A Futa Mom's Punishment

"Jonathon!"

Mum's voice echoed up the stairs.

Honestly, can't she just leave me alone?

Jon keeps his eyes fixed on the enemy he's smashing over the head with his enchanted axe, and the monster keels over with a decapitating swing. *SWISH*. Another hits the deck as he charges through the gates of the sheer, spiky castle, crashing through hordes of brutish figures with haphazard armour and shuffling gates. A taller figure emerges from the darkness, carrying a blade the length of a person, and a deep, booming laugh filters through the rusted grill of its helmet.

"JONATHON!"

Damn, a decayed knight. Jon charges headlong into him and the blade hits his character full in the torso. There is a moment of frustration as his health bar plunges down, and he tries to aim for the warrior's head in a desperate open blow. The knight side-steps and runs him through with his blade, and his character groans as he falls to the floor, blood spewing over the grey cobblestones as he dies.

"JONATHON, I'M TALKING TO YOU!"

Jon lets out a grunt. Guess he'd have to show that knight who's boss. His mouth hangs open in a gormless expression as he punches in the cheat code for invincibility, snickering as he relaunches the game before barrelling through the hordes of enemies to get to his prize.

Footsteps on the stairs.

Once more, the knight. The laughter emerges again, but this time Jonathon knows the outcome will be different. He barrels in and begins hacking away at the knight as the knight slashes at his head and neck, decapitating Jonathon multiple times with little to no effect whatsoever. Jonathon grins as the enemy's health bar rapidly diminishes whilst his remains fully green.

BANG

The door shot open and Jonathon nearly peed himself as his Mum burst into the room, her Hazel eyes ringed with dark fury as she jabbed the power button to his Xbox and turned to face him.

"MOOOOM!" Jonathon screamed.

Her round cheeks and long, autumn-brown hair made her beautiful in an earthy way, but today her luscious lips were clamped together in statuesque lines, and her smooth temple had the edge of a vein outlined against her light freckled skin.

"How many damn times do I need to take this thing away from you before you DO YOUR CHORES!?"

She towered over him, and her huge breasts were barely covered by a white, low cut top which was being tortured under the strain of containing her wonderful assets.

"Shit Mom, just let me finish this fucking level!" said Jon indignantly, whilst locking eyes with her breasts as he often did.

Matilda's cheeks went red as she watched him openly ogling her body, but she contained herself. "I told you not to use that language in this house." Jon watched sulkily as she grabbed the wires and roughly unplugged the console, hooking it under her arm.

"Fuck Mom, you're such a bitch."

Matilda paused at the door as she was about to walk out.

"What did you say to me?" Her voice had gone deadly quiet but Jon didn't notice the warning signs.

"I said you're a bitch," he said, folding his arms and turning his sleek red and black gamer's chair in her direction.

"Oh really."

She turned and placed the Xbox delicately back in its place, and Jonathon peeled his eyes in victory.

"Yeah Mom, just let me know when dinner's ready," he said in a light, smug voice.

Matilda padded softly to the door and turned the key, locking the door. Jon watched in confusion as she took the key in her hand and strode past him, resting her large, curvy ass, two ripe melons contained within the constrictive blue of her jeans, onto his bed. This was not usually the way these arguments went. Usually she stormed out with his Xbox and he had to actually DO his stupid fucking chores.

"Uh Mom... You can go now," he said, as if it was obvious that she had made a mistake and left herself on the wrong side of his bedroom door. He watched in even more confusion as she reached over to the window next to his bed and locked that as well. What was she going to do, spank him like he was twelve years old? He chuckled at the thought.

She gestured to the bed and patted it, smiling now. Jonathon rolled his eyes, but he guessed it was worth having to listen to another bullshit talk again if it made her leave. He'd done it enough times before anyhow.

He slogged over to the bed and rested his bubble butt on it. He wasn't fat, and definitely wasn't athletic in the slightest, and his diet mostly consisted of Mum's healthy food, despite the chocolate bars and crisps he tried to sneak in whenever he could.

He looked up into her eyes (their height difference was considerable) and noted that her face was quite close, plus she seemed to be pushing her chest out so that her huge tits were tantalisingly within reach. Jonathon's breathing became a little deeper.

"Darling... I think maybe we've both been a little tense recently," she said, and her voice was sultry, smooth like the petal of a rose. "Perhaps we just need to help... relieve each other's stress a little." Her words seemed intimate, like they were stroking his cheek with each syllable, and suddenly she was running her hand down his face, lazily sliding a long finger across his smooth lips. Jonathon's blue eyes had turned into saucers, as all his bedtime fantasies pushed themselves to the forefront of his mind.

"Yeah bitch," he breathed, and Matilda's jaw clenched for a moment, but she was back to being smooth as butter in a flash.

"Oooh yes I'm such a... bitch." She forced the last word out, before quickly placing a hand on the inside of his thigh. Her hand was warm, and hints of her unusual strength showed in the way her fingers clamped down tight, her little finger stroking a hair's breadth from the tiny bulge forming in his tracksuit bottoms. Jon began panting now, and his confidence was starting to waver as the situation took a turn into uncharted territory. Matilda slowly, delicately, began to push him onto the bed, until he was lying in front of her.

