

# Adoptive Mother, Reporter slowly gets involved in story

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*Reporter wonders if he can get a little action with older, sexy woman as he interviews her*

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And if you can believe this as well...I did come back the following day and as the day before she looked incredible. She wore a printed colorful dress which, to me, said it all. I couldn't wait to hear more of her adventures about her and Max and what they done together, in bed, that would have me wondering about her and her lifestyle, desires, and let's not forget her dreams as well.

The woman, Cynthia, is for sure a charismatic woman. Her eyes alone, when she looks at you, you almost feel as if she's trying to tell you what it is she wants. That's what it felt like to me. I felt, as she talked, and as she "exposed" her activities with her son that she wanted to take the next step. As in she was saying something like "Hey honey, would you like to take a break from all this? I have a cottage far enough away from here that you and I could go to." Well you know the rest I'm sure. As for the interview, let's start there.

She smiled all the time. Her smile, as earlier depicted, is warm, wonderful, and inviting as ever. It even made me feel welcome...as if she was about to spread her arms and take me in and for starters...hug me tenderly and passionately.

Like I said, Cynthia at that time was 31. Cynthia not only loved sex but Cynthia could not get enough of it. She adored a man's body, be it big, small, portly (unfortunately), and slender (like her sons). She met her husband at a social function, how doesn't matter. He is almost 25 years older than her. He is and was a very good looking man. Their eyes met and once they did well...bam...he walked over to her and began talking. Before she knew it she was in the back seat of his car and she was being humped by him. That was when she was only 21. They had sex all week. They had sex practically two times per day. They "loved" one another too. But the love ran out. Still the sex stayed where it was.

She talked him into having a son. She couldn't have children and that was where Max came into the picture. Years after he did, once he turned 18, something happened, and before she knew it...well the two of them were sneaking "adult" behavior she never expected to ever happen.

“But it was good,” she said. “When we got together, when I put my arm around him as if I was his real mother well something unexpected happened. There he was lying on the corner of my chest. And I looked down at him. His eyes were on my breasts. He was looking at them. Oddly you’d think I’d be put out or something to that degree but I wasn’t. I was rather turned on by it. I found it intriguing. Yes I did. He laid there and stared at these tits of mine,” and she looked down and pointed towards her chest.

“I know, I know,” she told me. “I’ve always had a nice set of tits. I still think I do.” And then she smiled and looked my way. “Don’t you think so too?”

Now, here I am. I’m 35. I’m single. I’m a man. I’m a reporter and writer. I’m looking at this absolutely beautiful woman. She has this figure which still hasn’t let her down as of yet. You look at her shoulders. You watch her body as you look down over it. You look at that waist and you say to yourself “Wow.”

Then you see her powerful, wide hips, and you then tell yourself “Wow, the woman is magnificent looking. I mean magnificent looking.” What else is there to say?

As she speaks to me she does something, odd. I mean odd too. Out of nowhere, she stands up. She starts to head out of the room. She stopped and turned around. Smiling, she tells me “I’ll be right back, alright honey?”

I’m sitting there, in the living room, and I wait. I wait and I wait longer. It seemed as though I waited for 15 minutes. I had no idea what she was doing. From where I sat I couldn’t see the stairs. I get up, walk around the living room, and look out all the windows and all of a sudden I hear her come down the stairs. I could tell she had put on different shoes but why I don’t know.

Finally, the woman walks in, smiling. Whoa, I say to myself once she walks in. She’s wearing something, well it was a phenomenal looking outfit. It was simple in one way but it did wonders for her body a man can’t wrap his head around if you know what I mean.

Cynthia, originally, wore this adorable looking dress. As I said, it was colorful, and it was a flower printed, ankle length dress. It wrapped around her flawlessly I thought. The dress she had on highlighted not only her waist and hips, but it more than enhanced her awesome looking bosoms. Trust me. I know it did. I saw her in it. That original dress she wore showed anyone who was noticing it just how shapely, slender, and potentially virile she could be. I was taken by it. Yes I was. She had originally offered me coffee and smiled as we talked and her eyes would beam brilliantly as if she tried warming my heart.

It did do that. It was like she sat posing for pictures for me, like I was from some modeling agency. Like I said, when she came back she had put on an entirely different outfit. Why, I do not know, but it was a terrific looking outfit at that.

