before I run out." Her mind wandered briefly again, as she pondered how incredulous the notion of holding such a candid adult conversation with her son would have seemed only a few months prior. Turning to Jacob, she shook her thoughts and asked, "So, how do I look?"

Jacob gave her a quick once-over. "Gorgeous as always, Mom," he nodded, then returned to texting Sara.

Karen let out a breath. "Really? Are you sure? Because I need to try and sneak into the house and take a shower before your dad sees me. Even though he'll probably be in his office working, just in case I do run into him, I don't wanna look all out of sorts-- and have him suspecting anything."

Jacob looked up from his phone again. "Don't worry, Mom..." he said, with a reassuring smile. "You look fantastic! Trust me...dad won't suspect a thing. Just convince him you went out for a quick jog, or something."

Karen returned her son's smile and brushed her right hand tenderly on his cheek. "Thank you, Snuggle Bear. I might just do that." She sat back and turned the key, rumbling her Jeep's V6 engine to life. "Now, what do you say we get out of here before anyone else does show up? I think I can still get you to school on time."

Jacob finished his text and turned toward her. Instead of answering, he couldn't help but pose, "So...what do you think Aunt Bren' would say?"

"Say about what?" Karen asked, shifting the Jeep into drive.

With a sneaky smile, Jacob replied slyly, "You know...about our little 'hike' this morning."

"Jake!" Karen snapped, slamming the brakes hard enough to jolt them both. "Are you trying to get yourself grounded? Because if you are, then we can start right now with that cell phone."

Jacob laughed, putting his hand up again. "I'm joking, Mom! I'm just joking!"

"Well, keep it up, young man..." Karen warned, her tone serious. "You keep pushing it, and we'll see who laughs last-- and the loudest!" She eased her foot off the brake pedal, letting the Jeep lurch forward again.

Leaning back, Jacob stated with confidence, "Like I said earlier, Mom...no one outside this Jeep will ever know we did the 'raw and nasty' out in those woods. Promise." What the hubristic teen didn't know was at the very moment he uttered those words, several newly-installed security cameras were recording Karen's unmistakable red Jeep circling the church building and eventually leaving the parking lot...

Once Karen had them back on the main road that would take them to Jacob's high school, she took a moment to process things more fully. As always after one of their 'sessions' (and with the chemicals now flushed from her system), the housewife sensed a rapid shift away from her post-orgasmic high. In its place she felt the usual emotions slowing creeping in-- which she'd grown accustomed

to dread:

Guilt.

Shame.

Fear.

And something even more complicated, which she refused to name.

Staring at the road ahead, her jaw tightened. She'd cheated on her husband again-- her kind, loving, faithful husband. And to make matters worse, the night before, she'd snapped at him. Looking back, Karen admitted she'd probably overreacted to Robert's clumsy attempt to initiate some 'butt play'. Even though she was still totally against that vile act, the memory of how she'd harshly barked at her husband made her stomach twist. Deep down, she also knew her unwarranted frustration towards Robert was rooted (through no fault of his own) to his inability to match the sexual prowess now wielded by their second-born child.

On top of everything, there was the out-of-character way she'd acted earlier that morning at the breakfast table. After Robert had gone through the trouble of making breakfast for the family, she had the audacity to sit there and fondle their teenaged son right in front of him. She'd smiled, chatted, pretended everything was normal-- while doing something that was anything but (and with her husband standing just a few feet away). The whole memory made her chest clench up with fresh pangs of remorse.

In spite of the turmoil these guilt-ridden thoughts brought her, Karen also knew they were the least of her worries. She knew she was indulging way too much in the otherworldly pleasure of having Jacob flood her womb with his potent and virile seed. Even though she still had every confidence in the Midoxinol birth control's continuing effectiveness, that little nagging voice of conscience in the back of her head never fully went silent. Each time she chose to ignore its dire warnings was like playing a dangerous game of Russian roulette, yet she found herself more and more succumbing to tempting fate. This despite knowing that as advanced as modern medicine may be, there was simply no contraceptive in existence that was 100% effective-- every single time.