"Mom," whispered Jonathon, the fear in his voice undermined by the tiny tent raging in his underpants.

"Yes darling?" she asked, a smirk on her face as she hooked her fingers into his boxers and slid everything below the waist off of his body. Jon's response stuck in his throat as his cock bounced out from the fabric prison, a baby carrot jutting out proudly as if waiting for the 'world's smallest cock' medal. A snort of laughter slipped from Matilda's lips. Jonathon clutched uncomfortably to the only remaining piece of clothing he still had on, his ironic T-Shirt with SuperMario in the style of Che Guevara.

"What Mom, why are you laughing?" he said in an angry, whiny voice.

"Oh darling," she said, still trying to hold in her obvious derision at seeing his hard penis. "It's just... you know, I thought you might be a grower." She can barely contain herself, a pitying smile on her face as she runs her hands up and down his girly thighs. Jon lets out a snort of indignation that belies the shame coursing through him. "But that's okay." Her words turn from vinegar to honey in an instant. "I think it's sexy."

Jon squirmed uncomfortably, but her eyes were hungry now. He'd seen her like this occasionally. When he bent over sometimes she would stare, and once she had come home slightly drunk and hugged him for a really long time, his head pressed into her cleavage. He had wanked a lot to that memory.

Matilda rubbed one hand up his thigh and onto his cock, and the touch sent a shiver up his spine. "Get your fucking shirt off," she

breathed, and Jonathon was shocked by the fact she had used a swear word in front of him. His Mom never swore. He scrabbled to remove it from his body, and when he had done so he looked down at his Mom already encircling her hand tight around the shaft, which was so small the head couldn't be seen from her fist. She adjusted with a smirk so that only two fingers and her thumb were encircled around it, and then she slowly, agonizingly jerked. A wheedling, whining sound emerged from Jonathon as she began to pump at his manhood, barely worthy of the title as it throbbed under the experienced movements of Matilda. A sound like custard being squished became stuck in a loop as she wanked her son's cock, making his nipples stand on end, goosebumps going up his entire torso.

"Who's a naughty boy," said Matilda, bringing her lips teasingly towards his dick.

Jonathon's heart was going haywire, like it was going to thump so hard it would burst out of his chest. He didn't respond as she increased the tempo of her judicious, pleasure giving fingers, wrist vibrating up and down so his cock could receive unfettered stimulation.

"Do you think I should give you your punishment, my naughty slut?" she said, her voice acidic, her face so close to his cock that she could feel her warm breath flutter around his pee-hole.

"YES!" begged Jonathon. Her hand became almost a blur of movement, and he could feel that glorious rising sensation inside, like a kettle coming to boiling point. His legs shook and he let out an odd strangled "Ugh," as he tried to pump his hips into her pleasure-giving hand.

He was so close that he didn't notice Matilda slipping a finger into her mouth, lathering it in spit. All at once a series of things happened. First, Matilda brought her wet finger underneath Jon and immediately plunged it into his open buttcrack. He whined in anger and fear at her sudden intrusion, but immediately her tongue whipped out and grazed the top of his cock, spit flying all over it as she released a large glob of saliva that poured onto his dick as she jerked, making the sound wet and filthy. This would have sent him

immediately over the edge, had the sudden release not also relaxed his tightened anus, and Matilda forced the nasty, wet digit (her middle finger no less), right up inside him.

"WOAH, What the fuck Mom!" he squealed in surprise and pain, even as she plunged her face onto his dick, making him swoon and grimace in equal measure.

"What the fuck?" he breathed as she began to give him his first, and best, ever blowjob, even as her finger wiggled viciously inside him. "Ugh." He keened as her warm mouth collapsed around his aching dick, the wetness and suction sending his senses haywire, whilst her evil left hand began to work another digit into his screaming butthole.

"Fuck Mom, s...sto..." He couldn't finish the sentence, because every time he got close to saying 'stop', Matilda moaned hard into his dick, causing vibrations to run deep into his body, emanating from the source of pleasure that was his Mother's mouth. Her free hand snaked up and clasped a nipple, and he mewled as she attacked it, roughly pinching and squeezing. The second finger was already driving into his puckered anus, and he had never felt as helpless as this before. He hated that his Mom was getting inside him and controlling him like he was a woman, but he also didn't want her to stop making him feel so fucking good.

"fuck, fuck," he whimpered as her second finger found a home inside him, and she began to use both digits to finger him like guys finger girls in porn, a brutal drilling motion that left his knees waggling in the air, as her whirling hurricane of a mouth laid waste to his cock, sucking up every little bit of pre-cum that was teased from his slit, tongue slathering over his tender skin.

"Mom, Fuck!" he cried out as her fingers hit something which made his back lurch forwards. Then everything stopped. His cock, nipple and butthole were suddenly struck by a complete lack of movement, and he groaned as she pulled her fingers free of his ass, some of her spit sliding out of the ring as they came unstuck with a wet *pop*. Her face came off of his desperate shaft, and she stood up from Jonathon who was almost pleading with his expression for her to continue.

