

THE SLUTTY SOCCER MOMS' SURPRISE

Ahabscribe

A band of slutty soccer Moms shock and surprise their sons!

Incest/Taboo

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It's so good to be back. Works been crazy and the words are coming slow, but I have managed to concoct this fun little story - partly as an homage to Klxro - who's incestuous Moms are always so excitedly exuberant! I hope you enjoy! Please keep the comments coming - I appreciate all the constructive criticism and support my stories receive.

As always, this is a work of fiction and the characters are fictional and exist only in this story and in my imagination! Enjoy!

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It struck me funny how things led to our four young men cooling their heels in Natalie's living room just a couple of hours after they had graduated high school, unhappy about being home with family instead of off partying hard with their classmates. Not a one of them suspected that this all really began nine years ago when they joined the local eight-nine year olds soccer league and turned us into soccer moms.

James and I had just moved to Somerset, a nice, quiet suburb of a larger city where James worked. Natalie and I had already become friends, being next door to each other and getting acquainted over the summer before John started the fourth grade. He had instantly become best friends with Natalie's son, Karl. Our husbands also began hanging out together, James recognizing in Steve a kindred sports and barbequing enthusiast.

By the time, Karl and John enrolled in the local youth soccer league, we adults had become quite the foursome. James and I were already heavily flirting with Natalie and Steve and were just waiting for the right moment to suggest a little foursome fun in the bedroom. James and I have always been swingers, having first met at a little orgy at his fraternity back in our college days.

By the time we "officially" proposed the idea of having a sexual foursome, Natalie and I had already spent a little time having some girl-girl fun. Turns out she was as big a slut as I was and bisexual since her teenage years.

At the soccer games, she and I became close to another soccer mom, Donna and after a few tentative flirts, she began joining Natalie and I in some late morning lesbian games. It didn't take much to convince her husband Robert to join the foursome and his long dick was a welcome addition at our husband and wife affairs. Their son, Robbie was also a classmate of John and Karl's and so everything seemed to work together nicely.

Other couples over the years have come and gone from the Somerset Slutty Soccer Moms' Association, but we three core couples have stuck together. Three years ago, we added a solid fourth member to our little get-togethers, Heather, an Iraqi war widow. Her son Dale seemed to fit right in with our sons and the four of them are inseparable.

Once or twice a month, we couples would gather together at one house and we would just lose ourselves in a night of hard, nasty, no holds barred sex. Sometimes, there would be more couples, but there would always be the seven of us (or eight if Heather brought a date). Our sons would be at one of the other homes, under the supervision of a babysitter. We gals would gather together more often, sometimes just a couple of us, but many mornings, the four of us would be licking pussy and bringing out the sex toys while other women would be watching game shows or soap operas.

I think as they grew older, our sons might have started to suspect what was going on, but they never hinted that they knew. It has been a good life and we were all very happy together. Then about two years ago, while we sat in our lawn chairs, cheering the boys on at soccer practice, Heather said the words that would change our lives.

We had showed up for the boys' practice after a long morning and afternoon of naughty sex. I could still feel Donna's long tongue tickling my asshole while she fisted me to a screaming orgasm. Natalie had fucked Heather like a pro with a strap-on until she was literally tearing apart my good sheets. We had picked up the boys from school and took them to soccer practice, all of us with that happy, glowing, "I've been cumming my brains out," look.

As the boys played, having shed their shirts to be the "skins" in a practice game, Heather nodded at my son and said, "Cora, if your son was legal I think I'd fuck him blind!" Donna gasped and we all took a good look at my son as he ran by, all muscular long legs and a chest that was becoming very well defined. He grinned and waved at us before running off to chase down a ball.

Natalie giggled and said, "She's right, Cora. I bet John has a fine chunk of meat between his legs!"

I felt myself blushing, something that I rarely do. I have to confess that as John became a young man, I would catch myself staring at him, wondering what he looked like naked now and how long, how big his cock was. I laughed and looked out across the playing field. "He is handsome isn't he?" I licked my lips and added, "And I will confess, I wouldn't mind getting fucked by any of your sons either. Maybe be the meat in a motherfucker sandwich."

We all burst out laughing, drawing curious looks from the other soccer moms (and dads) watching the practice. Donna reached over and gently stroked my knee and said what I think we were all thinking. "I'd love to get fucked by any of your boys, but God help me, the first one I'd want in my pussy is my Robbie!"

I felt my cunt lips quiver in anticipation and I let out a soft moan. "Me too, hon, me too!" I sighed. Natalie and Heather both nodded in agreement. We all four looked at each other for a moment and finally I said what we all wanted to hear. "Well, I make a motion that the Somerset Slutty Soccer Moms' Association fuck their sons as soon as they are legal!"

Natalie cooed and said. "I second that nasty motion!" The others chimed in and over the course of the next hour as we watched our handsome and completely unaware sons, we developed our naughty plan. Comparing birthdates, we realized that the youngest of our four sons, Donna's Robbie, would turn eighteen two weeks before the boys graduated from high school. It was then we settled on turning their graduation night into something more than they could possibly imagine.

We each broke the news to our husbands, who each had to come to grips with this impending event, but faced with the fact that we would do it anyway with or without their approval, they each came on board. In fact, role-playing mommy and son games really got our husbands revved up time and time again.

As the boys' senior year rolled around, we began doing some preparation work. Four moms in Somerset were really becoming slutty. Shorter, more revealing dresses were the order of the day. Warm weather sunbathing saw us in skimpy bikinis or one piece suits with lots of tit flesh exposed. Colder weather saw us resorting to exercising indoors in shorts and sport bras or t-shirts that revealed a great deal of our assets as they became transparent with sweat. We became a lot more huggy-touchy with our sons and with each other's sons! I never passed up an opportunity to hug on John or one of the other boys, commenting on what handsome men they were becoming. We flirted shamelessly with each other's sons and confirmed that pretty much at will, we could produce large bulges in our own son's pants or each other's sons.

A few days before graduation, their fathers dropped the bomb that we were giving a party in their honor the evening after the graduation ceremony. Needless to say, the boys were not happy. They had plans to go out with girlfriends and other pals to celebrate, but after more than a little arm twisting, each of our sons grudgingly agreed to spend the evening with us "old folks."

