

My mom the cock tease

I didn't like doing group projects in school mainly because of my mom.

I live in a fairly small town, and it's our own bizarre tradition that pretty much everyone moves from high school right into community college. Thus, my community college functions just like a high school; there are sports teams and classes and extracurriculars, except everyone is older (the youngest person in our school is a nineteen year old freshman) and thus a lot more mature. So we do things like group projects, even if that might seem strange for a college.

In math class, I once had to work on a presentation with a meathead jock named Corey. Sitting at the dining room table, we were working just fine together until my mom walked in uninvited with a tray of lemonade and cookies. It was hot out that day, and so she wore a tight white tank top that was riding up her stomach and short red shorts. I always feel uncomfortable when she wears skimpy sexual clothing around the house, but I felt especially shy that Corey could see her like this.

He ate her up with his eyes. He was glued to the sway of her tits as she set the tray down. She gave a girlish giggle when she saw the work we were doing, and sauntered out of the room with swaying hips and a slight jiggle in her tight red shorts.

"Dude, your mom is HOT," Corey said to me, practically drooling. I didn't know how to respond. After a few more minutes of working, he slipped out of the room and when I went in to go check on him, I found him chatting with her in the kitchen, practically pinning her against the wall.

"Your friend is so funny!" my mom told me, and Corey turned to me and smiled cruelly. I went back into the dining room to work.

Corey came back to the room eventually, smiling, and I surveyed him hoping not to find any signs of sexual activity. Sure my mom liked to flirt, but would she really do something with her son's eighteen-year old classmate? I was relieved to see that he seemed normal. I peeked in on my mom and I found her making dinner for her, Corey, and me (my mom and I lived alone). It didn't seem as if they did anything.

Corey did, however, updated his facebook profile picture later that evening to a rather benign shot of him and my mom. I mean benign in that while they weren't fucking, my mom still had her midriff exposed, her neckline broad and heaving, and her tiny shorts clinging to her tan thighs. I monitored it later and saw more than a few comments about how "sexy that bitch was" and how people "hoped Corey had been tapping that all night". When he finally revealed in a comment that she was in fact his "math partner's hot ass mommy", I ended up getting about thirty friend invites from guys who had been oggling my mom on his profile. I tried not to be rude and accepted them all, but I spent the evening weeding through vulgar messages asking for pictures of my mom's tits and requests for invitations to come over and fuck her.

I showed my mom some of the messages, and she seemed flattered by them. She had always been a bit playful. As a single mother, she had entertained men before, but always very discreetly. Of course, as her son, there still were moments where I saw her sexuality. Her girlfriends had bought her a shirt that said "cum dumpster" once when they visited Vegas, and she wore it to bed sometimes, or just around

the house. In line with the joke, she actually had purchased more of shirts like this one, meaning she wore one to bed about six out of every seven nights. She enjoyed being in shape, and I'd often see her in small sports bras or out tanning in a small bikini in our hot tub. More than a few times, I had emptied the laundry to find small thongs, lacy bras, and other sexy lingerie.

Like nearly every other male, I react to these things with a sort of self-denial. I do not want to think of my mother as a sexual creature, no matter how else the world does. And yet, this is how the world does see her. At her job, she often explains to me how she knows she can get a better promotion by wearing low cut shirts with her tits half out, or going to company beach outings when the rest of her office is made of men. On most holidays, she would leave for the office party in some terribly short dress and stripper high heels and not come back until late the next afternoon.

If I had chosen to not reject the evidence, I might have noticed that my mother was more than just sexually active. She was almost a slut.

Since the incident with Corey, I ended up with a reputation at school as the kid with the hot mom. Strangers would come up to me, holding the picture of my mother (people kept printing it out!) and asking me if this hot bitch in the photo REALLY was old enough to have a child. I tried to play along and laugh as much as I could, though it always made me really uncomfortable.

Locker rooms were always a bad place. The testosterone in there seems to run wild, and most of the worst events occurred showering and cleaning up after PE or basketball. At our school, it was commonplace to try to relieve tension before a big game, and most of the guys would just whip it out and jerk off right in the center of the room. These guys were always the ones with confidence, nine inch penises, and six or seven girls they were fucking at the time. Most would use pornography, but since the Corey incident, the infamous profile picture with my mom served most guys fittingly. I would notice endless copies of it in waste paper bins, stained with the splooge of some athlete. If I were to walk by while some guy was actually whacking it to the photo of my mom, he would normally stop and show me what he was doing. "This is all for your hot ass mother," he might say, releasing himself in streams all over my mother's sultry face.

After a few weeks of things like this, someone actually sent a letter to my mother requesting her to join the PTSA. It was written as if everyone had gotten one, but I knew that some horny kid had concocted it as a means to get my mother on campus. It worked. From there, the student body was able to convince her that it was her duty to volunteer. Having just accepted a new job that she did solely online (I hate to think what she did to her boss to get that!), she ended up spending a lot of time at school. Most of the guys befriended her, and she had a lot of them over for dinners with me. No one was every terribly mean to me, but they were often rude, making open comments about how much they want to fuck her and how often they had jerked off to thinking about her.

My sexy mom became almost a school mascot. She came to every sports game, dressed in the official team mom uniform (again, a miraculously skimpy outfit concocted by some horny kid). From here, photos were more various and abundant (someone even set up a facebook group devoted just to the hottest pictures students had taken of her). By the end of her first month as team mom, it was now a standard pre-game ritual to have her come to the locker room, give a motivational speech, then leave. The boys then would all together whip out their cocks and masturbate onto a large poster of whatever the hottest photo of her that week was.

