

### Chapter 3: Preparing their asses

"Spoon with me, sweetheart," Sara said, backing her thonged ass to her son's midsection.

"Sure," Daniel muttered, feeling her big meaty buns press against his erect penis. He had briefs on, but the contact was electric.

"That's better. Comfy right?" she asked.

"For sure."

"You're lucky. I'm sure a lot of boys would like to be in bed spooning with their Mothers right now." Sara said, then peeked back at him with a naughty little smile. "Pressing their erection right between her soft ass-cheeks, just like you're doing."

"It feels good," Daniel blushed, his heart hammering away in his chest.

"Imagine how good it would feel if you didn't have briefs on," Sara said, letting her eyes linger on his. "And I got that thong out of your way."

Daniel's breath shivered with excitement. "That would, um...yeah, that would definitely feel great."

"You know, Rachel and I have been talking and...well, she knows about a program that helps young guys like you to cope with not having a girlfriend," Sara explained.

"To cope?"

"Well, yeah, you know, cope sexually. I'm sure the idea of using your hand and going back to draining your load into a cum-rag isn't the most exciting thing to look forward to."

Daniel blushed a bit. "No...not as fun as the real thing, that's for sure."

"So you'd rather have the real thing...while you're single?"

"Yeah, I wouldn't complain," he muttered.

"So instead of doing it the old fashioned way, how would you feel about Rachel and I letting you use our asses to keep your balls drained?"

Daniel's mouth fell open. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, it's called assturbation and apparently it's pretty common now among Mothers and Sons."

"So, it's like butt-sex or something?"

"Or something," Sara giggled. "It's not the same as getting intimate. We'd have to keep the

sessions very clinical and as dispassionate as possible. Do you think you could do that?"

"I could try. Would dad or Michael know what we're doing?"

"Well, that's the other thing we'd have to be cautious about. It's not that we'd be doing anything wrong. Like I said, we're not getting intimate, so it's not the same as cheating on a spouse, but you know your father, he's very old fashioned. I could explain the logic in this to him until I'm blue in the face, but it would be falling on deaf ears."

"So he won't know about it?"

"No and neither will your older brother. Our sessions have to be very discreet."

"I can do that?"

Sara's face lit up. "So it's a go?"

"Yeah, I'll do it," Daniel said.

She reached back and stroked his cheek. "Oh honey, that's wonderful."

"Should we hug?" Daniel asked.

Sara smiled. "Should we?" she asked.

"Well, that's usually what two people do, when they're excited about something."

"True, but...I don't have a bra on and this babydoll nightie is VERY thin. If we hug, it's gonna feel like my boobs are almost naked against your chest. I'm just forewarning you."

"It's just a hug, right. Not like we'd be doing anything wrong."

"Oh, I know honey, it's just...well, they're really big, I don't want things to get awkward," Sara said.

"I'm aware that you have big boobs, Mom."

"I'm sure you are," she said teasingly, "I just want to make sure we don't wander into dangerous territory. Dispassionate, remember?"

Daniel smiled. "It's just a hug, Mom."

"Oh I know, you're right. Come here," Sara said, sitting up and pulling him to his elbows. She rose up on her knees, then leaned forward, hugging him. Daniel gasped out loud as he felt her huge Mommy-melons flatten like soft dough against his bare chest. "Whoa," he muttered, making her giggle.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "You ok?"

The gauzy fabric was so thin, she might as well have been wearing nothing at all.. "Yeah, it's

just... they're so squishy and warm."

Sara giggled some more. "I warned you."

"Can I lay back?" Daniel asked, "onto my back?"

"Go ahead."

"You'll keep hugging me?"

"I'm not going anywhere," she answered sweetly.

Daniel lowered himself onto his back. Sara followed, spreading her curvy body out on top of him. He could feel the thick nubs of her hard nipples through the nightie. The smell of her sweet perfume was intoxicating.

Her soft voice whispered in his ear. "Do you like this, sweetheart?"

"Yeah, a lot," he muttered, wondering if his Mom could feel his excited heartbeat.

"Hug me tighter, Daniel. Put your arms around me. Squeeze my body really tight against yours."

He didn't have to be asked twice. He wrapped her in his arms and squeezed tightly, mashing her tits even more against him. His cock flexed against her panty-covered mons. "Ohh my God," he muttered, "best hug ever."

Sara lifted her head, looking down at him. "I agree, but staying this way for too long, could get a Mother and Son in real trouble. Our business will be done from the back, with you behind me. So, why don't we spoon again for awhile, that way we can get acquainted with each other that way," she said.

"Ok," Daniel muttered, following his Mom back into the spooning position. They snuggled in tight beneath the blankets, Sara's meaty half-globes smothering the bulge of Daniel's erection.

"Here, slide your arm under me," she said.

Daniel brought his arm under and the Mother interlaced her fingers with his as she held his hands against her soft bare tummy. He pressed his cock deep in the crack of her ass, rubbing the strip of her thong that ran across her asshole.

Sara reacted, gyrating her ass against his prick. Soon their bodies rocked and jerked in steady dry hump. Daniel's bed creaked repeatedly from their heated movements. "You made the right decision, sweetheart," Sara panted. "Do you see how good it feels already and your boner isn't even buried inside me yet."

"Ohh my God, I'm gonna love it," he gasped, digging his erection into the crack of her ass.

His plumb-sized knob was throbbing like crazy beneath his briefs as it pushed against the

crinkled lips of her asshole. Precum was beginning to seep through the fabric as it weeped from his aroused piss-slit.

"I know you'll love it sweetie. Rachel and I will tighten our asses and make it so good for you," Sara said, rocking her buttocks back, meeting his thrusting motions. "You'll squirt load after load."

