Chapter 1

Bree wants to scream. She's fucking had it. She's had it with her no-good husband, who just told her that he's extending his "business trip" (even though Bree knows he's lying to her and he's sleeping with his colleague). She's had it with her eighteen-year-old son, who's being a bratty little bitch. And she's even had it with her four-month-old daughter, who has suddenly decided she doesn't want to drink.

Bree has had it, and now her boobs are aching.

Fuck everyone.

"Mom, where's my coffee? Did you forget already?"

Yes, her son drinks coffee. It's a habit he picked up from his father. He's lucky his mom doesn't take the pot and dump it on his head.

She white-knuckles the fridge door and yanks it open. Easy, Bree. Calm down--

Oh, fuck, there's no more milk. And god, he's such a whiny little bitch when things don't go his way.

She wants to scream.

She considers it a minor victory that she doesn't slam the fridge shut.

"We're out of milk."

"What the hell, Mom?" he shouts. Then he goes back to talking to his friends as they play some stupid-ass video game.

She should just tell him to go to the store and get his own milk if he wants it so badly. And she's about to do just that when an evil little smile creeps across her face.

You know what? Fuck him.

She stands over the coffee mug, whips out one of her breasts, and squeezes. Once. Twice. Thrice.

She stirs her milk into the coffee and brings it to him in the living room.

"I thought you said you were out of milk," he says.

"I found some creamer I got from work."

He goes back to playing his game.

"You're welcome."

"Uh-huh."

"You know what, you can just fuck off!" she says as she storms into the kitchen.

"Huh?" Sam says into his microphone. "Nah, that's just my fucking mom. I know, right? God, she's such a pain in my ass. Ew, take that back, asshole. She is not."

She hears everything. And she bursts into tears.

In the video game, Sam's guy dies, and he sits back in a huff. He watches his friends finish the level, and he takes a sip of the coffee. He nearly spits it out.

"What the hell is this?" he yells. "Yo, ma!"

She doesn't answer. He can hear her crying in the kitchen. He rolls his eyes. Oh great. Now she's emotional. He sighs. He looks at his coffee. What the hell kind of creamer is this? It's not cream. Maybe some kind of artificial bullshit?

But what's he gonna do, not drink the coffee?

Fuck it.

He takes another sip. It's ... he's not sure. Sweeter than regular milk? He takes another sip. He searches his mind for what it is about this creamer that is perplexing him so.

He takes another sip.

Huh. It's actually not bad.

The more he drinks it, the more he decides he likes it.

And before long, he's finished the cup.

He wraps up his gaming session and signs off. Then he goes into the kitchen. Mom's not there, which is nice. He won't have to deal with her bullshit.

He scours the fridge for more of that creamer. If nothing else, he just wants to see what it is. But he can't find it.

He walks back to his mom's room. She's sitting in her rocking chair, cradling the baby, and trying to breastfeed her. She's humming lightly. She has a pleasant voice. It's very soothing.

Bree realizes her son is standing in her doorway, so she covers herself.

"Yes?" she says quietly.

"I was just looking for more of that creamer."

"I thought you hated it."

"Nah, it's pretty good, actually."

She hides her smirk. Who would have thought?

"You'll have to wait."

"Where is it? I can get it."

"You'll have to wait."

He rolls his eyes and sighs.

"And now you're not getting it at all," she says.

"Oh, for god's sake. What? I didn't even do anything."

She shakes her head, tries to ignore him, and focuses on Vanessa. Come on, baby. Drink up.

Sam blabs on and on about this and that for a moment, whining about how unfair she is to him, and her rage builds and builds until she's shaking.

She holds it together long enough to scoop Vanessa up and place her in the crib. She fusses slightly, but Bree can't deal with her right now.

She storms out of her room and waits for Sam to follow. She closes the door so the baby won't hear her raised voice, and she grabs Sam's ear.

"Ow! What the fuck?"

She pulls him down the hall to the kitchen, where she finally lets go.

"The fuck?"

"The fuck? I'll tell you 'the fuck!' You're the fuck. You're being a fuck to me, and I won't stand for it anymore. I do everything for this family, and you and your fucking father are nothing but nonstop shits to me. I heard what you said to your friends. So you know what? Fuck you!"

She storms to her office, closes the door, and once again bursts into tears.

Finally, not knowing what else to do, Sam goes and apologizes. He knows his mom will come around. He just has to pay lip service to her. And he does just that.

She's wise to him, but she needs to get on with her day. So she says she'll give him more of that creamer if he'll take out the trash and clean up his room.

Fine, he says. And he gathers the garbage and takes it outside.

She pours another cup of coffee and gives him three more squirts. There you go, you little shit.

Things are mostly peaceful at dinner. Quiet, but peaceful. She tries to start conversations with her son, but he's not interested. He plays nice, though.

But what he really wants is a glass of milk, just like he has with every meal.

She watches him sulking, not drinking his water, and she finally says, "You want milk?"

He eyes her curiously. "Yeah? I thought we were out."

She sighs and gets up. "I have that stuff you liked. You can drink that."

"What is it?"

"It's raw milk. I got it from a friend. It's a delicacy. Do you want it? It's perfectly safe."

"Where was it? I didn't see it in the fridge."

"You didn't look hard enough. Do you want it or not?"

"Yeah." He sees her face and quickly adds, "Yes, please."

She goes to the fridge and pulls out the milk she pumped earlier. What a waste, but Vanessa doesn't seem to want it.

She pours a glass for Sam and wonders how this will go down. It's one thing to hide breastmilk in coffee, but a full glass of it? She can't imagine he'll like it. Or maybe he'll take one look at the color and realize what he's actually been drinking.

She shrugs and brings it to him. She pulls it away before he can grab it, until he says, "Thank you," and then she gives it to him.

She sits and waits.

He does give the glass the once-over twice.

"Raw milk?"

She nods, pretending that she isn't studying him.

He smells it. It does smell different. Not bad, just different.

"You sure it's healthy?"

"Do you think I'd give you poison?"

He smirks. Given her reaction to him today, he's not sure. But he shrugs and takes a sip.

It feels different than regular milk. More complex. He takes another sip. He likes it. Yeah, it's sweeter than regular milk, but maybe slightly saltier too? It's definitely more interesting.

And soon he guzzles it down and finishes with a loud sigh.

"I like it. Is there more?"

She smiles slightly. Well, this is certainly interesting.

"Please," he adds.

She purses her lips. There is more. It's the last of it, but she won't need it for tonight. She'll try to get Vanessa to drink straight from the source.

She puts her napkin on the table.

"I'll get it," he says.

Well, that won't work. The gig will be up at that point when he sees nothing milk-like in the fridge except a baby bottle.

"I got you," she says as she rises. "Besides. I don't want you to find my secret stash."

He snorts and watches her go to the kitchen. "Do you even drink it?"

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about what I do."

She returns with an even fuller glass.

