

WICKED HORMONES CH. 18

RTR9209

Sacrifices Are Made... Unfinished Business Is Taken Care Of.

Incest/Taboo

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******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 naïve 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-blond hair whilst lewdly grinding her hips on her black lover and replied, "Oh yeah, Manny...let's fuck some more!! *FUCK ME 'TIL I CANT 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. "*Unngggghhhhhh!!!*" 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...*GAWWWWD!! YESSSS!!! Fuck me!!! FUCK ME, MANNYYYYYYYYY!!!!*"

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-blond 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...*Unnnnnngggghhhhhh!!!!*"

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.

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.

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.

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...

While they were relaxing in the pool the previous Sunday afternoon, Jacob had glanced over to Sara on the floating lounge 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 lounge 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!"

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!"

"Mmmmmmmmm..." 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.

"*Ssssllllllrrrrp!!*" 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-blue 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 lilt 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 buttocks. 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 "*Unnnngggghhhhhh!!!!*" 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 façade 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...CUUMMINNNGGGG!!!!*" 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.

"AAAARRRGGGGHHHHHH!!!" 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 GAAAWWWD...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.

"Uggggghhhhhh!!!" 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.

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.

"Oooohhhhhh...*Fuccccckkkk!!!* Oooohhhhhh...*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...*cumminnnng...A--AGAAIIIIINNNNNN!!!*"

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, "Sweeeeet...*JEESSSUSSSS!!!*" 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, "*FFFUUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!!* FFFFFUCKKKK MEEEEEEE...*YOU MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRR...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 scooted 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!!*"

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 friggd 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'.*"

"*Pffft...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. "*Nnnngggghhhh!!!*" 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. "*AAAARRRRRRGGHHHHHHH!!!*" 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 salvos 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'...

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 buttocks.

A month prior, had Brenda even suggested she wear something so risqué 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!! 📸📸**

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: *👉 HOLY SHIT!!*

BRENDA: *OMG!! Is that really my big sister?*

With a giggle emoji, Karen texted back: *👉 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: *👉
BRENDA!!!*

KAREN: *YOU'RE HORRIBLE!!!*

BRENDA: *LOL*

BRENDA: *Guilty as charged! 🙄*

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! 🙄*

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!!"

"Awwwww...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* décor 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 risqué 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 ♥**

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 stilettos, 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."

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 scooped 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.

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...

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.

"Unnghh! 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

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 stilettos 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.

"Nnnnnnggghhh!!!" 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 buttocks, 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 baby-maker. 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!! *Unngggghhhh!!* 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, Yesssss!!!*" 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.

"*OHHHHHHH!!!*" 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...*dannng, 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 buttock.

"*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!*"

"*Unnnngggghhhhhh!!!!*" 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.

"*YEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!*" 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 obviously 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 proudly, 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 baby-maker 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

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.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!!! MYYYYY 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 creampie'd 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...

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!! Yesss!!!" 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...*ughh!*..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...*ughh!*..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 MEEEEEEEEEE!!!*"

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!! *FUCKKKKKKKK!!!!!!*" 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--YESSSSSSSSSS!! I WANT TO HAVE ALL MY BABY'S...MOTHER...FUCKING...BABIES!!!!*"

"FUCK YEAHHHHHH, MOMMMMMMMMM!!!! ARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!" 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.*"

"*Mmmmmmm...*" 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.

"*MMMMmmmmmmmm...*" 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 décolletage 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!! *Ughh!!*" 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....*AAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!*"

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.

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??*"

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."

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...*"

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."*

"Sssshhhh!!" 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!"

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, "*♪♪ Pour... some... sugar on meeeee!! ♪♪*"

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!! *Uunnghh!* Do it...*give it to meeeeeeeeeee!*!"

"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!*"

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!!*"

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: **☺ 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!"

END OF CHAPTER 18

CHAPTER 19 COMING SOON!