

## Chapter 1: Spousal Resistance

"Daniel seems so down today," Rachel said as she sat with her mother-in-law Sara having coffee.

"Yeah, the breakup was really hard on him."

"Breakups are never easy. I had my share at his age. So many jerks," Rachel said with a frown.

The two beauties sat across from each at the round pub table in Sara's kitchen. Rachel wore skimpy shorts, while Sara was still in her short robe, both outfits leaving their sexy crossed legs exposed beneath the table. Both sets of luscious legs were strong, tan and mature, giving off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Their bare feet dangled, their ruby red toenails freshly painted.

Sara fumbled with her coffee cup. "Breaking up brings so many changes. It must be really tough to go from full time sex, back to masturbation."

"Oh God, that's so true. Poor Daniel," Rachel said.

"I know," Sara muttered. Her robe had crept open a bit, revealing an enormous cleavage.

"You know, they have those things call 'assturbation sessions' now. Have you thought about getting him involved in it?" Rachel asked.

Sara giggled. "Assturbation?"

"Oh my God, you haven't heard of assturbation? A lot of Moms are doing it now, for their sons, during those periods in between girlfriends."

Sara seemed curious. She brushed her long dark hair off her face. "Ok, you have me curious. What is it?"

"It's like a form of masturbation, but instead of a guy using his hand, he would use his Mother's ass."

"Really?" Sara asked with a quirky smile, "Mothers are actually doing this?"

"Yeah, lots of them apparently."

"So wait a minute, your telling me that Moms are helping their sons get over breakups, by letting them give them anal sex?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, but, drop the sex part. It's not really sex. It just a boy using his Mother's asshole to drain his nuts. Think of it as an object, like a juicer," Rachel said, pointing to the one on the counter. "A juicer has no feelings. It's only purpose is to squeeze the juice from the fruit. Your ass would basically be doing the same thing."

"So I'd just be...sticking my ass out there and let Daniel do his thing, no feelings attached."

"Exactly. It would provide so much more excitement and pleasure than just him beating his dick all the time."

Sara went back to fumbling with her cup. "Hm, I see the logic in it, unfortunately, I'm not sure Dan Senior would. In fact, he might even divorce me for even considering it," she said, making the both giggle.

"It's unconventional for sure, but husbands have to understand it for what it is. There's no need for jealousy or anger, any of that bullshit. Daniel would just be using your ass, like he uses his fist when he masturbates. There's no emotional connection there. It's just an object used to draw pleasure."

"Dan doesn't even take my ass anymore. I think it's been like five years. Not sure what he would be jealous about," Sara said.

"Well, it might be worth asking him."

Sara looked steadfast in her resolve. "Okay, I wanna do it," she said.

"Really?" Rachel asked excitedly, bouncing in her seat.

"Yeah, I think it would really help Daniel."

"I know it would. They have a starter class that one of my girlfriends went to. She said it wasn't creepy at all, just very clinical and informative. We should talk to our husbands, then take Daniel to a few classes."

"Wait, WE?"

"Yeah, I could help out..I mean, unless you don't want me to?"

"No, no of course I do. I just...I just don't want this to cause any issues between you and Michael."

"Ohh, Michael will be fine, so will Dan. They're both big boys, so they'll have to understand. Daniel needs our help."

"I think it would..."

Rachel's phone went off. She looked at her screen. "Hold that thought," she said to Sara then answered. "Hey Jane. Hi, thanks for calling back."

While Rachel spoke on her phone, Sara became lost in her thoughts for a moment, staring off into space...

Daniel stepped towards her naked meaty ass, his lengthy erection shiny with lube. He fit the knob against the rubbery ring of her asshole. He heard her gasp and felt his big prick pushing

into her ass-tract, stretching the muscled ass walls. Finally he had it all in and felt his thickness fully sheathed.

He backed his cock out until the muscled ring nipped at the very tip of his prick. He thrust his cock back in again, burying his prick to the balls between her jiggling half-moons. He began to thrust in and out, falling into a steady ass-fucking rhythm.

"Oooh,shit," he whimpered as he felt the walls of her ass licking his glans.

"Sara?" Rachel said, jarring the Mother from her thoughts.

"Yeah," Sara muttered as she returned to reality. She felt her asshole twitching and throbbing.

"Sorry, that was the lady who does my nails. You ok?" Rachel asked with a smile, noticing her Mother-in-law's heavy, excited breathing.

"Yes, I'm fine. Sorry, I just zoned out for a minute," Sara said, her hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Ok, so I think we should definitely talk to the guys...like, tonight."

Sara nodded. "I agree," she said.

Later, in the living room, their husbands looked bewildered.

"Are you both fucking crazy!" Michael exclaimed. The two couples were gathered in the living room. Michael's Mother and wife had just explained the "assturbation" concept and their desire to try it with Daniel.

Emily was quick to jump to their defence. "Would you stop overreacting, Michael. Your younger brother just lost his girlfriend. Why don't you try showing some empathy," Rachel said.