Karen's abiding concern about the improbable, but not impossible, worst-case scenario ever occurring was not unfounded. There was always the minute chance that one of Jacob's young and eager determined little swimmers could actually beat the odds. As unimaginable as it seemed, it'd only take one to breach every natural and manmade defense standing in its way. Once it found her ripe and mature unfertilized egg there was absolutely nothing to hinder the creation of a new life-- a forbidden, sinfully-conceived life that no doubt would bring an end to the one Karen cherished so dearly. Namely, the life she shared with her husband Robert...the ultimate innocent victim in all this chaos.

As she gazed at the reflection in her rearview mirror and saw Grace Baptist's buildings shrinking away in the distant foggy haze, Karen once again sent up a silent prayer. She pleaded that God would be merciful and that He would prevent Robert from ever learning of her sinful transgressions. And if the unthinkable ever did occur, and her husband found out-- that he would somehow find it in his heart to forgive her.

Eager to escape her spiraling thoughts for the time being, Karen cleared her throat and turned down the radio. "Say, sweetie..." she began gently. "Are you looking forward to next weekend and our trip to Athens?"

Jacob didn't look up from the game he'd resumed playing on his phone. Instead he shrugged, morosely, "Yeah...mostly, I guess."

"Mostly?" Karen glanced over at him. "You guess? I thought you were all excited

about the visit."

Still focused on his screen, Jacob explained, "Well...I've been thinking. Since I've basically already made up my mind to attend Georgia, is there really any point for the trip? Besides, I've already seen the campus plenty of times...from when we go to football games."

Karen blinked, confused. "Wait...you've already made up your mind? Since when?"

"Last Sunday," Jacob replied. "Rachel and I talked about it at the restaurant, during your birthday dinner."

Karen suddenly remembered Robert's comment from the night before. "Jake...did Rachel strong-arm you, or pressure you in any way to make that decision? Because if she did-- "

"No, Mom..." Jacob cut in quickly. "She didn't do anything like that. We just... talked, that's all. She told me how great it was there and about all the cool places in Athens. And honestly, I think I'd much rather be on a campus in a quieter, small-town setting instead of being smack dab in the middle of Atlanta-- even if it means being farther from y'all. If you wanna know the truth...I think Georgia's where I've always wanted to go, all along."

"Well..." Karen said, smiling softly. "I won't pretend I'm not happy with your decision. But only if it's your choice-- and no one else's."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob nodded. "It's what I want. I'm sure of it. Now just comes the hard part-- telling dad. I know he's gonna be disappointed that neither of his kids chose Tech."

Karen shook her head. "Don't worry about your father. He already said that he'll be perfectly fine if you decide to choose Georgia. He loves you, and in the end all he wants is what's best for you."

Jacob looked over, surprised. "Really? He said that?"

"Yes..." Karen replied, with an exaggerated nod. "Yes, he did." She deliberately left out the deal she and Robert had made concerning the upcoming Georgia-Georgia Tech football game on Thanksgiving weekend. (The things mothers will do for their children!) Turning back to Jacob, she asked, "When do you think you want to tell him?"

Jacob shrugged. "I was thinking maybe during Thanksgiving dinner. That way, I can announce it to everyone at once." He conveniently left out the fact that he and Rachel had made their own secret deal. Namely, that he'd break the news only when his big sister was there so she could witness their dad's reaction. (The things alumni will do to support their schools and rag on their rivals!)

As Karen eased the Jeep to a stop at a red light, she said, "Well, that's a good idea, Jake. That way, we can still go to Athens, and it'll seem like you used the campus visit as part of your decision-making process. Then your dad won't think anyone meddled with or influenced your choice."

"Oh..." Jacob said, sounding disappointed. "We're still gonna go to Athens?"

"Of course we are," Karen replied firmly. "Why wouldn't we?"

"Wellllll..." Jacob tiptoed, hesitant to continue.

"Jacob Mitchell..." Karen intoned suspiciously, as she depressed the accelerator and resumed driving. "What aren't you telling me? I can tell you're hiding something, so you might as well just spill the beans."

"It's just..." Jacob sighed, before finally blurting out, "Some of the guys and

I were hoping to go to Comic-Con in Atlanta the following week, during our Thanksgiving break."

