

Story: Auto Play

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Auto Play

I am a good mother; I want you to know that. I love my son, as a mother should, and what I'm about to tell you doesn't mean I have anything but the purest love for either of my children or my husband. This was all an accident and, as embarrassing as it is to tell you about, I want you to know I took no pleasure in what happened, even though circumstances may make it seem otherwise, to the perverted mind. I would never even dream of doing anything like what happened on purpose.

It all started when my oldest son collapsed on the kickball field in his freshman year of high school. We rushed to the hospital to meet him and his teacher, where the doctor proceeded to tell us about Joey's heart condition. The short version is that he was born with a defect that hadn't been detected until he passed out during sports that day. We were advised to keep his activity levels down and not to scare him or stress him or his heart. Joey's heart was working at less than half the capacity of a normal heart. Excessive stress could cause his heart to go into seizures and kill him.

The doctor put him on medication to improve his heart's output. Joey took it in the late afternoons because it made him sleepy and on two occasions, we found him sleepwalking. The doctor said restlessness in sleep was a normal side effect. He warned that we shouldn't wake him up when he was like that, just watch him and keep him safe. Otherwise, he was a perfectly normal kid who just had to take a little medication to keep his heart working at maximum flow and stay away from scary movies.

His younger sister, by three years, was perfectly fine with a perfectly normal heart. What a relief.

The day came when my baby boy was nearly all grown up and we went on a road trip to look at colleges over the Summer of his Senior year. We had six colleges all lined up in Up State NY and planned a week long road trip to tour each one.

Joey, Missy, and my husband, Al, and I packed our bags and piled into our 5 seater SUV to head out across three states. We were very comfortable and had lots of room to stretch. The big bench seat in the back was very nice and after a few hours of driving, I declared myself ready to take a break and let Al drive. "I'm going to ride in the back and take a nap, who wants the front seat?"

"Oh! Me me me me!" yelled Missy while bouncing against her seatbelt on the passenger side in the back.

We moved our spots at the next rest stop and I climbed in the back with Joey. Al had this new CD he'd ordered over the Internet that he'd been playing a lot lately. My husband hit the autoplay button and the New Age sounds of weird mood music soon filled the car. I was starting to become rather fond of it, so I didn't mind it as much as I did the first time he'd insisted on playing it around the house.

Now let me explain. It was the height of Summer and I liked to ride with the windows open to enjoy all that fresh air. I hate the AC and so, I was wearing a very light Summer dress with long-ish narrow shoulder straps that allowed it to fall to about mid-thigh. It was actually an intsy-wintsy bit shorter, but I'm not trying to split hairs. Ok, it may have looked, with the wind blowing and from a lower angle, a fair amount above mid-thigh, but really, it wasn't that bad. Al's CD was playing when I'd picked out the outfit and I may not have been paying as much attention to how short it was, as I normally would. Like I said, I was starting to get kinda into Al's odd taste in music.

At 41, I liked the way my legs looked. I did a lot of walking and bike riding to keep Al interested, and it worked. My breasts probably also caused the dress to lift a little higher than it was designed to do, but really, without a bra, my DD-cup breasts didn't stand out as much as they would with a bra; even if my husband said they looked bigger when I didn't wear a bra. So, I kept that effect to a minimum by going braless.

Enough about me, the point is, my son and my husband and my daughter were all dressed for the heat. Al in his khaki shorts and Pollo shirt and Missy in her own short Summer dress and Joey in a loose pair of nylon workout shorts and a tank top. His muscles were really growing. Even though he couldn't workout with cardio-excersize, he still lifted modest weights and it showed.

So we started on the road again and it was coming on to night. Joey, leaned away from me and closed his eyes against the opposite window, which he'd rolled up and tucked a sweatshirt against. I smiled and leaned onto my son's muscular shoulder and asked if it was okay to use him as a pillow.

"Sure Mom, no problem."

He stretched an arm around me and I put my arm across his ribs to hug him while tucking my cheek against his collar. I couldn't help but admire the tone fitness of his torso. I am a proud mom and that is not something to be ashamed of.

I'll be the bigger person and admit that I even noticed the bulge of his loins. I had accidentally opened the bathroom door, a few days back, when he was stepping out of the shower and I caught sight of him

down there, just before wrapping a towel around himself. Al was playing his mood music and I was just getting lost in the rhythms while going about doing laundry. I had even thrown my own jeans and t-shirt in the machine and wasn't even thinking about what I was doing when I walked upstairs in nothing but a brand new pair of French cut thong panties to collect more laundry.

I was so mortified when I realized we were both standing there with almost nothing on. Joey wasn't hard or anything, but I couldn't fail to notice he had nothing to be ashamed of in the manly department, either. I even felt a little pride that he seemed to be every bit as well built as his father, in that aspect too. I'll even come clean and admit that the moments after he saw me, before he recovered from his shock and finally drew his towel around his lean hips, I saw his member start to lengthen and swell. I couldn't help but feel more than flattered at that response.

Al just laughed when we turned and saw him standing in the hall looking at us. How embarrassing. I can't imagine what my face looked like, very red, that's for sure. God, I spent the rest of the day replaying that moment in my mind.

Joey shaved down there. Since I had just recently started waxing my own neither region, I couldn't stop seeing my son's bare genitals in my mind. I became hyper-aware of my own baldness and how sensitive and sexy it made me feel.

In the backseat of the car I listened to the beat of Joey's fragile heart and thought it felt strong and healthy to me. The gentle shaking of the car was comforting and I listened to the mood music from Al's CD as Joey's breathing grew softer and deeper; a quiet snoring started in his throat. It was so comforting to listen to my son's heart, his breathing and that music, so relaxing.

Then I opened my eyes when there was a sharp bump that jarred me out of sleep and my jaw was suddenly stretched wide open as something soft and spongy and very large wedged my teeth apart and pressed into my mouth. It filled the space over my tongue and I instantly realized, as the corona of the hot, turgid head popped completely into my mouth, what it was.

I moved to jerked myself upward, but there was a hand draped over my head, holding me in place. I paused to redouble my efforts to extract the giant cock that pressed into my mouth when I heard Joey snoring above my head.

Oh my God! I realized then, that I had my seventeen-year-old son's erect cock in my mouth!

I instantly felt fear that I could cause him to wake up and experience the kind of stress the doctors had warned us to keep him free from. It could devastate him emotionally.

I paused, feeling the heat of my son's stomach against my cheek. The buried head in my mouth pulsed, and I felt the flair and swelling of his cock head press against the roof of my mouth. I couldn't help pressing my tongue against it. It seemed to force my jaw wider as the blood filled the thickening member. It was just a reflex due to the amazing smoothness of that taught crown, just a reflex to run my tongue over that silky soft gland to fully measure and understand what was in my mouth while my mind was still staggering from what I woke up to find.

That simple movement caused the blood warmed organ pressed tightly between my lips to expand even more and another inch pushed into my mouth.

I tried, I really tried to open my mouth as wide as I could and gently lift my head up from where I lay, my cheek pressed against my son's abdomen.

When I first woke, my arm was stretched across Joey's lap, but in that initial panic, I had brought my hand up and grabbed at the object invading my mouth. It was thick and hard and, it seemed, inflexible, as it thrust upward between my lips.

My hand was now resting on Joey's heavy testicles (apparently underwear was too hot to wear) and my fingers wrapped around his pulsing root, the fingertips buried in the nylon material of his shorts as they rode up and exposed his huge rigid member.

I raised my head against the pressure of Joey's hand resting on the back of my head. I felt the thick shaft slip out of my mouth. I thought I was going to be able to do this. I was about to get my son's cock out of my mouth when the flaired helmet-like ridge of his spongy head caught the back of my teeth. I couldn't open my mouth wide enough to clear his engorged crown without scraping him.

"Aowh!" my son grunted in his sleep. His hips thrust upward and his right hand was joined by his left hand on the back of my head. Suddenly there was more cock in my mouth than before. I felt the blunt smooth tip against the back of the roof of my mouth. Any farther and my son would be tickling my gag reflex with his cock.

I clenched the root of his shaft with desperation to hold him back. I couldn't help but be impressed when I realized he was filling my mouth completely and I had my fingers wrapped only part way around his shaft, yet my lips weren't even touching the fist I was trying to grip him with.

I heard Joey's snores stop. My eyes flew open, once again, in anticipated shock of when he woke to find his mother going down on him in his sleep.

There was a moment of silence, only the quiet background music from my husband's CD, my lips stretched wide. I stopped the breathing through my nose as I tensed my left arm to spring up as soon as he discovered me. Then, he sighed in a long exhale of breath. I felt his shaft throb and it jerked in my hand. His hips twitched, knocking the tip of his blunt gland against my tonsils. He held himself sheathed all the way into my mouth firmly for a few seconds. The pressure of his arms across the back of my head, immovable. Finally he relaxed the downward pressure on my head and his snoring resumed a little louder than before.

The salty warmth of a generous amount of precum began to mix with my saliva. I almost thought he'd cum, but the pulses and twitches of his member weren't enough to indicate an orgasm.

I was so relieved when he relaxed his grip and resumes snoring that I forgot, just for an instant, where I was, as I listened to that comforting music. I sucked on the warm thick member in my mouth, swallowing the viscous lubricant and savoring the smooth silkiness of the head as I ran my tongue along and around the vainy member. It actually felt comforting to have my mouth filled so fully. I marveled, just for that instant of relief, at the hardness and the sheer size of my son's warm male shaft in my mouth.

I have never shied away from the idea of giving head and have even experimented lately with deepthroating Joey's father. That had gotten a little awkward when I decided to do it under the kitchen table early a couple of mornings ago.

It was nearly an hour before we normally woke the kids, so Al had put his CD on to cover any noise our sleeping children might hear. I served Al his breakfast and playfully slid under the table while he peppered his eggs. I had just start working Al's eight inches completely down my throat when both our children decided this was a good morning to get up early.

I was working my lips down over Al's hard-on when I saw two pairs of bare legs step up, next where my husband sat. He instantly scooted farther under the table and reached down to cup the back of my head so I wouldn't panic and give us away. My lips bottomed out against my husband's pubic bone.

Al made an excuse for my absence and sent them to take care of their own breakfast. I had to remain kneeling under our dining table with a cock in my mouth the whole time, while my children poured themselves each a bowl of cereal and pulled chairs up to join their father at the table. Al had a somewhat stiff conversation with his kids while his cock was secretly buried in their mother's mouth for nearly half an hour. Al came all over my face just as his kids were clearing their bowls at the sink only eight feet away. It was exciting, sure, but very humiliating and anxiety provoking too.

So, this is not what I would normally call a sexual turn-on. Believe me when I tell you, I was not doing any of this for my own pleasure. My tongue was pushing against my son's shaft more to try and spit it out than for any sensual pleasures. The results, however, seems to cause more of that thick fluid to flow from his tip.

"Daddy, there's a sign for a Pop-n-Fry Chicken. Can we get something to eat?" I heard my fourteen-year-old daughter ask her father in the front seat.

My situation hit me like a freight train. My husband of 18 years and my innocent fourteen-year-old daughter were wide awake in the front seat of our small SUV while I lay across the back seat with my sleeping seventeen-year-old son's thick erection in my mouth.

Once again, I tried to lift myself off of the huge member stretching my jaw.

I couldn't get my teeth past the flair of my son's cock head and the sudden scrape of my teeth on his most sensitive spot caused him to buck his hips up and force his engorged member back into the depths of my mouth. I swallowed, in my frustration, and his hands gripped my head firmly while my son, still snoring, began to pump his hips up and down, working his cock back and forth inside his own mother's mouth. I was being mouth raped by my sleeping son and I felt helpless to stop it.

"See if anyone is awake and interested in food." My husband told our daughter.

I froze. I couldn't pull away for fear of doing harm to my son's heart and all I could see in the darkening evening was the crumpled nylon of my son's baggy shorts and his naked thighs. I was laying across the back seat, one hand pinned under me, the other resting on Joey's naked testicles and encircling his rigid, pulsing shaft, he had both his hands and forearms resting heavily on top of my head as his body lay against his door in sleep.

What should I do? Should I rip my mouth off the giant cock that filled it and probably wake Joey up with the sudden pain of both my teeth scraping his sensitive head and the shame and embarrassment that could, not only emotionally scar him, but also cause more stress on his weak heart than he's ever felt before? Or, should I let my fourteen-year-old daughter discover her mother sucking her big brother's cock while he slept and live with the consequences of trying to explain myself?

I stopped my struggling and I froze in indecision.

Joey had been fucking my mouth in his sleep, his erection stretching my jaw as much as it's ever been stretch before and I couldn't do anything but hold frozen over Joey's lap with that hot shaft working back and forth between my lips and cheeks.

Fortunately, that seemed to be the best choice. I held my mouth open and still, as wide as I could, and Joey seemed to settle down again. His hands pushed and I let him force me down over his hard-on even more. I took a deep breath through my nose and pushed, relaxing my throat, as best as I could. I told myself, 'DON'T GAG!' and my throat opened. I felt the stretch as I shifted to a better angle and... miracle of miracles, my lips slid farther down that giant vainy shaft, pushing against my fist. I slid my hand down to cover Joey's balls and took the rest of his cock down my throat until there was no visible part of my son's cock for his sister to see. I held still, concentrating on listening to the music, focusing only on the music.

There was rustling from the front seat and the quiet click of the seatbelt mechanism. I strained, water was running from my eyes. It was pitch black with my face buried against my son's lap. I felt the grip of Joey's hands in my hair tighten and that turgid shaft flexed and jerked as it sheathed its entire length down my throat. Seconds passed as I waited to be discovered. My lips spread open around that thick cockroot, pressed hard against smooth bare skin and thin nylon.

Then I heard my daughter whisper, "Joey's fast asleep and Mom has her head in his lap. It looks like she's sleeping too."

Oh sweet relief. I came back up when I heard her reclink her seatbelt. My eyes streamed tears, mucus coated my son's cock and my lips and chin. I actually managed to pop that huge invader out of my mouth and get a breath. I was on all fours, head draped over my son, taking deep breaths, but trying to stay controlled, so as not to cause a commotion. Joey's hands were still on my head, but I'd overcome his somnolitic strength.

I opened my eyes and looked down at what was in my mouth moments before. Good God, my son was huge. He had to have been over ten inches long. He was at least two inches longer than his father. Did I really have that entire cock down my throat?

I couldn't help it. despite the situation, despite my racing heart and ragged breath and the intense anxiety and embarrassment and shame I was feeling for just having been sucking my own son's cock, I felt a little pride. I was proud of how big my son was and I was proud that I could deepthroat his entire hard cock like that. It hurt, but not in a particularly bad way. I wanted to gag, but I had controlled it.

Joey started snoring again and he shifted as I stared down at his naked erection only about an inch below my gasping mouth. Then his hands suddenly tightened and I found myself being forced down over his shaft again.

Oh God!

He twisted in his sleep and my face was pushed right down to his stomach again. I quickly swallowed defensively and had my son's hard cock balls deep in my mouth once more. He actually felt deeper than before.

The copious lubrication of my mucus and his precum made the sheathing of his hard fleshy sword down my throat, quick and relatively easy. I say 'relatively'; it still wasn't easy and I had to concentrate on not letting myself gag as the spongy head of Joey's hard cock wedged itself deep down the inside of my neck.

Joey grunted something unintelligible in his sleep, "Yeanaumbee, zunknygog." and his hips tilted up to press harder against my face.

"Ha ha ha, Joey's still talking in his sleep." I heard Missy say in a not so quiet whisper. "What do you think he's dreaming about?"

I could hear the click of Missy's seatbelt again and the rustle of cloth. I returned my hand to the base of Joey's thick cock, to cover his exposed testicles and held still, very still, as still as I could with a giant erection cutting off my breathing and stretching my esophagus beyond anything I'd experienced before.

There was a sharp jiggle of Joey's hand against the back of my head, forcing my mouth to move against my son's naked shaft. "Yep, he's still hard asleep. Can we just do the drive-thru? I need to wrap my lips around one of their tasty chicken-dogs and suck down a thick shake."

"Okay Missy, clip your seatbelt back on and leave your Mom and your brother to their thing in the backseat. You and I can get our own thing going up here. Get your mouth ready, the exit's just a mile and a half ahead. You'll soon have a mouth full of thick milkshake to suck down." Al said cheerfully.

Then I heard another rustle from up front and felt the broad heavy hand of my husband reaching back between the seats and stroke my head below where Joey's hands were resting, as I held my son's giant erecting down my throat. Al slid his hand along my neck and across my right shoulder in a soft caress and didn't even notice as he peeled my shoulder strap down with it. I felt the light fabric of my dress fall away from my right breast. The open air stirred my nipple to full erection.

"Your mom needs her chance to get her fill of more than food right now."

Al removed his hand and I listened for a moment to the CD playing quietly in the background as I began to really need to come up for air. Then Joey started to move.

"Aahh." He groaned, as he started rocking his hips against my face, "zuuggid auwwdaway dawn, naumnee."

His hands clenched and his hips pulled back popping the head out of my throat, then pushed forward again. I'd just managed to catch a quick breath through my nose. Joey started fucking my throat in long

full strokes. His plum-like head popped out of my throat every few pumps with such wet relief that I breathed short fast breaths in through my nose while keeping my mouth wide open over his shaft.

I suddenly saw an answer to my problem in the images racing through my mind to the rhythm of the music and my son's fucking. I had to get my son to cum. I had to actively fellate my son's cock to orgasm before I could get him out of my mouth.

The relief I felt at having a positive solution was enough to allow me to really get into sucking on that giant cock. I pulled up to get him out of my throat and started using my tongue to scoop at the puddles of seeping precum that collected in my cheeks and against the underside of Joey's bulbous head. I swallowed the thick liquid before clamping my lips tightly over that seventeen-year-old cock and sucking on it with intent.

I pushed my head down to take him to the back of my mouth.

"Owhh Essps, nonmbi! zugg ne djess iegg zzad."

The pressure on my head increased a little, but I was able to raise my head back up to feel my son's cock head on the tip of my tongue before I dropped my head back down. I released the suction and took him back in to the back of my mouth again. I slid my tongue along his shaft, feeling the veins and pulsing of that hard muscle under his soft skin. I clamped my mouth around him with hard suction and lifted my head again.

I raised my mouth up along my son's throbbing shaft until the head flaired just behind my teeth. Then I pumped my mouth back and forth in small quick pumps over that sensitive gland head.

"Aughhh esssss, iak dad. Veew zoa goohha!"

It sounded like my boy slurred nonsense words in his sleep, to me, as I increased the tempo of my mouth sucking and pumping on his hard member.

My daughter giggled. "Joey must really be having a good dream."

I opened my throat, as best as I could in a sudden panic and plunged my face down against my son's lap. I felt Joey's hands tighten on my head and he groaned. I froze again, trying to hide the length of the naked erection thrusting into my mouth.

I tried to take the same position I was in before and held still with my son's turgid manhood stretching my jaw open while my lips smashed down against his bald pubic bone.

"Ha ha ha, you should see Joey's face, Dad. He's having a real good dream. It looks like he's dreaming about his birthday or something, and there's drool running out of his opened mouth and dripping into Mom's hair. Mom hasn't even noticed. Her head is still buried face down in his lap. Hee hee. Maybe she could tell what he was dreaming about, if she was awake." My daughter whispered irreverently to her father.

I blushed and felt the heat wash over my face. I struggled to hold still, but I couldn't help trying to bury my burning face even farther down in my son's lap when I heard Missy's comment. Joey groaned again and lifted his hips against my straining mouth. My throat spasmed and contracted around the invading shaft. I tried to concentrate on the music, to keep from gagging.

“Ads id. Daighg id aw da ay daowwn rerr drote, monbi.”

“I think I can almost make out what Joey’s saying.” my innocent daughter announced, and I felt her breath on the back of my head. She must be leaning between the seats trying to hear her brother’s words better. I felt the hot tears squeeze from my eyes as I strained to shut them tighter in panicked hope.

“Missy, here’s our exit, let those two finish sucking on Zs without your oral commentary. You get to suck on a Thick Shake and feed on a big hotdog. In the meantime, give your Mom and your brother some privacy.” Al said in a harsh whisper, trying to convey to his daughter that she should be quiet.

“Yeah, sorry. They’re Chicken-dogs, by the way, not hot dogs.” Missy’s voice came from back in her place in the front seat again.

I felt the car slow down on the exit ramp. I needed desperately to come up for air. Hoping Missy had followed her father’s instructions and turned back around, I pushed against the seat and Joey’s lap with controlled panic. I managed to lift up until just the head of my son’s cock was in my mouth. Joey’s left hand fell away and his right just rested loosely across my head.

