

## Moms, Boys and Sex Toys – The Series

### The Custom Sleeve – Part 2

By Klrxo

“HOT FUCKING DAMN, MOM!” Kyle gasped, sitting upright on the couch as Suzette pumped the custom sleeve vigorously on his cock.

The mother’s bikini-clad tits bobbed against her son’s bare chest to the rhythm of her jerking as she stared into his eyes lovingly. “Oh, that’s good, honey! Fuck up into that sleeve! Show mom what a skilled cunt-fucker you are!” she cheered.

“It feels so good!” the teen gasped as he experienced a sleeve that resembled his mom’s vagina in every detail. Suzette constantly reminded him of that fact. “Even though we can’t fuck each other, you can still experience the sensations my pussy would give you. Isn’t it wonderful?!”

“Oh, shit, yes!” he sighed, not sure how long he could hold out with her pumping his cock so exquisitely.

Beneath her bikini bottoms, Suzette’s cunt was a mess. Hot secretions had seeped from her vaginal pit, soaking her coral-colored slit. She couldn’t possibly jerk her boy’s cock off without thinking about how divine it would feel to have such a rigid hunk of tubular flesh pounding through her feminine core. This dick was different than her husband’s, not only in length and thickness, but also in overall strength and hardness. She felt like she was pumping on a steel spike that jutted from her son’s loins. Each time she slid the fake vagina up his shaft she marveled at the meaty stalk and the network of big, blue veins. A mixture of lubricating oil and pre-cum made Kyle’s boner glisten beautifully, accentuating the blood-engorged columns of his dick.

Kyle loved watching his mom’s expression when he humped his ass from the cushion, driving his cock up into his sleeve. He knew she was completely enamored by what a fuck-hound he was and how he’d be making her writhe if it were her real pussy he was screwing.

"You're a real womb-bandit, aren't you, honey?" she stated, while jerking tirelessly. "I can see your knob digging against that spot where the head of my cervix would be. That little round, pink donut where only boys with really big dicks can reach."

"I'd thrust it in further if I could," Kyle gasped.

"Any further and you'd be inside my womb," Suzette giggled.

"I bet it would feel amazing in there too!"

"Well you would know," she winked. "You spent nine months in there."

"Yeah, but that was a little different experience, mom," the teen smiled.

"Now its just part of me that wants to go back."

"Well, a big dick like yours couldn't squeeze through my cervix unless it was dilated, but you could pump quite a lot of your cum-load in there, if you push your knob against the head of my cervix when you ejaculate."

"I'm gonna do it!"

"Thrust deep then, honey!" the mother urged slamming the sleeve up and down his cock. "I can squeeze on your knob with my fornix, stimulating all those sweet nerves."

Suzette massaged the end of the fake sleeve, where the very back of her vagina would be, stimulating her boy's glans. This made Kyle's love-organ swell up even bigger. The muscle and sinew bulged at the base, sustaining the force of the cunt-sleeve that was being pumped feverishly by his mother.

"AUUUGH, FUCKING GOOD!" the boy grimaced, hinging his hips up, making Suzette's eyes widen in wonder as she watched his fat, pinkish-purple gourd push against the clear sleeve, making it bulge outward so much that it looked like it could burst through the end.

"I'M SENDING CUM TO YOUR WOMB, MOM!!" Kyle grunted as a load of hot jizz rocketed up his quivering shaft.

"Oh, wow, honey!" the mother shouted as she watched creamy boy-goo fill the inside of the fake vagina. She could tell it was jetting against the end

of the sleeve with incredible force, churning and boiling around his humping pink dong.

"Ohhhh, shit!" the teen sighed, collapsing backwards as his mother milked every trickle of sperm from his twitching erection.

"Was it good, honey?" she sweetly asked. "Did mommy's fake vagina fuck that boner good today, and give you some good release?"

"Did it ever," he sighed.

The sleeve made a lewd, creamy gurgling sound as Suzette slipped it off his cock. The sight of Kyle's long, glistening fuck-organ literally took the mother's breath away. "How long do you usually stay hard, after we're through?" she curiously asked.

"It takes it a long while to go soft, that's all I know."

The mother couldn't take her eyes off the dreamy rod. "Well, that makes sense, I guess. Boys your age have short refractory periods."

"What's a refractory period?" Kyle asked.

"It's the time it takes for a person to recover before they can have another orgasm," Suzette explained. "For a boy your age, a refractory period can be as short as a couple minutes, but as men get older that time will lengthen. A guy your father's age has a refractory period of about three to four hours, which can be quite frustrating for his wife, especially if she's as sexual as I am."