"Thanks, Mom," he says before she even pushes it towards him.

"You're welcome."

She sits.

He takes a drink. God, he loves this stuff. It's so much more satisfying than regular milk. It might be the best thing he's ever had.

He looks at his mom as she eats. While he was playing his video game, his friend said his mom was hot. He told his friend to fuck off, but he's not blind. She's stunning. It's just ... he never thought of her that way. At least not before. But ... well, he's slightly embarrassed to admit this to himself, but there's something about the way she moves that's really doing it for him. Very sensual. Very caring. Very motherly. Yes, that's the word. And for some reason, he suddenly finds that incredibly hot.

He quickly looks down at his plate. "Sorry I was being a dick earlier."

She glances up at him. When has he ever preemptively apologized before?

She nods.

They sit in silence, and Sam sneaks in glances of her as she eats, as she dabs her mouth with her napkin, as she tickles his sister's toes. He really likes that. He likes watching his mother mother his sister. He's not sure why. But he does. Suddenly.

He helps her clean the dishes. Again, this is a new development, but Bree isn't complaining.

"Wanna watch a movie?" she asks, fully expecting him to say no.

"Yeah, sure."

He even lets her pick the film.

He sits next to her on the couch, trying not to look at her as she feeds Vanessa. But he does manage to catch a little side-boob. And he finds himself getting hard.

He crosses his legs to hide it.

It's not just the side-boob that's got him turned on, but also his mom's graceful movements, her soft voice as she hums, and ... something else. Something he can't quite put his finger on... Her smell?

No, that can't be it.

Or can it?

He leans in a little closer. Maybe that is it.

"Oh come on, Ness. Just a little more," Bree says, trying to get her daughter to eat more. But no dice.

"What's her problem?"

Mom rises. "She's being fussy. Seems to like it only when I bottle-feed her. It's such a pain."

She gets up and grabs the pump. Sam tries not to watch his mother as she pumps milk into the bottle, though he does manage to sneak in a glance or two. Fuck, she has such nice tits. She pulls her shirt down to cover them. If anything, Sam thinks she looks even hotter now: her nipples poking out, almost straining to break free. He imagines kissing them and sucking on them. Fuck, his dick is so hard it's hurting.

She carries the bottle to the kitchen, but Sam only has eyes for her tits. And her ass isn't bad in that skirt, either.

While she's out of the room, he adjusts his dick. There, that's much better.

She returns, and they finish the movie.

That night in bed, Sam pleasures himself, thinking about sucking on his mom's tits. He cums so hard and so quickly, he never even got around to fantasizing about fucking her.

The next morning, she hands him a hot cup of coffee and even gives him a quick back scratch as she asks him how he slept. He can feel his cock stir.

Christ, Sam. Get a grip.

He goes to school and asks his friends if they have ever drunk raw milk. They haven't, though Rog says he heard it was really bad for you.

"There's a reason they pasteurize milk, you know."

Sam doesn't know anything about it, but as he googles it, he starts to get worried. What is his mom doing giving him this potentially deadly drink?

When he gets home, he asks her about it. She says she knows all about the health concerns.

"But I trust my source," she says. She offers him a cup.

As she holds the cup out to him, he notices her breasts in her tightly fitting tank top. And he finds his mouth watering and his dick starting to get hard.

"Of course, if you don't want it, I bought you some regular milk today that you can have instead."

He takes the milk and downs it in a few quick gulps. She smiles and ruffles his hair.

"Thirsty much?"

He nods, and his cheeks turn red.

That night, they're watching another movie, and once again, Sam can't take his eyes off his mom's tits. They're calling to him. He watches Vanessa not want to drink from her tits, and he thinks, God, Sis, you don't know what you're missing.

After struggling, Bree sighs and asks Sam to get the pump for her. He says no problem and goes to the kitchen. When he returns, he sneaks another peek at his mom's tits. She asks if he'll take the baby while she pumps.

"Thanks, Sam. I hope this isn't too embarrassing for you."

Sam says it's not at all as he plays with his sister.

They unpause the movie while she pumps for a few minutes. Once the bottle is filled, she screw on the top and tries to feed Vanessa. She's once again being fussy.

The doorbell rings. Sam answers. It's a UPS guy with a special delivery for his mom. She has to sign for it.

He tells her this, and she asks him to take the baby.

"Maybe you can get her to drink?" she asks, handing him the bottle.

She goes to the front door. He can hear her joke with the UPS guy. As he listens and tries to feed Vanessa, a familiar smell fills his nose.

He looks at the bottle.

No.

No fucking way.

She wouldn't.

How could she have?

When she returns with her package, Sam lays into her.

"Breastmilk?" he says, trying to keep his voice low so he doesn't upset his sister, but his anger is palpable.

Bree sighs. Fuck. She was careless. But oh well, he was bound to find out sooner or later.

She doesn't apologize. She takes the baby and sits down on the couch.

"What the fuck, mom?"

"You were being a little shit to me, so, in a moment of pettiness, I took revenge."

"You said it was safe to drink!"

"It is, Sam. It's human breastmilk. For humans. You drank it when you were little."

"You fucking lied to me!"

"I did. On the other hand, you said it was your favorite drink. I think you're just embarrassed by how much you liked it."

That is, in fact, why he's so angry. And he storms off after hissing, "Fuck you!"

Bree remains calm. She knows she was being a petty little cunt. She knows she took it too far. But at the end of the day, no harm was done. And, as she said, her son loved drinking her milk.

Weirdly, that thought makes her strangely hot. For just a moment. But she remembers the look on his face when he first drank that glass of her milk. How much he savored every last drop.... She didn't think it was hot at the time, but now, now that he's pissed at her ... she doesn't know why, but now she finds it hot.

She shakes her head and goes back to trying to feed her fussy little girl.

For his part, Sam stews in his room, utterly embarrassed and pissed ... and also, he can't help but admit it to himself ... turned on. This causes more embarrassment, as he now realizes that he started fantasizing about his mom only after unknowingly drinking her milk. He feels manipulated.

And yet.

He's still turned on. If anything, his desire is stronger. Now that he knows where that delicious milk came from? Fuck, if he could suck on her tits and get more?

His erection seems to come out of nowhere, and it's only a few strokes before he's cumming into a hastily grabbed tissue.

They don't speak the next morning.

Sam goes into the kitchen to grab something to eat, and he sees a couple of bottles of his mother's milk. Clearly, Vanessa hasn't been drinking. Despite his anger and embarrassment, he salivates. His new favorite drink. It's right there. Fresh from his mother's tit.

He can feel his cock stir.

He looks around to make sure his mom's not here, and he grabs a bottle, unscrews the top, and takes a sip. He closes his eyes as the liquid fills his mouth, relishing the taste, the mouthfeel, and the knowledge of where it came from. He can't restrain himself. He gulps the rest of the bottle down and finishes with a hearty sigh. Oh fuck, he's as hard as a rock.

