

## The House of Holes – Part 2

By Klrxo

### Chapter 16: Skull Hole

Hal's thick, throbbing boy-shaft glided over Becca's eager tongue as she took him deep into her hot, wet mouth. She sealed her succulent, pink lips around his girth and hollowed her cheeks, sucking hard at his erectile flesh.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Hal gasped, tangling his fingers in her silky hair as she bobbed up and down on his sinewy cock.

Becca moaned around his flesh, savoring the musky taste of his arousal. The teenage pheromones radiating from her son's crotch had her horny as fuck, her cunt-slit dripping with hot secretions.

The mother swirled her tongue around the swollen head, dipping into the leaking slit to lap up the salty-sweet pre-cum that beaded there.

Then she relaxed her throat and took him even deeper, until her nose was buried in his wiry pubic hair and his cock head nudged the back of her throat.

Hal groaned gutturally, fighting the urge to thrust into the tight, wet heat engulfing him.

Becca's lips stretched obscenely around his thick base as she held him there, breathing through her nose. Then she

started to move again, gliding her slick mouth up and down his pulsing shaft.

She set a steady rhythm, her head bobbing faster as she took him over and over into her eager throat. Strings of saliva dripped down her chin and onto her huge, heaving cleavage as she slurped and sucked noisily, clearly relishing having her mouth fucked by her well-hung boy.

"Shit Mom, you're gonna make me cum already," Hal panted, feeling his balls drawing up tight. The slick friction of his mother's talented lips and tongue was quickly pushing him to the edge.

Becca pulled off with a gasp, stroking the length of his spit-slicked cock with her hand as she caught her breath.

"Mmmm yes baby, give Mommy that yummy load," she purred, pumping him faster. "I wanna swallow every fucking drop."

With that, she dove back down, sucking him even harder and faster than before. One hand fondled his heavy sack while the other reached into her panties to diddle her aching clit.

She moaned and whimpered around Hal's plunging stalk, lost in the taste, scent and feel of her son's throbbing flesh violating her willing mouth.

As Becca sucked and slurped hungrily on Hal's pulsing cock, the biological process of his impending orgasm was underway inside his body.

In his testicles, millions of potent sperm cells that had been produced and stored were being mixed with seminal fluids in preparation for ejaculation. The muscles surrounding the testes began to contract rhythmically, pushing the sperm and fluid up through the vas deferens.

At the same time, Hal's prostate gland and seminal vesicles were adding their own fluids to the mix, increasing the volume of semen preparing to shoot from his straining erection.

His bulbourethral glands also secreted a clear lubricating liquid to help the semen flow easily through his urethra and erupt with a powerful burst through the slit of his meatus.

As Becca took him deeper into her eager throat, massaging his glans with her tonsils and tongue, all the fluids mixed together as Hal's orgasm approached the point of no return.

The semen pooled at the base of his rock-hard shaft as his pelvic muscles began to spasm involuntarily.

Suddenly, Hal reached the crest of pleasure and with a hoarse groan, began to erupt into his mother's sucking mouth.

The muscles at the base of his cock contracted powerfully, sending the first thick spurt of seed shooting up his urethra to gush from the tip. His cock jerked and pulsed as he emptied spurt after spurt of hot, sticky cum down Becca's throat.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck!" Hal roared as his orgasm crashed over him. His cock jerked and pulsed as he washed Becca's mouth with spurt after spurt of his hot, salty seed.

Becca moaned in delight as Hal's tasty boy-essence flooded her mouth. She gulped and swallowed repeatedly, milking his wildly twitching shaft with her lips to coax out every last drop of his massive load.

Semen dribbled from the corners of her stretched mouth as she struggled to contain the sheer volume of jizz her son was feeding her.

Finally, Hal's pelvic contractions subsided and his softening cock slipped from between his mother's cum-coated lips. Becca licked him clean before pulling off with a satisfied gasp, a final pearly drop clinging to her chin.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby boy," she purred, swiping the stray cum into her mouth and sucking her finger clean. "Mommy loves drinking down your sweet, thick load. Can't wait for the next one!"

Hal heard the familiar sound of the first bell going off as they sat in the in his mom's car. He was still in awe that she had sucked him off right there in the school parking lot.

Becca tapped a few buttons on her phone and Hal's phone suddenly pinged with a new message.

"Better check that, sweetie," Becca said with a mischievous grin. "Might be important."

Hal glanced down at his phone and saw it was a link sent from his mom. Curious, he tapped it open. His jaw dropped as a live video feed filled his screen - a view of his own bedroom back home.

"What's this?" he asked, glancing over at his mother. She just smirked and adjusted her tight blouse, making her huge tits strain against the buttons.

"Just a little something to help you get through the day," she purred. "I know how hard it is to focus on boring school work when all you can think about is Mommy's tight, wet holes. So I set up a special camera in your room. Whenever you need some... motivation, just click the link and watch me put on a naughty show for you."

Hal swallowed hard, his cock already thickening in his jeans at the thought of secretly watching his mom pleasure herself while he was stuck in class. "Fuck, Mom, you're incredible," he rasped.

"Oh, you haven't seen anything yet, baby," Becca winked. "Better hurry to class now. And remember, Mommy will be thinking about you all day, fingering her needy cunt and wishing it was your big, teenage dick."

She leaned over and gave him a deep, filthy kiss, all tongue and teeth and aching promise.

Hal groaned into her mouth, squeezing her thigh under her short skirt. He wanted nothing more than to bury his face

between her legs and lap up her sweet juices until she screamed.

But the second bell rang, forcing them apart. "Have a good day, sweetie," Becca chirped brightly, as if she hadn't just been tongue-fucking her son's mouth.

## Chapter 17: Better than a Hole in the Wall

Hal grabbed his backpack and reluctantly exited the car, willing his erection to subside before he walked into school. All through morning classes, he kept sneaking peeks at his phone under his desk, desperate to see if his mom was keeping her naughty promise.

Finally, halfway through 3rd period, the camera went live again and Hal had to bite back a groan. There was his gorgeous, sex-pot mother sashaying into his room wearing nothing but a sheer nylon body-stocking.

The boy's eyes widened as he took in the erotic sight of his mother on the small phone screen. The black nylon body-stocking clung to Becca's voluptuous curves like a second skin, emphasizing her tiny waist, wide hips and massive, jutting breasts.

The sheer mesh was studded with strategically placed rhinestones that drew the eye to her best assets. They twinkled invitingly around her huge, dark areolae and stiff nipples, highlighting the mouth-watering swell of her cleavage.

More sparkles marched down her flat stomach towards her crotch, where the fabric parted to reveal her glistening, bare pussy.

Becca did a slow twirl for the camera, showing off how the body-stocking framed her plump, heart-shaped ass and was completely crotchless in the back as well.

She bent over, reaching back to spread her cheeks and expose both of her tight, puckered holes to Hal's hungry gaze.

"Fuck," he mouthed silently, shifting in his chair as his rock-hard cock strained almost painfully against his zipper. He was immensely grateful he had a desk to hide his obvious arousal from his classmates.

On screen, Becca straightened up and sauntered over to Hal's bed, picking up a stiff rag from the floor along the way. Hal instantly recognized it as the cum-soaked cloth he had used to clean up after jerking off to thoughts of his mom that morning before school.

With a wicked grin at the camera, Becca brought the filthy rag to her face and inhaled deeply, shuddering in delight. "Mmmm, it smells like my baby boy's cock," she purred, rubbing the stiff, crusted fabric all over her neck and tits. "Gets Mommy so fucking wet, sniffing your pungent cum."

Then she opened her mouth and slowly pushed the dirty, wadded up cloth past her lips, stuffing it into her cheeks.

She sucked and slurped lewdly on the cum rag, making the most obscene noises as she tasted her son's dried semen.

Hal's fist white-knuckled his phone as he watched his mother fellate his soiled jizz-mop, wishing desperately it was his aching cock filling her greedy mouth instead. His balls throbbed in the confines of his jeans, his shaft leaking a steady trickle of pre-cum, leaving a big wet ring on his underwear.

After thoroughly saturating the stiff rag with her saliva, Becca pulled it from her mouth with a wet plop. Strings of drool webbed between the cloth and her swollen lips.

Still holding Hal's eyes through the camera, she trailed the soaked fabric down her body, between the heavy swells of her tit-melons, over her taut stomach, until she reached her exposed pussy lips.

Becca rubbed Hal's gooey semen like lotion all over her bare cunt.

Maintaining seductive eye contact with the camera, she planted her rounded ass on the edge of the mattress and widened her thighs. Shamelessly, she began rubbing Hal's saliva-soaked, cum-crusting rag all over her bare, glistening pussy lips.

Becca shuddered and let out a throaty moan as she ground the rough fabric against her sensitive cuntal flesh, coating herself in the filthy mixture of his half-dried semen and her drool.

"Mmmm fuck, that feels so good," she purred sultrily.  
"Rubbing my baby boy's dirty cum rag all over Mommy's hungry cunt. Gonna stuff my pussy full of your jizz."

With that, she wadded up the soiled cloth and slowly pushed it between her plump, slick labia, working the sloppy fabric inside her tight channel.

She grunted and gasped as she penetrated herself with her son's makeshift cum-mop, twisting and pumping it in and out of her clenching hole.

Hal bit his fist to keep from groaning aloud, his cock throbbing almost painfully as he watched his mom fuck herself with his dirty rag through heavy-lidded eyes.

The thought of his crusty cum mixing with her sweet pussy juices inside her hot passage made him light-headed with lust.

Once the cloth was thoroughly saturated in her cream, Becca pulled it free with a wet squelch. Her puffy cunt lips made obscene sucking noises as they reluctantly released their prize. Becca brought the musky, girl-cum soaked rag to her face and inhaled deeply.

"Fuuuuck, it smells so good," she moaned wantonly. "My pussy juice all mixed with your cum. Mmm, we create such a wonderful fuck-aroma."

She rubbed the dripping fabric all over her face and tits, leaving streaks of fragrant slime on her flushed skin.

Then Becca rolled over onto her hands and knees, presenting her thick, juicy ass to the camera.

She reached back and parted her plump cheeks, giving Hal a perfect view of her glistening, stuffed pussy and exposed little puckered asshole.

"How's this view, baby?" she asked breathily, wagging her hips. "Is this making your cock nice and hard? Knowing you could be pounding Mommy's slutty holes right now instead of stuck at school?"

Hal whimpered almost inaudibly, squeezing himself through his jeans. He was dying to free his aching dick and stroke himself to climax while watching his mom's naughty show, but he didn't dare with other students around. It was the sweetest torture imaginable.

Becca's tits wobbled as she rolled onto her back and slowly spread her thick, shapely legs as wide as they could go, opening herself completely to the camera.

Her flexible hips allowed her to splay her thighs completely open, her feet with perfectly polished red toenails pointing towards opposite sides of the room like a ballerina doing the splits.

"Look how open Mommy's pussy is for you, baby," she purred, trailing her fingers through her glistening pink folds on display. "So wet and ready for your big, teenage cock."

She used both hands to spread her puffy outer lips wide, exposing her clenching, dusky-rose inner flesh.

Her wet opening winked and fluttered, visibly aching to be filled. Her engorged grape-sized clit peeked out lewdly from under its hood, throbbing for attention.

"I wish you were here to stuff me full of your hard dick," Becca moaned, dipping two fingers into her soaked channel and pumping them in and out. "Pound Mommy's greedy honey-hole until I scream. Fill me with your hot virile cum."

She fucked herself faster, her titties jiggling and quivering from the force of her movements.

Her plump ass bounced on the mattress as she worked a third, then fourth finger inside her tightly stretched hole, giving Hal an obscenely explicit view.

"Oooh fuck, I'm getting close already," she panted, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Gonna cum so hard thinking about you fucking me, baby! Drilling my pussy and ass with that huge fucking bull-cock!"

With her other hand, she reached down to rub quick, tight circles around her straining clit, the wet sounds of her fingers squelching in her cream obscenely loud. Her voluptuous body began to writhe and undulate on the bed, fucking herself with wild abandon towards climax.

Hal clenched his jaw, his own orgasm building at the base of his spine just from watching his wanton mother pleasure herself to thoughts of him.

He wanted nothing more than to whip out his throbbing boner and fist himself in time to her desperate finger-

fucking, splattering her image on his phone screen with his hot seed.