"Sounds like we'd make a better pair than you and dad do."

Suzette laughed. "Well, sexually we would, but that's only because nature designed it that way."

"How so?"

"Well, honey...you've only recently gone through puberty. Now that your fresh out of adolescence your hormone levels are at their highest, and your sex drive is peaking more than it will at any other time in your life," Suzette explained. "For women, that peak comes in their late thirties, my age. So,

you're right...if I were having sex with YOU instead of your father, it would happen MUCH more frequently and would be high in quality."

Kyle smiled from ear to ear. "So, are you saying you'd have better sex with me than you do with dad?" he asked.

Suzette giggled. "Yes, but, honey...that's because you and I are both built for sex right now. Our bodies are both functioning in a way that would result in extremely satisfying sexual intercourse, but that still doesn't change the fact that it's wrong and we can't fuck each other."

"I know," Kyle sighed in disappointment.

"I'm your mom so I can't just jump on your dick and fuck you silly all day. The closest thing I can give you to my pussy is this sleeve," Suzette told him, then looked at the gooey mess her son made, "which, by the way, is dripping with your boy-batter. I'll go wash it out and be back with a washcloth to clean you up."

Kyle watched his mom's meaty ass undulate beneath her purple G-string bikini bottoms as she walked away. She smiled back at him teasingly as she headed for the bathroom.

*"So much cum just from one ejaculation,"* Suzette thought as she poured her boy's spunk from the sleeve, into the toilet. *"I wonder how many of these sperm would be swimming around in my fallopian tubes right now if he had actually fucked me. My egg wouldn't stand a chance against all this potent boy-seed."*

After washing out the sleeve, she noticed a droplet of Kyle's nut-nectar on her hand. She swiped it off with her tongue without hesitation and let it sizzle on her taste-buds. *"Mmm, sweet...like pineapple juice,"* she thought.

*"You should not be tasting you own son's cum!!"* her conscious scolded.

*"Oh, shut up!"* her naughty side answered back as Suzette began soaking a washcloth with warm water.

Kyle loved it when his mom cleaned his cock after pumping it. She was always so gentle as she swathed his throbbing member with the washcloth.

"It's always such a mess down here by your balls," the mother smiled as she wiped away the creamy ring of froth.

"Is that normal?"

"Yes, ejaculate leakage from the pussy after sex is perfectly normal, honey. Semen leakage is actually a good thing because it means you squirting out a big, healthy load. Your spunk got trapped in the sleeve earlier of course, but if it were my real vagina you came into, your hundreds of millions of healthy sperm would have immediately separated from the remaining ejaculate, which is called semen. All those little swimmers would begin moving into my cervix and up into my uterus for fertilization in my fallopian tubes. Your sperm would move into my tubes within minutes after depositing your load inside me."

"Wow, they don't wait any time."

"Well, they don't have much time. The acidic content of my vaginal secretions start destroying much of the remaining sperm. The ones that work their way inside my cervix and uterus are protected from the hostile nature of my vaginal tube."

"Those are the lucky ones," Kyle added.

"There's only one lucky one, honey," Suzette smiled, "and that's the one aggressive sperm that fucks its way inside my ovum and gets me pregnant."

Kyle's cock flexed beneath his mom's hand. "Damn...all this talk about sperm and vaginas has got me all hot again," the boy sighed.

The mother laughed. "I'd yank you off again, but your father's gonna be home soon. Even though we're not doing the nasty, I doubt he'd be any less happy if he caught me beating your erection with a cock-sleeve."

"True."

Kyle's arousal-level finally cooled off, but was piqued again as he walked home from school the next day. "Hey, Kyle, can I give you a ride home?" asked Lauren, his mom's friend, as she pulled up beside him in her car.

"Sure," the boy replied, then got in.

"So I hear you're really enjoying what your mom bought you," smiled Lauren as she glanced over at him. The middle aged brunette was eight months pregnant and Kyle could hardly take his eyes off the round belly and swollen breasts shrouded beneath her maxidress.

"What she bought me?" he asked, playing stupid.

Lauren laughed. "Her and I are good friends, hon. I know all about the custom vagina she bought you."

"Oh, yeah...that."

"Are you enjoying her sweet pussy?" the mother asked.

"Yeah, it, um...feels really good."

"Pretty cool to think about, huh? That she pushed your little body down that tight pink tube all those years ago, when she gave birth to you. Now she's using a replica of that slippery little birthing tunnel to stimulate your big cock."