The car slowed more and came to a stop at the intersection. I held myself, gasping, up on my arms, my mouth, once again, managed to pop all the way off of my son’s engorged erection. His hips jerked when my teeth scraped past the flaired rim of that blood filled helmet. His right hand clenched in my hair, pulling ineffectually, but otherwise, letting me come up.

I hung there, out of breath, saliva, mucus and Joey’s precum dripping thickly from my opened mouth down over that huge rod of throbbing muscle. My hand pressed against Joey’s testicles, while my index finger and thumb hooked around the pulsing base of that pole of flesh and kept it from slapping wetly against his stomach. All I could do was hold myself in the air as I tried to gulp it in past the viscous bubble of fluids running from my mouth and my nose.

I concentrated on Al’s background music to hold on to my sanity and my consciousness. I had done it. I still couldn’t believe I had managed to take that whole giant cock all the way down my throat AGAIN without gagging and throwing-up all over my son. A sense of pride and power washed over me as I hung there gasping.

The intersection was under a street light and I could clearly see my son’s massive erection thrusting up out of my small hand. I was trying to hold its base with that engorged muscle awash in the clear slick fluids dropping from my mouth. I hardly even noticed my exposed right breast hanging freely below my chest, behind the vision of Joey’s extraordinary organ.

The sound of a couple of cars wooshed by and then we pulled out, taking a right. We were moving again and I thought, I better get my son off before we get to the drive-thru, and I leaned back down and got back to work sucking Joey’s hard member back into my mouth.

I stretched my mouth as wide as I could over that purple blood engorged head and worked my tongue along the flair to fit it back between my teeth and into the depths of my mouth when I realized what I had just done.

OH MY GOD! I was free. I had gotten loose from my son's insistent dreaming sexual need without waking him. He hadn't spasmed in his sleep and pulled me back down. I could have pulled away, maybe found a shirt or a blanket or something and cleaned Joey's erection off and tucked it back into his shorts, and no one would have known. I would have been able to get away with little embarrassment and just my own secret knowledge. Joey wouldn't have had stress on his heart and we could go back to our trip as planned.

Now, in my lack of thought, I had continued to follow through on my plan to make my son cum. I was only thinking of ending the ordeal and when I managed to break free without the need to make my son orgasm, I was unprepared. I now had to finish the job and it stabbed at my conscience that I could have avoided that. I was back in the position of having to suck my own son to orgasm, while he slept, before we got to the drive-thru window, and it was my own thoughtless that forced me back into this position.

I had no idea how far off the highway the drive-thru was, so there was nothing I could do but get to work on the enormous erection that was stuck back in my mouth. I began to suck my son's cock with all the skill I had.

I worked the head, ran my tongue around the ridge and traced the frenula as I applied suction and began to bob my head over Joey's cock. I plunged down over his lap and clamped my lips around his vainy girth when his oozing tip pressed against the entrance to my throat. I sucked my cheeks in with hard suction and pulled upward. I felt the bulbous head glide against the roof of my mouth and my tongue until he was just at my gaping front teeth, then I plunged back down over him again.

I came up and rolled my tongue around my son's excited crown and sucked him deep in to the back of my mouth over and over. My hand felt his testicles tighten. I curled my fingers around my son's full twin eggs and squeezed lightly. Joey buried his fingers into my hair again. I knew I was getting my son close when his hips started to hump up to meet my mouth as I pistoned down over his cock again and again.

I felt the car slow and heard the blinker turn on. I matched the pace of the clicking blinker with my mouth, up-down, up-down, up-down, up-down. The car turned into the Pop-n-Fry Chicken, bouncing up into their parking lot. I strained to keep my teeth off Joey's sensitive head and sucked harder. I had to finish my son off.

"Auohhh, zoe gudh, nawmni." Joey slurred. He humped his hips in time with my mouth and moved both of his hands to clutch my head in his sleep. My son tangled his fingers into my hair and began working his cock in and out of my mouth on his own, forcing my head to bob faster, up and down over his throbbing erection.

The wet slurping sounds of Joey's cock pistoning in and out of my mouth filled my ears and me with anxiety. Still, I heard the scripted voice, as the car slowed to a stop, "Welcome to Pop-n-Fry Chicken where we make our special cocky sauce fresh for your mouth, every day. Can I take your order?"

I squealed with desperation around my son's huge pumping cock. We were in the drive-thru line at a public restaurant and I was trapped with my seventeen-year-old son's cock fucking deep into my mouth in the back seat while my husband and fourteen-year-old daughter were placing their orders in the front seat. I was going to be caught any second.

My husband ordered, “Two large ‘Thick Shakes’, a Chicken-dog and a nine piece bucket of the ‘Sausey Cock’ with four orders of sweet potato fries and two large ‘Cocky Club-Member Pops’ Please.”

I was choking on my son’s cock as I worked frantically to get him to cum. It was hard not to just get up onto all fours and work on that hard beautiful, massive cock. I was distracted by my awareness of the need to stay as low in the shadows of the back seat as possible.

“That will be fifteen sixty-nine. Please pull up and pay at the first window and thank you for coming to Pop-n-Fry. We are always glad to service you.”

I felt a quiver vibrate through Joey’s body. His testicles seemed to swell and pull upward as I squeezed them in my hand. The car began to move towards the payment window.

Oh God! My mouth stretched around my son’s cock as I plunged down over him. Joey tightened his hands around my head and drove me all the way down his shaft. He buried his giant erection into my throat and I strained to swallow his entire length.

My lips met the soft skin of his hairless groin and my cheek pressed against the thin wet nylon of his crumpled shorts. I tried to hold still when I heard a young girl’s voice say, “That will be fifteen sixty-nine please.”

My throat was stretched to the max and Joey’s cock was pulsing and jerking down its length. I held on and actually pulled downward against Joey’s hands as he was trying to lift my head back up for another stroke. He strained against me in his sleep, then reversed and pushed down. I fought to hold still. My son’s hands worked up and down against me, but finally settled on complying.

There was the rustle of Al handing the girl his credit card and then I heard Missy say, “Look at them, Daddy. They’re still in the same position. Joey sure is a hard sleeper. Mom doesn’t look too comfortable with her face buried in his lap either. I can’t see how she can even breath.”

I tightened my throat around Joey’s buried cock when I felt my daughter’s hand push at my head, apparently trying to turn my face up. I fought to hold rigidly still. Joey’s erection throbbed in the depths of my throat and I was running out of breath. Was it dark enough to hide the fact that her brothers cock was balls-deep in my mouth?

“Let them be, Missy. I’m sure they will appreciate you letting them finish getting their hard earned needs taken care of. The box of Sausey Cock will wait for them. You have your own Shake to suck on and a big Chicken-dog to stuff in your mouth.”

“Please pick up your order at the next window.”

We pulled ahead and I managed to come up far enough to catch a breath through my nose before I had to plunge back down over the thick member thrusting up from my son’s lap.

Joey groaned in his sleep and pushed with his hands. He pulled my hair hard and I’m sure I would have yelled in pain except he went balls-deep down my throat again. His testicles felt ready to burst. I gulped, thick mucus was pooling around my lips. I fought to work my tongue against my son’s hot vainy shaft, trying to clear some of the fluid that was collecting to overflowing in my mouth.

“Here you go, four sweet potato fries, a nine piece box of Sausey Cock, two Thick Shakes, two large Cocky Club-Member Pops and a nice long Chicken-Dog. Enjoy.”

I was going to make it. I felt a rush of accomplishment. I couldn't believe how powerful it made me feel to know I could get through this ordeal, that I could handle a cock that big all the way down my throat and not lose it.

We were about to pull out and I lifted my head just an inch in preparation for the all-clear. Joey's cock spasmed. He was cumming, and it was not going to be a second too soon.

“Excuse me, can I get a tray for the drinks?”

I couldn't stop it. I tried to squeeze my son's balls to hold off his emergent ejaculation. Joey clenched. His cock grew impossibly thicker in my mouth and I actually felt the first shot of seman rumbled along the length of his shaft with my mouth and tongue, then inside my throat before it burst from the deeply buried tip. Joey grunted in his sleep.

“Here you go. Have a good night.”

I lifted my head to gag, more seman jetted out into my throat. Joey gasped and raised his head, the sweat-shirt falling away from the window. I came up higher and a third blast of seman filled my mouth as my son's cockhead pulled out of my throat. Mucus and seman began to drop down his spasming shaft.

The car rolled slowly forward, would I make it?

Joey's whole body jerked, a big mouth full of my son's cum erupted from his spasming member, and suddenly I was free of his cock.

I looked up at the window, swallowing the load that filled my mouth. The drive-thru window slid slowly into view, the drive-thru's courtesy spot light panned past the driver's window to light up my son's seventeen-year-old face. His head tilted back, eyes closed and a relaxed smile of contentment adorned his face. Drool sparkled down his chin in the artificial lighting.

Laying across the seat, I picked my head up from my son's lap. His massive erection glistened in a thick bubbling coating of his own seman, my saliva and mucus. I could feel the bottom half of my own face covered heavily in the same mixture.

I raised myself up higher, bringing my torso up, so the top of my slipped dress slid down my arm and exposed my large right breast completely. I shifted my eyes to look past the contently sleeping face of my son to lock eyes with a young man, no more than my son's own age. His mouth fell open in absurd surprise as he saw a clear, well lit view of what was going on in our back seat.

I wanted to die. I was ready to open up a hole in the ground and jump in as I held myself there on all fours, my son's huge gurgling erection naked in my fist, tilted to aim directly at my face. His cum dripped thick and wet from my chin. Joey spasmed one more time and a gob of my son's seman lobed in a low arch out of the end his cock and plopped right between my eyes, while the teenage boy watched with an unbelieving stare.

I couldn't even think, as my tongue swipped up a large gob of my own son's cum that was oozing down from my nose and over my lips. I automatically swallowed it as that teenager in the service window craned out of the louvered opening to watch.

Hell!

Then we were pulling back out onto the road. I took a moment, Joey's cock deflating in my hand still. I bent and captured a large mass of his semen with my mouth as it slid slowly over the corona of his cock head. I was thinking it needed to all be cleaned up and my mouth and tongue were all I had to do it with.

I finally sat up, taking a deep breath. I wanted a moment to compose myself. My own family members were still unaware. I hadn't been caught by my son or daughter or husband. I couldn't help clearing my throat, however. It was tight and sore.

"Honey, you're up." my husband observed, adjusting the rearview mirror. "There's Sausey Cock Chicken and a large Cocky Club-Member Pop, if you want something to put in your mouth." Al said, turning the mirror to look back at me. "Oh, Ha Ha, Honey. You've got a little drool on your face. Perhaps a napkin first. Actually, it's more than a little drool, I can see."

"Yes, thanks. Better give me a few more, I think I got it all over our son too."



Auto Play — Repeat

It was the Summer of my senior year. I'd made it through high school, and my family and I went on a road trip to look at colleges. I had six colleges all lined up in Up State New York so Mom and Dad planned a week long road trip to tour them.

My little sister (Missy), Mom (Carol), and my dad (Al) packed our bags and piled into our SUV to head out across three states. Everyone had plenty of room. My sister and I stretched out across the back seat while Mom drove and Dad kept her company up front. It was a hot Summer, so we all wore light short clothes to keep cool.

At one point, late in the afternoon, we had already crossed two states, Mom switched with Dad and got in the back with me to sleep. I had just taken my heart medication, which makes me sleepy, so I fell asleep too. I had, ahem..., a really good dream. I mean, a really really good dream. I woke with such certainty that I'd actually cum from my dream, that I was afraid I'd find my shorts and legs all covered with my spew while sitting next to my mom in the back seat.

It was a huge relief to discover my fears were unneeded. I'm rather large, judging by the guys in the locker room at school, so I suffer a lot of embarrassment at times, when I can't control my body. Pulling a boner in your sleep while sitting next to your mom in the car would be bad enough, but to have a wet dream would literally kill me from the embarrassment.

The thing was, I hadn't put any underwear on under my shorts because... well, I'm not really sure why. Dad was playing his funky new music he'd been into for the last few weeks and I was actually starting to like it, kinda. I guess I wasn't really thinking about what I was doing while I got dressed that morning, just that it would be hot in the car and underwear would make it worse, I guess. On top of that, I've just recently woken up to the fact that Mom is a knockout with big tits. She was wearing this really short Summer dress that showed off almost the whole length of her shapely, well toned legs. The top of her light dress was very low cut too, with enough side-boob showing that I had to concentrate on not staring. She wasn't even wearing a bra and I could see the nubs of her nipples poking out against the light fabric of that mini-dress. Mom seems to have decided to wear much more revealing clothes lately, and I was starting to have trouble keeping in mind that she is my mother.

I won't tell you what I was dreaming about, but it didn't help to have my beautiful, big-titted mother, in that low-cut Summer dress, using me as a pillow.

Just a couple of days ago, I'd gotten home from sports, weight lifting, and jumped right in the shower. Mom came in, just as I was stepping out of the shower. I had just shaved, ah... in my ...um. I had just shaved my pubes. I don't know why I did it. Dad was playing his music. At first I thought it was horrible and I teased him about it, but then I really started to get in to it. He was playing his weird New Age mood music just before I got in the shower and I kept humming the harmonies in my head, and that distracted me, I guess. 'Cause I was feeling pretty horny and was jacking off in the shower when I just picked up a razor and shaved myself clean down there. It felt so good, I came as soon as I was done shaving and felt the smooth skin against my finger tips.

Well, I stepped out of the shower and was reaching for a towel when Mom came in looking for laundry. I nearly fainted in place because, not only was I completely naked, but Mom was dressed only in tiny thong panties. I mean, I could see every detail of her hairless pussy through the sheer material molded to her labia and cutting half across her bald pubic mound. Mom's aren't suppose to wear panties like those.

It was Mom's huge tits that really grabbed my attention, though. They are enormous, and her nipples stood out hard and large. She opened the door and we just stood there staring at each other while the jiggle of those large naked boobs settled into place before my eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off them, once their dancing movement attracted my attention up from down lower on my mother's slim toned body.

I suddenly felt the flooding of blood into my recently spent cock and I whipped the towel around my waist. I heard Dad laughing and looked past Mom to see he was standing down the hall taking in the whole embarrassing scene.

Mom tried to stammer out something about laundry when Dad came up to her.

"Joey, you should see your face. Funniest thing I ever saw." my dad said, and he slipped his arm around Mom's bare waist and lead her into their bedroom. The music coming out of there went quiet in the rest of the house when their door shut.

So, I woke in the car to find drool all down my chin and they had stopped at a Pop n' Fry Chicken. I was glad to have something to take my mind off the thick heavy log laying across my thigh beneath my shorts. Amazing it wasn't rock hard with morning wood, like usual.

Dad drove up across the New York state border and we found a motel for the night. I had a campus to tour the next day.

Mom and Dad stayed in the adjacent room while Missy and I shared a room with two beds listening to the embarrassing sounds of our parents having a second honeymoon through the thin walls. My sister and I both laughed with mild discomfort when we heard Dad say, "Wow Carol, the whole thing? Amazing! Who have you been practicing on? Ha Ha Ha. Oh Yeah, keep doing that."

We got up and got going in a hurry the next morning. Our tour was scheduled to start at 8:15. I changed into another pair of shorts, this time, they were khaki shorts with large cargo pockets. It turned out I had forgotten to pack a belt, so they rode rather low on my hips. Still, they felt much more concealing than those thin nylon gym shorts.

We arrived and checked in at the admissions office and hooked up with our tour group. The girl leading the tour was pretty hot and we got to talking about fraternities and other activities available on campus. It turned out that she was a drummer in the marching band and they were heading to a game after her tour guide duties were done.

"Hey, you want to come to the game? It's an hour and a half drive, but if you got nothing else to do, I could use a ride." She said.

"Really? There's not a bus or something?" I asked lamely. Was she trying to pick me up?

"Well, yeah, but it gets over crowded and usually a couple of us follow along in our own cars. Mine just died and I haven't had time to arrange a spot with anyone else. No problem if you can't go. There's always someone from my sorority with extra space. I get it. You're only seventeen? and you parents probably don't want to go."

“No no!” I said, trying to sound older and more free than I was. That’s where I made my mistake. I wanted to impress her with how mature I was, so I promised her a ride. “I can take you, no problem. My folks are pretty cool, but If they don’t want to go, I’ll just drive you myself.”

“Really? You sure? Cause I can just get one of my sister’s...”

“No, it’s cool. I got you.”

“You’re awesome.” She beamed, “You... have room for my drums too?”

“Absolutely!” I vowed, and I actually crossed my heart. Man am I lame.

“Okay, meet me in front of the chapter house in thirty minutes.” and she gave me a quick hug and ran off, her little pleated skirt flipping behind her as she disappeared into the office building to..., I don’t know, punch out? Do volunteers do that?

I caught up with Mom and Dad and Missy in the Student Hub where they were having lunch.

“How’d it go Joey?” Mom asked.

Pretty good. I’ve been invited to go to a game with Beth. She’s the girl that lead the tour.” I explained.

Mom gave me a funny smile. She’s been looking at me weird since we stopped last night at the motel. I’m not sure what that was about, but Dad chuckled and said, “Wow son, not on campus more than a couple of hours and already got the girls falling all over you. Nice work.”

“What time’s the game?” Mom asked.

“Oh, ah... She said to meet her at the Chapter House in thirty minutes. I kinda promised her a ride to the game. Well, I told her I’d give her a ride so she didn’t have to get one of her sorority sisters to give her one. her car is in the shop.” I stammered all in a rush.

“I’m sure there’s a bus if she’s part of the band.” Mom pointed out.

“Yeah, but she usually takes her own car and helps give others a ride because, I guess, the bus isn’t big enough for everyone. It’s just that this time, her car is broken. I sort of promised, so she’s gonna miss her chance if we can’t give her a ride.”

“No problem, Joey. We’ll give her a lift. That’s fine.” Dad said. “Besides, I think it’d be fun to watch the game.”

“Aww, do we gotta?” Missy groaned. “Can I just go to our hotel and watch a movie or something?”

“I can just go myself, if you guys want to chill in the hotel. She said the game is an hour and a half away.” I said, hoping they would choose to stay behind.

Mom got annoyed, “We haven’t even booked a room for tonight, yet. It was pretty inconsiderate of you to promise this girl a ride before checking in with us.”

“We got room and we got time. Like I said, I’ll do it myself. You guys can just check into our room and stay here.” I responded.

“Don’t be silly. If this girl is relying on you to give her a ride in less than half an hour, there’s no way we can find a hotel, book a room, and unload our stuff before you need to meet her.” Dad pointed out. “Where’s the Chapter House? We’ll all go to the game. It’ll be fun.”

We got in the car. The back seat, with three spaces, was pretty comfortable, so no problem. Our luggage filled the back. We easily had room for another person. I forgot about the drums.

Beth was waiting on the curb with her two drums, a deep tom and a snare, along with a large gear bag. Her sticks were in her hand. “They’re here. See ya at the game.” she called to a couple of girls in a compact car. It pulled away and headed down the road.

We pulled in and I got out of the backseat to greet her.

“Hi Beth, I guess we’re all going. That okay?”

“Hi Joey. I can’t thank you enough. That was my only other ride that just left and they didn’t really have room for my drums.” She explained.

“Well, this is my mom, Carol and that’s my dad, Al and my sister, in the front is Missy.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Beth.” said my mom as she got out of the back behind the passenger seat and straightened up.

I became conscious of just how much skin Mom was showing in another light Summer dress. She was wearing heels that really highlighted her long legs. It seemed like her skirt was shorter than the one she had on yesterday. Nearly all her thighs were on display. Given the college campus with all the students everywhere, she looked like a real MILF/cougar. I shouldn’t think of my own mother like that.

Beth was in her band uniform, which consisted of a uniform dress that was tailored to her twenty year old body and flaired out a few inches above mid-thigh, knee high boots, a tiny bolero jacket with epaulets and a billed hat that she carried pinched under her arm. all of it trimmed with gold braiding and the school colors. Beth had a great body, with muscular thighs, well presented by the uniform.

Mom’s dress was shorter. But it was Mom’s big boobs that stole the show. The square cut bodice was supported by a pair of inch wide straps over her shoulders. It would look pretty and sexy and reasonably modest, for a Summer day on a college campus, except Mom’s figure, with those huge boobs and narrow waist and wide mature hips, gave her an exaggerated womanly look. Even that was PG-13 until you saw that her dress split all the way down the middle with a column of buttons from hem to chest and she’d left the three top buttons undone. No bra meant the thin material did nothing to hide the faint protrusion of her nipples, just the slightest bit below center. The crease formed from the size and weight of Mom’s breasts laying against her ribs was visible all the way to the bottom of her sternum.