He rushes to the bathroom to relieve himself, and just manages to leave the house in time to catch the bus to school.

Bree's husband calls to tell her he has to stay another two nights. She hangs up without responding. She just wants to run away. Her husband hates her. Her son hates her. And, worst of all, her daughter's still not eating. In a fit of desperation to get calories into her, she tries formula, which Vanessa eagerly gobbles up. And that breaks her. Fucking formula. It's not that Vanessa isn't hungry. She just doesn't want Bree's milk. Even her little three-month-old baby is rejecting her.

Sam enters the apartment to find his mother sobbing. Sobbing like he's never seen her cry before.

"Mom?"

She doesn't hear him; she's too lost in her sorrow.

He sits on the couch next to her, wraps her up, and brings her in for a hug. She clutches at him. Oh, thank god. Someone is here for her. He holds her while she weeps, and he apologizes for overreacting

and asks if there's anything he can do. She just wants him to hold her. Hold her and not hate her.

When she finally calms down, she apologizes. He says it's okay. He was being a dick. It's all good.

And they hold each other for a few minutes. She takes one last deep sigh and then sits up and grabs a tissue.

She suggests they go out for dinner. She needs to get out of this shitty apartment.

They do. It's like they hit a reset button. They go to Minnie's for burgers. They chat. They laugh. And even Vanessa drinks some of Bree's milk. Not a lot, but some.

Once home, they put Vanessa down for the night. Sam helps, which is a first. She loves watching him with her. How much his little sister lights up at his voice and how much she giggles at his tickles. He lays her down in the crib, and the two gaze down at the precious baby. Bree reaches up and scratches her son's back. And he shivers. She rests her head on his shoulder. And they soak in the moment.

Back in the living room, Sam cues up a movie. Mom brings him a glass of milk. Cow's milk. She went to the store earlier. He takes it, says thank you, and takes a sip. His face tells her everything she needs to know. He prefers her milk.

That thought makes her leak.

Sam notices, but pretends he doesn't. His dick stirs. Her beautiful breasts are leaking. Leaking his new favorite drink. He could just reach up, pull off her shirt, unbutton her bra, place his lips to her nipple ... and suck.

Instant hard-on. An instant hard-on that he crosses his legs to cover.

"Sorry, baby," Bree says as she rushes for the pump. She sits, doing her best to cover herself while she pumps. "I hope this isn't too embarrassing for you."

He says not at all. And he sits next to her, savoring the sound of her milk squirting into the bottle. He starts the movie, but the whole time, he's just dreaming of drinking from his mother's breast.

When she's done pumping, she sighs. Another bottle that Vanessa's probably not going to drink. There's at least another full one in the fridge. As she's staring at the bottle, she sees her son glancing over at it. She looks at his still-full glass of cow's milk.

She laughs to break the tension that has been building.

"You're not drinking your milk."

He shakes his head. It's not nearly as good as her milk. On several levels.

"I don't really like it very much," he mumbles. "Not anymore."

She swallows. He wants her milk.

"Um, at the risk of reopening an old wound, do you want this?" She tilts the bottle towards him before adding, "There's a cold one in the fridge."

He can't bring his eyes to meet hers; that feels too weird. But he does give her a subtle nod, and he takes the bottle.

She sits back and rubs her son's back, gently swirling her hand, soothing him, letting her fingers glide and caress...

His dick has never been harder than it is right now. He can't wait another second. He unscrews the top. He pauses, taking a tentative sniff, curious at how it might taste in its current warm state. It smells ... better. Fresher. Its scent is more powerful. Intoxicating, even.

He brings the bottle to his lips, and she watches him take a sip. Her fingers slow down, and her lips part as she sees her son close his eyes and swallow, clearly loving the taste of her milk. He sighs and eagerly takes another gulp. Her fingers resume their motion on his back, but it feels different now. Her fingers press into his muscles with just a little more pressure, but they both notice. She can feel warmth rushing to her groin as she watches him take another delicious gulp. She rakes her nails down his back, and he shivers at her touch...

And then the moment passes. Bree rubs the palm of her hand on his back, almost as if erasing the sexual tension that was building.

He smiles and says thanks, and then he leans back onto the couch--still covering his raging hardon--and they snuggle and watch the movie. Well, neither of them really watches the movie. He's too busy staring at her toned, tanned legs as they rub together. She's too busy blushing at the dirty thoughts that filled her head.

Continue to fill her head.

After the movie, they clean up. Sam offers to do the dishes, and Bree nearly falls over from disbelief. When had he ever volunteered to do any chore?

She gathers random glasses from around the house and brings them to the kitchen, and takes a second to take in the sight of her son. She knew he was eighteen and entering early adulthood, but it was the first time she really appreciated how much he'd grown in the past year. He stood taller than his father, and his shoulders were broader...

She once again shakes her head at the vaguest hint of a dirty thought creeping into her mind.

But when she places the dirty glasses in the sink, her hand slides up his back. He stops washing for a moment, sighing slightly. She scratches his back, and he shivers again. God, she loves that.

She swallows.

"Thank you, baby. You've been such a big help to me today."

"Of course, Mom."

She leaves him and gets ready for bed. She brushes her teeth and washes her face. She sits on the edge of her bed and performs her nightly skin care routine.

Sam passes her open door and catches a glimpse of his mother gently applying lotion to her legs. Even though she's a petite little thing, she seems to have legs for days.

Bree pauses and realizes her son is staring at her. He blushes and tries to cover it up by saying he's done in the kitchen and ready for bed. He just wanted to say goodnight to Vanessa.

She smiles. "Of course, baby." She slides onto the bed and squirts one last dollop of lotion into her hand.

Sam creeps into her room and tries not to watch his mother as she lotions up her arms. Her hands gently gliding and sliding over her beautiful, soft skin.

She watches him stand over the crib. Something about the loving way he gazes down at his sister makes her rub her legs together and bite her lip. Fuck, Bree. Don't be a creep.

That's when she leaks.

"Fuck," she whispers. She hadn't even realized how full her breasts were.

"What's wrong?" Sam whispers, and then he sees the dark spots forming on her tight tank top. "Oh." He quickly, reluctantly, averts his eyes. I'll get the pump."

"Aw, thank you, Sam," she says with a sigh.

She moans slightly as she continues to lotion up her skin. Her skin, which suddenly seems more sensitive. More alive.

Sam returns sans pump. He sits on the edge of her bed.

"Sorry, Mom, I couldn't find one. There was a used one in the kitchen, and I meant to ask earlier about how to wash them. I know there's like a special process or something...?"

Double fuck. She left the other pump in the living room. She meant to clean them earlier, but she got too distracted by her son. And yes, there's a process. You can't just wash them in the sink. They have to be sterilized, and it's a whole thing that takes too long... And, just knowing that it's going to take a while makes her full breasts suddenly ache.

