

**"Are you trying to take my sweater off with your eyes, hunny?" Rylee asked her son with a blushing grin.**

**They sat across from each other on the train, going across the city to meet her husband and college-aged daughter for dinner.**

**"Sorry," Joe uttered, his face red with embarrassment. His horny eyes always seemed to be drawn to his mom's oversized breasts like magnets. Today she wore a sweater that molded to her meaty melons like a second skin. The plunging neckline bared her deep, creamy tit-cleavage, which seemed to quiver like gelatin each time the train shook.**

**"Come over here and sit," Rylee said softly, patting the seat next to her.**

**Joe got up and sat next to his mom. They were alone in that section of the train and had about twenty-minutes left before arriving downtown. Rylee turned towards her boy and snuggled up close to him, mashing her spongy tits against his arm and the side of his chest.**

**The teen shuddered excitedly from both the feel of her squishy softness and the sweet fragrance of her perfume. His thrill-level only increased as his mom brought her lips to his ear. "You used to suck on these when you were a baby, you know?" she whispered, then pushed her meaty mounds into him with more pressure, making them distend out at the sides between them.**

**"I wish I could remember doing that," Joe replied, making his mom giggle.**

**"Your eyes would always get SO big when I unfastened my bra and lowered my boobs towards you."**

**"Well, you can't really blame me for looking at them now then, if that's what I got to experience every day when I was little."**

**"A boys fascination with his mom's breasts never goes away, hunny. It's perfectly natural, and there are a couple times in his life that he gets to enjoy them in ways other than just looking," Rylee expressed.**

**"A couple times?"**

**"Yes...that bonding time when he's a baby and breastfeeding. Then, when he turns eighteen, he'll have a year or so to give them attention before going off to college."**

**Joe took a moment to process what she was saying. He had only turned eighteen a week ago and he really wanted his mom to expound upon the comment she'd just made. "What do you mean by 'give them attention,' when I turn eighteen?" he asked.**

**"Well, hunny...you're technically old enough now to give my breasts attention in a whole new way. This time, instead of relying on them for nourishment, you can use them for your own sexual gratification."**

**"Seriously?!" the boy gasped, his heart-rate increasing tremendously.**

**"Yes. We have all summer home alone together. You can take your time and really explore them. That includes sucking and chewing on my nipples," Rylee explained.**

**"You'd really let me do that?!"**

**"Of course," she smiled, showing her gleaming white teeth. "Imagine how much better your masturbation sessions will be, while your face is buried under mom's big, heavy breast, while you stroke off."**

**"Damn!" the boy gasped in disbelief.**

**"Or you can place that young penis between my jugs and tit-fuck me. Would you like that?"**

**"Are you sure you're not just messing with me, mom?" Joe breathed.**

**Rylee burst out laughing. "Do I have to let my boy have a little sample right now to show that I'm not 'messaging' with him?" she teased.**

**"Sure!" Joe answered, looking around to make sure there were no other passengers in sight.**

**"Don't worry, hunny. We're in a private area. Which boob do you want...my right or my left?"**

**"Oh, um...the right one," Joe answered, completely awestruck that this was even happening. His mom had never been prim and proper by any means, but he never expected her to give him free access to her giant tits.**

**Rylee nudged him back on the seat. "Rest on your back. I'm gonna lay on top of you," she directed.**

**Once Joe was sprawled back on the seat, his mom crawled on top of him, placing her knees astride his hips. She lifted her sweater on one side, then the black, embroidered cup of her bra, letting her right boob spill out and dangle heavily above the boy's ogling eyes. Joe's hardened cock flexed beneath his pants as he stared at his mom's fatty breast. It was capped with a wide, dusky-pink areola and an extremely turgid nipple protruded from its center.**

**"Why don't you start with the soft underside, hunny, then work your way up to my nipple," the mother suggested, then lowered her squishy udder onto her boy's face.**

**Joe followed her direction, delightfully masking his wonder-filled face against the dough-like softness of her under-breast. He kissed his way up the creamy contour of her tit-flesh, arriving at the nipple and latching on.**

**"Ohhh!" Rylee squealed, not used to having her teat sucked on so aggressively. Her denim skirt had ridden up her hips some so that it**

was just her panty-covered crotch that made contact with her boy's groin. Her body shuddered from the feel of his raging erection crushing up against the lips of her labium.

Joe's face sunk into the fatty meat of her breast. He spread his lusty lips out, trying desperately to seal them around the fringe of her areola, but it was just too Goddamn wide. He sectioned in his cheeks, drawing her engorged nipple even deeper inside his mouth and attacking it with his tongue.

"Ohh, that's perfect, hunny. Just like that," his mom cooed as his oral affection sent tingles of arousal to her quivering vagina.

She wrapped his head in her arms, cradling him tightly, causing his face to sink even deeper into the pillowy softness of her tit. Joe could hardly breathe he was smothered so wonderfully. He snorted like a lusty dog as he gorged himself on the rubbery flesh of her papilla.

The boy could hardly believe he was laying under the weight of his own mom's tit, sucking on the supple tip. Her puffy vulva was pushing against his boner and he could feel the heat radiating from her pleasure pit, warming his tender prick through his pants. Their hips moved slowly and instinctively, grinding their engorged crotches together in a subtle dry fuck.

*"His penis feels so hard...an his lips and tongue feel incredible!"* the mother thought, cradling her boy tight.

Joe let out a slobbering gasp, his face sunk to the center of his mom's mammary, smothered by fatty and fibrous tissue. He clamped his teeth down around her rubbery teat, feeling her luscious body react with a shudder on top of him.

The sudden mix of pain and pleasure really set Rylee's hips in motion. She began to grind against her boy's steely cock with even greater intensity, making the rounded globes of her thronged ass buck up and down. The feel of his flexing love-muscle against her throbbing,

grape-sized, clit was almost more than she could bear. For a moment, Rylee pondered what such a strong, teenage cock would feel like thundering through the horny tube of her vagina. The trains whistle announced the next stop, snapping the mother from her passionate pole-dance. "Let's get off the train!" Rylee blurted.

"Get off?" the boy asked, his face flush and his breathing rapid.

"Let's go back home. I want more of this. Lots more."

"What about dinner with dad?"

"We'll tell him that you got sick or something. Besides, your sister hasn't seen him for awhile. It'll give the two of them a chance to catch up," the mother stated.

When the train stopped, they made a quick exit. Luckily, they only had to wait a few minutes for the train that would take them back home, where a night of tremendous sexual pleasure awaited them.