

1-800-MOM

By Klrxo

“Do you wanna fuck your mother, Jason?” the sexy voice asked.

“Yes,” the boy muttered.

“Do you wanna fuck her hard and make her cum?”

“I would love to.”

“Do you beat your dick at night thinking about her big juicy tits?” the sexy female voice asked. The 18-year-old was in fact jerking off at that very moment, while laying on his bed listening to the woman's talented voice.

“Yes, I think about her boobs all the time,” he confessed.

“Do you picture yourself sucking on them? Pulling on her thick pink nipples with your lips and tongue?”

Jason gasped, his body shivering at the thought of what she'd just described.

“Oh, you like the sound of that, don't you, baby,” the female voice asked. “You like the sound of having your face smothered by mommy's big squishy tits.”

Jason's boner tingled in his stroking hand. He suddenly groaned and began shooting jets of cock-cream into the air. The woman's voice continued speaking to him. “That's it, shoot that hot cum on your mother! Fuck her, Jason!”

After listening to the boy grunt and gasp for nearly a minute, a salacious smile crossed the female's lovely lips. “Feel better, Jason?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Good. See you next time,” the woman said, sliding off her bed and hanging up.

Gabby Becket took a quick look at herself in her floor to ceiling mirror, combing her shoulder-length dirty-blonde hair back over her ear. The 38-year-old housewife was dressed conservatively, in a long-sleeve blouse and knee-length skirt. Her church-going friends often told her she resembled the beautiful classic actress, Grace Kelly. Being a phone sex operator was her dirty little secret, but one that generated a substantial side-income.

“How are your clients today?” her husband Oliver asked, greeting her in the hallway as she emerged from the bedroom.

“Still struggling with the same issues,” she answered, stepping over and giving him a kiss, “but hopefully I was able to provide some relief.” Technically, she wasn't lying.

Since she earned a degree in social work when she was younger, Gabby had her husband convinced that she was working with an agency that provided mental relief to clients over the phone. She did, after all, need to account for all the time in the bedroom, providing “sexual relief” to boys over the phone.

“Well, the folks are lucky to have someone like you to help bring some clarity in their lives,” her husband said proudly.

Being a religious couple, Gabby was always eager to get off the subject of her work, since her true occupation was fulfilling a task that she considered to be such a terrible sin. “Are the kids back home yet?” she asked.

“Riley called and asked if she could stay at her friend’s an extra hour, but I think I saw Dylan come in,” her husband answered. “We're still going to the church potluck tonight, right?”

“Yes, in fact I should probably get started on the casserole,” the pretty wife said, giving her husband another quick kiss, before heading into the kitchen.

“Alright, I'll be in the garage tinkering with that lawnmower. I'd really like to see if I can get it going again before I purchase a new one.”

“Smart idea,” his wife agreed.

As Gabby worked in the kitchen, her mind suddenly drifted to something one of her 18-year-old clients told her earlier. “Damn, I wish you were MY mom...I'd fuck you every day,” she recalled the boy saying. She quickly shook the recollection from her mind. “*What happens during work stays at work, Gabby*” she reminded herself. It was a motto she had adopted early on, to keep her mind pure and free of temptation, especially while around her husband and kids.

“Hey, mom,” her son Dylan said as he stepped into the kitchen.

“Hi, sweetie. How did things go at swim practice?”

The lean, clean-cut 18-year-old snatched a bottled water from the fridge. “It was OK. Coach has us doing closed-fist freestyle drills, which can be kinda boring,” he said.

“Boring yes, but I’m sure it's designed to make you more efficient in the water, right?”

“Yeah, I suppose,” the boy answered, watching his mom stand at the counter cutting veggies. Like most boys, his fascination with girls started at home. In fact, all of the girls he went out with had something about them that resembled the physical appearance of his mom.

“*Damn, that ass just kills me!*” he thought, staring at his mom's lovely round derriere. It was set atop strong motherly legs, that always appeared so smooth and shimmery.

“Don't forget about the church potluck tonight,” his mom reminded him.

“Ah, shoot, I did forget,” he sighed. “Do I have to go?”

His mom smiled back at him. “Sweetie, of course you do. It's for church. Besides, all your friends will be there,” she said.

“Not really. Just all the boring ones.”

“Dylan Beckett, that wasn't nice at all,” his mom scolded with a half-amused smile.

“Well it true, all my church friends ever wanna talk about is nerdy things.”

“What about Violet’s son, Spencer? Isn’t he on the swim team with you?”

“Yeah, but he’s kind of boring too most of the time,” Dylan said.

“Well, that’s probably for the best,” Gabby said, scraping the diced-up veggies into a baking dish. “You probably shouldn’t be talking about girls...and all the things you wanna do to them in God’s house.”

Dylan giggled, making his mom laugh a bit too. “What? It’s true,” she said. “Those are discussions for the locker room...not church.”

The boy watched his mom bend over to put the casserole in the oven, thrusting her lovely ass out. When she stood back up, the giant swell of her tit-meat wobbled heavily beneath her blouse and bra, making his heart race with excitement and his cock swell with blood.

Gabby wasn’t oblivious to her son’s wandering eyes. She talked with boys all the time who wanted to fuck the hell out of their mothers, and she knew that Dylan was probably no different. *“I just have to help him keep his mind on other things. Pure things,”* she thought.

“Speaking of church. Your father wants to start having family Bible hour every night,” Gabby told her son.

“Family Bible hour?”

“Yes, you know, where we sit down and read the Bible together.”

“Terrific,” Dylan said with a sarcastic scowl. “I’ll be in my room until we leave.”

“Dylan?”

“Yeah?” the boy asked, looking back at her before exiting the kitchen.

His pretty mom fed him a warm smile. Her loving eyes were deep blue, which enchanted him every time he looked at her. “I love you,” she said.

“Love you too,” he muttered, the retreated to his bedroom to get his boner under control.

The church potluck was every bit as boring as Dylan thought it would be. Of all the boys, his friend Spencer was probably the coolest one there. The two of them were on the school swim team together, so their conversations usually revolved around that. “Are you excited for the swim meet on Thursday?” Spencer asked him, as they sat in the corner of the large event hall of the church.

“As excited as a guy who’s second-best on the team can be, I guess,” Dylan answered.

“You only finished one second behind him the last race,” Spencer reminded him. “If he makes the slightest mistake, first place will be yours next time.”

“Yeah, and I’m sure Phoenix will remind me of the hundred of times he’s beat me, not to mention how he stole my girlfriend last semester.”

Phoenix was your typical High School jock douche-bag. Dylan’s arch-nemesis. In every sport they engaged in, the two of them were competing for the top spot. They also seemed to be constantly vying for the attention of the hottest girls at school, none of which went to his church unfortunately.

“Do you really think our moms are social workers?” Spencer asked out of the blue, while watching the moms chat with each other, near the food they had prepared.

Dylan fed him a strange look. The second thing the boys had in common was that their moms shared the same occupation. Both were social workers, or so he thought. “Yeah, why?” he asked.

“Well, they both work over the phone they say, but do you ever actually hear them working?”

“No, but she works in her bedroom, where it's quiet. Plus, there's this strict confidentiality policy her job has, so we're not allowed to listen to the conversations she has with her clients,” Dylan explained.

“Yeah, it's the same with my mom, but it's weird, because...well...her bedroom kinda smells like hot vagina when she comes out.”

Dylan burst out laughing. “Hot vagina?” he asked.

“Yeah, I'm serious,” Spencer said, trying not to laugh himself. “I thought it was just my imagination, so I went into her bedroom the next day after she came out...same smell. Do you think they just tell us they're social workers, but they're really just masturbating in there all day?”

“Dude, our moms don't get paid to masturbate,” Dylan said, looking over at his pretty mom. *“If my mom WAS masturbating though, that's something I would give my left nut to watch,”* he thought.

Standing next to Gabby was Violet, Spencer's pretty brunette-haired mother. Gabby peered over at Dylan and gave him a little wave. “Poor boys, they look so bored,” she observed.

“Yes, I'm sure they'd rather be home masturbating their boners,” Violet said.

Gabby shook her head. “Violet!” she exclaimed, looking around to make sure no one else heard her unwholesome comment.

“What? We both know, more than any of these moms, how true that is.”

“Yes, maybe, but we shouldn't really be talking about it...especially at church,” Gabby reminded her.

“I know this isn't the time or place...but I might have a problem,” Violet whispered.

“Problem?”

“Yes, Spencer's been asking a lot of questions the past couple of days. I think he may suspect something.”

“Like...what type of questions?” Gabby asked. It was only six months ago that Violet introduced her to an easy way for a stay-at-home mom to make money. Yes, it was extremely naughty and against their strict religious code, but after struggling to pay all the bills on a single income, Gabby decided to try out being a phone sex operator for young men who lusted after their mothers. It allowed her to work, while also fulfilling her motherly responsibilities at home.

“He asked me if I'd been masturbating in my bedroom,” Violet said.

“He actually asked you that?!”

“Well, yes, Spencer's never really been one to mince words.”

"Why would he ask you that though? WERE you masturbating?" Gabby asked, feeding her friend a questioning look.