But he couldn't, not here, surrounded by oblivious classmates and with the teacher droning on at the front of the room. All he could do was sit there with a raging hard-on, his balls boiling with pent-up cum, and let his mom's filthy audio-visual assault push him to the brink of madness with lust.

Just when he thought he couldn't take the exquisite torture anymore, Becca let out a keening wail, her whole body seizing up as her orgasm crashed over her. "FUCK, I'm cumming!" she cried, gushing clear fluid around her plunging fingers. "Cumming so hard on your cock, Hal! Fill me up with your hot boy-semen!"

Moments later, Becca rolled off the bed and stumbled over to the camera on shaky legs, her body still trembling from aftershocks. She picked up her phone and grinned breathlessly into the lens.

"Mmmm, did you like that, baby?" she purred. "I know that must have gotten you all worked up. Tell you what - I'll stay on the line so you can sneak off somewhere private after class and Mommy will help you cum. How does that sound?"

Hal typed back with clumsy, desperate fingers: "Fuck yes, please Mom. I'm dying here. Need to bust so bad."

Becca chuckled wickedly. "That's my good boy. Find a nice quiet place and let Mommy take care of that aching cock."

The bell rang, signaling the end of the period. Hal sprang up from his desk, holding his binder strategically in front of his straining erection. He hurried out of the room and made a beeline for the most remote bathroom on campus, tucked away in an old wing that hardly anyone used.

Locking himself in the handicapped stall, Hal put in his earbuds and propped his phone up on the toilet paper dispenser. His gorgeous mother's face filled the small screen, smiling at him salaciously.

"There's my handsome boy," she cooed. "Go ahead and take out that big dick for Mommy. I wanna see what I do to you."

Hal hastily unzipped his fly with fumbling fingers, sighing in relief as his swollen cock sprang free. It slapped up against his belly, flushed a deep red and pulsing angrily, the slit already beading pre-cum.

"Oh fuck baby, look how hard you are," Becca breathed, licking her lips. "Stroke it for me. Nice and slow to start."

Hal wrapped his fist around his throbbing shaft and began to pump, groaning at the sweet friction. He squeezed and twisted on the upstroke just like his mom had taught him.

"That's it, nice and easy," Becca purred sultrily as she watched him pleasure himself, her wide eyes glued to the angry purple bell that slipped through his pre-cum-slickened fist. "Now close your eyes and imagine we're floating on a fluffy cloud together, naked as the day we were born..."

Hal let his mother's sensual voice wash over him, painting the erotic picture in his mind.

"The cloud is so soft and cool against our bare skin. My huge, heavy tits are pressed against your chest, my hard nipples grazing your pecs. You can feel my wet, hot cunt rubbing against your rock-hard cock as I slowly gyrate my hips, sliding my slick folds up and down your strong, thick shaft..."

Hal moaned, fisting himself faster as he imagined his mom grinding on him, up on their own private cloud away from the world.

In his fantasy, he gripped her plush ass, his fingers digging at the fat of her cheeks as he thrust up to meet her undulating hips.

"Your huge, throbbing cock is nestled between my soaked pussy lips, the swollen head nudging my entrance with each roll of our hips," Becca narrated breathily. "I reach down and grip your shaft, notching you at my fluttering opening. Then with one smooth motion, I sink down, sheathing you fully inside my tight, hot cunt."

Hal groaned, squeezing his cock as he imagined his mother's slick walls engulfing him. "Fuck Mom, you feel so good," he panted. "So wet and tight around me."

"Mmmmm, you're stretching me so deliciously, baby," Becca moaned. "I start riding you nice and slow, savoring every

thick inch. My pussy clenches and ripples around you, massaging your cock as I glide up and down."

In his mind's eye, Hal could see his mom bouncing on top of him, her massive tits jiggling hypnotically, her head thrown back in ecstasy as she impaled herself on his dick over and over.

His hand moved faster on his rigid shaft, trying to match the rhythm of her undulating hips.

"Ooooh yes, just like that," Becca purred, as if reading his dirty thoughts. "I pick up the pace, slamming myself down on your fat cock as you buck up to meet me. The sound of our bodies slapping together echoes across the sky as we rut frantically on our little cloud."

Hal bit his lip hard, chasing his orgasm. His balls drew up tight and he could feel his climax building at the base of his spine. "I'm getting close, Mom," he warned. "Where do you want my cum?"

"Inside me," Becca demanded breathlessly. "I want you to shoot your hot load deep in Mommy's cunt. Fill me up until I'm overflowing with it. Paint my womb with your seed!"

With a strangled groan, Hal obeyed, his cock erupting in powerful spurts as he imagined pumping his mother full of cum.

Thick ropes of pearly jizz shot from his slit, splattering his fist and the bathroom stall door. He worked himself through it, milking every last drop from his pulsing shaft.

Through the earbuds, he could hear his mom's answering moans as she came with him, her fingers squelching in her drenched pussy. "Yesssss, give me that cream, baby boy!" she keened. "Flood my hungry cunt!"

Finally spent, Hal slumped back against the wall, panting harshly. He looked down at the impressive mess he'd made and grinned. His mom certainly knew how to push him over the edge in the most mind-blowing way possible.

"Feel better, sweetie?" Becca asked smugly, her face coming back into view on his phone.

Hal zipped up his pants and cleaned himself off as best he could with some toilet paper. "That was incredible, Mom," he said into his phone's mic. "I feel so much better now. You always know just what I need."

"That's what mommies are for, baby," Becca purred. "To take care of their boys in every way. Now hurry to your next class before you're late. And don't forget, your father and I will be picking you and your sister up after school to spend the weekend at Grandma and Grandpa's."

Hal groaned, having completely forgotten about the planned family visit in the midst of his sexual haze. "Do we have to?" he whined. "I was hoping we could have some more...quality alone time this weekend."

"I know sweetie, me too," Becca sighed. "I'm sure we can find some creative ways to stay entertained on the drive up

there. And I have a huge surprise in store for you during this trip."

Hal shivered, his cock twitching valiantly at the naughty promise in his mother's voice. "I like the sound of that," he said huskily. "Maybe I can return the favor from this morning and get you off with my fingers while Dad and Kylie are none the wiser."

"Mmmm, I'll hold you to that," Becca purred. "Now run along. Mommy will see you soon." She blew a kiss at the camera before signing off.

## Chapter 18: Backseat Holes

A few hours later, Hal and his younger sister Kylie piled into the backseat of the family SUV while their parents took their places up front. Becca twisted around to hand them a fleece blanket with a sly wink at her son.

"In case you kids wanna take a nap on the way," she said innocently. "It's a long drive."

Hal fought back a knowing grin as he accepted the throw and spread it out over his lap. He could already imagine all the wicked things he and his mom could get up to under the cover of the blanket while the rest of the family remained oblivious in the front seat. The only problem was she was still in the front, but that soon changed.

As David navigated the SUV onto the highway, Becca turned to their daughter in the passenger seat. "Sweetie, would you mind trading spots with me?" she asked brightly. "I wanna sit in the back so I can work on my cross-stitch. The lighting's better back there."

Kylie shrugged, unbuckling her seatbelt. "Sure Mom, no problem."

They awkwardly clambered over the center console, trying not to jostle David as he drove.

Becca plopped down next to Hal in the backseat with a subtle wink while Kylie settled into the front, popping in her earbuds.

"There, that's better," Becca said cheerfully, pulling out a tote bag with her needlework supplies. She made a show of rummaging through it while surreptitiously sliding her other hand beneath the fleece blanket.

Hal jumped slightly when he felt his mother's fingers grazing his thigh, slowly inching their way up towards his crotch.

He shot her a startled but excited look from the corner of his eye. Becca just smiled serenely and continued organizing her embroidery floss, as if she wasn't fondling her son mere inches away from her husband and daughter.

"Everybody comfy back there?" David called, glancing at them in the rearview mirror. "It's gonna be a long ride, so speak up if you need a pit stop."

"Oh, we're just fine, dear," Becca replied breezily as her hand found Hal's fly and began to teasingly trace the outline of his stiffening cock. "Settling in for a nice, relaxing drive."

Hal bit his lip to suppress a moan, subtly angling his hips into his mom's touch. The fact that they were doing something so forbidden right under his father and sister's noses made it unbelievably hot.

His teenage hormones kicked into overdrive as Becca deftly unzipped his jeans and slipped her fingers inside to fondle him through his thin boxers.

"Mmmm, already so hard for Mommy," Becca murmured, leaning close to whisper directly into Hal's ear under the guise of commenting on her stitching. Her hot breath made him shiver. "Such an eager boy."

She began to stroke him through the cotton fabric, tracing the thick vein on the underside of his shaft and circling the leaking tip.

Hal spread his legs wider, giving her better access as he struggled to keep a neutral expression.

Up front, Kylie was lost in her music while David focused intently on the road, completely unaware of the illicit activities happening right behind them.

The blanket across their laps concealed the movement of Becca's busy hand as she teased and caressed her son's throbbing erection with increasing urgency.

Becca leaned over even closer to Hal, until her lips were brushing his ear. "Why don't you lay your head in Mommy's lap and take a little nap?" she purred suggestively. "You must be so tired after the long school day."

Catching on immediately, Hal let out an exaggerated yawn. "Yeah, I could definitely go for a nap," he said, stretching his arms above his head. "You don't mind, do you Mom?"

"Of course not, sweetie," Becca cooed. "Just snuggle up and rest." She patted her thigh invitingly.

Hal shifted down in his seat and carefully laid his head on his mother's soft lap, facing towards her body.

Becca adjusted the blanket over him. To anyone glancing back, it would just look like he was taking an innocent nap.

But under the blanket, the sexually-excited mother wasted no time fishing Hal's stiff cock out through the slit in his boxers.

He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from moaning aloud as her warm fingers wrapped around his girth and began to stroke him with a tight, twisting motion.

"There we go, isn't that better?" Becca asked tenderly, as if soothing a cranky toddler rather than giving her teenage son a handjob.

"Mmmhmm," Hal hummed in agreement, subtly thrusting into her fist. The position allowed him to nuzzle his face into

his mother's clothed breasts, her hard nipples grazing his cheeks through her thin blouse.

Noticing his interest, Becca deftly unbuttoned her top with her free hand, pulling the fabric aside along with her lacy bra cup.

Hal's eyes widened hungrily as one huge, heavy tit spilled free, the fat nipple puckered and inviting mere inches from his lips.

"Go ahead, baby," Becca whispered breathily. "Suckle on Mommy's titty while I take care of this big cock. Just keep the blanket over you."

Hal didn't need to be told twice. He eagerly latched onto his mother's enormous breast, sucking the nipple into his mouth and moaning softly around the firm nub as his face sunk against her rounded flesh.

Becca's breath hitched and her hand squeezed around his warm, firm rod approvingly as he nursed on her tit like a greedy infant.

They kept up the secret rhythm for miles, Becca languidly stroking her son's cock from knob to balls as he suckled her breast, both of them biting back gasps and whimpers of pleasure.

The blanket rustled slightly with their movements but Kylie and David remained completely oblivious up front, the radio masking any suspicious sounds.

Hal nestled his face into the soft, plush flesh beneath his mother's enormous breast, relishing the comforting weight against his cheek. He nuzzled into her cleavage, inhaling her sweet, familiar scent before taking the thick, dusky nipple between his lips.

He suctioned the fat nub deep into his hot mouth, flicking the rubbery tip with his tongue.

Becca shuddered above him, her fingers tightening around his throbbing shaft as he feasted on her tit like a starving boy. Hal hollowed his cheeks and suckled harder, drawing more of her pillowy flesh into his mouth.

He sank his face into the doughy mound, motorboating the massive breast and reveling in the feel of it engulfing his features. His lips and tongue worked overtime, alternately sucking and licking every inch of her spongy areola and gristly peak.

Over the next half-hour, Hal gorged himself on his mother's tit, suckling and slurping noisily despite the need for quiet.

He couldn't get enough of the pliant, supple flesh filling his mouth. He grazed his teeth over the sensitive nipple, making Becca gasp and arch into him, silently begging for more.

Lost in nursing heaven, drool began to dribble from the corners of Hal's stretched lips as he suckled his mom with sloppy abandon.

Becca gathered the excess fluid with her fingers and smeared it around the nipple, making it glisten obscenely.

The lurid wet sounds of Hal's suckling increased as he greedily devoured the spit-slick bud.

He nibbled and latched and tugged on the engorged nipple, feeling it swell and lengthen in his mouth from his oral onslaught.