Karen scoffed. "Oh, I get it now. So that's why you made such a rushed decision-- so you could skip the Athens trip with your sister and me and instead run off to Atlanta with your little buddies." She threw up a hand and continued, "And here I was thinking you'd put some serious thought into your future and which college to attend-- like an adult-- only to find you based it on fun, juvenile plans...like a teenager."

"Mom..." Jacob stated quietly. "I am a teenager."

Karen shot him a look and narrowed her eyes behind her sunglasses. "You know what I mean." As she rolled to another stop, further irritation crept into her voice. "Well, I can tell you right now, young man-- we are not cancelling the trip to Athens. My friend Julie went through a lot of trouble to arrange this visit for us. We're going...and that's final."

Once again, Karen had failed to catch herself from overreacting and lashing out a bit too harshly. Her sinking suspicion was that it had to be the hormones again, playing with her emotions. As she stared at the red light, she suddenly felt remorse. Jacob was right. He was a teenager. Of course he'd much rather spend Thanksgiving break at a convention with his closest friends, celebrating the movies and comics they loved, instead of touring a campus he'd seen plenty of times already and wouldn't attend for another year and a half.

Still staring straight ahead, Karen asked, her tone softening, "So, tell me something-- how exactly were you and your friends planning to get to Atlanta? Who was going to drive?"

Jacob shrugged. "Dunno. We've been trying to find someone with a car who'd be willing to take us. Steve even asked his older sister, but she basically laughed in his face. And yes, before you ask, I asked Rach too. She didn't laugh, but since Scott's finally gonna be back next week, she said she's gonna be busy getting ready for Thanksgiving and... "

Her son's words faded away as Karen stared straight ahead once more and her thoughts wandered. Growing up, Rachel and Jacob had mostly gotten along pretty well, but being siblings meant Rachel sometimes slipped into that teasing, olderâ ‘sister streak-- especially when it came to Jacob's love of sci-fi movies and superhero comics.

"Who's Steve?" Karen asked with curiosity, once she heard Jacob stop talking. "Do I know him?"

Jacob shook his head. "No...you haven't met him yet. His family just moved here recently from North Augusta. His dad's a sheriff's deputy over in Gwinnett County and I think his mom works at a bank. I think you'd like him-- he's a lot like Matt."

It was just before 8:00 as Karen pulled into the school parking lot and joined the drop-off line when she realized something else. Next year, Jacob and most of his friends would be seniors. Soon after that, they'd all be graduating and scattering in different directions, starting new chapters of their lives. Their time to do any fun, wholesome things together-- like going to a comic convention-- was quickly running out. At the same time, the first stirrings of the 'empty nest' syndrome she'd been dreading would someday come began to tug at her heartstrings.

After a few seconds of silence, Karen asked, "When is it?"

"Huh?" Jacob answered, glancing at a text from Sara. "When's what?"

"The comic book convention," Karen responded softly. "When is it taking place

exactly?"

Still typing, Jacob replied, "It starts the week after next, and runs Saturday through the following Wednesday-- the day before Thanksgiving."

"Well..." Karen began, as she brought her Jeep alongside the curb. "Maybe...I could take you and your friends there."

Jacob's head immediately snapped towards her, "Really? You mean it?" A huge grin spread across his face. "Mom! That would be so awesome!"

Karen held up her right index finger. "Now hold your horses just a second...I'm willing to make a deal with you."

"Sure!" Jacob said excitedly. "What kind of deal?"

"Alright...here's the deal," Karen stated, inching further up in the drop-off line and finally shifting into park. "After we get back from Athens-- and if you behave yourself-- I'll take you and your friends to the convention...for one day!"

Jacob nodded at once. "That works! I mean, it's better than nothing! Which day can we go?"

Karen smiled at her son's cute, boyish excitement. "I was thinking probably Tuesday would work best for me. I know I'll need Monday to catch things up after the weekend college trip. Also, since your Aunt Brenda's hosting Thanksgiving this year, I'll probably need to be at her place all day Wednesday helping her prep."

"Mom...that'd be great! The guys are gonna flip when I tell 'em!"

Karen laughed. "Just make sure they all check with their parents first. They can call me if they want to go over any of the details or ask any questions."