"Yeah, it is pretty awesome," the teen confessed.

"I bet you cum so hard knowing that sleeve was fashioned after her most secret place," Lauren stated. "Your own mom's sex organ that was made for fucking cock and birthing babies."

"Yes," Kyle gulped, his penis hardening beneath his shorts.

"I ordered my son, Brent, something similar. It's not a sleeve, but it's something custom made, just for his sexual pleasure. I'm giving it to him when it arrives in a few days."

"Cool. I'm sure he'll like it."

Lauren pulled the car over for a moment. "Wanna know a secret?" she asked. "It's about that sleeve that your mom bought you."

"Sure."

"What do I get if I tell you?"

"What do you want?" the teen asked.

"I wanna see your cock. I hear you're one of the lucky boys who has a big slab of horny meat to fuck girls with."

"Who told you that?" Kyle asked.

"Your mom," Lauren grinned. "She's been keeping tabs on your dick for a long time, Kyle. That's what we moms do. We watch our boy's grow...and harden. We all want our sons to have long, thick dicks that can attract lots of hot pussy."

Kyle unzipped his pants and fished out his erection. "There you go," he whispered.

Lauren's eyes widened. "So IT IS true!" she stated. "You do have a big one. I hope you know how lucky you are, Kyle."

"Why's that?"

She continued to stare at his dreamy hardon. "You're gonna have so many tight pussies sheathed over that cock, you're not even gonna believe it."

"Can I see your boobs?"

Lauren giggled. "This is turning into show and tell. If I show you my tits, you can't tell anyone, got it?"

"I won't."

"You swear?"

"Of course."

"Alright then," Lauren replied, tugging her dress and bra down over the swell of her udders. "They're pretty swollen right now. I'm giving birth here in a few weeks."

Kyle stared at her oversized jugs, licking his lips with desire. "They're really big and beautiful," he uttered.

"Thanks," Lauren smiled, letting him get a good long look at them.



"So, um...what's the thing you wanna tell me about the sleeve mom bought me?"

Lauren stuffed her tits back inside her clothing as she answered. "Well, you can't tell her I told you, but the custom vagina came with two straps that I'm sure she didn't tell you about."

"Two straps?"

"Yep, it's like a strap-on that allows her to slide the fake sleeve inside her real pussy and it hold it in place. That way, she doesn't have to just masturbate your big cock with it. You can go at her in different positions, like you're actually fucking her."

"No way," the boy uttered.

"Yes way, but again...if you do bring it up, please try to do it without throwing me under the bus."

"No problem," Kyle answered.

While at the dinner table later, he picked at his food, while attempting to ignore his father's seemingly never-ending work story. *"Wow, I can't imagine mom actually strapping the sleeve on and letting me use it with her in any sexual position,"* he thought.

Suddenly, Kyle felt his mother's bare foot gently slide up his calve. He looked across the table to see her smiling back at him naughtily. Suzette was wearing a white cashmere sweater that was cut nearly to her naval, showing a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage. Her blonde hair was put up in a cute bun and she watched her boy's reaction as she slid her toes higher and higher up his leg.

The mother wasn't listening to a word her husband was saying. Her mind dwelled on the teenaged cock-flesh in her son's pants. *"I wonder if he's hardening?"* she thought. *"Hell, he's been sitting there looking at me in this sweater. He might be fully erect and leaking pre-cum by now."*




For a long, wonderful moment they became lost in each other's eyes. Suzette's foot had traveled all the way up the boy's leg and rested on his knee beneath the table. She fought off the urge to extend her leg so she could feel her boy's horny hardness beneath his shorts. *"No...not with Chris right here at the table,"* she thought, thinking of her husband. She looked his direction, smiling and nodding like a good wife, but still not processing a word he was saying. *"Oh my God...his stories are so fucking boring! I'd much rather be having hot, nasty sex right now!"* her mind buzzed, then she looked back at her boy across the table.

Kyle was watching the gentle heaving of his mom's ballooning breasts; a result Suzette's excited breathing. He felt her foot continue up his thigh, creeping along, closer and closer to his erect cock. When her foot made contact with his throbbing bulge, the mother let out a heavy gasp, causing her husband to stop his story.

"Are you ok?" Chris asked with concern.

Suzette regained her composure, even though her foot was now resting on her son's crotch. "Yes, I'm fine, honey...I just uh, thought I had a sneeze coming on," she answered.

"Oh OK. Well anyway, like I was saying..." Chris continued.