If she wasn’t my mom, I’d be looking for her photo spread in Fun Jugs Magazine. Surely a woman that looked like her would love the chance to rock the camera’s lens.

Weird how I’d never really noticed how hot my mom was before. I must be suffering from separation anxiety as I’m getting ready to leave home and go to college. Maybe I should study Psychology.

“Wow Beth, we didn’t realize you had so much stuff.” Dad said, coming around the car to help load. “We haven’t found a hotel room yet, so all our stuff is in the back. You’ll have to stack your drums on the seat and see if we can squeeze in. Why don’t you take the front seat. Missy is the smallest, so it should work best to have her get in the back. Carol will squeeze in with her.”

“Oh no, I couldn’t kick your daughter out of her seat.”

“Nonsense. You’re our guest. We appreciate you inviting us to the game. Besides, I use to be in my high school band. It’ll give us something to talk about on the way. Your job will be to keep me awake.” Dad assured Beth. He actually winked at her. My dad isn’t a winker, so I noticed.

Mom and Dad both grabbed a drum and slid them to the center of the seat and Mom directed Missy into the back. Missy wasn’t happy about it, but she knew there was nothing she could do. Mom bent in to the doorway and surveyed the interior. My eyes nearly popped out of their sockets and bounced off the bare ass cheeks that peeked out as the hem of Mom’s skirt rose up to the top of the back of her thick curvy thighs, and then some.

Where was her underwear? The stark shadows of the bright day made it a little unclear, but it looked like Mom wasn’t wearing any underwear. I remembered back to the tiny thong panties Mom had been wearing the day she walked into the bathroom when I was getting out of the shower. They were small enough to have disappeared between the cheeks of her ass, if she was wearing something like those. The diamond shaped thigh-gap at the top of her thighs hid all but the outline of her bald labia deep in the recess of that juncture between legs and fat round ass. I felt my cock tighten, despite myself.

Mom backed out again and said to Missy, “I don’t think there’s enough room for all three of us and Beth’s equipment, Missy. You may have to sit on your brothers lap.

“NO WAY!” Missy protested, “I’m fine with sitting in the back, but I’m not sitting for an hour and a half on my brother’s lap. That’s just not fair and it’s WEIRD!”

“I don’t want my little sister sitting on my lap, either. You know how she can be. You wouldn’t want to have to deal with her complaining any more than I do.” I said meanly. I was a little annoyed by my sister’s reaction, but the truth was, she can be a shit sometimes and I didn’t want to be in a position where I couldn’t defend myself because I’m the older, bigger, stronger brother. I started thinking about the possibilities with Beth sitting for an hour and a half on my lap. I could ‘wink’a to that.

Dad checked the backseat out. “Your mom’s right. There’s not enough room, but maybe, Carol...” Dad turned to Mom, “you wouldn’t mind sitting on your son’s lap while I drove?” He turned to his daughter and with a slight bit of sarcasm in his voice, he asked of everyone, “That wouldn’t be weird, right?”

Obviously Dad wasn’t expecting an answer, he was just taking a jab at his daughter for being childish. I don’t blame him, but I’d rather have Mom on my lap than Missy, who’ll make things up that I’m bugging her about and get me in trouble with Mom and Dad.

I didn’t know how to suggest that Beth be the one on my lap without it being obvious why I was interested in having her on my lap. No way would my parents be cool with that.

Mom suddenly looked like a deer caught in head lights, “Um well... I..., If the kids feel weird about it... um, maybe Joey should drive and, I could sit in your lap, dear?”

“Don’t be silly. Joey’s never driven on an interstate and besides, I want to talk to Beth, get a sense of the kind of life we are setting our first born up for. Really, I can’t believe you guys. It’s not that big a deal.

“Joey, tell your mom it won’t be hard with her with sitting in your lap. You don’t want her to think you think she’s fat or that you don’t want to do things with her or anything, do you?”

Oh shit! Now it’s on me. Damn!

“No, of course not. Come on Mom. It’s fine. I’m sure it won’t be too hard for you to take. I’ll be good, I’m actually getting excited thinking about giving you a ride on my lap. You know I love doing things with you; you’re my mom. I’m bigger than dad is anyhow, so it’s better with me under you.

Mom blushed scarlet when I said that last part, but it’s true. Dad’s not a small guy, about five-eleven and still fairly muscular from his college soccer days, but I’m six-one and have been lifting weights since junior high.

I was diagnosed with a heart condition that prevents me from doing cardio-intensive activities like team sports, but the doctor said developing my muscles will help support my heart and make it less likely that strenuous activities will require sudden elevated output from my heart. So I workout a lot, just it’s more for muscle strength than cardiac.

Mom looked from me to Dad, then back to me. She glanced over at Beth, who was hanging half out the front door, waiting for someone to make a decision.

“Okay.” Mom closed the back door for Missy. ‘Get in, I’ll get in your lap, big guy.’

I ducked into the back seat behind Dad and had to lean forward to smile at Beth who was fastening her seatbelt. The stack of her two drums and the equipment bag on top, cut off most of my view. Then Mom leaned in and I sat back. How does a son help his mom trying to get into his lap in the back of a crowded car? At first, it was her big tits swinging just below my chin, then her dark silky hair cascaded down to block my view when she turned to smile at me with a nervous look. Then she stepped a leg in over my feet. Man, it was all bare skin and female curves. She pivoted her hips and brought that large round butt right across my lap. I grabbed Mom’s hips on either side and guided her in. She wiggled against me a couple of times and half turned to look back at me. She was biting her full bottom lip. Oh God! I never realized how sexy my own mother could be.

“Comfy back there?” Mom asked.

“Locked and loaded.” I assured her. A questioning look entered her eyes.

“It means I’m up for anything. You know, ready.”

“Carol, how’re you guys doing back there? Joey, you and your mom fit together alright? It’s not too much for you, Carol?” Dad asked.

“We’re good, Al. Just don’t take the bumpy roads or your son will never forget the day his Mom broke him from sitting in his lap.” Mom tried to joke, but she sounded very nervous.

I can't say I was all cool and calm either. Just before Mom sat down, I got a very good, close up look at my mother's fleshy backside as I grabbed her hips and those two round cheeks seemed to jiggle freely, draped by a very thin, loose layer of Summer cloth. The retro-sixties print followed Mom's rounded derriere right into the deep crack between her healthy glutes. There was no interruption of her feminine lines from waist bands or any other under clothes, that I could see.

My mind went right to the memory of her standing in the bathroom and, this time, in my head, she wore nothing at all. Her bald, smooth pussy was on full display. I couldn't stop myself from imagining that's exactly what she looked like under that dress.

I chuckled a little to myself, 'cause it's like that old comedian joke, 'underneath my clothes, I'm naked', said in an outrageous whisper.

When she settled in, I was also looking down over Mom's shoulder, right into the valley between her big boob mountains. My cock twitched and swelled a little. It was laying along my right thigh, secure inside my cargo pants. I hadn't bothered with underwear. I thought, maybe I should have moved it somehow out and up. If I start to get hard, it will be really uncomfortable.

Dad asked Beth, "What kind of music do you like?" He was reaching for the CD sleeve strapped to the Sun visor.

"Oh, I like all kinds. Classic Rock, Rap, Country, Classical." She replied.

"How about New Age? I just got this CD a few weeks ago. It's by this group that's really into experimental music, and I'm really into it lately."

"sure, I like New Age music too, Electronica, Free Jazz; you name it. I'm a music major." Beth revealed. "Have you ever heard of this old band from the eighties called, 'Thobbing Gristle'? Really strange stuff, but their very good musicians."

Dad loaded the CD and the familiar spacy, New Age mood music that I have really started to enjoy lately, filled the car. Beth pulled out her phone and showed Dad the address on Boggled Maps. We were on our way.

After a minute of driving through town, Mom reached down and felt along the sides of my hips. "Did you put your seatbelt on?" she asked, turning her head to look back at me.

Her shoulders twisted and I watched as her right breast rolled toward the center of her chest and half out from behind the open lapel of her dress. Mom's nipple peeked half out and the erect state of that dark pink nub held the edge of light material out in a tiny tent. I respond low down as I stared.

"Joey, you with us? Your seatbelt, you need to buckle your seatbelt." Mom craned even further around to catch my eyes. She snapped her fingers in my face, which pushed her giant right tit, out even more as it smashed against her left one, pinched by her upper arm. Her nipples pressed fully out in the open.

"JOEY! Earth to Joey." She called again.

"You guys getting on alright back there?" Dad called back to us.

I finally looked up, my face burning in embarrassment. I realized that my left hand was halfway to reaching for that beautiful orb of soft flesh. “Yeah, I... I heard you. We’re good Dad. I... was just... trying to... um, figure out how I was going to do it with Mom in my lap.”

“Do what?” he asked.

“Get it on. I’m trying to get it on with Mom in my lap. It gets hard with a girl sitting in my lap, so I have to figure out how I’m going to get it on.”

“You mean your seatbelt?”

“Yeah Dad, Mom is kinda making it hard. I just need to lift her up so I can get it in. You know, the buckle... in... to the other... half of the... buckle.” Boy was that awkward.

“I’ll hold myself up and you just reach underneath me and snap it in, alright?” Mom offered helpfully.

Dad added, “It’s your responsibility to get it on with your mother in your lap or otherwise. I expect you to take care of her and not leave your mother dissatisfied. If she makes it hard, you just have to get it on with her sitting on your lap. Your mom has an hour and a half to ride you, don’t go soft on her. Reach under your mother and get it in.”

“I got it Dad. I’ll take care of Mom. No need to worry. I know I have to do it when it gets hard, and I will.”

Whoa, something about that whole conversation was weird. My head was kind of wooly, but I knew I needed to get my seatbelt on anyhow.

Mom grabbed the back of Dad’s seat and leaned forward, bracing her legs wide to either side of mine. This brought her ass up off my lap and I noticed the hem of her dress lift as she bent forward. Pale bare cheeks peeked out below.

“Okay Joey, pull it out and stick it in. I can wait until you’ve got it in position, then I’ll let myself back down on you.” Mom said.

I stared and fumbled blindly for the seatbelt. My hand brushed across the back of Mom’s dress and half her bare ass came into view.

SHIIIT!

I managed to locate the buckle with my left hand and transfer it to my right. I tried to avoid brushing Mom’s naked ass and the result was catching the little square hole in the metal buckle on my pants button.

“Hang on Mom. It’s stuck. I’m trying to get it out but it’s stuck in my pants.”

“What?” Mom let go of the seat with her left hand and reached around behind her to feel in my lap.

Mom’s fingers followed the seatbelt strap down and across my left hip to where I was pulling on the buckle against my pant fly. She felt around and her fingers came across the thickening shaft of my cock just beneath the cotton fabric. She grabbed it, trying to figure out what it was.

What should I do? I didn't want to tell her that was my cock. With her leaning forward, her head right next to Dad's, everyone else in the car would hear. I thought if I grabbed her hand, she wouldn't understand what I was trying to do and just get angry at being pushed around. I froze and just let her figure it out for herself. Not an ideal solution, but I was a bit numb. Nothing but Dad's music and Mom's fingers exploring the shaft of my growing hard-on, filled my head.

Mom traced my shaft right down my leg until her fingertips bounced over the ridge of my cockhead. That's when she apparently figured out what she was feeling and yanked her hand away.

Now I was hard.

"Sorry Joey. I was just trying to help." Mom explained.

I know Mom. I get it. Hang on, I almost got it out."

Mom didn't wait though. She reached back around, shifting her hips over against the drum set and brought her hands carefully back around. This time she found the buckle and caught her finger under the material of my shorts at the same time.

"Oh, I feel it. I think I can get it off. Just have to pull it a couple of times from the right angle and then you'll be able to put it in the proper spot."

Before I could shift the angle, Mom pulled and the buckle popped free. We had just turned onto the highway. The car bounced over a bump at the foot of the on-ramp and suddenly my pants parted as the fly unzipped all the way. Mom bounced over me and her naked ass came down on my hips forcing me to let go of the buckle again. She also knocked into Beth's drum set causing it to tilt over towards where Missy sat in the other side.

"Mom, can you lift back up? I lost my grip and didn't get it in." I exclaimed.

"Hey!" was Missy's response and just as Mom lifted up again and I grabbed for the seatbelt, my sister shoved the drums back against us.

Mom's hips swung against the door and she reached down between our legs to catch her balance. I got the seatbelt and had to lift my own hips up to get to the female buckle on my right. This meant that my shorts were not being held by my weight and Mom's hand, grabbing the loose cloth between my legs, slipped downward and dragged my shorts down my legs with them. My erection popped out and up right between my mother's spread thighs and sprung up against her crotch with a muffled thump in the center of her snatch.

Mom yelped and bucked her hips.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

"Watch your shoving. I'm trying to sleep, Ya know." Missy said, looking over the top of Beth's gear bag at me and Mom.

Mom sat hard, back down in my lap. I'd clicked the seatbelt into the buckle but my left hand was trapped under Mom's ass. Turns out she was wearing underwear. The back of my hand was right against where the thin material molded over Mom's pussy.

I yanked my hand away and again, Mom jerked and yelped.

“HEY! Settle down back there. This traffic is intense. I need to concentrate, so settle in, will you?” Dad yelled. Mom had yanked on his seat and bumped his head with hers when she fell back.

“Ahh... Ye... yes dear. Um... so... sorry. We’re just having some big trouble with the... um...”

“I don’t want to hear it. I don’t care how big it is, I’m sure you can handle it without involving me while I’m trying to drive. Just stay in your seat, if you need to accommodate your son, do what you need to do. That little head butt could have caused an accident.”

“Sorry dear.” my mother said again meekly.

I brought my hand up to wipe at my brow and something light and feathery tickled my cheek.

Oh Fuck! Mom’s panties were caught on my watch band. They were tiny and sheer and nothing more than a little triangle and three broken elastic strands dangling from my wrist. What the fuck?

I realized my cock was no longer bent down against my leg, but felt amazingly comfortable, standing straight up from my lap. I didn’t mean to, but I pulsed my erection and felt the resistance against the jerk of my hard organ towards my stomach. Something wasn’t quite right. I couldn’t be inside my mom, could I!?!?

I looked down over Mom’s shoulder, following her own down turned gaze, and there was my erection standing up between Mom’s widely spread legs; almost as if she had a penis. The hem of her skirt lifted up above her hips like a miniature big top tent over the tops of her thighs splayed wide, straddling my lap.

I glanced at Mom’s face and saw an expression of horror and confusion that matched my own feelings. My hard cock was naked, pressed up against my mother’s own naked genitals, right in the backseat of the same car with my dad and my baby sister and the hot girl I had been hoping to make a good impression on. Now, I was going to catch hell for being a pervert who was trying to fuck his own mother. My heart was beating a thousand miles per hour. Maybe I should take an extra dose of my medicine today.

Mom actually reached down and pulled her skirt back to see what was going on. I watched over her shoulder. I saw that my cock stood up hard against her bald pubis. I could see and feel the lips of her outer labia wrapping around the top half of my circumference. My cock pulsed again, jerking against my mother’s vagina. I felt the heat and heard my mother squeal in alarm.

she reached down and grabbed me by that purple blood swollen head, with her right hand. I’m pretty big. I’ve had a growth spurt recently, so I’ve measured my cock a couple of weeks ago and it is ten and three-quarter inches long and almost six inches around. Mom’s hand looked so slender and small and delicate trying to lever my erection away from her pussy. It was like watching my mother trying to bend an iron bar.

Her grip on my cockhead zapped me with an intense jab of pleasure between my legs and I fell back against the seat, my head hitting the head rest and I groaned. I bucked my hips and Mom bounced in my lap. The thick shaft of my cock sawed up and down in the cleft of her pussy.

“What’s the matter Joey?” teased my baby sister. “Is it hard, with Mom in your lap? I bet Mom’s not able to take it either. Why do you think I didn’t want to do it with you.” Missy looked over the top of that stack of equipment that was all that separated Mom and me from my little sister.

My head swam and the music from Dad’s CD filled my mind. I couldn’t think, and barely heard my sister’s snarky comment. Mom’s hand gripped my cockhead and moved over it again.

Mom responded to her daughter, “Actually, your brother’s co...ah... issue is quite big and it hasn’t been easy for me, but so far, I’ve managed to handle all of him... ah... it, without your sarcasm. I think your brother can figure out how to take his mother sitting on his lap even if the problem does get bigger and harder. Please let us concentrate on our own problem.”

“Carol, do you need me to pull over?” Dad said, looking in the rearview mirror.

All I could see of Dad were his eyes and upward. I’m pretty sure that was all he could see of Mom and me, too. I couldn’t see anything but the top of Beth’s head in the passenger seat over her stack of equipment.

“I think there’s a rest stop up ahead. If you need to change your position to accommodate your son. I’m sure we are all anxious for you to get on your son’s problem and take care of it.”

“No Al. Just drive. Joey doesn’t need to have everyone trying to take care of him when I’m right here ready to do it. I’m just trying to figure out how to mount Joey’s problem and ride it out for the next hour and a half or so. I’ve managed to handled these kind of big hard issues surprisingly well recently and I’m actually quite excited to straddle my son’s big problem and worke it to completion.”

Whoa, that was a strange way of skirting the actual problem of my hard-on poking up between Mom’s legs. I was relieved, however, that Mom wanted to keep this as quiet as I did. I don’t think my heart could take the embarrassment if she called me out on my naked erection thrusting up between her legs.

I tried to just lay back and concentrate on my erection going down. I listened to the music, and images of sex with Mom began to blend with the feeling of her hand still holding my turgid head. I could feel the heat of the soft folds of Mom’s labia molding around my shaft. It seemed like I’d never felt more sensitive. I even imagined it was starting to feel more slippery than before.

Mom leaned back against my chest and put her mouth next to my cheek. She whispered, “Joey, don’t panic. It’s alright. We can figure this out. I think I have a solution. I... just need to make you... um... to make you...cu... cum. Then we can put your pants back on. Do you think you can do that without drawing attention?”

“Oh, ah... I... I... I guess, yeah. I think I can, but...” There wasn’t really a ‘but’. Mom said it like she’d done this before. My head was spinning as the images and the music whirled around my head. It’s just that it seemed so surreal. I would have thought Mom would try coming up with other solutions before jumping right to, making me cum. My cock hardened at her words even more, if that was at all possible.

“Keep quiet and I’ll see what I can do.” Mom said. She shifted her hand down and I felt her take my cockshaft in her grip and begin to pull my foreskin up over the flair of my cockhead. Then, she jacked it downward and my cock spasmed and yanked against Mom’s hand. My hips bucked and Mom

bounced hard, almost losing her balance. She brought her other hand onto my cock to get a better grip and braced her legs wider. She actually had to hug my swollen stone-hard shaft against her groin to stay upright.

I felt moisture begin to lubricate the junction where we connected against each other. Mom was getting turned on, I thought. It felt amazing.

“We’re coming up to the exit, Carol. last chance to get off your son for a while.” Dad pointed out. “I don’t know if there are any more exit after this. If you’re good to go all the way with your son, you will probably have to, unless you want to get off now.”

“Thank you dear, but I don’t think I’m going to get off anytime soon. I’m just trying to get my son off... ah... to get my son’s mind off... of his... ah... problems.” Mom answered. “How are you doing Joey? Am I getting your mind off... um... of the hard problems that have come up? Do you want to stop or should we try to go all the way?”

Mom seemed completely sincere. I’m not sure how that sounded, but Mom didn’t seem to notice the double meaning. Although, her hands never stopped pumping me up and down. Dad’s music seemed to match the rhythm of Mom’s hands. It was feeling pretty good and my heart started to relax a little.

“I... Ah... yeah... I guess it’s working. My... ah... problems are just hard at the moment. I think I’d like to go all the way with you, Mom.” I responded without thinking. “It would be nice if I could just bury my problem in a deep hole or something for the rest of the trip. I think that would be great.” I said. The words just came to me, almost like the words to a well known song. It was pretty weird the way it went with the music Dad was playing, but I just went with the flow. “I really do want to take you all the way, Mom.”

“Okay Carol,” Dad said, looking back at us in the rear view mirror. “It sounds like you two don’t need us getting in your business. I’ll leave you to ride your son’s lap on your own.

“So Beth, tell me how you got interested in the drums.” Dad turned his attention away.

