Rick's Mom's Story, Chapter 6

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Published on Lush Stories on 04 Feb 2011

Rick and I, Steven and Laura

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/ricks-moms-story-chapter-6.aspx

From chapter 5: We had arrived at the restaurant wearing our son-cum filled panties.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," I said standing up. "We mothers have to go to the ladies room." I didn't say it, but I thought it - "We both need to orgasm." I grabbed Laura's hand and we trotted off to the restroom. Luckily, there was no one in there.

"Let me see," I said.

She pulled up her dress to reveal a dainty pair of yellow bikini panties that were stained in the crotch. I could see the outline of her lips. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband and started to pull them down. Just as the top of her slit appeared, she said, "You want to see his cum, don't you?"

"Yes," I said breathlessly. I stared at her partly exposed pussy. She pulled her panties down a little further, I saw the sticky white cum clinging to her lips. This was the first time I'd seen a man's cum, other than my husband’s or my son's.

“Now, yours,” she said.

I did the same, pulling my panties ever so slowly down. Her eyes were transfixed on the revealing that was about to take place. I pulled them down a little further. My pussy was visible. My large lips were coated with cum. We moved toward each other. Our mouths were open. Our lips touched and we kissed madly. Our tongues tasted each other, moving wildly. I felt her fingers on my cunt, slipping between my swollen lips. I touched her as well. My finger rapidly caressed her clit. We both were going to cum in seconds.

We broke our deep kiss so that only our lips touched. We looked into each other’s eyes. I could see the exquisite pleasure she was feeling. I hoped she saw it in my eyes as well. Her breathing was shallow and rapid. I knew she was on the edge. “Oh god, Liz. I’m gonna cum. Don’t stop. Make me

cum.” With her free hand, she pressed my fingers harder into her pussy. She was literally using my fingers to masturbate. Suddenly, she pressed her mouth to mine and muffled a a scream as she came. It was an intense orgasm. I could feel it in her pussy. Her lips seemed to grab my fingers to keep them in place. I certainly wasn’t going to let go. I loved feeling her cum. Her cunt was gushing all over my hand.

I had been concentrating so hard on Laura’s orgasm, I almost forgot my own. During her climax her fingers had all but stopped on my pussy. Now they resumed. “Oh Liz, that was wonderful. Now I want to make you cum.” I felt her fingers sliding up and down my slit, caressing my lips then slipping inside to caress my clit. “I love touching you Liz, your pussy is so wet with your own juices and Rick’s semen. It’s so slick. Are you ready to cum, baby? Cum for me.” Her lips were pressed against mine. I could feel the word on my lips as she whispered it … “cuuuummmm” over and over again. The word is hot and erotic. It fueled my orgasm as it shot through my body. My cunt was convulsing all over her hand. “OH GOD LAURA I’M CUMMING!” I grunted and moaned into her mouth. She continued rubbing my pussy through my climax.

We both withdrew our fingers from each other. We were sticky with semen and female cum. I took her hand and put her middle finger in my mouth. I could taste myself and Rick’s cum. She took my hand and did the same. We watched each other as we sucked on each other’s finger, tasting ourselves and our son’s cum.

We decided we needed to get back. We smiled at each other, kissed and gave each other’s pussy a final lingering touch. We pulled our panties back up, washed (believe me, if we hadn’t been in a public place, we wouldn’t have. We would have left the smell of sex on us an aphrodisiac), and returned to the table.

The boys stood up as we approached and held our chairs for us. How gallant and gentlemanly. You don’t see that very often. And it’s too bad. It’s a very romantic and sexy thing to do. It is often the first tic on the arousal meter for us. So, pay attention guys. Treat your lady like the goddess she is and maybe she’ll invite to your worship at her secret altar.

The bread had arrived. It smelled wonderful, Rosemary Italian. We each took a piece and dipped it in the little crucible holding the “evoo” (extra virgin olive oil. I love Rachael Ray) and spices. Laura and I seemed to be famished. I guess orgasm does that to a woman.

“I know what happens in the ladies room, stays in the ladies room,” Rick said as he dipped a piece of bread in the oil. “But, you ladies took a little longer than just freshening up.” He smiled and winked at me.