Becca squirmed from his intense attention. She had never gotten this type of tit-sucking from her husband, but she also knew that giant, squishy udders didn't excite grown men the same way they did boys.

Her pussy was growing damp in her panties as she stroked him faster under the blanket.

"Such a good boy," she praised under her breath, her voice quavering. "Suck Mommy's titty just like that. Gonna make me cum in my jeans if you keep it up."

Hal groaned quietly around his mouthful, doubling his efforts. He wanted nothing more than to bring his sexy mother off with his lips and tongue, to feel her shudder apart from his tit worship. He lavished her stiff peak with swirls and flicks before sucking it hard and deep once more.

This continued for a while with the mother-son duo lost in nursing and cock-stroking bliss, until eventually Becca could feel Hal's cock begin to swell and pulse more urgently in her stroking fist. She knew he was getting close to orgasm and would need help reaching his peak discreetly.

Thinking quickly, Becca slipped her hand that wasn't pumping Hal's shaft into his open fly to cup and fondle his

heavy balls, clawing at their tender meat with her long manicured fingernails.

"Honey, I love this song. Could you turn it up," she told her husband, knowing that the increased volume would drown out her son's orgasmic grunts.

As her husband turned up the radio, Becca went to work milking her son's cock and balls with expert finesse, determined to push him over the edge into a mind-blowing climax right there in the backseat.

Her fist pumped up and down his thick shaft with a corkscrew motion, adding a little twist over his glans on the upstroke that made Hal's eyes want to roll back in bliss.

She varied her speed and pressure, keeping him on his toes, squeezing the base and then fluttering her fingers teasingly over his sensitive knob.

Becca used the copious pre-cum leaking from Hal's slit to lubricate her strokes, smearing the slick fluid up and down his pulsing length.

Her thumb rubbed firm circles over his frenulum, that highly responsive bundle of nerves on the underside of the head, sending sparks of electric pleasure zinging through his groin.

Down below, she kept up her assault on his churning balls, alternately groping the fat orbs and tugging on them gently, rolling them in her warm palm.

Her nails lightly scratched at his taint, making Hal squirm and pant into her breast as he suckled harder on her nipple, lost in sensation.

Becca could feel her son's cock growing impossibly harder, the shaft turning to steel as his impending orgasm approached.

She locked eyes with him as he peeked up over the rounded slope of her tit and gave a subtle nod, letting him know it was okay to let go, that she would catch his load and keep their forbidden coupling a secret.

With her non-verbal permission, Hal surrendered to the tsunami of ecstasy cresting in his core. He bit down on his mother's swollen nipple to muffle his cries as he exploded into her cupped hand, his cock erupting untouched in one of the most powerful orgasms of his young life.

Becca's tireless fist milked him through it, pumping out spurt after spurt of hot teenage seed into her waiting palm.

Her thumb furiously rubbed his frenulum as he gushed, drawing out every last drop and making him shudder with the intensity. Her other hand never ceased its massage of his contracting balls.

By the time Hal finally slumped back against the seat in a boneless heap, Becca's cupped hand was overflowing with his warm jizz.

She carefully pulled it out from under the blanket, keeping her fingers curled so as not to spill a single precious drop.

Smiling wickedly at her dazed son, Becca brought her cum-coated hand to her mouth and began to sensually lick it clean, slurping up his salty essence like it was her favorite treat.

All the while, she held eye contact with Hal, relishing the slack-jawed, lustful way he watched her savor his most intimate gift.

The throb of Becca's clit was almost unbearable. She needed her cunt-hole fingered in a bad way.

The mother stretched and yawned theatrically, making sure her husband could see in the rearview mirror. "I think I might sprawl out under the blanket with Hal and take a nap too, honey," she said innocently. "All that stitching made me sleepy."

David glanced back and nodded. "Go ahead, we've still got a ways to go. I'll wake you when we get to your folks' place."

Smiling to herself, Becca shifted down and curled up next to her son, pulling the fleece blanket up to their chins. To anyone looking, they appeared to just be a mother and child napping sweetly together. But beneath the covers, the two lovers intertwined intimately, still buzzing from their illicit activities.

Becca nuzzled into Hal's neck, inhaling the musky scent of his spent arousal. "Mmmm, that was so hot baby," she purred quietly in his ear. "You taste amazing. Mommy loves swallowing your cum."

Hal shivered and wrapped an arm around his mother's soft curves, pulling her closer, mashing her doughy-soft tits against his chest. "God Mom, the way you touch me..." he breathed. "I've never felt anything so good. I don't ever wanna stop doing naughty things with you."

"Don't worry, sweetheart, this is only the beginning," Becca promised sultrily, lightly scraping her nails over his sensitive cock. "Now, why don't you finger me while I cling to you."

Becca pulled Hal's head down to nestle between her huge, soft breasts, smothering him in her cleavage. "Get nice and comfy, baby," she cooed. "Bury your face in Mommy's big titties while you play with her needy pussy."

Hal groaned quietly and nuzzled into the warm, fragrant valley, his lips brushing the sides of her heavy mounds as he breathed in her scent.

At the same time, he slid his hand between her legs, finding the damp patch on her jeans that betrayed her arousal.

He rubbed her mound firmly through the denim, feeling her hips subtly rocking into his touch.

Becca muffled a moan into his hair, her thighs parting to give him better access.

Taking the cue, Hal popped the button on her fly and carefully eased the zipper down.

Becca lifted her hips obligingly, allowing him to work her tight jeans down just enough to expose her drenched

panties. The musky scent of her excitement wafted up to Hal's nose, making him dizzy with lust. He traced the glistening outline of her puffy folds through the sheer fabric, teasing her.

"Mmmm yes baby, touch me," Becca purred almost inaudibly, her breath hot on his ear. "Feel how wet Mommy is for you. Slip your fingers into my panties and play with my dripping cunt."

Hal hastily obeyed, pushing the soaked lace aside and delving into his mother's slick, swollen flesh. They both had to strangle back groans as he parted her plump lips and slid two fingers deep into her tight channel, pumping them slowly.

"Oh fuck yes," Becca gasped, her inner muscles clenching greedily around the welcome intrusion. "Finger-fuck me, Hal. Get me off, baby, please..."

Hal set to work frigging his mom with increased purpose, curling his fingers to rub her G-spot as his thumb circled her throbbing clit.

Becca writhed against him, humping his busy hand as discreetly as possible, chasing her pleasure.

It didn't take long before she was pulsing and fluttering around Hal's pumping fingers, her pussy gushing cream. He felt her body stiffen and then shudder apart in his arms as she came silently, her face buried in his neck to muffle her cries.

Hal gently stroked her through the aftershocks, drawing out her climax until she finally sagged bonelessly against him.

He carefully withdrew his drenched fingers from her twitching hole and brought them to his mouth, licking them clean of her essence.

Becca watched Hal through heavy-lidded eyes, a satisfied smile on her face as he licked her juices from his fingers. "That's my good boy," she praised huskily. "Eating Mommy's cum like a thirsty little pup. I can't wait to have your tongue buried in my pussy later."

Hal groaned quietly at the thought, his spent cock already twitching with renewed interest. "I'm gonna eat you out for hours," he promised, his voice muffled by her cleavage. "Lap up every drop of your sweet cream until you're begging me to stop."

"Mmmm, I'll hold you to that," Becca purred, giving his softening shaft a teasing squeeze. "Right now though, we should probably straighten up before we get to Grandma and Grandpa's. Don't want your father suspecting anything."

Reluctantly, the mother and son disentangled and rearranged their clothing under the blanket, erasing the evidence of their lewd activities.

By the time David pulled into the driveway of Becca's childhood home, they both looked as wholesome and innocent as could be.

But the heated glances and secret touches they exchanged as the family greeted Becca's parents promised that this visit would be anything but chaste.

Hal knew his insatiable mother would find plenty of opportunities to continue their illicit fun, and he couldn't wait to learn more at her hands... and mouth and maybe even her pussy.

## Chapter 19: Hole of Nostalgia

Grandma Debbie swept Hal into a tight embrace, smothering his face against her massive bosom. Hal was momentarily stunned as he was engulfed in her pillowy softness, his nose buried deep in her tremendous cleavage.

He had forgotten just how big Gran's breasts were - easily as large as his mother's impressive rack, despite her advanced age.

The low-cut blouse she wore did little to contain her enormous, heavy jugs, putting her deep valley of creamy, lightly wrinkled cleavage on full display.

As Gran squeezed him affectionately, Hal could feel her huge, plush tits pressing against his cheeks and chin, surrounding him in their warm, fragrant doughiness.

He couldn't help but notice that her breasts felt almost identical to his mother's - the same pillowy weight, the same yielding softness, like two overstuffed cushions.

Hal breathed in Gran's scent, detecting the faint underlying notes of perfume and face powder that always clung to her abundant curves. There was also an intoxicating hint of her womanly musk emanating from between her monumental mounds that made the base of Hal's spine tingle. It was somehow motherly and sensual all at once.

When Gran finally released him from the prolonged, smothering hug, Hal was flushed and somewhat dazed, blinking as if coming out of a trance.

His young cock throbbed insistently in his jeans, the feel of those huge matronly tits pressed against his face awakening a confusing mix of comfort and taboo lust.

Gran just smiled dotingly at her grandson, blissfully aware of the stirrings she had caused.

"My, how you've grown!" she cooed, cupping his face.

"Turning into such a handsome young man. I'll bet you have all the girls chasing after you, eh?"

Hal ducked his head and mumbled something unintelligible, his cheeks burning. If only Gran knew the kind of naughty "chasing" he and his own mother had been engaging in! He prayed his stiffening erection wasn't noticeable as the rest of the family filed inside the house.

As he followed everyone into the familiar home, Hal couldn't help but ogle Gran from behind, his eyes glued to the enticing sway of her tremendous ass, each cheek nearly the size of a throw pillow. He was struck by how much she

resembled his mom from this angle - the same wide, curvy hips, the same thick, juicy thighs and calves.

It seemed the apple hadn't fallen far from the tree in terms of the women's buxom, voluptuous figures.

Hal found himself wondering if Gran was just as sexually insatiable as his mother, if age had dampened her libido at all, or if she was still a wild, cock-hungry nymph underneath the prim granny exterior.

After a filling dinner prepared by Gran, Becca grabbed Hal's hand and grinned at him conspiratorially. "Come on sweetie, let me show you my old bedroom," she said brightly. "It's just like a time capsule from when I was your age!"

Hal followed his mother upstairs, his pulse quickening with anticipation. He knew Becca must have something naughty planned to get him alone like this. The thought of fooling around in her childhood bed, surrounded by relics of her youth, was incredibly titillating.

Becca pushed open the door to reveal a space that was indeed frozen in time - pastel walls covered in posters of heartthrobs, shelves lined with porcelain figurines and well-loved stuffed animals, a vanity scattered with old makeup and photographs. And in the center, a canopy bed still made up with ruffled floral linens.

"Wow Mom, this is a total blast from the past," Hal remarked, taking it all in.

His eyes were drawn to a corkboard above the desk, which showcased ribbons, awards, and photos of a teenage Becca in various costumes and uniforms - band, drill team, but most notably, cheerleading.

Becca noticed her son's interest and smirked. "Ah yes, I was quite the peppy little thing back then," she purred, running her fingers over the old photos. An idea lit up her eyes and she crossed to the closet. "I wonder..."

After some rummaging, Becca extracted an old garment bag and unzipped it. "A-ha! I knew your Grandmother would never throw this out," she crowed, pulling out a satiny blue and white cheerleading uniform.

Hal's eyes widened as he took in the skimpy outfit - a barely-there skirt and midriff-baring top with "GOOOOO TEAM!" emblazoned across the chest. The thought of his mother's ripe, womanly body stuffed into that tiny uniform made his mouth go dry.

"What do you say, baby? Wanna see if mom can still fit into her old cheering outfit?" Becca asked with a wink, already stripping off her clothes.

Hal could only nod dumbly, rendered mute by lust as he watched his mother shimmy into the undersized uniform.

The flimsy top stretched obscenely across her huge breasts, the zipper only making it halfway up, leaving a scandalous amount of cleavage on display. The pleated skirt barely

covered her ass cheeks, threatening to expose her cunt at any moment.

"Go Titans!" Becca cheered with mock enthusiasm, doing a little hop and spin that made her big tits bounce and quake. She shook her pom-poms, which she had also unearthed.

