

# Milking the MILF

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Aug 2012



*A holiday with my best mate ... and his gorgeous mum.*

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I have a friend called Adam. We're pretty close, but not gay...well, I'm definitely not. There's nothing we can't tell each other. Almost nothing; there's one secret that I never want him to know. I've had it since I was 17 and I shared it with his mum. It all started three years ago. I'd been invited to go with Adam's family to their holiday home in Spain. Adam was an only child, like me and 17, like me. His parents must have thought he wouldn't have fun looking at all the women in bikinis on the beach without me. I didn't know where in Spain their holiday home was but I had heard enough about the place to say yes. There were other reasons too: the first was to get away from my own parents; the second was because two weeks in the sun and sea of Spain sounded fun; the third was I fancied Adam's mum, Jane. She was my teen obsession. On the Friday night I slept over at Adam's because we had an early morning plane to catch. As always I tried not to stare at Jane. She was in her early forties, was well looked after with a fit body, with MILF-sized breasts, she had round hips and a curved arse which filled out her jeans in a very arousing way. She had silky smooth dark hair and her dark sparkling eyes could induce a full erection in around five seconds. She would give me a lingering look from under her long lashes and a smile that reminded me of a porn star looking at the man's massive cock and I'd be as solid as a monkey's toe in the arctic. "You'd better get a shower Ben," Adam's dad, Phil, said to me. "The water supply is a bit iffy in Spain." "No," said Jane, coming over and sitting on her husband's chair arm, "the water supply is bad only in our villa. I'll put you a towel out," she said to me. My imagination was instantly showing me what else she was going for me tonight! I pushed the stupid, unrealistic thoughts away and went upstairs a little later, after finishing a card game with Phil and Adam. Adam and Phil started watching something on the TV when I left. Jane was upstairs packing some last minute things. I turned the shower on, 'forgot' to lock the door and started cleaning. My young cock was alternating between semi to full on hard between fantasies. I thought about wanking but decided not to. I usually slept in Adam's room so we could either turn his laptop on and wank or play some other way. The door stayed closed. There was no sign of a towel. Naked I opened the door and looked out. The cool summer air circulated my cock. A thrill passed through me and suddenly I didn't care that I was naked. I walked across the landing and looked into Jane's bedroom, but suddenly I realized how stupid I was acting so I leaned round the door frame, covering as much as I could. "Er, have you got a towel, Jane?" I asked. Jane did take in all of me that

was visible. It was a quick glance, but I saw it. My cock rose hard and pushed into the wall. "Oh, sorry Ben." She picked up the towel and came over, red and flustered she passed me the towel and glanced down to cock height, perhaps hoping to see something. I obliged. "Thanks," I said smiling. I moved to the side so my cock was briefly in view and threw the towel round me. I was looking at her the moment her eyes took me in. She quickly dropped her gaze and before she could see that I had seen her looking I went across the landing into Adam's bedroom. Looking back it was a strange game: there we were: me pretending I hadn't seen her looking or doing things that were – now I think back – obviously intended to get me mad with desire; she pretended to do things by accident and we both thought the other was innocent! Inside Adam's bedroom I was fully hard, throbbing cock, throbbing head, and my sack was tightening against my body, pushing my balls against the base of my cock. I sat on the camp bed that had been put up for me and was just about to start wanking when Adam came in. He saw me look hopefully up at the opening door, cock in hand, and misread the expression and ignored the look of disappointment. "Oh, need a hand? Actually..." he said after a moment's thought, "I'm hungry." Adam was about five eleven tall, broad and had long brown hair. He had his mother's warm dark eyes and her shape of lips, although her cherry red ones were thicker. He had split up with his girlfriend six months earlier. He had loads of female friends that wanted to go out with them, but he had been hurt and held back from committing