"What can I do? Just tell me how, and I'll go wash it for you."

God, he's being so sweet. She remembers how unloved she felt only a few hours ago, and here is her loving son wanting to do whatever he can to make her feel better.

She raises a hand to his face and rubs her thumb along his cheek. She stares at his lips and relishes how he leans in to her caresses.

"Do you really want to help?" she whispers.

He nods, suddenly turned on at the sound of her whisper.

She looks down at her left breast. The one closest to him. Her dark tank top getting darker where her erect nipple stands. She quickly looks back up at him. Asking without asking.

His eyes fall to her breast. There it is. The hunger. His lips part. He looks back up at her, not entirely sure she's asking him to do what he's so desperately hoping she's asking him to do.

She nods slightly and brings her hands down to her tank top. She pulls it up, just a bit, and she looks at him to make sure they're on the same page. He doesn't return her gaze, though. He's too distracted. Too hungry. That's enough. They want the same thing.

The notion that she's about to do what she's about to do makes blood rush to her pussy.

Oh fuck.

She slides the tank top up, up, up. He savors the reveal of her stomach. Her stomach, which she's been working so hard to get back into shape since Vanessa's birth. Trying and succeeding. He can see her defined abs as she breathes. And still the top rises and rises. He sees the underside of her breast. Her full breast. Her full breast that's calling to him...

She lifts the shirt over her nipple and reveals her whole breast to him.

His mouth drops open and his breath quickens. He looks up at her ... and she gracefully raises a hand to his face, caressing it once more before sliding it to the back of his head. She runs her fingers through his hair and then gently pulls his head down, down, down ... guiding it to her beautiful, full breast.

He can't believe his fantasy is actually coming true. He swallows nervously. He can see a little milk leaking out from her nipple--her nipple, which is but a few millimeters from his mouth. And there it is: that intoxicating smell.

Mom's right hand slides under her breast and lifts it to his mouth. The moment his lips make contact, she gasps slightly, which makes his cock tighten even more. Precum is soaking his underwear.

He encircles her nipple with his lips ... and sucks. A little milk comes out, but only a little.

She presses him into her until his nose is pressed into her breast. Milk instantly dribbles into his mouth. But then he sucks ... and ...

Oh...

Oh, fuck me...

The warm liquid rushes in, filling his mouth. The texture. The taste. The feel as it coats his tongue. Oh, fuck, it's even better than drinking it from a glass.

And the sound his mother makes. That soft whimper.

She's so turned on, he can feel her quivering under him...

And it's too much for him. He gushes a load of cum into his pants. He can feel his warm liquid fill his underwear and trickle down his hip and leg.

Goddamnit.

But there's no turning back now. He's so turned on, he knows it's only going to be a matter of seconds before he's ready for action again.

Besides, he's got two full breasts to drink.

He swallows and has to pull off to catch his breath. His lips graze over her nipple, and they're so sensitive, she shivers. She can't wait any longer. She needs him. Need him to drink. Needs him for other things.

She pulls him in for more.

He eagerly takes another drink, sucking the delicious milk into him, letting it coat his mouth again, and swallowing. This time, he doesn't let go. He sucks in again. And again. And soon he's pulling the milk from her, his tongue working her nipple, his mother shuddering under him.

He can feel his cock tightening again. It's not as painful now as it has a load of semen to coat it. And he's bucking his hips now, fucking the mattress.

He drinks and drinks, slurping up every last drop, his animal instincts taking over.

Bree moans and groans under him, rubbing her legs together, wanting him to finish so he can...

He's emptied hr left breast, and she pulls him off before his sucking can hurt her.

She slides her hands down and pulls off her shorts.

He sits up and yanks off his shirt, then his clothes.

"Yeah, baby. Come here. Come here."

She pulls him on top of her and wraps her legs around him. Her legs pull his ass. Get inside me. Get inside me now.

He finds her opening and enters. His tip penetrates, and he slides in as far as he can until he meets the slightest resistance.

Bree tilts her head back and grunts.

This position is perfect. He still has a few inches to go until he's fully inside, but from here her can...

He brings his mouth down to her right breast and licks and licks and licks all around her nipple, her milk dribbling into his mouth, down her breast. His mother bucks her hips, grinding her pussy into his cock. She doesn't know what she wants more, His cock inside her all the way or him to drain her dry. Both, of course, but he's too big to be able to bend down and drink from her.

He stays where he is, letting her grind his cock. He's more focused on the milk. He wants it. Needs it. Craves it. He fits his lips around her nipple and sucks.

"Uhhh," his mother grunts, clutching him tightly to her as she cums. Her body starts to shake. Oh my god, her son is fucking her. Drinking from her and fucking her. And it's so fucking sinful and lustful, she's losing her mind. It's the spiciest fantasy she never knew she wanted.

And he keeps sucking, trying desperately to get every last warm, delicious drop into him.

Finally, he's done. She's tapped out.

He looks at her, her mouth agape, her body trembling, her eyes pleading with him.

"Fuck me," she whispers.

He slides in. All the way in.

"Oh my GODDDDDD!" she groans, tilting her head back. Way back, her beck arching to the sky.

His hips hit her ass, and she shudders. Then he pulls back ... and starts thrusting. In and out and in out. He's never had sex before, so he doesn't really know what he's doing. That's OK, though; her legs are pulling him in, pulling him in, pulling him in until he's got the tempo that she wants.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!" she growls, trying to keep quiet so as not to wake the baby. "Fill me! Fill me! Fill me!"

Her legs stop working; she's just a quivering mess under her son, her powerful son.

And finally, his rhythm breaks as his body convulses and he unloads deep inside her.

She squeals Oh yeah, that makes him gush some more.

He just made his mom cum so hard she squealed.

She clutches onto him tightly. Please don't move. I can't handle it. Oh fuck. Please. Please don't move again.

But they both are spasming and jerking, making each other jerk and spasm some more, the post-coital overstimulation getting the best of them. It's a good solid minute before they stop moving and spurting and cumming.

Finally, finally, finally. They come to a rest.

They sigh and settle in. Mom slides her hands all over his back. He kisses her shoulder, her neck, her cheek...

They lock eyes, and he brings a hand up to her face. He looks down at her plush lips, then back up at her enormous eyes. Yes, she seems to say. Kiss me, baby. Kiss me.

Their lips come together and part. He brings them back down, his lips surrounding her low lip. He turns his head slightly, and she slides her tongue into him. His lips wrap around it, and he sucks, gently, slowly, raising his head up and down, giving her a tongue job--something he never knew he wanted to do before, but fuck, he loves it so much. And she's so turned on him by sucking on her again that she rolls them over.

Oh, this is nice, too. Her soft body on top of his. Her plush lips against his. Her wet pussy slowly, lovingly brushing against his semihard cock.