She walked in wearing a very short sleeved tee and tight black jeans. That outfit allowed me to see portions of her body I hadn't noticed the day before. There she was, smiling, as she wore a pair of pumps in addition to her tight looking black jeans and the sweet looking tee. Her bosoms also seemed highlighted, as if the top was a half size too small. I wanted to stare. I did not want to talk. I did not care if she saw me as I stared either.

She watched me as she walked in, smiling. "Sorry about that dear. I was just not comfortable in that dress so I put this on. I do hope I didn't put you out."

"Uh, no not at all," I told her. Then I felt I needed to compliment her. "You look," and my eyes surveyed her figure suddenly, "a lot more comfortable." I nodded my head.

Then she goes on to add, for whatever reason, "In truth, I've always loved these tops." She looks down at it and seeing as I had the chance as well. I did too. Life was good, I told myself. She then adds "There is something very arousing about these. It enhances women's desires, and men's too." And then her tone of voice changed. It was weird. "Don't you think so too?" She smiled as she looked at me, looked into my eyes. "I do hope it's an appropriate outfit," she went on to add as she sat back down.

But before the woman sat back down she saw something on the floor. I don't know what it was but she had to turn around and bend over. She picked whatever it was up, so that I could see the outline of her tremendous ass' shape, and I found myself spending an inordinate amount of time looking at that ass.

"Now...where were we?" she finally said. I didn't know. I was lost. I had no idea whatsoever. "Ohhhhhhh, that's right. We were talking about me and my son and our relationship weren't we?"

I swallowed, hard. I felt hot as well. I wasn't too aroused but I was aroused enough. She had been watching me and out of nowhere she smiled. It was as if she knew what was going on all over. There was something about this woman I couldn't put my fingers on, but I liked it and her a lot.

"Ohhhhhhh yes, now I remember," she finally said as her eyes flashed back and her smile grew bigger. I watched her as she smiled and then said "I had said goodnight to him and I left his room. He laid down and I went back to my room. But..." she went on to say, "I was in my room, thinking." She

paused and looked at me as if I was her toy or something like that. I thought about that a moment as she paused. She smiled again as if waiting for something to occur. "As I thought about it all I told myself that he had erupted, that he had exploded like nobody I had ever seen. He came all over me, all over the place, and he came in a tremendous way too. I'd never even saw my husband do that dear. I guess, if you will, I'd had lots of sex back in my day, but my son's coming like he came was out of this world. It was all over the place. It was all over me, my hands, his lap, and all over my face as well."

Then the woman smiled from ear to ear. She sat there, staring. She sat there, recalling it all too. "He was dumbfounded if you will. He couldn't believe he'd done what he'd done. I couldn't either." She paused, with a smile, and then added "But I was proud."

She went on to say "He came down early the very next morning and that boy wore a smile as if he was ready to go at it again with me. But like most woman, I had some stuff I had to do, unfortunately. The poor boy was a little disappointed. But I told him to relax. I told him 'There's always time for fun and play. You'll learn that honey.'"

She and I looked at each other. I felt like her son. I felt like I wanted to play with Cynthia...just like her son did. He told her "Really mom...when mom when?"

"Later on dear, I'll let you know. Besides, you have your studying to do and you know you can't ever forget that, right?"

"Okay...okay," he replied.

"He went on to study for his finals, which he did well in of course, but when he was done he was ready for me, for us. That night he was ready...and soooo was I although he had a final the following morning. I couldn't put him off. I just couldn't. I had promised him we'd get together. And dear," she told me, "I was horny and ready for him too." She looked at me and the beautiful older Cynthia just plain out smiled right into my eyes.

It made me, well I was, turned on by that look alone.

"That night, the night before his final, I had put on my pajamas, and I accidentally forgot about us being together. Now here I was. Knowing I wanted a little action and assuming he was studying or something I was all alone, by myself. He was in his room or I assumed he was. I hear something. I heard this...this walking in the hallway I thought. However, I didn't realize that it was him heading down to see me but my boy well he was almost at my door and this was a problem for me."

I'm wondering what the actual problem was.

"Mom?" he called out as he knocked at my door. "Can I come in?"