Mom was leaning back against me, her two hands began working up and down in my shaft. I couldn’t believe my own mother was jacking me off, right in the car. It all felt like a dream.

I tilted my head forward and whispered in her ear. “I’m so sorry, Mommy. I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

Mom stopped her stroking for a moment and turned to whisper back. “It could be worse. The last time something like this happened, it really sucked. Don’t let yourself get too stressed out. Remember your heart.”

“Thanks Mom. You’re the b... breast... Ah... the best.” Mom had just dragged her fingernails lightly across my cockhead, and it made me stammer and I jerked my hands up and grabbed Mom by the ribs. She whispered, “I think we may have hit on something.” She scratched my tight, engorged head again and chuckled meanly in my ear.

I quivered and tightened my grip on the sides of Mom’s light weight Summer dress. I felt a soft pop, as a button released. Mom looked down, “Oh dear.” she said and let go of my cock.

What a relief. I know it was the goal, but I could feel my eventual orgasm beginning to build and my whole body suddenly relaxed when Mom stopped. I could feel the pressure leaving my body and retreating completely to the hard pillar of my cock still resting against Mom's naked pussy.

I followed her hands up to pull the sides of her dress back together, with my eyes. Her left tit was almost completely exposed and the point of her right nipple just peeked out. Damn, did Mom have some nice tits. My cock strained against her crotch again as I watched Mom struggle to bring the two sides of her dress back together.

Just before she caught both sides of her dress up, the top of her dress inexplicably gaped even wider and another button popped, opening her dress all the way to her belly button. WOW! Both large, full, braless boobs bobbed out naked upon her chest.

Mom caught the sides of her dress as they slid farther apart and threatened to pop the button just above her bald pubis, the very last button. She struggled and didn't seem to be able to pull her dress back together. Mom's giant tits bounced and jiggled between her straining knuckles.

Finally, she breathed a frustrated moan and leaned back into me, "What are you doing, Joey. Let go of my dress."

Oh Shit! I had been pulling her dress open farther and farther and hadn't even realized it.

"So sorry Mom. I didn't mean to. Didn't even realize I had ahold of your dress." I said desperately and let go of Mom's dress so she could pull it back over her breasts.

"Did you say something, Joey?" Dad was looking back at us in the mirror.

"Ah..." I answered. "I was... um... just saying to Mom, I like this part, it's really a whole new... um... a whole new kind of music."

"Yeah, I agree," said my father in the mirror. "Very progressive sound. Here, I'll turn it up a little." He shifted his gaze from me to Mom, in the mirror.

Mom had flipped her dress back across her prodigious chest and was holding it closed. I tried to judge how much of Mom, Dad could see in the mirror. He'd aimed it to see over the top of Beth's gear bag, so I was pretty sure he couldn't see any lower than Mom's neck, maybe as low as her shoulders, but he couldn't see her hands holding her dress together across her chest.

I glanced nervously down Mom's body. Her dress gaped open below her hands, exposing her tummy and the last button held the hem together across her hairless pubic mound. My erection jutted up from there, a slight curve in my shaft pressed the purple, blood engorged head into the pale naked skin just below her navel.

That's when Beth let out a small screech, pulling all our attention forward. A horn blared and Dad jerked the wheel.

"Shit!" he exclaimed.

Dad had started to wander partway out of our lane and the truck we were about to cut in front of, laid on their horn.

Dad brought the car, with a jerk, back into our lane and the car rocked left and right a few times, while Dad struggled to steady the wheel.

Mom went sliding first right, then left against the door. I grabbed her and captured a hand full of naked tit in my left hand. I reached down, automatically, to capture her right thigh in my right hand. This forced her legs wider and tilted her hips as her right leg came up high. The head of my cock was dragged across the bottom of her dress and into the fleshy groove of her bare pussy lips.

The back and forth jiggle of the car forced Mom's wet lips to spread open over my naked helmet. Dad got the car under control and my cockhead popped fully inside Mom's vagina. Mom groaned and grabbed at my shafts before it started to slide farther up into her.

My head was pulsing, both of my heads were pulsing, with Dad's music now louder than before.

Mom hunched over, her left shoulder against the door, her hips tilted sideways off my lap, her hands reaching down between those generous thighs I held open. Her dress was now completely opened and nearly falling off her shoulders. Her left upper arm pinned my wrist against her left boob while I clutched that large naked melon of flesh tightly in my hand. I could feel her hard nipple pushing between my middle and index fingers. Her right arm was locked straight with her grip around my cock, just below where the fat head disappeared between her spread pussy lips. her upper arm squeezing her naked right breast against her left one.

"Oh God! I can't do this." Mom shouted.

She was trying to lift herself off my cock when Dad glanced back in the mirror. "Sorry, I will pay attention to the road. You can take it, darling. Riding your son for another hour isn't that big a job. Just relax and let yourself settle all the way down. It was just a little excitement for a moment. It's not that long or hard for you, I'm sure, so sit back and enjoy your time riding on your son. You won't be able to do it with him again after he's away in college.

Dad kept glancing back at the road, while Mom held herself up on the tip of my cock. She shifted and an inch of shaft entered her. "Uhgh!" she grunted and her hips jerked a little. I felt the walls of my mother's warm pussy clench around my sensitive head and I couldn't stop myself from curling my fingers into her left nipple.

"Ooh!" Mom gasped.

I tried to relax my grip on her right thigh and the stacked drums shifted as Mom kicked them with another spasm.

Missy, pushed back. "Why don't you just settle down and take it, you two, and we can all get there in one piece." Sometimes my baby sister can be a real shit.

The shifting pile of equipment forced Mom's leg out of my hand and Mom dropped another two inches onto me. Her hands slid to the base of my cock as her juices began to seep out over my shaft.

We both groaned.

"Oh, it's too big." Mom grunted out loud without thinking.

“Nothings too big for you sweety. You can handle any problem, no matter how big and hard it is, especially if it’s your son.” Dad called back helpfully. “Boggle Maps says we have another seventy-two minutes to arrival. I know you can ride this problem out for that long. I won’t take my eyes off the road again, so relax and let yourself come down. If it’s a leg cramp, help him out, knead it for him, work the muscle up and down. You are good at messaging my muscles, I’m sure your son’s muscle would benefit from his mother’s expertise to take advantage of. It’s probably just swollen and hard from the tension of the ride. Joey’s a big boy, I’m sure he just needs a chance to get into it, to release that building tension”

Mom grunted again, her pussy clenched and I couldn’t help it, I bucked my hips and suddenly the whole length of my cock buried up into my mother’s cunt as she fell all the way down into my lap.

“AHHH! FUCK!” Mom gasped. I groaned too.

She tried to not be loud, but Missy heard her. “Gawd Mom. And you yell at me for my language. Your really stretching your credibility over Joey’s problem. It can’t be that big.”

Mom was now sitting fully back in my lap and I could feel the inner walls of her vagina pulsing and rippling around my whole length. My head was on another planet with the electric vibrations zapping along my cock length.

I’ve tried to have sex on several dates before, but I never got, with the size of my cock, much more than the head inside a girl before she’d cry out and pull off me. I’d get a few rim jobs, but I’ve never ever had my cock fully buried inside a girl before. Mom’s pussy felt incredible. I was right on the edge of cumming.

Mom was breathing hard and I noticed, as I checked her face to see if she was okay, that her eyes were watering. She took a moment, sitting skewered on my ten and three quarter inches of cock, to catch her breath. She had forgotten about her gaping dress and just rested her palms on the tops of my thighs, between her spread legs. I still cupped her left breast in my hand. I had clamped my finger tips into the yielding flesh and was pinching her left nipple pretty hard.

“Missy... ” Mom finally responded. She took a deep breath and said, “Just pay attention to your own side. I got this. I’m fully on it now. Your brother and I can ride this to the end. We don’t need help from the peanut gallery.”

I hadn’t noticed the large truck coming up in the passing lane. There was double honk that sounded more friendly than alarming on the left. Dad jerked the car slightly to the right in surprise before coming back to center. Mom rocked on my enveloped pole and we both grunted with the stab of pleasure between our legs.

Mom grabbed for my hips, behind and on either side of her, to brace, forgetting about her open garment. I looked over and up. A yellow truck that said ‘Voyager Industries’ on the door, was passing, but it slowed down, keeping pace with us.

A guy in the passenger seat was looking at us with a big grin on his unshaven face. Mom gasped when she saw him and said in my ear. “Joey, do something.”

‘Like what?’ I wondered. My cock, buried up in heaven, had all my attention. The guy winked at me and gave me a thumbs up. Then, he reached around and brought a phone up and started tapping at the screen, obviously trying to open his camera app.

“Lean forward Mom.” I whispered quickly. I grabbed the sides of Mom’s dress, which she had forgotten trying to hold closed over her large boobs, and I yanked it back and down her arms.

Mom gave a quiet yelp, as she was suddenly and unceremoniously stripped of the only thing she was still wearing.

Just as the guy brought the camera lens to bear on us, I stretched Mom’s dress out across the window, like a curtain. The truck honked its horn in protest.

Mom hunched over, completely naked on my lap then, her arms wrapped around her full naked tits, while everyone else in the car listened to Dad’s music, unaware.

I took a chance, “Dad, can you pass that creep in the truck? I think he’s high or something.”

Dad glanced in the rearview mirror at me and said, “Sure. We need to pickup the pace anyhow. We’re still over an hour away.”

He hadn’t noticed Mom’s bare shoulders. Thank goodness. He must not have a view below Mom’s neck. I had my left arm extended across the top of the window, holding Mom’s dress across it. If Beth looked over, she’d be able to see what I was doing. She might not realize it was Mom’s dress I was using as a curtain, though. I don’t think she could see Mom below the seat back and her gear bag.

Mom shifted, leaning back against me again, just to be sure Beth couldn’t see. I felt the slippery shift of her vaginal walls surrounding my erection. I sucked in an appreciative breath through my teeth. Mom was breathing hard too. The round flesh of her giant tits bulged up and down over the top of her forearms, just below my eyes. I could see all the way down Mom’s naked body. Her pussy bulged out between her spread legs and I could see the way my cock parted her labia where it split her open below the bright pink engorged button of her clit. Her juices coated my hairless testicles hanging just below.

“Dear, can you stay in the fast lane, and keep your eyes on the road. I think there are some real crazies out today. I’ve got Joey’s problem fully covered, so don’t worry about us.” Mom called forward, to Dad.

“Of course. It’ll be hard getting there on time in this traffic, but as long as you are going all the way with your son, I’ll get you guys there in just over an hour. Hold on to your shirt, here we go.”

Dad pulled ahead of the truck and took an opening two vehicles ahead of them and moved left with the faster traffic. I relaxed and Mom grabbed her dress back. Her hips seemed to be rocking against me all on their own and I couldn’t help resting my hands on Mom’s smooth womanly hips where I started lifting and dropping her in small movements before I even realized what I was doing. The rhythm of Dad’s music seemed to dictate the timing.

“Joey, what are you doing?” Mom hissed through clenched teeth.

I realized I was actively fucking my own mother with my aching dick buried completely inside her. I went hot with embarrassment and tried to cover-up my guilty feeling by explaining, "I was just trying to do what you said." I whispered in her ear.

"What I said? I didn't say to... I didn't say we were going to... What was that? What did I say?" Mom whispered in halting words back in my ear.

The whole time we were still fucking. I hadn't stopped lifting and dropping Mom in short movements over my cock and she hadn't stopped rocking her hips against me.

"You said... Uh... you were... ahh... going to... ugh... help me... uh... um... ugh... c..." I was really starting to feel my approaching orgasm, and our fucking was getting a little bolder, with longer strokes. I picked Mom's body up a little higher and dropped her down harder. Mom bumped her head on the ceiling twice, but having to put what we were doing into words was having an effect on my need to cum. I started to slow down and I suddenly felt the edge dull on my building orgasm. I was embarrassed to talk about cumming with my Mom, but apparently not too embarrassed to actually fuck my mother.

Funny, I would have cum in seconds, but now, I felt the heat of my boil turn to a lasting simmer.

I pushed through my emotional block. "Cumming..., I was just trying... to cum..., like you said."

"Not inside me!" Mom hissed back, when I'd finally gotten the words out. "I'm your... mother. You can't... cum inside... me." Mom was still moving her hips in a twerking motion. Her words were not matching her actions, but the halting, breathy

rhythm to her speech did, "I will help... you cum..., to get your... erection down..., so you can.... get your pants... back on... . I was only going to... help with my hands... . This is incest... . We can't... be doing this."

I felt better, now that it was out there between us, and my need began to bubble back up again.

Mom forgot about her dress and had it held in a ball of light rayon cloth in her right hand. She was pressing it against the outside of my right hip with her other hand clutching at my left hip. She was arching back against my chest, her lips turned against my left ear, holding herself partly up and lifting and dropping her hips in cooperation with my hands pumping her up and down over my lap. Neither of us seemed ready to be the first to stop fucking, to follow her words.

"We... need to... figure out... how to... get my dress... back on... without anyone... discovering us... . I'm not trying... to embarrass you..., Jo...oh.. ey, but... we can't... get caught... like this."

I felt Mom clench her pussy around my cock as we fucked. I was getting close. "I don't... think... I... huh... can... lif... lif... lift... you off... ahh... off of... of my... dick... until... I... go... soft... OH... uah... uah... huah... Just... give... me... a... minute... . I'm... uh... almost... there..." I was fucking Mom faster now. Her head was touching the ceiling with every stroke again. I noticed the music had sped up its temp, as well. It felt so good. My cock head dragged back and forth, up and down inside the adhering walls of my mother's vagina. I was going to explode and soon.

“Ughhhh!” Mom groaned into my ear. “You... You’re... so... big...! Please!” She hissed in my ear. “Make... it... quick... . I can’t... last... much... long... long...gerrrr.”

I was there. I pumped harder, Mom banged her head on the ceiling just as the music made a loud percussive crescendo. I reached up and grabbed my mother by both of her huge tits. Mom kept pumping herself up and down. I wasn’t doing it any more. It was all Mom riding up and down on my cock.

We were both looking around over the top of Beth’s gear, trying to watch for anyone who might turn and look our way, but I finally just threw my head back and closed my eyes. I was going to cum.

I caught Mom’s erect nipples and squeezed, rolling them hard in my fingers. Mom groaned out loud. “Auhhohhh!”

“You doing alright back there?” Dad asked. Mom sat down hard on my cock, just as I started spewing. I groaned and erupted inside my mother.

“Yes!” Mom called, louder than she needed to. “Yes, it’s good, it’s so good. I... I mean, Joey’s good.”

I shot more cum into Mom’s womb. My whole body rigid and vibrating, I clutched Mom’s tits and arched my hips up against her as she sat all the way down on my spasming erection. We forced ourselves to hold still and not fuck like mad, at least I had to force myself. Mom held as still as she could, too. My hands pulled hard, downward, on the soft yielding flesh of Mom’s full tits to hold us both still.

I could feel Mom’s pussy contract around me. Her tunnel felt like it was milking me as it rippled along my length. I’d never felt a woman orgasm around me before and it was like her pussy was sucking on my cock while dancing to the wild rhythms of some illicit and illegal Latin samba. Mom’s body vibrated in my lap.

Dad said, “I thought I heard you yell something over the music.”

Mom quivered against me. My head was thrown back and jets of semen rocketed out of me into the depths of my mother’s vagina.

Mom didn’t respond for a few long seconds. I got lost in the intensity of our incestuous connection. My world was only between our legs, for that moment.

“Carol, you okay?”

Finally, my cock still bubbling over deep inside her, Mom answered, “I released a big knot in Joey’s thigh and felt it swell up, tense and finally collapse.” Mom gasp out breathlessly. “I’ve never felt anything like that before. It just surprised me and... well, I got kind of excited. Now my cun... my... my hands... are feeling numb and exhausted. Honestly, I feel completely spent.”

“I’m spent too Dad.” I said, just as I tightened my cock and squeezed out a last dwindling jet of cum. “You were amazing Mom. I’ve never felt anything as good as that.”

Mom fell back against me, her large naked breasts heaving up and down, now loosely cupped in my hands.

We both breathed and slowly came down from our sexual frenzy. FUCK, THAT FELT GOOD.

My cock was still hard and fully impaled inside Mom's pussy. Her vaginal walls clenched at me periodically and Mom stopped to catch her breath for a second. I felt the flood of our mixing juices oozing out and running over my emptied balls. We could both feel each other's heart beats where we remained joined. I strummed my fingers across Mom's stiff nipples lazily. Then, I traced my hands over the full swell of her large naked tits. My mother's body was amazing and it felt so soft and sensuous under my fingers.

"Joey, you need to pull out as soon as you go soft." Mom whispered sleepily in my right ear. Her hands rested on the backs of mine, but she had no energy to stop me from gently exploring her huge tits.

"I will Mom, but..." I clenched my still hard cock inside Mom's pussy and Mom grunted against my ear.

"You're not going soft... are you?" she asked.

"I don't think so. I'm sorry." I answered.

"I'll bet you are." Mom answered with a small chuckle. "Seventeen..." She said quietly to herself.

Mom finally lifted her head up from where she'd thrown it back on my right shoulder. "How much longer till we get there. It seems Joey's muscle still has work to do on it."

"About five minutes less than the last time Dad told you," Missy interjected sarcastically. She was sitting up looking over the pile at us. I glanced lazily over at her. I felt like a rag doll. I just kept feeling Mom's naked tits.

"We are still an hour away or so." Dad announced. "You're going to have to keep riding like you are, at least for that long."

Mom sighed and flopped back against me. She looked at me, my eyes half opened watching her. I was still caressing her naked breasts. They were the fullest, softest, most incredible tits I'd ever touched. None of the girls I dated in school were built as well as Mom.

"If that's what I have to do. I can feel Joey's up for it." Mom said in a resigned tone.

She whispered something to herself and began rocking her hips over my cock again. It wasn't clear with the music turned up like it was, but it sounded like she said something like, "At least I don't have to suck on it for the next hour." I couldn't imagine why she'd say something like that, though.

Oh God! Could I really fuck my mother for the next hour? One thing I knew. I was going to give it the best try I could.

I lay back, letting Dad's music sort of soak through me for a few moments. My cock never flagged, seated fully inside my mother's delicious pussy.

The CD ended and Dad punched the Auto Repeat button. I dropped my hands from Mom's naked breasts and grabbed her by her narrow, unclothed waist.

I leaned my head forward to whisper into her ear, “Hold on Mommy, try not to make too much noise, ’cause I’m gonna fuck you again.” Wow, did I really just say that to my Mom?

I checked that Dad and Beth were immersed in conversation and Missy was laying against her door, eyes closed, lost in the music. Then I picked Mom up by her waist until the top of her head touched the ceiling. My cock was only half way out of her when I held her all the way up like that, and I slammed Mom back down onto my achingly engorged and hard member with a very wet sounding slap.

NIRVANA!

“Ohh!” Mom squealed. “Joey, too hard.” She clenched her teeth, trying not to be too loud.

I checked everyone. No one paid any attention.

I lifted Mom back up again and slammed myself up into her as I brought her one-hundred and fourteen pound body back down over my hungry pole again. More of our fluids gushed sloppily out between us.

“Ahhw, Joey!” Mom grunted through gritted teeth.

Slam! I fucked hard into her a third time.

“you’re too big. I can’t...”

“Uhhmgh!” Mom grunted as I slammed her a fourth time.

“Uh! Big!” She hissed.

Wham! Up, slam down.

Up, slam down.

“Ohh Whoa! My pus...” slam!

I do twenty reps a set with a hundred and ten pound curl bar, at school. I felt like I could keep this up for the whole hour. I can clean and jerk over two hundred pounds. Mom was nothing.

Curl, slam, curl, slam, curl slam.

Mom’s legs began to just drape out on either side of my thighs. She stopped even trying to hold them braced against the floor. Her naked legs fell apart across my lap like a rag doll.

Lift, fuck down, lift, fuck down, lift, fuck down.

The music began to build. I got into a rhythm.

Mom stammered, “Oh... F... Fu... uck! ... You’re... in... my... stum... umach... . So dee... eEep!”

Lift, Hard down, lift, hard down, slam, slam, slam.

Mom seemed to go almost limp in my grasp as I practically jerked myself off using her naked body instead of my hands.

The wet squishy sounds of my semen being driven out of Mom’s well lubricated cunt blended with the music.

SPLERCH “Ugh...,” SPLERCH “umph...,” SPLERCH “uhhh...”