"No, of course not. I do it for work, just like you do. It's not some...perversion. I'll admit though, sometimes I may get...a little wet down there," she shamefully confessed.

"So, he thinks he smelt you're... arousal?"

"I think that might be why he asked me that, yes."

"Violet, we have to be SO careful. If people found out what we do, it could destroy our lives," Gabby reminded her.

"I know, I know...it's not like I can help it though. You can't tell me you never get wet while talking to one of those young men on the phone."

Gabby sighed. "No, actually...I can tell you that, because I don't," she answered unconvincingly. She knew she was lying. Often times her cuntal crevice was a swamp of juices after hours of teasing boys over the phone. "Look, just do your best to dismiss his questions and be discreet, ok?"

"I am, don't worry," Violet assured her.

Even with a religious upbringing, Gabby considered herself a very sexual person. Love making with her husband Oliver was a nightly occurrence. However, if she were honest with herself, since she started talking with boys about sex during the day, coitus with her husband seemed very dull and dissatisfying. "*What do you expect when you talk to boys about beating their dongs through their moms vaginas for hours,*" she thought, rolling over onto her side after a quick, ten minute session of nookie. "*It's just fantasy. No one has vigorous sex for hours like that anyway,*" she told herself.

The next morning, the pretty mother handed her husband and kids their lunches as they headed out the door. "Have a good day," she sang sweetly.

Oliver gave her a quick kiss. "You too, hon. Help lots of people," he said.

"I'll try," she answered, doing her best not to think about all the boys that would shoot their cum high into the air, while listening to her sultry voice.

After a shower, Gabby slipped into a matching bra and panty set, then plopped down on her marital mattress, making her bulging cleavage jiggle like gelatin. "*OK, he we go,*" she thought, making the personality shift in her mind as she logged in to her phone-sex app.

During his short walk to school, all Dylan could think about was what Spencer had told him at the church potluck. He began to wonder, as his friend had, if their moms weren't spending much of their "work" time rubbing their pussies to orgasm. "*It would be SO east to find out,*" he told himself, knowing that all he'd have to do is walk back home, then sneak back inside the house and have a listen, or even a peek inside his parent's bedroom.

"*Maybe she does it in other parts of the house while we're gone,*" he thought, wildly imagining his prim and proper mother in different parts of the house naked, squeezing her own tits and rubbing her genitalia. He stopped suddenly. "*Maybe she even gets herself off on MY bed,*" he excitedly thought.

Turning around, he quickly made his way back towards the house, his mind running wild with thoughts of what he might discover happening there. *"Worst case scenario is, she's doing nothing but her job, and I just tell her I forgot my homework,"* he told himself.

The house was eerily quiet when he snuck in. He carefully crept down to his mom's bedroom, the place where she'd likely be working...or masturbating he hoped. He could hear her voice coming from her slightly opened doorway, so he cautiously got close enough to make out what she was saying.

*"Take your dick out, Robby. Take your hard dick out and beat it up and down for mommy,"* Gabby's sultry voice said from her bed.

*"Wait...what?!"* Dylan thought, his jaw lowering in shock.

*"Mmmm, that's it. She me how big and hard it gets. Show your mother what you're gonna cram inside her horny cunt-hole,"* his mom's voice said in the most wickedly erotic tone he'd ever heard.

Dylan's heart nearly beat out of his chest as he stood there listening to his mom spout the naughtiest words he could ever imagine. He had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this. Never in a million years did he think his church-going mother would talk this way.

*"Slide it in, Bobby. Slide it into my hot juicy pussy,"* he heard her say.

After the initial shock, Dylan began to wonder who this "Bobby" could be. He didn't know anyone by that name. He also thought it was strange that his mom kept referring to herself as "mommy" or "mother."

*"Could he be my age?"* Dylan asked himself, as pangs of jealousy began to creep in. *"Is mom having an affair with a younger guy?"*

*"Ohhhh, yes!"* Gabby gasped. *"Your young cock feels SO good pushing up into my hot slippery vagina."*

Dylan couldn't help but lean over and peek into his parent's bedroom, wondering if his mom was masturbating while talking to this mystery man.

Unfortunately, Gabby was sitting up against the headboard, looking straight across at the door as she spoke. She got a sudden horrified look as her and her son's eyes met. "Dylan!!" she shouted, then scrambled to disconnect the call.

Her son pushed the door open, watching his nearly naked mother hop up off her bed. "Sorry, I just um...forgot my homework, so I came back to get it," he said, taking in what she was wearing.

Gabby's black bra could barely contain the enormity of her jostling tits. The embroidered cups were semi-sheer, allowing the ogling teen to see the huge dark rings of his mother's areola. He just barely got a look at her sexy matching panties before she threw a robe on and glared over at him. "Dylan, please...go away! You shouldn't be staring at me this way!" her shaky voice exclaimed.

"Sorry," he said, then turned and left the house.

It took several minutes for the boy's heart-rate to settle as he walked to school, replaying in his mind what he'd just witnessed. *"Holy shit, she's cheating on dad. She's gotta be,"* he told himself.

Half-way to the school, his mom pulled up beside him in her car, and rolled down the passenger-side window. "Dylan, can please talk?" she asked pleadingly.

"What's there to talk about, mom? I heard what you were saying on the phone," the teen said as he continued walking. "You're cheating on dad, with some guy named Bobby."

The mother looked around nervously as she drove beside him. "No...I'm not. Would you please just get in so we can talk without anyone else hearing us," she said.

Dylan stopped, and his mom did also, so he could get in the car. He still wouldn't look at her as he sat down and slammed the door.

"I don't blame you for being upset, but what you heard was not what it sounded like," she said. "I can explain everything."

"Well...start explaining."

Gabby let out a frustrated sigh. Her worst fear had just come true, and now she had to explain herself, to her own son of all people. "What you heard me saying in the bedroom...it was just my job, nothing more," she confessed.

He looked over at her. "Your job?" he asked.

"Yes. I saw it as a way I could help pay some of the bills. A way I could take some of the financial pressure off your father," she explained.

Dylan was beginning to see things for what they really were. "Wait a second... Are you telling me you're like...a phone sex operator?" he asked, slightly relieved, but incredibly curious.

"Yes."

"So, you like...talk to guys about sex all day, on the phone, and get paid for it?"

Gabby looked at her son shamefully. "I know it's wrong...especially in God's eyes, but I've been a housewife my whole married life. Who's gonna hire someone with no work experience whatsoever? I saw this as something I could do, and still be around the house, to be a mom to you and Riley."

"So the whole 'social worker' thing was just a lie?"

"Well, no...I mean, I was helping people, just in a different way," she said.

Dylan startled giggled. "Yeah, you can say that again," he muttered.

"Honey, please don't laugh, this is really embarrassing."

"Just think about how embarrassed you'd be if it were dad that caught you," Dylan pointed out.

"Yes, I know...embarrassed, and probably divorced before I knew what hit me," she said, then looked at her boy with pleading eyes. "Dylan, please don't tell your father. I'll stop doing the phone-sex thing. I'll delete the app. I'll never do it again, you have my word."

The boy shrugged his shoulders, still in a bit of shock by all that had transpired. "I just um...need to do some thinking today," he said, opening the door and getting back out.

"Dylan?" his mom's pretty voice said, getting his attention. "I'm sorry. Just know that I love you more than anything in the world."

The boy took a moment to look her over. Still in her robe, one of Gabby's sexy legs was sticking from the slit of the hem. It looked so smooth and silky. He also noticed how the neck of her robe had crept open, exposing an extraordinary amount of ballooning cleavage. He looked into her deep blue eyes. "I love you too," he muttered, then closed the door.

Needless to say, the events of the morning played on both their minds the entire day. While at swim practice, Spencer came over to Dylan as they were toweling off. "I noticed it again this morning," he said.

"Noticed what?" Dylan asked. With everything on his mind, he'd forgotten about their conversation at the potluck.

"The smell...in my mom's room. I wanted to be sure, so I smelt the panties in her hamper. Same smell."

"You smelt your mom's panties?" Dylan asked, trying to keep from laughing.

"Well yeah, but only to be sure that was actually what I was smelling in her bedroom, and it was," he explained.

"Interesting," Dylan muttered, as he began to relate that conversation to what he discovered about his own mom. He suddenly wondered if Spencer's mom had a secret sex-occupation, just like his own mom did, one that was clearly making her aroused, so that Spencer could smell it in her bedroom.

"I definitely think she's rubbing her pussy in there," Spencer said.

"Maybe she's really a phone sex operator," Dylan joked, even though he was dead serious.

"Not funny, man," his friend responded. "My mom would never do something that crazy."

"Yeah, so you think," Dylan thought. Before today, he would have said the same thing about his mother.

"Although she did do something pretty wild just this morning," Spencer said.

"What?"

"I was in my bedroom and I saw her walk across the hallway naked."

"Like butt naked, in front of you?" Dylan asked.

"Well, sort of. My door was wide open and she walked right by it...without a stitch of clothing on."

"*I wish my mom did something that bold,*" Dylan thought to himself. "*What I'd give to see those huge tits of hers.*"

"Ready to get beat again on Thursday, dingus?!" a gruff voice asked, jarring Dylan from his thoughts.