"Mom... Mom come on, I'm so close."

She bit her lip.

"Oh I know sweetheart, but Mommy is going to get it tonight." With that she stood up from him and grabbed her shirt, pulling it off in one smooth motion. Jon's eyes grew wide again as he took in the sight of his mother wearing a huge black bra with frilly lace lining. She smiled at his obvious yearning for her breasts and decided not to waste time, reaching behind her and fiddling with something. Jon watched as she unlatched the bra and it fell to the floor. His Mom's tits came free in all their arousing glory. Pointed nipples, like eye-catching peaks on a smooth horizon, jutted from the huge white globes, and she brought a finger to one, slowly rubbing the nub.

Jon was captivated by the way her nipples flicked back to their militant salute with each little flick and nudge, the way her tits pressed together with a soft crevasse between them, enticing him in. Matilda continued to play with herself, moaning softly.

"Fuck Mom, just finish me off bitch," he pleaded, grabbing his own dick and trying to get himself back that place she had found and failing. Matilda narrowed her eyes, and it took a few seconds this time for her expression to sweeten again. "Of course sweetheart... Just close your eyes," she said moving her hands to her jeans. Jonathon huffed but closed his eyes. He could hear her pulling her trousers down and opened one eye slowly. She had turned away from him, and he spied her bouncing butt as it slipped free of the blue material, huge globes just begging to be squeezed. He moaned and Matilda's head whipped round. "No peaking," she said warningly.

"Whatever bitch," said Jonathon under his breath, and he might have heard a sound like grinding teeth as he closed his eyes, but maybe he just imagined it. He waited, irritated at having to wait even longer to see the pussy that was going to make his dreams come true, when he heard her fiddling with some of the cables of his xbox. He was about to open his eyes but a large hand settled on his face, preventing him from seeing why she was messing with his stuff. The hand was so warm... She was sliding her other hand up his chest... Grabbing an arm... both his arms... And pulling them up to the metal headboard. Holy shit, was she trying to tie his hands? He murmured in protest.

He was the man here, she should be the bitch getting tied up, not him! Suddenly the hand covering his face had joined the other hand lashing his wrists tight... really tight, up against the headboard.

"HEY, Mom what the fuck are you doing you dumb bitch!" shouted Jon as she knotted something around his hands, binding them to one of the metal struts at the top of his bed. He looked up and saw one of his xbox cables, twisted out of all recognition, probably broken, and firmly cinched around his wrists so that he could barely move. "What the fuck Mom, you're breaking MY STUFF!" His vision now free he could see that she was leant on all fours over him, and her facial expression was one of triumphant fury. She said nothing as she knelt in between his legs, casting a large shadow that enveloped him. Her huge tits were inches from his chest, and he was almost rendered speechless by the gorgeous woman on top of him. Almost.

"Wow Mom... take this off me, this is the dumbest thing you've ever done," he muttered. "You can't even have sex right, just let me off so I can fuck you, dumb bitch." That would have been the final straw if he hadn't already pushed her over the edge, and Matilda kept her mouth firmly shut, not answering as the edges of her lips flickering upwards in a demented smile. And that's when he felt it.

Something big had come into contact with his petite member, something heavy, sliding along it. Jonathon peered down and saw what looked like a pink-headed alien laid against his skin, a giant, fleshy staff. It throbbed, bouncing slightly into the air, and the weight of it slapping back down against his belly made his fingers go numb, and sweat worm its way onto his brow. It had the same skin colour as his Mother.

"M...Mom," he whispered.

"Yes... bitch?" she uttered, emphasising each syllable like a hammer blow. The two words, and the giant horse cock pressing against him, made Jonathon realise that he had badly misjudged the situation.

"Mom... Mom I'll... I'll do the chores," he whispered, lips quivering.

"Are you sure?" she asked in a mocking, admonishing tone. "Because it seems like we've done this dance before." She swooped down and stuck her tongue in his mouth, and Jon moaned into the deep kiss.

His brain was everywhere... and her mouth felt amazing anyway. They kissed deeply and passionately, but Jon was extremely aware of the log digging into his stomach. When Matilda eventually broke the kiss Jon was panting.

"I think I have a new idea for how to train you," she said smirking. She got on her knees and suddenly her thick weapon was swaying closer and closer to the tip of his nose, with two huge plums hanging menacingly underneath it. He tried to push away in a panic but the huge weight of her body was suddenly pressed down on his torso, sitting him into the mattress. The air left his lungs, and he tried to suck back in as she relented slightly, lifting onto her knees so her full weight wasn't quite crushing his ribcage.

"Fuck...fuck Mom seriously, just cut it out."

Matilda's eyes lit up.

"Of course sweetheart, I'll cut it out... If you suck my cock."

Jonathon choked on his planned retort as his eyes zeroed in on the slit of her monstrous pink mushroom swaying like a cobra towards his lips.

"No, NO, I'll... I'll fucking bite you!" he screeched, snapping his teeth at the terrifying monster.

