

A TEAM LOSS, BUT A WIN FOR BILLY

By Klrxo

Billy's shoulders slumped, the weight of the loss heavy on his skinny frame as he trudged off the infield dirt. He'd given it everything—even crushed that solo homer in the third—but the scoreboard glowed mercilessly: 12-6.

His gut twisted watching his teammates get tugged away by their slutty girlfriends, already pawing at their uniforms, eager to swallow their sweaty cocks and lick their tired balls clean, ready to suck the disappointment right out of them.

"Sweetheart, that home run was amazing!" his mom Amy's voice broke through his gloom.

She was pure, unfiltered fuck-meat: a picture of voluptuous motherhood, every sinful curve on display. The thin, skin-tight top barely managed to restrain the immense weight of her natural double J breasts; they crowded beneath the fabric, defiant and swollen.

"That one definitely deserves a blowjob," she stated matter-of-factly.

Billy's jaw went slack. His old man was pulling a double shift, and his bratty sister was sleeping over at some friend's house. The field was clearing out, leaving just him—a scrawny teenager—alone with the walking wet dream he called Mom.

"It, um... it would be nice," he stammered. "But I don't have a girlfriend right now like the other guys do."

Amy's lips, slick with spit and pure hunger, peeled back from her teeth in a grin that promised nothing but cock-sucking depravity.

"No, but you have a mom," she whispered, her voice dropping to a husky tone. "And we give blowjobs too. In fact, we're a lot better at sucking dick than girls your age."

"Are you saying you'd...?" The words trembled in the air, thick with disbelief.

“Work out a frustrating loss in mommy’s throat?” she said, savoring every syllable. “Yes. That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

Before Billy could even blink, Amy’s fingers locked around his wrist like a cuff. Her plump ass jiggled under those tight denim cutoffs as she yanked him toward the rusted metal shed where she’d spent her own high-school years on her knees, choking on cock after cock, getting railed against the same dusty walls by every sweaty jock who wanted a piece of her.

She shoved him inside and slammed the door, pitching them into sudden semi-darkness. The air was thick with the stink of old leather and stale rubber. Amy didn’t hesitate, dropping hard to her knees on the dusty ground.

“Let’s get this fucking dick out,” she growled, yanking at his belt, popping the button on his pants.

Billy stood frozen, watching his mom rip down his jockstrap, his cock slapping free—hard and leaking, already begging to be sucked.

“Fuck, look at this cock,” Amy groaned, her eyes locked on the thick meat jutting out in front of her. She grabbed it hard, her fingers digging into the base like she owned it, yanking the foreskin back to bare the fat, shiny head, already dripping with pre-cum.

Then she lunged, her hot breath searing the tip of his cock before she opened wide and swallowed him whole.

No teasing, no warning—just her throat opening up like a hungry cunt and taking every inch of him in one sloppy gulp. Billy’s knees nearly buckled, his whole body jerking as her wet, tight throat locked around his shaft like a fucking vise.

Amy didn’t just suck dick—she **devoured** it, her tongue lashing the underside of his cock while her throat muscles milked him like she was trying to choke the cum right out of his balls.

She didn’t flinch from the full length, forcing herself down until her nose was buried in his pubes, her throat stretched obscenely around his cock like she was trying to swallow a goddamn baseball bat.

Her lips sealed tight around the base, puffy and slick, suctioning so hard it felt like she was trying to vacuum the cum straight out of his

balls. And fuck—if he'd had another inch or two, or three, she'd have taken that too, no question.

She went back to sucking, and sounds were filthy—wet, sloppy gulps as she bobbed, the slurp of her spit mixing with his pre-cum, the gagging choke when she took him too deep. She wasn't just sucking him off; she was **fucking** his dick with her mouth, her throat opening up like a hungry whore's cunt, desperate to milk him dry.

Billy's hands clawed at her shoulders, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as his hips started to piston on their own. Amy's eyes rolled up to meet his, glassy and fuck-drunk, her cheeks sucked in so deep they looked carved out. Her throat was a greedy, wet fist around his cock, milking him with every filthy slide down his shaft.

She sucked with a filthy, practiced rhythm, her tongue carving tight circles over the thick vein on the underside of his shaft before lapping at the swollen head, tracing his slit and flicking his frenulum until he shuddered. All the while, her throat worked him in deep, wet strokes, milking him like she was born to swallow cock.

Billy's brain was pure static, his whole body buzzing like a live wire. The fucking insanity of it—his own mom, the one who packed his lunch and tucked him in at night, now deep-throating him like a back-alley whore and cheating on his dad without a second thought.

She pulled off his cock with a filthy, wet **schlop**, spit stringing from her lips to his slick, throbbing shaft. Billy's eyes dragged down from her fucked-out face to that skin-tight tank top stretched to breaking over those massive mom-tits.