And that's how our sons came to be cooling their heels in Natalie's living room at six-thirty in the evening that Friday night in May. The only consolation as they sat around with their fathers was that James and Steve had brought out beers and each was enjoying a cold, frosty one while they waited for we women to come downstairs.

At six-thirty sharp, Steve and James stood up. "Guys, I know you're not happy about being here," said Steve. "But believe me, you have no idea how happy your being here is making your mothers."

"That's right," added James. "Truth be told, you have no idea how happy your moms are going to make you by agreeing to be with them tonight." Robert, sitting at the bar just chuckled. My husband went on. "Now guys, you know for years that we old folks have been getting together a couple of times a month having our grown up parties."

"What you don't know is just how grown up these parties are," said Steve. He looked at each of the boys in turn. "To be blunt, guys, we get together to fuck." That got our sons' attention. Each sat up straighter, their beers forgotten.

"For going on eight years, guys, we've been swinging together. Fucking each other's wives...your mothers," James said, trying to keep a straight face. "Your moms refer to themselves as the Somerset Slutty Soccer Mom's Association." My husband took a deep breath and said, "Guys, now your mothers want you to take part in the fun and games. Guys, your mothers want to fuck you."

"No fucking way," whispered John. James told me later his eyes were about to pop out of his head.

"Yes, way, John," replied his father. James turned and gestured to the stairs leading upstairs. "Gentlemen, I'd like to reintroduce you to your mothers."

That was our cue to make our grand entrance. Natalie came down the stairs first. Natalie is the ultimate girl next door type -- she reminds me of the character Mary-Ann on that old show, Gilligan's Island. Her big brown eyes are matched by her long, dark brown hair and her 36-24-34 figure makes her look positively luscious on a five foot, two inch body. She came parading down the stairs wearing a white corset that lifted her full breasts up and displayed them perfectly along with matching stockings and a thong. Four inch heels completed the ensemble. If I had a cock, I know it would be hard and stiff looking at her,

Next in line was Donna, her milk chocolate skin flawless and mostly exposed in that baby doll negligee, her huge 42DD breasts bouncing along under the gauzy green material with nipples the

size of quarters all erect and aching to be sucked. Her matching stockings and garter belt drew attention to her shapely legs and a wild mass of pubic hair was evident under her panties. Her muscular and lithe body seemed even taller than her five foot nine height thanks to the stiletto heels she was wearing. She was a proud Nubian queen and her dark eyes held all sorts of naughty promise.

After Donna came our little Heather. A compact blonde bombshell in a tiny package. Heather at four foot, ten inches tall was a zaftig little hottie, her 34D titties prominently displayed by the sexy black bustier she was wearing. Her long blonde hair fell down around her shoulders against her pale skin. Black panties, hose and heels completed her ensemble, the almost sheer material of her panties were glued to her labia, so wet was her delectable, shaved cunt.

Finally there was me. Shoulder length black hair framed my freckled face and my blue eyes. I was wearing a low cut red baby doll negligee that ended just north of my crotch. My thong and stockings matched my gown and it was obvious from the wild strands of dark pubic hair peeking out that I had an unruly and very hairy beaver between my thighs. My meaty 38D tits spilled out of my negligee, my nipples hard and jutting through the silky cloth. I stand five feet, seven inches tall and I'm not thin, nor am I fat. My husband James calls me built for comfort! My heart was pounding as I smiled down at my son who was devouring me with his body.

Each of us moms made our way to our sons, each leaning over in front of them and giving them a good view of their mommy's tits as we said, "Congratulations, son," before leaning in and kissing them. The kisses began as chaste expressions of motherly love and then turned more heated and passionate as we each moved forward and straddled our handsome sons.

I shivered as I felt my panty clad mound slid across the long, thick bulge in John's pants and I sighed softly as I opened my mouth and pressed my tongue against my son's lips. John groaned himself and then he let my tongue in, his tongue rising to the occasion and flowing against mine. For the next few minutes, I was lost in the almost mind blowing joy of French-kissing my child while I slowly rocked against his stiff manhood.

Finally, someone, I think it was Steve, cleared his throat and I and the other moms looked up. Each of us was panting heavily, sitting on the laps of four smiling young men. Apparently Robbie had been a little more adventurous than the rest. Donna's left tit had been scooped out of her negligee, her nipple almost visibly throbbing.

Robert came out from behind the bar and laughed and shook his head at the nasty image of his wife sitting on their son's lap. "Well now, I reckon that no one here is objecting to this little party now." He gestured to the boys. "Anyone wanting to go off partying with their buddies can feel free to leave." He waited a good thirty seconds and then continued. "Right, well, boys, tonight you and your mommas are going to really get to know each other. I promise you before the night is over, you are all going to know each other better than you ever dreamed. Ladies?"

Robert pointed upstairs and each of us moms gave our son a little kiss and then slowly strutted ourselves back up the stairs, our sons looking at us hungrily as we climbed the stairs.

Each of us walked to a bedroom door. There was a post-it sticky on the door with a large number written on it. Mine was number 2. Each of the other doors had a similar note, numbered with a 1, 3, or 4 on it. Inside, I locked the door, turned off the light, slipped off my panties and climbed into the bed. Downstairs, our husbands were allowing the boys to take turns selecting a key out of a bowl.

Our key parties had always been a big part of our swinging activities and after many discussions we had decided that our first fucks with our young sons would come from the key party.

At first, there had been some discussion about not being sure of fucking our own sons first, but in one sense, we had all been raising all these boys together, so they were all our sons. After this, we would have a lifetime to get to know our sons' cocks. Tonight was meant to show them what sexy sluts their mothers were.

I shivered with anticipation and couldn't help but run a hand down between my legs, allowing my fingers to splice through my furry bush and into my hot creamy cunt. I couldn't remember the last time I was so turned on.

I heard a key in the door and a momentary fumbling to open the lock. I took a deep breath as the door opened. One of our husbands had turned out the hall light so I couldn't see much more than a shadowy figure enter the room. Someone whispered, "Hello?" his voice a mix of nervousness and excitement with a little fear added in. I couldn't tell who it was.

"I'm here, baby. Momma's right here waiting for you," I whispered back. He moved towards my bed, bumping into it and hissing a whispered apology. I heard the rustling of clothes as he quickly stripped. I reached out a hand and heard a gasp as I found and stroked a bare asscheek.