"I'll make sure to tell them, Mom...thank you so much!" Jacob said, picking up his bookbag from the floorboard.

"You're welcome, Snuggle Bear." Just as Jacob was about to open his door, Karen asked, "Do you want me to come and pick you up after school?"

Suddenly remembering the secret meeting he had planned with his Aunt Brenda later that day, Jacob replied, "Uh...no, Ma'am. I might end up staying late to work on a chemistry project with Sara. Don't worry-- I'll figure out a way home. If not, I'll text you."

"Okay then...just be careful," Karen said warmly. "Make sure to text me right away, anyways. Now have a good day-- love you!"

"Love you too, Mom..." Jacob replied as he opened the door. "Thanks again, Mom...you're the coolest!"

Karen beamed. "Oh? How 'bout that-- I'm a cool Mom now!"

Before stepping out of the Jeep, Jacob leaned over the console and kissed Karen on the cheek-- this time not caring one damn if anyone saw. "The coolest ever!" he reiterated, softly. Hopping out of the vehicle, he waved loudly, "Bye, Mom!" before slamming the door as usual.

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9:00am, Thursday, November 12 - Federal Correctional Institution, Atlanta, Georgia (FCI Atlanta)

The clicking and clacking of Melissa's fashionable, yet sensible, heels echoed off the polished floor and bare concrete walls as she walked alongside her accompanying escort. She'd known the prison guard, Eddie (a stout and strongly built black man in his late-40's) for almost a year now. His familiar, fatherly presence had always put her at ease in the otherwise austere and imposing environs of the federal prison. With each step as they meandered through the various and twisting maze of hallways, their friendly small talk inevitably focused on the married father's three school-aged kids.

The Assistant DA's wardrobe that morning consisted of a dark blue blazer with a matching knee-length pencil skirt paired with a light blue, button-down blouse. Even though Eddie had tried his best to be slick, Melissa still caught the proud father of three stealthily eyeing her up and down when he thought she wasn't looking. Melissa wasn't offended by any means, because by then she'd grown more than accustomed to the surreptitious, leering gaze of others. In fact, the gorgeous young lawyer thought it more concerning if the day ever came when men (and sometimes even women) stopped lecherously looking at her.

Eddie buzzed Melissa into a small, private conference room-- its bare, spartan walls an equally drab and depressing shade of dark green as the rest of the facility. There, she found Dr. Michael Grant wearing a standard orange prison jumpsuit and sitting at the table in the center of the room alongside his lawyer, Brent Tucker. Melissa and the 30-something-year old defense attorney had butted heads in court several times over the years. Despite that, outside the legal arena, they were still able to maintain a somewhat amicable professional relationship. As soon as the young and beautiful assistant DA made her entrance, the two men both stood out of Southern, gentlemanly respect.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Melissa greeted them cordially, as she walked over and placed her briefcase down onto the worn, heavy-duty wooden table. Still sore from the previous day, she refrained from immediately sitting down (as well as to calculatingly keep her counterparts standing for the time being).

"Good morning, Ms. Turner..." Brent Tucker reciprocated, after Eddie had departed and securely closed the soundproofed door of the conference room. "Will Paul be joining us this morning?"

"I'm afraid not..." Melissa replied, as she opened her briefcase and began pulling out files regarding the case. "District Attorney Howard unexpectedly got called to the governor's office, so it will be just me today as state's counsel during this proceeding."

Noting his counterpart's pedantic maintenance of formalities, Brent looked over to Dr. Grant, who gave a weary, subtle nod of assent. "That's fine with us," replied the defense attorney, a faintly wry smile tugging at his lips.

"Excellent..." Melissa said, whilst pulling a chair out from underneath the table and bracing herself to gingerly take a seat. "Shall we begin then?"

After the three of them had sat down, Melissa began, "So, for starters...may I ask why you requested this...as you call it, 'urgent meeting'?"

"My client..." Brent replied with a sigh, "Has as of late, grown increasingly concerned for his personal safety."

"Personal safety?" Melissa asked somewhat perplexed, leaning slightly forward and shifting in her less than comfortable chair. "Whatever for? The federal government's already assured his safety and agreed to enter Dr. Grant into the witness protection program. That is, as soon as he turns over the antidote and provides the names of his financial benefactors."