"Ohh damn, Mom," the teen muttered, backing off before he came in his briefs. Sara followed him, thrusting her butt back against his dick. "Ohhh, you're liking that aren't you sweetie-bear?"

"Jesus, yesss," he whimpered, rolling onto his back. "If we don't stop, I'll cum."

Determined to milk him, Sara slid her ass up onto his lap and continued grinding. Her back was now against his chest, rocking her hips, continuing to rub his cock-bulge between her soft buns. Her big fleshy tits rocked beneath her nightie as she humped against her son. "It's normal to feel good, sweetie. Just squirt into your briefs, it's ok."

Daniel was about to cum when they were both suddenly startled by the doorbell. "Who the hell?" the teen gasped.

"Good question," Sara said, climbing out of bed and slipping her robe back on.

The doorbell chimed again before the busty Mother could get to it. She peeked out the peephole, then opened the door to find the neighbor, Margaret standing there. The scowling woman spouted out before Sara could even speak. "I know what you're up to in there. Disgusting."

"Excuse me?" Sara answered, glaring at Margaret as if she were crazy.

"Next time you crawl into bed with your own son, wearing sleazy lingerie, maybe you should pull the shades closed first."

Sara opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out but "Ugh."

"Maybe your husband is the one I should be speaking to. I bet he has no idea you're sneaking into your son's bed like a depraved slut."

The stairway light clicked on behind her and Sara looked back to see Dan Senior at the top of the stairs. "Honey, who's at the door?"

Sara looked back at Margaret and faked a sweet voice. "Ok, well thanks for letting me know. Goodnight," she said loudly, then closed the door.

"Who was that?" Dan Senior asked.

"The neighbor lady. I guess um...one of our empty garbage cans rolled into their yard again," Sara lied.

"She couldn't tell us that in the morning? It's one a.m."

Sara started up the stairs. "I know, right? Rude!" she said, shaking her head.

Daniel peeked out his doorway as his parents passed by his bedroom. "Everything ok?"

"Oh yeah, just the neighborhood do-gooder doing her midnight rounds," Dan Senior said.

Sara smiled at her son. "Everything's fine, sweetie. Go back to sleep," she said with a wink.

"Oh ok, um...goodnight," Daniel said, watching his Mom a moment.

Sara trailed her husband to their bedroom. After he disappeared inside, she paused at the door and gazed back at her son. Daniel watched his Mom reach down and casually lift the hem of her robe, exposing her thonged buttocks. Her thick tan ass crowned her smooth curvy legs and looked so sexy and inviting. He marveled at the way the fabric of the thong disappeared between her buns. Sara blew him a quick kiss before disappearing inside her bedroom.

Rachel was cooking breakfast when Michael walked in looking over a small empty box. "What's this. I found it in the trash. Crystal beads?" he asked.

"Maybe a better question is...why are you going through the garbage?" Rachel asked, her heart pounding nervously.

"I wasn't going through the garbage, I just saw it laying there on top, so I was curious."

"They're just beads, Michael. Here, grab some eggs before they get cold."

Michael pulled instructions from the box and read. "Let your sexual pleasure linger with this extra long set of crystal beads."

Rachel huffed, then stepped over and snatched the items from her husband, throwing them away. "You're gonna be late if you don't hurry and eat something."

"Pleasure beads huh? You usually tell me when you buy new toys."

"I was gonna tell you, I just forgot this time."

"Can I see them?."

"No," Rachel said..

"Why would you buy pleasure beads?"

"Women buy them all the time, it's not that big of a deal," Rachel said.

"Can I just see what they look like. I'm curious."

"No, you can't. Just...I'll show you later, Michael. Please, just eat something."

"I will. I just wanna check 'em out. Are they in your dresser?"

"No, they're not," Rachel answered.

"Well where are they?"

"They're in my ass, alright. I'll show you later tonight."

Michael fed her a strange look. "They're in your ass, like right now?"

"Yes, right now."

"Rachel, why would you be walking around with beads in your ass?"

"Because that's what you do with beads. You put them in your cunt or your ass, then you go about your day."

"Ok.." he said with a snicker. "How the hell do you get them out when you're finished?"

Rachel giggled. "Are you serious? You've never seen a set of anal beads before?"

"Well I've heard of them, but..."

Rachel reached under her robe and peeled off her little pink panties. "I'll show you, but then you need to go or you're gonna be late," she said, then sat down and reclined back. She threw her legs back in the air, scissoring them open. Michael's wife exercised daily and he was amazed at how limber she was.

The thick lips of her shaved cunt were baby-smooth. Her meaty butt-cheeks were slightly spread and Michael saw a tiny string attached to a ring, sticking from her butthole. "When you're ready to take them out, you just grab the ring and pull the string. Then one by one, out they come."

"How many beads are in there?" Michael asked, fascinated by what he was seeing.

"Six."

"Make one come out," he said.

"Michael no, you've seen enough."

"Just one. I wanna see what they look like."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Fine, just one. The rest are staying in there. Pull the string," she said.

Michael awkwardly grabbed the ring and tugged. Rachel's asshole bulged out, then slowly opened, squeezing out a ping-pong sized glass ball from her ass. "Jesus, you have six of those in there? he asked in disbelief.

Rachel giggled. "Well, five now."

"Promise me this doesn't have anything to do with what we talked about the other day."

"Which was what exactly?" Rachel asked.

"You know, the whole 'assturbation' thing, with Daniel."

Rachel laughed.. "I can see how it might look like that. I mean, women do use anal beads to help their ass-muscles get prepared for vigorous anal sex."