I found a hand and turned him around. I reached out, guessing for the exact spot and found a hard cock. A very hard cock. He wasn't some long-dicked porno stud, maybe six or seven inches long, but good god, he was thick, thicker than James by a far sight. "Climb up here, baby," I cooed. "Get on top of me," I instructed.

Shaking and fumbling, my new lover eventually climbed between my thighs. I drew him up and let him ease himself down onto my heaving body, my meaty tits cushioning his weight. I felt that thick log of cock meat against my thigh, the head pressing into my mound. I could feel it pulsing with need, with hunger. It knew it needed to be buried deep in my cunt.

I pulled him to me, kissing him on the lips as my hands went through his hair. I knew immediately it wasn't my John I was about to fuck. His short, thick curly head of hair told me immediately that it was Robbie. It dawned on me that he had his daddy's cock. Robert belied that whole silly myth about African American men having the monster long dicks, but he did have the thickest cock of any man in our little swingers group.

I kissed Robbie hard, thrusting my tongue into his mouth and then hunching my now blossoming cunt against his erect penis. His hands had found my tits and had freed them from my negligee and were squeezing them hard, pinching my thin, long nipples hard. From his mouth, I rolled my tongue up to his ear and before tickling him, whispered, "Give Momma that fine cock of yours, son!"

Robbie lifted his hips and tried to find my pussy hole, but after several failed attempts, I reached down and guided him between my lips. "Just shove, baby," I moaned. "Be gentle, son. You're so big!" Then I let out a yelp as Robbie shoved into me hard, worming half of his thick log inside me in one swift motion. Goddamn, he was thick! My brain immediately reset for fuck frenzy mode and I had to have all of him inside me. I brought my legs up and my knees back, opening myself for this thick dicked stud and rolled my hips, allowing him to sink deeper. It felt like I was being split wide open. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me good," I moaned and Robbie obliged me by ramming his cock all the way home, his wiry pubic hairs meshing with mine.

I just lay there and groaned for a bit, reveling in the sweet sensation of this young man's cock inside me. Then instinct kicked in for Robbie and the need to move was satisfied and that was even sweeter. Back and forth, Robbie began to worm his cock in and out of me, fucking me, making me squirm with delight. My cunt was flooding with my juices, bathing his thickness in its slick and hot liquidity. Each movement was an exercise in joy.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck Momma hard!" I wrapped my arms and legs around him and we rocked back and forth, quickly moving as one while kissing each other sloppily. His nipples were like hard little pellets scraping against my soft breast flesh. My orgasm was fast coming and I so badly wanted to feel his cum inside me. I kissed his face all over, kissed his ear, curling my tongue into it and then whispering nasty words. "Fuck me, Robbie, fuck Momma fast and hard with that big dick! Fuck me, Robbie, fuck me like you'll fuck your mother later tonight."

Robbie groaned and I continued to tease. "You want to fuck your mother, don't you, Robbie? Mmmmm, you're a big dick motherfucker. Mmmmm, your momma's going to love your cock. She wants to fuck you, Robbie. Your mother told me she dreams of your cock in her hot, nasty cunthole. She want you to cum in her, make her babies and fuck you forever. Mmmmm, yes, fuck Momma, fuck Momma, fuck Mommmmmaaaaa..."

My voice fell off into a wordless moan of delight as Robbie buried himself deep inside me and then his cock swelled and began pumping cum at a almost scary rate inside me, filling me up with his steaming hot semen! It all hit home for me then, the true reality of what I was doing. I had just fucked my friend's son -- someone I had known most of his life. Someone I had helped raise and looked after and mothered and who was now at last a man in his own right, with a fine man cock buried in my motherly cunt!

My orgasm began with the sweet deliciousness of his hot cum and then exploded into a nuclear fury as I reveled in the fact that a sexy eighteen year old had emptied his balls in my cunt. I squeezed him tight to me with my arms and legs and I rode out my orgasm, screaming my love of his cock.

When I had regained control of my senses, I realized that his cock was slowly slithering out of me and I moaned, "Let me suck you, Robbie!" I felt more than saw him shift on the bed and then his still mostly erect meat was slapping me wetly in the face. I licked him clean, slathering my tongue over his cunt cream and sperm drenched penis and licking all that tasty cum up.

"Baby, your mother is going to love your cock," I purred to him, pulling him down so that he could rest his head on my still heaving breasts.

"Really? You think so, Ms Cora?" I felt his cock, again erect, throb against my leg.

I giggled. "Oh yeah, honey! She's been dreaming about this for years. I bet you have too."

"Yes, ma'am," Robbie replied.

"It won't be too long now, honey," We lay there quietly for a bit, his breath catching as we heard a woman screaming in orgasm from one of the other rooms.

"Was -- was that Mom?" Robbie asked. I could feel his lips move against one of my nipples.

"Hmmm, I'm not sure, Robbie. Your mom's a screamer for sure. She screams her head off when I have my tongue in her sweet cunt and suck her big fat clit!" Robbie moaned and then began to

move on top of me again.

I was afraid I would be unable to resist him with that lovely cock and all, but before I had to explain to him that for the moment he was allowed just the one fuck, we both heard Steve banging on doors and yelling, "Time, Gentlemen! Get yourselves back downstairs!"

Robbie stiffened and sighed and climbed off me. He whispered, "It that it? Are we done for the night?"

I sat up and found him and kissed him on the lips, "Robbie darling, the night is just beginning. I kissed him again, slipping my tongue into his mouth before finally letting him go, my hand unable to resist reaching out and stroking his hard, thick dick one last time. I heard Robbie begin to wrestle with his clothes and said, "Just leave them, darling, you won't be needing them the rest of the night."

He muttered, "Wow!" and went to the door. He opened and looked back and said softly. "Thanks, Ms Cora, that was...fucking wonderful!" The door closed and I fell back in bed. My head was spinning with the sheer ecstasy and wonder of the moment. I had just fucked Donna's son! I wondered which one of my friends had a load of my son's semen oozing from their cunt right now.

Then I had no more time to think about it as Steven came down the hallway again calling, "Ladies! Up and at 'em!"