to another female relationship. I had been a shoulder to cry on and a person to help get the cum out of him when he was horny. We were, and are still, very close. Laughing, he locked his door and got on his knees in front of me. My cock was pulsing and, although I wanted to spread Jane's pussy open with it, the warm moist mouth of my good-looking friend was much better than my hand. His long hair tickled my stomach as he worked me, hungry for hot sperm. His tongue played under my head rubbing the skin that connects my foreskin to my glans. He tried to pull my balls down but they were so tight he couldn't get a good grip on the skin so he just rolled my balls around against my perineum. When his red lips kissed my cock head I felt heat passing through my cock and fill my head. "Cumming," I whimpered. I watched the smile spread on his face as he forced my cock into his mouth so that my head hit the back of his throat. He gagged and brought my head back to the attention of his tongue. I moaned and shot into his mouth. He hit me on the thigh to be quiet, but I wanted Jane to hear the pleasure I was in thinking about her pussy vibrating as I enter her. My toes curled and I shot again. Adam swallowed my thick white cum as I pumped again and again. I had fantasized before about his mum while he wanked or blew me off, but never after flashing my cock at her. Adam took every jet of cum in his mouth and when my cock gave a final small twitch, empty at last, he sat up and lick his lips. He leaned in again but I started weakening under his tongue's movement and his kisses, but he didn't finish until I was soft. "One hell of a load," Adam said. "I'm not hungry any more." He gave me a high five before going to the door. "You owe me one," he said turning at the door and giving me a grin. I nodded weakly and he closed the door, leaving me in the calm state after a mind-blowing orgasm. I was naked and for the moment satisfied. At the thought of Jane entering his bedroom my cock twitched, but Adam's skills had left it limp and unable to move, just like me. I lay there waiting for the warm glow to pass. Ten minutes later Adam reappeared and dropped his towel. His cock sprang up. We were about the

same in size, but he had shaved his cock and it now looked much bigger. I only trimmed. "You've shaved!" I said shocked. He locked the door again and lay on his bed, cock resting against his gloriously rippled abs. He, like all his family, had an all year, natural tan. But he had no tan lines. He sunbathed on the roof on the families summer home naked when his parents were out in the Spanish markets. I got on the bed next to him. I was still naked and my cock was hardening against his leg. "You are one horny guy tonight," he said. "Thinking of all the girls on the beach in bikinis waiting for us?" I just want to see your mum in a bikini. I thought. I said: "Hell yeah, brunettes are mine you can have the rest." Adam shuffled into a better position and I rolled onto my back. He was bigger than me, in body, his hand gripped my cock hard – just the way I like it – before getting into his stride stroking me. My smaller hand gripped his smooth shaved shaft. We both have foreskins so can wank anywhere easily. I kissed his lips. "Do you know what?" I ask tentatively; not sure how what I was about to say would go down. "What?" He asked dreamily, looking up at the ceiling. He was concentration on my hand movements along his cock. "Your mum's hot." "You think so?" "Yeah." "Well, don't talk about her while I'm trying to get off. You'll put me off." As he said that his cock did become more wobbily under my strokes as he softened. He didn't seem angry, but he did get a little touchy with his mates when they said things about wanting to fuck his mum. I didn't mind it when people said things about my mum...but, thinking about it, my mum is butt ugly. God knows I love her, but she is. Well over 50 too. "Who are you thinking about?" I asked. "No one." That meant he was thinking about his ex. He usually told me who it was, or said he was just enjoying it. Saying 'no one' meant, 'no one I want to talk about'. I kept my mouth shut and he closed his eyes when I took more care over my hand's movements on his cock; a way of saying sorry for bring up something which was painful to him. The door opened silently and Jane stood in the doorway frozen. Her mouth dropped and she was immediately red. Unlike normal people this family had locks that can be opened from the outside, just in case of emergencies. The unlocking makes a lot of noise; we had heard nothing: Jane had sneaked in. I didn't think