"And that's not what this is right? I mean, we put that whole ridiculous idea to bed?"

"I promise, when your brother is NOT finished fucking your Mother in the ass today, he IS NOT coming over here to ram his dick up my ass too," she joked.

"Rachel, come on, I'm serious..

"Relax, I'm joking. Slip the bead back inside my ass and get to work. You're gonna be late," she said.

Michael shoved the bead back into her. Her buttohole closed hungrily around it. "I can't believe you have six of those beads crammed in there."

Rachel stood to her feet. "We can buy another set for you if you want?" she joked.

Michael shook his head. "Oh hell no," he said, making his wife laugh.

Later that morning, Sara and Rachel were out having their morning walk along the park. Both Moms wore snug tops and sexy yoga pants, showing off their luscious curves.

"What a nosy bitch. I can't believe she was looking in Daniel's window," Rachel said.

"I know and she had the worst timing. Daniel was seconds away from cumming in his briefs. We had a pretty steady dry hump going."

"That's so awesome. I mean, not that he didn't get to cum, but that he's completely on board with getting his dick in your ass."

"Well, yeah, I know he's ready. The question is am I? It's been five years since I had anal and I've never taken a cock as big as Daniel's in my ass," Sara said.

"Sara, you'll do fine. Did you try your eight-inch dildo yesterday?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah, it took a little time...and lots of lube, but it went all the way in," she smiled proudly.

"See, you got this. These vibrating bullets will help too," Rachel said, feeling the bullet buzz away deep in her bowels as they took their walk. "They'll relax our sphincter muscles and prepare our asses for penetration."

Sara pulled the remote to her bullet from her pocket. The tiny wire ran down into her yoga pants, between her butt-cheeks and through the tight crinkled ring of her asshole. She gripped the bullet tightly in the tube of her ass-tract, feeling the vibration along her inner walls. "What do you have yours set on?"

"Right now I have it pulsing," Rachel said, then looked at her phone.

Sara tried that setting, making the bullet pulse repetitively in her ass. "Not sure why I didn't buy me one of these a long time ago. It feels amazing," Sara said.

Rachel finished reading a text. "Ok, Heather texted back. We're good to go for this afternoon. Two-thirty, at her house."

Two young guys in a truck slowed down as they prepared to pass by the Mothers. The yoga pants were stretched across Rachel and Sara's meaty behinds and the guys watched their thick buns undulate sexily as the women walked.

The driver honked and the other guy let out a wolf-whistle. "Sounds like our asses are getting someone's approval," Rachel said with a smile.

Sara sighed nervously. "Oh my God, I can't believe we're actually gonna do this. I hope it feels good for Daniel, I really do."

"How could it not, we've both been doing like a million ass-kegals the past two days. He probably won't even last a minute," Rachel said, making them both laugh.

"Probably true," Sara said. "I'm gonna text him to let him know."

"Hey sweetie, appointment for our first session at 2:30 today. Better be ready mister! " she texted.

A half-a-minute later she got a text back. "Session?" it said. It was from Dan Senior.

Sara looked at it in horror. "Oh shit," she muttered, as she stopped walking.

Rachel stopped also. "What's wrong?"

"I accidentally sent the text to Dan," Sara muttered.

"Husband Dan? Oh God, you didn't, Sara. What did you say?"

"I told him we had a session. He's asking me what session. What should I say?" she asked in a panic.

"You can't tell him the text was meant for Daniel. He may figure out something's up."

Sara thought about it for a moment. "Wait, I know. I'll tell him it was meant for you...that we have a nail session at 2:30," she said, texting her husband back.

"Good thinking."

Sara got a return text from her husband. She read it out loud "Since when is Rachel a Mister?"

"What? Sara, what did you text him," Rachel said, taking the frazzled Mother's phone. "Oh my God, Sara. You said 'better be ready, mister' in your first text. How could that be meant for me?"

"Oh Jesus, I don't know, I wasn't thinking. What do I do?" she said, reaching for her phone.

"Just..." Rachel said, turning away with Sara's cell, "let me handle this. I'm clearly a better liar than you are."

Sara looked on nervously, as Rachel and her husband shot a couple messages back and forth.

"There, it's fixed, just don't say anything else to him," Rachel said, handing her back the phone.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you meant 'sister' not 'mister,' and blamed it on auto-correct," Rachel said.

"Ohh, smart thinking. Now let's see if I can text the right person this time," Sara said as she messaged her son.

Later that day, Sara's neighbor, Margaret and her husband were out front of their house planting flowers. "No, the red ones go over there, white ones over here by me," she bitched.

"Does it really matter?" Bob asked.

Margaret snatched the flower container from him. "Yes, it does."

As she planted the flower, Margaret watched Sara and Daniel walk out onto their driveway to get in Sara's SUV. The busty mother was wearing a sexy black halter-dress and high heeled mules. They stopped for a moment and Sara took her son's hands. "Don't be nervous, ok. You're gonna do great and it's gonna feel amazing," Margaret heard Sara say.

Sara looked over to see the nosy neighbor watching her. She guiltily let her son's hand go and flashed Margaret a dirty look as her and Daniel got in the SUV.

"Did you hear what she said to him? They're up to something," Margaret said.

Her husband looked up from what he was doing to what his wife was focused on. "Margaret, just mind your own business and plant your flowers."

Margaret stood up and brushed the soil from her hands, watching Sara's vehicle back from the driveway. "She's dressed like a floozy. They're up to something and I'm gonna find out what."

Bob watched his wife march towards her own vehicle. "Where are you going?"

"I'm following them."

"Come on, Margaret, don't be crazy," Bob said.

"She's the crazy one, not me," Margaret said, then slammed her door and backed out of the driveway.