"I feel bad for him. I do. We've all been there. I just don't know how him sticking his dick in you and my Mom's ass if gonna solve anything."

Rachel scowled. "Really, Michael, were you not just listening? Assturbation is designed to give a guy a higher level of excitement and pleasure, rather than just beating off all the time."

"There's nothing wrong with normal masturbation. We've all had to do it at one time or another," Michael said.

Dan looked at his wife with surprised. "Sara, are you actually serious about this idea."

She seemed a little embarrassed, hardly looking her husband in the eyes. "I had my reservations at first, but the more Rachel explained the idea of assturbation, the more it really started to make sense."

"Make sense? You're...you're talking about anal sex with your son. How could you..."



Rachel cut him off. "Technically dad, it's not the same as anal sex AT ALL."

"He's putting his dick in your ass, Rachael," her husband said.

"Ok, just hear me out. Here's an example. You work on cars, right, Dad? Rachael asked her father-in-law.

"Yeah."

"Occasionally, when a car's battery goes dead, you use those jumper cable thingies to restart it, right? The cables are just an object, that's all. They're there to assist in getting the job done, when it can't be done the right way."

"Yes, but how is that.."

"Daniel is like a dead battery right now. He's without someone to have normal sex with. Mom and I would just be using our asses like jumper cables, to keep him going until he finds another girlfriend."

Dan and his son looked at one another and laughed.

Sara finally scowled at them. "I'm glad you two find this funny."

"I'm sorry, it's just...well, it's probably the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard, Sara..Honesty, I don't know that I'm ok with that at all," Dan said.

"Me neither," Michael added, annoyed that his own wife would even consider such a deprived act with his younger brother. "It is ridiculous."

Rachel glared at her husband. "So essentially what you guys are saying is you don't care at all that Daniel is suffering?"

"We do care. Of course we care, but your idea that all he has to do is stick his dick in your ass and everything is fine is preposterous." Michael said.

"I'm not saying everything would be fine. Did I say that?"

"No, but you.."

"He'll still have to find a girlfriend, no one can do that for him. But we all know that sometimes being single is sad and lonely. Self masturbation is sad and lonely and depressing. All Sara and I are proposing is let's give the boy some hope. Let's offer him an exciting alternative to jerking off, during this very unexciting period in his life."

Dan looked at his wife and her eyes drifted away shamefully.

Michael looked at his Mother. "Mom, If he wants something new and exciting, buy him one of those sex toys.. One of those fleshlight masturbation toys or something," her oldest son

suggested.

Sara shook her head. "It's not the same thing, Michael."

"Of course it is. If he closes his eyes, he could imagine he's in some hot girl's tight ass. There you go, something different and more exciting than beating off," Michael said.

Dan Senior shook his head, clearly the old-fashioned one in the group. "Quite frankly, I can't believe we're having this discussion at all."

Michael looked back at his wife. "I'm just saying, they have toys now for these kinds of issues."

This drew in evil glare from his wife. "I have a better idea. Why don't we buy YOU a sex toy. You don't wanna respect and support mine and you Mother's ideas, then you can see what it feels like to be sexless for awhile. Maybe then you'll start to understand what Daniel's experiencing right now."

"Really? You're gonna refuse to have sex with me because I won't let my little brother stick his dick in your ass."

Her hardened glare didn't soften one bit. "It certainly looks that way, doesn't it," she said.

Sara looked at her own husband bravely. "I stand behind Rachel. Daniel's going through a tough time and until you get on board with our plan to help him, there won't be any sex for you either."

Daniel groaned in ecstasy, enjoying the squeezing pressure of her shit muscles rhythmically contracting around his thrusting prick. Her meaty tan buns rippled each time they struck his midsection.

His engorged knob leaked out it's own lubricant as sliced through the slippery pink walls of her ass. His entire thick boner throbbed in pleasure as it slipped through the rubbery grip of her bowels. "Sara," Dan Senior's voice said over the sound of slapping flesh.

"Sara, are you ok," she heard her husband say as she was snapped back to reality. She was laying in bed next him.

"Yes, I'm fine, why?" she asked, her breath heavy. She was clutching her ass-muscles over and over, like she had an imaginary cock inside her.

"I was talking to you and your eyes were glazed over. You seemed a million miles away."

"I'm sorry, what did you need?" she asked.

"I was just saying how ridiculous this is," Dan said as he just sat there in bed looking at her. "We haven't had sex in a week."

"Mm-hm, how do you think Daniel feels?" Sara said.

"Obviously like I do, but it's not my fault he doesn't have a girlfriend, Sara."

Sara returned to her back and looked at him. "No one said it was your fault. We're just the parents and have an obligation to comfort our son in times like these."

"Comfort him by allowing him to penetrate you anally," Dan said, with clear frustration, "you're my wife and his Mother."

Sara's face softened a bit. "Look honey, I get it. I'm your wife and I'm sure you feel a bit territorial when it comes to my sexual parts, but we're not talking about me giving it out to some stranger here. This is Daniel, our son. What kind of parents would we be if we didn't help him through this hard time?"