He'd been obsessed with those fat udders since his voice cracked—jerked off nightly imagining what they looked like bare, how they'd feel in his hands, how heavy they'd be. Now, watching her act like a total slut for him, he felt a little braver than usual.

“Mom,” he choked out, “Can you take your top off... and the bra? I'd love to see your boobs.”

Amy pulled back, his slick cock-head popping from her lips. A smirk twisted her mouth, wet with her spit and his pre-cum. “Oh yeah? My big strong baseball star wants a look at mommy's milkers?”

She didn't wait for an answer. Her hands went to the bottom of her tank, yanking the thin fabric up over her soft stomach. Billy's breath hitched as it climbed, revealing the obscene swell of her tits straining against the white lace bra underneath.

The shirt came off over her head and she flung it into the dark corner of the shed. Her bra was a joke—the cups were brutally overstuffed, pale flesh bulging out from every edge, those heavy mounds jiggling with every greedy breath she took.

“Been dreaming about these tits since you were old enough to jerk off, huh?” she purred, locking eyes with him.

One quick flick of her fingers and the bra popped open. The straps slid down her arms, and those massive udders didn't just drop—they *exploded* forward, slapping together with a wet *thwap*, swinging like pendulums of soft, jiggling meat.

They were obscene—two overinflated sacks of warm, pillowy flesh, the kind that begged to be groped, sucked, and fucked. The areolas were huge, dark slabs of wrinkled skin, puckered tight around nipples so thick and hard they looked like they could cut glass. They pointed right at him, begging for the clamp of lips and teeth.

His hand went to his slick, spit-shined cock, but Amy's palm cracked against his knuckles.

“Hands off my property,” she snarled, though her eyes glittered with dark amusement. “That's my dick to pleasure.”

Before he could even grunt, she dropped back to her knees and slammed her mouth back onto his dick like a starved animal—no tease, just a wet, violent plunge straight to the root. Her tits swung loose and heavy beneath her, slapping against her ribs with every brutal bob of her head.

Billy could only stare, hypnotized by the pendulum-sway of those fat udders in the dim light, the obscene *slap-slap-slap* of flesh keeping time with the wet gagging sounds she made around his shaft. He pictured burying his face between them, getting smothered by the warm, milky weight of her tits.

Billy had barely gotten a preview of mommy's mouth-magic when she shoved him onto the tarp like a rag-doll. His knees were cranked

back so hard his asshole winked at the ceiling. Then her face was in his lap, her tongue already slithering out to lap at his nuts like they were the last ice cream on earth.

The stink of his teenage balls hit her like a fucking aphrodisiac—she groaned, her breath hot and wet against his sack, and dove in like a starving bitch. Her lips sealed around his left nut, sucking it deep into the wet furnace of her mouth while her tongue swirled and flicked, working it over like she was trying to polish a goddamn bowling ball. Then she switched, her cheeks hollowing out as she vacuumed his right nut in, her teeth grazing just enough to make him yelp.

“M-MOM—FUCK!” Billy’s voice cracked, his hips jerking up on their own as she started to *chew*, her lips and tongue working his balls like she was trying to milk the cum straight out of his dick through his fucking sack.

“Ohhh, you taste like *sin*,” she moaned, her voice muffled by his nuts, her spit dripping down his taint.

She pulled back just enough to drag her tongue up the thick vein on the underside of his shaft, then plunged back down, her nose buried in his pubes as she took his whole cock down her throat again.

Her fingers dug into his thighs, her nails leaving little half-moons in his skin as she worked him over, her throat a tight, wet vise around his dick while her tongue lashed at his nuts from below.

Billy’d gotten his dick sucked before—cheerleaders, a couple of desperate seniors, even that one cougar teacher who’d cornered him after detention—but none of them had ever worked his cock like this.

His fingers tangled in his mom’s hair, yanking her down onto his shaft like he was trying to fuck it straight into her guts. His balls were two overripe plums, slapping wet against her chin with every brutal thrust, the pressure building like a goddamn geyser ready to blow.

Then it hit—white-hot and electric, ripping through him like a live wire. He gasped out a warning, but Amy just moaned around his dick, her throat fluttering like a hungry little cunt, begging for his load. And fuck, he gave it to her. Thick ropes of cum exploded from

his slit, painting the back of her throat in hot, sticky pulses, each spurt making her gag and swallow like the greedy little cum-dumpster she was.

Two minutes of heaven—his mom’s throat working his cock like a fucking Hoover, milking every last drop of cum from his balls like she was born to drain him dry. His shiny glans slipped from her lips with a wet *plop*, still twitching like a live wire.

She licked her lips, her belly full of his teenage jizz, and purred, “There, baby. Did Mommy suck that frustration right out of your cock?”

Billy could only nod, his brain still scrambled from her mouth. Fuck, maybe losing wasn’t so bad after all.