“You’re right,” I said. “Stays in the ladies room.” I winked back, He knew I would be telling him later. I saw the little grin on Laura’s face.

Our salads arrived and we went to work on them. My Caesar was delicious. I just love the tangy dressing accented with shaved parmesan. We continued our friendly banter, getting to know each other a little better. By the time the main course arrived we were on our second bottle of Mondavi.

Rick had the Filet King , Steven had the Angus Beef, Laura had the Alaskan Halibut, and I had the Sea Scallops with asparagus. Everything was wonderful. We each sampled each other’s meal. There’s something suggestively sensual in doing that, especially if it’s done off the same fork. Then, you’re not just sharing the food, you’re sharing the person as well. I loved how Steven’s angus tasted. When I tasted Rick’s filet I let him know how much I enjoyed his meat. I emphasized the word “meat” Laura and I fed each other from our plates with our fingers. The halibut was terrific. She sucked the scallop off my finger and into her mouth like it was a gift from heaven. She drew the asparagus stalk into her mouth like it was … well you know. The sexual tension was rising. I wondered where the evening would lead. I knew I wanted it to lead to my bedroom with my son’s cock deep in my pussy. But I wondered if anything else was in store.

We finished our meal and had coffee afterward. We talked about everything under the sun, even religion and politics. Turned out we were all pretty much on the same page.

The waiter brought our checks. Rick and Steven didn’t even glance at them. They just pulled out the plastic and handed it back to him. We ladies would have whipped out the calculators.

The waiter returned shortly with the credit card slips. Both men left generous tips. Rick’s was upwards of 20%. I keep trying to tell him, 15-18% is the expected amount. “I know mom,” he said. “But my tip is based not only on what the server does, but what he doesn’t do as well. And that is not standing over us the whole time or coming over constantly to see how we’re doing. That’s the sign of a good server. And I reward service like that.”

Our boys pulled our chairs out for us as we stood up to leave. Laura and I walked arm in arm out to the parking lot. Rick and Steven stood by our car and continued to talk. Laura pulled me over to their car.

“Can I ask you something?” she said

“Certainly.”

“It’s more of a request than a question. Can I … oh dear. I’m not sure how to put it. Or even if I

should.”

“Laura darling, considering how intimate we’ve been with each other and the other things we’ve shared, you can ask me anything.” I could see the anxiety in her eyes. But there was anticipation and a dose of excitement as well.

“Ok, here goes. Will you and Rick let me watch you make love?”

At first I was taken aback slightly and just sort of looked at her. Then in an instant I realized she had already heard us having sex. The next logical step was to watch us. A big smile swept across my face. “Of course,baby. Of course. I would love to have you be with us.” I could see the relief in her eyes. “Just you? Not Steven too?”

“He’s going on a business trip tomorrow. Besides, when I told him what I wanted to do, he told me to go for it. I also told him that it would just be you and Rick fucking. I would only watch. Well, watching and masturbating I’m sure.”

“I’m really excited about this,” I said as I touched her arm. “But of course I’ll have to run it by Rick. But I’m sure he’ll be as thrilled as I am. I’ll talk to him and text you as soon as I can.” Laura’s eyes lit up. We kissed and then she walked me to our car. We said our goodnights. Rick hugged Laura and kissed her on the cheek. Steven did the same with me. The boys shook hands. She and I hugged tight. She whispered to me, “I can’t wait.” “Neither can I,” I replied.

As we drove home, I couldn’t stop talking about what a great time we had. I was squirming in the seat a little bit. I was thinking about Laura watching us make love. I was imagining what it would be like. I was completely surprised at how that turned me on so much. I pondered the things that had recently happened, opening up my sexual horizon. First, learning to masturbate and orgasm, then having sex with my son, then having “phone” sex, both listening and doing it. Then having sex with another woman. Now this puritanically raised girl was taking another step outside her sexual envelope. And I loved it

“You sure seem excited, mom. Was it just the evening out with Steven and Laura? Or is there something else? Oh, and I want to hear about what went on in the ladies room.”

“I’ll tell you when we get home. I want your undivided attention.” We looked at each other. I saw him smile and I felt the car speed up.