Dan looked at the swell of his wife's big tits through her nightshirt. Her engorged nipples poked out, making him even more eager to get his hands on them.. "Isn't there some other way we can help him. I mean, I don't mind spending the money. Whatever he needs, we can get it."

"Dan, assturbation is what alot of Mothers and Sons are doing right now. It's a growing trend. If it didn't work, it wouldn't be a thing."

Dan shook his head. "How can it work if it's morally wrong? If you did this, do you realize how embarrassing it would be if people found out?"

Sara burst out laughing.

"What? Why's that funny?" Dan asked.

"I know how to be discreet, Dan. It's not like I'm gonna make an announcement at the PTA meeting, hey everyone, guess what, I'm letting my son fuck me in the ass."

Dan rolled his eyes. "Do you have to make it sound so crude?"

"Do you have to try to guilt-trip me? I'm a grown woman. I think I can decide what's 'morally' right and wrong when it comes to my relationship with my son."

"Ok, but as your husband and his father, I think I should be able to weigh in on that decision."

"You are, clearly weighing in, otherwise Daniel and I would have already started by now," Sara said. "You don't even take my ass anymore, Dan. What's there to be jealous about?"

"You're seriously gonna ask me that?" he said, looking at her emphatically.

"Yes, I am. My ass is not getting used. I don't see the harm in letting Daniel get some enjoyment out of it."

Dan's mouth fell open as he shook his head. "You're unbelievable."

"So are you," she said.

"I'm sorry, I think the idea's sick."

"That's too bad," Sara said, rolling back on her side facing away from him. "Goodnight."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously. Shut off the light," she said coldly.

Daniel groaned, a light sheen of sweat forming on his lean naked body. He continued a steady thrust, plunging his cock through the stretched ring of her asshole. He felt his knob tingle as it dug up and down the smothering ass-tube.

Even the women's buttock's now glistened with perspiration as they jiggled with every strike of his midsection. He reached down and dug his fingers into the supple ass-flesh, gripping the women's ass as he thrust his hard pecker in ass deep as it would go. "Oohhfuckyea," he snarled.

"Aiieeee!" Rachel's four-year-old daughter screamed, snapping Rachel from her from her trance as the child was chased by her father through the kitchen. The Mother threw her arm across her chest, hiding the hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Bella, not so loud, honey," Rachel sighed, squeezing the counter for support as she realizing how much her butthole was throbbing in her panties.

"Sorry, my bad," Michael said, watching his daughter run off, "the tickle-monster's on the prowl this morning."

He tried to tickle his wife, but she wasn't having it. "Don't," she said in an annoyed tone. "Here's your lunch," Rachel said, handing a paper bagged lunch to her husband as she made her way out of the kitchen. Her asshole was still twitching and her cunt was sopping. She desperately needed to get to her bedroom.

"Thanks, hon... Hey," he said.

Rachel stopped and turned. She wore a short red robe, that left all her tan legs exposed. She exercised daily, which gave her strong muscular legs, which tapered down to slender ankles and cute little tan bare feet with ruby red toenails. "What?" she asked.

"Do I get a kiss?"

She glared at him, clearly still upset. "No," she said decisively, then walked away, the swell of her big buttocks undulating beneath the thin silk covering.

"Rachel..." Michael said, following after her. "Hey, stop. Can we talk a minute?"

She stopped suddenly "oh my God, what the fuck," she muttered under her breath, then turned, just as before. This time she folded her arms across her big breasts.

"I don't..." he said, then paused to find the right words. "I don't understand why we have to do this."

"Do what? You have something to say and I'm listening," she said facetiously.

"I'm talking about everything else. We haven't even kissed or hugged in over a week. This isn't fair to me."

"This isn't fair to you?" she asked with a scowl. "Well excuse me while I shed great big fucking alligator tears for you."

"Why do you have to be so mean?"

"Why do you have to be so selfish?" she shouted.

"How am I being selfish?"

Rachel faked a cry. "This isn't fair to me," she said, then got straight-faced. "Really, you feel like I'm being unfair? How do you think Daniel feels? The stupid bitch dumped him and now he has to beat his own dick to get release. You have a wife for that, so please, tell me how your life is so fucking unfair."

"So I have to feel guilty for having a wife, is that what you're saying?"

"No Michael, it's not what I'm saying. What I'm saying is stop thinking about yourself and think about someone else who's going through a rough patch right now. Your Mom and I are trying to help your brother. We're trying to brighten his life a little bit and provide a way for him to get a little well deserved pleasure. Is that so bad?"

"The way you're proposing to help him is bad, yes."

"According to you and your Father. Your Mother and I both think it's a brilliant idea. Apparently thousands of other Moms do too."

Michael hushed his voice, so his daughter would hear him from the next room. "I'm sure if the rolls were reversed and it was me wanting to put my dick in some girl's ass, you'd have something to say about it," Michael said.