He glared over at the kid he hated the most in the world, his teammate, but worse rival, Phoenix.

"No...more like ready to show everyone who the fastest swimmer in this school really is," he boldly answered.

Phoenix's laugh was so obnoxiously, it was more like nails on a chalkboard. "Yeah, I bet you think that every time, don't you. Just remember, dingus...no one remembers those who finish second," the boy said, strutting off like the cock on the block.

"Man, I hate that guy," Spencer said.

"You and me both," Dylan said. "I don't care how hard I have to work...I'm not letting him beat me again."

Dylan dove back into the pool to swim more laps.

Dinner was awkward that evening. Oliver noticed the unusual tension at the table. "Is everyone OK? Is there something I should know about?" he asked.

His wife looked from him to Dylan, praying her son didn't rat her out right there at the dinner table.

"I'm doing OK," their twelve-year-old daughter Riley said, all smiles. "Troy Francis asked me to go out with him today."

"Yeah, well, Troy Francis better keep his hands off you, young lady," her father warned. "You're way too young to be worrying about boys."

"I agree," his wife said, watching her daughter put on her best pouty face.

"What about you, son? Why are you so quiet?" Oliver asked Dylan.

The boy glanced over at his mom. The tension was so thick between them, you could cut it with a knife. "I'm just focused on Thursday. I really wanna beat that douche-bag teammate of mine," he said. Normally his mom would chide him for using such language, but she knew she was in no position to do that today.

"Your focus should be on the opposing school, not one of your own teammates. You guys should be rooting for one another," his dad preached.

"Yeah, well...not with this guy. He likes to rub it in my face that he's better, and it drives me crazy."

His pretty mom finally spoke up. "Just make sure your laser-focused, sweetheart. Everything you've learnt...techniques, endurance. It all has to be done to perfection," she advised him sweetly.

"Yeah, well...none of us are perfect, right?" he asked, sharing a knowing stare with his mom.

"No, we're not," she muttered shamefully.

"But have to try to be. I've gotta be perfect to beat him. He's a jerk...but he's incredibly fast in the water."

"Well you just make sure you're faster," his dad advised.

"You guys are gonna be there, right?"

"Of course we're gonna be there," his father said. "You'll have the best cheering section of anyone on your team."

Dylan was in a unique situation. He knew as far as his mom was concerned, he could get away with just about anything, with the threat of telling his father what he knew hanging over her head.

Gabby knew she was in trouble, when her son didn't leave the house with her husband and daughter the next morning, like he usually did.

"Where's, Dylan...sick today?" Oliver asked as he kissed his wife goodbye.

"I'm not sure," she answered nervously. "I'll have to go up and check on him."

After ushering her husband and daughter out the door, Gabby tuned to see her son reach the bottom of the stairs. "There you are," she said. "Everything ok?"

"I wanna call the number," he answered.

"The number?" she asked, even though she had a pretty good idea what number he was talking about.

"Yeah, the number. Your sex-hotline, or whatever it is. I wanna call it...and I want YOU to answer," he boldly demanded.

"Dylan, look...I told you yesterday that I was sorry, and ..."

"Give me the number, mom, or maybe dad and I will have a little sit-down."

Gabby looked ready to burst into tears. "You wouldn't do that. It would destroy our family, Dylan," she said.

"Then I guess you better give me the number then."

"Can we please just talk about this?" she asked pleadingly.

"There's nothing to talk about. You're secrets safe...I'll even let you continue doing it if you want, as long as you give me what I want."

Gabby swallowed nervously, gazing right at him. "Which is?" she asked.

"The number."

The mother sighed in frustration. "Fine," she muttered. "One-eight-hundred, three-eight-two, five-six-six-six."

"That's not how you advertise it, I'm sure," her son pointed out. "Say it like you advertise it."

"Honey, please don't make me say that in front of you," she said, her face turning red with embarrassment.

"Say it!" he said in a threatening tone.

She looked over at him, her heart rate racing nervously. "One-eight-hundred, fuck mom," she muttered, her face blushing with embarrassment.

"Wow," Dylan giggled. "Okay then. I'm gonna go to my room and call it, and you go to your room and answer, like you would if I was a normal customer."

"Dylan, if you're late for school, you could jeopardize participating in your swim meet this week," Gabby said, trying desperately to avoid her son's request.

"You let me worry about that. You just focus on doing your job. What was it you said last night? Laser-focus, right?" he said, turning towards the stairway. He looked back before proceeding. "You'll need to be at your best today. This is one customer you don't wanna disappoint."

The mother went to her room and sat down on the edge of her bed with a stupefied look on her face. "*He's blackmailing me. I can't believe he'd do something like this,*" she thought, but then she remembered that she was no Saint either, and it was a lucky thing that Dylan didn't go straight to her husband when he found out what she was up to.

She logged into the app and her phone immediately started ringing. "I can't possibly do this," she said out loud, staring at the screen, knowing it was her son and not some random horny 18-year-old on the other end. She knew if she didn't answer, or if it wasn't convincing, the consequences could potentially destroy her marriage, as well as her reputation in the community as a caring, God-fearing mother.

"Lord, forgive me for what I'm about to do," she muttered nervously, then answered the phone.

There was a short silence on both ends. "Hello?" she heard her son say.

"Hi there, what's your name?" Gabby asked, trying to sound sensual.

"Dylan."

"Hi, Dylan..." she said. She reluctantly forced out her first question. "Are you horny?"

"Extremely," he answered.

Gabby closed her eyes a moment, trying to get into naughty mode. "*Just pretend like it's not your son. Pretend like it's a regular paying customer,*" she told herself.

"Are you there?" Dylan asked.

"Yes, I'm here. Is your cock big and hard, Dylan? Are you ready to fuck your mother's ass off with it?"

Upstairs, Dylan was sprawled across his bed, fishing out his steely hard cock. He was so damn thrilled by what he'd just heard his mom say he could hardly answer. "It's hard, yes," he sighed.

"Squeeze it really hard, baby boy," his mom's sexy voice cooed. "Squeeze out some slippery pre-cum, so that your hand feels like a hot wet pussy."

Dylan gasped out loud. Hearing any woman say that to him would be a thrill, but the fact that it was his own hot mom's voice sent him over the moon.

"Do you fantasize about fucking your mother, Dylan. Would you like to feel your balls beating against her ass," Gabby's lusty-sounding voice asked.

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, as if his mom was taking in what he had just confessed. "Do you imagine yourself fucking her, while your fathers at work? Pounding your boner up into the cunt that gave birth to you, while she squeezes and soaks your manhood in hot liquid-love?"

"Oh my God, yes!" the boy gasped.

Gabby was tempted to chide her son for using God's name in vain, but then she realized how hypocritical that would be of her, considering the things that were spouting from her naughty mouth. "Mommy's here, Dylan. Climb down between my legs and slide your dick inside me," she said sensually.

"Oh, yes! That sounds awesome!" Dylan gasped, beating his boner up and down.

"Mommy's bowing her legs open...spreading her thighs wide for you," she said. "Oh, baby...you're SO big. You're stretching my tight pink pussy."

"Whoa!" the boy sighed out loud, feeling his dick tingle in his hand.

"Bring your body down against mine, Dylan. Crush Mommy's huge warm tits between us," Gabby mewled.

"Oh, man, yess!" the boy gasped, imagining doing just that to his own heavy-titted mother.

"Mm, you're so deep!" his mom said. "I'm gonna wrap my soft shaved legs around your back now, baby. I'm gonna tilt my cunt up on your cock, so you can fuck it nice n hard."

"Yes!"

Dylan heard his mom let out a sharp sexual gasp, which made his cock flex excitedly in his stroking fist. "Come on, baby boy...beat that hot dick through mommy's vagina. Make her drip her honey on that stinger!" his mom shouted convincingly.

"Ohhh!" the boy's voice quivered in delight. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever think he'd hear his church-going mother speak that way.

"Do you hear it, honey?" Gabby asked in a lusty tone. "Do you hear your cum-filled balls beating against mommy's thick ass."

"Yess!" the teen gasped, playing along as he squirmed around in delight.

"Fuck me harder!!" the mother shouted. "Make my toes curl!! Make me scratch my fucking nails down your back!"

"*HOLY SHIT!*" the boy's excited brain screamed. It was unfathomable that his own mom could talk to him this way. It was truly the most thrilling thing he'd ever experienced. "I'm fucking you hard!" he said breathlessly.

"Yess, baby! Fuck mommy! Make her big fat titties slosh around between us!"

Mindlessly aroused, Dylan felt his balls clench up and his glans tingle in the slippery grip of his fist. "Oh, wow, you feel incredible!" he said, imagining that he was truly fucking her on his parent's bed.

Gabby had listened to enough young men whimper in pre-orgasmic delight to know that her son was on the verge of cumming. She knew that nothing made a boy squirt his sperm harder than by listening to his mom scream in ecstasy. "I'M CUMMING, DYLAN! OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING HARD ON YOUR FAT COCK!!" she cried out.