Kyle peered down to his lap and watched in aroused shock as his mom massaged his dick through his shorts with her foot. Suzette had the sexiest bare feet with toenails that were always professionally painted. Today they were a beautiful turquoise, Kyle's favorite color. He couldn't help but wonder if she had intentional chosen that color just for him. It didn't take him long to notice the small design on the nail of her big toe. It was written in fancy cursive and read: "Kyle .

He let out a heavy excited breath and looked across at his mom who winked back at him knowingly. Meanwhile, his dad had stopped his story again. "Jesus, do you have to sneeze too?" Chris asked.

"Yeah, sorry, dad," Kyle lied.

"Well, it is the height of allergy season I guess. Are you good?" his dad asked, and when Kyle nodded he went back to telling his boring story.

Suzette rubbed her foot vigorously against her son's bulge, but she was so fucking horny that feeling it through his pants just wasn't good. The next time they made eye-contact she mouthed the words "pull down your zipper" to her son.

Kyle glanced at his dad, who was focused on eating and blabbing, so the teen carefully reached down and lowered the zipper of his shorts. His mom wasted no time prying her foot into the opening, then through the fly of his briefs.

Kyle's heart skipped a beat when he looked across and saw her pretty eyes slightly roll in their socket as her foot made contact with his cock-flesh. *"I can't believe she's doing this with dad sitting right there,"* he wondrously thought.

*"Oh my God, his erection is so hot to the touch!"* Suzette's mind exclaimed as she fondled her son's prick with her foot. She could feel the guilt swelling up inside her chest, but also loved the incredible thrill she was getting doing this right under her husband's nose. She prayed that Chris wouldn't notice how excited she was getting. Her engorged teats were as hard as diamonds and protruded out beneath her bra and sweater.

Suzette clenched her pretty teeth together as she pressed her foot against Kyle's oversized fuck-organ. She could feel the fluid pumping through its maze of hardened blood vessels, arteries and veins, making the teenage appendage jut upward, nearly to his belly button. The horny mother ran her toes over it's bulbous tip, smearing the slime that had bubbled from its slit. Her toes swirled wonderfully around his peter-tip, then paused, with her big toe just below the crown.

Kyle did his best to suppress a gasp as his mom began rubbing the base of her big toe up and down against his super-sensitive frenulum. His pre-nut, that she had swiped her toe through, provided wonderful lubrication as Suzette dug at the band of skin that connected his foreskin to his glans.

The pleasure-stricken teen exchanged a gaze with his mom. Suzette was biting her bottom lip, staring lustfully. She looked like a hungry cougar slut that could carry her son off to her lair at any second and ravage him.

*"I WANNA PUMP HIS DICK!"* her brain cried out. *"I WANNA FUCK IT FROM ITS KNOB TO ITS ROOT IN MY CLONE PUSSY! I WANNA MAKE HIM CUM!"*

The mother suddenly yanked her foot from her son's fly. "Who wants apple pie for desert?" she blurted, cutting her husband off.

Chris looked over at the stove. "I didn't know you made apple pie," he said.

"I didn't...but I can go to the store and get some," she answered, then looked over at her son, still clearly frazzled. "Wanna cum along, sweetie?"

"Sure," the boy answered. He had a feeling there would be more than just apple pie in store for him.

"Why don't you grab that, um... 'thing' from your bedroom first," his mother suggested.

"Thing?" Kyle asked, then realized what she was talking about. "Oh, yeah...the um... 'thing.'"

"Thing?" Chris asked, giving his wife a confused look.

"Just something he's been, um... 'using,' like a therapy object. You know, one of those types of things that helps you, um...relieve the stress."

"Oh, got it. Like a therapy ball?"

"Sort of."

"How long's he been using something like that?"

"Long enough to know it works perfectly," Suzette answered, winking over at her son as he got up from the table. "Right, honey?"

"Yeah, mom...it works like a charm. Although I heard it came with straps that makes it work even better," Kyle pointed out, seizing the opportunity to bring it up. "Will you bring those with us?"

The mother glanced at her husband blushing, then back at her son. "Who told you about the straps?" she asked.

"Straps?" her husband asked, completely baffled at this point.

"Never mind," Suzette said to her son, not wanting to get into details in front of her clueless husband. "I'll grab the straps, you grab the other stuff and I'll meet you at the car."

Kyle rushed out of the kitchen and Chris looked at his wife inquisitively. "I had no idea he was so stressed out that he needed a therapy object. Is this something we should take him to a doctor for?"

"No, he has just what he needs, honey. There's no reason to be concerned," Suzette replied, then gave her husband a quick peck on the lips. "We'll be back with some pie, then you can finish your story."