Once on the road, Margaret caught up to the Mother and Son and followed at a cautious distance. "Where are you two sneaking off to?" she said out-loud.

She followed them across town to Rachel's house. Margaret watched the hot blonde get in to Sara's vehicle. Like Sara, Rachel was in a sexy dress and heels. Margaret shook her head. "An accomplice. She's probably fooling around with him too. Disgraceful," Margaret said out-loud as if she had someone in the car with her.

She continued to trail them through a maze of neighborhoods, until they finally pulled into a driveway. Margaret stayed in her car, a few houses down and watched them all go inside.

"Hey," Rachel said, hugging her friend. "Heather, this is Sara and her son Daniel."

Heather and Sara hugged. "Welcome," Heather said sweetly. "Come in, come in."

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led them from the foyer, into the living room where her own son was playing a video game on his phone. "Nick, we need some privacy, honey."

"Sure thing, Mom," he said, jumping up. "Hey, man," Nick said, passing Daniel. The two weren't friends, but recognized each other from school.

Daniel noticed birthday decorations everywhere, balloons and banners in the living room and the foyer. "Is it someone's birthday today?" he asked.

Heather giggled. "I hope not," she said.

Daniel looked at his Mom, confused, as he sat on the sofa between Sara and Rachel. They each took one of Daniel's hands and held it on their laps. Heather sat across from them. "So, Daniel, what do you know about assturbation?"

He answered timidly. "Only what my Mom told me, that it's like anal sex and takes the place of masturbation."

Heather smiled. "Exactly right. Don't mistake it for sex though. Rachel and your Mother are merely providing you with what I call objects of penetration."

"Alright," the teen nodded.

"I hear you're pretty much an anal virgin, is that right?"

"I tried it once, but didn't get very far," Daniel said.

"Well, girls your age are rarely willing to endure a little pain so that a guy can get his nuts off. Women our age are different though. We don't shy away guys who have big dicks," Heather said.

Daniel felt both his Mom and Rachel squeeze his hands tightly. Heather gazed at him with her alluring chestnut-brown eyes, her full lips curling into a naughty smile. "Is that what you are, Daniel? Are you a guy with a big dick?"

Daniel felt all the women's eyes on him as they waited for his answer. "I um..I guess so," he muttered.

"Would you mind if we rubbed your dick and balls through your pants, to get it nice and hard before you show us. When you take it out, we want it to be at its absolute hardest."

"Sure, no, I don't mind," he said, making the Moms giggle.

Heather knelt down between his legs. Sara and Rachel turned towards him and they all began to feel his teenage cock through his pants. Daniel sighed as he looked down and watched the three pretty hands with their long painted nails and sparkling wedding rings fondle his dick and balls.

Rachel squeezed his knob with her fingers. "It's growing," she said with a mischievous smile.

"I would be worried if it wasn't," Sara giggled.

Heather and Sara both massaged the expanding stalk at the base of his shaft, their fingers kneading the tender meat. "Feel the muscles expanding?" Heather said to Sara.

"My God, it's hardening so fast," Sara said in awe as she felt the big bulging veins began to pop out. Daniel shared a quick look with her and she smiled proudly.

Heather fondled his nuts as if measuring the amount of cum they contained. "They're so full. It feels like he needs a serious assturbation session."

"Probably well overdue," Rachel said, as her and Sara rubbed the thick cylinder of meat beneath his pants.

Heather looked at Sara. "Mom, why don't you unzip him. Let's get this thick young dick ready for penetration."

Daniel's heart pounded with excitement as he watched his Mom unbutton his pants. She unzipped him and Heather quickly tugged them down. Before she could pull them off his legs, Sara and Rachel were hurriedly pushing off his briefs. Daniel's big hardon sprung out, the knob purple and angry.

"Ohhh," Sara sighed, as she stared wide-eyed, her asshole throbbing in her panties.

"My God," Rachel muttered, gazing at the long sturdy erection..

Heather pulled at his scrotum, making his dick stick straight up hard and proud. Big protruding veins criss-crossed up the thick hardened muscle. "I was right, he is a big boy," she said.

Unlike Sara, Rachel didn't hesitate to circle her fist around it and squeeze on the rigid prick. She glanced at Sara in awe. "Feel how fucking hard he is," she said, her voice filled with wicked thrill.

Sara joined her, wrapping her tiny hand around her son's stalk. "Oh my...," the Mother said in complete adoration. Even with the two fists circling him, Daniel had a good portion of his cock sticking out. Heather added her fist to the group, so there were now three stacked on top of each other. "Wow, he's a three-fister," she said, then reached over with her free hand and grabbed a big bottle of lube. She used her thumb to pop the cap off. "Shall we lube him up," she said.

Outside, Margaret continued to sit there in her vehicle, growing more restless by the minute. "This is nonsense. I can't just sit here and let those bitches take advantage of that young man," she said out loud, then looked at her phone. "Fuck it," she said, then dialed a number.

A person on the other end picked up. "Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?"

#### **Chapter 4 - A tight slippery detour**

A sexy short-haired blonde named Stephany sat in her vehicle across the street from Heather's house. Her son Bobby sat next to her, playing on his phone. "How long do we have to sit here?" he asked.

"Until they're finished, darling. You know how this works," Stephany said.

"We don't use lookouts during our sessions."

"That's because we've been doing it for awhile. We're a little better than the newcomers when it comes to being discreet."

Bobby laughed. "Except that time when dad almost caught us," he said.

She fed him a half-smile. "You just had to bring that up, didn't you?"