Becca did a little cheer routine for her son, shaking her pom-poms and thrusting out her chest. "Rah rah ree, kick 'em in the knee! Rah rah rass, kick 'em in the...other knee!" She punctuated the cheer with a limber high kick that made her tiny skirt flutter up, flashing her son a glimpse of her bare crotch.

Hal groaned as he caught a peek of his mother's glistening pink folds. He guessed that his mom had stripped them off after gushing her juices all over them in the car earlier.

His cock strained painfully against his fly, the outline clearly visible through his jeans. "Jesus Mom, you look so fucking hot," he panted. "I think that outfit is a little small on you now though."

"You think?" Becca asked innocently, glancing down at herself. The undersized uniform looked painted onto her voluptuous figure, her huge breasts nearly spilling out completely. "I guess I have grown a bit since high school." She cupped her heavy tits and jiggled them. "Especially up top."

Hal couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's spectacular cleavage, practically hypnotized by the wobbling flesh.

"No kidding," he said hoarsely. "You're way too stacked to be a cheerleader now. You'd cause a riot in the stands with those massive udders."

Becca gasped in mock offense and thrust her chest out even more. "Hal! Are you calling your mother a cow?" She batted her eyes coquettishly. "I'll have you know these are prime grade-A all-American titties, mister. Enough milk in these jugs to feed the whole team."

Hal let out a tortured groan at that mental image - his mom in her skimpy little uniform, squirting streams of milk from her huge breasts to the eagerly waiting mouths of an entire football squad. His hips bucked involuntarily, seeking friction for his throbbing erection.

Becca grinned wickedly when she noticed the sizeable cock-bulge tenting his pants. "Well well, looks like someone's enjoying the blast from mom's past," she purred, dropping the pom-poms and strutting towards him. "Is that a touchdown in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?"

Hal snorted at the corny line even as his heart raced with anticipation. "You know damn well what you do to me, mom" he said roughly. "Prancing around in that sexy outfit, shoving your big tits and pussy in my face."

"You forgot to include my ass," she teased, lifting the skirt to expose her naked bubble butt. She turned and rubbed her boy's tent-bulge in the crack between her luscious buns."

"How could I forget that?" Hal sighed, his body shuddering from the delightful friction on his tender meat.

Becca reached back and palmed his straining bulge, squeezing the rigid length through his jeans. "Mmmm, but you love it when Mommy teases you with her naughty body," she breathed, grinding against him. "Gets this big fucking dick so hard for me, doesn't it?"

Hal could only grunt in agreement as his mother groped him through his jeans, his hips rocking into her touch. The bedroom felt stiflingly hot all of a sudden, the air crackling with illicit sexual tension.

"Mmm, this cheerleader would have definitely let you in through her bedroom window," Becca cooed. "Let you fucking shaft me right here on my bed."

"Oh fuck," Hal gulped, his dick flexing in his mom's hand.

Becca stepped back and perched on the edge of the frilly canopy bed, patting the space next to her invitingly. "Come sit with Mommy for a minute, baby," she cooed. "I want to tell you something."

Hal obeyed, sinking onto the mattress beside his scantily clad mother. The ruffled duvet felt juvenile under his ass, a stark contrast to the grown-up lust boiling in his veins.

Becca immediately placed her hand high on his thigh, her red nails lightly scratching the denim.

"You know how I promised you we would make love - really make love - soon?" she purred, her fingers creeping towards the bulge at the juncture of his legs. "How I would let you put this big, beautiful boy-muscle deep inside my tight little pussy for the first time?"

Hal shivered, his erection throbbing at the naughty words spilling from his mother's painted lips. "Y-yeah?" he croaked.

Becca leaned in close, her huge tits pressing against his arm as she brought her mouth to his ear. "Well, I was thinking... wouldn't it be so hot, so deliciously wrong, to do it right here? In the bed where I had all my first naughty experiences? Where I touched myself night after night, frantically frigging my virgin cunt, desperately wishing for a big, fat, teenage cock to stuff me full?"

Hal thought he might pass out as his mother's hand finally reached his crotch and squeezed him firmly through his jeans.

A gush of pre-cum spurted into his underwear. The idea of popping his mom's pussy in the same bed where she discovered her budding sexuality was so taboo and twisted and perfect.

"Fuuuuck Mom," he panted, subtly humping into her groping palm. "You want me to fuck you right here? In your childhood bed? With Gran and Gramps right downstairs?"

"Uh-huh," Becca confirmed breathily, rubbing his cock with more purpose. "I want you to throw me down on this frilly little bedspread and shove your huge fucking dick into me, baby. I want you to make Mommy scream and cream all over this prissy canopy, christen it with our incestuous sex juices."

She punctuated her filthy words by unzipping Hal's fly and worming her hand inside his pants to fist his throbbing shaft, jacking him off with urgent strokes.

"I wanna feel you power-fucking my tight MILF cunt with your big, young cock," Becca continued, her voice dripping with lust.

Becca licked the shell of Hal's ear as she friggd his teenage cock. "And I know just when we can do it," she purred conspiratorially. "Your father and Grandpa are playing golf tomorrow morning. And Gran already agreed to take Kylie to the clubhouse pool for a few hours."

Hal's eyes widened as he realized what his mother was saying. "So... we'll have the whole house to ourselves?" he asked, his voice cracking with excitement. "For hours?"

"Mmm-hmm," Becca confirmed, rubbing her thumb over the leaking slit of Hal's cockhead. "Plenty of time for mom to thoroughly educate you on the joys of fucking."

She cupped his cheek and held his gaze while continuing. "I'm going to let you pound my hungry pussy in every

naughty way we can think of. We'll leave a trail of cum all over my childhood bedroom."

Hal bucked into her fist, his balls already drawing up tight at the thought of spending hours drilling his mom in her girly bedroom, secretly defiling the space with their incestuous depravity. "Shit, I don't know if I can wait that long," he panted. "I'm dying to be inside you."

"I know baby, me too," Becca mewled, grinding her barely covered cunt against his leg. "I'm fucking dripping at the thought of your fat cock splitting me open. But it'll be worth the wait to have you fuck me nice and hard and loud, without worrying about getting caught."

She released his shaft and brought her hand up to smear his copious pre-cum all over her exposed cleavage, making the creamy swells glisten obscenely. "For now, how about you titty-fuck Mommy and blow your load all over this slutty little cheer top, hmm? Paint my big udders with your young jizz."

Becca shimmied the straining uniform top up and over her huge, heavy breasts, letting them bounce free.

Her dusky nipples were stiff as pencil erasers, just begging for attention. She cupped her fleshy globes and pushed them together, forming the deepest cleavage Hal had ever seen.

"Come on baby, get that dick out and slide it between Mommy's fat tits," she urged breathily, working her pillowy mounds up and down. "Fuck my titty-pussy until you

explode all over me. I wanna be covered in your spunk, dripping with it."

Hal scrambled to obey, shoving his pants down his thighs and springing his engorged cock free.

He stood before his mother and nestled his thick shaft into her warm, plush cleavage, groaning at the sensation of her silky flesh engulfing him.

Just as Hal started thrusting between his mother's enormous breasts, slick with his his-cum, there was a sudden knock at the bedroom door. They both froze, hearts pounding.

"Becca? You in there?" came David's muffled voice through the door.

"Uh, yes dear, just a second!" Becca called back, somehow keeping her voice steady despite her son's throbbing cock still nestled between her huge tits.

She looked at Hal with wide, lust-blown eyes and slowly mouthed "Keep going."

Hal's jaw dropped but his mother just smirked and flexed her chest muscles, massaging his rigid shaft with her pillowy mounds.

Biting back a groan, he resumed sliding through her cleavage, fucking her tit-pussy with shallow strokes.

"Did you need something, David?" Becca asked her husband loudly, working her breasts up and down Hal's pistoning cock as she spoke. Her voice hitched slightly as the

engorged head poked out the top of her cleavage on each thrust.

"I was just wondering if you've seen my phone charger," David replied, jiggling the doorknob. Luckily Becca had thought to lock it. "I could've sworn I packed it..."

"Hmmm, no I haven't seen it," Becca said, adding a little twist each time she squeezed her son's cock head between her silky globes. Hal was leaking a steady stream of pre-cum now, allowing him to glide faster. "Did you check your suitcase?"

"Why do you have the door locked?" he husband replied, trying the knob again.

"David, just check your suitcase," she answered, ignoring his question. "That's probably where your charger is."

There was a pause and the sound of David rummaging around in the guest room across the hall. "Ah, got it! Thanks babe."

"No problem," Becca sing-songed as Hal started to thrust more urgently, his heavy balls slapping against the underside of her jutting rack.

"Is everything ok with you two?" her husband nosily asked.

"Yes, I'm just showing Hal some personal things from when I was his age. I'll be out in a little while."

Hal had to bury his face in his mom's neck to muffle his desperate grunts as he rocketed towards climax, his cock

swelling impossibly harder between her slick, jiggling tits. The depravity of tit-fucking his mother while his dad stood just outside made it that much hotter.

"Okay, well, I'll leave you to it then," David said obliviously. "Holler if you need anything."

"Oh I will," Becca purred, bouncing her huge breasts faster on Hal's pistoning pole. "I definitely will."

As soon as they heard David's footsteps retreat, Becca released her tits and sank to her knees, taking Hal's throbbing cock into her hot mouth.

She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks as she bobbed up and down his length like a prick-gobbling pro.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he announced, knees trembling.

Hal grabbed his mother's head and thrust deeply into her eager mouth as his climax overtook him. "Ungh fuck, Mom, swallow it all!" he grunted as the first powerful spurt of cum blasted across Becca's tongue.

She sealed her lips around his pulsing shaft, sucking greedily as jet after jet of her son's thick semen filled her mouth.

The hot, creamy fluid pooled on her tongue, coating her taste buds with his musky essence. Becca swirled the copious load around, savoring the salty-sweet flavor and viscous texture.

Using her long, talented licker, she laved the jism along the bottom of Hal's cockhead, lapping at his sensitive frenulum like a kitten with cream. She pushed the tip of her tongue into his spurting slit, wiggling it around to coax out every last drop.

When Hal's balls were finally empty, Becca made a show of swishing his abundant seed in her mouth, puffing out her cum-packed cheeks. The pearly spunk sloshed audibly as she tilted her head from side to side, letting Hal see how much of his release she had collected.

Then with a wink, she threw her head back and visibly gulped, her throat muscles working as she swallowed his entire load in a few greedy slurps.

Hal watched in awe as his mother's neck bobbed with each decadent swallow, a single errant rivulet of jizz escaping the corner of her lips and dribbling down her chin.

"Mmmm, delicious as always, baby boy," Becca purred, licking the wayward drop and smacking her lips in satisfaction. "Mommy loves eating your thick, teenage milt. Can't wait for you to pump a nice big load directly into my hungry cunt tomorrow."

Hal groaned at the naughty promise, his spent cock twitching valiantly at the thought of finally feeling his mother's tight, wet heat gripping him, milking him.

"Fuck Mom, you're insatiable," he rasped. "I don't know how I'm gonna make it till then without blowing my load again."

"I guess you'll just have to be a good boy and save it all up for me," Becca smirked, giving his softening shaft a parting kiss before tucking him back into his pants. "I want those big balls nice and full when you slide into mom's aching pussy for the first time. I expect you to pump me absolutely full to bursting with hot, virile cum."

Hal nodded eagerly, already feeling his nuts churn at the idea of spending hours seeding his mother, making her tight cunt overflow with his potent semen. He couldn't wait to fill her up over and over again, leaving her holes sloppy and dripping with his essence.

## Chapter 20: Granny Hole

In the middle of the night, Hal awoke suddenly to the sensation of a soft, hand stroking his face. Blinking in the darkness, he was shocked to see his grandmother Debbie's face hovering over him, her long silver hair tickling his nose.

"Shhh, don't make a sound," she whispered, pressing a finger to his lips. "Come with me, sweetie. Gran has a special surprise for you."

Confused but curious, Hal allowed himself to be pulled out of bed and led silently down the creaky stairs, his Gran's big bubble butt swaying mesmerizingly in front of him, clearly naked beneath her sexy babydoll nightie.

She brought him to a tiny closet in the far corner of the basement, urging him inside before closing the door and clicking on the bare bulb overhead.

In the dim yellow light, Hal could see they were surrounded by shelves of old canning jars and boxes of holiday decorations. The cramped space forced them to stand chest to chest, Debbie's huge, soft breasts pillowing against him through her thin nightgown.