this at the time, once again I explained it as an accident, and continued to believe Jane was an innocent. She looked first at her son's cock. Long, tanned and smooth. Then mine; thick, powerful and shapely. She had a basket filled with laundered cloths and Adam was unaware his mother was looking wide-eyed into my eyes while I was wanking him and been wanked in return by him. She took a glance at my body and cock again before putting a finger to her lips and sneaking out again. All this took a second and Adam was completely unaware. I had kept up the wanking and knew that he would freak if he knew what had just happened. The thrill of being watched, and by Jane! That made me want to shoot. I wanted her to see my big cock shoot a load while I looked at her. I wanted her to see who much cum I could shoot. Crazy though some people think those external and internal locks are I liked them. "I'm cumming," I said. I thought of Jane listening at the door, hearing me and her son climax and shoot cum over ourselves. I moaned softly and licked Adam's shoulder, pretending Jane tasted just like him. I arched my back. He looked down to watch me squirt which I did though Adam's big hand. When he reached the base of my cock more cum spewed out of my slit. I was leaning towards Adam so should have covered him, but he aimed my cock at me so all my ejaculate landed on me. The first thick white cum landed on my chest, as the

power decrease and I was filled slowly with mind numbing pleasure the cum dropped on to my abs and the eventually the cum just ran out of my cock and down my shaft over Adam's hand. "I'm cumming too," said Adam. I watched his cock squirt a thick white load over his abs. The next few squirts came to his slit and trickled down his cock. The squelching noise of me rubbing his own juice into his cock help turn him on enough to shoot another load out onto his abs. We kissed again until he said: "you shot a hell of a lot. Usually you shoot less the second time." He was suspicious. "What's got you so turned on?" "Your mum." He rolled his eyes and ignored me. He rolled over my body and bent to lick up my cum. When he was done I returned the favour and licked the cum off his body. His warm toned body was firm against my lips and tongue, he tasted as good as his cum. His cum was the best tasting cum I've ever had; maybe it was because he ate lots of fruit? Later that night Jane came to me as I brushed my teeth. "Please don't tell Adam that I saw you both," she begged. "I wohao," I said, I removed the toothbrush. "I won't." "I didn't realise he was gay..." "What?" A dribble of tooth paste ran down my chin. I spat the rest into the sink. "He's-we're not, it's, well, we just help each other out." "It's happened before?" She asked. "A few times." "Oh," she was shocked and struggled to find something to say. "Er, well, goodnight. Don't tell him," she said again in a whisper. "I won't. Goodnight." That night we went to bed early. Did Jane still think I was gay? I hope not. I sleep fitfully, excited about what had happened. I dreamed I fucked Jane. I woke disappointed. \* \* \* I didn't know what caused the change in Jane, but over the next few days she got very friendly, perhaps she didn't want to ruin the holiday by acting uncomfortable after what she had seen? Over the next few days the looks Jane gave me were far longer, and I soon knew they were meant to be dirty. And they were not my imagination. She started flirting whenever Phil and Adam were out of the way. I felt bad for Phil, but I think she was just having fun. We both were. Many days passed like this. We had not gotten to the beach very often as we had been wondering around the markets and the hills. We also missed most of the first few days thanks to our late nights out. On the first day we went to the beach Jane wore a red bikini and red bottoms. The top pulled up her ample breasts and showed off her toned figure. The bottoms showed off her round hips and great arse. I watched her arse roll and her breast quiver as she walked. When she rubbed sun cream into Phil's back I stared at her breasts when she leaned forwards. She looked up at me and smiled. "Do you want some Ben?" I could only nod; my mouth had been open and my tongue was dry. She came over and her gentle touch knotted my stomach in excitement. My cock moved rapidly and she watched shameless as the bulge spread across my shorts. The movement caught Adam's eye and he frowned at me, but he couldn't see his mother watching. While Phil and Adam lay back and bathed in the sun Jane watched from a standing position as I let my erection grow slowly again. My shorts tented. Between cock twitches I took in Jane's amazing figure. Her dark eyes took in mine. A movement behind her caught my eye. A young girl was looking at my rising cock. This caused the pressure in my cock to reach its height and my cock was fully up. Jane followed my gaze to the girl and she sat next to me to hide me from view from her son and husband, but not the girl. She undid the cord of my shorts and stuck her hand in. It came out with my cock and the young girl watched mesmerized as my fantasy woman rubbed her hands gently along my throbbing shaft, already seeping pre-cum. Her gentle touch was much more exciting