Back inside Heather's house, Daniel was now standing. The Mothers were circled around him, their slippery hands coating his hard cock with a substantial amount of lube. The teen looked down in awe as three pretty hands slithered, squeezed and stroked all over his prick as it stuck out, straight as an arrow. "Ohh wow," he muttered, feeling his glans tingle.

"Lots of lubrication is the key ingredient to great assturbation, Daniel," Heather said, coating the thick base, then squeezing her lubed hand over his smooth nut-sack. "I think he's ready ladies, if you wanna strip and lube your assholes."

Sara and Rachel began undressing. Heather spread a large white towel out onto her carpeted floor. "Stroke your dick while you watch them strip, Daniel. Keep yourself nice and hard," she said.

Daniel's squeezed his slippery knob while watching his Mom and Rachel remove the skirts. He marveled at the sexy panties they were wearing. His Mom's panties were black bikini-style that moulded around her snatch. Nearly a third of her tan meaty ass-cheeks seeped out from under the lacy hems. Rachel wore a tiny white thong, which left little to the imagination. She slipped the thin straps over her hips, down her curvy legs, then stepped out of them. Daniel got a good look at the V of her shaved mons, before she turned slightly, presenting her big naked ass for his wide eyes. "Daaamn," the teen muttered..

"You ok over there, Daniel?" Rachel asked, peeking back as she unbuttoned her blouse.

"Yeah, I'm good." he sighed, beating his boner to the site of her.

"You're good huh? We'll see about that," Rachel said with a wink.

His attention turned to his Mom as she peeled her panties off. He watched them slip down her strong mature legs and drop to her little bare feet. A neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned the smooth plump folds of her pudenda . She smiled at him sweetly as she turned to give him a terrific view of her smooth meaty Mommy-ass.

Daniel shivered with arousal, his dick flexing in his slippery fist. He knew if he didn't ease up, he'd be cumming before he even got his cock in their asses.

Rachel shed her halter dress the rest of the way off and both her and Rachel stood there in just their bras. Daniel eyes got even bigger. Both women had huge tits and there was an obscene amount of tit-meat spilling out the cups of the bras.

Sara smiled at Rachel. "Here we go," she said, a bit nervously. "Who's first?"

"You are, of course. You're his Mother. Get into position and I'll help lube you up," Rachel said.

Sara dropped down to her hands and knees, thrusting her naked ass back towards her cock-stroking son. Daniel's heart was about beating out of his chest. His own Mom's hot ass was pointed back at him, the pink crinkled ring of her butthole clearly throbbing between her ass-globes.

Rachel knelt down beside her and spread some lube over Sara's butthole. She smiled up at Daniel who was watching and stroking at the same time. "She's ready for you, sweetheart," Rachel said, pulling open Sara's butt-cheeks.

With her ass spread open, the sexy brunette Mother peeked back at her son through long fluttering lashes. From Daniel's vantage-point, her pretty face hovered just beyond her big tan ass-cheeks. With her buns spread apart, the teen watched the rubbery ring of her asshole pulse

with anticipation. Rachel look at it, then smiled at him. "It's throbbing. Her asshole is throbbing for your big dick, Daniel," she said.

Heather stepped up behind the teen, her fat tits brushing against his back. Daniel felt her hot breath at his ear. "Mount it, Daniel. It's yours. Assturbate as long and as hard and as fast as you want," she said, pushing him forward.

The teen knelt down, almost beside himself with lust. He crawled back behind his Mother, mounting her haunches. His eyes traveling between her eager face and rounded ass. The next time he looked up at her she fed him a tender Motherly smile. "Take your time and enjoy yourself, sweetie. It's all for you."

His cock throbbed, his breath heavy and excited. He slid forward, grasping his prick and positioning the fat juicy knob right up against his Mom's puckered butt-ring. Rachel let go of Sara's ass, but continued kneeling there beside him. She watched the teen look over at her bra-clad breasts and gaze down at the immense canyon of cleavage.

He set his sights back on his Mom's ass, then slowly pushed his hips forward, watching the rubbery ring of her asshole expand as it began to slip wetly over his bulbous tip.

Heather's phone rang, breaking the tense silence. "Wait!" she said, putting her hand on Daniel's shoulder, then answering her cell. "What is it?" she said.

Stephany, the Mother parked out front, answered from the other end. "It's a police car, right out front.."

"Shit," Heather muttered. "Initiate surprise birthday party."

"Got it," Stephany said.

Outside, the two officers, a male and female stepped up to Margeret's window. "Hi, were you the one that called?"

"Yes, that house there," Margaret pointed. "I'm as almost certain there's a group of women having sex with a young man in there," she said.

"This...young man. Is he underage?"

"No, I think he's eighteen, but one of the women is his Mother. As far as I know there are laws against incest, am I right?" Margaret said.

The two officers looked at each other, the woman cop rolling her eyes. "We'll check things out, ma'am," the male officer said.

The two cops crossed the street, went to Heather's door and rang the bell. They were about to ring it a second time when Heather answered. She wasn't alone. The two other Moms and all their sons were grouped by the door, adorned with balloons and birthday hats. "SURPRISE!" they

shouted.

Heather quickly faked a confused look. "Wait, um, hi...can I help you?"

The two officers glanced at one another, feeling completely awkward. The female cop spoke up first. "No, sorry, there was apparently a misunderstanding," she said.

"What type of misunderstanding?" Heather asked, then suddenly looked passed the officers. "Shit, they're here," she said.

The officers turned and saw Stephany and her son Bobby walking up the driveway. The male officer quickly looked back at Heather. "We won't spoil the surprise. Have a nice day," he said.

The cops crossed the road, listening to the group shout "SURPRISE" a second time.

"Well?" Margaret asked, watching the officers approach.