It was intense. My cock was extremely sensitive after just having an amazing orgasm. It felt so good, and surprisingly, I was not getting close to cumming. I was going to last a long time. I just concentrated on fucking Mom, hard.

A few more minutes of deep thrusting and I felt Mom tense. Her body went rigid and she started to shake. Mom’s limp limbs stiffened and she leaned back and bit me on my ear lobe while keening into my ear. Finally, she brought her hands up to her chest and tugged at her own nipples.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she quietly wailed in my ear for almost a minute.

“s...St... Stop.” She finally hissed in my ear.

I held her down hard on my still rigid cock.

“Give me a... huh huh... a... a minute.” Mom groaned in protest.

Mom breathed hard, drinking in deep breaths. I pulsed my cock inside her. She moaned softly and clenched her pussy around me.

“Joey, it’s... it’s so big. Too intense. I need to catch my breath.” She warned.

I reached up and cupped her heavy boobs while holding her still, on my erection. I pushed her hands away and fingered her nipples.

Mom took a bigger breath and let it out through her teeth. We both took a moment to just listen to the music that filled the car and catch our breath.

She sat up and looked around over the top of the seats and equipment. Dad and Beth were deep in conversation and Missy seemed asleep.

“Okay,” Mom whispered meekly, “Fuc... uUk... mEeEeee...”

I didn’t wait for her to finish what she was saying. I pinned her arms limply between my strong hands and her sides and pumped her up and down again and again. My cock felt like an iron horseshoe stake that I was just dropping ringer after ringer after ringer after ringer, right over it.

I heard Mom’s teeth chatter as I pistoned her up and down over my cock. I just plain fucked her.

Another few minutes and Mom’s body came back to life. She bucked. Her legs pumped her hips up and down and she quaked deep to her core again. She pulled her arms free of my hands which latch immediately to her naked sides so I could just keep fucking her up and down on my giant erection. My mother’s hands both went between her splayed legs and I watched, dimly aware that my forty-one year old mother was now masterbating, pinching, rolling and rubbing her clit while I fucked her hard on my lap in the backseat of our family car while Dad drove us down the highway. Our grunting and gasping blended perfectly with the music.

“Break... break... break. Joey, wA... aitT.”

I slammed Mom down on my cock and stopped. My whole body heaved and vibrated with adrenaline. I was going to need my meds.

Mom went limp, once again falling back against my chest. Her hands fell away from her bright pink nub. “Oh my God!” Mom breathed in my ear, after a moment.

When I workout, I usually do three sets of twelve to twenty reps. This time, I think more sets with high reps are in order. I have Mom half a minute to catch her breath, then I whispered into her ear, “I need to do super sets today.” and I resumed my fucking of my mother.

“J... jo... oOo... oOeeEyy...” I pumped Mom up and down over my cock. “I... I... YessSs.” I watched Mom’s mouth open all the way, as she threw her head back. Her lips stretched into a wide ‘O’. She threw her head back against my shoulder and screeched a near silent scream. I could hear the faintest of high pitched wails coming from her throat. I kept pumping her up and down, her head virtually lolling limp on my shoulder.

“Hey Daddy, there’s a sign for a Pop ’n Fri Chicken.” Missy leaned forward to point at the sign through the windshield. Mom and I stopped fucking and just sat locked together. Mom’s big bouncing tits continued to jiggle. I grabbed them to make them stop. I could see my little sister’s face in the rearview mirror. from her angle, if she looked back at us, she’d see Mom sitting completely naked on my lap.

“We can’t stop for a ‘Thick Shake’ or a ‘Chicken Dog’. We’ll be at the game in forty-five minutes or so, you can wait that long to eat.”

Missy threw herself back in her seat in a feigned huff and crossed her arms. “I just wanted an order of Sweet Potato Fries smothered on their spicy ‘Cocky Sause’.”

Beth turned to look back at Missy and started singing the Pop ’n Fry Chicken jingle.

“Cock-a-DOODle do DO do, We get up with the cock so you can come... Cock-a-DOODle do DO do... get it fresh.

“Our Cocky Chicken is the best.

“We make our Cocky Sause fresh for your mouth every day.

“That’s why, at Pop-n-Fry Chicken, we like to say,

“When you live by the cock, you dine by the cock.

“Come, fill yourself with Pop-n-Fry Chicken... Cock-a-DOODle do DO do!”

They both laughed at the silly song.

It kind of snapped me out of my sexual haze.

“Mom, you should put your dress back on.” I whispered in her ear.

Mom nodded and I felt the movement as a stab of pleasure in my cock.

Mom looked down and searched for where she had dropped her dress. She found it at our feet and bent forward to reach down, but my still hard cock pinned her pussy to my lap and she couldn’t scoot back to bend over.

My cock slid in small movements inside her as she bent her body around trying to reach. When she'd bend forward, she'd lift her full ass up off my lap and I'd get a good look at where my thick cock disappeared between my mother's pussy lips. We were both covered in cum and pussy juice.

I grabbed Mom's hips again and pushed us both back in the seat. This caused my cock to plunge deeper into my mom and she groaned with the sudden movement. I could feel the first tickle of an orgasm starting to build in me again.

She bent all the way over between both our legs and I stared at that juncture where we were connected. It made me throb with arousal and my cock jerked and swelled. I watched Mom's wet pussy lips stretch even wider around the shaft of my cock.

Her head was down, almost between my knees and I heard her groan again. Music to my ears.

I shifted my gaze up to the dark puckered hole just above where my cock was buried. I was staring straight into my mother's anus. I don't know why, I've never been particularly turned on or interested in anal sex, but seeing my own mother from such an intimate and private place really excited me. I was practically drunk with sexual desire.

When Mom finally straightened up from retrieving her dress, I just grabbed hold of her hips and lifted and plunged, lifted and plunged, lifted and plunged. I leaned back against my seat, thrust my hips out, for the best angle I could and began fucking my mother again.

Mom squeaked a sharp exclamation, but hopefully it got lost in the CD music. I didn't think about it; I just fucked her.

That dress waved in a loose flag of cloth from her grip as I drove her up and down over my raging cock. I drove in and out of my mother over and over and over. I could feel my cum beginning to build. I was going to cum inside my own mother for the second time in almost half an hour.

"F... fff... fuU... Uuu... UU... uu... UU... Uck... uck... AhH..." Mom stammered as she bounced up and down on my huge hard-on. I was lifting and driving her down with my arms while also bucking my hips up to pound into her at the same time. The whole SUV started to rock.

"Sorry for the bumpy ride, guys. it feels like the road must have suffered some winter damage in this section. The frost heaves feel terrible." Dad called back to us. I couldn't stop. I just kept fucking Mom. It felt so good.

I was almost there.

Then Mom really started to yell. "OHHAU... auUaaAAaaaAAaaaAAaaaAAaaaAAaaa..."

"All right you guys, enough." Dad said, looking back at us bouncing up and down in the mirror. Mom's head hit the ceiling with every fuck of my cock into her. Her massive breasts came up and hit her under her chin with every pump.

"What do you think you're doing?"

I exploded. The pressure became extreme, then released in massive jets shooting up the length of my cock. I strained, vainly aware that Dad was watching us in the mirror. Mom's hair was flying all around

her head and sticking to the velour fabric of the ceiling. Her huge tits flew up and down above her naked chest. Cum was pouring out of my cock into the depths of my mother's womb while Dad watched. The background music wasn't enough to hide Mom's howls. I joined my own to hers as we both came harder than I'd ever come before.

I shouted as I came, "I... LOVE... YOU... MOM... MEEEEEE!"

We collapsed, exhausted. My heart was beating harder than it had ever beat before. My head swam and I began to pass out.

Dad spoke with a hard tone in his voice, "That's not funny. The road wasn't that bumpy. You didn't need to make fun of my driving like that."

Mom, breathing hard, answered after a minute to catch her breath, "We were just having a little fun, dear. Please watch the road." Dad automatically shifted his gaze forward.

"It gets cramped and stiff back here. We were just trying to get a little comic release."

"Relief." Missy said.

Mom turned to look at her daughter over the stack of equipment, "What?"

"It's 'comic relief', not 'release'."

"Oh I don't think so. 'release' is definitely the right word." Mom answered.

"Well, it was funny anyhow. You guys have been bouncing around like that for the last twenty minutes, making fun of Dad's crappy driving." Missy said.

"We weren't making fun of your dad's driving. Um... w we were just... um... making fun of the roads, trying to have fun and work out your brother's stiffness. The bumpy roads aren't your fathers fault."

My cock finally began to deflate and cum started pouring out of Mom's pussy, all over me.

Missy wrinkled her nose. "And I just noticed, it's starting to smell kinda rank in this car."

"Good." said Mom. "I'm glad you're finally starting to notice, so you will understand why it will be your job to clean the car when we get home. Oop!" she shivered when my cock suddenly pop free of her vagina.

I don't understand how nobody realized what we were doing. My head fogged and I came close to passing out, but I managed to hang on. We struggled to get Mom back in her dress, but her naked ass sat on my naked lap for the rest of the trip, dying out. Her panties were ruined.

I actually started to get hard again about five minutes before we arrived at the game. I reached around and lifted Mom's leg to pick her up and set her back on my inflating cock, but she stopped me.

"No! I'm your mother."

"B... but I'm getting hard again." I begged.

“That was an accident before. Unusual circumstances that turned into an emergency. I can’t just help you cum every time you get a boner. It’s a miracle we didn’t get caught. We’re almost there, so behave yourself.”

And I did. Mostly. She didn’t stop me when I let my hand slide up and over one of her large boobs.

The game was fun and Beth is a great drummer. When it came time to go back. Beth asked if she should catch a ride back on the bus.

“Nonsense!”, Mom interjected. “We’ll be happy to give you a lift home. We promised you a ride.”

“It just seemed like you were pretty cramped back there and I didn’t want to impose again.” Beth explained.

“Don’t think anything of it. I can handle my son just fine. Besides, it’s good for me to get stuffed in the back with my son, once in a while. He’s a very big boy and If it gets hard again, I know just what to do.”

My mother turned to Dad, “Al, plug in that CD, I’m really starting to like it. And, keep your eyes on the road, okay?”



Auto Play — Shuffle

Hello, my name’s Allan. I am a pretty ordinary middle class family man. I am a small scale residential architect with a modestly successful practice. I have two children, Joey, my oldest is a great kid and I will miss him when he goes away to college next year. Missy is my youngest at fourteen. She is also a great kid, if maybe a little outspoken and irreverent.

My real prize in my life is my wife Carol. She has been my inspiration since we met my first year on my college soccer team. She was a cheerleader and, by far, the prettiest girl I’d ever seen. We got married and had Joey within a year of graduation and I’ve never regretted a moment of it, until the last few years.

It seems Carol has become complacent and uninterested in keeping our sex life thriving. I can't say I still have the drive I once had either, but she is still such an incredible knockout, that I doubt I'll ever be more happy than with her riding my eight inch cock.

She is only five foot five and all woman with large double-D breasts and wide womanly hips held together by a slim, firm torso on long, toned, muscular legs kept in shape with biking, walking and aerobic exercise.

I also am a big fan of comic books. Ever since I was a kid, I dreamed about all those cool ads in the back being real. I have ordered and been disappointed over and over again by sea monkeys, the super spy decoder ring, the book on picking up women, and the biggest disappointment, x-ray glasses. I still read comics occasionally online. I even like to see what outrageous products are being advertised in the back pages of comic book websites.

That's where I saw the ad for my latest obsession. The ad said,

'Music d'Amour' Improve your sex life with the music of love.'

"Is your marriage getting stale?

"Is your hot bed of burning sexual embers turning into a cooling bed of ash?

"Are you still on fire for him or her when they seem to be cold for you?

"Our unique Adult Alternative music CD can change everything.

"Scientifically based upon the latest KGB experiments in psychological engineering that have recently been made available only to our highly trained specialists. Music d'Amour utilizes a range of subliminal techniques to help struggling couples reignite that spark in the bedroom.

"All it takes is your email address and we will send you a short video that demonstrates and explains how it works. Once you place your order, you will be asked to fill out a simple questionnaire and make a recording of yours and your spouse's voice, and as fast as the Postal System can deliver, your love life will go from fizzle to sizzle.

"WARNING, the techniques used in Music d'Amour are so potent that this offer can only be made available to established married couples who have been together for ten years or more and give full consent.

"Don't wait, stoke the furnace of love today with Music d'Amour."

Why not, It was only \$9.95 (Fully refundable if unsatisfied for any reason) + shipping and handling, for the program. The sample sound track was interesting, if a little unusual. I've always enjoyed Alternative and New Age music. The video demonstration was way over the top, no way could it work as well as the marketing hype, but I liked the idea of it.

I punched in my address, credit card number and promised that I was a married couple of more than ten years and that we both understood and agreed to the terms of use agreement. They even had an indemnification clause. I didn't read it, everybody has an indemnification clause now days. I checked the box next to it and clicked [SEND].

As it turned out, shipping and handling was over fifty bucks and non-refundable. So, when I got the demo CD and questionnaire in the mail, I figured I might as well follow through to the end, since I'd already paid fifty dollars that I wasn't getting back. I wasn't so enthusiastic about it actually working after being duped by their shipping scam.

The CD came and I plugged it in. Very nice, professional presentation. The language was educated and seemed produced by a native speaker. That made me feel better.

My computer screen filled with their logo and the video started.

'WELCOME TO MUSIC D'AMOUR'

'Thank you for putting your faith in us. The future of your marriage is looking brighter and hotter already, because our scientists have developed the perfect psychology-based solution to improve your marriage and your sex life.'

'Here is how it works.'

'Subliminal messaging has been known and understood for decades. Combined with cutting edge psychology and new discoveries around the natural rhythms in the brain, people's minds can be opened up to new attitudes or insulated from undesirable emotions.'

'Everyone has an inner-voice.'

'That inner voice both models and directs our thinking. For 99% of us, it is the sound of our own voice in the real world. We have an innate and nearly absolute trust in our own voice. Our brains become accustomed to the frequencies, the timber and the unique modulations in our own voice. These attenuations direct, shape and control the inner workings of our minds.'

'The rhythms of emotion.'

'Emotions are how we give value to the information we take in from the world. If no value is given to potential stimuli, our brains are very good at filtering that information out. The natural attenuations of our brains are what carry the brain signals of those emotions to the decision centers. Through special subliminal techniques, specifically identified potential stimuli can be given more or less value.'

'Sex is an emotional behavior.'

'Sex has emotional markers in the brain. This means there are rhythms (frequencies) associated with our attitudes towards sex and sexual behaviors, and by extension, our attitudes towards sex and our attraction to potential sexual partners. Over time our brains become familiar with the vocal qualities of our life partners. Like our personal inner voices develop in reaction to our own voice, there are also mental adaptations to the voices we are the most familiar with. These inner voices also help determine what we give value to and what we don't.'

'Many people often hear their thoughts repeated to themselves in the form of long time loved ones, such as parents, or siblings or best friends, even teachers and offspring can leave strong imprints on our brains and live on as one of numerous inner voices, in our minds.'

‘By filling out our survey and sending in a recording sample of yours and your spouse’s voices, a custom CD of Music d’Amour can be made that is tailored to match those familiar inner voices. The result will be to effectively improve of your attitudes, trust and connection towards each other and boost your sexual attraction to each other and ultimately heighten your love life together. Music d’Amour will help you gain the courage to live out a richer more fulfilling sexual fantasy life; the kind of fantasies your emotional fears have blocked you from. Music d’Amour will bring you, as a committed couple, together in ways you have barely cared to fantasize about.’

‘The other people in your life.’

‘Most married couples don’t live together in isolation. There are family members, friends and even professional and business associates that surround us all. Often, what prevents us from fulfilling our sexual fantasies together as a couple are the social inhibitions imposed upon us by others.

Music d’Amour includes a generalized non-specific psychology-based mechanism in its rhythms that predisposes the people around you to either ignore as valueless or accept as normal and unremarkable, the renewed sexuality you and your spouse will be free to explore. People exposed to the Music d’Amour, who are not one of the two loving couple this very special custom CD was produced for, will be subconsciously directed to accept your new heightened sexual behaviors as inconsequential or even normal and acceptable. This allows you to explore your renewed relationship free of the social judgments of others.

Once you learn to relax with Music d’Amour, you will be able to experiencing an expanded and fuller sex life. You will soon be daring to show your affection for each other, even in front of other members of your family or friends without the anxiety or fear of what they may think or do. While listening, to your custom CD, their brains will be predisposed to filter out or adapt to the activities you and your spouse have become free to engage in, as normal and common occurrences.’

‘Sexual imprinting.’

‘As we all have a trusted personal inner voice, so have we other inner voices that we trust. When we develop relationships with others, our unconscious mind imprints upon those relationships, constructs images, and associates emotional values with them. Often, the voices associated with these relationships take on power to influence our emotions and determine attraction or repulsion of the relationships, in our minds. That is why both halves of the couple needs to provide voice samples.’

‘Music d’Amour constructs special customized music and subliminal messages, using the tones and frequencies from the sample voices to strengthen your relationship and improve sexual desire, as well as sexual responses of your partner in life. After listening to Music d’Amour only a couple of times, you will start to notice yourself and your partner in more sexual situations with each other. You will unconsciously, as well as consciously seek sexual situations that will enhance your relationship in some of the most rewarding experiences you have ever had as a couple.

‘By filling out our questionnaire, you can start developing yours and your partner’s positive emotional attitudes towards your personal sexual fantasies. Music d’Amour works by reducing inhibitions and social and mental blocks to help you become the sexual couple you have always wished you had the courage to be.’

‘THIS IS NOT MIND CONTROL.’

‘Music d’Amour is not a mechanism for mind control. Couples who struggle with their love life are not looking for control of their partners, and this CD will not give such control. It merely sets your mind free and helps direct it towards a more positive attitude in association with sex and your chosen sexual partner. You can not command one partner to do something they fundamentally don’t want to do and they can’t do so to you either.’

‘Rest assured that your trust in Music d’Amour is well placed and you can soon be experiencing the benefits of placing your faith in us.

Thank you and good life to you both, from all of us here at Music d’Amour.’

There were a few charts and more technical information. Then there was the link to their Web site and the questionnaire.

1. How often do you and your partner have sex?
 - a. More than once a day.
 - b. Between once a day and once a week.
 - c. Less than once a week.

‘c’ (Sad but true. Carol and I have gone from sometimes more than twice a day, to almost once a month).

2. How often would you like to have sex with your partner?
 - a. More than once a day.
 - b. Once a day.
 - c. At least every two days.

‘a’, of course.

3. Do you and your spouse like foreplay? yes/no.

‘Yes’

4. Are you and your spouse comfortable with open displays of affection? yes/no.

‘No’

5. Do you or your spouse have an interest in role play? yes/no.

(Well it would be fun to do something like that, I think. Carol has never talked about it, so I’ll answer for her).

‘Yes’

6. Do you like to show off your sexuality? yes/no.

‘Yes’ (I am proud to have a rather large penis at 8 inches, well above average. It is kind of a turn-on to show it off. I think Carol appreciates it too).

7. Is your spouse interested in exhibitionism? yes/no. (Absolutely not. Carol has very large breasts and is quite self-conscious about them. She never takes risks in public. I feel sad about that).

‘Yes’ (One can dream).

8. Do you prefer to have sex with the lights on or off?

a. On.

b. Off.

c. Either.

‘a’ (Most definitely. Carol is one of the hottest women I’ve ever seen and I love looking at her during sex).

9. Does your spouse prefer to have the lights on or off when having sex?

a. On.

b. Off.

c. Either.

‘b’ (Carol hates having the lights on during sex. She is deathly afraid that someone might open the door or see in the window and embarrass her).

10. Which answers above, would you and your spouse like help changing? Please type in your response.

[4, 7, 9].

There were more questions, a number of which that delved into more specific sexual interests. ‘Yes’, Carol would like to have more oral sex. ‘No’, Carol has never tried deepthroat. ‘Yes’, our self-conscious hangups keep us from exploring greater sexual freedom. ‘Yes’, it would be fun to roll play and explore taboo sexual subjects with each other. ‘Yes’, we would like to feel more comfortable with public sex. ‘No’, neither of us has had anal sex. ‘Yes’, it would be fun to try. ‘No’, we are not interested in bondage and discipline. ‘No’ Carol is not interested in swinging. ‘Yes’, we are interested in trying threesomes and participating in an orgy (Ha, yeah right). ‘Yes’, we would like to be more experimental.

That was easy enough; 30 questions in all. Now I had to record a sample of both our voices and send it to them. I setup my computer to record and read a short poem into the computer. I saved it to a file I called ‘Al is the Man.mp3’ and called Carol in to grab a sample of her voice.