Rachel threw her arms in the air, making her big braless tits bobble underneath her robe. "Oh my God, you're completely missing the point. YOU, have a wife. YOU'RE BROTHER, has no one right now." Then, she hushed her own voice. "So why the fuck would YOU be asking me to put your dick in some girl's ass."

"Forget it, this conversation is going no where," Michael said, heading for the door.

"Ha. It's been going no where for a week."



"Well don't plan on that changing," he said.

His wife shouted back, as she stepped down the hallway. "Enjoy your sexless marriage."

Daniel grasped her wide hips as he squeezed his dick through her tight asshole, then down into the heat of her spongy fuck-hole. He whimpered from the pressure of her tight sphincter as her shitting muscles gripped and sucked his prick. He pulled his cock back, feeling her jelly-slickened ass tunnel drag around his receding cock.

His big knob popped from her asshole, the sphincter retracting back into a wet crinkled ring. "Ohh damn," he muttered, stroking his cock a few times.

He pressed the knob back against her anal lips and they spread open, slipping wetly over the big bell-shaped helmet of his cock. He sighed as his hard peter sunk into the heat of her ass.

"How's Daniel doing?" Rachel asked, as her and Sara sat having coffee.

"What, sweetie?" Sara asked, as if her mind had been on a journey somewhere.

Rachel smiled knowingly. "Was your mind drifting again?"

Sara looked a tad embarrassed. "Yes, sorry."

"Well if it's anything like mine, it's drifting somewhere extremely naughty. How's Daniel?"

"He says he's fine, but I can tell he's not," Sara said.

"Lots of painful erections, I'm sure," Rachel said.

"A ton of erections, nearly every time I see him it seems like."

Rachel sighed in frustration. "That poor sweetheart. Have you seen signs of masturbation?"

"Yeah, based on how often he disappears to his room, I'm pretty sure he's jerking off about three to four times a day."

"This is so aggravating. Why do our husbands have to be so fucking selfish?" Rachel asked.

Sara looked like her mind was working. "You know, I've been thinking. We wanted to be honest with the guys, because we felt like letting Daniel fuck our asses would be borderline infidelity. Is it though?"

Rachel thought it out for a moment. "Go on," she said.

"Well, what's our intent here. Is it to seduce a hot guy and get mutual pleasure, no. If it was, THAT would be infidelity. Our only intent is to let Daniel use our asses to get release. That's not cheating."

"True," Rachel said. "the whole theory around assturbation is to just treat the ass like an object."

"Exactly, so if it's not the same as cheating, then why do we even need our husband's permission. We'd be doing nothing wrong."

"My God, you're right. I guess I never really thought about it that way."

"Still though, we know how they are. If we told them this wasn't cheating they would disagree with us a hundred percent."

"So we don't tell them," Rachel said.

"Correct. We give Daniel assturbation sessions behind their backs."

"Do you think they'll get suspicious, if we just all of the sudden go back to having sex with them again?"

"They might, so we could make a slow transition back to marital sex, but if they seem to be suspicious, and we have to start sneaking around like cheating sluts, then I guess we will," Sara said.

Rachel smiled. "I like this plan. I mean, I'm sure Dan and Michael both masturbate occasionally without telling us, all married men do, so what's the difference?"

"What they don't know won't hurt them."

"We should start gauging Daniel's interest, right away. I'll call my friend Tonya and find out when the next assturbation session is," Rachel said.

Sara jumped up and down a few times, making her heavy tits bounce. "Oh my God, I'm excited. We're really gonna do this."

Both women were so thrilled they could hardly sleep that night.

Daniel watched his lubed cock sliding in and out of her tight ass. The wet, slurping sound of her ass-tunnel pumped up and down over his stabbing meat. He loved watching her big cheeks jiggle from the power of his thrusts. He suddenly slapped one of her meaty buns, which made a loud smacking sound.

The woman screamed playfully, then giggled as she reached back to rub her ass. The wedding ring sparked on her finger. "Daniel, careful. I don't need a handprint on my ass."

"Sorry, Mom," he said as he began to pump her ass even harder.

Sara threw her buns back. "Ohhh yess!" she whimpered.

Dan Senior woke up as heard his wife's voice. He clicked on the light and saw her squirming, a light sheen of perspiration covering her nearly naked body. Her big tits were spread out on her

chest and rocked beneath her nightie. She panted, gently lifting her pelvis up and down. "Yess...like that," she gasped.

Dan smiled, imagining that she was having a dream about him. The Mother's breath became heavier. "Yess. Ohhh God, yess, just like that, Daniel," she cried out.

"What?!" Dan said loudly, "Sara," he shouted, jarring her awake.

Sara stared up at her husband in horror, catching her breath. She realized what he'd heard her say. "Oops," she muttered.

## **Chapter 2: Gauging Interest**

Sara knelt next to her husband in bed. She rubbed Dan's shoulder as he sat there quietly. "I can assure you, it was YOU in my dream, not Daniel," she said, feeling a tad guilty.

"You said his name, Sara. You said Daniel."