"G-Gran, what's going on?" Hal asked nervously, acutely aware of her matronly curves pressing into him. "Why did you bring me down here?"

Debbie just smiled mysteriously, her blue eyes twinkling. "Oh pumpkin, I've seen the way you look at me," she purred, trailing a finger down his bare chest. "The way your eyes linger on my big ol' titties. Just like your grandpa used to do."

Hal swallowed hard, his face flushing. "I...I don't know what you're talking about," he stammered unconvincingly.

"Hush now, no need to be shy," Debbie cooed, cupping his face. "It's only natural for a virile boy like you to appreciate a well-built woman, even if she is your grandmother. I'm flattered, truly.

As she spoke, Debbie began slowly bunching up her nightgown, revealing more and more of her abundant thighs and thin, silvery strip of hair between her legs.

"In fact, I'd like to show my appreciation for your appreciation," Debbie continued huskily, pulling the nightgown over her head entirely and tossing it aside. "By giving you a chance to explore these big tits you admire so much."

Hal's jaw dropped as he took in the sight of his completely naked grandmother, her massive, heavy breasts jutting proudly from her chest, nipples puckered invitingly. Her skin was soft and lightly lined, her curves voluptuous and womanly. He felt his cock roar to life, tenting his sleep shorts obscenely.

Debbie noticed his blatant arousal and grinned, reaching down to palm him through the thin fabric. "Mmmm, seems like someone likes my idea. Let's grind that beautiful young cock against my ass while you suck my titties."

With a husky chuckle, Debbie pushed Hal's sleep shorts down to his ankles, causing his long, sinewy boner to spring upward at a perfect angle.

Hal watched her eyes widen as she stared down at his fat, cum-leaking dong, her thick, serpentine tongue gliding lustfully across her top lip.

Debbie nudged him down onto a sturdy canning box, the wood creaking under his weight. Then she straddled his lap, facing him, her plush thighs bracketing his hips.

Hal gasped as he felt his stiff cock nestle into the warm crease of his grandmother's ample ass. The silky skin of her

crack hugged his shaft as she settled against him, her massive breasts swaying inches from his awe-stricken face.

"There now, isn't this nice?" Debbie cooed, rolling her hips so her plump rump massaged Hal's throbbing erection. "Go ahead and touch them, baby. Grandma's big titties are all yours."

Hal tentatively brought his hands up to cup the heavy globes, marveling at their enormous doughy weight. He squeezed gently, his fingers sinking into the lush flesh, and Debbie sighed appreciatively.

"You don't have to be gentle, baby boy," she stated, "not with these tits."

Emboldened, he began to knead and massage her huge boobs like bread dough, relishing how they overflowed his palms. He lightly pinched the engorged teats, making them pucker and stiffen.

"Ooh yes, just like that," Debbie encouraged breathily, grinding her ass harder against Hal's cock in reward. "Gran likes her nipples played with. Now put that sweet mouth on them, darlin'. Suck Gran's big ol' titties."

Hal leaned forward and latched onto one dusky pink nipple, suckling it to full hardness. Debbie mewled and arched her back, pushing more of her plentiful bosom into his face.

He switched back and forth, laving and lapping at the rubbery buds until they glistened with his spit. He took as

much of each pillowy mound into his mouth as he could, suckling the lush flesh noisily.

"Mmmm, such a good boy," Debbie praised, panting slightly as she worked her ass up and down Hal's rigid pole with increased fervor. "You suck tit like a pro. I bet you've been practicing on your mother, haven't you?"

Hal froze, his mouth full of titty, eyes widening in shock. He pulled off with a wet pop, sputtering. "Wh-what? No, I haven't - we wouldn't -"

Debbie laughed throatily, tweaking his nipples. "Oh sweetie, no need to lie. I can tell your mother's been slutting it up with you. I'd recognize the signs anywhere."

She leaned in close, her voice dropping to a naughty whisper. "You see, me and your uncle Charlie had something similar going on when he was your age. In fact, we hid right here in this very closet many a time."

Hal's mind reeled at his grandmother's shocking confession. He gaped at her, his cock throbbing almost painfully against her gyrating ass cheeks. "You...you fooled around with Uncle Charlie?" he asked incredulously. "In this closet?"

"Mmmhmm," Debbie confirmed with a naughty grin, still grinding on him. "I taught that boy everything he knows about pleasing a woman. Just like I suspect your momma is doing with you."

She cupped Hal's face, her expression turning serious. "Now you listen to me, young man. There is nothing wrong or

shameful about what you're doing with your mother. It's a beautiful, natural thing for a boy to learn about his body from the woman who gave birth to him."

Hal felt a rush of relief at his grandmother's easy acceptance and understanding. "Really? You don't think it's...weird or gross?"

"Oh heavens no!" Debbie threw back her head and laughed. "If anything, I think it's wonderful. A special bond between mother and son. I'm just glad you two found each other like I did with my Charlie."

Smiling tenderly now, Debbie caressed Hal's cheek. "Your mother is a very sexual being, just like I am. We come from a long line of women who know how to enjoy our bodies and the bodies of our men. Never be ashamed of bringing each other pleasure, you hear me?"

"Yes Gran," Hal breathed, feeling a surge of love and gratitude towards this incredible, open-minded woman.

Debbie's smile turned wicked and conspiratorial. "Now, if I know my daughter, and I think I do, I'm sure she has big plans to give you her pussy properly for the first time tomorrow while everyone is out of the house," she purred, grinding down harder on Hal's straining erection for emphasis.

Hal gasped, his hips automatically bucking up to meet her. "H-how did you know that?" he panted.

"Oh please, I could see you two eye-fucking each other all through dinner," Debbie snorted. "You were practically drooling every time she bent over and I'm sure her panties are soaked through at the thought of finally having this big cock inside her."

She reached behind herself and grasped Hal's shaft, squeezing it meaningfully. "But I bet you're just dying to put it somewhere warm and tight in the meantime, aren't you baby?" she cooed.

"Uh-huh," Hal grunted eloquently, the dual sensations of his grandmother's soft hand and plush ass cheeks working his dick making him delirious with lust.

"Well then, how about you stick this nice hard cock up my asshole while you keep sucking on my titties?" Debbie suggested casually, as if she was proposing they play a board game. "Would you like that, darlin'? Wanna fuck your grandma's big ol' booty?"

Hal thought he might pass out as all the blood rushed from his head to his groin at the indecent proposal. "Oh God, Gran, yes please," he moaned shamelessly, the taboo perversity of it overwhelming any hesitation. "I wanna fuck your ass so bad."

"Mmm, good boy," Debbie approved, lifting up slightly and reaching between their bodies to position the swollen head of Hal's cock at her crinkled hole. This caused the boy's face to become engulfed between her tits and he peppered her cavernous cleavage with kisses.

"Grandma's gonna ride this big dick until you pump my bowels full of your sweet cum. All while you nurse on my huge titties like a greedy baby."

With that, she began to sink down, her sphincter muscles fluttering and then stretching obscenely around Hal's girth as she impaled herself on his unyielding shaft.

They both groaned at the incredible sensation - Hal at the tight, silky heat engulfing him and Debbie at the delicious burn and pressure of being filled completely.

"Oh fuck Gran, your asshole feels amazing," Hal panted once he was fully sheathed inside her, his pelvis flush against her plump rump. "So fucking tight, ungh!"

"That's it baby, give Grandma that big cock," Debbie encouraged gutturally, splaying her hands on Hal's chest as she started to bounce on his lap, riding him with abandon.

Hal gazed in awe at his grandmother's enormous breasts bouncing inches from his face as she rode his cock. Each mammoth mound was easily twice the size of his head, the skin stretched taut and shiny over the ample flesh.

Her areola were wide and thickly textured, a deep brownish-pink that stood out against her pale skin. The surface was pebbled and nubby like a rubber bath mat, puckering with her arousal. Each one was as big as the palm of his hand.

In the center of the crinkly discs, her nipples jutted out obscenely, rubbery and engorged. They were as thick as his thumbs and almost half as long, begging to be sucked and

chewed. The tips were a deeper hue, practically purple with need.

Debbie's huge tits slapped together obscenely as she bounced, creating a cavernous line of cleavage that disappeared into the folded flesh. The sides of the expansive globes were webbed with faint silvery stretch marks, a testament to their immense weight.

Hal watched them swing in tandem, mesmerized, as beads of sweat began to gather in the deep valley between the quivering mounds, pooling and then spilling over to trickle down her ribs. The musky scent of her perspiration mixed with the lavender powder she dusted on her cleavage was intoxicating.

Unable to resist any longer, the boy buried his face between his grandmother's jiggling jugs with a moan, motorboating the pliant flesh. He laved his tongue along the slick crevice, lapping up her briny essence before latching onto one swollen, rubbery nipple.

He suckled the engorged bud greedily, grunting around his mouthful as he matched Debbie's wild thrusts into her ass with his own desperate upward lunges.

The meaty smacks of their bodies colliding and the slick squelches of her hole accepting his cock filled the tiny closet, underscored by their needy moans.

"That's it baby, suck those big titties!" Debbie encouraged breathlessly, grinding down harder on his pummeling shaft.

"Milk my teats while you plow Grandma's tight asshole!  
Unngh fuck, I'm getting close!"

With his face masked in squishy tit-meat, Hal doubled his efforts, gnawing and tugging on her thickly puckered nipples as he slammed up into her again and again.

Inside Debbie's ass, the teen's thick cock was stretching and stimulating her sensitive rectal walls with each deep thrust. The rimmed head of his shaft dragged deliciously along her crinkled inner lining, sending sparks of pleasure through her core.

Her tightly puckered anus clung to his pistoning pole like a sucking mouth, the muscular ring fluttering and spasming around his girth. With each withdrawal, her clutching sphincter resisted the loss, clinging to his cock as if reluctant to let it go.

Debbie's anal cavity was slick and searing hot, her body producing extra lubrication to ease the passage of such a large intrusion. The wet squelches and obscene slurps of her hole swallowing Hal's dick filled the tiny closet as he pumped in and out of her faster and harder.

The ribbed walls of her chute rippled and undulated around the invading shaft, massaging it from all angles. Her forbidden passage seemed to mold itself to Hal's thrusting cock like a velvety glove, as if made solely to sheathe him.

Hal could feel every ridge, fold and vein of his grandmother's bowels gripping him like a vise as he pounded into her,

chasing his climax. The intensity of the snug, slick friction was almost too much to bear.

Deep in Debbie's guts, Hal's cockhead was rubbing repeatedly over a special spot that made her see stars - her anal G-spot. The spongy bundle of nerves sent jolts of ecstasy radiating through her pelvis each time it was stimulated by his relentless thrusts.

The taboo pleasure built and built, Debbie's rectal muscles starting to quiver and contract erratically around Hal's plunging shaft as her orgasm approached.

Her ass felt impossibly full, stuffed to the brim, her grandson's steely hardness touching her in places she never dreamed possible.

Just when she thought she couldn't take anymore, Hal bit down on her fat, rubbery nipple and slammed into her ass one last time, grinding his pubic bone against her spread cheeks as he exploded deep in her forbidden hole with a muffled groan.

Debbie felt her Grandson's cock swell and pulse as it began to spew what felt like buckets of hot, thick seed into her spasming bowels. The sensation of her ass being flooded with his cum pushed her over the edge into the most intense climax of her life.

"FUCK, I'm cumming on your cock. Pump my asshole full of jizz!" Debbie wailed, not caring how loud she was being. Her anal ring clamped down rhythmically around Hal's spurting

shaft, milking him for every last drop as her body shook and convulsed with pleasure.

Bucking upward, Hal grunted and whimpered around the spongy, heavy flesh of Debbie's tit as he pumped jet after jet of hot, thick cum deep into her clenching asshole. His cock throbbed and jerked inside her impossibly tight chute as it disgorged what felt like a gallon of jizz, painting her rectal walls white.

Debbie threw her head back with a silent scream of ecstasy as her body spasmed and shook through the most powerful orgasm of her life. Her sphincter muscles rippled and fluttered wildly around Hal's pulsing shaft, greedily milking him for every drop of his virile seed.

"Oh fuck baby boy, I can feel you flooding my guts with your cum!" she sobbed rapturously, grinding her hips down to take him even deeper. "Pump it all up in there, fill Grandma's ass to the brim!"

Hal could only moan incoherently in response, his face still buried in her rippling cleavage as he bucked and shuddered through the intense sensations.