We got home (faster than usual), parked the car in the garage and went inside. We went into the den and sat on the couch facing each other. From the way he looked at me, I knew I had his undivided

attention.

“Before I tell you went on in the ladies room, I have to ask you something.”

“Sure, mom.”

I thought for a minute, do I just blurt it out or dance all around it and give it to him slowly? I chose to just come right out with it. “Laura wants to watch us make love.” I waited for a reaction.

For the longest second, all I got was a blank stare. Then he said, “Are you kidding?”

“Not at all. She asked me tonight before we left the restaurant. She just wants to watch us. So, it’s not like a threesome or anything like that. Just watching.”

More of the blank stare. Then a smile crept across his face, a big one. “Mom, I absolutely love the idea. Of course. By all means, of course.” He cupped my face in his hands and kissed me. “Mom, this is so great!” I was thrilled by his eagerness,

“When does she want to do it? And what about Steven?”

“Tomorrow. Steven will be out of town. And he’s perfectly ok with it.”

“Mom, I can’t wait. Damn this is making me hard.” He moved next to me, kissed me like a lover and started moving his hand under my dress. For the first time since my sexual awakening began, I stopped him. I playfully slapped his hand away. He looked at me completely confused. “I want you to be completely fueled tomorrow. I want you to be so full of cum it will be leaking out of your cock. And no masturbating either, young man. I want us to put on a show Laura will never forget. So, build up a good supply of semen. When you finally cum in me tomorrow night, I want her to know I’m feeling every strong spurt from your cock. You’ll probably cum harder than you ever have.before. I know I will. I’m hoping all three of us will cum together. And when you pull out, I want her to see your cum pouring out of my pussy. And I know what we’re going to do after that.”

“My god, mom, you’re killing me talking like that.”

“Aw, you poor thing,” I said and patted him on the cheek. I am such a tease, I know. I love it and so does he. “We’ll sleep in the guest bedroom tonight, instead of my room … twin beds, less temptation for both of us.” I was probably as aroused as he was, but I had to take the reins of restraint. “Why don’t you watch TV. I need to do a load of wash.” Actually, I had an ulterior motive for doing a wash at this late hour. I needed to remove one more temptation … my dirty panties. But in truth, they were a

temptation for me as well. I love smelling my cunt in my panties. And I always end up masturbating. I turned on the washer and quickly dumped everything in, including the cum-soaked panties I was wearing. Once everything was swirling in the soapy water, the temptation was gone. My pussy slowly returned to idle … thankfully. I went to my room to put on a clean pair of panties.

I returned to the den where Rick was watching Iron Chef on Food Network. I cuddled up next to him. “Please be ok with this, darling,” I said. He smiled and kissed me. “I am mom. It just took me a minute to get over the frustration of not being able to make love to you tonight. And believe me, I wanted you so bad. I understand about being fully primed for our session with Laura. I really do. I love you so much and I want to please you.”

My heart melted. I almost cried. I wanted him at that moment. But it would destroy the trust relationship of restraint I had just built. This was so hard. On the one hand I wanted to create the most erotic environment I could for Laura’s sake, and ours too. On the other hand, I wanted completion with my son. To be blunt, I wanted his gorgeous cock in me, fucking me, filling me, cumming in me, cumming with me. Knowing that I would have him in the next 24 hours was consolation enough to calm me down … a little.

I grabbed my cell phone and texted Laura, “We’re on. See u at 6.” I showed it to Rick.

I got a reply back a few minutes later, “OMG, I can’t wait. I’m so aroused.” I showed this to him as well.

I responded, “I am 2.” Rick smiled and said, “Me 3,” I don’t know how we did it, but we went back to watching Iron Chef. No idea who won. All I could think about was the creamy action going on in my panties. I was afraid my resolve would weaken and I’d just straddle my son, pull my panties aside, take his cock inside me, and ride him till we both climaxed. I thought, “What’s one little orgasm? No, no, no!” I thought. This would actually be a gift for Laura. I wanted us both on the precipice till tomorrow night. When we finally did cum, it would be explosive. I would be screaming as my cunt convulsed all over his cock. And he would be spurting wildly in me, all while Laura watched … masturbating to her own heaven-rocking climax.

Twenty minutes later I got this, “Steven just came in me. It was soooo good.”