"Oh will you?" she said airily. She bounced off of him and with a surprisingly light step for such a tall woman, sashayed over to his desk.

"Hey... hey what are you doing?" He said, quivering as he kept his eye on her massive sausage swinging, bouncing in an almost hypnotic rhythm. His hands tried to twist free but whatever she had done had immobilised him completely. His voice took on a frantic note as he saw her grabbing his PSP, the one he played on whenever she managed to force him out of the house.

"Hey, HEY, LEAVE MY STUFF ALONE," he screamed, kicking his legs.

Matilda simpered. "Oh what... this?"

The shiny device rotated slowly, carefully within her curious fingers.

"Technically it's not yours, seeing as I had to pay for it..."

She took it and slammed it into the metal bedpost, and, sturdy as it was, it had no chance surviving the impact between Matilda's strength and the solid edges of the bed, crunching almost in half as the screen was bent, shattering with an icy *CRACK*.

"MOOOOOOMMM!!" Screeched Jonathon, and he was crying now, tears of defiance as she casually lobbed it over her shoulder and into the wall, thumping it and falling to the carpet, bits of electronics scattered everywhere like a robot slaughterhouse.

Matilda bit her lip. "Woops," she said with a giggle.

"You... you fucking... you..." Jonathon couldn't believe it. She had gone insane. He watched in horror as she laid a hand on top of his xbox. No, Fuck no.

"WAIT," he pleaded, "PLEASE DON'T, I'LL DO IT, I'LL... I'LL SUCK YOUR FUCKING DICK!"

Matilda paused as she was caressing the console, and retracted her eager, destructive hands.

"I'm sorry, could you repeat that?" she said lightly, walking slowly back over until she had brought her cock to within an inch of his face.

Jonathon felt like his stomach might fall out, such was the fear he felt at seeing his Mom... or the evil bitch who looked like his Mom... carrying an 12 inch beast up to his nose.

"I'll..." He sniffed. "I'll... suck your dick Mom."

"Good bitch," she said with a satisfied air, which made his cheeks blossom an angry red as she gracefully clambered onto the bed, straddling him with her legs so that her womanhood patted right on top of Jonathon's face. It felt... weird. Warm and fleshy. The smell was intense, but somehow erotic... Jonathon's mouth watered but he pushed the arousal from his mind. It was just because of the tits, he reasoned. He wasn't attracted to her dick... it slid across his lips and he murmured as a little spurt of pre-cum hit his lips. Slightly salty, bitter taste... He didn't close his mouth completely, and a little

trickled onto his tongue, the rest dripping down his chin as he swallowed a tiny bit of his Mother's cum. He uttered a soft moan.

"Mmmh there's the real bitch," she breathed, and Jonathon choked slightly as he realised what he was doing. "Fuck off," he said in a small voice, but he couldn't hide his tiny hard-on. Matilda glanced behind her and gave a half-suppressed laugh, which hit him like a burning dagger. "Honestly, considering your size... are you sure you're my son?" she chortled, as Jonathon felt the childlike urge to cry as his biggest insecurity was being exposed like sandpaper on bleeding skin. Matilda's smile vanished.

"Because my son wouldn't be such a pussy," she hissed, reaching behind herself to grab his cock and rapidly tug it. He whimpered, the enjoyment and embarrassment coursing through his young mind as she began to buck her hips. A cudgel thumped his face, and he mewled in surprised as his Mother's heavy dick began slapping up and down against him. It almost hurt, simply because of how much engorged weight was pummelling into him. He couldn't stop moaning though.

"Holy shi-," he whimpered awkwardly as her horse cock was pressed to his lips. His mother's face was triumphant, singing with joy.

"Time to suck, bitch," she breathed, and she bulldozed her cock into his mouth, hips pressed forward as the head explored his wet entrance. Immediately, a hard dick was in Jonathon's mouth. The taste was... nice. He hated that it was nice. The feeling of his lips stretching around his Mother's fleshy penis as she entered him...It was so hot. His tongue became a saliva slip-and-slide as the invader barrelled towards his throat, stopping just at the point where he began to gag.

Jonathon squealed, writhing as it hit home once more what she was doing to him. She growled as she grabbed his hair with one hand, the other still enclosing his perky willy.

"Yeah that's right bitch, scream for Mommy... but if I feel your teeth, the Xbox goes out the window."

Jonathon stopped squirming, hateful tears in his eyes as he looked up at his betrayer, his gorgeous Mother. Her teeth shone back at him, a genuine cheek-to-cheek smile that just made it so much worse. Matilda began to slowly, minutely pump her hips. The feeling of her skin sliding across his lips became wetter, smoother. The sound of squished custard returned, but this time it was reverberating around his skull, an inescapable slutty cycle that got louder and louder as she pumped more and more of her perfect dick in and out of his waiting mouth. He could do nothing but suck her cock as she began to moan, lightly grazing the shaft with his tongue. He hated himself, but it felt amazing having her steel shaft pushing into his mouth, and his tongue flicked at it, trying to taste the turgid flagpole which sent huge moans from his mother reverberating into his skull.