The beautiful Mother shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know why I would have. It was very much you in my dream, honey. We were making love," she said, turning his face a giving him a soft kiss, "and it was wonderful."

"Hm, I wouldn't know. It's been awhile," Dan joked.

She slapped his shoulder playfully. "Oh stop, it's only been a little over a week."

"Yeah, well, when you're used to doing it every night, a week can seem like a year," he said.

"Well, I have been a little harsh. I wanted to give you a little taste of what your son's been going through, but now that I have..." she said, crawling onto her knees and peeling her panties off.

Dan watched his wife slip her little panties off her bare feet and toss them aside. She pointed the meaty globes of her ass back at him and swayed them invitingly. "...maybe I'd let you take me from behind."

Dan reached down and rubbed his cock, helping it get all the way hard. "You're not just teasing me, right?"

She gave him a sultry stare. "Get your dick up here and find out."

Dan hurried to his knees and fed his cock inside Sara's cunt. They fucked doggy-style, thrusting and panting. Sara's big milkers swung heavily in her nightie.

"Yess, ohh God, yess, baby," she whimpered, throwing her ass back and meeting his thrusts.

After about two minutes, Dan groaned. "Ohhh, It's been so long, I'm feeling really good," he announced.

"Wait, wait, wait," Sara said, pausing her gyrations.

"I promise I'll finger you after. I'll make you cum, I just need to..."

She pulled off his dick completely. "No, it's not that, I just..."

"What? What's wrong?" Dan asked, stroking his dick to keep it hard.

She seemed a little hesitant. "I just wondered if...well, if you might wanna put it in my ass?" she asked.

"Oh well, maybe we could do that another night. Is that ok, honey. It's been a week, so it's just uh, super-sensitive tonight."

Sara seemed a bit sad. She dropped back on her elbows, pointing her ass. "Ok, put it back in and finish," she said.

Dan scrambled back inside her cunt. A half a minute later, he was blowing his load.

"Wow that was good. Let me finger you," Dan Senior said.

"No, I'm fine. I think I just need to get some sleep," Sara said, kissing her husband goodnight.

The next day, Daniel got home from school and took off his shoes in the foyer.

"Daniel, is that you, honey?" his Mom's voice said from the kitchen..

"Hey, Mom," he answered, tossing his backpack down.

"How was class? Come in here and talk to us for a minute."

Daniel entered the kitchen and saw his Mom and sister-in-law Rachel busy doing some baking.

"Oh hey, Rachel," he said.

"Hey handsome, how's school going?" Rachel asked.

Daniel was surprised by how they were dressed. His Mom wore a pair of pink booty shorts that half her ass-cheeks hung out of. Rachael was in a yellow bikini, her big tits and meaty ass barely covered. "School's going ok. You guys going to the beach or something?" he joked, making them both giggle.

Rachel joked back. "It's 'dress skimpy' day today, you didn't hear?"

"I didn't get that memo."

Rachel struck a cute little pose, leaning back against the counter and thrusting her big tits out.

"Well, now you know, so if you wanna take something off, feel free," she said with a wink.

"That's ok, I might get you ladies too excited," he said, making them laugh.

"You've already done that by just walking into the room," Rachel teased.

His Mom peeked back as she took some cookies out of the oven. Her shorts crept up her ass even more as she bent over. "But feel free to get us even more excited if you want," she said, half-joking.

"Only if I get a cookie. Are those chocolate chip?"

"Of course, you're favorite. I'll give you one, but we need your opinion about something first," Sara said.

"Ohh, an opinion? Well that might cost you two cookies."

Sara smiled. "Deal, two cookies it is. So Rachel and I were debating on who has the bigger ass. What do you think?"

His sister-in-law stepped up beside his Mom and they placed their buns side by side. Both choices of attire provided plenty of ass-flesh for Daniel to admire. Sara's booty shorts and Rachel's bikini bottoms were so snug, he could clearly see the creases of their butt-cracks, which stiffened his dick right up.

"Hmm, I don't know..." he muttered, clearly wanting to stare as long as he could.

"Now come on, I clearly have your Mom beat," Rachel said.

"You're dreaming, Rachel," Sara barked back, shaking her meaty buns, "you know how many men I catch staring at this derriere."

"What do you think, Daniel?" Rachel asked, looking back at him teasingly, while making her own buttocks jiggle.

Daniel rubbed his chin, mesmerized by both their asses. "I don't know I mean, they're both really nice."

The girls glanced at each other and smiled. "But which one is bigger?" Sara asked.

"Which one would you wanna spend the night snuggled up against?" Rachel added.

Daniel was clearly embarrassed by having to make such a decision. "Well, I don't know...you both were pretty blessed in that area."

Sara giggled. "Well, we know that, honey, but which one do you like best? Come on, earn these cookies, Daniel."

Rachel chimed back in, "hmm, maybe this is a decision that can't be made on site alone, Mom," she said, "Maybe Daniel will need to feel our asses against him to determine which one's best."

"True. I suppose a woman's ass is like a cookie. It may look good, but you have to put it in your

mouth to appreciate it's true deliciousness," Sara said.