"Here I was, in my room, and thinking no...no honey you can't." She looked at me and said "Why you ask well let me explain."

Yeah I bet you were masturbating, right,, I said to myself.

"See, I was masturbating honey," she told me as she wore that warm, arousing smile of her face. "Mmmmmm oooooohh dear I felt soooo good at that exact moment that yes dear, I did not want to be disturbed while I played around and fantasized. I wanted some alone time, some private time." She smiled as she added "Do you understand that at all? A woman needs her desires. A woman has to have her own time with her personal, private wants and needs," she told me.

Here I am, wondering how her body personally feels under the covers, and naked of course too, against my naked body as I hold her closely and with a hard, horny boner on as well.

"He cried mom or something. I don't know for sure but his face went wide. The tone of his voice sounded stunned like. He had opened up the door and there I was with my pajama bottoms down, my legs spread apart, and one of my vibrators was pushed up inside my pussy. He asks me, in that young astounded tone of voice what I was doing?"

I'm saying to myself...fucking yourself, right?

"I couldn't pull it out fast enough. I couldn't pull up the covers fast enough either. I needed, for whatever reason, to hide my naked vagina. For whatever reason, I don't know why. I've already told you how much I love sex so I don't know why I wanted to pull them up."

We were looking at each other and realized what was going down. I smiled. She did too but she continued "Now, okay, I love my son, right? But other than him seeing my naked breasts he hadn't seen my vagina, my pussy as of yet. Maybe I will...maybe I won't. I didn't know if I'd let him at that point."

I'd love to see it. Heck, I'd love to taste it like forever, I thought. She looked at me again, smiling as she did, and it had me wondering. Why is she looking at me like that?

Out of nowhere, after being there about an hour she says, to me, "I'd like for you to come over some time. We could spend the day together, maybe getting to know each other a little better...see how

everything goes. I think you and I would have a great day with each other. What do you think?"

It was noticeable. I swallowed hard. My eyes bugged out. I was there to do an article, not lay around in some woman's bed, naked, and get it on with her and so I said "Well that sounds nice. Thank you." I said it as professionally as I could but she sees through me.

We refocus our attention on the story, finally.

"Now, picture this. He comes in and Max sees me half naked, stopping dead in his tracks and he stares at my...my shaved pussy." She smiles proudly as she continues. "His eyes soared out of his head. Max is looking at it, my pussy, and he simply stares at it hard. He was staring at it long and hard too."

"Uh mom uhuh why do you have your pajamas off?"

"Well dear because I was trying to uhuh relax dear," she told him.

"I don't understand," he came back.

As she pulled up her pajama bottoms once she told him that she was trying to relax she put on one of her smiles that he loved as well too. Her voice gave off that tender, loveable sounding tone he also loved too and she told him to come and sit on the bed beside her.

"Here dear, right here," she said as she patted the bed beside her. "Soooo, how are you honey?" she asked while she felt some oozing down in between her thighs.

"Fine," he told her, again looking down towards her crotch.

She smiled, saying "Good...good. Is everything alright?"

"Well uhuh yeah," he replied, "I uh, you know, just came in to uhuh, well be with you."

"Ohhhhhh sure honey sure," she said as she continued wearing that smile of hers.

She reached out, once she replied to him, and rubbed his back, lightly. He sat there, wondering about what it was she had been doing, and hoped he could lay down beside her for a little more of what they'd done the night before. Cynthia knew what he wanted too and she knew what she would be open for that. It was all a matter of time.

And here I was, wondering what her nipples, and breasts looked like too.

“Honey, I’ve been wondering something,” she said.

“What’s that mom?”

“Hmmm, how should I put this?” she went on to say.

“I don’t know,” he replied.

“Do...do you know of any other girls that you like?” she asked him.

“Huh me?” he said. She said yes and repeated herself.

That’s when for like the very first time in his life that he decided to lie to her. He had never lied to his mom before but either way she knew better. He was a young man whose hormones had begun to rage from here to eternity lately, and did not ever seem to stop. She knew it because she was like this too. Even females had those issues, she thought. Yes they were. They were like that too and she smiled as if looking right through him.

“Maybe I can put it another way?” she then said.

He kept sitting there and continued wondering when he was going to be able to lay down beside his mom so that she would allow him to feel her tits again...as well as those supple nipples too. He’d occasionally looked that way.