His balls ached as they emptied themselves completely into his grandmother's forbidden hole, each spurt sending shockwaves of pleasure through his entire body.

For long, blissful moments, the illicit couple clung to each other as they rode out the aftershocks, Hal's softening cock

still twitching sporadically in Debbie's cum-slicked rear passage.

Debbie cooed and petted his hair, pressing sweet kisses all over his face.

Finally, with a lewd squelch, Hal slipped free of her stretched, puffy anus, a river of pearly semen immediately beginning to leak out and dribble down the insides of her thighs. Debbie reached back to catch some of the overflow, bringing her coated fingers to her mouth to taste their combined essence.

"Mmmm, delicious," she purred, smacking her lips. "Nothing beats the flavor of a virile boy's cum straight from the tap." She winked at Hal, who was still panting and dazed from his mind-blowing orgasm.

With a grunt of effort, Debbie lifted herself off of Hal's lap, more jizz oozing out of her gaping asshole and spattering obscenely onto the floor. She wobbled a bit on unsteady legs before bending to retrieve her nightgown, unconcerned with her grandson's spend trickling down her thighs.

"That was incredible, Gran," Hal said hoarsely once he'd caught his breath. "I can't believe we just did that. And that you're so...open and cool about everything."

Debbie just chuckled as she slipped the thin cotton over her head, her huge tits swinging freely. "Oh my sweet boy, I'm just getting started with you," she promised sultrily. "After you fuck your mother's ass off tomorrow, I'm hoping to get

some of this sweet dick in my cunt before you leave. You have SO many holes to fill.”

## Chapter 21: The Prized Hole

Becca woke up before dawn, her body thrumming with anticipation for what was to come. She had been fantasizing for weeks about finally giving her son the ultimate gift - her tight, wet pussy gripping his virgin cock as he took her, made her his completely. Today was the day all her naughty dreams would come true.

As quietly as possible, Becca slipped out of bed, leaving her snoring husband behind. She padded into the en suite bathroom and began her preparations to be the perfect lover for her eager boy.

First, she filled the tub with steaming water and fragrant oils - jasmine and sandalwood to heighten arousal. Dropping her nightgown, Becca sank into the scented depths and began meticulously washing every inch of her voluptuous body.

She paid special attention to her most intimate areas, soaping her heavy breasts until they glistened, lathering her plump pussy mound and folds until she was slick and tingling.

Next, Becca focused on grooming, carefully shaving her legs and underarms until they were silky smooth. She removed the stubble from her pubis, knowing Hal would appreciate a clear view and access to her pink, pouting lips and hooded

clit. Using a hand mirror, she ensuring not a single hair would impede her son's explorations.

After rinsing off, Becca dried herself and generously applied sweet almond oil all over, relishing the way it made her skin glisten in the low light. She plumped and perfumed her cleavage and massaged the oil into the globes of her ass, leaving no part of her neglected.

Moving to the vanity, she brushed her hair until it fell in tousled waves around her shoulders, framing her beautiful face. She outlined her eyes lightly and painted her full lips crimson - a wanton look that promised dirty, nasty things.

Becca then dug through her suitcase for the special lingerie she had packed just for this occasion - a sheer red teddy that cupped her heavy breasts and left her ass completely bare. She admired how the wispy lace framed her womanly curves, her rosy nipples and dewy slit clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. Hal's eyes would pop out of his head when he saw her in this.

Finally, to ensure she was ready to accept every hard inch of her son's young cock, Becca perched on the edge of the vanity and spread her thighs. Dipping her fingers into a pot of coconut oil, she began to slowly circle her folds, spreading the slick substance all over her heated flesh.

She rubbed her clit until it throbbed and peeked out from under its hood, pulsing for attention.

Becca pumped a few fingers inside her soaked pussy, feeling it stretch and soften, growing wetter by the second. She wanted to be dripping and ready for Hal's cock, prepared to take him to the hilt with ease.

After several minutes of frigging herself, Becca's cunt was sloppy and gaping, her arousal trickling down her wrist. Deciding she was sufficiently primed, she withdrew her slick fingers and licked them clean, shivering at her own tangy-sweet musk.

Donning a short silk robe and designer mules to complete the package, Becca surveyed herself one last time in the full length mirror. Her heavy breasts strained against the delicate material, her stiff nipples clearly outlined. The robe barely covered her ass cheeks and if she moved just right, her glistening pussy winked into view.

"Perfect," she purred to herself, satisfied that she looked every inch the cock-hungry MILF. Her son wouldn't be able to keep his hands off her ripe, ready body. She couldn't wait to give him the ride of his young life, to finally feel his hard cock splitting her open and driving her to ecstasy.

Spritzing herself with one last mist of aphrodisiac perfume, Becca exited the bathroom.

David looked up from packing his golf bag and did a double take when he saw his wife emerge from the bathroom. "Wow, don't you look amazing this morning," he commented appreciatively, eyeing the way her silk robe clung to her every curve. "What's the occasion?"

Becca just gave him a mysterious smile. "Oh, no occasion. I just felt like starting the day off feeling sexy and pampered."

"Well, I certainly love it too," David chuckled, pecking her on the cheek. "You'll have to save some of that sexy energy for me later tonight."

"Count on it, darling," Becca purred, though secretly she knew her pussy would be far too exhausted and satisfied from fucking her son all day to even consider giving it up to her husband.

Just then, Hal's grandfather Frank poked his head in, already dressed in his golfing attire. "Ready to hit the links, son?" he asked jovially. "Weather's perfect for a nice long game."

"You bet, Dad," David grinned, zipping up his bag. "I'll meet you at the car in a sec."

Debbie entered from the guest room, also dressed and ready for the day. "The pool awaits!" she sang out. "Kylie honey, grab your suit and sunscreen. We ladies have some serious tanning to do."

The 12-year-old scampered out excitedly, her inflatable pool float already tucked under her arm. "I'm ready, Gran! Let's go!"

Debbie followed her granddaughter out, but not before shooting Becca a knowing wink over her shoulder. "Have fun today, dear."

The message was clear - she knew exactly what her daughter and grandson would be getting up to in their absence and she wholeheartedly approved.

Within minutes, the house had cleared out, David and Frank zooming off to the country club in the golf cart while Debbie's sedan pattered down the driveway with her and Kylie.

Becca stood at the window and watched until both vehicles had disappeared from view, a wicked smile stretching her painted lips. At last, she was completely alone with her sweet, horny, virgin boy. It was time to make good on all her dirty promises.

Hal sat up in bed, his heart pounding as he heard the click of his mother's dainty heels approaching down the hallway. He had been waiting for this moment all night, his cock already thickening in anticipation under the sheets.

A moment later, Becca appeared in his open doorway, striking a provocative pose. Hal's eyes immediately went to her feet, propped sexily in strappy, open-toed six-inch mules. The black patent leather contrasted enticingly with her creamy skin and crimson pedicure.

His gaze travelled hungrily up her long, toned legs, noting how the short silk robe left her upper thighs completely bare. The sheer material clung to the mouthwatering curves of her hips and ass, the globes of her cheeks just barely concealed.

Becca's tiny waist was cinched by the robe's sash, emphasizing her hourglass figure. Above it, her gigantic tits strained against the delicate fabric, the shape of her huge, puffy nipples clearly outlined. The deep vee of the neckline displayed an obscene amount of jiggling cleavage.

She had let her hair down in tousled bedroom waves that brushed her shoulders sensually. Her smoky eyeshadow and pouty red lips gave her a wanton, fuckable look that made Hal's mouth go dry. In that moment, she wasn't his mother - she was a cock-hungry goddess, oozing pure sex.

"Good morning, baby," Becca purred, her voice a low, sultry rasp. "Are you ready for Mommy to make you a man?"

She slowly untied the sash of her robe, letting the silk slither off her shoulders to pool at her feet.

Hal's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the sight of his mother's exposed lingerie - transparent red lace in a cut that left nothing to the imagination. He could clearly see the wide, dark rings of her areola, the puckered tips of her jutting nipples, the dewy pink folds of her bare slit.

The boy's cock immediately sprang to full hardness, tenting the sheet obscenely. "Holy fuck Mom," he croaked, drinking her in. "You look insanely hot."

"Mmmm, you'll keep me feeling hot all day," Becca purred, sauntering towards her son's bed with an exaggerated sway of her hips. "Now come with me, baby boy. I need you to fuck me in my old bed until I scream."

Hal scrambled out of bed so fast he nearly tripped over the sheets. His rigid cock bobbed heavily before him, like a sturdy tree branch in the wind, flushed an angry purple with need.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's spectacularly sexy body, especially the cheeks of her undulating buttocks as she led him by the hand down the hall to her girlhood room.

In a daze of lust, he followed her swaying ass into the frilly, feminine space. The door had barely latched behind them before Becca was on him, shoving him against it and attacking his mouth with her own.

"Mmmph!" Hal grunted in surprise, but quickly melted into the kiss, opening for his mother's plundering tongue. They dueled sloppily, all panting breaths and clashing teeth, hands groping everywhere.

"I'm gonna fuck you so good," Becca growled into his mouth between biting kisses. "Gonna drain those swollen balls dry. Pump me full of cum, baby."

"Yes, fuck yes," Hal babbled, his brain short-circuiting with need. He grabbed two handfuls of his mother's plush ass, kneading the fleshy globes. "Wanna be inside you so bad."

Becca wrenched away with a gasp and spun them around, giving Hal a shove so that he landed on the bed on his back. She crawled over him predatorily, her huge tits swaying in the wispy lace.

"Beg Mommy for it," she commanded breathily, straddling his waist and grinding her soaked pussy lips along his aching shaft. "Beg me to pop your cherry with my hot cunt."

"Please Mom, please let me fuck you!" Hal keened desperately, almost out of his mind with lust. He bucked his hips up, seeking more delicious friction. "I wanna lose my virginity in your tight pussy. I want you to be my first, teach me everything. Use me for your pleasure!"

"Good boy," Becca purred, reaching between them to grip his steel-hard cock and position it at her entrance. They both shuddered and moaned at the first electric contact of swollen cockhead against slick, puffy pussy lips.

Slowly, torturously, Becca began to sink down on her son's virgin shaft, their groans intermingling as he stretched and filled her incredibly tight channel inch by inch.

Hal thought he might black out from sheer ecstasy as his boner was sheathed to the hilt in his mother's molten core, her flanges mashed flat against his cock-root.

The mother's Kegel muscles gave his rod a welcoming squeeze, making Hal's dick flex impossibly hard.

As Becca began to bounce and grind vigorously on Hal's throbbing cock, her massive tit-knockers quickly flopped free of the flimsy lace teddy. The sheerness of the fabric was no match for her wildly jiggling flesh as she rode him hard and fast.

Hal watched in awe as his mother's tits swayed and quaked hypnotically above him, the heavy globes rising and falling in counterpoint to the slam of her hips. Her dusky nipples were stiff points atop the undulating mounds, jutting out over an inch and begging for attention.

Unable to resist, Hal reached up and palmed the warm, plush flesh, relishing how her huge boobs overflowed his groping hands. He squeezed and kneaded the malleable tits, feeling their doughy weight shift with Becca's increasingly frenetic movements.

"That's it baby, play with Mommy's big titties while you fuck her!" Becca panted, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she pounded herself on Hal's pistoning cock. Her breasts bounced exuberantly in his grasp, the undersides slapping his wrists with each thrust.

Hal tugged and rolled her engorged nipples between his fingers, making Becca keen throatily and clench around him. He surged up to suckle one fat, spongy nub into his mouth, groaning at the taste of his mother's sweet skin mixed with the salt of her sweat.

He tongued and nibbled the rubbery peak, reveling in the way it puckered and thickened between his lips. He moved to the other nipple to lave it with the same sort of worship, then buried his face between her wildly rippling tits.

Becca cupped the back of his head and mashed his face into her cleavage as her cries grew increasingly desperate.

"Harder baby, suck them harder!" she sobbed. "I'm so fucking close!"

Hal latched on and suckled her nipple deep into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks for maximum suction as Becca rode him like a woman possessed. Her massive, flopping breasts slapped against his cheeks as he nursed, the wet sounds of his greedy suckling intermingling with the rhythmic slap of damp skin on skin.

Suddenly, Becca threw her head back with a hoarse cry, every muscle seizing up as her orgasm crashed over her. Her pussy rippled and contracted wildly around her son's cock, squeezing him like a hot, slick vise.