than her son's hard grasp and could get far more pleasure out of the up and down movement than even my own hand. A large glob of clear pre-cum broke free and sparkled in the sunlight. She put a long manicured nail to the slick fluid and carefully drew her nail along the slit. The girl down the beach watched as Jane's pre-cum covered finger moved to her mouth. She licked my pre-cum off her finger, looking into my eyes. The girl looked about my age. Her right hand disappeared down the front of her bikini bottoms as she tickled her clit. I could see the slow circular movements of her fingers in her pants. I held off cumming, despite the slow build-up of pressure in my balls. I tried to slow down the spread of heat by distracting myself with a slow kiss. I leaned in but Jane held up a finger and looked back to Phil and Adam who were right behind her. The late nights hadn't done them any good; they were asleep, relying on Jane to roll them so they didn't get sunburn. I focused on my breathing. I didn't want this to end. She looked behind her and pulled her hand out of her pants. In sight came a group of people walking down the beach. One of them was a topless beauty of about twenty years old. I was even hornier now, but Jane copied the girl and stopped. Hiding my throbbing cock inside my pants. The group of people walked so, so, so slowly! Jane licked her hand where my pre-cum had run on to it. She smiled at me. "Be patient," she whispered. My shorts were moving slightly with each heart beat and my mouth was dry, but I didn't move. The young girl stuck her hand down her pants before the group had gone out of sight. Jane took my cock out again for her and began stroking me again. The girl pulled her top aside and top beautiful, pert little boobies sprang up and sat on top of the bikini. She had dark nipples and small areolas. The ache was greater, the heat and pressure resumed their intense grip on my groin and I could feel the cum move in me. "I'm cumming," I whispered. The girl on the beach seemed to see that I was about to climax so she too had an orgasm. We saw her body shake slightly. Her small boobs wobbled. Her lips were parted. We couldn't hear her moan, but she was. I could feel the cum surging I leaned back and looked at Jane. Who looked away from the young teen girl to watched the first load hit the sand. It was a lot of cum despite my nightly wanks. I spurted again, and then again. Her hand was covered. Slowly my cock softened in her beautiful hand until she pulled it away to licked the cum off. Licking cum most run in the family? The girl in the distance was looking behind her again. We couldn't see what she was looking at as there was a dune in the way, but another group of people were probably coming along the beach. The girl was still rubbing her clit, she wanted to finish her orgasm and didn't care if people saw, she was thrilled by it. Her hips jumped again, her boobs bouncing in time to her hips hitting the sand, and she seemed to calm down as the orgasm passed. Jane put my cum covered cock back in my pants as a young couple came into view. The girl put her tits away. She waved at us both and left when she could stand. We waved back. It was quite funny. Strange to share that moment Jane had finally touched me in a sexual way with a stranger. As Jane lay next to her husband, winking at me and smiling, I looked up from my gaze at her heaving chest to the young couple, hand in hand and, briefly, I felt sad. I decided to go for a swim. Before long Adam joined me. I could see the bulge in his pants as he came into the water. I knew that he wasn't interested in a swim. "You got a hard-on?" I asked. "Yeah, all these hot chicks." "Yeah," I said, looking up at Jane. I'm not gay but I do like to see another cock squirt, especially if it's attached to a cute guy like Adam so I stayed near him. My hand job from