If the boy wasn't close to erupting already, he certainly was now. His hips jerked as he beat his dick wildly, pulling a huge load of spunk up from his nuts, and making it spout four feet into the air. "Ohhshit!!" he grunted in sexual pleasure as more and more jizz squirted out and rained back down against him.

"Pour it into me, baby! Pour it into mommy's cum-hungry pussy!" Gabby moaned; her mind bewildered by the fact that she was listening to her own son cum.

"Ohh wow!" the boy finally sighed, letting go of his slimy cock.

"Feel better, Dylan?" his mom asked.

"Hell yes," he answered.

She would normally say "talk to you next time" at this point, but in this case, she hoped there would be no next time, so she changed her tune. "Hope you enjoyed yourself... Bye," she simply said, then hung up.

Gabby looked down and noticed that her nipples were harder than they'd ever been. Even through her bra and blouse, the rubbery nubs of her teats stuck out like sore thumbs. As she stood up, she was shocked by the trickle of cuntal nectar that was seeping down her legs. Yes, her line of work had gotten her moist on occasion, but her pussy had never been this soaked after a session before. "*What the hell is wrong with you, Gabby!*" she thought, scolding herself.

Dylan showered and got himself to school. It was no surprise that his mom didn't show herself before he left. He imagined that she was quite embarrassed after having engaged in such a hot phone-fuck with her own son.

"He knows?" Violet asked in a panic as her and Gabby sat having coffee. "How did he find out?"

"He came back to the house to get his homework. He heard me having a session with a customer," Gabby explained.

"Please don't tell me he told Oliver."

"So far no, but he did threaten to."

"Threaten to?" Violet asked with in a nervous tone.

"Yes...Dylan said he'd tell Oliver everything if I didn't have phone sex with him."

Violet let out a surprised gasp. "Did you?" she asked.

"Of course I did, Violet. I can't just let him tell his father and destroy my marriage."

"True. So, um...was it weird? Phone sex with your own son?"

"If I answer that honestly, you have to swear it just stays just between us," Gabby said.

"Doesn't everything we talk about say just between us?"

"Yes, but this is especially embarrassing to admit."

"Gabby, I'm your best friend. You can tell me anything," Violet assured her.

"Ok, when I was have phone-sex with Dylan, I was unexpectedly aroused by it," Gabby confessed.

"It got you wet?"

"Like...running down my legs wet, yes. I know...I'm horrible," Gabby said, seeming completely ashamed.

"You're not horrible...you're human," her friend said.

"He's my son. I SHOULD NOT be getting sexually aroused by talking about sex with him."

"Boy's get aroused by talking about sex with their moms, we see it every day in our line of work," Violet said. "So, what's so wrong with a mom getting excited by it to?"

"It's a sin, that's what."

"Maybe...but sin or not, that doesn't change the fact that we like it," Violet said.

"We?" Gabby asked, giving her an inquisitive look.

"Please don't loose all respect for me, but I exposed my body to Spencer yesterday," Violet confessed.

"Exposed your body how?"

"I was feeling naughty...so I decided to walk across the hallway naked, so he could see me."

Gabby glared at her in shock. "Violet, that's horrible," she muttered.

"I know, but honestly...it was also one of the most exciting things I've ever done," she admitted with a naughty grin. "Well...with the exception of what I did this morning."

"Oh no...what?" Gabby asked.

"I'm afraid if I tell you...I may lose you as a friend."

Gabby shook her head. "You're right, don't tell me. We need to find another line of work...both of us. Talking to boys about having sex with their moms has cleanly worn down our moral senses."

"Or maybe just liberated us," Violet suggested.

"No...I'm sorry, I'm not going down that road with my own son."

"Well, I hate to remind you, but YOU may not have a choice in the matter," Violet said. "Dylan has dirt on you...and if he doesn't get what he wants, he could make your life a living hell."

"Yes...that's what I'm afraid of," Gabby muttered worriedly.

Spencer rushed over to Dylan in the locker room. "Dude, I gotta tell you what happened this morning," he said, looking around to make sure no one else was nearby.

*"Whatever it is, I'm sure I have you beat,"* Dylan thought, still reeling from the amazing phone-sex his mom had given him.

"After my dad left, my mom came into my room and asked me if I wanted to feel her up," Spencer explained excitedly.

"What?!"

"I shit you not. She took my hand and guided it right under her robe and onto her pussy."

"Then what?" Dylan asked.

"She told me to rub her clit and put my finger inside her. It was insane!"

"So did you?"

"Of course I did. Don't think I'm a pervert or anything, but my mom IS sorta hot...at least I think so," Spencer said.

"Well, funny you should say all this, because I'm sort of at a crossroad with my mom too right now," Dylan confessed.

"Have the two of you been sexual?" Spencer asked, his eyes lighting up with curiosity.

"No, not really. Just phone-sex this morning."

Spencer smiles. "Noo?!" he exclaimed in disbelief. "Phone-sex...really?"

"Yeah, but...it's, um...kinda complicated."

"Do you think our moms would actually fuck us?" Spencer asked.

Dylan knew the answer to that question was probably yes, however, while Spencer's mom may fuck him willingly, his own mom Gabby would do it reluctantly, because of the threat of having her secret exposed. Of course he wanted to nail his mom more than anything, but he'd prefer her to be a willing and eager participant.

A few boys entered the locker room, forcing the two friends to end their discussion. "Text me later, man. We should definitely talk more about this," Spencer said, then rushed off.

Like the previous night, dinner was a bit more quiet than usual at Dylan's house. He and his mom shared awkward looks here and there, both still clearly thinking about the events of that morning.

Oliver broke the silence. "So, your mom probably already told you...but I'd like to start doing Bible study for an hour, as a family, starting this evening," he said.

"Ugh!" Riley groaned, staring at her food with a scowl.

"Riley, it's just for an hour, honey," Gabby chided.

"Every night?" Dylan asked. "Can't we just do it once or twice a week?"

"Yeah, I have a spelling test tomorrow," Riley said. "If I don't study, I'm gonna flunk it."

Gabby and her husband looked at each other. "She does have a test...and when I quizzed her this afternoon, she missed a bunch," she told him.

"Alright, fine. Riley, you're excused from Bible time tonight, and ONLY tonight, and Dylan...we can trim it down to three nights a week, how's that?" Oliver asked.

"Better," the boy answered, exchanging a look with his mom.

After the meal, Oliver and Riley disappeared, leaving Dylan and Gabby alone to clean the kitchen. "I hear a boy on the swim team you're facing off with this week won state last year, is that true?" the mother asked, trying to make conversation.

"How do you know that?" Dylan asked. "Is he one of your customers?"

Gabby glanced across the room to make sure no one else was around to hear that. "Dylan, please..." she muttered.

Dylan giggled, amused by her paranoia. "Yes, it's true. Last year he swam the fastest laps, but this year that won't be the case," he said confidently.

"What happened this morning...it can't happen again, you know that, right?" his mom told him.

"Will you take your panties off before Bible study?" Dylan asked, ignoring her question.

She stopped drying a dish and looked over at him incredulously. "No, absolutely not!"

"You might wanna rethink that."

"Dylan, you're not gonna blackmail me into doing things that we shouldn't be doing," Gabby said. "It's wrong, and a sin in God's eyes."

"Really, mom?! YOU'RE gonna lecture me on what's right and wrong...after everything YOU'VE been up to?"

"I made a mistake, and it won't continue. I told you that," she said.

"Your panties are coming off...and while dad's reading the good-word, I better get a nice upskirt show, otherwise Bible time might become a confessional," the teen said in a serious tone, then walked out of the kitchen.

It was an hour later that the teen heard his father call to him from the living room. He went in to join them, Bible in hand, and sat across from his mom on the recliner.

Gabby peeked across from him with a slightly shameful expression. Dylan could tell just by looking at her that she had followed through with the first part of his request.

"Alright, your mom and I decided we'd focus on the New Testament," Oliver said. "I'll start us off, read a few chapters, then we'll switch."

The father of the house began reading from the scriptures, and for a moment, Dylan followed along, then his eyes peeked across at his mother. His gaze drifted down over the enormous swell of her breasts, arriving at her silky legs, which were half-exposed below the hem of her skirt.

Gabby looked up from her Bible, and across at her boy. She fed her husband a sideways glance as she sat up straight and scooted her ass forward, towards the edge of the couch. *"I can't believe I'm doing this,"* she shamefully thought as she slowly spread her knees apart.

Dylan's eyes widened as he gazed over between his mom's parting thighs. He imagined what they'd feel like clamped around his hips while he pounded his cock deep inside her.

*"Holy shit, look at that!"* he thought, gazing straight at his mom's bare vulva. Her puffy outer folds flanked the dark groove of her pudendal cleft. Crowning her mons was a neatly trimmed landing strip of pubic fuzz.

Gabby gazed across at her boy, watching him readjust himself, while staring up her parted legs. Her eyes traveled down to his crotch, and immediately noticed the fat knob that was pushing his shorts out. *"Oh, good grief, Dylan...be careful,"* she thought, quickly peeking back over at her husband.

Soon it was Gabby's turn to read, so she closed her legs, cleared her throat and began where her husband left off. She tried her best to focus on the scriptures, but could feel her son's eyes wandering all over her the entire time.