"Birthday party, ma'am. That's all that's going on in there," the male officer said.

"No, you don't understand. I heard her tell him he'd feel good when he got over here. I saw her the other night, in her son's bedroom, crawling into bed with him, wearing next to nothing," Margret exclaimed.

The female cop glared at her. "Ma'am, we're through here. Have a nice day," she said sternly.

Back in the house, Heather, Sara and Rachel stood at her window looking out at Margaret .

"Bitch," Sara said.

"Cunt," Rachel added.

"Who is she?" Heather asked.

Sara answered. "My neighbor. She...she saw me through the window, getting into bed with Daniel the other night. Now, apparently, she's determined to prove that we're doing something inappropriate," she said, then noticed that the other ladies were smiling at her. "Ok, which we are. We are doing something inappropriate, but it's none of her fucking business."

Heather smile reassuringly.. "It's ok, Sara, this is why we have lookouts. Ladies, this is Steph and her son Bobby. They've been doing assturbation sessions for about a year. They were parked up front today as lookouts for us, in case just such a thing were to happen. Although usually, it's to watch out for a husband coming home early, I've never actually had the cops show up before," Heather said, taking another look out her shades.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault," Sara said, "I guess we should probably try this again sometime at a more discreet location maybe?"

Heather nodded. "Let me think on that. My brother has a beach cottage, just outside of town.

There's never anyone there. Let me see what I can do for tomorrow."

On the way back, Rachel was fuming in the backseat. "I can't believe she flowed us there. Crazy stupid stalker bitch," she said.

"I know. It's hard enough doing this behind Dan's back. Now I have to worry about my nosy fucking neighbor too?" Sara said as she drove.

As they griped, Daniel looked over at his Mom's sexy tan legs. Her dress had bunched up as she sat, nearly to her crotch. Her legs looked so strong and smooth.

Sara noticed him staring. She looked down at the protruding lump in his pants, then her and her son's eyes met. A sympathetic frown washed across her face. "Ohh honey, I'm sorry," she said.

"It's not your fault, Mom."

"I would say let's have an assturbation session at my place, but Michael should be home soon," Rachel said.

"I know, Dan too," Sara said with a frustrated sigh.

They pulled up to Rachel's place. "I'll text you the second I hear back from Heather about tomorrow," Rachel said.

"Thanks, Rach, love you," Sara said.

Sara glanced over at her son in concern as they started home. "Are you ok, honey."

"Yeah, just bummed..That's the second time our neighbor lady has interpreted just before...well, you know."

Sara squeezed the steering wheel. "Damn it, this isn't fair at all," then she made a sudden left turn.

"Where are we going?" Daniel asked.

"To Katie's Cove. There's some private parking spots there along the beach. We can have an assturbation session just fine in the back seat."

Daniel glanced back second row. "Katie's Cove? Didn't they just build a big resort there?"

"Oh shit, you're right. Well, we'll just have to find another spot. We need lubrication first," the Mother said, pulling in to pharmacy parking lot.

A few minutes later Sara stepped up to the register with her son and a big bottle of lubrication. The cashier picked it up to scan it, smiling suddenly. "Hi...Sara right?"

Sara gave the woman a blank stare. "Do we um...know each other?"

"Our husbands work together. We met at the company Christmas party," the cashier said.

"Oh right, um...yeah... Diane, right?"

"Joanne. How have you been?"

Sara glanced at the bottle in Joanne's hand, then at her son uncomfortably. "Good, just busy being a Mom and doing um, Mom things."

A line began to form behind them. "Hi Daniel," a lady close to his Mom's age said as she stepped up behind them, setting her hand-basket down. It was his English teacher. She had long dirty-blond hair and an amazing rack.

"Oh, hi Misses Davis," he said uncomfortably.

Sara glanced at her awkwardly. "Really? Are you fucking kidding me right now?" she thought to herself.

Joanne started laughing. "Remember that drunk idiot Dave at the party that kept making a spectacle of himself?"

Sara forced an impatient smile. "I do," she said. "That was...crazy."

Joanne lifted her arms up and down in an exaggerated way. "He kept throwing his arms around like he was Mr. Macho," she said and as her arms came down, she smacked the cap of the bottle off. Slimy lubrication went everywhere.

Sara let out a quick startled scream, watching the lube splatter across the sales counter.

"Oh shoot, sorry..." Joanne said, scrambling around for some towels.

"No, it's ok, it's just..." Sara said, scooping some up with her fingers without thinking. "Oh God," she muttered.

Misses Davis stepped forward to help. "Here, I have some tissues," she said, handing some to both women.

"Thank you," Sara smiled awkwardly, wiping her hands.

"This stuff is so slippery," Joanne said, wiping it off the counter.

Daniel slowly snuck away. "Mom, I'll be in the car," he muttered.

"Ok hon."

"See you tomorrow, Daniel," Misses Davis said, flashing him a pretty smile.

Misses Davis looked at Sara's boob. "There's a big gob of it on your dress."

"Thanks, I'll get it later. I don't wanna hold up the line," Sara said, her face red with embarrassment.

Joanne looked over at a nearby stock-boy. "Ralph, can I get another bottle of..." she said, she read from the label. "Backdoor Anal um...lubricant."

Sara glanced at Misses Davis with an embarrassed smile, then over at Joanne. "No, it's ok, really, I'll just pay for what's left in this bottle."

"Are you sure? He can get you a full one," Joanne said.

"It's fine," Sara said, forcing a smile. "What do I owe you?"

A few minutes later, Sara got in her SUV and slammed the door. "What the actual fuck," she said in frustration.

"That was awkward," Daniel said.