They kiss and grind and grope each other, slowly building up steam. Her muscles tighten. Sweat beads on her skin. Her body convulses slightly until he's rock hard and ready for action. Again.

She bucks her hips, and her pussy engulfs him.

He gasps at the warm, wet feeling surrounding him. She bucks and bucks, engulfing and releasing his cock a few times. Her moans and whimpers once again driving him insane with lust. She builds her tempo and then pushes herself up, causing his cock to sink deeper inside her.

She whimpers again at the extra penetration. Oh fuck, his cock fits her so well.

She grinds her hips back and forth, working his shaft, steadying herself by clutching onto his abs. Who knew he was so jacked? Her fingers sink into his six-pack as she grinds and grinds and grinds some more.

Now it's his turn to curse. Every time her pubic bone presses against his shaft, he swears she's going to tear his dick off...

...and it would be soooo worth it.

She builds and builds and builds her tempo and intensity.

"Don't move, don't move, don't move, baby."

Soon she's muttering a series of fucks until she stops and doubles over, as another orgasm ripples through her.

Sam can feel her thighs trembling against his hips, and he loses it. He sends his last load inside her as she whimpers and smiles and jerks and sighs and spasms and moans, and slowly, slowly, slowly lowers herself onto him.

He wraps his arms around her and relishes her warmth as she settles in and sighs and nuzzles into his chest...

And soon she's asleep.

He holds her, listens to her breath and occasional moan, and thinks one thought over and over and over again. He loves her. He loves her so much that he would do anything for her.

And before long, he's out, too.

They sleep for several hours like this. But then Bree's breasts are full once more. Achingly full. Milk is dribbling out of her and trickling down her son's torso.

He stirs, smelling her scent. Milk is ready. Time for breakfast.

She smiles and slides up his body.

"Here you go, baby," she says, placing her right breast onto his waiting mouth. He's not quite awake yet, but once her nipple finds his lips, they wrap around it. And he sucks.

She sighs.

"That's it, baby," she whispers. "Drink up."

She doesn't realize it, but she starts grinding onto his stomach, and before long, his abs are coated with her juices.

Now he's awake.

So is his cock.

He slides her down until her pussy finds him.

He slides into her.

Then he sits up. She maneuvers so her legs wrap around him. This position causes his cock to plunge into her even more deeply. And as they sit like this, he drinks and drinks and drinks.

One breast done, she gives him the other. Now she starts grinding as he sucks. She pulls him into her and starts working his shaft. Within a couple of minutes, she shudders and tilts her head, her back, her body back, raising her voluptuous tits to the heavens...

And he takes one last, delicious drink...

before they cum.

They stare into each other's eyes as they writhe against each other. She bites her lip. He rubs her back. She slowly grinds on his cock.

And they stare and stare and stare, saying everything without speaking, lost in each other.

Finally, he speaks.

"I love you, Mom."

"Oh, baby, I love you, too."

They kiss. He stiffens inside her.

And soon, they're off once again. This time, her orgasm is even deeper. She's going to divorce her husband. She has a new man now.

Chapter 2

Bree lies, snuggled against her son, one leg and one arm draped over him, her head resting on his broad chest. It's early, maybe only six in the morning. She's exhausted from all the activity she and Sam had last night, but this is their last full day together before John comes home, and Bree wants to make it count.

And besides, her tits are full.

She knows it's only a matter of minutes before Sam starts rooting around for her milk.

Bree has noticed how finely tuned Sam's senses are to her lactation. He can smell when her milk comes in. In fact, he's already starting to stir, and he's not even awake.

What's more, she can see his cock stiffen. She's noticed this. Every time Sam drinks, or is about to drink, he gets hard. Rock hard. She thinks of it as Pavlov's dick.

And when Sam drinks, it always sends him into a feeding frenzy, which then turns into a fucking frenzy. Just thinking about it gets her so fucking hot, she can feel warmth rushing to her groin.

All thanks to her tits.

She laughs inwardly at the thought that her son is titnotized.

If so, he comes by it honestly. Bree slides up and lifts her breast to his lips. Once he's latched on, she tickles his scalp with her long fingernails and whispers, lending a hypnotic, ASMR aspect to the experience. "Yeah, baby, that's it. Drink from me."

He takes a long pull, causing her to moan slightly.

"That's it, baby. Let my milk fill your mouth and nourish your body."

She slides on top of him and positions her already wet pussy on his shaft.

"Oh, I love how hard you get when you drink from me."

He's still not fully awake.

But he's getting there.

She sucks in air and lets out a slight moan. "Oh, yeah," she says as she runs her opening along the length of his cock.

She slides up to the tip...

"The more you drink..."

She slides down...

"...the harder you get."

He takes another long pull, her warm, delicious milk filling his mouth and coating his tongue.

He swallows. His eyes open.

Oh, fuck. His mom is sliding up and down the top of his shaft. She's whispering and running her nails on his scalp, gliding along his dick, and filling him with her delicious milk.

What a way to wake up.

And he wants more.

He wants so much more, and he can't get it fast enough.

"That's it, baby. You're so hard for me. Oh my god, you're so hard. You want to fuck me, don't you? You wanna fuck me so badly."

He's nodding. Nodding and bucking into her.

And drinking.

He's sucking and swallowing and sucking some more, with greater and greater intensity, trying to pull every bit of milk from her breasts as he can.

Finally, he's drained her left breast.

Time for the right.

"What do you want, baby?" she whispers.

"I want you," he whispers back. "I want you so much, Mom. I want to make you so happy. I wanna make you cum and scream and moan with pleasure."

She smiles. "Why's that, baby?"

"Because I love you, Mom. I love you so much. I'll do anything for you."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"Then fuck me," she whispers as quietly as she can. "Fuck me, baby. Fill me with your seed."

He gasps.

She lifts her pussy off him. He grabs his dick and positions it for her.

"Ohhhhh godddd," she whispers as she slides down and engulfs him. When she reaches the bottom, she bucks her hips a few times while hissing and whispering several oh my gods...

Then she slides up and positions her breast to his lips.

He frantically latches on and pulls.

"Ahhh... that's it, baby. Drink..."

He fills his mouth, and she slides down. She bucks against him while he swallows.

She shudders as the first orgasm ripples through her.

She rises, and he takes another drink.

She slides down and works his shaft with a real fervor now.

"Fuck... fuck fuck fuck fuck..."

She gasps as he pulls her up for another drink, desperate for more.

"Drink me, baby."

This time, he pulls and pulls and pulls, trying to consume as much as possible before she...

... slides down his cock again.

She smiles and kisses him as she rocks back and forth.

Her mouth opens wide as another orgasm is starting to build.

He pulls her back up.

"Take it. Take it, take it, take it," she says as he drinks... but before he can finish, she slides back down. This time, she means business.

And he lets her finish.

She works his shaft, her muscles contracting, his cock thudding away inside her as she rocks back and forth. She shudders and curses and curses some more.