I came out still dressed in my red negligee but with the panties gone, I was basically naked from the crotch down. I could feel Robbie's sperm already oozing down my thigh and knew that my red stockings would soon be cum stained. My tits were spilled out of the negligee as well -- my nipples red and swollen from Robbie's attentions.

In the hallway, I found Natalie grinning from ear to ear. "I don't know who I fucked, Cora, but the kid could sure use his cock!" She too had lost her panties and her little trimmed cunt was swollen and shiny with her juices and semen. "If Karl fucks like that, he aint going to college -- he can stay home and make Momma happy!" She came up and hugged me. I don't know if I have ever seen her so excited.

Next came Heather. All she had left on were her hose and heels. Her long blonde hair was all tousled and wild and she looked like a wanton, sluttish waif. She was wiping tears out of her eyes and said, "I love this. I came so hard, I thought my heart was going to explode!" She joined Natalie and myself and we all exchanged hugs and kisses. I could taste cum on both their lips and knew I wasn't the only one who had sucked a cock clean tonight.

Finally, Donna emerged from her room. She was completely naked except for those stiletto heels. Her wild bush was flecked with thick globs of semen and she had a hungry look to her. She came up and kissed each of us and said, "C'mon you sluts, we're wasting time!"

We paraded back downstairs and strolled past each of our sons, displaying our naked or partly naked charms for them to see. They all looked like they'd swallowed the proverbial canary. Each was naked and sporting a tremendous erection and despite being a bit red-faced from being naked in front of their mothers, seemed proud to show off their lovely cocks.

We moms took a seat across the room from them on a long sofa that Steve had moved into position. It was a bit crowded, but I think the boys appreciated the opportunity to see us rubbing and squeezing our motherly bodies against one another.

Robbie's father, Robert came into the center of the room with a glass bowl filled with slips of paper. He eyeballed us ladies and then studied everyone's son. "Well now, I don't reckon anyone's changed their mind about leaving, have they?" he asked the boys. They all shook their head anxiously in the negative. He laughed, along with Steve and my James and continued. "All right then. Next we're going to be playing some party games. This here bowl has some situations written on them and you guys are going to each get to draw a slip and then..." he paused and grinned. "And then, you guys get to pick which of the ladies gets to, um, play out the situation."

We ladies all laughed and the boys laughed too, glancing at us nervously. Robert walked over to the boys and said, "Let's see. Dale, why don't you start?"

He offered Dale the bowl and laughing nervously, Dale reached in and drew out a piece of paper. Dale unfolded it and said, "Um, do I read it aloud?" When Dale nodded, he proceeded to read aloud, "THESE MOM'S LOVE COCK, BUT THEY LOVE CUNT TOO. PICK YOUR MOM AND ONE OTHER AND WATCH THEM EAT EACH OTHER OUT!"

Dale looked up from the paper and grinned weirdly. "Um, fucking wow! He looked over at us. His mother stood up and smiled at him. "Um, Mom, how about you and..." he looked us over and added, "You and Ms. Donna." The other guys just sighed.

Heather turned around and held out her hand to Donna who rose up and took it. They came together, Donna towering over Heather, their bodies standing out in stark contrast from each other in so many ways. Heather's pale skin against Donna's dark brown skin. Donna so tall and Heather so tiny. Heather's shaved cunt and Donna's untamed muff. They both went to their knees and kissed, their hands roaming over each other's bodies, groping tits and fingering slits before Donna finally pulled Heather down on top of her.

The two mothers wasted no time in burying their faces into each other's pussies and quickly the room began to fill with the thick aroma of aroused cunt and with the noise of moans and sighs. I noticed James walk behind the boys and whisper to each of them and I knew he was encouraging them to get closer and to watch. I was proud to see my John move first off the couch, kneeling down close to get a bird's eye view of Donna stirring her long, nasty tongue around inside Heather's cum filled pussy. The other boys followed and watched as the two women licked cunt and lapped up the man cream deposited in each other's wombs.

A couple of times, one of our sons would begin to stroke himself and I heard Steve call out from behind us, "Save it, dudes. Your mothers will take care of you soon enough!" Finally, both Donna and Heather began to sob out their orgasms. Donna's magic tongue was doing all sorts of crazy things inside Heather's cunt and Heather was literally sucking on Donna's swollen clit as they both came loudly, soaking each other with their creams. They both rose to their feet unsteadily while the rest of us applauded. Both mothers sat down grinning through wet and shiny, cum covered faces.

Robert returned with the bowl and again approached the boys. "Well, let's just keep going down the line," he said. "John, you're next!" My heart began to pound wildly as John glanced at me and grinned at me in a way that made my cunt lips quiver with anticipation.

John scanned the paper he was reading and then as his face turned bright red, he read it aloud. "PICK A LUCKY FRIEND TO GET A BLOWJOB FROM YOUR MOM AND THEN PICK ANOTHER MOM SHE CAN SHARE HIS CUM WITH!" John looked up at me and sighed. "Um, Mom, I'd like you to suck...Karl's cock!"

I should have known. Since he was eight years old, John shared just about everything else with Karl -- his bike, the chicken pox, crushes. I licked my lips and stood up, my tits bouncing as I did so. I strutted slowly towards Karl, tossing a sexy wink at my son as I did so. Slowly, I squatted down between Karl's legs, eyeing his lovely and dripping cock. He had a classic cock, circumcised and at almost seven inches, pleasingly thick. "H-hi, Ms. Cora," he gasped as I took his hard dick in hand.

I smiled up at this young man I had known for so long and replied, "Just relax, Karl. Imagine I'm your mother doing this." I licked the head of his cock, lapping up a thick drool of precum and smacked my lips. "You taste delicious, baby," I cooed and then I plunged my mouth over his cock and took him, drawing gasps from the others as I demonstrated my ability to take a cock deep in my mouth. Slowly I worked my way back to the tip, my tongue working furiously over his satiny steel rod. I reached out and took his hand and placed it on my head. His fingers tangled in my dark hair before he realized he could guide me in my cock sucking efforts. Then I let him take control, showing me what he wanted from moment to moment. Karl enjoyed first deep throat and then the joys of sucking on the swollen head of his dick while my tongue rolled and teased it.

Like a good cocksucking slut, I made sure to keep eye contact with him, breaking it only to glance at my son sitting next to him. I reached out at one point and took my son's cock in my hand and slowly stroked it before I heard James mildly rebuke me with an amused, "Behave, Cora."