Jane had nearly drained me so I only got a semi looking at Adam's toned and honed body. Adam looked coyly up at his mum and dad to make sure they couldn't see. Phil was still out cold. Jane had just rolled him over and disappeared from view as she lay down on his other side. Adam immediately started jacking off in deeper water. I could see the outline of his dark long cock. It was pointing up, a sign that he was very horny. "I think cum attracts sharks," I said. "You're further out than me, they'll get you and be satisfied. I know how full of cum you are." "But your cum tastes so nice they'll go straight for you." "Well, if sharks are good at giving blow jobs let 'em come." He glanced up at the beach every so often until he swam over to me. "Have you cum?" I asked. "Yeah." "Oh, and I missed it?" "You see me shoot all the time." He laughed. "Listen, try to control you cock around my mum will you, it's a bit...weird. Ok?" "Ok, sorry." What else could I say? After another half hour playing in the sea Phil came down to have a swim. He was a great guy, a bit square and slightly fat, but he was funny. Was I having guilty feelings? No, she wanked me, I hadn't touched her...yet. When we left the sea Phil and Adam were talking about something, not sure what, I was watching Jane sat on the beach, a dark shadow between her tits. She ran her eyes over the three of us, at cock height. I glanced down at Adam and Phil's shorts and because their shorts were wet there was a bulge where their cocks were nestled. I looked down at my own shorts and watched as the bulge grew again. I looked up at Jane. She was smiling again. \* \* \* The next night we were all going out for another crazy, drunken, dance and chick filled night. I got dressed with Adam in his room, neither of us paying any attention to the fact we were both naked. I put on a white shirt, close fitting and showing off my figure, and some neat black trousers. We went down together and found Phil and Jane in the little room. The door was open and Phil was phoning for a taxi, his back to us. Adam went into the kitchen to get a drink. Jane was wearing a low cut top, tight and looked stunning. She looked me up and down, stirring my loins with the gaze, and then tutted. "Can't take you anywhere," she said coming over. I had no idea what she was on about. She pushed her hands, and my shirt into my pants, brushing my cock as she did so. Her caress got an instant reaction and she paused to feel my growth. I leaned into her, feeling her breath on my neck. I blinked and when my sight came back she was already stood out of reach of my lips. The excuse of tucking in my shirt had just been to tease me. To feel me respond to the older woman's touch. I was excited and stepped forwards to plant a kiss on her, but at that moment Adam came back and Phil put the phone down. The teasing didn't stop that night. When we got to the small bar Jane caught my eye near the end of the night and bent over, hitching her skirt up at the same time. Not caring who else saw. Her head appeared upside down between her legs to see my reaction. I gasped. Finally I saw her pretty little pussy. Trimmed hair at the front, shaven along her lips. The brown wavy flesh was the most arousing thing I had ever seen; even cocks couldn't compete. I wanted to touch, to taste, to part and see the things hidden underneath. It wasn't the first pussy I'd seen, but I'd longed for this one since I'd first seen Jane years before. Dreamt of sliding my turgid cock deep into it and feeling it twitch, hearing Jane call my name as I entered her core. As you can see Jane's pussy had a big effect on me. I wouldn't rest now until I'd fucked it. Adam couldn't believe I need to wank again that night. We didn't wank together, but he heard me moan. He must have the slapping as I filled some tissue with cum as well. It must have

turned him on because after I'd cum I heard his bed springs as he worked his own cock.. \* \* \* The following day Adam went with Phil to get some food for dinner. I said I would have a sleep in. As soon as they were out of the house I put on some shorts, just shorts, and went to find Jane. She was sat in a chair in the living room when I came down. "Morning hunny," she said, smiling and staring at my body. Two things had changed in the time since she had seen my cock: she now called me hunny and she looked at my body much more. "We're home alone," she said. "I know." She got up and went into the kitchen. I followed. "Want a drink?" She asked. She bent down, flashing her pussy again as she had done last night. This time my eyes dropped, following her long straight legs.. I didn't know what to say to hurry things along; I really