"Your turn, son," Oliver said, once his wife had stopped.

"Honestly, dad, I'm not very good at reading this stuff. I do enjoy when it's your turn though," he said, smiling over at his mom. "It's like I'm listening to a priest at church give a sermon. Would you mind reading my part also."

"Oh, well um...thanks, and sure...I don't mind," his father said, clearly letting it go to his head.

Gabby was still sitting at the edge of sofa, following along as her husband read. She slowly began parting her knees again, arching her heels up, so she rested on the balls of her bare feet.

Dylan looked up in wide-eyed wonder, watching his mom's silky legs open further and further. *"Holy Toledo!"* his mind gasped. This time his mom boldly splayed her thighs wide open, so her knees literally pointed towards opposite sides of the room. This caused her outer labia to peel apart, revealing the pink flaps of her inner folds, and the thick fleshy hood of her clitoris.

Gabby's heart raced excitedly; her face flushed with the thrill of doing something so naughty in the vicinity of her husband. She peeked across at her son, who quickly moved his attention from her crotch to her eyes. For a long magical moment, they shared a wicked gaze.

*"Don't do it, Gabby!"* the mother's mind scolded, as if she had decided to take things one step further.

Dylan watched in disbelief as his mom's hand drifted down between her legs. Then she took two fingers and spread the lips of her pudenda wide-open, exposing the pink inner-flesh of her vestibule, and her juicy-looking fuck-hole.

*"Whoa!"* the boy wondrously thought, almost saying it out loud, he was so amazed by what he was seeing. It wasn't just his mom's cunt he was gawking at. Just below it was the crack of her ass, and half her thick lovely buns spread out against the cushion of couch.

Her eyes drifted back down to her son's stiff bulge. *"Good grief, it must be impossible for him to hide the size of that thing,"* she thought, feeling her nipples harden and tingle with arousal.

When her husband finished reading, she quickly snapped her legs back together, feeling the juices that had secreted from her Bartholin's glands seep from her vaginal opening.

"Alright," her husband said, closing his Bible and looking at his blushing wife. "Shall we have some of that wonderful pie you baked?"

"Sure, honey," she said, smiling back at him innocently.

"I'll cut it up and get it ready," Oliver said, jumping from the couch and heading into the kitchen.

Gabby attempted to follow him, but suddenly felt her son grasp her by the wrist and spin her around, making her heavy melons wobble from side to side. "What are you doing?!" she curiously whispered.

"What's it look like," he answered, then pushed her against the wall. Before Gabby could react, he reached under her skirt, grasped her by the backs of her thighs and lifted her slightly. He pushed his crotch up against her naked pussy, digging his cloth-shrouded knob into the split of her juicy folds.

"Dylan, what are you doing?! Put me down!" she whispered in a panic.

The boy sighed against the crook of her neck. He could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-slit against his cock, and her fat tits molding softly to his chest. "I want you to feel how hard you made me. Do you feel it?" he asked, pushing forward even more, crushing her engorged clitoris against the stiff tubular bulge of his prick.

"Yes, I feel it, now please put me down before your father catches us."

"Grind against my erection first," the boy requested, "and say something sexy to me."

"Not now...not here. Dylan, please..." she whispered.

"Do it, mom. Say something sexy, like you did this morning and I'll put you down."

Gabby nervously looked towards the kitchen, praying her husband didn't come around the corner and catch them like this. She knew the quickest way to end this situation was just by complying with her son's demands.

Dylan felt his mom slide her lovely legs up and wrap them snugly around his midsection, interlocking her ankles behind his ass. She tossed her arms around his neck, clinging onto him now, rather than just being helplessly pinned against the wall. She forcefully ground their engorged genitals together, bring her lips to his ear. "Come on, baby boy, fuck that long hard muscle against mommy," she hissed in his ear.

"Holy shit!" the teen gasped, feeling his mom aggressively rub her naked twat against his excited boner, as if trying to push it up into her.

"Is this what you want...huh?" she whispered sensually. "You wanna fuck your mother's ass off and make her cum, right behind your father's back?"

Gabby couldn't believe how incredibly hard her son's dick was. It felt like a slab of granite beneath his shorts, mashing against her overheated genitalia. Her conscience screamed "*STOP!*" but her libido cried out "*MORE! MORE!!*"

"You guys want some?" they heard Oliver ask from the kitchen.

"Be right there, honey," his wife's breathless voice answered.

"Ohh!" Dylan gasped, feeling the muscles in her thighs tighten and his chest flatten her spongy tits even more. He could feel his mom grind her clitoral flesh against the swollen knob of his prick.

"Ahh!" Gabby's shaky voice whimpered. "Ohh!" she sighed again, using the unyielding hardness of her boy's dick to rub against her fleshy love-button shamelessly. "Fuck me hard, Dylan," she whispered, lustfully in his ear.

The boy set his hips in motion, dry fucking his mom's pussy in a nice steady rhythm. "*Ohhh, fuck yess! Wow!*" his mind gasped, feeling her weight bounce around on his cock.

Gabby's eyes rolled back in their sockets. She was so sexually excited she could hardly think straight. "*STOP THIS OR YOUR MARRIAGE IS OVER, GABBY!*" her conscience screamed.

"Put me down," she gasped into her son's ear. "Put me down and I'll jerk you off tomorrow...I promise."

Despite how amazing this was, her promise was music to Dylan's ears. He reluctantly put her back down and they looked at each other awkwardly, catching their excited breath. "Did you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, still with a bit of reluctance, then turned to go to the kitchen.

"Wait," Dylan said, making her freeze and peek back at him.

Her son lowered to his knees behind her, then lifted her skirt, gazing at the thick meaty half-globes of her naked ass. "Beautiful!" he muttered.

"Dylan...enough!" she sternly whispered, glancing toward the kitchen nervously.

The teen brazenly dipped his head down between her slightly parted legs, mashing his face up against her crotch. "*Oh, fuck!*" his mind delightfully sighed, as he smelt her pungent cuntal aroma. He dug his licker across the grape-sized bulb of her clitoris, then between the juice-slickened folds of her labium, shivering as his tongue swiped across the flavorful mouth of her vaginal orifice.

"*Oh my Goodness!*" the mom's brain squealing in delight, feeling her boy's licker drag along her perineum, then across the crinkled ring of her buttohole.

Dylan stood up, grinning from ear to ear, while licking her residual juices from his lips.

"You're terrible," his mom said, with a half-joking smile.

"I know," he said, then drew his hand back and smacked her hard on the ass, making her mommy-buttocks ripple delightfully. The strike was so loud it could likely be heard from every room in the house.

“Get moving!” Dylan ordered in a hushed tone, dropping her skirt and motioning her towards the kitchen.

“What was that?” Oliver asked, already at the table eating pie when his wife stepped in.

“What was what?” she asked innocently.

“That striking sound,” her husband said.

“Oh that,” Gabby said, glancing at her son. “I just dropped my Bible on the floor by accident.”

“Ah...well, hey, this pie is great!”

“Thank you, honey,” Gabby said, still shaking with the thrill of what her and her son had just gotten away with.

“Is Dylan running late again?” Oliver asked his wife the next morning as she saw him and their daughter off for the day.

“Apparently so,” she said innocently, even though she knew he was hanging around so she could fulfill her promise.

“He’s gonna get a detention if he keeps getting to school late,” Riley said, throwing on her backpack.

“Well then, I guess he’ll have to sit through a detention, won’t he?” Gabby said.

“Let’s go, little lady,” Riley’s father said to her, then kissed his wife goodbye.

Gabby had already gotten dressed. She wore jeans and a big sweater, so her son didn’t see her in anything suggestive. *“I’m certainly not wearing a skirt around him anymore,”* she thought, climbing the stairway to his bedroom.

“Are dad and Riley gone?” Dylan asked as his mom showed up in his doorway.

“Yes, they just left,” she answered, hoping she could make a last-ditch effort to get herself out of stroking him off. “Dylan, can we just talk a minute?”

“Not unless it’s about the handjob you’re about to give me.”

“This nonsense has to stop,” she said. “We’re mother and son. We shouldn’t be behaving this way.”

“That’s certainly not what you’ve telling your clients, is it?” Dylan said. “In fact, you’ve been encouraging them to be sexual with their moms, haven’t you?”

“It’s fantasy...pure fantasy. This is real life. People’s emotions are at stake,” she reminded him. “My marriage is at stake.”

“You’re right. Last night was sort of reckless. From now on we’ll make sure dad’s out of the house when we fool around,” her son answered.

Gabby sighed in frustration. “I’m really not gonna get you to back down, am I?” she asked.

Dylan giggled. "I'm not completely convinced that you want me to back down," he answered.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, come on, mom, you were super into-it last night."

"I was not."

"You were grinding all over me."

"Only because you told me to," she said defensively.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. It seemed to be the only way to get you to stop."

"Then why was your pussy soaking wet?" he asked.

"Honey, could you please not use that word?" she asked, oddly embarrassed.

"Wow, mom...are you for real?! YOU use that word, and much worse every time you talk to a guy on your one-eight-hundred, fuck mom hotline," he reminded her. "I believe in your holy scriptures that's what's called a hypocrite."