And I wanted to look at them as well.

“So you haven’t ever thought about other women?” she asked.

“Uhhh no,” he said, lying again.

But Cynthia knew he was lying as soon as he said the word “Uhhh.”

“Ohhh come on dear. There has to be someone you’ve found attractive, someone you’ve thought was a nice girl...haven’t you?” she came back. “There must be?” She looked into his eyes and watched him closely as she smiled at her young man.

And then, after a minute or so he said it. “Well...I don’t know...maybe.”

“Awwww come here baby,” she said as she reached out to bring him down beside her. “Come here. Come down here and lay down next to me,” she told him, that smile ingrained on her face as if it was never going to leave it forever.

At last, he smiled, and he smiled inside as well. As soon as he could he lay down next to her he felt at home, at peace. He laid down on her chest and knew he would love it. He felt comfortable there. It was as if he belonged there on her chest as he came to rest his head so that his eyes could pin themselves on her breasts. Both smiled too seeing as he could see them and she could see him looking at her boobs from where his head was positioned on her chest. She put her arm around him and his head and eyes, immediately found the correct position. He then looked up so that his eyesight was where it was the night before- looking at her round pert breasts which rested just beneath her pajama top.

“Mmmmmm, now that’s better isn’t it?” she asked.

“Uhhh yeah mom I like it now,” he said. He finally smiled too as he nodded his head.

“Now about this girl you like? How did you meet her? Where’d you meet her at honey?”

He was locked in and so was I, unfortunately. I stared at them as she told her story to me. She had to have noticed, seeing as my own eyes were locked in on those grand looking breasts of hers, and she told me his were locked in on her tits at that point. She had to have known it too. She moved her body around as she told her story, somehow, and I didn’t know it but somehow her breasts were doing “the dance” on my eyes.

Back to the story however, he would play around on them, once she offered him the chance by “opening that door,” and allowing him to take all the delight in her bosoms that he wanted, if he answered a question she had for him.

She wanted to know who it was her son had taken a fancy too. Once he told her, that “play-door” of hers would be open. Her boobs he took an obvious pleasure in would be his. So full of wonder, in his eyes, it would understandably be open to all his whims and desires rising and floating within his libido...if he’s answer her question, if he’d tell her who it was he had a little place in his heart for, and as for Cynthia, there was no question about it. She loved having her breasts played on by him as well as others too, but having this done by her son was an extra special place filled only by her son.

“I...well I didn’t uhhh meet her anywhere if you want to know the truth mom. She uh just uhhh showed up one day. I mean she just uhhh...showed up here on the doorstep,” he told her.

He paused a moment and she thought about that. He looked away from her and her tits and looked up at her face. Again, his mom wore that smile of hers that he loved so much. He decided to be honest with her. He told himself that was the only way to be with her.

Once he decided to be honest with her, he felt a lot better. He looked back at her chest. Looking at it made even his toes tingle. In that clingy silk pajama top which appeared to lather her chest like it did gave Max an unusual aroused series of sensations which pulsed from top to bottom. And Max found that enjoyable as ever.

“Mom, the girl isn’t a girl mom. It’s uhhh,” and he paused a moment. “It’s Ms. Templeton actually mom,” he finally said to her.

“Wow, Grace, really?” she came back. Now that to her was a surprise. She is a pretty woman, Cynthia thought, but Grace was a little on the thicker side of things. She was so much different, size wise, then Cynthia, and with that she looked back at her son. Again Cynthia was smiling. It didn’t matter who he liked. She was obviously happy for him. In truth, she honestly liked his choice of women he picked out. She also thought Grace was attractive in her own way. And as Max and Cynthia lay together, snuggling close like they were she said “Honey ohhh honey, she’s such a sweet and pretty woman isn’t she?”

In all honesty, Max was a bit astounded at her response. He never thought she’d think that way but was happy she did. His eyes grew big as he thought about it, thinking she’d be jealous of him, but Cynthia wasn’t. She felt good about it. She wanted what he thought was a nice woman and what was best for him. In her opinion Grace Templeton was a marvelous choice and a very pretty young lady.