I thought to myself and smiled, “You little minx. Here we are restraining ourselves, and you’re fucking like rabbits.” Then I thought, “That’s ok. She doesn’t have to. We’ll be putting on this show for her.” But damn, it was hard to keep my fingers away from my swollen pussy. But I had to. I texted her back, “We decided to wait, no sex tonight. We want to be primed for your enjoyment, and ours too of course.”

She texted back, “Do you mean you’re restraining for my sake?

I said, “Yes.”

She responded, “Can’t tell you how that makes me feel. I love you both.”

“We love you too,” I responded and turned off my phone.

We headed for bed. We showered (separately) and went into the guest room to twin beds. This was serious self imposed denial. As we lay there in the darkness, Rick said. “Mom I really appreciate what you’re doing for Laura. It’s hard on me, uh, literally. But I’m really thrilled with this. The anticipation of our session with her is exquisite. My cock is aching for attention, But I’ll make sure he waits.”

I got out of my bed, walked over to his and sat down. I kissed him on the cheek and said, “I know what you mean. My kitty is screaming the same thing. But just imagine how it will be tomorrow when we cum together with Laura watching us and her cumming with us as well.”

“I just hope I can last that long.”

“You will. Just think of something else, like the Dead Sea Scrolls.” Him being an armchair archaeologist, that wasn’t a stretch.

Before long I heard the sound of his rhythmic breathing. I guess the DSS did it for him. I still had a problem though. My kitty was still purring for some attention. My soaked panties were pressed tight against my pussy. All I would have to do would be to pull on the waistband and silky material would slip between my swollen lips and make contact with my clit. Once that happened, I wouldn’t be able to resist putting my fingers down there and masturbating in my panties to a tremendous orgasm. I knew I could be quiet. Besides, Rick is a sound sleeper. He wouldn’t know I did it. But there was a problem of trust here. We agreed, no sex tonight. Not even masturbation. I would be breaking that trust. Secondly, I have always told Rick whenever I masturbated. And he has always told me. We both find it so arousing to know that other has been self-pleasuring. We both love masturbation, both alone and with each other. If we do it alone, we like to share the experience. And of course if we’re together, we’re sharing the experience. If I got myself off, I could never tell him. And that bothered me.

Trust won out over the tingle in my panties. So, I decided to think of the housework that needed to be done before Laura came over tomorrow. Took me a little longer than Rick, but I was soon fast asleep.

The next morning the sexual tension and frustration seemed to be gone. It was Saturday, the day for Rick and me to have breakfast at Cracker Barrel. We chatted and laughed about all kinds of things. Finally, toward the end of the meal, he told me he needed to go to work for a while. I told him I needed to go to grocery story for dinner and to clean up the house to get ready for Laura. We looked at each other. We hadn't mentioned the evening during our conversation. We smiled at each other. The sexual anticipation was returning. This time it was good. We knew it was only hours at hand.

Rick paid the bill and headed for his office. I busied myself cleaning the house. As I cleaned my bedroom, I thought, "This is where it will happen." I started to picture in my mind the events that would soon unfold. Not a good idea. I knew if I let those images germinate, I'd be on the bed in a heartbeat, my fingers in my panties, masturbating to a furious climax. I left, deciding to leave my bedroom in whatever state it was.

I finished the rest of the house and headed to the grocery store. I decided we would eat light, but sensual. Spaghetti is the simplest and most sensual meal one can eat. The very act of slurping those strands of pasta is very suggestive. The sight of it being sucked and disappearing between pursed lips could bring a dead man back to life. Remember that guys if you decide to cook a meal for your woman. Spaghetti is an aphrodisiac, visually and mentally. And remember to look in her eyes as you suck. Ladies, do the same. And by the way, as you suck the strands of pasta, some of the sauce will linger on your lips. Let him lick it off. Let me know how that makes you feel. My guess is both sets of lips will be tingling.

Rick got home at 5 and showered. I did not. I wanted my pussy to have its natural fragrance. I started preparing our meal. Laura texted me, "On my way. I can't wait. My cunt is on fire."

I texted her back, "So is mine."

I could only imagine what this evening was going to be like. My panties gushed.

To be continued.