Daniel laughed. "Cheesy analogy, Mom."

Sara giggled as she stepped over with a cookie in her hand. "Shut up," she joked.

She put it up to Daniel's mouth for him to take a bite of. "Mmm, that is a good cookie."

She handed him what was left of it, then turned and backed into her Son, letting her meaty buns press up against his midsection. Daniel sighed as he felt his cock-bulge press down into her soft butt-crease. "What about that? Is that good too?" Sara asked, peeking back with a mischievous smile.

"That is...um, definitely good," the teen muttered, feeling his dick tingle as it pressed into her pliant ass-flesh.

"Are you sure, honey. Maybe I should press my ass back just a little harder, just so you can be sure," Sara said, then did just that. Her luscious half-globes squashed against Daniel's loins, the protruding lump in his shorts sinking deep into her ass-crack and kissing the crinkled ring of her buttohole through her shorts. "That better?" she asked.

"Much," Daniel said with a gulp. His cock flexed, pushing against the fabric of his briefs.

Sara could feel the big cock-knot straining for release, the angry knob pressing against her ass-lips. She could feel it pulse and throb through both layers of fabric.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Smells like cookies in here," Dan Senior said as he entered the kitchen and set his briefcase down.

"Jesus, Dan, I didn't even hear you come in," Sara said.

"Oh," Dan muttered, watching his scantily clad wife step away from their son. It was impossible not to notice Daniel's enormous bulge, before he casually covered it with his hands. "Hey dad," the teen muttered uncomfortably.

"Hey, so um...what's with the outfit?" Dan said, looking at his wife's attire.

Sara faked a strange look. "I don't know. What's with the outfit. Is there a problem?" she asked.

"Well, your ass is kinda hanging out of it. And Rachel's in a bikini," Dan said, looking at Rachel.

Rachel fed him an odd look as she chewed on the bite of a cookie. "Ok, um...I always wear bikinis when I'm home baking," she said.

"You and Michael have an apartment. This isn't really your home," Dan said.

Sara jumped to her daughter-in-law's defence. "Um, excuse me, she's our daughter, this is just as much her home as it is yours. If she wants to wear a bikini around while she's here, she has

every right to."

Rachel scooped up a cookie with a spatula. "Here, relax and have a cookie, dad. They're still warm," she said.

"No, thanks, I'm good."

Daniel crept towards the exit. "Thanks for the cookie, guys. I'm gonna um...start on some homework."

Rachel glanced uncomfortably from Dan to his wife. "I'm gonna go pee. I'll start on some dishes when I get back," she said, then sashayed out.

Dan seemed a tad bit embarrassed by his outburst. "Sorry, I wasn't trying to be an ass, but..."

"But, you just decided to be one anyway?"

"I didn't wanna embarrass him, but Daniel clearly had an erection, Sara. It was sticking right out, plain as day."

Sara giggled. "Newsflash, Dan. He's a young man. Young men get erections, all the time."

"Then he should have went to his room, not stood there in front of his Mother and sister-in-law. It's inappropriate."

"Why don't you just relax, clearly you're the only one bothered by it."

"How can you not be bothered by it?"

Sara faked an ignorant look as she scooped the cookies off the baking pan. "I didn't even see it. How do you expect me to react to something I didn't even notice," she lied.

"You were up against him when I walked in here. How could you not..."

"I was taking him a cookie."

"You were right up against him. It was sticking out. How could you not feel it or see it," Dan said.

"Alright fine, maybe I did notice it, but like you said, I didn't wanna embarrass him, especially in front of Rachel. I figured he'd just get a cookie and go off and take care of himself."

Dan looked again at her skimpy attire. "Hardly likely with you two dressed like that. Do you even realize how much of your ass is hanging out of those shorts?"

"Dan, please...stop. I don't need a lecture on how to dress while I'm in my own home. Daniel only just got here. It was us girls for most of the day," Sara said.

"Well maybe you should remember to put on something more appropriate before your Son gets

home."

Sara glared at him. "Are you done?" she said in an annoyed tone.

Daniel heard a tap at his door and Rachel peeked in. "Hey, can I come in?" she said in a hushed tone.

"Yeah," Daniel said, sitting on the edge of his bed.

He watched his gorgeous sister-in-law step into his room and close the door behind her. He always thought she was hot as shit. She had a great tan and her honey blonde hair fell past her shoulders. His friends told him she looked like the porn actress Nicolette Shea, but with big, all natural tits.

She walked over and stopped in front of him in a sexy stance, with one knee cocked out and her arms folded over her jugs. "Not fair, you know."

"What's not fair?"

"You still need to make a decision about our asses. Your Mom got to rub hers up against you and I didn't. She has an unfair advantage," she said.

Daniel smiled. "Well, my dad walked in..."

"So..."

"So I couldn't really let you come over and..."

"Well, duh, we had an unexpected interruption, but he's in talking to your Mom now. You and I are here and...the door's locked, so I think I should get my turn now."