Jonathon felt her fingers squeezing his rigid member and all of a sudden gasps and moans were hitting him, muffled by his mouthful of slippery penis, which seemed to make his mother judder. It seemed as if her nipples were becoming straighter, and her expression was glassy as sounds came unbidden from Jonathon's abdomen, reverberating through Matilda's shaft. He looked up at this specimen of a woman, and he found himself feeling grateful that his mouth was full so that his moans of affection weren't openly echoing around the room. It still stimulated her though, the hums pulsing from his throat seeming to drive her libido up a notch, and after one particularly loud exclamation from Jonathon she pressed forwards further again, entering his open throat.

Jon gagged, and this seemed to make his mother almost mad with lust, as she began to pump a terrifying amount of turgid penis deep into Jon's throat. His noises of pleasure became tinged with fright as the slick baseball bat slammed into him, but all too quickly he found his throat relaxing at the sight of his mother gasping, sat on his upper body and going crazy with chest thumping desire. She was crying out, head up in the air, and Jonathon had a sudden, all-consuming urge to please her. He began to tighten his lips and pump his head in time with her thrusts, taking a little more, a little deeper each time. Each extra inch seemed to drive his mother wild, and Matilda forgot about Jon's cock completely, rubbing a hand on each

breast as she leant back, making guttural noises as she attacked her swollen nubs.

Something began to slap hard against Jonathon's chin. He glanced down. Big, swollen balls were swinging back and forth with each slide into his mouth, and he screamed in shock as he took in a sight that he had only ever seen female pornstars enduring. He screamed with fear... No. No, it was pleasure. He screamed with pleasure as his Mom went balls deep in his mouth, deep throating her dick as it slammed into him. He was so fucking scared, and yet being his Mom's dirty cock-slut was the greatest thing he had ever experienced. The sensation stopped suddenly, and Jon realised he had been closing his eyes, savouring the flavours and textures in his mouth. He opened them to see his mother looking down at him with love. Not love in the sense of family. Love in the sense of deep, passionate, sexual love. The frilly little moan that he sent into her penis rippled all the way up her spine to her eyelids, which fluttered, long lashes blurring.

"Fuck," breathed Matilda as she sat heaving on her son's chest. Jon didn't (and couldn't) remove himself from her, sucking on her cock happily like a baby's dummy. His inner disgust at himself didn't stop him sliding his tongue across it, and he found his stomach filling with shame as a spattering of cum dribbled from her slit down his gullet, tickling his throat.

Matilda was glowing. She pressed her hands lovingly into his chest as she pulled back her hips, and Jon whimpered in frustration as his new toy was taken from him, a slurping *pop* unnaturally loud in the quiet, tense atmosphere of the room. Jon gazed at Matilda as she crawled back, and he had a heart fluttering moment where it looked like she was going to sit on his cock, but that notion was quickly crushed by her stepping behind his legs, and pushing them up to his shoulders as she leaned back over him, squeezing him deep into the mattress with her luxurious, heavy frame. Jon's hairs began to stand on end, a sweat droplet winding its way down his temple as he realised how he was being positioned.

"M...Mom?" he asked with a queasy expression.

"Shut the fuck up." She was once again in that vicious place that he couldn't equate with his soft, caring mother, her expression hungry (almost starving in fact), as he felt a massive round shape pressing up against his puckered anus. He clinched his butthole tight and began to cry. "Please... please Mom," he sobbed. "Don't... fuck don't, I'll do the chores, I'll do them..."

"Too late," she snarled as she pressed herself forwards, into him. Jon keened as the enemy battered at his fleshy gates, and he found himself panting, trying desperately to keep her out.

"That's it," she breathed, staring into his eyes with cruel delight. "Try to stop me, struggle whilst I take you, good boy." She was pressing just enough that he was keeping her out, but he didn't know how long it would last, as his butthole was already becoming tired, ceding millimetres of sensitive space under the pressure of her unstoppable excavation of his ass.

"Shit, Mom, Fuck please," he begged, tears in his eyes. She was going to fuck him like a woman. He scrunched his eyelids shut as he tried with all his might to keep his anal virginity from his Mother's clutches.

"Keep your eyes on me bitch," she hissed, grabbing him by the throat. His mouth opened in shock and he clamped his lids open, eyes watering as his mother's expression turned into an evil grin.

"Good boy" she said gleefully, releasing his neck which didn't stop the feeling of shock from her having briefly choked him. "That's it sweetheart, maybe you can keep me out," she teased, whilst her angry cock-head forced itself slowly, agonizingly into his beleaguered hole. Her eyes were boring into his, loving each and every moment of his realisation that she was going to penetrate him.

"Mom... Mom," he sobbed as that huge cock head began to overwhelm his tiring defences, too slick with cum to be prevented from popping inside his sphincter which finally released, stretching to concede victory to the plundering flagpole.

"Oh f... fuck," he screamed, or tried to scream, because all that came out was a strangled whisper. His Mom heaved a breath in, sucking his

innocence out of him as she watched his first moments of having her cock enter inside his most private of places. Her expression was pure ecstasy.