A short time later, Suzette's car was parked under some trees, off a quiet dirt road, just outside of town. Her and her son were in the back seat and she was quickly stripping him naked. "Did you remember the lubricant?" she asked, pulling Kyle's briefs off.

"Oh shit, I forgot it," he replied, so anxious he could hardly think straight.

"That's ok...we'll improvise. Slouch back," she directed, then climbed to her knees on the seat beside him with the sleeve in her hand.

"Can we use the straps too, mom?"

"How did you find out that your sleeve came with straps?"

"I just looked at some others online, out of curiosity, and they all had straps. I figured mine must have come with them too."

Suzette seemed hesitant. "Honey, the straps really aren't something we should be using together."

"Why not? We still 'technically' wouldn't be having sex. My dick would be inside the sleeve."

"Yes, true, but Kyle you have a VERY large penis. I don't even know if I could get your dick AND the sleeve inside my pussy at the same time."

"Could we at least try, mom...please?"

After considering it a moment, she finally gave in. "Fine, but we do this with me on top, and this IS NOT considered fucking, remember that!"

"Got it!"

Kyle watched his mom strip completely naked, then attach his sleeve to the straps it came with. "*Here goes nothing,*" Suzette thought as she squeezed her son's cock-sleeve inside her vagina. Luckily, her cunt-tube was still wet from their earlier dinner-table shenanigans so it slid in easily. The three straps were designed to keep it in place with one fitting around her waist, like a belt, and the others going up under her legs. All three straps came together to fasten in the back. "There, now spit on your cock. Get it nice and slick so it'll pump through the sleeve without any resistance."

"I have some pre-cum too. That'll help," said Kyle, lathering up his boner with it, along with his spit.

"Are you ready, honey?" the mother asked, prepared to mount him.

"Ready!"

Suzette threw one leg over him and planted her knees on the car seat astride his hips. The boy's eyes doubled in size as he stared at the giant, naked tits looming right in front of him. He felt his mom reach down, grasp his cock and place its tapered tip at the entrance to the sleeve. His mother winced in discomfort as she lowered her vagina onto his steely pole. The pressure caused by the thickness of both the sleeve and her son's erection inside her was intense.

For Kyle, it was pure heaven as his rigid peter squeezed into the velvety-tightness of the cunt-encased sleeve. "Oh, wow...that feels nice, mom," he sighed, feeling the heat of her real vagina warm the fake one that surrounded his pecker.

"Your father will expect us back soon so we need to be quick," said Suzette. "I'm gonna ride you hard and fast so we can pull a speedy cum-load up from your balls."

"Got it!" he nodded.

Suzette wasted no time getting started as she began bouncing on her boy's horny cock, pumping it through the sleeve. "Whoa!" Kyle gasped as he watched her super-sized jugs bobble around heavily, inches from his face. His eyes drifted down her torso and watched their crotches beat together in a fervid rhythm.

*"Holy shit, this feels incredible!"* the mother thought as she rode her son's erection. At first, having both the sleeve and his cock inside her at once was a bit painful, but now that discomfort had morphed into pleasure like she'd ever experienced before. Her wet, pink walls clung to the outline of the fake vagina, but she could feel the wonderful pressure of Kyle's big, hard dick slipping through it. *"It feels like I'm cheating on Chris, but I'm really not,"* she told herself. *"Kyle's dick is inside the sleeve so I'm 'technically' not having sex with him right now, even though it seems that way."*

"What do you think, baby?" she breathlessly asked her son. "You can't get any closer to actually fucking me than this."

"I love it!" he answered, watching her body heave up and down.

"You're getting some pussy INSIDE a pussy tonight," she giggled. "Two layers of pussy around your cock."

Kyle could feel his mother tighten her fuck-muscles, even through the sleeve. It made the spongy ribbed lining of the fake vagina massage his knob and shaft in ways it never had before. He licked his lips lustfully, gawking at the turgid nipples protruding from his mom's wide areola. Her giant udders moved around delightfully to the tempo of Suzette's cock-humping, putting on quite a show for the flabbergasted teen.

One thing became apparent to Kyle right away. His mom seriously knew how to fuck. Suzette fused their crotches together, crushing her engorged

clit against her son's pelvis exquisitely as she swiveled her wide hips, grinding the sleeve on his cock.

"Auugh, shit!" Kyle gasped, feeling his leaky boner get stirred around deep inside the replica pussy.