"Ya think," she said, she started her vehicle. "Now that everyone at the local pharmacy knows what we're up to, shall we get going?" she said.

She drove them outside of town. "Do you even know where you're going Mom?"

Sara was scanning the sides of the roads for any spots that looked promising. "I'm just winging it. Keep your eyes peeled for any small side-roads."

"There's one," Daniel pointed.

Sara skidded off the pavement, onto the dirt road. "Hold on, honey," she said.

Her SUV kicked up a cloud of dust as she tore down the wooded road. "Do you know where this leads?" Daniel asked.

"It doesn't matter. I have four-wheel drive. We just need a private spot off the road somewhere," she said, scanning the trees.

"I hope this isn't private property out here," Daniel said.

Sara suddenly, jerked the steering wheel, taking them off road. The SUV bounced wildly.

"Jesus, Mom," Daniel said nervously, watching them race down in between a bunch of trees. Her truck roared up a small slope, nearing the top. "Mom, you gotta slow down," Daniel said, finding something to hold onto.

"I got this," she said.

The truck reaching the peak of the slope, catching air, sailing down the other side. They raced into a cluster of tall brush and the thin limbs beat against the sides of the vehicle. "You're gonna

scratch your car," Daniel said.

The SUV hit a patch of mud, sinking in and spinning around. Sara gunned it, but they only sunk deeper. The tires spun, flinging mud everywhere. She took her foot off the accelerator and turned off the key. "Well, here we are," she said calmly, looking over at Daniel.

"Mom, we're stuck." Daniel said.

"Well, at least we're stuck somewhere private."

"Yeah, but how are we gonna get out of this mess?"

"Let's just...focus on the task at hand. We'll worry about that later," she said crawling back into the second row.

Margaret was back to planting flowers when she saw Dan Senior pull up next door. "Oh Good, you're home," she said to herself.

Dan got out of his vehicle, briefcase in hand. "Excuse me," he heard Margaret say as she walked over to him. "Dan right?" she asked sweetly.

He pointed at her. "Marge?"

She put on a fake smile. "Margaret."

"Right, sorry."

"You didn't get invited to the birthday party?" she asked.

"I'm sorry?"

"Your wife and son are at a birthday party, or so I was told."

Dan shook his head, confused by where she was going with this. "I really didn't know anything about it."

She fed him a snooty smile. "Of course you didn't. I know where it's at. I can take you over there if you'd like."

"No, that's ok. I can call her. Thanks," he said, starting to walk off.

"Oh, Dan, also, sorry about ringing your doorbell so late last night. I told your wife she really should pull your son's shades before she crawls into bed with him. Especially if she's gonna be next to naked like she was," Margaret said.

"Oh, um, ok," he said, processing what she just heard.

She fed him a shit-eating grin. "Have a nice evening," she said, returning to her yard.

Sara's sexy feet slipped from her heels. Her toenails had a fresh coat of hot-pink. Her cell sat next to her feet, buzzing steadily, Dan's name up on the screen.

Her and Daniel were hurriedly undressing, not with the need to rush through the experience, but more out of a desire to get his horny dick inside her ass as quickly as they could. He peeled off his shirt and she quickly shed her dress. He watched her big tits wobble inside her bra and she quickly unbuttoned his pants and started to tug those and his briefs off at the same time.

Both their breathing was rapid and excited as Sara stared at his erect dick, while pulling his clothes off of him. "Ohh, Daniel, you're throbbing, aren't you sweetheart?"

"Yess," the teen muttered, lustfully staring at his Mother's nearly nude body.

"Let me get my panties off," she said, staring at his sturdy erection while hurriedly wiggling her panties over her hips.

Daniel watched her slide them down her sleek tan legs and she kicked them aside onto her phone.

She continued staring at his dreamy hardon for a moment. "Lubricant," she said, then crawled onto her center console, reaching into the front seat for the half-full bottle she'd just purchased. This gave Daniel an amazing view of her meaty half-globes. Her knees were together on the console, her buns hovering over the soles of her tan bare feet as she leaned forward.

"Ohh my God," Daniel muttered, his hand instinctively moving to his meat and stroking to the beautiful site. With her cheeks spread slightly, he could clearly see round crinkled ring of her asshole and the smooth folds of her outer labia.

"Got it," she said, returning to the seat next to him. "Coat it all over," she said, squirting a big gob on his flared purple tip.

Daniel coated his entire cock, making his big dick glisten. Sara rose to her knees on the seat, reaching back and massaging some lube on her ass-ring. She turned quickly, resting on her hands and knees, then cocked her thick ass back at him. "Get behind me," she said, peeking back.

He tried to mount her, but his head hit the ceiling. "Not sure if it'll work this way in here."

Sara spun around. "Ok, um, you sit down...I'll climb on top," she said, gently pushing him back onto the middle of the seat. It wasn't every day a guy got to watch his beautiful, big titted mom crawl on top of him..

Sara straddled her son, planting her knees astride his hips. Her big bra-clad melons brushed against Daniel's face. He sighed excitedly at their close proximity. The strapless black bra had a sheer lace panel across top of cups, adding to the almost obscene amount of cleavage she had exposed.

The Mother excited reached down and grasped his hard cylinder of cock-meat, sliding the knob down in between her buns. He felt it nudge her slippery butt-socket.

Sara looked at him. "Here we go. Are you ready honey?" she asked.

"Yess," he muttered excited, his heart pounding.

Sara pushed her ass down and her buttohole expanded, slipping wetly over the bulbous knob. Daniel sighed with delight as it sunk a couple inches into the mouth of her ass. "You're in. Oh my God, Daniel, you're in my ass," Sara sighed excitedly.