"Fine," she said, clearly ashamed, "say whatever you want around me then."

"Your pussy was aroused, and so were your nipples. I could feel them poking into me right through the bra and blouse you were wearing last night," Dylan said. "You were just as turned on as I was, you're just afraid to admit it."

She could hardly look at him. Despite her religious façade, deep down she knew her son was right. Their sexual escapades the night before were the most thrilling thing she'd experienced in years, but she also recognized that continuing down that road was extremely risky.

"Where do you wanna do this?" she asked, finally looking over at him. "My room or yours?"

"Well, you're here...so come on in," he said.

His mom stepped across his bedroom on bare feet. Even under her baggy sweater, the boy could see her heavy tits trembling with her every step.

"Take off your clothes first," he said boldly.

Gabby stared at him a moment, but didn't resist. "We're NOT having intercourse," she said softly.

"I never said we were fucking. I just want you to be naked while I get my handjob."

After a moments hesitation, she lifted her sweater off. "Fine," she muttered, unshrouding her huge bra-clad tits.

"Damn!" the boy thought, staring at all the bulging tit-meat spilling out the tops of the beautifully-embroidery white bra-cups.

Gabby awkwardly unbuttoned her denims, slid them down her shaved legs, then moved them aside with one of her sexy bare feet. "Is THIS good enough?" she asked with a little smile, standing there in her bra and panties.

"Nope," her son answered, smiling back at her.

"Didn't hurt to try," the mother giggled, then reached around and unclasped her bra.

Dylan let out an awe-inspired gasp, watching his mom's huge knockers bobble out onto her chest. Her areola were thick and wide, with tumescent teats puffing out from their centers. He watched them hang down heavily as she peeled her dainty panties off.

Gabby straightened her posture, cocking one knee out slightly as she stood there as naked as a jay-bird. "Well, you got my clothes off...are you happy?" she teased.

"Very," her son said, then stood from the edge of his bed and removed his shirt.

Gabby's eyes wandered her boy's chest, traveling down his chiseled abs. She bit her bottom lips, secretly eager to see just how hung he was.

She didn't have to wait long. Dylan shed his shorts and briefs at once, making the stalk of his erection wag up and down lewdly. "*Good grief, it's even bigger than I imagined,*" his mother thought, staring admiringly at the fat purple helmet of his cock. Her eyes traveled the length of his stiff vein-encrusted shaft as it branched out from his crotch at an upward angle. It looked just like the dick she imagined boys yanking on while she talked dirty to them over the phone.

The heavy-titted mother stepped over and sat on the edge of his bed, then patted the mattress behind her. "Come lay down on your back," she said softly.

Dylan crawled onto his bed, then sprawled back on the mattress, making the big slab of his dick slap back against his abdomen. He watched his beautiful mother crawl up next to him, marveling at the way her huge mammarys teetered around with her slightest movement.

"If you need some lube, I have some in the nightstand," he said.

She rested back on her heels, towering beside him, and gazed down over her ballooning udders with a naughty little smile. "We won't need it," she said, then reach under, swiped her fingers through her naked cunt-slit, then showed her son the wet secretions covering her fingers. "Mommy's make lubrication the natural way," she said, then reached over, grasped his cock and smeared her juices all over it.

With his heart racing, Dylan reached up and brazenly grasped the huge mommy-melons dangling above him. Gabby didn't stop him, as she slowly began pumping his cock up and down with her fist.

"Wow!" the teen gasped, hefting his mom's heavy jugs, letting his fingers sink into their squishy dough-like flesh.

His mom gazed down at him with her beautiful deep-blue eyes. "Hello again, Dylan," she said sensually, getting into the roll of phone-sex mommy. "Do you like squeezing mommy huge tits, while she jerks you off?"

“Oh, yes,” he answered.

“Your dick feels so big and hard in my hand. I bet you can really beat a girl’s pussy up with this thing,” she said, then looked over at the boner squeezing through her circled fist. “Do you like to pound it through your mommy’s hot pink hole, baby boy?”

“Uh-huh,” the teen gasped.

“Do you like to feel all that slippery cuntal flesh squeezing around your hot glans,” Gabby mewled, jacking her son’s dick vigorously. “Fucking deep and making mommy’s shaved crotch beat against your cock-base.”

“Damn,” the boy squirmed, feeling his prick tingle exquisitely.

“What the matter, baby?” Gabby asked, leaning over and kissing her son’s chest with the spongy orbs of her tits, while staring lasciviously into her boy’s eyes. “You asked for mom’s hot words, didn’t you? That’s what you’re getting.”

She suddenly started beating the head of his prick really fast, making her boobie-meat ripple right before her son’s eyes from her jerking motion.

“Oh, damn, mom!” the boy groaned, slowly pumping his hips as if fucking her gooey grip.

“Come on, sweet baby, fuck my pussy...show mommy what a golden humper you are,” she urged in a sexy voice, gazing straight into his eyes.

Dylan could have stared back at her the whole time, if it weren’t for her wilding jiggling tits. He was mesmerized by the way the huge fatty orbs jostled and rippled.

“Fuck mommy harder and they’ll swing onto your face,” his mom said, making him buck his hips with a little more force. “Ohh, yeah, like that!” she shouted, then rocked her torso, making her fat melons swing up and around her son’s pleasure-stricken face.

“*Holy fuck, this is amazing!!*” the boy’s brain exclaimed, staring up into the mile-long cleavage between her breasts, feeling their squishy flesh brush all over his face.

“You like it, baby? You like the way mommy fucks?” Gabby asked, beating his boner tirelessly. “You like the way she rides your fucking dick like a whore?”

“Yes!” her son gasped; his voice muffled by smothering tit-flesh.

“Mommy’s fuck the best, baby. The very best,” she cooed, gripping his hot meat even harder. “They know just how to squeeze their son’s dick with their tight pussy...just how to pull all that baby making goo up from their nut-sack.”

Her boy didn’t doubt that for one second. His mom’s boobs suddenly lifted off him and he watched her crawl down between his legs, facing him, resting her ass back on her heels as she now pumped at his prick with two hands. “Mmm, my baby’s prick is so long and thick. It’s a two fister!” she exclaimed, beating his pink boner up and down. The way her side-boobs were squeezed between her biceps, made her jugs balloon out and ripple obscenely. Her fat rubbery nipples looked like they could pop off her swollen areolar rings at any moment.

Dylan gasped in delight, looking down at the gripping, pumping fists of his mom's pretty hands. Her big diamond wedding ring, half-coated in pre-ejaculatory slime, reminded him of just how wonderfully wicked they were being.

"Ohhh, Dylan, you're gonna make mommy cum on your cock," Gabby cried out. "Your gonna make me bathe your boner in love-juice!"

"Ahhh! I'm really close too!" the teen panted, feeling his prostate swell.

"Let's cum together then!" the mother suggested. "Let beat our pink genitals together in orgasmic pleasure!"

Dylan felt his mom slip the thumb of her top first up, letting it rub wetly against the band of his frenulum as she continued pumping his cock in a vigorous rhythm. "*Holy shit!*" his mind gasped. "*Mom knows all the tricks to a good handjob!*"

"Ohhh! Ohhh, yes, I'm cumming!!" his mom's pretty voice sang out, her face twisting in pleasure.

Hearing and seeing this, triggered the boy's orgasmic contractions and his spunk shot up from his piss-slit, splattering against the rounded undersides of his mom's bobbling tits. "Ughh, shit!" he grunted, bucking his hips as more and more cum-paste sprayed up onto the body of his beautiful cock-stroking mother.

"Yesss! Cum in mommy's pussy!" Gabby cried out. "Paint my cuntal walls with your cum!"

Gooey semen dripped from the mother's fat tits as she milked every ounce of cum she could from her boy's throbbing prick.

"Damn!" her son finally gasped breathlessly. "That was about the best orgasm I've ever had."

"No, sir," his mom said with a sly smile.

"Seriously, mom...I can see why you do that phone-sex stuff. You're a natural at all that hot dirty talk," he said.

"Oh, so what you're saying is my handjob was nothing special?" she asked teasingly. "You just liked my filthy mouth?"

"No...I'm saying everything combined was dope!"

"Dope?"

"Sorry, that's slang for amazing," Dylan explained.

"Apparently I need to polish up on my teenage slang," she said with a wink, climbing off his bed. "Right after I get a shower and wash all this ball-goo off."

The boy's cock flexed back to life when he saw his mom bending over to pick up her clothing, pointing her thick, peach-shaped ass back at him. "You keep bending over in front of me like that and I'm gonna come over there and smack that ass again, just like last night," he warned playfully.

She gazed back over her shoulder, then wagged her lovely derriere teasingly. "Is that a threat, or a promise?"

Dylan sat up and smiled. "Come over here and I'll show you," he said.

Gabby giggled and sashayed from his room, swaying her naked jiggling rump teasingly. "Get your butt to school, young man," she said.