Suzette went back to bouncing up and down, but this time she lowered her chest, pushing Kyle's pleasure-filled face up into the squishy canyon between her quivering tits. "Hold on to me, Kyle," she panted. "I'm gonna ride you hard and draw that load of ejaculate up from your ball-sack."

The pretty, blonde mother began fucking like a skilled whore, her rounded ass flying up and down with skill, making their crotches beat together lewdly. Kyle turned his face and groaned into the dough-like meat of his mom's tit as he felt his prick being milked through the snug sleeve. With each rapid thrust, the fake pussy traveled the length of his erection, from his mushrooming tip to his thick, strong cock-base.

"Come on, honey...squirt that fucking cum-juice!" Suzette cheered as she fucked feverishly. She could feel the fat stalk of his sex-organ traveling through the sleeve, providing divine pressure against her smoldering vaginal walls. Even though the layer of fake vagina separated their genital flesh, Kyle's huge boy-cock was still stimulating her nerve-endings, especially around her G-spot. "*Well...this is embarrassing,*" Suzette thought as an orgasm quickly built in her loins.

"Honey, are you close?" she asked, riding him as hard as she could, hoping he'd finish before she was forced to make a screaming, shaking spectacle of herself.

"I'm getting there, mom," Kyle's tit-muffled voice answered.

She ground on his rod again, using her powerful hips to pivot up and back forcefully, in full penetration. However, this only put more wonderful friction on her plump, tingly clit, making her climax swell up even faster and with greater intensity. "Baby, I need to cum, I'm sorry!" her shaky voice announced as she passed the point of no return. She sat upright again and swiveled her hips frantically, like a sexy hula dancer. Her huge

udders were sheened in perspiration and rippled deliciously as her orgasm hit full force, making her howling in pleasure.



There were a few moments in Kyle's life that were etched in his brain forever. Watching the ball sail over the fence when he hit a game-winning home run was one of them. Seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time was another. Witnessing his own heavy-breasted mom orgasm on top of him was definitely one to add to that list. He had never seen her beautiful face masked with so much pleasure. He could feel her cunt walls rippling with contractions around the sleeve, which felt unbelievable around his cock. Her voice let out a shrieking orgasmic cry that he couldn't believe she could actually make. He'd never heard anything like it ring out from his mom's mouth. For several wonder-stricken minutes he watch her hump, tremble and squeal in the throes of orgasm.

"Can I try being on top?" Kyle asked as his mother came back down to earth.

"Would that make you cum faster? We really need to hurry, honey, before your father starts wondering where we are."

"Yeah, I think I would cum faster that way."

Suzette quickly climbed off him and his boner made a obscene, wet popping sound as it slipped from the fake vagina and slapped back against his abdomen. "Alright...I'll lay down on my back. You get between my legs, slide your dick back into the sleeve and fuck as hard as you can, ok?" the mother urged.

"Got it!"

Kyle rose to his knees on the seat and watched in awe as his mom sprawled onto her back, making her giant breasts roll slightly off the sides of her chest. She drew her knees back nearly to her shoulders, splaying open her smooth thighs. The straps of the fake vagina were made of a clear material so he couldn't really see them, and the end of the sleeve was hidden by her cuntal flanges, but he knew it was still in there. Suzette reach out for him. "Come on, honey. Come do some fucking," she whispered urgently.

The teenager's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest. He quickly flattened himself against her, his lean chest crushing her oversized tits.

They both gasped at the feel of Kyle's hot, young cock slipping between her fleshy labium before it found the mouth of the sleeve. "I'm gonna nut off so damn hard this way," he stated, nuzzling his face against her neck as his boy-meat began to sink into the sleeve.

The beautiful, blonde mother surrendered completely beneath him and Kyle smiled triumphantly. He began to fuck into her with long, slow, sensuous strokes of his cock. He could care less if his dad wondered where they were. He was in no hurry, and wanted this fantastic missionary-style-fuck to last as long as possible.

"There you go, honey...go a little faster," his mom breathed, clawing at his shoulders.

Kyle increased his cunt-fucking tempo, but only slightly. It aroused him tremendously to know he was driving his mom wild with pleasure, even if it was through a sleeve. He knew by the way her real vaginal walls were collapsing in around the fake ones that she was feeling every stroke of his fat, teenage cock.

"Wow...can I start doing this every day?" he asked, feeling his long, achy love-muscle squeeze through the slick, velvety grip.

"Yes, as long as your pumping into the sleeve and not my real pussy, honey."