Carol came in and I asked her to tell me about her dinner plans. My finger pressed lightly in the mouse button, poised to click record when she started talking.

Joey came in and interrupted his mother just then.

“Hey, I need to take the car. Some friends are going to catch the new movie at the iMax tonight. Karen says she has a head ache, so I thought I could just go myself since she’s not interested in action films anyhow.” Joey just barged in and started speaking.

Carol asked, “Are you two still together? I thought you had called it quits last month.”

“Yeah, well, we were talking about seeing other people, and all. I just haven’t hooked up with anyone else yet. We’re still friends you know.” Joey explained.

“Yes my love, you may take the car, but you better drive very carefully AND absolutely no drinking. You understand me? Your dad is happy to come get you, if need be. But if you come home after driving yourself and we find you’ve been drinking, you won’t be able to borrow the car ever again. I mean it, Mister.” Carol told her son.

“Thanks Mom. No drinking. I promise. See you later and I love you.” Joey turned and ran for the kitchen where we keep the car keys.

“Pork chops. I’m doing pork and rice. There will also be broccoli with melted cheddar. Does that suit you?” she asked with a slight roll of her eyes. It did seem like a thin excuse to get her in and record her voice.

“Yeah, sounds great. Thanks. I love you. ” I assured her.

“Love you too, sweet heart. Now I’ve got chores to do.”

I clicked stop on my recording ap. I didn’t even realize I’d hit the play button, so I backed the track up half a minute and heard Carol’s voice. “... chops. I’m doing pork and rice...” I hit stop and saved the file under ‘Playing with Carol.mp3’. Good enough.

I clicked the link and attached the file. Off it went.

Five minutes later, an automated confirmation email arrived telling me they had received my email and two voice samples t two voice samples, the filled out questionnaire and the signed Terms of Use Agreement, so all parameters have been satisfied. I crossed my fingers, knowing I was just wasting my time, but what if it really worked?

Four days later, a new CD arrived labeled ‘Music d’Amour—Allan’s Songs.’ This is going to be so awesome. I couldn’t wait to play it for Carol.

‘BING’ a new email alert told me I got a confirmation email from Music d’Amour letting me know I should have received the CD. I had.

It took a little getting use to, but the music had a certain appeal that I couldn’t put my finger on.

Carol took longer getting use to the music and the kids, the longest. They did eventually stop objecting and Joey actually seemed to be getting into it even more than I did. He doesn’t normally like alternative music and even teased me about it, when he first heard it. lately, he has even asked me to turn it on.

It was really working. I noticed Carol seemed to actually be getting more interested in sex and I can attest that our sex life measurably improved after about three days. Carol actually waxed full Brazilian and went out and bought some new underwear and a few other items to wear. Oh lord was it skimpy. I was in heaven.

There were a couple of accidents. Carol and I got “playful” one morning before the kids got up and she decided to give me a blowjob under the kitchen table while I ate a delicious breakfast that she made for me. I had put the Music d’Amour CD on and Carol got very experimental. Just when she was

attempting to deepthroat me, for the first time in our nineteen years of having sex together, our kids chose that time to get up early. I just scooted closer to the table and held Carol in place over my cock while our two kids went about making breakfast, then sitting right at the table and eating with me. They never realized their mother was trapped under the breakfast table giving me the best cock sucking of my life. Neither of the kids had a clue that their mother was kneeling just under the table they sat at with my cock down her throat.

Carol wasn't very good at it and she valiantly kept herself from gagging too hard while trying to hide under the table and I got more than one bite mark on my cock before she was done, but it was incredible. By the time they finished eating and were headed to the sink to rinse their bowls out, I couldn't hold back any longer. Carol crawled out from under the table after Missy and Joey finally left and she was covered in my cum. That was a sexy look, I have to admit.

Another accident happened when she was just doing ordinary house chores. I was playing my music and noticed her coming out of the laundry room wearing nothing but her new thong. She looked like a centerfold model as I followed her up the stairs. She shifted the hamper she was carrying to one hand and proceeded to walk right into the kids' bathroom and came face to face with Joey, our seventeen-year-old son, just as he was stepping out of the shower and reaching for a towel. They stood and stared at each other for the longest time. Then, Joey whipped his towel around his waist and Carol stammered an apology and held up the empty hamper to explain what she was doing.

I couldn't help but laugh. So they saw each other naked. No big deal. I expect that kind of thing will be happening on a regular basis in the future. I couldn't get upset about two family members being naked together, could I? It seemed only natural that Carol and Joey should act comfortable around each other; they were, after all, mother and son. Besides, it was a good opportunity to take Carol into our bedroom and console her. Boy did she like being consoled.

That's pretty much how it went until we had to take a week to tour six college campus' (campi?). The trip went pretty well. I liked the new Summer dresses Carol bought to wear on the trip. She looked very good in them. I always thought her breasts were amazing, but when she stopped wearing a bra, they looked absolutely incredible. She is built with perfection, as far as I'm concerned and I thought she'd never looked better. About time she let the world see her legs and cleavage.

It was so funny when she woke up from a nap in the back seat. I had my special CD playing, in hopes that we could get a little adventurous in the car, at some point. Earlier she switched out of the driver's seat, she was so tired that she got in the back with Joey and promptly fell asleep. To bad, I was feeling kind of horny. Anyhow, Missy kept turning around and commenting on her brother's habit of mumbling in his sleep and even poking at her mother and her brother to test how soundly they were sleeping. At one point, Missy insinuated that her brother was having sexual dreams and that Carol would be able to tell, if she were awake. Maybe she could have. Mother's can often tell things about their children, like that.

I was constantly telling Missy to leave her mother and her brother alone and let them sleep together in peace. I did take a moment to reach back and caress my wife's hair and bare shoulder. She and Joey looked so perfect together. I let my fingers catch on her dress and smiled to myself that her breasts

might have been exposed while she slept. Joey was asleep and the Music d'Amour was playing, so it seemed unlikely anyone but me would notice. Even if Joey did, he's her son, who cares?

We toured our first campus the next day and, I'm proud to say, Joey hit it off with the cute little girl who lead the tour. She was a drummer for the college marching band and Joey had volunteered to give her a ride to the game she was playing at.

Well, it was an hour and a half away and we hadn't booked a room for the night yet, so we all had to go. I don't think Carol was too happy with our son for making such a rash promise without consulting us first. She even ended up having to ride on Joey's lap for the whole trip because Beth, the girl, needed to bring her drums, her marching harness and frame and a change of clothes with her shower bag. That all got stacked in the middle of the back seat and Carol and Joey sat behind me while Beth rode shotgun with Missy behind her.

Despite Joey getting a muscle cramp, which Carol helped him massage out, it was a fun trip. I guess those two got bored at some point, because they started teasing me about my driving. The road must have been damaged from Winter frost heaves, because the whole car started to bounce up and down as we drove. New York roads can sometimes get in pretty bad shape.

I looked in the rear view mirror, which was aimed high to see over that stack of gear, and there was Carol bouncing up and down in Joey's lap. He was bouncing pretty hard, himself, up and down under her. His face was all scrunched up with the effort they were both putting in to exaggerating the effects of the roads. I mean they really went all the way, making it look like they were really suffering from the rough roads, as if it was my driving that caused the roads to be bad. Carol's head was beating a regular rhythm, in time with my CD, against the ceiling of the car. In the end, they even started to yell, like the shaking of the car was so bad they couldn't even form words. I tried not to give them the satisfaction of paying them any attention, but I couldn't help but notice when they acted like they were having seizures and their whole upper bodies started vibrating and shaking. Carol put on the best show of it. I almost pulled over to see if she was okay.

Ha ha ha, I don't even think Carol noticed that, in playing her little game, the shoulder straps of her dress had fallen down and those big beautiful breasts of hers were bouncing all the way up to her chin, completely free of any covering. In the mirror, she looked totally naked.

Well I wasn't going to say anything. She was the one acting the fool and the Music d'Amour seemed to keep anyone else from noticing. I just enjoyed the thought of Carol sitting naked on our son's lap and kept driving.

I guess I needn't have taken their teasing so poorly. Carol did finally explain she and Joey were making fun of the New York roads, not my driving. They did stop at the same time the road smoothed out. And they were both absolutely exhausted afterward.

Besides, it was perfectly appropriate for her to play around with her son, like that. It was a bonding experience, just when her son is looking to go away to college. Carol noticed her dress had fallen and I saw her shoulder straps back in place, after awhile. Those two even sat together again after the game on the way back.

I was glad to see them horsing around nearly all the way home, too. Carol, once again, lost the shoulder straps of her dress. I really liked that new dress. It was so funny when Joey pretended to have another seizure, following Carol's fourth fake seizure on the ride home. He threw his head back and grabbed his mother by her shoulders as she was bouncing up and down, really banging her head on the ceiling. I caught a glimpse of Carol's massive tits bouncing up into the mirror, even though I was making an effort to ignore them and not give them the satisfaction of goading me.

Then her tits bounced up into view again and Joey's hands had slipped off of his mother's shoulders and were holding her naked tits in a grip that almost looked painful. They were so into their act, that they didn't even realize what they looked like. I figured the Music d'Amour was doing its job and preventing Joey from noticing the sexual nature of Carol's exposure, even though she was sitting right on his lap with his hands clamped right over her naked nipples. However, It made me hard, and that night, in the hotel room, I fucked Carol's brains out. Yep, our sex life has definitely improved since I got that CD. It wasn't anything like twice a day, but it was moving slowly in that direction.

The best thing that happened though, was at the next school we toured. It was a half hour drive and Carol suggested I and Missy would enjoy each other's company in the front while she laid her head down in Joey's lap to take a nap. Joey said it was fine with him and thought it would give him a chance to get ahead on his stiff muscle. Muscles?

Anyhow, we were driving some convoluted back roads through Amish country and Joey groaned. He was really having a hard time with his stiff muscles, I guess. I glanced in the mirror and couldn't see Carol. She must have been asleep.

"Having some deep hard pain, huh Joey?" I asked him in the mirror.

He looked up, his eyes going wide with surprise when he realized I had seen his expression in the rearview mirror. He sat up straighter and must have tapped his mother awake because she sat up, raising her head out of our son's lap. I heard the wet slurping sound of drool against skin.

Boy was she beautiful when she first wakes up. Carol's hair was messy and pulled out of place on either side of her head. Her lips and cheeks glowed with a flushed rose that glistened brightly from the light drool that had escaped her mouth. And her lips, they were so swollen and red, she must have been sleeping face down again. I just wanted to bury my cock between those full flush lips.

I had my special music playing again. Carol and Joey had both been happy to play the music during the drive. Well, that worked out well for me. If she decided to ride up front, I planned to try some of that public sex play, the ads assured me would be possible.

Carol Cleared her throat and swallowed before answering. "Oh... ah... yeah. Joey has this one really big hard muscle that is so tense and tight, I was... um... trying to give him a deep massage. Get all the way down to the root... ah... and get him to release... uh... his cu... tension."

I noticed Carol's dress has slipped from the shoulder I could see in the mirror. He he, I love her new dresses. They are so light and thin, she probably doesn't even realize her dress has slipped.

"Well, we have time before we have to check in at admissions for Joey's tour. I was wondering if you guys would like to visit the waterfall at the State Park?" I asked.

“Yeah Dad, I want to see the waterfall.” Missy answered. She’s hard to read sometimes and I couldn’t be sure of she was being serious or sarcastic.

“Oh, sure honey.” Carol said. “How far is it?”

“It’s Just fifteen minutes from here. We’ll be there in no time.”

“Well, I better get down to work, then. I think Joey is almost there. I just need to keep suc... ah... keep messaging, his muscle with long deep strokes and I’ll have him busting to come... ah... to the waterfall.” Carol promised. She is a very loving and dedicated mother.

“Get on it Carol. It sounds like Joey needs his mother’s loving help. I’m sure you can give your son relief before we arrive. You are a great mother the way you just suck it up and do your job as a mother.

“Joey, just relax and let your mother do her thing. She’ll take care of you, so don’t hold back. just let it go so you’re mom can finish you off and we’ll be at the park in no time.”

“I got it Dad. Mom can handle me better than anyone else. I’m always happy to let her work me over until I cu... um... get my release... ah... relief.” Joey assured me. He is such a great kid.

I turned my full attention back to the road when I saw Carol dive down below the seats again to attack her son’s muscle. There was a wet gurgling sound, almost like Carol choked for a moment. She must have picked up some massage oil or something, and Joey threw his head back and groaned out loud, arching himself against the seatback. Carol was really pushing herself hard onto her son’s muscle, I guess.

I smiled to myself, as I glanced over at our daughter, fiddling with a game on her phone. Our kids are the best and I know their Mom would do anything to take care of their needs.

I heard Joey call out his appreciation of his mother’s efforts, “Oh YES, Mommy. It feels SO good when you take it all like that.”

It gives me a warm feeling to know my kids appreciate the things their mother and I do for them.

“AHH... Ugh... Yeah... Ta... ake... IT... ah... all... uh... UH... UH... ALL... of... it... All... the... way... down... your... thrrR... OooO... OAT... OH... I’m... all... most... THere! Ugh... UH... AHhhhh... I’M... cum... ummm... ING... MOM... MeeEEEEEE!... I... LOVE... YOU... MOMMEEEEE!”

Wow! It is so interesting, but the music playing from the car speakers seemed to fit Joey’s cries perfectly, almost like they were the words to the song that was playing. My ears were nearly ringing from the sound of Joey’s muscle releasing its tension.

Carol was really been working over that muscle hard because she never said a word, though I could hear, even through our son’s screams, her labored and wet breathing. The moist sounds of whatever massage cream she was using were punctuated by her gagging intake of air like she forgot to swallow and was just catching the pocket of drool before escaping her open mouth. That was a strange image.

The turn for the park was just ahead. I glanced in the mirror and Joey was practically collapsed back against the seat, his head lolling to one side. Carol lifter her head up from where she had been leaning over her son’s lap. Her face was covered in her drool. My imagination wasn’t so weird, after all. She

caught a thick gob of her mucus off her chin with the back of her hand and pushed it up into her mouth where she sucked it off her wrist and then licked the rest from her fingers.

She sat up even higher and caught my eye in the mirror. I had to laugh, because her face took on such a startled look and her eyes suddenly rounded so big. I guess she didn't expect to be attracting an audience.

I looked back to make the turn into the park and chuckled. "Carol, ah... I think I should tell you..."

I let it hang there for a moment to tease her.

Carol started to stammer, "Uhhh... I... uhhh... I don't know what... um... what came over me. How can you ever forgive..."

Joey lifted his head up with obvious effort and also seemed to look startled.

Now I was stuck. Joey was looking right at me in the mirror and I was going to have to draw his attention to his mother's embarrassment. It was okay. They're family, after all.

"Carol," I interrupted her because we were running out of time to address her issue, "We are about to get to the park gate and you might want to know that your dress has slipped off your shoulders, a little."

Carol looked down, sitting up even higher and I could see the entire top half of her body. Her large breasts were fully exposed. The dress, apparently having pooled around her waist. Now Joey was looking at his mother's naked breasts. A viscous gob of drool dropped slowly down her chin and landed on the pale naked skin just over her left nipple. A thin thread of clear mucus still connected it to her chin as that drop oozed over the dark rosy flesh of her aureola.

They both sat frozen and watched that clear thick liquid wind through the tiny bumps surrounding Joey's mother's nipple.

"Help your mother, Joey. She probably doesn't want the rangers to see her like that."

Joey jerked into automatic action. His finger came up and scooped at the gob of drool coating his mother's stiff nipple. He slipped his finger tip into his mother's mouth to suck clean before Carol could do anything but swallow the gob her son offered.

"Her dress, Joey. Help her with her dress." I said.

"Yeah, Joey. Don't just sit there feeding your spunk to Mom. We have a waterfall to go see." Missy added sardonically.

"Missy, watch your mouth and don't be mean." I admonished. I felt like I would normally be quite upset at Missy for making such an obscene comment, but it just didn't seem like that grievous of a transgression, this time. I just sighed at her audacious language. If only Missy could use her imagination for good.

We were getting to within sight of the gate house, so I pulled over to the side of the road.

Joey and Carol looked down at Carol's body. Then they shifted to looking down around Carol's feet. I turned more fully around. My wife was entirely nude. Not a stitch of clothing on her sumptuous body. I liked the sight of that, I gotta say. The CD's work, I guessed.

"There it is." called Missy, leaning between the seats and pointing her finger at the floor at Joey's feet.

Joey leaned down and grabbed Carol's dress. I don't know how it managed to fall completely off her body without either of them noticing, but man, was that hot. I am going to be ready to really fuck my wife tonight.

"Okay, calm down you two. I pulled over, we have time. No problem, we got this." and I turned around and spun the volume dial up to maximum on the CD. I wondered if Carol could ride stark naked past the rangers with this magical music going. It was just a little nudity and we were all family, after all.

Both Joey's and Carol's faces were beet red. Carol slipped her dress back on. Joey tried to help, but he wasn't sure how to handle it when the garment got hung up over his mother's huge tits. He finally just sucked it up and grabbed his mother's large tits and held them still with one hand while they both yanked the hem of Carol's dress down over them. I pulled out, after letting another car go past, and drove the twenty yards to the gate house.

Carol pulled her dress straight and buttoned up as best as she could. There's was still a lot of her hanging out

I paid and followed the ranger's directions to the parking lot.

Carol finally looked, mostly, like her old self again. Oh the trials of motherhood. Her pale yellow dress was nice and short, just skirting the tops of her shapely thighs. Her legs really looked good above a pair of yellow leather strappy sandals with four inch heels. The back of her dress was bare to her narrow waist and the halter front was tied behind her neck and plunged down in front, nearly to her navel. The light Summery material hung draped off the stiff peaks of her prodigious breasts allowing a generous amount of side-boob to show and the falling twin creases of fabric trailed down from the hard nubs of her nipples looking like the tails of twin comets arching up towards the heavens. Her bare cleavage was more than distracting. There was a lot more of her full round breasts exposed than covered by the little Summer dress. I really appreciated Carol's new attitude towards dress.

We got out and I reached back in to grab the good camera with the big telephoto lens. We then gathered in front of the park map at the end of the parking lot. There was a trailhead that started a quarter-mile walk to the viewing platform for the falls.

A family was just coming out to the parking lot and all six of them stared at Carol. The husband and the four sons from age twelve to nineteen, couldn't peel their eyes away. The mother and her two teenage daughters stared daggers at Carol until the mom noticed where her twelve-year-old son was looking. Then, she grabbed his hand and stared daggers at her husband all the way back to their car.

"Wow, they acted like they'd never seen a grown woman before," Carol commented to me. I just smiled knowing Carol was incredible to look at and revelled in my chance to show off her sex appeal now. "They have never seen a grown woman as beautiful as you, my love."

That earned me a smile and a kiss on the lips. “Well, I guess you can show me how beautiful you think I am, tonight, when we get to the Hotel.”

Carol’s lips tasted extra salty. That was okay. It wasn’t bad, just not as sexy a kiss as I was going for. Her libido was clearly improved.

“You alright? Are we alright?” she then asked in a serious and very worried voice.

“Of course, why wouldn’t we be?” I asked.

“Well, I was just naked in the back seat with our son doing... um... you know...”

“I’m sure it was just an accident and Joey needs a mother’s touch sometimes. No big deal. Remember when you accidentally walked in on him in the shower a couple of weeks ago? You were naked then and we had a great time afterwards.” I put my arm around her and squeezed her ass while raising my eyebrows up and down significantly. “I think it might be fun to have more “accidents” like that. So hot, don’t you think?” I made air quotes when I said the word ‘accident’.

The kids went ahead, up the trail, Joey seemed especially eager to go ahead, and Carol breathed a sigh of deep relief. “It is kind of a turn-on to get caught naked, I guess. But what about my... um... you know... what I was doing with Joey?”

“You mean messaging his stiff muscle? You’re his mother. If you can’t touch your own son to relieve him of the tensions every teenage boy experiences when crammed into tight confinement with a beautiful woman, who else is going to suck it up and offer themselves to him?” I answered. Boy was she having trouble. I needed to reassure her or I was afraid the CD wouldn’t be enough to keep her new sexuality going.

“Oh, yeah. Um... A mother should be able to get intimate with her own son to offer him release... uh... He WAS getting a big hard muscle that NEEDED me to suc... uh... touch and massage it until it released and went down. That’s all it was. Ha ha ha, it’s not like I was laying naked across the back seat giving our son a blowjob... he he, or deepthroating his giant cock.”