"Beautiful," she breathed as solitary tears streamed down the sides of his face.

"M...M..." Jon was speechless, unable to bring himself to believe that she had slid the head of her cock into his ass. It felt simply enormous. As if reading his mind Matilda brought her face right up to his, pressing his knees to his shoulders as her deplorable grin blazed across his vision. "Who is the fucking bitch now?" she said, her tone arrogant and contented. She pouted her lips as she spoke. "Does my little slut feel like a good little boy now?"

Jon nodded his head sharply. "Yes, yes Mom, I'm a good boy, I'm a good boy..." He babbled words which caught in his throat as he felt her cock move inside him, pressing into uncharted lands as they adjusted to the huge presence trying to displace one or two of his internal organs.

"Wait, please," he panted, bottom lip quivering as she steadily, unerringly pushed her penis deeper into his body.

"Stop, fucking, LYING TO ME!" She spat the words into his face, some flecks of saliva hitting his nose and eyes. She was heavy on top of him, and his wrists were hurting from being tied so tightly to the headboard of the bed. He felt the tears coming and Matilda narrowed her eyes.

"What. Are. You." She said each word in a harsh, clear manner, as if she were trying to slap him across the face with the question.

His doughy, teary eyes gazed up at his conqueror. "I'm... a naughty boy," he uttered, snivelling as he the few inches of her cock inside him flexing, stretching him just a little further.

"And?" said his Mother in a gentler tone, which made his heart thump in his chest. He lay confused as his Mother's doting face returned. "Uh... I'm..." He couldn't think.

All at once that greedy, nasty smile slid back onto his Mother's face.

"A BITCH." She sang.

"No... no, no Mom, MOM PLEAASE!!" Jonathon screamed as she squeezed herself deep inside him. It was like being pulled butt-first onto somebody's arm. He choked through tears as she wrestled into him, wiggling her hips so that she could push in further, manoeuvring herself deeper and deeper inside his tight, fleshy prison. He tried to bring himself to look away but his terror that she might choke him again kept his eyes glued to her triumphant, cocky gaze as she laughed, a gorgeous sound, a release of all the times he had wronged her.

Jonathon could only breathe and whimper as she continued to molest his insides, edging her butt left and right, the tip pressing and prodding at new, more invasive angles, his anus defenceless against the onslaught of her cum and spit covered torpedo.

"Almost there."

Jonathon's eyes bugged out as he finally felt it. Her hips made contact with his buttcheeks, her balls lightly brushing his ass; Meaning she had put all twelve inches of her monster inside him. He glanced down in amazement at his abdomen, where he could feel her submarine thrumming under the surface.

Matilda smirked as she reached up and untied her son's hands. Jonathon felt the release of pressure and breathed a small sigh of relief as he brought his arms back down to his sides. The cable she threw to the other side of the room, twisted and broken.

"Put your fucking arms around me," she ordered.

He automatically pulled himself to her, grasping at her back, her tits tight to his chest. "Shit, Mom," he breathed. Her weight made him feel like she was all around him, inside him, part of him.

Matilda's lips rested close to his ear as she spoke softly, yet loud enough for each word to make him flinch.

"You feel so fucking good,"

He could only whimper, clinging to his mother for warmth and safety, even as she flexed the huge cock inside him. It felt like a living creature, breathing, blood pumping as it rubbed against each and every shy crevasse hiding inside. Jon felt as if he had suddenly being exposed to sunlight for the first time, murmuring as the sensations took him somewhere different, somewhere new, and deeply pleasurable.

"There you go," she purred. "Cock for my beautiful boy."

"Mom... Please stop... OH F.. uuuuuughhhhhh." Matilda had begun to rotate her hips, and this time the pressing to each side of his anal walls made his chest swell. For some reason his legs were trying to rock back and forth without him moving them, unable to do so because of the way his Mother had pinned him underneath her. Her warmth provided such a strange snugness that it almost felt safe to be beneath her, even as her cock searched his insides for tighter, vibrant pleasures.

Jon clung to his Mother's back as she feasted on her boy, his soft whimpers making her whole lower half ripple with delight. The voice in his head screaming no was drowning in a new sea of warm, cock filled gratification. Now she had brought her nose to his, rubbing softly against it. She was cooing, and Jon had a moment of want... of true desire for this gorgeous woman.

Her ripe cheeks grinned back, and leant over slightly so her tits were dropping onto his face. Every fantasy he had imagined was no comparison to the real feeling of her breasts plunging down onto his face. The sheer volume was unbelievable. He screamed into his favourite objects in the whole wide world, bringing his hands to paw at them, trying to suck at her engorged nipples as she rested herself on top of him. The entire world went dark under her thick frame, and he navigated by touch, the hint of perfume mixed with her earthy odours providing a cocktail of his Mother's vital essences as he suckled at her teat. He knew she was loving it, because her whole body would shiver whenever he grazed his teeth lightly against her erect nubs, and whenever he sucked her she would rock her hips slightly, jamming them tighter together and nearly making him pass out with pleasure and pain.