Karl's body grew rigid and he stiffened up and then a dam burst and I was receiving a flood of hot semen, sweet and yet salty and undoubtedly man cum. "Ohhhh Coraaaa!" my best friend's son gasped. I swirled it around my mouth, furiously sucking, draining him of his massive load of jizz and trying hard not to swallow the mouthful of his seed. Finally, I let him slip from my mouth, a dribble of sperm escaping and running slowly down my chin.

I turned and looked at John. My son was staring at me with his mouth open in astonishment and it took a few seconds for him to remember that there was a second part to this activity. His eyes widened and he said, "Oh yeah! Sorry, Mom. Ummm, share Karl's sperm with his Mom!"

I smiled closed mouth and slowly stood up and met Natalie in the middle of the floor. I tilted Natalie's head back and opened my mouth and let some of her son's cum slowly drip from my mouth to hers and while all the boy's groaned, I crushed my lips against hers and we tongue kissed, swapping Karl's sperm back and forth -- a wet, sloppy kiss that allowed some of his semen as well as our saliva to drip down our chins and scatter drops on our tits mashed together. We began to swallow as we continue to kiss and we gave the boys a five minute demonstration of a sapphic soul kiss that had her son's cock hard for a third time before we finish. Natalie capped the scene by leaning over to lick her son's drops of cum off my tits and then finished with a teasing suck of each of my swollen nipples.

Once we're seated again, Robert returned with the bowl and offered it to Karl. Natalie's son needed no encouragement to reach in and pull out a slip of paper. With a big grin on his face he read aloud, "ONE DONG IS GOOD AND TWO DONGS ARE BETTER -- JUST ASK YOUR MOMS. PICK YOUR MOM AND ONE OTHER TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION! WHEN BOTH HAVE CUMMED, THE OTHER MOMS WILL CLEAN THINGS UP!" When Karl finished reading, he looked up perplexed. The other boys had a look of confusion as well.

Natalie stood up and smiled at her son. She crossed the room to an unused ottoman stool and lifted up a lid. From inside, she pulled out a two foot long, double headed rubber dildo and comprehension dawned on all the boys' faces. Natalie winked at them and lifting one end of the dildo to her mouth, kissed it and said, "Son, I'll need a partner."

Karl's eyes grew wide as he finally and completely understood what was about to happen. "Oh yeah, fuck yeah. Mom, I want to see you and Ms. Cora um...fucking each other!"

Happily, I joined Natalie in the center of the room and as we had done many times, we sat down facing each other. Natalie draped her shapely legs across my thighs and then she took the dildo in hand and fed one end into my cunt, slowly worming the thick rubber dong in about four inches deep. I couldn't help but moan as the rubber cock slipped inside me. I felt a faint sheen of fucksweat break out on my face.

Natalie let slip a similar moan as she then fed the other end of the dildo into her own cunt. "I love you, Cora," she sighed as we began to slowly hunch towards each other, each with one hand on the floor and the other keeping the dildo straight at each end. Our moans increased in intensity as our asses slowly slid across the carpet as we each took in inch after sweet inch of fake penis.

"I love you, too, Natalie," I cooed as I watched the rubber dick slip into me. It was marked so we would know how much we had inside us. When we both were at eight inches, we were both shaking with the intensity of the moment and we let go of the dildo and leaned back, supporting ourselves on our arms and giving the boys a better view of the decreasing distance between our wet and sloppy cunts. As we worked our pussies back and forth, trying to take more in, the dark surface of the dildo became greased with our juices and the semen of our earlier fucks.

We sobbed and cried as our thighs moved closer and closer and soon as we passed ten inches each, I could feel the heat from Natalie's cunt against my own hairy twat. The boys had stood up and crept closer to watch. I heard Dale mutter, "Fuck! These hot bitch moms are going to take it all!"

We were both beginning to succumb to our orgasms when our cunt lips met and kissed, mashing together in a wet and sticky and oh so hot union. Then we did the near impossible considering our bodies were beginning to convulse with ecstatic fury. We both flung ourselves upright and wrapped our arms and legs around each other, driving the rubber cock deeper into each of our wombs and kissed each other wetly through our entire orgasm. My world became centered around the torrents of sheer erotic pleasure exploding in my cunt and tearing my entire body apart.

I came back to myself realizing that I was flat on my back. Natalie's legs still draped over my thighs and I sensed more than heard her heavy breathing intermixing with my own gasps for air. Then, Heather was kneeling over me and next to her sat Donna. Both were breathing heavy as well. Heather leaned over and kissed me, snaking her tongue into my mouth, her long, now wild, blonde hair floating across my chest, tickling my skin. I knew that Donna was doing the same to Natalie. Hands found their way down between our spread legs and then Natalie and I groaned with new pleasure as our friends and fellow moms slowly pulled the dildo from our cunts.

The kisses ended and Heather and Donna faced each other, both holding up the two headed cock from the middle and showing off the cunt cream and semen covered dildo. I watched, becoming aroused again, as Heather began licking the head of it, tasting my creams, mixed with Robbie's cum. Donna did the same, sucking clean Natalie's juices stirred up with one of our son's cum. A thrill ran through me when I considered it might even be John's cum. Like two starving wretches, they had the rubber cock cleaned in no time at all.

On unsteady feet, Natalie and I joined the other Moms back on our sofa, Donna offering me a messy and tasty kiss and Heather doing the same for Natalie. Across the room, four young men

looked like they were about to explode and who could blame them. I'm shocked they weren't raping us now that they knew their mothers for the sluts we were.

Robert brought the bowl back over to them and offered it to his son, Robbie. Robbie quickly reached in and pulled out a new slip of paper. He read it silently and then shook his head and read it aloud. "YOU LUCKY MOTHERFUCKER, YOU GET A BLOWJOB FROM YOUR MOTHER WHILE TWO OF YOUR MOTHERFUCKER FRIENDS GET TO HELP YOU MAKE HER AIRTIGHT! DON'T WORRY ABOUT MAKING A MESS -- THE OTHER MOMS WILL HELP CLEAN UP!" He looked up at his father and said, "Dad, what's 'airtight' mean?"