Sara felt his cock flex, his knob throbbing inside her ass-tract. "Ready to go deeper?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, staring in to her immense cleavage.

She pushed down with her ass and and her asshole widened, stretching along his thick slippery pole. "Ohhh shit," the teen whimpered, feeling her internal sphincter slip along his glans.

Sara kept pushing more and more of him into her butt, feeling him stretch deep into her rectum. "Oh-h-h-h," her voice quivered, pausing for a moment.

"You ok," Daniel muttered.

"I'm fine. You're just big honey," she said with a giggle.

"Do you need to pull it back out?"

"No, no, no, I'm fine. I'm gonna back out slightly, that'll spread some lubrication along my inner walls, then we'll go nice and deep. Don't worry, I'm gonna be able to take every inch of you," Sara said.

Daniel's cock slipped back a couple inches, then Sara pushed down again, making it slowly spear deeper into her bowels. Finally, he felt her ass-ring screw tightly around the thick base of his boner. "Ohh my God, Mom," he whimpered.

Sara used the nearby controller to recline him back slightly. Now, rather than press against him, her big Mommy-melons could lay on him, spread out on his upper chest. She gazed down at him. "Before we start humping let's just lay here a few minutes and I'll squeeze on you, ok."

"Sure," Daniel's muttered.

The busty Mother rested her head on his shoulder, his entire dick soaking in the hot tight furnace of her ass. Muscles in her abdominal wall contracted, increasing the pressure in the rectum. A loop of muscles squeezed around Daniel's meat, moulding to the shape of his cock. "Ohhh," the boy sighed, his knob tingling..

"Do you like it, honey? Does my ass feel good on your dick?" Sara asked.

"God yes," he said.

"You can squeeze me baby. I have to keep my bra on, but you can wrap your arms around me and squeeze me as hard as you want," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. "Okay," he muttered, throwing his arms around her, pulling her voluptuous body up against his as hard as he could.

She felt his cock give off a mighty throb in her ass as his face sunk down into her gaping cleavage. His Mom's warm curvy flesh felt amazing against him as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

His hips instinctively began to rock, worming his cock through her ass. "Are you ready to hump, sweetheart? Are you ready for some assturbation?" Sara asked.

"Yess," he sighed, kissing the big mound of tit-meat wedged against his face.

Sara's meaty buttocks began to glide up and down his slippery cock. He felt her hot breath at his ear. "It's yours, Daniel. Thrust your hips and go as hard and as deep as you need to. I won't stop you."

"Ohh man," he muttered, picking up his tempo just a bit. Sara stayed with whatever fuck-pace her son chose, her thick buns bobbing up and down to match his speed.

"Jesus, that feels so good, Mom," the boy moaned, arching his head back from the intense friction on his cock.

"I know it does honey. That's why I wanted this so bad for you," she said, pumping her ass on him like a pro.

"If I'd have known I could do this, I probably would have broken up with my girlfriend, instead of the other way around," he said, making Sara giggle.

"You'll find someone special, love, but until then my ass will be available, as often as you need it."

"Just warning you, Mom. That might be pretty often," he said with a sigh.

"I know all about you teenage boys. Mom's prepared to help you drain your nuts several times a day if she needs to," Sara said.

"Oh damn yess," he muttered.

Daniel's cock slipped through the grip of her ass-tube, the lube and his precum creating a slippery froth for his meat to slice through. The spongy walls of her rectum spread along his burrowing knob and felt like wet mouth sucking his glans.

"Ohhh, I'm feeling really good," he whimpered.

Sara tightened her shit muscles, meeting him thrust for thrust. "Ok baby, let's make you pop hard. You need it," she said.

Their flesh began to beat together as their humping intensified. Sara's SUV rocked to the rhythm of their thrusting bodies. The hot Mother clung to him, looking down at his pleasure-filled face, which was wedged between her jiggling bra-clad knockers. "Ohhhh fuuuuck," the teen shout, arching his head back.

"Gimme all of it baby, come on," Sara said as she felt the first hot rope squirt along the walls of her rectum.

"Uugh! Uuugh!!" Daniel grunted, shooting out more and more cum in his Mom's gripping ass.

Sara stopped their thrusting and held her asshole firmly against the root of his boner. She pushed her rectal muscles, as if she was having a bowel movement. Her slippery inner walls milked the tender Peter with their hot rubbery ridges. His smothered knob squirting out more and more creamy jizz.

When she felt his dick stop pulsing, Sara knew she had pulled out every drop. "Feel better?" she asked softly.

"Oh God do I," he muttered, making her giggle.

"So you think this assturbation thing is gonna work out ok for you?" she asked.

"Ha, yeah," he muttered.

She sat up, his cock still embedded in her ass. "Wanna watch it slide out?" she asked.

"Sure."

Sara remained on his cock, but instead of kneeling, she planted her feet on the seat, then leaned back, bowing her curvy legs open. Daniel marveled at the way she was shamelessly displaying her nearly shaved snatch, the thick hood of her clitoris peeking out. He could see her asshole stretched around his meat. Sara slowly backed his glistening pole out. It made a wet throaty sound it popped from her ass and sprung up, slapping wetly against his lower abdomen.

Daniel's watched the rubbery ring of her asshole close up, squeezing out some jizz as it clenched tight. "Damn, that's hot," he said.

A short time later, a tow truck driver trudged through the mud next to Sara's vehicle. He arrived at her window and she was sitting there waiting. Her and Daniel were now fully dressed. "Looks like someone tried to do some four-wheeling out here," the driver said with a laugh.

Sara stuck out her credit card, faking a sweet smile. "Can you pull us out please," she said

sweetly.