Suzette knew she needed to make him quicken his fuck-rhythm. They certainly should have been home from buying apple pie by now. However, she was enamored by the way her son was fucking her. He was taking, slow, deep thrusts that reminded her more of lovemaking than frantic fucking, and she absolutely loved it this way. "Oh, honey...you're a real natural at this," she stated, circling her shaved legs high around his back. "You should go faster though. We need to finish."

Kyle snorted lustfully as he began to really pound into her, making their naked bodies beat together on the car seat. "There you go, honey...that's perfect!" Suzette panted.

Each powerful thrust made the mother "huff" in delight as she felt her son's fat glans beat at the head of her cervix through the end of the

sleeve. His rigid column of pummeling meat made her pussy cream helplessly. The molten liquid overflowed her crammed cunt and gushed down, running across the ring of her asshole. *"Good grief...even through a pussy sleeve he's fucking me better than Chris does,"* Suzette thought.

She certainly didn't wanna think of her husband at that moment. Yes, Kyle wasn't 'technically' having sex with her, but what they were doing was certainly wicked and unorthodox. It would undoubtedly break her husband's heart if he saw them writhing naked, seemingly joined at the genitals in her back seat. She also knew that not having a girlfriend was hard on a boy Kyle's age so she wanted to give him something that resembled a hot, nasty fuck. "Ohhh, yes, Kyle! Oh, that's so good, honey!" she praised as his young ass bobbed up and down between her clasping thighs.

Kyle was blown away by the feel of his mother's lush body beneath him, especially the way her huge, fat tits sloshed around against his bare chest as he fucked. Her thick, hardened nipples were poking up into his skin and he yearned to suck at their flesh.

Inside the sleeve, his erectile meat pumped rhythmically, pushing the stretchy tube out against the encapsulating pink pussy-flesh that was molded to the outside of it. Suzette's birthing tube tightened steadily around his cock, heating it with the scalding juice that secreted from her lining.

Then, the heavy-titted mother began to gasp and tremble suddenly. "Oh, baby...I'm cumming again, I'm sorry. "I'M CUMMMIING!!" she loudly squealed.

"Auugh, shit, mom!" the hard-humping teen gasped, feeling his pile-driving meat almost squeezed flat from his mom's powerful, spasmodic cuntal contractions. Suzettes's ripe body bucked and writhed beneath him, and he had to grip her meaty ass tightly to keep from being thrown off.

Kyle snarled in delight, fucking as hard as his body would let him. His flexing dick felt like it could burst right through the sleeve, like the Incredible Hulk. The big blue veins streaking along his shaft were popping

out obscenely and his semen-drooling glans were mushrooming with blood like a fat, juicy plumb. The hardy urethral bulb, which was planted firmly at the root of his cock, along with its surrounding muscle and ligaments, sustained the force of his erectile columns as they thundered through layers of cuntal flesh.

Suzette certainly didn't expect her boy to have this much staying power, especially fucking her from the top. She sobbed her way through yet another body wracking orgasm, astounded at the fact that her son had gotten her off three times in the course of an hour. With her husband, she'd cum once if she were lucky, and sex never lasted longer than twenty-minutes.

Speaking of Suzette's husband, her phone lay on the middle console buzzing like crazy as he attempted to call her. The mother glanced over at it, still reeling from her climax as her boy pounded away on top of her. They'd already been gone way too long, so she knew she'd have to come up with a clever excuse.

"I'm gonna fuck up into YOU this time, mom" Kyle said rolling over onto his back and taking her with him. "You don't have to do a thing." Suzette found herself sitting on his cock and looking down at him. His thick prick throbbed hard inside her, and she trembled with excitement.

She'd just come like a whore, but she was ready for more action. She'd forgot that hard teenage cock had that effect on her.

Kyle boldly reached up and grasped onto her jutting mammaries, causing his mom to glare down at him. "Don't you dare leave a mark," she warned.

"I won't," he smiled, humping his ass from the seat-cushion, causing Suzette to bounce on his cock. While squeezing her jugs, he watched his thick pecker jab through the stretched lips of her vulva.

"Come on, bigshot...ram up into me with that big bull cock," the mother naughtily urged, hoping her naughty words would arouse her boy even more. "That's how we moms like it. We want one hard, hungry fuck after another."

"Hot damn!" the teen gasped, thrusting up and beating his horny cock through the sleeve. He ran his hands under his mom's boobs, feeling the weight of her huge squishy tits. He could tell that her nipples were completely engorged by the way they stuck out like stumps in a swamp.

"If you let me suck on one of those, I'll cum real quick," he promised.

"You better! Your father's probably worried by now."