Robert grunted and leaned over and whispered in his ear. We ladies giggled as Robbie was educated. "Oh lord," sighed Donna admiring her son. I think his cock just got bigger!" She stood up and strutted over to the center of the room.

"C'mon, Robbie," she said teasingly. "Your mommy needs a lot of cock and she needs it right the fuck now!" Donna ran her hands up and down her lithe body, cupping her mammoth tits and pinching her swollen, meaty nipples and then slipped a hand through her wild thatch of pubic hair to reveal the gleaming wet, pink meat between her thick lips.

Robbie stood up, his cock so hard it slapped up against his flat belly. He looked at the other boys and said, "Dale, John, let's go!"

Both boys stood up and they all came over and surrounded Donna. She looked quite bemused and horny at the same time. Well, after all it isn't every day that you find yourself surrounded by long hard cocks. For the first time, I began to compare the cocks of our sons. Robbie's cock, I was already familiar with. He had six inches of thick meat -- by far the thickest cock in the room except maybe for his daddy. Dale's cock was a little longer -- maybe seven inches and more "normal" in appearance. Karl, sitting on the couch had the longest cock -- like his father, he was pushing maybe ten inches. I sighed. All three looked beautiful and I lusted for each, but (and maybe this is Momma being prejudiced, but I thought John's cock was the finest of all. My son didn't have the longest or the thickest, but I was guessing he was almost nine inches in length (longer than his father by at least an inch!) and while not as thick as Robbie or Robert, I knew that it was going to make me feel full when I finally got it into my wet and hungry cunt!

Donna studied John and Dale's cocks for a few seconds, nodded to herself and then turned to us and in a commanding tone said, "Heather, come lube up your son!" While Heather hurried over and knelt in front of her son and began to give him a sloppy blowjob, Donna ordered my son to lie down on his back. When John obeyed, his cock stiff and thick and waving in the air, Donna straddled him and slowly squatted down. John moaned as did I as Donna's pussy spread around my son's erection and slowly swallowed it.

"Damn, that's one fine cock your baby has, Cora," crooned Donna as she settled down, taking John completely in her pussy. "You will want this big stick in you night and day!" Donna leaned forward, her big, meaty tits dragging across John's chest. She looked over at her shoulder and said, "That's good, Heather. Hey now, stop! His cock belongs to me right now!"

Heather reluctantly let her son's cock slip from her lips, a bit of a pout on her lips as she surrendered the now slick with saliva penis. Donna looked up at Dale and said, "Sweetheart, do you know what to do?" Dale shrugged and Donna laughed and said, "You already fucked me. You're going to do it again -- just this time I want that big dick in my asshole. Get behind me sweetheart and line it up and just push steady!" Donna wiggled her ass a bit, making both her and John groan.

Dale crouched down and with shaking hands, spread Donna's shapely ass cheeks and pressed his cock against her puckered hole.

"Easy, Dale -- oh, easy, sweetHEART!!! OH, OH, FUCKKKKKERR!" Donna screamed as Dale popped through her anal ring and suddenly filled her asshole with hard throbbing dick. Donna's body shook and she moaned wordlessly as she found herself impaled on two hard cocks. She looked at Robbie and licked her lips and unable to speak, implored him with her eyes. Robbie with a gleam of lust staggered to her and slipped his meat into her wide open mouth. It barely fit, but she took the head of his thick penis and began to suck.

It was almost too much to take in. I wanted to watch my son fuck my friend -- hell, I wanted it to be me getting fucked by my son and his friends. My eyes kept shifting from place to place, cock in her mouth, cock in her cunt, and cock in her ass. I felt someone take my hand and spared a quick glance away from the action to see Heather next to me, her small hand gripping mine as we avidly watched our sons double fuck Donna.

The air quickly was full of the smell of cunt and sweat, that wonderful funk that human bodies make when engaged in fucking. As aroused as Donna was, her body filled with throbbing hard dick, the rest of us were equally aroused, in part from the spectacle of that beautiful big titted black woman getting it hard in three holes and in part because our bodies were responding to the sweet smell of hard and hot sex. My nipples ached something terrible and my cunt was oozing Robbie's sperm and my fresh juices.

The noise of Donna sloppily slurping on her son's thick cock and the sound of Dale's thighs slapping against her chocolate ass cheeks mixed with the distinct noise of my son's cock worming in and out of her juicy pussy. Donna moans were muffled, but distinct and growing as our sons fucked her without mercy. "Fuck me, I can't wait until that's me getting all that cock," sighed Natalie on the other side of me.

Heather breathed, "All that young cock, always hard and always ready!" She squeezed my hand harder. "You are going to love John's cock! Your son already knows how to fuck!"

I shivered and then realization hit me. Heather had fucked my son earlier! I had fucked Robbie and Donna had just told everyone she had fucked Dale. I turned to Natalie who also realized the cat was out the bag. "You lying bitch!" I said. "You already got to fuck your son!"

Natalie giggled and shrugged her shoulders. "And he was fantastic, too, just like I said. I can't tell you how nasty it felt knowing that was my Karl's cock filling me up with cum!"

Before I could tease her more, the moans from Donna and the boys hit a new crescendo. Donna's lean, shapely body was stiffening as she rolled into a big orgasm and I could actually see her ass cheeks tighten up as her body began to spasm. Dale cried out, "Oh my God! I'm cumming, Ms. Donna...you...ass so fucking tight! His balls jerked and bounced as he pumped his cum into her asshole, provoking a strangled cry from Donna and then she was swallowing to save her life as her own son dumped a fresh load of sperm in her mouth. Donna gasped for air and his thick whitish man seed spewed from her mouth, running thickly down her chin. As her own son finished by spraying his last shots into her face, She screamed shrilly and stiffened again as John moaned and then clamped his mouth around a meaty nipple as he emptied a new load of semen inside her cunt.

It seemed like an eternity that the three boys pumped Donna full of cum and her orgasm seemed to go on and on. As she finally seemed to be slowing down, Dale withdrew quickly from her ass, provoking a cry of pain mixed with delight and for a few exquisite moments, Donna sat astride my

son like a dark goddess in the throes of holy ecstasy. Finally, she turned and looked at us and through a mouth filled with her son's cum, cried out, "FUCK!" before tumbling off John in a heap of cum stuffed flesh.