Hal felt his balls tighten and tingle, signaling his impending orgasm, but he grit his teeth and willed it back. He didn't want to blow his load too soon, not when he had hours ahead to explore his mother's incredible body. He wanted to make this first fuck last as long as possible.

Becca seemed to sense his dilemma. Still shuddering through the aftershocks of her intense climax, she gazed down at him with heavy-lidded eyes and gave him a wicked, breathless grin.

"Flip me over and fuck me like a savage," she purred, her velvety walls still rippling around his throbbing shaft. "I wanna feel you pounding into me from behind, using me hard for your pleasure."

Hal growled low in his throat, a surge of dominant lust rushing through him at his mother's filthy words. In one smooth motion, he gripped her hips and rolled them over, never pulling out of her tight, claspng heat.

Becca landed on her stomach with a breathless "Oof!" and immediately pushed up onto her hands and knees, presenting her heart-shaped ass to her son.

She looked back over her shoulder at him with a coquettish smirk, wiggling her hips invitingly.

"Come on baby, give it to me rough," she goaded, reaching back to pull one plump ass cheek aside, exposing her glistening, stretched pussy wrapped snugly around his root. "Fuck Mommy into the mattress until she screams. Ruin my hungry cunt with your big, young cock."

Something snapped in Hal at the brazen provocation. With an almost angry snarl, he grabbed his mother's birthing hips in a tight grip and began to slam into her, pumping his steel-hard shaft in and out of her sodden channel at a punishing pace.

The force of his savage thrusts rocked Becca forward, her huge, dangling tits swinging wildly beneath her as she scrabbled at the sheets for purchase. High-pitched yelps and wails of ecstasy burst from her lips each time Hal's pelvis smacked against her jiggling ass, his cock driving so deep it battered her cervix.

"Yes, fuck, just like that!" she sobbed rapturously, tossing her head. "Harder baby, wreck my pussy!"

Hal redoubled his brutal pace, pounding into his mother's dripping snatch with single-minded purpose for ten, fifteen, then twenty intense minutes.

Sweat dripped down his chest and back as he worked to stave off his pending climax, gritting his teeth against the exquisite squeeze and drag of her pulsing walls.

The wet squelch of his cock churning her cream-filled depths was obscenely loud in the childhood bedroom, the headboard slamming against the wall with each frenzied thrust.

Becca shoved her ass back to meet Hal's punishing thrusts, relishing the way his swollen cockhead battered her innermost depths. Her rounded butt cheeks rippled deliciously each time they smacked against her teen's trim torso. The sheer depravity of getting so savagely fucked by her own son in her childhood bed was driving her wild with lust.

"Grab my hair," she demanded breathlessly over her shoulder. "Pull it while you rail me, baby. I want it rough."

Hal obeyed with a grunt, fisting one hand in his mother's tumbling locks and yanking her head back as he worked himself inside her. The change in angle made his cockhead drag deliciously over her G-spot with every stroke, making Becca see stars.

"Fuck yes, right there!" she wailed, her eyes nearly crossing with pleasure. "Pound Mommy's greedy cunt! Harder, fuck me harder!"

Hal tugged sharply on her hair, snapping her spine into a deeper arch as he redoubled his efforts, drilling into her gushing snatch with animalistic abandon. He could feel her trembling beneath him, her moans taking on a desperate, keening edge that told him she was close to climax again.

Reaching around with his free hand, Hal found his mother's swollen clit and began rubbing tight circles over the straining bud. Becca let out a choked scream, her hips bucking wildly as he strummed her most sensitive spot in time with his brutal thrusts.

"Oh god, oh fuck, don't stop!" she babbled incoherently, grinding her ass back onto his pile driving cock. "Gonna cum on your big dick, fill me up baby, breed Mommy's hungry cunt!"

The taboo words combined with the rhythmic squeeze of her rippling sheath proved too much for Hal. With a guttural groan, he slammed into Becca one last time and exploded, his pulsing cock spewing what felt like quarts of hot, thick seed into her quivering depths.

Becca shrieked as she felt her son's liquid heat flooding her core, his pulsing shaft triggering her own mind-bending climax. Her cunt clamped down on him like a vise, milking his spurting cock for every drop as she convulsed and gushed clear girl-cum around his thickness.

Hal and Becca shuddered and moaned in unison as their bodies worked in tandem to intensify their shared climax. Hal's cock jerked and twitched wildly inside his mother's rippling sheath, each spurt of his release painting her clutching walls with thick ropes of virile seed.

Becca could feel her son's potent cum jetting into her depths, splattering her cervical head and filling her to the brim. Her own orgasmic fluids gushed out around his gliding shaft, the creamy liquid frothing and squelching obscenely as he continued to plow into her.

Hal grit his teeth as Becca's cunt muscles rippled and undulated along his erectile length, greedily milking him for every drop. He groaned at the sensation of her molten walls fluttering and tugging on his cock like a suckling mouth, coaxing out spurt after spurt of his hot jizz.

Their combined juices overflowed Becca's stuffed channel, seeping out around Hal's plunging girth to dribble down her thighs and soak into the rumpled bedding beneath them. Each frantic thrust produced a fresh gush of viscous fluid that splattered obscenely against their sweat-slicked skin.

Becca keened desperately as the liquid heat of her son's cum seemed to scorch her sensitive inner walls, prolonging her own release. Her cunt clenched rhythmically, matching each pulse of Hal's spurting cock, their sex organs working in sync to draw out every last drop of pleasure.

For long, ecstatic moments, mother and son bucked and writhed together, their bodies joined in the most primal way

as they rode out the devastating force of their mutual orgasms.

Becca's childhood bed creaked ominously beneath their coupling forms, the mattress saturated with the evidence of their incestuous passion.

Finally, after what felt like hours, Hal collapsed heavily onto Becca's back, both of them gasping for breath. He could feel his softening cock still twitching sporadically inside her cum-slicked channel, milking out the last weak spurts of his spend.

With a groan, he rolled off of her and flopped gracelessly onto his back, his chest heaving. Becca let out a shuddering sigh and stretched out beside him, both of them struggling to come back to earth after the mind-blowing intensity of their climaxes.

"Holy fuck," Hal panted eventually, his voice hoarse. He turned his head to look at his mother in awe. "That was incredible. Like, the best thing I've ever felt."

"Mmmm, you're telling me," Becca said with a satisfied smirk, still slightly breathless. "I knew you would feel amazing inside me, but that surpassed even my filthiest fantasies."

Even though they had just fucked for well over an hour, Hal felt the blood rush back to his pecker as he looked over at his mom and her freshly fucked glow. "Can we do it again?"

“You really expect me to say no to that?” she teased, her tits wobbling as she quickly raising to her knees.

Over the next two hours, Hal and Becca engaged in a marathon of depraved, no-holds-barred fucking all over her childhood bedroom, christening every surface with their incestuous lust.

They started on the bed, with Becca pushing Hal onto his back and straddling him reverse cowgirl style. She impaled herself on his hard cock with a long, low moan, her back arched as she took him to the hilt.

Hal groaned at the exquisite view of his shaft disappearing into his mother's stretched, puffy pussy lips, framed by her heart-shaped ass.

Becca rode him hard and fast, her ass cheeks jiggling hypnotically as she bounced on his lap. The wet slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in the room. Hal gripped her gyrating hips and thrust up into her, relishing the squeeze and drag of her tight walls.

After bringing each other to a shuddering climax in that position, they moved to the floor. Hal sat with his back against the side of the bed while Becca knelt between his splayed thighs and took his cock into her hot mouth, sucking him back to full hardness. She deep throated him to the root, gagging and slurping noisily as he fucked her face.

When he was rigid and throbbing again, Becca straddled his lap facing him, her huge tits pressed against his chest as she

sank down on his shaft with a guttural moan. They rocked together urgently, exchanging sloppy kisses and grasping at each other's slick flesh as the pleasure mounted.

Becca came with a piercing scream, her cunt rippling wildly around Hal's pistoning cock. He followed her over the edge with a groan, spurting deep inside her spasming sheath as she milked him dry.

After a short rest, Becca bent over her old vanity table and wiggled her ass invitingly at Hal. He moved behind her and plunged into her cum-slicked folds, fucking her hard and fast as she braced herself on the surface.

The mother's huge, heavy tits swung beneath her, slapping together lewdly with each rough thrust.

They both watched, transfixed, in the vanity mirror as Hal's thick shaft sawed in and out of Becca's stretched, reddened lips, their bodies undulating in a perfect fuck-rhythm. The reflection of such a brazenly erotic sight pushed them both to a swift, intense climax.

Finally, they christened the window seat, with Becca on her back and Hal kneeling between her splayed thighs, her ankles hooked over his shoulders as he drilled into her. Anyone walking by outside would easily see their naked coupling, but they were too lost in each other to care.

Having already climaxed several times, Hal's stamina seemed endless as he relentlessly pounded into his mother's sopping wet pussy. Becca wailed and thrashed beneath him,

her body wracked with one intense orgasm after another as her son's thick cock plundered her sensitive depths.

"Oh god, oh fuck, yes!" Becca babbled incoherently, her huge tits bouncing and quivering across her ribcage with each powerful thrust. Her sweat-slicked skin flushed a deep pink from the constant stimulation, her pussy squelching obscenely around Hal's driving shaft.

Hal grit his teeth in concentration, fighting back his own impending climax to focus on wringing as much pleasure as possible from his mother's writhing body. He worked his hips at a merciless pace, the head of his cock battering her cervix on each stroke.

Becca's back arched almost painfully as another devastating orgasm crashed over her, her cunt clamping down on Hal's plunging cock like a vise. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets and she let loose a silent scream, her nails raking down her son's straining back.

Hal powered through the rippling resistance of her clutching sheath, never faltering in his harsh rhythm. The juices from Becca's multiple releases gushed out around his sawing girth, soaking his balls and dripping down to pool beneath her upturned ass.

The erotic wet sounds of their coupling rose over Becca's continuous moans and keens of ecstasy. Her massive, jiggling tits slapped together lewdly as Hal ruthlessly fucked her through climax after body-shaking climax.

Time seemed to stop as mother and son rutted in a frenzy of incestuous passion, their sweat-slicked bodies moving as one. Becca lost count of how many times Hal made her cum on his relentless cock, her mind blanking in a haze of overwhelming sensation.

Hal's stamina and virility seemed superhuman as he maintained his furious pace, the muscles in his ass and thighs flexing powerfully with each piston of his hips. His hands gripped Becca's ankles, holding her legs wide apart as he pounded into her, his pelvis smacking loudly against her drenched flesh.

The intense, nonstop stimulation finally became too much for Becca's overwrought body. With a choked wail, her eyes rolled back and she went limp in a dead faint, slipping into blissful unconsciousness even as her pussy continued to twitch and flutter wildly around Hal's thrusting cock.

As Hal hammered into his unconscious mother's fluttering pussy one last time, his engorged cock erupted deep inside her, pumping thick spurts of potent seed into her defenseless womb.

One particularly virile sperm in the massive load immediately began its urgent journey. It surged out of Hal's pulsing cockhead with the first powerful contraction, riding the crest of semen that jetted forcefully through his shaft and blasted against Becca's cervix.

Propelled by the sheer volume and pressure of Hal's prodigious release, the tenacious sperm shot through the

tiny opening of Becca's cervical head, fighting its way into her womb ahead of millions of its brethren.

It swam feverishly through the slick, welcoming environment, its long tail whipping back and forth.

The sperm navigated unerringly through Becca's womb, following some primal instinct as it honed in on its target. In the depths of her body, one of Becca's ripe, mature eggs had been patiently waiting, released from her ovaries in hopeful anticipation of this very moment.

As Hal's potent seed flooded his mother's unprotected womb, the lone sperm closed in on the egg with single-minded determination. It burrowed through the egg's protective outer layer, pushing in with the last reserves of its energy until it pierced the surface with a triumphant burst.

The instant the sperm breached the egg's defenses, an irreversible chain reaction began. Chemical signals sparked to life, the egg and sperm fusing together as one to create a new unique genetic blueprint - the first building block of the life that would become Hal and Becca's child.

## Chapter 22: So Many Holes to Fill

Nine months later...

"Shit!" Hal snarled through grit teeth as his grandma Debbie's massive, spongy tits engulfed his face. He motorboated her quivering flesh desperately, fighting off his

impending orgasm as the buxom matriarch rode his cock on her marital bed with wild abandon.