"I can suck one then?"

"Go ahead," said Suzette. Part of her answer was for selfish reasons. She loved to have her boobs sucked on and her husband didn't do it nearly enough. Her son yanked her down, mashing one of her pillowy tits around his face. She felt him latch on and gorge himself on her entire nipple and areola.

Kyle was in heaven, sucking like an infant, with his entire face masked in spongy glandular tissue. The only thing that would have made this better is if there were no sleeve separating his mom's cunt from his cock. Still though, it felt absolutely mind-blowing. The heat of his mom's pleasure-socket simmered through the synthetic material and around his pumping prick, and her walls were getting steadily tighter. He could feel her pussy-butter running down along his nuts as it seeped from her stuffed vagina.

*"Hot damn, I wanna fuck her so hard!"* the teen's brain screamed, sending signals to his crotch to thrust faster. He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed, making his face sink further into fatty melon of her tit. His strong, teenage hips jerked beneath them, ramming his rod up into her with savage thrusts. He could feel the friction stimulating his cock to its erupting point. "Mom!" he gasped as her nipple popped from his mouth. "I'm gonna shoot my load!"

"FUCK IT ALL OUT, BABY!" Suzette squealed hoarsely, on the doorstep of yet another tremendous climax.

"TAKE IT, MOM!" he howled, lifting her up as his body arched from the car seat, burying his twitching boner to its root. His swelling knob stretched the back of the sleeve so much that it split apart and his cum-spurting

cock-tip burst out into her actual pussy, pushing against the slippery head of Suzette's cervix.

They both realized what had happened, but in that moment, they were in no condition to stop the mutual orgasm train from racing down the track. Suzette threw her head back and cried out in ecstasy as her son's boiling load splattered against the back of her vagina.

"AAUUGHH, WOW!" the teen grimaced, then clenched his teeth together as he felt the hot flesh of his mother's fornix suck at his tender, cum-spewing glans. He could hardly believe he was feeling her real pussy. The sensation of her convulsing body against him, and seeing her pretty face twist with pleasure as he looked up between her jostling tits, was the most satisfying feeling in the world. Kyle grunted over and over as he pumped what felt like a gallon of spunk up into her unprotected cunt.

"There, young man...that should take care of you for awhile," said Suzette, struggling to catch her breath from such a heated hump.

"I think the sleeve broke."

"It did. I can feel all your little swimmers having a frenzy in there."

"Do you think some got into your cervix?"

"Yes, but it's ok. I just had my period so I'm not quite ovulating yet."

"What's that mean?" Kyle stupidly asked.

"That means there's no egg in there for your army of sperm to gang-rape," Suzette giggled. "No ovum means no babies."

They both heard her phone buzzing from the center console. "Shoot, I better answer that before your father completely freaks out," said Suzette, then she leaned over and picked up her phone. "Hey, honey...sorry, I left my phone in the car while we were in the store."

Kyle was thrilled at the fact that his mom was speaking to his dad, while he lay there beneath her with his cock still deeply-embedded in her cunt. His knob was squashed right up against her cervical ring and he could feel her excited heartbeat through it.

"We went from store to store and we couldn't find apple pie. Any other suggestions?" Suzette asked her husband. Her son tugged her down and began kissing his way around inside the canyon between her tits.

"Alright...well, we'll just grab some ice cream or something then. Be home in a bit. Ok...love you. Bye."

"What are you doing down inside that cleavage, young man?" the mother playfully asked, tossing her phone aside.

"Enjoying it, that's what," her boy answered, kissing the valley between her twin peaks. He flexed his still-hard cock, making it bulge delightfully inside his mother.

"And like usual, your dick hasn't gotten the least bit soft," said Suzette, then heard her boy give off a gasp as she clenched his half-exposed boner with the walls of her hot love-tunnel.

"I guess it needs more attention," Kyle replied, subtly hinging his hips, stretching his mom's uteri with the tip of his spear.

Suzette found herself contemplating the idea of removing what was left of the fake sleeve, climbing back onto her boy and fucking him bareback. They could get nasty until late into the night, until they had both cum so many fucking times that they passed out from exhaustion. However, she knew it was wrong and being out any longer certainly wouldn't fly with her husband.

"We should probably get home," she told him, climbing off his cock. They both looked at his rigid slab and what was left of the sleeve. "I'll have to get you a new one made. That one looks like a cage that a huge ferocious dragon just broke out of," she laughed.

"What do I do until then?" Kyle asked.

She smiled down at him. "We'll figure something out."