Watching her cum makes him lose it, and he fills her.

The two of them spasm a few times before she collapses against him.

"I love you, baby. Oh my god, I love you so much."

He smiles and lays her down. He caresses her face and tells her that he loves her, too. Then he lowers his face to her breast and takes another sip. He never got to finish that one.

He takes another.

He licks her nipple and moans.

His cock rises to attention again.

And he climbs on top and slides inside her.

He drinks and thrusts with tiny movements. Tiny and slow. But his head is constantly stimulating her G-spot, starting to build another orgasm in her.

Every sip fills him with desire. He needs her. And when he drains her, he slides all the way in...

"That's it, baby," she groans. "Fill me."

And he does, his animal instincts taking over as he thrusts with wild abandon until he cums, shooting more seed inside her and getting her off at the thought that her own son is breeding her.

Once he's done, they snuggle, eyes starting to close... when Vanessa starts to fuss for breakfast.

"I got her, Mom," Sam says, dragging himself out of bed. He scoops up his sister and lays her next to her mom. Then he goes to the kitchen and mixes up a bottle of formula. (She doesn't want the real thing anymore, lucky for Sam.) Then he returns. Bree feeds her daughter while Sam snuggles into her and passes out.

He can't keep his hands off her. He stands behind his mother, wrapping her naked body up in his arms, while she cooks scrambled eggs. He kisses her shoulders and neck and runs his hands up and down her stomach and sides, occasionally caressing her breast. She's not really paying attention to the task at hand; she's so sleepy and is way too distracted by his touch. She arches her back and grinds her

ass into his cock, which is once again getting hard. And feeling his cock stiffen causes her milk to flood into her breasts.

She turns off the stove and whirls around, leaping into his arms and wrapping her legs around him. She pulls herself up high enough so he can latch on and drink.

"That's it, baby," she whispers, once again running her hand through his hair and tickling his scalp. "Let me nourish you. Let my milk fill you. Let it coat your tongue and warm your soul."

He sucks, drawing in a mouthful of the delicious warm liquid. He lets it sit in his mouth for a second, savoring its taste and mouthfeel, before swallowing.

"My big, strong boy. You make me feel so good. You love making me feel good, don't you?"

He nods and smiles.

"My milk makes you feel good, doesn't it?"

He nods and fills his mouth again. He swallows, opens his mouth, and sighs.

"Tell me more," he says, wanting more of her gentle words to flow over him. He loves it when she does her hypnotic ASMR whisperings. "Tell me more."

"You want to please me, baby."

He smiles and licks her nipple, causing her to moan.

"Drink, baby. The more you drink, the harder you get."

It's true. Every sip seems to make his dick tighten even more. After several pulls, he's so hard it hurts.

"You want to make me cum, baby."

He nods.

"You want me to have the best orgasm ever."

He nods again. He pulls her down, slipping inside of her, and causing her to gasp. He loves it when she tilts her head back and opens her mouth in ecstasy.

He wants to make her cum so hard. So hard. So fucking hard.

He tilts her back, which makes his dick hit that sweet, sweet G-spot, and soon she's convulsing and spasming and not just cumming but cumming loudly.

He rests her ass on the counter and starts thrusting, keeping her orgasm going and going until he bursts inside her, safe in the knowledge that he has completed his mission.

He leans down and sucks on her breast, filling his mouth with his delicious reward.

"Tell me some more," he whispers.

She pulls herself up and caresses his head. She whispers, "Ohhh... you make me feel so good. You're such a good boy. Drink, baby. Let my milk complete you. Drink... drink..."

He hungrily draws two more mouthfuls and comes up for air.

"Tell me some more," he whispers. "Tell me some more..."

He just wants to be inside her and have her inside him.

He drinks again and starts thrusting into her.

"Tell me some more," he says, building intensity. "Tell me more..."

They go to the park. Bree feels like they should get outside to get some sun and fresh air, but Sam is on fire. He needs to touch her, to hold her, to feel her. He wants to smell her and rub his face into her. But they can't. Not here. It's too public, and their town is too small.

Too many people would see. They would see them, a mom and her son, and they wouldn't understand. They would shame Bree and Sam and ruin their lives. So the entire time they're in the park, Sam just desperately wants to go back home so he can touch her.

Plus, he's dying of thirst.

But he's a good boy. He just wants to make his mom happy. That's all he wants in this whole stupid world. So, if she wants to get some fresh air, then so be it.

Finally, Mom feels like they've done the park thing. They've paid attention to Vanessa and given her some fresh air. And besides, Vanessa's passed out in the pram. It's not like she's getting anything out of the park.

Let's get back to business.

They rush home, and the moment the door closes behind them, Sam grabs his mother and pulls her into an embrace. He kisses her, wanting to swallow her whole. She leaps into his arms and wraps her legs around him, and he wraps her up tightly. So tightly. He carries her to bed and lays her down. He kisses her and kisses her and moans as he sinks his tongue inside her.

"Tell me more, Mom." He says through dreamy eyes. "Tell me more."

She runs her nails through his hair again, and his eyes glaze over with pleasure. Tingles trickle down his head and through his whole body. He bites his lip.

"Oh, my big, strong, beautiful boy," she whispers. "You want to drink from me."

"Yes," he whispers. "Always."

"It's your favorite drink. It's all you need."

"Yes."

"Take off my shirt, baby."

She raises her arms up, and he pulls her shirt off her.

"Kiss my body."

He eagerly brings his lips to her stomach. God, he loves her tight stomach. He kisses and releases and kisses again, pressing his lips into her, occasionally licking and running his tongue over her newly formed goosebumps.

She writhes and writhes under his kisses. Her stomach muscles contract and relax and contract again in hypnotic fashion.

"Kiss my breast, baby."

He doesn't need to be told twice. He lifts his head and kisses her just above the nipple.

"Gently. Kiss it. Worship it. This is the source of your power, baby."

He caresses it gently as he smells it and licks it and kisses it and presses her breast against his face. God, it's so beautiful. A perfect form, so soft and warm.

Soft, warm, and full.

A little milk dribbles out, which he quickly laps up.

"Tell me more."

"Drink, baby. Take a little sip."

He does, once again relishing its warmth, its sweetness, and the way it coats his tongue.

"Every sip makes your cock harder and harder. You're home, baby. This is where you're meant to be. This is it."

He hums quietly and takes another pull.

"Every sip strengthens our bond. Drink. Every mouthful binds you more tightly to me. Can you feel it?"

He drinks and nods. She's right. He sucks, and as her milk fills his mouth, it also feels like he's getting sucked into her. Deeper and deeper he goes. It's such a warm and loving place. He craves it.

He takes another sip and sinks further into her.

"That's it, baby, that's it. Drink and become one with me."