Okay so what if she was a tad on the chunkier side, she thought. He told her, once he said he liked Ms. Templeton, who was his teacher, that she was sweeter than sweet, almost as much as Cynthia was. He told her he thought she had this absolutely fantastic figure, which in a way she did. Despite that she was a bit on the fuller figured side, he loved her curves. He adored her breasts. They were...big. Yes, but she maintained her weight thus she maintained her overall size and shape and he loved everything there was to love about her, including her soft adorable personality. However, he added that in addition to her being a little thicker in certain ways that he felt she had a lot of things going for her.

“Such as what dear?” his mom asked.

“Well like her, I don’t know,” he started to say and as he thought about it she pushed him to tell her using her smile that he always loved and adored. “Well I love her hair. I love how its uhhh thick and

uhhh silky like yours. I love her eyes mom and even the shape of her mouth and,” and he paused a moment. “I love her...her lips mom. She has to have some of the sexiest looking lips a woman can have. They’re like your lips. And I love yours mom. You know...they’re pretty and they’re sensuous and...and I don’t know...I just like them. I like them a lot mom. There’s soooo much to her.”

“Wow honey,” she said.

“There’s a lot about her I like mom,” he went on to say. “Hmmm, let’s me think about this.” He closed his eyes while thinking about her. Max started to see her clearly. He pictured her body all over. He smiled as he thought a little more knowing that he loved how although she appeared to have those wide shoulders which to him seemed soft. Also, they appeared to support her sizably bigger round breasts, although he didn’t tell his mom that, but then there was her waistline.

Her waistline appeared to go down to nothing as her hips “opened up” wide. He loved picturing her figure in his head. She seemed soooo pretty. Her personality made it easy for him to like her a lot. Like his mom, she was sweet. Like his mom, he felt he could take her in his arms, and hug her and snuggle with her forever.

And yes, back to her hips, well he absolutely adored them. They were so darn awesome looking. And with that waist, and her butt as well, he couldn’t really get his mind off her at all. Oh, he finally thought...and there’s her ass. Oh yeah, I’d love to feel it if I could.

“Max dear...are we still talking about her?” Cynthia chimed in.

He shook his head and decided to tell Cynthia almost everything about her finally. He also decided he’d tell her what he liked about this too and in telling her about Grace, he decided he’d tell her about her personality as well.

While he told her all he knew about Gloria, all she did was smile, and do something else as well. She had taken her time but Cynthia had begun to unbutton her pajama top. He had no idea she had been.

She was delighted he felt that way about her and said “Wow honey that sounds terrific. Maybe you should find a way to tell her how you feel about her. Anyway, and she looked down at her chest, and told him “why don’t you take look at these in the meantime.” She pulled back her pajama top, allowing him to see them clearly, and added “Go on, feel them. Feel these as much as you want and like, okay?”

There they were! Her boobs were laying there and standing at attention for him. They were already ready to be taken into action. She knew it. Her tits were there to serve his needs. His eyes and mouth

sprung open. He couldn't believe it. Her pert round boobs looked so gloriously exotic and beautiful and seeing her there, laying on her back, and with her top wide open with that look on her face had him swallowing hard again.

In her soft tone of voice she said "Go on dear...just like yesterday. You know that."

He rose off the bed as to get a better position on her and she watched him, happily, as he did. He decided to do something a little different that time, positioning himself over her body. One leg wrapped around her other side of the body as the other one saddled up against her closer side. Now Max was mounted on top of her as he stared at her precious and glorious looking tits.

"God mom...they're...they're soooo incredible looking," he told her as she smiled back at him. He swallowed again,, ogling her boobs for a few moments and as she smiled back at him. Shaking his head he went on to add "And wow mom, I mean that too."

In her own charismatic way, she prompted him to go ahead and do her, do her tits, which Max finally, but slowly did. He reached out and started feeling her tits. With great pleasure and dexterity as well he gradually got himself aroused. And as he felt them she also found that she loved it too. His fingers, as he touched them, with the precision of a gnat or fly felt almost exciting to her. She felt that precision at which he progressed.

"Oooooohh baby mmmmmm," she began uttering right away. "Ohhh...oh God yes honey yes," she cried out and as her eyes closed. Her head craned backwards and Cynthia had started to truly enjoy how his fingers moved about her tits.