All the boy could think about in class was how he actually might have a chance at boning his mom. During third hour, he received a text from Gabby that burst his bubble. It read:

"Dylan,

I love you, and I'm sorry I kept such a horrible secret from you and the rest of the family. However, I cannot continue down the path of unrighteousness with you. It's wrong. I know it, and I know you do too. I understand if you want to tell your father. I'm deserving of whatever consequence may come. Just know I will always love you no matter what.

Mom."

The boy's heart sunk. He knew that carrying on by blackmailing his mom into sex would just make him look like a giant douche-bag, and would probably be something he later regretted.

"I'm definitely going to hell," Gabby said, hanging her head as her and Violet sat having coffee.

"Did something happen this morning?" Violet asked.

"What DIDN'T happen this morning, besides Dylan and I actually having full-blown intercourse."

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, Spencer and I weren't exactly acting in a Godly way either this morning."

"Violet, you don't understand. What Dylan and I did was bad...I mean like...horribly bad."

"Tell me what happened."

Gabby looked at her friend shamefully. "I jerked him off," she admitted.

"Oh," Violet muttered. By the way her friend was acting, she expected it to be something much worse than what her and Spencer had done. "That's it?"

Violet gave her a questioning glare. "Yes! Violet, I gave A HANDJOB to my own son. Can you do much worse?"

"Actually, yes, you can, Violet answered. "Spencer and I had sex this morning."

Gabby suddenly felt a little better about herself. "Sex? Like...actual sex?"

"Yes. We started touching each other, then things got a little out of control and...next thing you know, we were on the bed doing the nasty," Violet confessed.

“So, you made a mistake. We both made mistakes,” Gabby said. “We’ll pray to God for guidance and forgiveness, and we’ll move on.”

“There's only one problem with that.”

“What?” Gabby asked.

“It was the best sex I’ve ever had...and when I say ‘best sex,’ I mean a thousand times better than any sex I’ve ever had with my husband,” Violet explained. “Son or not, how can I just forget that happened and move on without it?”

“Well, I guess I can sort of relate,” Gabby said. “I feel horrible about what Dylan and I did, but it was also extremely erotic...and amazing, and something I really wanna do again.”

“Then...why don't you?”

“No, I already sent him a text this morning telling him no more shenanigans. If that means my marriage gets destroyed...then so be it.”

The night of the swim meet came and the boys nervously did their pre-swim warm-ups. All day, Spencer had gone on and on about fucking his mom, making Dylan wish he could go that far with his own mother. He knew there was a difference between Spencer's mom and his own. One wanted to fuck their son, the other didn't. The truth was, forcing his mom to jerk him off was one thing, blackmailing her to have full-blown sex with him was another. He just wished his mom wanted to fuck him as much as he did her.

“Hey, check that out,” Spencer said, pointing to the stands.

Dylan looked over and saw their moms standing side-by-side, waving over at them cutely. His mom was dressed to the nines, in a nice skirt and snug top, showing some cleavage, which was rare for her.

“Don't gawk for too long,” Spencer said. “You might have a hard time hiding a boner in your speedo.”

“True,” Dylan giggled.

The time for the first race finally arrived and the boys all took their marks on their individual diving platform. Dylan took a look over at his mom to see her staring back at him, bouncing anxiously on her feet and making her heavy tits bobble beneath her blouse.

“Time to get skunked, dingus!” Phoenix snarled, glaring over at Dylan as he put on his swim goggles.

“We'll see about that,” Dylan said.

The horn sounded and the boy's dove in, then swam their asses off down their individual lanes. They reached the far side, then pushed off, racing back across the pool towards the finish.

As usual, Dylan lost by a mere second, getting third place behind the state champ from the opposing school, and the person he despised most in the world, Phoenix.

“Dang, so close!” Dylan's father said in frustration, as he sat in the stands next to his wife.

“He has one more chance,” Gabby pointed out. “If he can win this time, he'll make it to the final race.”

Violet looked at her friend with a frown. “I hate to be a downer, but it looks like he's heading to the locker room,” she pointed out.

Gabby's stomach sunk. It killed her to see her son this way...wanting something so bad, but having it just beyond his grasp. It suddenly occurred to her that there was something else he wanted desperately, that was also proving impossible to achieve. She knew THAT was her fault. She was withholding it because of her own stubborn perception of what was right and wrong.

Dylan hung his head in defeat as he made his way down a corridor towards the locker room.

“Honey?” he heard a soft voice say behind him. He turned to see his beautiful mother stepping towards him in concern, her dainty heels clicking on the concrete floor. “Dylan, you can't quit. You've worked too hard to just give up.”

“They're better than me, mom...plain and simple.”

“No...maybe they just want it more,” she said.

“That's impossible. I can't want to win this race today more than I already do.”

“Yes, you can,” she said. The big swell of her mommy-boobs trembled as she stepped up to him and placed her hands on his shoulders.

“How? How could I possibly want it more?” the teen asked.

“By receiving some extra motivation,” she said, gazing at him lovingly.

“Extra motivation?”

She pressed her squishy tits against his chest and brought her lips to his ear. “Win the next two races...and you and I will go somewhere tonight and engage in the wildest fuck you can imagine,” she whispered.

“Really,” he asked, his heart doing somersaults in his chest.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. “Yeah, really,” she said. “NOW do you want to win those races a little more than you did before?”

“More like...A LOT MORE,” he answered.

His mom smiled proudly. “Then show me,” she said.

More determined than ever, Dylan clenched his fists together and marched back down to the pool for the next race.

Later that evening, Gabby's cell phone rang, and she brought her pink glossy lips to the screen to answer. “Hello again, Dylan,” she greeted him in a sensual tone.

“Hi there,” her son said.

“Are you alone?”

“No,” the boy answered as he lay sprawled out naked in the center of a hotel room bed. “I’m with my mom at a hotel room,” he said.

“Mmm, you must have been a good boy,” Gabby said as she slowly stepped out of the bathroom in nothing but her heels. They clicked daintily on the wood floor. “Mommy’s love to take good boys to a hotel room.”

Dylan watched his mom teasingly sashay the foot of the big bed, her enormous naked tits heaving from their immense weight.

“Well, by offering me some extra motivation, she helped me beat the best swimmer in the state, and some other douche-bag from my school that I hate.”

Gabby gazed over at him lustfully, while squeezing her aroused nipple with her free hand. “Oh, the looks on their faces when you kicked their asses must have been priceless,” the mother said.

“It was.”

Gabby slipped out of her heels and crawled onto the big bed. Still holding the phone to her ear, the busty mother maneuvered over to her boy on her knees, her stiff-nippled boobies wobbling teasingly as she moved. “So now you’re alone with your mom. I would imagine she’s gonna fuck your brains out, am I right?” Gabby asked, straddling her boy and resting her warm bare pubis against the hard column of his cock.

“Yeah, I think you’re definitely right,” Dylan answered, as his eyes traveled up his mom’s naked torso, to her jutting giant-sized tits.

“How on earth did she ever get your father to agree to letting you two share a motel room for the night?”

“She told him I was going out with a few teammates to celebrate all night, and convinced him that she should chaperone...so we didn’t get into any unholy mischief,” Dylan explained.

Gabby giggled. “Fathers are such suckers. They’ll believe anything,” she said. “He’d die if he knew that what you were really doing was fucking his wife,” Gabby said, then lustfully drug her tongue across her top lip.

“True,” Dylan agreed, then watched his mom toss her phone aside, then bring her squishy chest down against his. She gazed into his eyes lustfully.

“Fuck your father’s wife, Dylan,” she whispered in a needful tone. “Fuck mommy!”

Their lips fused in an open oval and their tongues lashed wildly inside the boy’s mouth. While they frantically smooched, Gabby lifted her vulva from her son’s cock, reached down and grasped onto it.

“Mmm,” they both moaned at once as she fit his knob to her fuck-socket and it slowly sunk inside her.

“Oh, baby, you're so big!” the mother mewled, feeling his thick rigid meat stretch the slick pink walls of her vaginal tube. Gabby wasn't just saying that for show. It was easily the fattest prick she'd ever taken inside her snug cunt.

She continued dropping her cunt-hole around him. It seemed like she would never cram all his meat inside her, but she was enjoying every wonderful second of penetration. She gasped sharply, then buried her face in the crook of her son's neck, kissing and licking.

“Whoa!” the boy sighed, overwhelmed by the feel of his mom's warm smothering flesh on top of him, while feeling his boner sink straight to her tootsie-roll center.

Gabby lifted her upper-half on extended arms, that rested astride her boy's head as she started humping her horny cunt on the steely hardness of his prick. “Mm, you like that, baby boy? You like the feel of mom's hot cunt riding you?” she panted.

“Oh, hell yes!” he answered, watching her hanging boobs swing around, right above his ogling eyes.

“Watching you swim through that pool like a stud...all I could think about was how bad I wanted your hard cock-flesh inside me.”

“I was thinking about you the while time too,” Dylan confessed.

“Yeah? Were you thinking about mommy's hot cunt?” she asked, swiveling her wide hips and grinding on her son's blood-engorged pecker. “Were you thinking about how good it would feel around your tender hardon?”

“Definitely.”

“Buck your hips, honey!” the mother cooed, as she began plunging her pussy up and down his rod again. “Drive that hot dick up into me!”