Brent replied, "Well, that's just it. Dr. Grant fears he may not live long enough to make it to the court date." Leaning in closer to Melissa he then said, almost in a whisper, "There are a lot of bad people on that list of names.

Dangerous, powerful people who would do anything...anything...to keep their involvement from being dragged out into the light."

Even more unsettled, Melissa then asked, "So...what exactly does your client want from us?"

Brent answered, "A change of location-- somewhere secret and safer for him to be held in incarceration until after the court's decision is pronounced and when he actually enters into the witness protection program."

Melissa scoffed, her unease lightening as her seasoned prosecutor's instincts suddenly kicked in and recognized the familiar stalling tactic her counterpart was attempting. Seizing the moment, she addressed him by his first name and countered firmly, "Brent...your client is already in prison-- under constant, close surveillance. How much safer can he be?"

"Melissa-- " Brent began, his expression marked by genuine concern and not at all the cynical shrewdness of a defense attorney. Before he could continue however, Dr. Grant cut him off abruptly.

"Look, Ms. Turner..." Dr. Grant interjected, his voice urgent. "You don't realize how dangerous these people are. They will stop at nothing-- absolutely nothing-- to silence me. And that includes making sure I'm silenced permanently. Do you understand?"

Steadying his rattled demeanor with the composure of an experienced physician, Dr. Grant leaned forward in his chair and continued earnestly. "I'm not a bad man, Ms. Turner. I never meant to hurt anyone. I'm a doctor-- a scientist for heaven's sake! It's all that I've ever wanted to do since childhood. Certain people whom I trusted, however, lured me into believing I would be helping others. Instead, these...monsters lied to me, and tricked me into carrying out their diabolical, sinister plans--." Seeing his client visibly shaken once more, Brent placed a firm hand on Dr. Grant's arm and (with a barely perceptible shake of his head) signaled for him to stop talking.

Nevertheless, Melissa pressed on, "What sinister plans, Dr. Grant? What were these, as you call them, 'monsters' really up to?" After an awkward and seemingly interminable silence, the assistant DA leaned back in her chair, doing her best to mask the discomfort in her still sore bottom. When the doctor and his counsel maintained their obstinate refusal to respond, Melissa crossed her arms and sighed, "Look, gentlemen...before the state can even consider spending any more taxpayer money to move you to a safer location with added security, you're going to need to give us something."

Nonplussed as to how to respond, Dr. Grant glanced at his attorney. Brent, his gaze fixed on his legal counterpart, finally gave his client a curt nod.

With a coy smile and ignoring Brent's obvious stare, Melissa sat up in the chair, "Alright, Dr. Grant. Talk to me --and then I'll see what the state can do for you."

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The last vestiges of late-morning haze had finally burned off by the time John Rayford pulled into Grace Baptist Church in his aging silver Ford Ranger pickup. After parking in his usual spot, he unlocked his workshop and stepped inside. Flipping the lights on, he began prepping the projects he planned to tackle later, before making his way over to the main church building.

Entering through the rear service door, he lumbered his way up to the main level carrying his black travel mug of coffee in his hand. Once he reached the end of the long hallway, he pulled out his keys and unlocked an unmarked door next to

Pastor Miller's office. He pushed it open and entered a small room containing a computer and a large array of surveillance monitors mounted to the wall.

Dressed in his usual dingy overalls, the old custodian settled into the small desk and switched the computer monitor on. As he waited for it to come to life, John took a long swig of his coffee, griping at nothing in particular in his usual, grunting manner. When the sign-in screen finally appeared, he let out an indifferent sigh, logged onto the church's security system and began the new daily chore Donna Miller insisted he do every time he started work.

As soon as the monitor lit up, John quickly noticed several motion-detector alerts from earlier that morning. "Well, well...what do we have here?" the simple handyman gruffly muttered in his twangy, Appalachian accent. Clicking on the first of many video recordings that showed a notification, he continued in a West Virginian drawl, "Reckon if them trail cameras finally caught sight of that big 8-point buck I've been after all season..."

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END OF CHAPTER 19

CHAPTER 20 COMING SOON!