Jon opened his eyes as the beautiful rack in front of him slid back down to his chest, and immediately his mother's mouth was back on his, tongue slithering into his mouth. A gratuitous French kiss took place as she mauled his opening, and Jon tried to keep up as she attacked his tongue with hers, savouring the taste and texture of his mouth, pressing herself into him.

When she finally broke the kiss Jon had a moment of wondering if he had oxygen depravation, his head so light that he might have floated away had he not been engulfed in his Mother's arms.

"Okay," she murmured lustily. "Now I'm going to fuck you."

Jon's face became a horrified mask.

"Mom, Mom I'm sorry, I'm a naughty boy, I'm a naughty boy..." he snivelled, despite knowing that she was almost certainly going to do it.

His Mother waited with an amused expression, her erection throbbing inside him as he begged her not to complete their lurid performance.

"...Please, please Mother..." He looked up at her with dying hope in his eyes, and his evil Mother simply grinned as she let him beg.

"M...Mom..." His eyes went wider than they ever had before as he realised she was getting off on his terror, her cock throbbing with each pathetic whimper.

"Fuck." Tears flowed unbidden to the corners of his eyes and streaked away, hiding from the hungry stare of his Mother.

Her long tongue emerged, and the texture was rough on his skin as she licked a solitary tear, snatching it from Jon's face.

"Mmmmmmmhhhh," she murmured, closing her eyes. Jon had never realised how much of a sicko his Mother was, but it was clear as day now. She was biting her lips, and her cock was beginning to shift inside him, pulling backwards now.

It was crushing to know that his first sexual experience was going to be getting anally fucked by his malevolent Mother, a fate that he would never even have considered before. What cut into him even more was that her dick completed him, that despite feelings of self-loathing her cock inside him was easily the most glorious experience of his entire life.

She pulled back until only the head was resting inside him, poised like a dagger to deliver a killing blow to the deepest parts of his anus. Jonathon was hit by a deep sense of loss, of emptiness. It was so wrong, but the feeling of not being filled by her cock was like having the lights turned out, his body and soul incomplete.

"Any last words sweetheart?" she asked, lip curling as she drank in his expression of horror and anticipation.

Clear liquid flowed freely down his cheeks as he came to terms with what his body was driving home. He loved his Mother. He loved his Mother's dick.

"F... Fuck me," he cried, dribbling slightly onto his chin.

"Okay, bitch" she said tenderly, and drove herself steadily back into him.

"Oh, oh, Oh Mom..., Oh Mommmmmmmm."

The white, squishy baseball bat sank itself inside Jon's asshole, and he cringed as it passed a certain point that he found extremely painful, grabbing his Mother for support as she pulled him onto her cock like a human sock puppet.

Jon tried to speak but all that came out was a weak gurgle as she connected herself to him, snuggly pressing inside as she bottomed out. The faintest touch of hips, and then she was reversing, Jon gasping into her shoulder as she removed her pink mace from his tender garden.

There was nothing that could have prepared him for the feral administrations of his Mother. She slid back in a little quicker and the cock felt enormous. His head ached awfully. It felt like he was a

turkey being stuffed, and he mewled as it seemed like the pressure was about to split him in two.

"Stop... Stop Mom, I can't.. you're so big..."

"Sure you can," she cooed. "Just shut up and take Momma's dick,"

She pulled back and pushed a little harder, and Jon was mid-sob when everything suddenly went white, and his back arched just like it had when she had used her fingers, except this time it was ten times better. She didn't stop this time, taking her chance to put in two mini-thrusts which barely withdrew from his beleaguered hole, hips popping a little harder against his callow cheeks.

Jon would have said 'Wow', if he'd been able to form the words, or indeed control any of his body parts any more, because the only thing he could do was cling on for dear life as his Mother began to bend him to her will. She rocked backwards and forwards, a comforting motion that belied the turmoil taking place in Jon's belly as her horsecock stimulated everything. All up his anal passage nerve endings were screaming, a perfect synchronised circuit of pleasure that was pulsing, spreading across the whole of his eager frame. Eyelids flickered of their own accord, fingertips dug into Matilda's supple fats, and knees shook as she ground herself down and forwards.

Tears ran down Jon's cheeks, but they were becoming tears of joy as his mother delivered a nasty thrust that hit like a lightning bolt up his spine. Ecstasy. The screaming voice in Jonathon begging to be released became consumed within a sea of utter, delirious cock-induced delight. She withdrew and planted herself in him once more, and an impromptu scream burst from Jon's lips as his body clung to his Mother's miraculous hammer, clear liquid dribbling from his anus as he spasmed. Matilda impaled him so that his body was unable to move, muscles twitching beneath her ministrations.

"Oh, fuck yes," she moaned as her son writhed in an orgasmic fit beneath her. She kissed him deeply, but he didn't even have the brainpower to kiss back, lips opening aimlessly so that saliva went everywhere as she snogged him. It took a while for Jon's slack face

returned to some semblance of comprehension after a little flurry of soft smooches, and eventually he began to smile as Matilda bit his lip gently.

"Ready for more?" she grinned, poised above him.