We women were on the move within a heartbeat. Heather and I were on our knees before our sons so fast that I got a rug burn from the carpet. I had John's still stiff cock in my mouth and tasted his sweet cum mixed with Donna's cunt for the first time. I sucked him furiously, my tongue playing over his cockflesh, cleaning him and savoring every little blob of creamy cum. Heather was doing the same while her son just stared at his slutty mother as she sucked his cock clean of all evidence of his ass fucking of our friend.

Natalie took advantage of Donna's near insensibility to lick and suck any last remnants of sperm from Robbie's cock and then she turned and began kissing Donna, lapping the spilled cum from her face and sucking on Donna's cum coated tongue. Having cleaned our boys, Heather and I turned to the remaining sources of used cum and Donna began to sob and moan into Natalie's mouth as we began to lick her front and back. We raised our black goddess onto her knees and I slid underneath and clamped my mouth to her cunt, hungrily tonguing my son's semen from her pussy. I felt Heather's body on top of mine, her thighs straddling my body as she spread Donna's cheeks and speared her tongue into the black woman's asshole to dig out Dale's tasty sperm.

Donna's moans were soon joined by Natalie's as they ended their frothy, spermy kiss and Natalie sprawled out on the carpet with her petite legs spread wide and Donna's incredible snake of a tongue eating her out. We went on like this for several minutes and then as bodies shook and shivered and shifted, a new dynamic emerged. As Heather and I finished cleaning each other up, she moved off my body and between my legs and I felt her tongue began to curl inside me and roll over my swollen clitoris. When I heard her moaning into my cunt, I knew that she was now being licked by Natalie. A four pointed Daisy chain was a very common thing among the Somerset Slutty Soccer Moms Association!

We all ate each other until we had all had our faces bathed in someone else's cunt cream at least once. Only when the men came over and physically pulled us apart did we stop. Our sons, now all seated again could only look at us with newly opened eyes. What they must have thought of us -- four cum covered and wild-eyed crazy cuntsluts, our tits heaving, our faces and chests scarlet in a sexual flush.

Slowly we all climbed to our feet, hanging on to each other as the men guided us back. James and Steve disappeared into the kitchen and brought back three kitchen table chairs.

My James motioned the other men to sit down and he turned and looked at the boys. "Anyone wanting to leave and go party with their buddies now?" he asked. All our sons just shook their heads. "Good. Well, we're getting close to the time that you get to take your mothers back upstairs and fuck them till you can't fuck anymore." He glanced at the other men and said, "Our graduation gift to you guys is to give you to your Moms for the rest of the weekend. We're going fishing. But before we go, we just want to show you how good your mothers are and we're going to leave with a smile on our faces after your Moms give us a goodbye blowjob."

James turned and walked over to the other men and sat down next to Steve and said, "We decided we wanted to get sucked off by the same Mom's who fucked our sons earlier."

Natalie giggled and stood up and crossed over to her husband. As she knelt in front of him she said with wicked glee, "He's got a wonderful cock, honey. I think I'm in love!"

Heather strolled over to my James and I couldn't help but feel a thrill as she squatted and wrapped her little, dainty mouth around my husband's cock. I moved to Robert and sighed as I got on my knees and began licking the head of his enormous cock head. His wife was the odd woman out, but was happy to join Heather in sucking my husband's cock.

As we sucked on each others husbands' cocks, we acted utterly shameless, sucking noisily and making lots of contented and nasty sighs and groans, making sure to show our sons our great delight in being cock sucking whores. Our husbands were fairly quick on the trigger, but who can blame them -- they had been holding on to their loads all evening and it was a testament to their strength and resilience that they had lasts as long as they did.

Steve blew first -- Natalie still giggling as her husband coated his face with his hot sperm. My James shot his wad next as Heather and Donna had his cockhead trapped between their mouths, teasing him to the point of no return with their devilish tongues. Then Robert growled and I felt his cockhead swell in my mouth and then I had an incredible flood of his tangy semen washing into my mouth. I deliberately let him slip from my lips and let him hose down my face with his steaming spunk.

The boys all groaned as they watched their fathers spray us with cum -- wide eyed with awe at their cum loving mothers basking in the erotic delight of our facials. As our husbands yanked up pants and bade us goodbye, we moms began to kiss each other and clean each other's faces of the hot and tasty semen. Our men kissed us goodbye, told our sons to take care of their mothers and left. Natalie pretty much summed it up when she snorted, "Fishing trip my ass, the only thing they're going fishing for is young cunts at the Somerset Lake Bar and Grill."

We all nodded in agreement and then an odd silence settled over the room as four mothers turned their full attention to four handsome and naked sons watching them hungrily with hard cocks jutting out from between their legs. All four stood up nervously, their lovely penises so hard and stiff that they again slapped up against their muscular stomachs. It was time. After all the waiting, it was time for the mothers of the Somerset Slutty Soccer Moms Association to take their sons and make them into loving motherfuckers.

Natalie crooked her finger at Karl and the two of them ran up to their room. Dale rushed to Heather's side and hand in hand, they strolled towards the stairs. Donna and I moved in on our sons like lionesses stalking their prey.

I was vaguely aware of shedding the remnants of my negligee as I moved to stand before my son naked as the day I was born. My heart was pounding and I could feel my blood pulsing through my body, most noticeably within my throbbing cunt. "Are you ready for me, John? Are you ready to make love, no, to fuck your mother and make her cum?"

John shivered and whispered hoarsely, "I love you, Mom!" I stepped forward so that my breasts mashed against his strong chest and I could feel his hard cock against my stomach. I kissed him then, my tongue finding his and dancing with it. His arms went around me and pulled me even closer. I could smell his sweat and sex, mixed up with another woman's scent. I felt my hunger for my son grow at a ravenous rate. I took John's cock in my hand and without a word, we headed for the stairs.

I glanced back once to see that Donna and her loving son weren't even going to attempt to get upstairs. Donna was on her back on the sofa, one long lovely leg draped over the back of the sofa with Robbie between her thighs, his mouth sucking one of her meaty nipples even as he hunched

with that big dick of his, searching for her cunt. Donna's eyes locked onto mine for a brief moment before rolling back in pleasure as Robbie sank his meat inside her, but that brief moment was enough to communicate what we were both feeling. This was right, this was meant to be. Not just incest, but incestuous love, perhaps the purest form of love that can exist -- after all, what greater bond is there than that between mother and son?