Daniel glanced down at her wide motherly hips, naked except for the tiny string holding her bikini bottoms in place. "Your turn to..."

"My turn to press my ass against you," she said, "That way you can make a fair decision. You still have to earn that second cookie, you know," she giggled.

"Ok, um..do you want me to stand up?"

"No, stay right there. I'll sit on your lap," she said, turning and plopping her soft bikini-clad ass on him.

The bed creaked from their combined weight. "Hope my bed doesn't break," he laughed.

She peeked back. "I'm sure it's handled more stress than this," she said with a wink.

"You look great in a bikini, by the way."





"You've seen me in a bikini before."

"I know, I'm just sayin'."

"Oh, well...thanks. I know young men your age love seeing girls in bikinis. It's the closest thing to seeing them naked right?"

"This is true," Daniel sighed, feeling his erection dig up into the crack in Rachel's ass.

His sister-in-law wiggled her ass slightly, burrowing the protruding lump in his shorts deeper between her buns. "Have you seen lots of naked girls, Daniel?"

"A few. Mostly online though," he confessed.

"What about your ex girlfriend. You must have seen her naked a lot?"

"Yeah, she looked really good naked."

"I'm sure. Did you guys have sex a lot?" Rachel asked.

"I don't know. Define a lot."

Rachel smiled back at him. "Well, I guess that's subjective. Did you guys fuck once a week, once a day, five times a day? How often?"

Daniel giggled. "Well it wasn't five times a day. Probably just a few times a week, sometimes more."

"Did she ever let you put it in her ass?"

Daniel seemed a tad embarrassed by the question. "We tried,"

"Oh no, what happened?"

"It just, didn't work."

Rachel fed him a sympathetic smile. "Didn't work? You can tell me, you don't have to be embarrassed. Anal sex is natural and it's more common than you may think."

"I know, it's just, well I think I may have been too big for her. She told me to pull it out."

"Oh, so you just got the head of your dick in and she changed her mind?" Rachel asked.

"Pretty much."

"Did you use lube?"

"Yeah, lots of it. We even tried it in a couple different positions, but no dice."

She reached back and rubbed his shoulder, giving the teen a good look at the slope of her mostly-naked side-boob. "I'm sorry, Daniel. For some girls, it just takes more time."

"Not that it matters now anyway," he said, which is exactly what Rachel was thinking.

"Most girls love anal sex. You just wait, your next girlfriend probably won't be able to get enough of your cock being buried deep in her ass," Rachel said, wiggling her meaty buns on his lap.

"Do you and my brother Michael do that," he bravely asked.

"Not as often as I'd like, but yeah. We love having anal sex. Your parents on the other hand. Did you know you dad hasn't put his dick in your Mom's ass in over five years," Rachel said.

"She told you that?"

"Yeah, in case you haven't noticed, your Mom and I are really close. We're like best friends, even though she's like twenty years older than me," Rachel said with a giggle.

"That cool though, that you guys are like that."

"It is cool. I mean, I have other friends, but your Mom is different. She's someone I'd share secrets with," she said, then looked back into his eyes, "are you someone I could share secrets with, Daniel?"

"Yeah, I can keep secrets." Daniel said with an excited gulp.

"Good to know," she said, "so have you decided who has the biggest, softest ass, or do you need more time?"

To say Daniel was enjoying having the buxom blonde on his lap would be an understatement. Having his bulge wedged deep in her ass-cleft felt amazing. "Just a little longer maybe," he said.

Rachel giggled. "Take your time." she said. "Here, put your arms around me. It'll give you some leverage."

With his arms circling her waist, Daniel was able to pull her ass even tighter against him. The sexy blonde gyrated her buttocks, savoring the feel of his bulge grinding against her asshole. A big round wet spot had formed on Daniel's knob, smearing precum on her thin bikini bottoms as he ground deep in her crack, digging against her puckering hole.

Rachel gasped, holding his hands in place, while grinding against him, her lush hips working tirelessly. The bed creaked steadily from their gyrations. Rachel shamelessly dry-humped his cock-bulge, her movement becoming almost desperate and erratic. "Ohhh, shit," Daniel sighed, loving the feel of her curvy ass mashed against bulging, throbbing muscle.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them. "Daniel?" his father's voice said from the hallway.

Rachel jumped off Daniel's lap. "Shit," she whispered in panic.

After adjusting herself, she answered the door. Dan Senior, seemed a bit surprised to see her in his son's room. "Ohh, hi," he muttered, glancing at the stiff nipples protruding out of her bikini top. "I thought you were using the bathroom," he asked.

"I was, I just needed to ask Daniel something," she lied. Pulled loose from humping, the string on one side of her bikini bottoms suddenly came all the way undone, nearly exposing her crotch. "Oops," she giggled, quickly tying it back.

Dan looked over at his son on the bed. It was fairly obvious that Daniel was hiding an erection. He looked back at his father uncomfortably, then at Rachel. "Yeah, so I'll um...I'll think about it, Rachel," he said.