And then, out of nowhere, she felt something else somewhat magical as well. She felt his fingers playing around on one of her nipples. He had begun to "tease" it to no end. She arched upward off the mattress as he did it. Her body, as it occurred, tossed and turned. And Cynthia knew she couldn't control herself as she rose off her won bed.

She cried out again. "Oh my God...God oh yes...Oh God yes honey yes!" She had cried out loudly too. When he did that, when he toyed like he did with her nipples, it always turned her on, and in the mightiest of ways. "Ugh ohhh ahhhhh ohhh...fuck...oh God, fuck yes...more honey more." She couldn't handle it. She accidentally swore, which she rarely ever did.

And so he kept doing it. He kept needling each nipple, making them harder and harder and arousing her as he did it. She got so turned on she even felt like having an orgasm right there in front of him. He'd get one hard and then go on to the other and make that one hard too.

And as he got her nipples hard he started tingling and getting hard as well too.

He pulled up and pinched his knees together. She didn't see that coming seeing as her eyes were closed while she felt her nipples stinging with a pulsating tingling and she was also crying out for it to continue.

His cock tingled more and more. He felt his cock needing more and more attention and seeing as that was the case he cried out for her. "Ohhhhhh mom...oh God mom, help me! Please oh please mom...help me!"

Her eyes opened wide as soon as she heard him. "What dear...what's wrong?" He told her. "Oh baby honey. I can help you but you'll have to learn to do this on your own some day too honey." Then she admitted it. "See...when you came in well that's what I was doing earlier." And she said it in the softest, sweetest tone of voice. "I was masturbating and now it's your turn to do that too."

"What...you want me to...to uhhh jack off...right here?"

"Well...no," she said as she started to hesitate. "What I really want is for you to keep teasing my nipples until they tingle and hurt soooo darn much that I'm ready to orgasm and cum. Ohhhhhh God...now that's what I really want dear." She clammed up as she smiled and winked at him and then she said "How's that sound to you honey?"

His cock was more than ready. But she wanted him to play around on her hardened nipples some more. She wasn't ready to do anything with his cock, although she knew she'd get great pleasure in seeing him cum again, but for now her hard nipples were a priority to her.

"Please baby?" she whined in a teasing way, "will you..." but then she thought better of it. She thought about it a lot. She thought just how fun it would feel if his mouth, lips, or even better his teeth would feel on her nipples. "I have a great idea baby. Would you like to taste my nipples? Would you like to feel them with your mouth? How about that darling? How about you go at my nipples using your teeth?"

She stopped and stared at Max. As she looked she judged what he would say? What would his reaction be to that?

And his response was "Did...did you just say...use my teeth? Honestly, nibble on your umm nipples using my uhhh teeth mom?"

"Yes I did dear," she told him. "Yes I did."

He was hesitant but he bent over and tried to do the best he could. To her it was okay. It was nice but at first it wasn't spectacular. She liked it alright. She'd had better she told herself but she still felt the effects of his teeth on her nipples. They were hard as hell in seconds. They tingled more and more and her nipples tingled as if burning her up. Her body almost buckled everywhere as she rose off the bed while he nibbled on them and without bighting them too hard.

And thankfully, she cried out as he kept on doing it to her nipples.

At that moment, life was good. She loved it that her boobs' nipples were hard. And he was enjoying what he was doing too. He came off them and knelt upright. Smiling, he asked if he did it correctly.

"Honey, that was perfect dear," she replied. "Look at these," and she pointed and then felt them and went on to say, "Feel them." And so that is what he did. "Look at how hard they are baby?"

He was proud of himself as her "hard as rocks" nipples sat there atop her boobs. And yes they were hard! Her nipples were as hard as rocks for sure. He couldn't believe he'd done that to her nipples. He was so turned on by that, by her, and by her incredibly sexy body. Yes, life was good he thought. He was still horny as ever.

"Soooo you still want me to jack you off?" he asked her.

Still smiling, she said yes but on one condition.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Honey, you must go and tell Ms. Templeton how...how you feel about her."

"Wha-what...you want me to go and...and tell her how I feel about her? Awwww mom, no," he said. I can't. I uh-hh won't. Uh uh-hh," he said almost in a protest.

"Then I'll see you later. I'll see you tomorrow," she said. "Goodnight dear."