Dylan bucked beneath her, meeting her thrusts and making their naked genitals beat together in a heated fuck. He pulled his mom down on top of him, so his face squeezed up into the canyon between her squishy jugs.

“Ahhh!” the boy sighed, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His mom's cuntal sleeve felt snug and warm and juicy around his plunging erection. He could feel the muscles along her pelvic floor squeezing his boner, compressing it exquisitely in the juicy tube of her vagina.

“You're gonna make me cum, aren't you?” his mom's shaky voice asked. “You're gonna make me cum all over your fat prick!”

“Are you not used to that?” her son asked, peeking up from between her rippling tits. He continued to hump steadily beneath her and making his boner flex with hardness. “Are you not used to cumming on a nice hard cock?”

“Not one THIS big and stiff,” his mom confessed. “My little pussy's getting ready to explode, it's so fucking happy right now!”

He wrapped her tightly in his arms and began beating his cock up into her like a madman. “Do it then, mom. Explode all over me!” he said lustfully.

He listened to her pretty voice moan, becoming louder and more intense with every passing second. He peeked up from between smothering mommy-melons and watched her arch her head back, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as her face twisted in pleasure.

“UUHHGGHH!!” the pretty mother howled as a body-trembling climax shot through her. His mom grunted like a savage animal, clawing at his shoulders.

“Oh, shit!” the boy sighed, his wonder-filled eyes suddenly going wide as he felt the mind-blowing sensations around his cock, unlike anything he'd ever felt before. *“Holy damn, what's going on in there?”* he thought. It felt like his mom's cunt-sleeve was folding inside-out around his slippery erection.

Letting out a sharp gasp, Gabby suddenly sat up and started bouncing on her boy's prick like she was riding a wild stallion.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, FUCK, YESS!” the mother cried, still reeling with orgasmic contractions.

Dylan watched his mom ride his dick like a Rodeo queen, mesmerized by the way her mammoth breasts leaped up and down, lewdly smacking together and making the fatty flesh ripple lusciously. He could hardly believe this was his sweet wholesome mom humping on his cock like the horniest girl alive.

“See something you like?” Gabby asked, referring to her giant bouncing tits as she smiled down at him.

“I sure do,” he answered, resisting the urge to reach out and squeeze them.

“Mommy's always have big bouncy tits for their boys to suck on,” the mother said in a sensual tone.

“I could suck on those for hours.”

“Careful what you wish for,” she said. “You have all night with mommy, remember?”

“Yeah.”

Gabby reached up with both hands and squeezed her giant jugs. “All night to fuck and suck on mommy...and make her squirt her hot juices all over you.”

Dylan gazed down between his mom's straddling legs, watching his juice-slickened cock pump in and out from between the engorged flanges of her outer folds. The fleshy hood of her clitoris jiggled each time it struck his pubic base.

“Wonderful!” he sighed, his eyes rolling back some as his cock flexed, making the pleasure centers around his glans even more sensitive.

“This mommy's ready to see how her champion-swimmer son can perform on top of her,” Gabby said, gazing down at him anxiously, while pumping her cunt tirelessly. “Do you think you can fuck mommy as hard and fast as you swam that race today?”

“I know I can,” the boy answered confidently.

“Can you be ‘laser focused’ on technique and stamina, so you can take your big breasted mother to the moon and back?”

“I'm ready when you are.”

Gabby dropped down flat on top of him, making her soft, heavy mammaries slap against his chest. "Make your move then, hotshot," she said.

Dylan quickly rolled her onto her back, taking the top position. He loved the enamored look on his mom's face as she widened the spread of her legs. Her expression was the same one the other girls he'd been sexual with had, just before he fucked them silly.

"Here we go!" Gabby anxiously thought, knowing she was about to be royally fucked. Her boy was all lean muscle, and in peak physical condition. He had the longest, fattest cock that her pussy had ever sheathed, and if his staying power was anything like his endurance in the pool, she knew she'd be cumming more times than she could count.

"Ahhh!" the mother's pretty voice sighed, feeling his manhood slice through her sensitive vaginal flesh all the way to the head of her womb.

The sex started like an earthquake, a few unsteady reeling motions, before quickly setting into to a serious rock and rumble.

Dylan brought his chest down against his mom's, crushing her tits between them. He humped his well-toned ass, driving the swollen spike of his prick into the burning heat of her pussy.

"Yes! Fuck mommy good!" Gabby gasped as she grimaced, feeling her cuntal grip squeeze and suck around her boy's stone-hard prick.

The pleasure-stricken mother bowed her legs apart as far as she could, pointing her knees towards opposite sides of the room, giving her big-dicked son plenty of space to pound against her crotch.

"Ahh-yeahh!" the teen whimpered, feeling his mom's long nails claw down his back. He suddenly took a mighty thrust, burying his cock to the balls inside her fuck-tunnel, so that every inch of his boner was encased by the slippery clinging walls of her pussy.

His mom squealed and furiously bucked her lovely ass from the mattress, making her creamy tits slosh between them as she pounded her cunt up for more hard humping.

"Fuck me hard, Dylan! I need to be fucked hard!" she gasped pleadingly.

Frantically, the boy beat his boner through her cunt-hole, fucking her as hard as he could. "Yess...fuck me like that!" Gabby screamed out. "OH FUCK, I LOVE THAT!!"

Dylan tilted his head up and took in the lewd scene around him as he continued fucking. He was amazed at how wide his mom's sexy legs were spread open. Her knees were nearly level with her shoulders, with her thick thighs completely bowed open and her dainty feet, with their sexy painted toenails, hovering in the air, bobbing around from the force of his fucking.

His mom gazed down at him with pleasure-filled eyes. "Ohh, my baby's such a good fucker!" she gasped. "He knows how to fuck mommy's horny pussy so hard!"

Lowering his head, Dylan caught one of her thick wobbling nipples in his mouth. His mom squealed as he slurped in as much tit-meat as he could get and sucked like a starving infant.

The sensations made Gabby see stars and a powerful climax swelled in the pit of her humping cunt. "I'm cumming!!" she cried out, fucking her ass up off the bed as hard as she could.

As her lush body jerked mindlessly, she tossed her sexy mommy-legs high around his midsection and squeezed him between them, trying to get as much of his prick in her creaming pussy as she could.

"OHH, YESSS!" her voice shouted in a grunting cry, gripping and cumming on the unyielding hardness of her boy's dick.

Her frantic groans rung out in Dylan's ear as the boy felt hot girl-cum gushing around his plunging cock. The pressure around his throbbing pink dong was wildly intense, as layers of ribbed flesh and muscular vaginal contractions massaged his prick exquisitely.

He knew of he could get through feeling her cum on him, without exploding himself, and continue fucking, he'd have her hooked for life.

"Oh, my word, how haven't you cum yet?" she gasped breathlessly. "You're incredible!"

This was just the boost of confidence the boy needed to continue thrusting his cock through her pussy. This time, his mom scissored her legs back in a huge spread-eagle, pointing her toes back at the headboard.

"Oh, wow!" the teen sighed. Never in a million years did he think he'd see his own church-going mother's legs spread open this way.

Over the next hour, they kissed passionately, while fucking like sex-starved newlyweds. Dylan's steely cock was like a piston of penile flesh, working through the cylinder of his mom's birthing tube, making it squeeze and secrete slippery fuck-oil all over his dreamy erection.

He felt his mom's legs tremble around him, and knew she was creaming once again. He had counted eleven times over the past hour that she had washed his dick with her orgasmic juices. He felt his own powerful climax swell in his prostate, while his glans tingled inside the smothering flesh of Gabby's pleated cuntal lining.

The gasping mother could feel her boy's knob swell even bigger and knew he was close to squirting his load. "Baby, mommy's not on birth control, but I don't care. Blast your hot cum inside me!" she cried out.

He pounded his peter through her with several more full-length pumps.

"Uhhgghh!" Dylan finally grunted, squirting what felt like a gallon of jism into the boner-milking grip of his mom's cunt. After bucking and writhing for several minutes, he finally collapsed between her cradling thighs.

"Oh, Dylan, that was incredible," his mom said softly, stroking the back of his head with her nails.

They rolled on their sides and Dylan sucked his mom tits for nearly an hour, before they were back to fucking. Their stay at the hotel was without an ounce of rest as they wrestling in passion until the sun came up the next day.

“Spencer put it in my ass this morning,” Violet confessed as her and Gabby had coffee, a week after the swim meet.

“What took you guys so long?” Gabby teased.

“Took us so long?”

“Yeah, Dylan's been fucking me up the ass, off and on, for the past three days.”

Violet giggled. “Is there ANYTHING you two haven't done in bed since the swim tournament?” she asked.

“We've done everything but get me pregnant, and I have a feeling we may check that box off too, if we keep going at it like we have been.”

“Our boys really are living the fantasy, aren't they?” Violet asked.

“Fantasy?”

“Yeah, the naughty mommy- fantasy that all those boys have that we talk to on the chat-line every day.”

“Yeah, you're right about that,” Gabby said, “and I suppose us wholesome church-going moms get to live out our wildest fantasies too.”

Violet fed her friend a mischievous grin. “We certainly do, don't we?”

THE END