Jon didn't respond, but trembling lips and the slight adjustment of his hips for her to get that perfect angle of penetration were all the answers she needed. Her dick was so hard and angry that it almost seemed as if she would run him through with it. She duly did, her hips beginning to pummel into his butt cheeks, and suddenly his immature body was bearing the brunt of his mother's massive frame, a rag doll being beaten and abused as she rapidly fucked him with her slick, hard cock. The clapping of her lower body on his cheeks was obscenely loud, as if there were three moms pounding away at him rather than one in the tiny room, so loud were the slaps of skin on skin.

THWAP THWAP THWAP

Jon couldn't even scream because she was pounding him so hard. Her weight pressed down on top of him and the world closed in, until only her smell, her grunting, and her pummelling cock remained. Small sounds were brutally extracted from his lips, small signs of life. "SH..F...UGH.." Each moment of attempted pleading was met with a body-wracking hit as she plunged her dong into him, volleying him against her cock like a yoyo. The savage, sweaty rhythm was ceaseless, her helmet hitting so deep in him that he felt pure bliss with each thrust, like a lightbulb igniting with each balls-deep smack.

His Mother was lost, not speaking, just grunting and drooling as she battered her son like a living piñata, bruising his butt cheeks as her balls slapped repeatedly into them. Every part of his body rocked like a one-man earthquake under the nasty blows being dealt, and he rubbed her back, trying perhaps to calm her, but underneath the soft fats her back was a thicket of taut, rigid muscle, tensing and flexing to create as much surging momentum as possible. So much power was hidden within her feminine physique that it would have been laughable if anyone had suggested she was capable of the anal crushing that was being delivered, based on her supple curves. Her

arms clung to her beloved prize as she plundered Jonathon's secrets, excavating his anus with a ferocity that made the whole bed begin to shake.

Jon couldn't see because his eyes had rolled up in their sockets, he couldn't smell anything except Mom's bodily essences, he couldn't feel anything but her cock in his belly, her lips on his neck, and he couldn't hear anything but the creaking of the bed and her constant guttural hums as she revelled in breaking his mind and body.

"You feel so fucking good sweetheart," she gasped into his ear, gushing as she pulled him onto her hips, sealing them together. Each meeting of their hips brought the tide of euphoria closer to his shores, and he found himself getting rocked as his Mom slammed into him, her creamy tits hot against his chin. Jon was getting compressed into his mattress, and the springs groaned as they tried to deal with the violence occurring on top of them, huge bouncing weights pounding the squealing metal.

"Cum for me Jonny baby... cum for me bitch," she growled desperately, grabbing his hair so he could only look into the soft depths of her eyes. She aimed herself and hit that special place inside of him and suddenly everything was making his body sing in totally harmony. A tear ran down his cheek as Matilda manipulated her son in ways he had never even imagined. His brain began to melt like molten wax under the furious heat of her ministrations, and the world shook as her angry schlong expanded in the tightness of his anus, connecting them in the most luridly unspeakable of ways.

Jonathon's face twisted into a perverse smile as pleasure subsumed him, and he stared into his Mother's rapturous gaze because she was the source of this incredible energy. Her body was like a tiger consuming its prey, voracious and starving for the heat and warmth beneath it.

"Oh fuck Mom... Yes there, THERE, OHHHhh!"

Jonathon was screaming as her cock pounded that perfect fleshy button inside, releasing fireworks in his brain. Every inch of her hot dick was killing him with sheer lust. Suddenly his cock was firing like

a water gun, trails of white flying onto his belly and his mother's tits as his asshole clenched like a vice around his mother's steel shaft. Matilda's eyes widened and she bellowed, planting herself in him like a tree in the ground, fusing them together in a gluey mess of her cock juices as she exploded inside him.

Jonathon was having a fit, his bones shaking as the sexiest moment of his entire life consumed him: His mother cumming inside his asshole. Warm treacle covered his anal walls and he gasped as deep animal instincts came to the fore, his mother marking him with her sperm, breeding him, connecting him intimately to her on a deeper level than he could ever have imagined.

"What... what the fuck," he mumbled, burying his face in her neck. God she was so warm, her skin so unbelievably soft. The flexing organ inside him was still releasing a hot torrent of jizz which flowed like a river around his insides. It just felt so wrong. The more she poured into him, the more he loved it.

How could he be this slutty... He wasn't a bitch right? A little pat of her heavy testicles on his raw buttcheeks made him whimper in realisation that this was no longer the case. She had utterly bred him.

"You're mine now, sweetheart," she said in a jerky, breathless voice. She must still have been coming down from her orgasm, and faint tendrils of cum spurred the currents of the ocean inside him.

"Mom," he whispered.

"Yes bitch?" she whispered, her voice thrumming with affection.

"I love you."

It was like a mountain rippling, as he felt a seismic shiver run from his Mother's head to her toes. A low rumble which reverberated through her torso and into the depths of his cum-filled belly made it clear he had said something incredibly satisfying.

He clung to her, just enjoying his new, deep connection to this gorgeous, perfect woman.

Anything for Mom.