As the son of the school's adopted milf, I began to be approached by some of my attractive young

classmates. These girls laughed at my jokes and offered to drive me home since I had no car, and I for a while I believed I was popular. However, in my efforts to hook up with them, I learned that they were all bicurious and hoping I could help them take a break from being pounded by their boyfriends' hard and painful cocks to explore the warm softness of my mother. I refused, laughed it off, something I felt I had been doing more and more each day.

I do not believe that she ever did anything individually appropriate, however, at least at this point. She may have been promiscuous and horny, but she never actualized this amongst the student body. I'm sure some bold guys offered, but when I confronted her about my worries, she scoffed that anything she had been doing was wrong and assured me she knew that they were just a group of eighteen-year olds, and not at all her fuck toys. She told me this while wearing her "I love cock" t-shirt (if the kids at school only knew about her t-shirt collection). However, I trusted her word that she had never fucked, sucked, handied, slurped, groped, motorboated, jerked, licked, tasted, stroked, touched, kissed, grabbed, pulled, or just in general banged anyone of these legal yet much younger people. Well, except in the collective wet dreams of the study body.

The culmination of this occurred in an event that changed my life even more than Corey's picture. It was another group project, but with a different partner, and with a magical force involved that came straight out of a children's story.

With my mother the popular sex idol she was, I was a prominent candidate when it came time to pick partners for the final History project. The project involved a paper, a presentation, a model, as well as a creative aspect. Thus, it would take a lot of time, and this time would be spent in the close intimate quarters with the sex goddess my mother. The lucky guy might have to sleep over, getting to see her maybe step out of the shower with her breasts uncovered, or bend over to kiss the boy goodnight on his rock hard cock. This was silly, but they all thought it, and they all scrambled to me. The teacher, aware that these boys were lobbying here for the chance to fuck my mother, intervened. She paired me with a slightly quiet boy, who was not on any sports team, and did not spend very much time at school, and thus, by some incredible force, was unaware of who my mother even was. His name was Jon Agon, and he would turn out to be the very worst.

Jon was not a jock, but he was tall and muscular none the less. His dealings were shady; he had few friends, and most people were aware that he spent his time on the streets, whatever that meant. He hung out with older, sleazier people, probably committing petty crimes and maybe even some not so petty crimes. He was rarely at school, skipping very often. I believe that the teacher felt that Jon's lack of motivation would make him unlikely to even try to collaborate with me on the project, and so I would be spared any kind of further humiliation by boys horny for my mom.

But the teacher didn't know some of the more disturbing rumors about Jon. A few girls claimed he had exposed himself to them for fun against their will, and that his cock was grotesquely huge. He could be cruel, they added, very very cruel. He made a game out of scoping out some of the more affable guys and stealing their girlfriends, fucking them senselessly and then working his hardest to rub it in the other guy's face. He'd sent pictures of himself fucking their girlfriends, sent them jizzy pieces of the girl's lingerie. He seemed to enjoy the sadism of humiliating the past boyfriend more than fucking the girls. But somehow he had never heard of my mom, and I was hoping it would stay this way.

The teacher broke the class up into groups, and Jon slithered over to my desk. He expected me to do most of the work, and I was fine with this. I offered to have it done soon, and he shrugged and said just to get it done.

In three weeks, I had done nearly every bit of the project without even seeing Jon once. I was excited. The football season was almost over, and it would be hard for the jocks to continue involving my mom in sports. I knew they could find a way, but maybe they would lose interest. I was feeling good.

The only part that he absolutely needed to be there for was the video we were doing for the presentation. I had his role minimized, and I would only need him at my house for about an hour. I told him the time, and he said he would try to be there if he could.

My plan was to do a fake museum about the ancient Arabic culture which was the subject of our presentation. I had a bunch of fake artifacts I had bought at the dollar store, and all Jon would need to do was play the role of the museum goer as I explained to him what each artifact was. The items were all cheap knickknacks for which I had invented some relevant historical facts.

I chose the specific time to coincide with the boy's volleyball game, an event my mom would be at as her position as team mom. This way, Jon could be in and out as soon as possible.

I waited at the dining room table for Jon. He was an hour and a half late. When he finally showed up, he smelled of pot and beer, and it took me a while to get him to just sit down. I brought him a glass of cold water, which he drank, and that seemed to cool him down a bit.

I explained to him about the history project, and he asked to see the work. I hadn't planned on showing it to him, and he took a while to read, so I sat with him, bored. I plugged in my headphones and watched him read.

I was caught off guard when the door opened and my mom walked in.

"What is all this stuff?" she asked, carrying the box of my museum artifacts. Jon looked up from the history work and his eyes widened. My mom had been wearing bikini bottoms for the volleyball game and a tight blue tube top that read "team mom". Her nipples were hard, because she was sopping wet. Her shirt was nearly see-through. Perhaps it had rained, or maybe they had dunked her in the pool as part of their horny wholesome fun.

She set down the box on the table, exposing more of her open tan body.

"Hi there," she said to Jon, "I haven't met you. I'm Chad's mom."

Jon extended a hand to her.

"This is your mom?" he said to me.

"Um, yes," I told him. He smiled widely. My mom shook her hair and smiled at him, her tits pointing straight out at Jon and her hips pivoted. He ran his eyes down her body, and she giggled.

She waltzed out towards the kitchen.

"I am going to fuck your mom senseless," he told me blankly. I had never had anyone be so blunt.

"I don't care about you or what she wants. I haven't gotten my dick sucked in days, and I am going to

fucking go into that kitchen right down and shove your mom's slutty little body down onto my cock and I am going to fill her up with as much as I can give her."

"Stop it," I told him, growing bolder.