needed to shag her. I told the truth, I told her what I wanted. "I'd rather lick your spunk out of your pussy." I was horny. The holiday was nearly over so I told her what I really wanted. She turned and looked at me with a smile. "You have to make me wet. Do you think you can make my cunt wet Ben?" "Let's try?" I held out my hand. She took my hand, and led me upstairs. She brought me out on to the roof. She let go of my hand and I couldn't move; I couldn't see anything in the bright morning. I heard a muffled rustle and when my eyes grew used to the glare Jane was stood before me naked. My jaw dropped as my cock rose. She has dark nipples, a tanned feminine body and trimmed pussy hair. Her MILF breast hung full and low. I threw my shorts off and we kissed. Her experienced tongue movements were nothing like Adam's, she was what I needed. As we kissed I felt the urgency in her – she was as horny as I was. "It's getting wet Ben," I was going to kneel and lick her out, but I decided to suck on her tits first. I pulled a nipple with my lips. I was amazed at how hard they felt. As I played with them I was shocked when a white stream of milk passed out of them and ran down her breast and belly. I leaned in close, looked at her to see if she minded what I was about to do, and when she smiled happily I licked up the milk. My tongue followed the stream up her stomach until I reached the nipple that had squirted the milk. I was curious to know what it tasted like, and I fancied this woman so the thought that this was human milk didn't gross me out, it was a turn on. I put my mouth to the nipple and lifted her breast as I sucked. Milk entered my mouth and it tasted nice, maybe because I was so horny, but I liked it. I sucked harder and Jane started moaning. I leaned back and squeezed the other nipple hard, a stream of milk shot out on to the floor. I tried to squeeze the nipple to squirt more milk into my mouth but missed and hit my face. Giggling happily Jane leaned in and licked her milk off my face with sucking kisses.. "What do you think of my milk?" She asked. "Love it. Let's see if your spunk's this good." I gently pushed her down on to the sun bathing mats on the floor and lowered my face to her pussy. I looked hard at it. The thin brown lips were swollen more than last night and slightly red. I wondered if Phil had been fucking her and left her unsatisfied. I parted the lips and tried to remember my sex-education lessons: what does a clitoris look like? I had watched porn, I had fucked a girl before, but I had not touched her clit and the porn films had not shown me where the clit was either. What the hell, I thought desperately, I have a big tongue. I leaned down and licked the area I thought Jane's clit was. I found it, I didn't need Jane's moaning to let me know, I could feel it. I looked at the area, it was hooded and small, but ruby red. It was a hard point on my tongue. Jane's pussy juices began to flow properly then and when I pushed my fingertips into her cunt her smooth wavy interior was soaking. She quivered slightly at my

touch. My throbbing cock bouncing on the floor made reminded me I was in a hurry. I hit her clit hard with my tongue to make her cum so she'd be ready for my cock. "I'm cumming," she breathed softly. "Oh, Ben, hunny, you're so good at that." Her pussy trembled pleasingly around the three fingers I had in her hole. They were in as far I could get them, but I knew something that could enter deeper. I saw her through her climax and then moved up her body kissing along the way. She must have been playing with her breasts when she came because her milk was all over her. With the smell and taste of her spunk in my head I drove forwards with my cock as I began lapping up her sweet milk. My pointed head passed through her pussy lips. I was shocked at how tight and hot she felt around my cock. I was desperate to experience every part of her before I came. My hands roamed over her, I felt her lips with mine, my cock moving slowly deeper, the feel of my abs on her belly and her heavy milk-filled breasts pushing hard nipples into my chest. Then I felt my cock head touch the top of her pussy and my balls came to rest against her swollen lips. I looked down into her eyes, sparkling now with a building orgasm. "Fuck me, you monster." She put her hands on my shoulder and pushed lightly. I moved with her light touch, down and out of her pussy. She pulled her legs up and put her feet on my arse, then she pushed me into her again, hard. Then she spread her legs wide and relaxed and let me get on with it, but she kept her hands on my