I couldn’t believe the Carol I have been married to for over eighteen years would say such a thing. Wow, this was awesome. She still seemed really nervous at even joking about it. I figured, in time, these taboo subjects will get more normal for her. She may, eventually, not even notice how scandalous they sound and we can talk sexy, like that, anytime.

“Right.” I assured her. “Let’s catch up with the kids. They’d laugh and call you ‘silly’ if they heard what you just suggested.”

We hiked after the kids and Carol, in her high heels, had to go a little slower than usual. I was loving the bounce and jiggle of her big breasts without the bra. We passed a couple of other people coming out the other way. Carol captured their attention as they tripped over rocks or tree roots that they failed to see in the path. We caught up to the kids at the viewing platform.

The waterfall was spectacular and came down right next to the platform. The end of the long platform was wet from a light spray falling just past it. There was a small group of college kids horsing around and taking pictures with their phones. They would try to get one of the two girls to stand against the

railing where spray would get their hair and t-shirts damp. One of the four boys was drenched because he was just climbing back over the railing where he'd been posing under the waterfall for a photograph.

Missy was standing at a safe distance away, enjoying the scene. She really seemed to be smitten with the waterfall, or was it the four very healthy looking college boys? Joey was standing next to her, looking strangely nervous. He'd kept glancing at me and shifting on his feet.

What was the matter with him? I couldn't imagine the waterfall was making him nervous. I went over to see what was going on.

Carol stepped ahead of me and took Joey's hand. "It's beautiful, isn't it Joey?"

"Your dad just wanted to reassure me that he understood my dress... um... falling off, was an accident and is glad your... ah... muscle responded so well to my... ahem... massage and is now... ah... free of tension. No biggy. Everything is good so don't stress. Okay?"

I wanted to reassure Joey too. I hadn't realized, until his mother spoke, that Joey might be feeling a little freaked out about his mother's dress falling off while she was trying to work his knot for him. "Yeah, Joey. I know it's not everyday a guy finds himself under the therapeutic care of his mother when her dress falls off and leaves her naked. But, as you can see, it happens and no one is to blame. I know you're about to leave for college, so you are mature enough to not let a little thing like your naked mother get to you."

Joey looked a little stunned, "Ahhh... um... yeah, I guess."

Missy was listening in and she had to try and grab a little attention for herself, "Yeah bro, sometimes when a mom goes down on her son, she just wants to be naked. I know that's how I would do it, if I were going to do it... which I'm not."

"Missy, would you cut that out? We are dealing with serious issues and your contentious teasing isn't helping." I admonished her.

"But..." Missy took on the exaggerated, wide eyed stare of a teenager being treated unfairly. "Whatever." she said, settling down to brooding resignation. "It's not like it's a big deal or I even care, anyhow. I won't give it another thought."

Sometimes I wonder where teenagers get their ideas from.

I lifted the camera up, that I'd grabbed out of the car, "Let's get a family selfy." I was hoping to test some of the limits that the Music d'Amour was pushing back for Carol.

A public setting, me with a camera, Carol in one of the skimpiest dresses she'd ever worn. Thank you, Music d'Amour.

"Oh yes dear. Thank you for thinking of that. Where shall we stand?" Carol asked eagerly.

"Let's get as close to the falls as we can. We'll just asked those kids to excuse us for a few minutes. I'm sure they wouldn't mind." I suggested.

"They look like they're having fun, I wouldn't want to impose on them." my wife said.

I thought this was a good idea and it would be fun to even have a bunch of college kids for an audience. “Joey, would you ask those college kids if they wouldn’t mind letting us get some family pictures.”

“Okay, Dad. They look like their getting ready to leave anyhow.”

That’s my boy.

“Hey, you guys mind if we get in there for a quick group picture? We’ll be out of the way in no time.”

The whole group stopped posing for their own cellphone snap shots, their playful wrestling and laughing and followed Joey’s finger as he pointed back at his family. All eyes zeroed in on Carol. One kid even whisper out loud, “Holy mother of gum shots, Batman.” or something like that.

“Sure, absolutely!” said the biggest kid. “If you want, we can take your picture for you. That way, you can all be in the picture.”

“That would be nice. Thank you.” Carol said and took the camera out of my hand and carried it over to the boy who’d spoken.

She leaned in against him to show him how the camera worked. I don’t think she even noticed how her fat, jutting breasts pressed into the young man’s elbow.

“Okay everyone, let’s do this quickly so we don’t take up too much of these nice people’s time.” Carol told her family.

She then turned to the boy with the camera who was looking intently through the viewfinder and focusing it on Carol. “How do you want to take me... us... our picture. How do you want to take our picture p? You know, where should we stand?”

“Oh, yeah. how about over there at the end. That will give you the best view with the water behind you. It’s a little wet, but you shouldn’t have any problems. Besides, that dress looks like it dries out pretty fast.” He suggested.

“Come on, Missy, Joey, Al. Get in the picture, hurry.” Carol had taken over and we all jumped to follow her lead.

Several of the other boys gathered around the bigger boy and raised their cellphones to take their own pictures.

Carol stood in the middle with me and Joey was on the end closest to the waterfall while Missy was on the far end. The boy snapped a couple of pictures, but then said, “I think you should change positions. Why don’t you get on the end, against the railing and, your husband?” his voice went up to be sure he understood the relationship. Carol and I both nodded ‘affirmative’. “Get on the other end with your kids in the middle.”

“Good idea.” Carol said. We shifted positions and I noticed Joey had gotten more than a little wet standing against the railing. His t-shirt and athletic shorts were starting to adhere to his body. The nylon shorts were getting a little see-thru where the side panel in his shorts was white. I also notice, with a little fatherly pride, that he was quite well endowed.

“That’s great. You have a beautiful family.” the boy complimented as he snapped a few more pictures from different angles. He even got against the railing where Carol was leaning, getting lightly sprayed on and took some artsy low angle shots down the row of us. This guy was great. His friends were also spreading out all over to get pictures from unique angles.

Carol thanked him and started to get out of the waterfall overspray. We all began to break up, ready to head back.

“No no no no!” shouted the boy, putting his hand out in the universal symbol to stop us. We froze looking at him.

“I have a couple more ideas. You guys will love ‘em. No problem, I’m an art student and this is a nice camera. I am happy to do this for you.” He explained.

“Oh, how generous of you. What do you think guys, shall we get some more pictures?” Carol seemed so happy for the help. She seemed to really be responding to having a camera focused on her too. I couldn’t help but imagine the benefits of my wife loving the camera. 0

Missy rolled her eyes and said, “Do what you want. I’ll watch from over here. There’s only so much porn I can be a part of.”

Wow, I should admonish her for her language, but it would have to wait for later.

The college kids frowned at her until Carol said, “Don’t mind her, she’s going through that phase. Now how should we do this? I’m starting to get pretty wet, so I’m ready for you to take me... ah... my picture, take my... our pictures.”

“You’re perfect. Stay right where you are, you guys move in a little.” He directed us. “In fact...” pointing at Carol, “can you get up on the rail between your two... men? Yeah up there, right in the corner, would be best. Your husband on the right, your son?” he asked again, “on the left.”

Carol hopped up on the rail and teetered for a second, throwing her legs out to catch her balance while Joey and I both reached to steady her. Joey inadvertently caught his mother by her right breast while there was a sudden flurry of all the kids snapping pictures of the precarious moment. I chuckled to myself to think what a surprise it would be to see that Carol wasn’t even wearing panties.

I wondered, for a moment, how those could have fallen off with her dress, in the car. She probably just forgot to put them on this morning.

Carol brought her legs back together and tried to smooth her skirt down under her ass. It was not quite long enough to stay down. Ha ha ha.

“Great pose.” The boy said.

The two girls were pretty good humored about everything, up to then and otherwise, stayed back to watch. Then one of them started say she was ready to go back to campus.

“Yeah, just a few more pictures, Baby. They want to have some good memories to take home.” said the boy with the camera. He was crouched low, taking pictures up at us.

He then stood up and turned his attention back from his girlfriend and says to Carol. "Hey, why don't you pretend like you're falling and you two are catching her. like an action shot."

Carol smiled and nodded her head. She leaned her shoulders back against Joey's and my supporting hands and threw her arms out and kicked one leg up. Joey and I each supported her back and grabbed her at the elbows. "You mean like this?" she asked the art student. Her right breast had fallen mostly out from when her son had accidentally grabbed her after 0 he caught his mother by that full flesh melon.

I was a little sorry that we had distracted the boys from their girlfriend, when the girl rolled her eyes and grabbed the other girl. "Come on. They're not coming. We can take Jack's car and he can get a ride with Dan. They both headed up the trail.

The boy with the camera directed us. "Support her with one arm and look like you're reaching to grab her with the other, but you haven't caught her yet." he said to Joey and me. He looked at Carol, "Can you lean back more and kick both legs out, maybe fling your hair around like you're falling backwards, so the camera can catch the motion?"

Carol giggled and Joey and I shift our back arms behind Carol's shoulders and our visible hands were held out. We had to strain to hold her when she whipped her head back to fling her hair. She lost her balance and both legs came up and spread wide to catch her balance. I heard a chorus of camera clicks and then Carol yelped as her head swung right into the stream of falling water.

She sat up, with our help to shake her head and water cascaded down her front. I started to get hard when her whole damp dress became drenched. That pale yellow material molded to her incredible body like her own skin and became instantly transparent. Carol's coral nipples stood erect and visible through the membrane-like material.

There was nothing hidden. Carol's hard, pointing nipples shown through like the dress was made of cellophane. The skirt was riding above her thighs and her entire bald vagina was fully exposed as she sat on that railing with her legs spread open. the wrinkled, pink, inner lips of her vagina protruding slightly, just below the nub of her swollen clitoris, framed by her soft, smooth, hairless, outer labia. All four boys taking pictures with their phones and our big camera, let out a collective, "AHHH!"

The boy with our camera said, "Perfect! Hold that pose, right there. This is going to be awesome."

I have to say, I agreed with that. I had only been caught up in the momentary fantasy when I checked 'yes' to the questions about exhibitionism, but I am glad, now, that I had. Carol didn't seem to be making any move to stop, like I would have expected, either.

Joey and I held Carol steady while she looked through her drenched hair and smiled for the camera. "Yeah, that's amazing." exclaimed one of the boys, as he stepped in and dropped to one knee in front of Carol for a closeup shot.

I followed Carol's suddenly alarmed gaze and noticed Joey was starting to get a rather awkward response to being so close to the scantily clad and wet body of a grown woman. Poor kid was already feeling distraught over his mother losing her clothes while massaging his muscle. To have such an

embarrassing response in front of a bunch of strangers taking our picture for us, must be torture. I wanted to help him out, but Carol beat me to it.

“Since I’m wet already, why don’t Joey and I get a picture with just us” she suggested. “He could climb over the other side of the railing and pose under the water. Don’t you think that would be fun?”

Carol sat on the railing looking at her son with a questioning look. Her breasts looked amazing. I was having a hard time keeping my eyes up.

I added, “Joey, you could stand on that flat rock hugging your mother from behind. It will be beautiful.” I figured Carol’s plan was for him to hide his erect state behind her and the railing. I turned to the boy with the camera, “Don’t you think that will be a dramatic shot?”

Joey responded, “We should both do it under the waterfall. How often will you get the chance to do it with me under a waterfall while getting pictures?” he prodded his mother.

The boy just nodded his head in agreement. The three other boys each volunteered to help Carol over the railing. “We got you. You’ll be perfectly safe. We won’t let anything happen to you.”

That seemed to decide it for Carol. “Okay, but don’t you dare let me fall.”

The three boys races to put their phones away safely in their backpacks and even peeled off their partially dry t-shirts. When one of them stripped down to his underwear, the other two followed suit. They didn’t want to get their clothes wet. That was perfectly understandable.

Carol, seeing this, turned to Joey, “No need to get your shirt wet either, go ahead and leave it with your dad.” Joey’s shirt was already pretty wet, but he didn’t want to seem like a prude in front of the college kids.

In moments, Carol had four young men stripped down to their underwear helping her ease down over the other side of the railing. Joey hopped over first. A small stream on the near edge of the falls, struck the flat rock he was standing on and the spray soaked his nylon athletic shorts immediately.

It was the splash and overspray from this stream of water that was mostly responsible for the water that covered the corner of the platform where his mother sat, now straddling the rail.

One of the college kids stepped up and placed a hand on Carol’s waist while offering her his other hand to hold. Carol took the offered hand and swiveled into Joey’s hands, placing her other hand on his shoulders. Joey grabbed his mother by the sides of her ribs, above where the first boy put his hand. The heels of his palms squeezed his mother’s very large breasts together and forced them to stand out even more. I don’t know why, but I felt excited for our son, in that moment.

Another boy went over the railing and helped to steady my wife, one hand on a bare thigh, the other hand in the small of her back. The boy with our camera took pictures. Carol was bent towards them, her upper body, then fully supported by the four boys helping her. Her ass came into view and she finally raised the remaining leg to clear the top rail. The last boy over, caught that leg and lifted it high to clear her knee over the top and Carol ended up spread wide open with her bald pussy aimed right at the camera. She was being held horizontally with one leg high in the air and the other pinned by two boys downward. The biggest boy just snapped pictures. I knew I was going to enjoy those shots.

“Hold still!” the tall cameraman shouted and everyone froze. Carol spread wide, facing away from the camera, was held up fully off the ground by the four boys. I watched the boy fiddle with the zoom and snap pictures like crazy. Joeys problem was hidden by the other boys.

“Great! Now get her under the water.” he directed.

The boys all lowered Carol on to her feet, directly under the cold waterfall. Joey still had his hands on either side of her chest, his palms practically cupping the sides of his mother’s double-Ds. That pale yellow Summer dress nearly invisible. In the spray and splash, surrounded, as she was by four enthusiastic young men, it was hard to tell she even had a dress on at all.

White cotton skivies were drenched and plenty of young masculine muscle was on display. I figured Carol was having a good time. Certainly she was smiling and laughing enough.

The boy with our camera, standing next to me, snapped a few pictures. Without taking his eye from the viewer, he asked me, “What’s your... ah... your wife’s name?”

“Oh... um... Carol.” I answered, taking my eyes off the frolicking scene for a second.

He then called out, “Get out of Carol’s way, guys. I can’t get her picture with everyone around her like that.”

He was being very thoughtful, remembering that these were our family pictures.

The group all parted around my wife and there she was, posing under the waterfall, nearly naked college boys surrounding her and her dress was plastered to her busty body like a transparent second skin. I loved the way the fabric created a membranous divot over the bald cleft of her swelling pudenda. The pink nub of her clitoris could just be seen touching the wet material from behind and between her puffy labia majora just at the high hemline of that tiny dress.

The cameraman yelled, “Smile Carol.” and she bent her knees slightly, raised her arms over the crowd of boys like she was hitting a gymnast’s dismount and smiled at the camera.

She was super hot and despite this just being a friendly camera op on a family outing, I was getting more erect thinking about making love to my wife when we got to a hotel tonight. Looking at our son, standing next to his mother, I could clearly see, with pride, that he was the most impressively endowed of the boys crowding around his mother. His wet athletic shorts were even more transparent than the cotton underwear of the other three boys too.

“Okay everyone, do something... ah... interesting now. This is so good. Carol, maybe you can show us a little more of the REAL Carol? Someone help her out. pick her up, maybe.”

Joey lifted his hands up across his mother’s ribs and ended up cupping her all but naked breasts. The boy with the camera grabbed a couple of quick pictures. Then a boy behind Carol wrapped an arm around her and brought his hips against her bottom, turning her sideways to the camera. His hand came up under Joey’s and he helped support my wife’s very large jiggling breasts, as well.

Click click, went the camera.

Another boy ran his hands over Carol's hips, pushing the boy against her back out while the third boy reached behind Carol's neck, under her shoulder length plastered hair and pulled on the bow at the nape.

The boy behind her let go of her heavy breasts, letting them jiggle in her son's hands and grabbed her elbows, raising her arms straight up over her head.

"Wha...?" Carol started to ask before Joey also let go of his mother's breasts and slid his hands down her waist while the other two boys began pulling up on Carol's dress. It came up over her upper arms and stopped just at the top of her ass, her hairless pubis in front, uncovered below. The water adhering the fabric to her stretched out abdomen and underside of her giant breasts, kept the dress in place. Her arms were momentarily trapped over her head. The wet material over her face cut off her question.

Joey caught the hem of his mother's dress and peeled it up and over my wife's head, stripping her completely, but for her high heeled sandals. Her full pendulous tits fell and bounced out of their covering, knocking together and dancing a little before settling with jello-ey tremors upon her naked chest. The cold spray left her nipples tight and proudly erect on their round peaks.

Carol let out a surprised squeal at the sudden shucking of her dress by her son. Her naked body was pulled off balance with the pressure and all four boys had to grab her firmly to keep her from losing her footing.

My forty-two-year old wife and mother of our two children was now naked, surrounded by four college boys standing under a waterfall at a public state park. This was almost like the sort of thing I was hoping the CD would help our sex life with. I couldn't wait for the moment when it happened for real. Before the CD, Carol would have found even this innocent family picture too much for her.

Click, click, click, click... went the camera.

In the shuffle of bodies, Carol reached out to catch her own balance. Just as her newly exposed body was grabbed by the four young men, she happened to, somehow, grab her son's rigid erection, her hand actually catching it inside the waistband. Joey's member looked huge and was holding the elastic band out away from his body with plenty of room for his mother's hand to grab the naked shaft inside.

My wife gripped our son's hard rod and yanked on it to steady herself, pulling him free of his soaking wet shorts. The water laden garment, without his hips and erection to hold it up, slipped to his feet in the wash of the waterfall.

Click, click, click...

"Yeah, that's awesome. You're beautiful, Carol." the boy with the camera called while snapping shot after shot. "Real art!" he exclaimed.

Carol's hand didn't fit all the way around her son's hard shaft, but she tenaciously held on to Joey's erection even after steadying herself. There were hands all over her to help. Her heavy breasts swung and bounced freely until two hands came up and grabbed on to their soft yielding flesh. The fingers indenting Carol's large tits deeply.

Joey dropped his mother's dress over the railing and helped hold her up by her waist. Now they were both naked and Carol seemed to have a death grip on her son's giant cock.

Click, click.

"Everybody," called the boy with our camera, "pick her up and hold her across in front of you. hold her so you can't see your underwear."

That could be an interesting shot. The boys all lined up, Joey at his mother's head, and hoisted Carol off her feet. She yelped as they laid her sideways, a new set of hands moving over her rolling chest to clamp onto her fat breasts while other hands held her thighs and waist; Joey supported her neck and head.

At first, Carol was being held on her side with one leg high while the other leg dangled down, almost to the ground. This spread her legs open with a supporting hand from one of the young men, just at the top of her inner thigh and his other hand under the raised ankle. Another young man was supporting her hips and waist and the third had a hand across her full chest, cupping her right breast across her chest and his other hand under her ribs.

Carol still held tenaciously to her son's erect cock with her left hand while Joey supported her neck and shoulders. This meant Joey's large stiff member was laying against his mother's neck, just under her chin. Carol's hand pinning it there so Joey couldn't lift her high enough to cover himself up.

All the rest of the boys held my wife's body in front of their hips, making it look like they had nothing on as they stood shoulder to shoulder behind her laid out and naked body. The camera clicked away.

The boy supporting Carol's upper leg, shifted to catch her lower leg and bring it up too. His hand slipped against my wife's bald vagina and his thumb pressed between her labial lips. Carol jerked, in the middle of a laughing fit, in response. This caused her to arch her back and crane her head up against her son's stiff rod Oshe was gripping. Her mouth, opened in a surprised groan, caught the head of her son's naked cock right between her gaping lips. It actually looked as if she had pulled him down and into her mouth, turning her head back over her shoulder to look up along her son's muscular torso.

Joey groaned with the stab of feeling across his sensitive head and shifted his hands to cup the back of his mother's head, twisting her neck and shoulders around, resulting in pulling his mother's mouth further on to his cock.

"YES! That's what I'm looking for." shouted the boy with the camera. He took a couple of quick shots with the telephoto all the way out, then shoved the Camera into my hands. "Here, you take the pictures. I'm going to go get me some of that."

I blinked and glanced down at the camera for only a moment, but by the time I looked back up, that boy, who must have been six feet three inches tall and maybe two hundred and twenty pounds, had stripped off his shirt and shorts, leaving his underwear inside, and hopped the railing to join his friends in an instant.