He pulls again, sinking deeper and deeper, deeper inside his mother where he belongs. The deeper he goes, the hotter he gets. Deeper and hotter. Drinking and sinking. Plunging further and further into his mother. It's so warm and safe and delicious, and he's so overwhelmed with love and desire that he suddenly shudders and cums, filling his underwear with his warm sticky seed. He's not even embarrassed about it; he loves her so much.

"Oh, my sweet baby boy. You love me so much you can't contain yourself."

He nods.

"Take off my pants, baby. That's it. Take off yours. Oh, your cock is already hardening again. My milk is making you hard, so hard."

He smiles and rises up to her left breast, which is still full.

"Tell me more," he whispers. "Please, Mom, tell me how I'm all yours."

She smiles, she doesn't know why he loves this hypno talk so much, but he sure as hell does.

It gets her off, too.

"Oh, baby. Every sip you take binds you more and more tightly to me."

"Yes."

"Drink and sink deeper and deeper into me."

There it is. Those words really do it for him. And he can once again feel it. That wonderful sinking sensation. It's like plunging into a pool of warm, satiny, milky goodness from which there's no escape and no desire to ever leave. He pulls and sinks further and further inside; her whole body seems to envelope him. Deeper and deeper he goes, plunging further and further and further. He whimpers as he gives in to her.

She's his everything.

"Slide your cock inside me, baby."

He adjusts his position until his cock head meets her opening.

"Tell me more," he whispers.

She bites her lip. "Drink and sink into me, baby. Slide inside me. Let me engulf you. Envelop you. Become one with me."

He fills his mouth with her milk and then slides his shaft into her warm, wet pussy. He pushes all the way in, he can almost feel her cervix tickling his tip...

She wimpers, which drives him mad with desire. God, he loves that sound. The sound of his mother experiencing the ultimate joy.

"Oh, you're so hard for me, baby. So deep inside. You complete me. Now give me everything you've got, and you'll be mine forever. That's it. Move inside me. Back and forth. In and out. That's it. Take another sip and let it fuel your desire for me. You want to please me. Worship me. That's it. That's it. That's it. Oh my god, that's it. Worship me. Worship me. Now. Now. Now. Now. Now cum, baby. Cum inside me."

He gushes into her, filling her up. She filled him. Now he's filling her. It's the circle of life.

He spends the rest of the day floating in liminal space, totally absorbed in wanting to touch and please his mother. He caresses her, nuzzles into her, hugs her, and loves her.

He can't get enough. He can't get enough.

And it's all going to be over tomorrow. Not only does he have to go back to school, but his father is coming home. His father is going to ruin everything.

They watch TV on the couch, though neither one of them is paying any attention to it at all. Sam is too absorbed in giving his mother a foot rub and loving how he's making her writhe in pleasure. He kisses her toe and sucks on it and rubs her sole, and she moans and whimpers and whispers to him about what a good boy he is and how much she loves him... and he can't help it, but tears stream down his cheeks. She doesn't ask what's wrong. She knows. It's all going to come crashing down tomorrow.

But at least they have tonight.

They make love that night. And as she runs her fingers through his hair, giving him the shivers, she whispers and tells him how every sip binds him more and more tightly to her. She's sitting on his cock, bucking her hips as he pulls and pulls and sinks deeper and deeper inside her. Her hypno routine works. Her ASMR technique and her fingers and her pussy and most of all her breasts and milk, suck him in deeper and deeper until he's so far gone he floats out of his body and up to the ceiling. He's looking down and can see himself fucking

his mother and getting more and more passionate and wild with each sip and each thrust and each ASMR command.

He has no will of his own. No body of his own. No mind of his own.

He exists solely to please her.

And he's never been happier in his entire life.

And then she cums.

That ethereal sound, that half-squeal, half-whimper, and all ecstasy. It completes him. He's done it. He's pleased her.

And he explodes, grunting loudly, his body spasming, muscles constricting to deliver everything he has inside her. It's so intense and wonderful, it almost hurts.

They jerk and spasm together and coo and whimper until he falls back onto the bed and she falls onto his chest.

He expects to flow back into his body now, but he doesn't. He's still in hypnotic thrall. He floats over his body and watches himself tickle her back and whisper "I love you" over and over and over. She falls asleep on him, and he keeps caressing her body and whispering to her. His fingers trace up her back and down to her ass and back up again, occasionally pulling her out of sleep and into that same liminal space as him before she plunges back down to the depths of slumber.

He spends the entire night this way, tickling her back, floating out of his body. It's only when Vanessa mumbles the next morning that he's yanked back into himself.

"Oh baby," his mother slides up his body and whispers into his ear, her voice barely audible, her breath flowing over him and soothing him. "I had the most wonderful dream last night. I dreamt that you caressed me and watched over me. Protecting me. Worshipping me. All night long."

His cock stiffens, and she slips him inside her. She raises and lowers her pussy, swallowing him, swallowing him, swallowing him.

She continues, her voice still barely audible, "And you gave yourself over to me. Fully and completely. You're so desperately in love with me..."

Her body shudders, and sweat forms on her back. She keeps whispering, struggling to get her words out through her orgasm.

"...and it made me feel so warm and loved... and complete... oh baby. Oh baby, I love you so, so much..."

She can't finish as her body tightens and squeezes him. He hugs her tightly and cums inside her, once again sending his seed deep into her deepest depths. He doesn't let go, feeling like he's never going to see her again.

Soon, they're kissing and kissing and kissing, and he flips her over and drives her to ecstatic release once again.

He doesn't want to go to school. He holds her, his backpack weighing him down, knowing he needs to go but desperately not wanting to. He can't bear the thought of not touching her for one minute, let alone for hours.

But she makes him go. And at the end of the day, he just wants to please her, so he agrees.

Plus, she promises to take care of him if he comes home for lunch.

He spends the morning in a haze. He's not quite there. He's doing all the school things: He says hi to his friends, goes to his locker, goes to class, answers a question, closes his book, and goes to the next class. It's just that he's not truly present. Jenna approaches him in the hallway as they walk to Chemistry. Only a few days ago, he would have been flirting with her, maybe even taken this moment to ask her to the prom. But now? Well, she's cute and all, but she's not Mom.

For her part, she's always thought Sam was fine, but she never had any real interest. She just loves the attention. Today, though, he's shown zero interest, and it bothers her. Especially since she's wearing a shirt that reveals a little more cleavage than the school dress code strictly allows. She bumps into his shoulder, hoping he'll notice. He laughs, smiles, says "Hey," and moves on.

She stands in the hall, bewildered, and watches him enter the classroom.

"You all right, bro?" Dave asks, fist-bumping him and sitting next to him in the Chem lab. "You look like you're high or something."

Sam smiles and says he's fine, though he's not particularly convincing. He keeps glancing at the clock. One more period after this one. Then I can run home.

Pre-calc is agony. It's not only not his favorite subject, but he's dying of thirst. His lips feel dry. His mouth feels cottony. His breath comes in short. His mom is at home right now, her breasts full of milk for him--he can just tell--and he's stuck here studying stupid Pre-calc.