shoulders, the nails caressing me softly. We gazed into each other eyes, her dark versus my blue. "I've dreamed of your cock since..." she moaned, but I think it was just an excuse not to finish with: "when you were wanking my son's long tanned cock." A dribble of milk ran out of a nipple as her moans got louder. I leaned in and drank from her again. "Oh, faster, please, faster." I sped up and now my tight sack was been thrown against her lips hard, making a small slapping noise. I rubbed her breast and sucked hard. "Oh, Ben." She said my name every time I filled her. Her pussy wall shuddered against my solid cock. And I felt my head swirling. My balls were wet from her spunk. "I'm going to cum," I murmured, I looked deep into her eyes as the wave of ecstasy built in my balls and flew out of my cock. My tingling ejaculatory muscles forced a powerful wave of cum into Jane and powerful waves of pleasure up my body. "Oh, Jane." I moaned loudly and drove hard and deep into her. It was a chain reaction that brought on a powerful orgasm in Jane. She shuddered beneath my urgent drives at her insides. Jane gave one last shake as I finish pouring cum into her. I was still driving into her long after the last jet of cum had left me. Her eyes were closed and she had her orgasm-face on. While she came down from her orgasm I kissed her neck, enjoying the feel of her around me, and her firm breasts heaving in time to her heavy breathing. We lay in each other arms, kissing, not wanting to talk. Until I heard Adam running up the steps. I sprang up and dragged my shorts on. Jane struggled to get her dress on. "Where are you?" Adam called. "Up here." Would he recognize that voice? That 'I've just had a damn fine orgasm' voice? I tried to talk normally. He burst on to the roof. "Hey. What's wrong?" He asked Jane. I looked over at her, her face looked shocked. She composed it. "Nothing, just got a little heat stoke, could you get me a glass of water?" She asked quickly. Something was wrong. She had not had time to get her bra on! Her heavy breasts were low and the nipples could be seen, but only if someone looked. Was this what was wrong? Adam looked over my body before remembering his mum was watching him. "Yeah," Adam turned, he seem bothered by something. "Do you-" he paused, his eyes nearly popping



out. He looked at his mother's legs. Between her legs a thick white cream trickled down passed her knee and down her calf. It was visible in the sunlight. Jane turned away and ran her hand over her leg. "Sun cream," she said guiltily. I'm no actor, and my perfect response that I now need to give to Adam confidently would need to express that I had not just fucked his mother – that it was not her spunk mixed with my cum that could be seen running out of her pussy and down her leg. "I've only just woke up, thought I'd work on my tan." Adam left the rooftop without a word. Jane and I shared a glance of panic. Jane quickly put her bra back on and I looked at her breasts for what I hoped was not the last time; hopefully, I would get to fuck her again and hopefully Adam would not be waiting downstairs to kill me. Adam came back and handed his Jane a glass of water. Then he went downstairs. I followed him to his bedroom. He was going to close the door until he saw that I'd followed him. He frowned but said nothing. I walked passed him and the door closed. "What happened?" "I went up to the roof and, I don't think you want to hear this..." "What?" "Well you mum was sunbathing with her top off. I didn't see anything! She heard me and we've been talking. Think she was embarrassed that's all." "Really?" "Yeah." I sounded quiet serious, because I was. He was my best friend, if he found out what I'd done what would he say? Would we ever talk again? It was serious. "I'm really horny now though." "Oh." He smiled. If I could get my cock hard after all this I believed I'd get away with it. Then I panicked; was my cock was still wet from sex? He dropped to his knees and pulled my shorts down. My cock was quiet dry, but I had laid in his mother until I was soft and had dropped out. At the thought of Adam tasting his mother's spunk on my cock my erection grew. Adam licked my shaft and balls. "Mmm." He took my cock in his mouth, not realizing that the extra taste he seemed to like was spunk from his mother who my cock had just fucked to orgasm. When I came in his mouth I came wildly, but there wasn't much cum left. If Adam did think I fucked his mum he kept it hidden well; I don't believe he knew. That was easily the best holiday I'd ever had! I did have a few other good ones though...