I looked through the camera lens and it now looked like the whole group was holding Carol's naked body stretched out in the air, turned supine so her front was up, her head thrown back, hair cascading

down, and Joey stood sideways to the camera at the end, cradling his mother's head behind her neck, his thick cock bent down, filling her open mouth.

Carol reached both hands up and back to grab her son's naked hips. She was probably trying to push her son's huge cock out of her mouth, but it looked, to the camera, like she grabbed his hips and pulled. Because, with her head upside down and craned back like that, it stretched her slim neck out straight and Joey's massive erection just glided all the way in to his mother's throat until her face met his hips. Carol's nose disappeared into her son's testicle sack while her chin pushed against his hairless pubic bone. The soft skin of her cheeks stretched hollow between her widely gaping jaws.

All the boys watched and let out a communal groan when they saw my son's massive cock slide home into my wife's mouth. She definitely was getting better at that. Joey's groan could be heard the loudest, over their chorus of voices.

One of them yelled, "A0gain, everybody." and they all held Carol's body like it was a battering ram and pulled her m0ost of the way off her son's cock, then reverse and rammed her back onto her son's hard organ again. Joey groaned, bucking his naked hips tight against his mother's face again.

"Yeah, that's awesome!" one of them shouted and they all heaved Carol back and forth a second time. Carol came all the way off her son's giant member and his cock sprang up and slapped against his stomach. Carol shifted her right hand from where she gripped Joey's hips to capture her son's bouncing hard-on and actually levered it back down to aim it at her open mouth again. The group of college boys shoved and Carol swallowed her son's cock all the way to the root again. Joey held his mother's head right to his loins as he arched backwards and groaned up into the falling water.

That's when the biggest boy, who didn't have even underwear on, said, "Hold her legs open." and the two boys supporting Carol's legs and hips each grabbed a leg, one of them shifting sides so he was on the camera side of Carol, and they pried my wife's thighs open. The big kid got quickly between her open legs and I could see his erection stood out nearly as large as my son's ten-plus inch cock.

I thought, 'Carol is going to be surprised by that.' wondering if she could handle it. But then, I was surprised she could take her son's entire, what looked like almost eleven inches and at least two inches across, all the way down her throat. That was good news for me later tonight.

The group pulled Carol's mouth off her son again, but Carol gripped Joey's hips and didn't let his whole length leave her mouth, keeping most of the fat dark reddish head between her lips.

The large boy lined his giant erection up between Carol's captured legs and fit his bulbous cockhead into the wet cleft of my wife's vagina. Then he stepped forward until the head just entered her. He let out a soft moan of delight and shoved.

That big, six-foot-three college kid, Carol stretched out on her back and her own muscular son with head of his hard cock at the entrance to her mouth, all folded up together like a telescope collapsing into itself. Both the boy and Joey let out a loud groan and Carol's back arched and her legs came up and spread even wider, forcing the two boys holding them to each take a step back. The fourth boy just let go of my wife's torso as her chest arched upward. He then grabbed Carol's two fat jiggling naked tits thrusting into the air, in each of his hands.

That huge college kid held my wife up by her hips while Joey held her up by the back of her neck, cradling his mother's head into his crotch once again. The two boys paused for a couple of breaths, both completely buried inside Joey's mother. Then the two boys began to fuck their hips back and forth, Carol's naked body writhing between them.

The boy standing over Carol's chest, playing with her naked breasts, grabbed each of her nipples and tugged them both straight up, like they were the marionette strings pulling her chest into a high arch. I could even hear Carol moan deep in her throat with her mouth stuffed around her son's giant cock. Her huge breasts, stretching upward to those rubbery peaks the college boy was pinching, elongated several inches upward from my wife's well endowed chest.

Carol let go of her son's pistoning hips and swung her arms out as her whole body was suspended between her son and that tall college kid pumping their cocks into her. Her left hand bumped into the hips of the boy playing with her fat boobs and she blindly grabbed the elastic of his soaked BVDs.

My wife continued to take the two pumping cocks from both her son and that big college boy while her hand yanked hard on the front of the third boy's underwear, dragging it down his legs and letting a very hard erection snap up and slap wetly against his bare muscular stomach.

Joey and the larger boy pumped against each other's thrusts into Joey's mother while Carol's hand searched out and found that other boy's stiff erection. She wrapped her fingers around the stiff pole of his cock and began stroking it in time with the two cocks fucking both ends of her.

When they saw this, the two kids holding my wife's legs open, let go and moved up so Carol could play with their cocks too. Her legs held themselves open wide, her hips held tightly in the big college kid's grip, her heels coming together into the small of that large young man's back as he fucked himself hard into my wife's pussy.

Carol soon found one of the other cocks and the remaining boy turned to the big kid who was pounding away between my wife's legs. The boy made lowering motions with his hands at his large friend fucking my wife and said, "Drop her down lower so I can straddle her chest and tit fuck her."

The big kid dropped to his knees on the wet rock and held Carol's hips impaled on his huge erection while her back arched even more in a bridge up to her backwards craned neck and her mouth connected to her son's massive sex rod working its own rhythms in and out of her throat.

The boy shucked his underwear and quickly swung a leg across Carol's torso to straddle her chest. The other two boys getting hand jobs from my wife were pushing and pulling and kneading her large double-D tits, pinching and twisting her hard nipples. The boy now straddling her, levered his erection down to thrust between my wife's two fat malleable globes of womanly flesh. The other two boys helped push those full breasts together around their friend's thrusting dick.

I click the camera, just as Carol began to shake. Her legs spasmed and I could see the ridge of her esophagus working against the cock shaped bulge made by her son's erection that moved back and forth inside her neck. Her grip on the two cocks in her hands tightened and she jerked them harder, just pulling while her body quivered and writhed. All the boys had to hold on until Carol's orgasm subsided.

Carol opened her mouth as wide as she could and groaned a long muffled sound, pulling her son's huge dick out of her throat. Her hips came up and the impressive length of that bigger boys cock came all the way out of Joey's mother.

Joey said, "Ahh, wait. I want your ass Mommy." and he too pulled back from his naked mother.

The boy who had just been fucking my wife's huge tits, in a coordinated shuffle, sat down on the ground and Carol opened her eyes in the spray of the waterfall and smiled at him. She reached out and grabbed that boys erection and crawled away from her son and over onto the boy, bringing her hips into position over the cock she held in her hand.

Joey moved up behind his mother and knelt down. Carol smiled lovingly back at her son and I caught the shot so beautifully on camera. Joey grabbed his mother by her naked ass and pushed his massive, wet member down into the cleft of her ass cheeks.

"Easy Joey." She warned him.

Joey worked his shaft up and down to center the head on his mother's anus and pushed slowly, but firmly against her. Carol grunted and reached back to pull her ass cheeks open for him. Her son wedged another inch of cock into her and the large, plum-like head disappeared.

Carol had never had anything but a couple of fingers in her ass before. You could say she was a Virgin in her ass. I was glad to see our son taking it so slowly with her.

I forgot myself as I watched and missed the shot of our son's cockhead disappearing inside his mother's ass.

Carol moaned as Joey pushed another inch into her. the thickest part of his shaft was spreading Carol's pucker wider than it has ever been.

My wife was kneeling over one of the boys, his hard cock jutting up between her spread thighs as Carol straddled him, and Joey was working his thick cock deeper into her rear end. Her son had nearly half his length pushed into her when she opened her mouth, throwing her head up in a gasp of determination. Joey's mother pushed back against her son's thick pole and it slid nearly all the way inside her.

"Aghhh..." she started to yell when the long hard cock of that bigger college kid who'd been taking pictures for us, entered her mouth. He'd come around and stood in front of Carol and when she opened her mouth with a full throated cry while impaling her mature fortyone-year-old ass onto her son's erection, that young man thrust his cock into her mouth. His giant member, at least nine inches long, cut Carol's cry short as he filled her mouth with his cock.

Joey was fully inside his mother's ass, the big kid grabbed the back of Carol's head and fed his large erection deeper into her throat and the boy laying on his back underneath Carol, grabbed her hips above him and pulled her down onto his waiting erection. Carol arched her back and reached out to either side of her and caught the naked cocks of the remaining two boys in her hands while they bent to play with her big, full, bouncing, tits. She was moaning loudly around that big cock in her mouth while bouncing up and down on both, the cock in her pussy and her son's massive organ. A giant erection filled her

mouth, a hard cock stuffed her cunt and her son's monster plunged into her ass while she was jacking the two remaining kids off.

Someone yelled, "Ahh,YESSSS! FUCK! That is so GOOD!" I took their picture.

I heard my daughter chuckle at my elbow. "No fighting with Mom about this. Her case is literally 'air tight'."

Like I've pointed out before, my daughter can be cheeky some times, but I guess she's right. Every hole was being plugged. And man, were those college kids plugging her. Carol riding up and down over the two cocks between her legs, jerking the two in her hands in time to her bouncing, like hand holds to help her pump herself up and down. Her mouth stretched wide over the thick shaft that flashed in and out between her lips. The camera caught the bulge of that big boy's head forcing her throat out as he stood over her, his erection bent down into her upturned face. Her nose and lips disappearing in the young man's short pubic hair with nearly every pump.

Carol let out another muffled cry and her hips sped up their twerking. The tremors started in her legs and moved up to those wide womanly hips. The fleshy cheeks of her full ass rippled with the spasms. Then, her back curved and snapped back and forth throwing her head forward, then back. She jerked up and down on the two hard cocks in her hands. Her throat worked up and down on the thick rod bent down into her mouth.

"MMieeEEuuUMMuuUMMuuUMM... muUM... muUM... muUM... muUM..."

I could hear my wife's humming moans over the pounding of the waterfall they were under. Then her body locked up, and someone yelled, "FFFFUUUCK!!! I'm cumming!"

Carol gaged and writhed, pulling out and off the big cock in her mouth. I clicked the camera, just as a large jet of cum rocketed out of its end, back into my wife's gasping mouth. The boy under her lifted her high, shoving her upwards when he arched onto his heels and his shoulders, picking her up with his hips thrusting into the air. Joey grunted and pumped his huge cock all the way into his mother's ass.

The boy Carol had been sucking on, shot another couple of gobs into my wife's face until the boy who's cock was in Carol's left hand yelled and grabbed at her head, turning her face towards his hard erection in her pumping fist.

Carol leaned quickly around and caught the head of his cock in her mouth. Both boys, the big one whom she had just been deepthroating and the boy on her left, pushed on her head to drive her mouth over the erect organ in her hand. Carol lost her grip on the young man's shaft as it disappeared all the way down her throat.

Joey grunted again and shoved hard against his mother's ass from behind. This pushed her forward off of the boy's cock that was buried in her pussy and I caught a picture of that young college kid's semen spurting out to coat her bald labial lips and the junction where her son's massive cock stretched her anus wide open.

Carol was soon drinking more cum from the boy on the left when the boy on her right began to buck against her pumping right hand. The two boys who controlled her head, pulled her away from the cock she was sucking on as it shot its last spurts into her cheek and pushed her mouth onto the cock to her

right. That young college kid gasped with pleasure and joined his hands to the other two pair on my wife's head to drive her mouth deeper onto his spasming shaft.

Carol shook and quivered again while her son worked his big cock in and out of her ass faster and with longer strokes than before. The boy laying underneath Carol was no longer in her pussy, so Joey had more freedom to fuck his mother's ass deeper and faster than before.

The boy in Carol's mouth called out his orgasm and was soon jetting his cum down her throat. Then, in a spastic jerk, his cock popped free and sprayed her face. Joey was the last to cum and Carol seemed to have lost all motor control as the other four boys held her up while her son pumped into her ass.

“OH! I'm CUUUMMING, MOMMEEEEEEE!”

Carol didn't react, her naked body limply riding back and forth on the pistoning shaft of her son's cock, supported in the hands of the four college kids. Just a smile crossed her wet face.

Joey shoved forward and held his mother's body pinned against the four naked young men around her while he bucked and shook his orgasm into his mother's bowls. He took deep ragged breaths and I worried about his heart for a minute, while he recovered. His mother's head hung down, wet hair streaming below her head, under the falling water. It was a very dramatic photograph. Then, his cock slid carefully out and a thick white gob of semen bubbled out of my wife's ass, right behind. Joey was still erect, if not quite as hard. Carol was still shaking from her own orgasm when she looked over her shoulder at her son.

Her eyes, glanced at the camera in my hand, then focused over my shoulder and grew wide for an instant before I saw her, kneeling naked, surrounded by five young men, equally unclad, their spent seed being washed away from her bare fortyone-year-old body by the cold waterfall they had all just been fucking and groping and sucking under, and she arched, closing her eyes and groaned in one final mini-orgasm. I turned, after getting her picture and saw a family of four, standing on the edge of the viewing platform, frozen, staring at my wife and son surrounded by those four naked college kids.

It was the biggest kid who called everyone's attention to get their clothes and split. He seemed in a very big hurry to rush away. The other three friends set Carol on her feet and hopped the railing to grab their shorts and shirts as quickly as they could.

I'm not sure what the big rush was, but Joey and his naked mother straightened up and made for their clothes too.

As the four students grabbed their clothes, the biggest kid waved to Joey and his mother, “Hey! See you this Fall, maybe come by our fraternity house? Welcome to the school.”

He and the others raced past the parents and two young boys who were standing at the platform entrance gaping at them. The mother had a cellphone in her hands and was dialing it.

Carol, her wet dress balled up in her hand, grabbed my arm. “Come on. We have to get to the car and go.”

“Okay, sure.” I went along. Joey ducked past me without looking at me and jumped into his shorts while heading out. I grabbed his wet shirt off the railing and followed with Missy just ahead.

Carol, in nothing but her high heels, had to walk past the family blocking the way. Her large bouncing breasts and bald dripping pubis passed inches in front of the two young pair of eyes following her. The husband also watched her pass in frozen silence while his wife glared at my wife.

“Slut!” the woman said and I heard her phone say, “You have reached the New York department of parks and recreation. Please listen carefully, as our menu has changed.”

We trotted down the trail to the parking lot and jumped in the car. Carol dive naked into the back, her face bright red with embarrassment, Joey was already huddled in the back seat and wouldn’t meet my eyes. Missy hopped into the front passenger seat and we pulled out just as a green park ranger truck pulled up and two rangers got out and headed up the path with determined strides. The college boys were nowhere to be seen.

“Well, they were sure in a hurry. You think that woman was calling them for something?” I asked.

Carol sat up from where she was crouched in the back seat, and looked at me through the rear view mirror. I saw Joey lift his own brooding head and stare at me too.

“What?” I asked.

Carol finally spoke. “She was calling them to report us, Al.”

“Really? Why would... Ohhh!” I finally caught on. “Yeah, of course. I was so caught up in taking pictures that I completely forgot you were on the wrong side of the railing.”

“I am so sorry Al, I don’t know what came over me. It was inexcusable what I did and I don’t blame you for hating me right now, but you don’t need to be sarcastic and mean about it.” Carol said.

“I’m not being sarcastic. Was she not calling the rangers because you and Joey were on the other side of the railing?” Carol was acting really weird. Her level of embarrassment, the amount of blushing she was doing and the moisture I could see building in her eyes seemed far more than a little embarrassment about being caught jumping the railing at a State Park could explain.

Oh Al, stop it. I screwed up big. I admit that. I’ll probably go to jail. Please stop pretending nothing happened when you stood there taking pictures of the whole awful thing.” Carol begged.

“I don’t think you’re going to jail, Carol. I’m sure lots of people do that. Those nice college students were already jumping the fence before we got there. Seriously, you have nothing to worry about. And, all I got pictures of was a mother having a good time with her family and a bonding moment with her son while some friendly college boys helped out. What’s so bad about that? Certainly nothing to send you to jail for.” I tried to placate my wife.

I decided that she needed to be distracted with a little more subliminal conditioning from Music d’Amour. If I could turn her attention to how much she wanted to have sex with me, maybe her stress level would go down.

“Here, we’re on the highway, no cops are chasing us. Let’s just listen to some music for a while. Okay?”

Carol nodded as she hugged herself in the backseat.

We sat in silence until, about ten minutes later, I looked back to see Joey and his mother hugging each other. Joey was shirtless and Carol was still naked and wet. They must have been cold, so I turned on the heat.

“Carol looked up and caught my eye again. “You really aren’t mad?”

“For what, my love. I’m thrilled that you and our son had the chance to bond, like that. Honestly, I don’t know why you don’t do it more. It was absolutely beautiful to see.”

Carol and Joey stared at me. “Is that how you really feel, Dad? You aren’t mad? Really?” Joey finally spoke.

“Of course I’m not. I love seeing you get closer to your mother. If breaking a few silly rules will help you bond more, by all means, have at it.”

Carol asked, “But what about... you know... those other boys?”

“They have their own morality to worry about. I know you were just helping your son make friends and being a good mother, and I think that you DID helped him make some good friends.” I pointed out.

It was silent for a couple of minutes. “So,” I asked, “I’m guessing you’ve decided on where you want to go to school, but we still have four more schools to look at.”

I looked back in the mirror and my heart warmed to see Joey and his mother kissing. He had one arm wrapped around her shoulders and the other hand was fondling and squeezing her nearest breast. Their tongue were trading places inside each other’s mouth.

Joey pulled back, “actually, I have decided. We can go home anytime, because I’ve decided to save the money and live at home. I’ll enroll in Community Collage as soon as we get back.”

Carol looked at her son, one arm around him, the other moving in a stroking caress, in Joey’s lap, in time to the music. “Are you sure?”

“Abso-fuckin-lutely.” He said and lay back as his mother pushed him, crawling up on top of him until he was laying stretched out on the back seat. Carol giggled, her melodic laughter mixing perfectly with the Music d’Amour playing over the car speakers. She then spun around on her knees, over him and hooked her fingers into the damp waistband of her son’s shorts and shoved them down and off his legs. This left her naked ass directly over Joey’s head while she grabbed the half erect shaft of our son’s exposed cock.

Joey raised his hands up and grabbed his mother’s bare cheeks in a solid grip and brought his mother’s damp vagina right down to his mouth at the same time Carol pushed her head down and engulfed her son’s swelling and lengthening cock.

Missy, glanced back at her mother and brother. Carol’s head started to bob up and down over her son’s hard organ making slurping sounds even louder than the ones her son was making with his face pressed right into the juncture between his mother’s naked thighs. Then Missy turned to me and asked, “Maybe we could stop at a Poo-N-Fry Chicken?”

Before I could answer, there was a friendly sounding toot toot, too my left, and when I looked, there was a truck that said 'Voyager Transportation' on the side, and a scruffy looking trucker hanging out of the passenger window with his cellphone. He had a huge grin on his face and gave me the thumbs up before raising his phone up and snapping pictures of the back seat of our SUV.

"Smile Carol," I called back to her. She raised her head. Her son's fully erect ten and three quarter inch cock popped out of her mouth with a loud smack and slapped his stomach right between my wife's huge naked tits. Her hips bucked against her son's hungry mouth and she fluttered her eyes up to look straight into that truckers cellphone lens.

"Auhhhhowwww!" Carol called out and her whole body began to shake in orgasm.

I hit the Shuffle button on the CD player and answered my daughter with a song. "Cock-a-DOODle do DO do, We get up with the cock so you can come... Cock-a-DOODle do DO do... get it fresh."



Epilogue:

We got home and Joey and his mother have been doing great together. My beautiful wife even sleeps in her son's room most nights and happily slips under the table at every family meal and sucks his cock to be sure her son enjoys staying with us for the entire meal. I think they've fucked in every room in the house and even in the back and front yards, since getting back. They play Music d'Amour loud enough that the whole neighborhood can hear it. At first, I fielded several complaints about it, but I guess everyone has gotten use to it.

I can't say I've realized all my sexual dreams with Carol. She certainly dresses and acts sexier than ever. Often, she doesn't wear much more than high heels around the house. However, we don't really have a lot more sex than before. Yeah, it looked good, at first, but I guess that was just a faze that coincided with my ordering that CD.

I went to send an irate email to the company about their false advertising, but then I noticed that only one voice file ever got attached to my original email. It was the one Joey had interrupted with his request to borrow the car, when I asked Carol to tell me about her dinner plans. HA HA HA! Silly me, I never attached my voice to send to them. Apparently, only Carol's voice was sent. Dumb. They would probably tell me it was my own fault and not even refund my ten bucks. Oh well, Everyone seems to like the music anyhow, especially Joey and his mother, who play it all the time. I guess I should have known better than to believe an ad on a comic book site. After all, I've been duped by enough junk from them, in the past.