She looked back at him. "Huh? Oh, yeah right. Think about it," she winked, then sashayed from the room.

Dan Senior stepped into Daniel's room. "Look um...I know guys get erections sometimes. I'm a guy, so I get it. Just...well, getting them around your Mother and brother's wife...probably not the best idea."

"I understand, sorry," Daniel said.

"Yeah, well, Rachel's a pretty girl. I'm sure her parading around in a bikini like that doesn't help, but if you start to get hard, just come to your room, alright."

"Got it," Daniel said.

"I think Daniel and I are good to go for assturbation?" Rachel whispered to Sara as she joined her back in the kitchen.

"Oh my God, that's great. What happened?" Sara whispered back, glancing at the doorway for any sign of her husband.

"He let me sit on his lap. We were ass-grinding pretty good before Dan Senior knocked on his door."

Sara rolled her eyes. "My God, he's annoying. He wasn't suppose to be home this early."

"It's ok, I saw enough to be fairly confident with our plan going forward. Daniel told me he's tried anal, but his ex couldn't handle his size."

Sara sighed in frustration. "That bitch. She clearly didn't know what she was doing."

"Or just scared to take all of him. Dicks the size of Daniel's can be quite horrifying to young inexperienced girls," Rachel said.

"That's exactly why he needs older, more experienced women for assturbation. We're not intimidated by a big dick like his." Sara said.

Rachel got a naughty, curious smile. "How big did he feel to you? Just from sitting on it, I can already tell he's bigger than Michael."

"Dan too. From what I felt...he's gotta be at least nine."

"That's what I was thinking. Felt like he had some pretty impressive girth too. It was like I was grinding on a fucking baseball bat," Rachel said, making both of them giggle.

"Well, if we can get that thing out of his briefs, I'd certainly let him try to hit my ball out of the park," she said, making Rachel laugh loudly.

"Shhhh," Sara said with snicker, peeking towards the door.

Rachel shook her head. "I can't believe he's an anal virgin. Can you imagine the pleasure he can get from sessions with asses like ours."

"From what you told me, it sounds like you're a sure thing, but you're not his Mother. He may not be as eager to use my ass as he is yours,," Sara said.

"Don't be so sure. I've seen the way he stares at you, Mom...and the big hardons he gets from doing it."

"Yes, I know, but I need to be sure," she said. "I have an idea."

Sweat dripped from Daniel's lean chest as he thrust his hips forward. Sara's meaty buns beat against him as his long glistening cock slipped in and out of her luscious ass. "Ohh Goddamn, I love it. I love it so fucking much," he muttered, feeling his knob tingle.

Sara peeked back as she continued to rock her Mommy-buns, her hanging boobs swinging to the rhythm of their humping. "See, it's not so bad not having a girlfriend, is it, sweetie."

"No way. I don't miss her at all," Daniel said, squeezing Sara's ass and making his fingers sink in to her tan globes. He watched his throbbing cock glide through her stretched butthole. "Ohh God, I'm about to blast a gallon of cum in there."

"Yess, pour it in, Daniel."

Sara suddenly lifted her head from her bed pillow. She let out a long sigh from having such an intense dream. When she heard Dan's light snore, she crept of bed and slipped her robe on.

The busty Mother tip-toed from her bedroom, being careful not to wake her husband.

Daniel's bedroom door peeked open, revealing his Mother's curvy silhouette. Sara stepped inside his room and closed the door behind her. She moved quietly across her son's room on

bare feet. "Daniel," she whispered, rubbing his shoulder tenderly.

"Hey Mom," he muttered, reaching over and clicking on his bedside lamp. "Everything ok?"

Sara smiled down at him. "Everything's fine. Your Father's snoring just woke me up. Some nights it can get pretty bad."

"What time is it?" Daniel said, rubbing his eyes.

"Just past midnight. Would you mind if I laid in here with you for a little while?"

"No, Mom, not at all," Daniel said, sitting up and giving her room.

The next-door neighbor, Margaret stood near her bedroom window taking off her earrings. She gasped loudly as she looked out and spied Sara through Daniel's window. The Mother had slipped out of her robe and was wearing a thin baby-doll nightie. The top was so transparent that Margaret could clearly see Sara's big pink areola and the thick nipples popping from their centers. "My God!" she shouted.

Bob, her husband sat in bed and looked up from his men's magazine. "What?"

Margaret continued watching as Sara crawled into bed with her son. Seconds later, the light clicked off. "What an unbelievable slut," Margaret said.

"Margaret, what are you talking about?"

"That floozy next door. She just crawled into bed with her son, wearing slutty lingerie."

Bob went back to reading. "Stop spying on the neighbors and come to bed."

"I wasn't spying. I just happened to look out and that's what I saw. I wonder if her husband knows she's sneaking into her son's bed in the middle of the night."

"It's none of our business."

"When they don't close their shades, it becomes our business."

"They're in their home. There's nothing we can do about it," Bob said.

"Ha, wanna bet?" Margaret said with an evil smirk.