"You sure you're all right, bro?" Dave asks.

Sam nods.

But he's not all right.

He needs his mom, and he needs her right now.

Please don't call on me, he thinks. He has no idea what's going on in class right now. He's too lost in his desire.

"Sam? Wanna take a crack at it?"

Sam shakes his head, and the classroom erupts in laughter.

"Well, let's try, shall we?" Mrs. Jennings says.

But the last thing he wants to do is stand up and reveal to the classroom his raging hardon.

But he's trapped.

He grabs his textbook and tries to cover his groin as he stands. Dave can see all of this, and he smirks, trying to contain his laughter.

"You won't be needing your book, Sam," Mrs. Jenning says. But there's no way he's going up there without it.

He covers his erection and approaches the whiteboard.

Focus on the math, idiot, he tells himself. Focus.

It helps. His erection dies down.

But not before his teacher notices.

"Good work, Sam," she says after he solves the problem. "Can you stay after class, please?"

The kids oooh and ahh, and Mrs. Jennings says, "Okay, enough. Next problem. Drake? Let's see you give it a try."

After class, Mrs. Jennings approaches Sam, who's still sitting at his desk.

Fucking hurry up, damnit, Sam thinks. Every second spent here is a second away from his mom. His mom and her milk.

"You okay, Sam?"

He endures the next few minutes. His teacher is worried about him. To her, he looks like a stoner or a junkie of some sort.

He assures her he's fine and says all the things he's supposed to say.

Please, for the love of god, can this torture end already?

Finally, she lets him go to lunch, and he grabs his books and backpack and scrambles out of there.

He fights his way through the busy crowd. He can hear a few people making fun of him--he wasn't entirely successful at concealing his hardon--but he doesn't care.

He bursts through the front door and runs home.

He runs up the stairs of the apartment building--no time to wait for the stupid elevator--and rushes to his apartment door.

It swings open for him. His mother stands there in sexy lingerie, looking playfully at him.

"You're late--"

He doesn't let her finish that sentence. He scoops her up in his arms and hoists her onto him. She wraps her legs around him in that way that she does, which drives him wild, and he kicks the door closed.

He stumbles through the house and throws her on the bed. He drops his backpack and rips off his clothes as fast as he can tear them off.

She lifts a foot up to his mouth. Oh my god.

Pantyhose.

He's seen her in pantyhose before, though it's been ages. With her marriage falling apart, she hasn't gotten dressed up in... well, probably since before she got pregnant with Vanessa. The last time he saw her in pantyhose was the first time he had ever allowed himself to think his mom was hot.

Now, though?

Fuck.

He takes her foot in his mouth and sucks and sucks and sucks on her toes. He wants to swallow her whole--especially since she immediately starts writhing on the bed, moaning and whimpering. God, that sound. It drives him wild.

But as much as he loves her foot, it's not what he's craving.

It's not what he's desperate for.

And he only has one period to get it all in.

He licks and kisses his way down her leg, all the way down to her.... oh, her naked thighs. He moans at the feel of her naked, soft thigh on his face. He grabs at her panties and frantically tries to undo the clips that hold her stockings up. Finally! He pulls her panties off, and there it is. Her beautiful, wet, pink pussy.

He licks.

She whimpers.

His cock tightens. He's about ready to burst.

He licks again, and she clutches her tits.

He can smell her milk as it dribbles out of her...

And he jizzes all over her and the comforter.

She gasps. Her son is so desperately in love with her that she can make him cum without even touching him.

"Tell me, Mom," he says. His orgasm only makes him hotter for her. "Tell me more."

"Come here, baby," she whispers with her ASMR voice.

He gasps. There it is.

He slides up her body, kissing her wherever he can find her flesh poking through the lingerie.

He brings himself up to her tits, and she, thankfully, pulls them free for him.

He moans. There they are. He caresses her left breast and rubs his face into it. Milk dribbles down, and he licks it up.

"Tell me more," he whispers. "Please, Mom."

He's shaking. He's so desperate to hear the words, he's shaking from hunger and desire.

She runs her nails through his hair, tickling his scalp, and his eyes roll back into his head.

"Drink, baby," she whispers.

Finally.

He gasps and brings his lips to her nipple. He licks it, tiny droplets of milk coat his tongue....

"Drink," she whispers again, her voice barely audible. She brings both hands to his head now, and she drags her nails along his scalp, sending deliciously powerful tingles throughout his whole body.

"Drink and melt into me."

He pulls.

Oh

God

There

It

Is.

Her milk fills his mouth, and he moans and swishes it around, letting her coat every little nanometer... before swallowing.

"That's it, baby. Every sip pulls you further and further into me."

Yes

He sucks

He sinks

Deeper

Deeper

"Binds you to me."

Yes

He's all hers

All hers

"And makes you mine."

God yes

He's hers.

He's all hers

"Your only thought is to please me."

Yes

That's all he wants

"Drink."

Yes

"Become one with me."

Yes!

"Your deepest desire... is to make me cum harder than I've ever cum before."

Yes!!

He pulls.

Her milk fills his mouth.

He swallows...

...and plunges so deeply into her...

He comes out the other side.

He floats out of his body

And the world slows down, as if everything is in slow motion.

He can see her sitting on his cock. And he thrusts into her. She throws her head back. Her hair flies, briefly covering her face and then flowing back to reveal her mouth, wide open in ecstasy.

Her face. Her beautiful face. He thrusts into her again, and she opens her mouth even wider. She looks up to the heavens, unable to believe

how incredible he's making her feel. He swears she can see him floating over her.

He thrusts into her again, and her eyes roll back.

He can see her trembling muscles in slow motion as the orgasm rumbles through her. Wave after wave of pleasure washes through her. Her hair flies. This way. That way. Her mouth opens. It closes. Her eyes flutter. They close.

And he hears it. Suddenly, he can hear again.

He hears her squeal.

Her muscles contract. Her whole body shakes.

Her squeal turns into a guttural howl.

She throws her body back.

Her tits rise.

Milk spurts out and coats his face.

And he explodes inside her.

His seed fills her and coats his cock, and he unloads another rope, sending his jizz even deeper inside.

Another spasm as his muscles contract and he shoots his last big burst of cum into her.

The world whirrs back into motion as she brings her body back into his. He wraps her up. And holds her. And holds her. And holds her some more as she shivers in his arms, still coming down from her orgasm.

They caress each other's bodies and coo and whisper and hum and kiss.

"Don't make me go back," he says.

"Stay with me, baby. You can go back to school tomorrow. Besides, we only have a few hours before your father comes home."

He kisses her, then he reaches down and takes another sip.

Her milk fills his mouth.

And he sinks into her.

"Tell me more."

Two hours later, as Bree and Sam are watching TV and Sam is playing with his little sister, John walks in.

Daddy's home.