Debbie laughed breathlessly, grinding her soaked cunt down harder on her grandson's thick shaft. "That's it baby, suck those big ol' titties!" she panted. "Bury your face in Granny's huge rack while she milks your young cock!"

Beside the bed, Becca watched the depraved scene with heavy-lidded eyes, one hand rubbing soothing circles over her massively swollen belly. At nine months pregnant, her stomach was drum-tight and jutting, stretched obscenely by the ripe weight of the baby growing inside her - the product of her and Hal's forbidden coupling.

Her other hand kneaded her engorged breasts, which had grown even more immense with her progressing pregnancy. Milk leaked steadily from her puffy nipples, leaving damp spots on her straining maternity bra. The sight of her own mother shamelessly riding her son's cock was making Becca's hugely gravid body throb with sympathetic arousal.

Hal grunted and strained beneath his grandmother's undulating form, his hands gripping her plump hips as she rose and fell on his aching erection.

The wet, squelching sounds of her cunt juices churning around his driving cock intermingled with her wanton moans and the creaking of the mattress springs.

Debbie's pendulous breasts bounced and rippled wildly above him, the sheer weight of them smacking Hal's face rhythmically as she fucked herself on his rigid shaft.

He laved and suckled the rubbery nipples, groaning in pure bliss around the spongy flesh filling his mouth.

"Gonna cum soon, Gran," Hal panted raggedly, his thrusts growing erratic as his balls drew up tight. "Gonna fill your pussy with so much jizz, ungh!"

"Yes, give Granny all your hot cum!" Debbie wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Breed me, baby! Put a baby in my belly, just like you did your momma!"

Beside them, Becca moaned throatily, turned on beyond belief by the idea of Hal impregnating both his grandmother and mother. Her hand crept into her panties to diddle her swollen clit, her pregnant pussy gushing and throbbing with need.

With a animal-like groan , Hal slammed his hips up one last time, burying his cock to the hilt in Debbie's spasming cunt as he exploded.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" he roared, his entire body seizing up as his cock began to pulse and twitch wildly, pumping thick spurts of seed deep into his grandmother's clutching sheath.

Debbie shrieked in ecstasy, her head thrown back as she felt Hal's molten release flooding her unprotected womb. Her inner muscles rippled and squeezed around his erupting

shaft, milking him for every drop as her own devastating climax crashed over her.

"Yes baby, fill me up!" she wailed rapturously. "Give Gran all your potent cum! Knock me up with your baby, ungh!"

Beside the rutting couple, Becca friggd her clit with desperate purpose, transfixed by the sight of her son breeding his own grandmother. The obscene wet sounds of Hal's cum splattering Debbie's cervix combined with their animalistic grunts and cries of pleasure pushed Becca over the edge.

"Fuck, oh god, yessss!" Becca hissed through clenched teeth as her hugely pregnant body convulsed in a intense orgasm. Clear fluid gushed from her spasming cunt, soaking her panties and running down her thighs as she came hard, her massive belly and tits quaking.

For long moments, the incestuous trio shook and moaned in shared bliss, their bodies wracked with the force of their simultaneous climaxes.

Hal's cock continued to spurt weakly inside Debbie's twitching hole, her womb awash in his virile semen. Becca's hand worked frantically between her splayed legs, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her pulsating pussy.

Finally, they collapsed together in a sweaty, panting heap, Hal's softening cock slipping wetly from his grandmother's well-fucked cunt. Thick globs of pearly cum immediately began to ooze from Debbie's gaping slit, a testament to the

massive load her grandson had pumped into her fertile depths.

Becca waddled over to the bed on shaking legs, her massively pregnant belly swaying ponderously with each step. Milk dripped steadily from her engorged teats, leaving a glistening trail on the floor.

She unhooked her straining maternity bra, sighing in relief as her giant, milk-laden tits spilled free. Each jiggling mound was crisscrossed with distended blue veins, the skin stretched drum-tight over her swollen mammary glands. Her areola were broad and brown, over three inches in diameter, the tips elongated into permanently erect nubs.

Becca shimmied out of her soaked panties next, kicking them aside to reveal her puffy, glistening slit cradled between her thighs. At this late stage of pregnancy, her mound was plump and swollen, her labial lips unfurled like the petals of a orchid.

Lowering herself carefully onto the crowded bed, Becca pressed up against Hal's side, sandwiching him between her own lush body and Debbie's.

The boy groaned as his sensitive cock was enveloped in soft, pliant flesh from all angles - his mother's huge baby bump in front, his grandmother's plush ass behind.

"Let's squeeze him between us while I ride his cock, Mom," Becca purred, nuzzling into Hal's neck. "I need to feel my son's big dick splitting me open, filling me up."

"Mmm, yes," Debbie agreed, reaching around to cup Hal's spent balls, her nails digging into their tender meat. "Fuck your pregnant momma good, baby. Give her what she needs."

Hal could only moan weakly as the two women manhandled him into position, Becca straddling his hips as Debbie spooned him from behind. He was still dazed from his explosive orgasm, but his teenage refractory period was kicking in, his cock already twitching back to life.

His head sunk down between his mom's cushy tits as Becca gripped the base of Hal's slick half-hard shaft, notching the spongy head between the swollen lips of her pussy.

They both hissed as she sank down slowly, her sopping wet cunt parting easily around the girth of his leaky, barbed tip despite the added tightness from her pregnancy.

"Oh fuck, baby, you feel so good," Becca whimpered as Hal's teenage meat inched up her slippery baby-chute until it was fully sheathed.

The cock-stuffed mother ground her hips to feel him in her deepest recesses. "Mommy missed having your big cock inside her."

Behind Hal, Debbie pressed closer, her massive, doughy tits flattening against his back as she reached around to play with Becca's engorged clit. "Bounce on him, honey," she urged breathily in his ear. "Ride your son's dick until you

cream all over him. Soak his cock with your pregnant pussy juices."

Hal groaned in overwhelmed bliss, his senses overloaded by the erotic assault of being sandwiched between the two voluptuous maternal bodies.

Behind him, Debbie's enormous, spongy breasts cushioned his back, the hard peaks of her nipples digging into his shoulder blades. Her warm breath puffed against his neck as she whispered filthy encouragements in his ear, her experienced fingers diddling Becca's clit.

In front, his hugely pregnant mother engulfed him in her ripe curves, her massive baby bump pressing against his abs as she undulated on his rapidly hardening cock.

Becca's giant, milk-swollen tits bobbed hypnotically around his face with each roll of her hips, droplets of cream beading on the elongated nipples. The musky scent of her arousal mixed with the powdery sweetness of the milk leaking from her breasts was euphoric.

Hal felt delirious with lust, drowning in feminine softness and the taboo thrill of being sheathed in his mother's pregnant pussy while his grandmother fondled them both.

His cock throbbed and pulsed inside Becca's clasping wet heat as she began to bounce faster, her slick walls and spongy pleats rippling exquisitely around him.

"Mmmm yes, ride that dick," Debbie purred, licking the shell of Hal's ear. "Squeeze your boy's fat cock with your greedy cunt. Milk him dry, baby."

Becca threw her head back with a wanton moan, planting her hands on Hal's chest for leverage as she pistoned her hips urgently. The obscene wet sounds of her sodden flesh slapping against his filled the room, punctuated by Hal's grunts and Debbie's murmured filth.

"Fuck Mom, you're so tight," Hal panted, his hands roaming the expanse of Becca's quivering belly and heaving tits. He tweaked her puffy nipples, making her yelp and clench harder around him. Rivulets of milk streamed down his forearms.

"Ungh, you like that baby?" Becca gasped, grinding her clit against Debbie's frigging fingers. "You like fucking your mommy's pregnant pussy? Knowing your cock is rubbing against the baby you put in me?"

Hal could only moan gutturally in response, his balls already drawing up tight from the exquisite friction and the taboo dirty talk.

Behind him, Debbie moved her hips in tandem with Becca's, hotdogging his ass crack with her sticky, cum-slicked mound.

Hal was in sensory overload, his mind reeling from the overwhelming stimulation of being pressed between the two

most important women in his life as they used his body for their pleasure.

His grandmother's plush breasts cushioned his back, her hard nipples boring into his skin as she rubbed her soaked, cum-filled pussy along the cleft of his ass. Her filthy words in his ear sent electric tingles down his spine straight to his cock, which throbbed almost painfully inside his mother's rippling channel.

"Fuck her harder, baby boy!" she squealed. "Drive the tip of that dick straight to her womb!"

Becca's massively pregnant form completely enveloped Hal from the front, her enormous belly pressed flush against him, separated only by the thin, stretched skin. He was dizzy with the thought that his cock was sliding against the womb that held the baby he put inside her, the evidence of their forbidden coupling. Her heavy milk jugs bounced all over his face, splattering him with creamy droplets as she rode him faster and harder.

"Oh fuck, oh god, I'm getting close again!" Becca wailed, her hips slamming down to meet Hal's desperate upward thrusts.

Debbie's fingers worked furiously over her daughter's swollen clit, helping drive her towards climax. "Gonna cum all over my son's big cock, drench him in mommy juices, unnngh!"

"Do it baby girl, cream on him!" Debbie encouraged gutturally, grinding herself more insistently against Hal's crack, leaving sticky smears of their combined fluids. "Soak his dick and balls with your pregnant cunt!"

With a sobbing cry, Becca fell apart, her pussy clamping down rhythmically around Hal's pistoning shaft as she gushed around him. Clear fluid spurted from her spasming hole with each clench, soaking his groin and dripping down to the sheets.

The sensation of his mother's rippling wet heat milking him was too much for Hal. "Oh fuck! Oh shit! Fuck-fuck-fuck, I'm cumming!" he shouted, then slammed up into her one last time and exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser deep inside her fluttering sheath.

"Fuuuck, bred again!" Becca keened rapturously as she felt her son's hot seed bathing her clutching walls. Her cunt worked greedily, rippling and undulating to coax out every drop.

Hal could only groan and buck mindlessly as he emptied his balls into his mother's welcoming womb again, painting her insides with a fresh load of baby batter.

Behind him, Debbie moaned slyly at the obscene wet sounds of her grandson pumping cum into her daughter's pregnant pussy. She rubbed herself to a shuddering climax against his flexing ass, adding her juices to the mess between their bodies.

For nearly a half-hour, the sated incestuous trio continued to rock and shudder together in the afterglow, their sweat-slicked bodies entwined as they came down from their intense shared climax.

Hal remained sandwiched between his mother and grandmother, his spent cock still buried in Becca's cream-filled cunt while Debbie's lush curves pressed against his back.

Becca had slumped bonelessly against Hal's chest, her massively pregnant belly rising and falling with each heaving breath. Milk leaked steadily from her engorged breasts, smearing between their bodies and pooling in Hal's navel. She nuzzled into his neck with a contented hum, the occasional aftershock making her pussy flutter around his softening shaft.

Behind Hal, Debbie peppered his shoulders with tender kisses, her hands roaming soothingly over his sweat-dampened skin. "Mmmm, that was incredible, my darlings," she purred, giving his ass an affectionate squeeze. "Nothing beats a vigorous family fuck session."

Hal could only grunt in sated agreement, still floating on a cloud of post-orgasmic bliss. He didn't think he would ever tire of sinking his cock into his mother and grandmother's welcoming holes, pumping them full of his potent seed over and over. The fact that he'd now bred them both, putting babies in their bellies, only heightened his depraved satisfaction.

"We should clean up before your father and grandpa get back from their fishing trip," Becca murmured eventually, reluctantly lifting herself off of Hal's lap with a wet squelch. Thick rivulets of pearly cum immediately began to ooze from her gaping pussy, trickling down her inner thighs.

Debbie tutted and reached between her daughter's splayed legs, scooping up some of the creamy spillage. "What a waste," she lamented, before bringing her coated fingers to her mouth and sucking them clean with a moan. "Mmmm, nothing tastier than a grandson-mommy cum cocktail."

Becca giggled and playfully swatted her mother's arm. "Save me some you cum-hog," she teased. "I'm eating for two these days, after all."

Hal watched the saucy exchange with a dopey grin, his cock giving a valiant twitch at the idea of his mom and grandma snowballing his jizz between them.

Spent for now, he let the two women haul him up and lead him to the ensuite bathroom, where they all piled into the shower together to clean up and perhaps sneak in a bit more naughty fun before the other men returned, unaware of the depraved incestuous debauchery that had taken place in their absence.

THE END