I lead my son upstairs, glancing back every so often to see him gazing at me in such adoration I thought I might cry. As we walked down the hall, we found that Heather and Dale hadn't even made it to their room. Heather's son had her pinned against the wall, using it for leverage as he stood there and fucked his Mom. Heather's eyes were wide open with amazement and pleasure as her son rammed his cock in and out of her pussy, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, her arms around his neck. Again, I shared a moment of silent communion with another mother, seeing in her eyes the carnal delight that was moments from happening to me.

John and I had barely closed the door behind us when he had me in his embrace, kissing me, taking charge, thrusting his tongue into my mouth. I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him back, arching one leg up along his thigh and curling it behind his leg. John responded by cupping my ass cheeks and lifting me up, allowing me to encircle his waist with my legs, trapping his cock against my thickly haired pussy, nestling it lengthwise between my labia. John groaned happily as he felt my wetness coat his throbbing dick.

I was lost in the kiss, swept away by the passion of the moment and had no clue that as we soul kissed, John carried us across the room and knelt on the bed. With amazing gentleness, my son eased me down and as I realized where we were, I spread my legs wide, drawing my knees back and offering myself to my son. Our kiss ended, John easing back to look at his mother lying under him, a string of saliva extending from his lips to mine.

"I love you, son," I moaned, hunching my cunt upwards to brush the tip of his cock. Having found it, I lifted upwards, allowing the head to enter partially into my pussy. Every nerve ending in my body seemed to fire at once then as the flesh of my flesh returned home. It was absolutely clear to me. This is where the cock of my son belonged -- that in my cunt, my mother pussy was where my son's cock was meant to be.

John looked down at me with a look that was both frightening in its intensity and arousing in its frank, naked incestuous lust. I saw the child I had given birth to, nursed, tended to his aches and wounds and raised from a child to the man he was, every moment pointing us to this inevitable destiny, my child, my son claiming his mother as his mate. There was a ferociousness to my son's voice as he growled, "I love you, Mom." Then my John, my son, plunged hard into my cunt, making my body spasm and arch as he thrust his cock deep into my womb, bringing me to orgasm before he had even buried all of his wonderful thick penis inside me.

My flesh reacted to his as it has never reacted to any other man's. There was a rightness to it, a perfect compatibility, a sexual chemistry even stronger than I shared with his father. I screamed out his name as I thrust back, grinding my pubic bone against his pelvis, trying to get as much of him inside me as possible. My head whipped back and forth as I tried to keep some semblance of sanity as incestuous pleasure simply overwhelmed me.

"Oh FUCK, MOMMMM!" John cried out as my cunt locked down around his cock. "YOUR PUSSY IS - - OH GOD! -- FANTASTIC!" he roared. My legs came back up and locked around his back and we quickly found a quick, short stroking motion that had us both locked into a sweaty and delicious fuck. We kissed hungrily with me sucking his tongue and then John sucking my tongue. I clawed his

back raw as he ducked his head and his lips found my swollen nipples and he sucked me hungrily and I had a crazy wish that I could again provide him with my milk.

"Fuck me, son, give Mom that good cock she's been waiting so long for!" I sobbed through gritted teeth as John shoved his cock in me again and again. He felt so perfect inside me, my pussy flesh wrapping around his cockmeat like it had been designed to do and I suppose that maybe it had been -- the ways of God are mysterious but seemed so clear to be as my son filled me with his perfect penis over and over.

John seemed unstoppable and having fucked Heather and Donna, I realized with both delight and awe that my son was likely capable of a long term fucking of his mother before he would need to cum. I cried out with joy as I surrendered myself body, heart and soul to my son's incestuous appetite. Sweat poured off John in rivers as he worked to pleasure my body, fucking me and fucking me until the world seemed to spin and every fiber of my body was exploding with pleasure.

I screamed, I laughed, I moaned and I sobbed with joy and love for my son's long, thick dick. The pleasure emanating from between my legs was so intense at times that I was certain I would just explode into pieces or spontaneously combust or simply die from the exquisite ecstasy of being fucked by my son. My whole world seemed to winnow down to that huge cock inside my cunt. Time seemed to stand still as my son fucked me until it seemed that my entire existence seemed to have been composed of our incestuous fucking.

And then John came -- his cock swelling inside me, the head flaring and then unleashing a torrent of hot, gooey semen that splattered and coated the insides of my womb and I instantly realized that every orgasm prior to this in my entire life was nothing more than a warm up activity. It was if I was tied to an electric chair that hit me not with electricity, but pure, undiluted carnal pleasure, pleasure that coursed through my entire body, infusing every atom of my being with the erotic delight that only comes from the sexual union of a mother and son. I let out a soul wrenching scream of unanticipated pleasure and surrendered to the most intense orgasm in the history of humankind, my entire existence now focused on the wonderful man and his pleasure giving cock. Everything else just ceased to exist.

When my eyes could focus again and I realized that I had lived through it and not gone to heaven to live in perfect ecstasy for all eternity, I found myself looking into my son's beautiful brown eyes. John smiled at me, the fuck sweat rolling off his face from the effort of making love to me and said, "I love you, Mom."

I broke down and began to sob, hugging my son to me as best I could with my legs and arms trembling from our wonderful exertions. "I love you, too, son!" I cried. "I am never, ever letting you go!"

And I did my best to keep my promise at least that night. I clung to him as he rested between my legs, the two of us kissing and whispering words of love to each other until he had recovered and the act of kissing his motherlove revived that wonderful cock, making me moan with indescribable joy as I felt his penis, harden and lengthen inside my pussy until again we began to move together, our world again narrowed down to satisfying our incestuous urges.

My son fucked and came in me three times that night and I lost count of the number of incredible orgasms he gave me -- so many that I remember it mostly as one impossibly long son produced orgasm. After that, we slept in each other's arms until late Saturday morning. With a tinge of regret,

I slipped out of my son's embrace and staggered to find the other members of my son-fucking fraternity.

I found Natalie, looking almost perky, sitting in the kitchen sipping a cup of coffee. Heather joined us a little while later, radiating the smile of an angel, happier than I had ever seen her. We compared our nights, each of us claiming to have seen the face of God as our son's had made us cum and cum again. Donna and Robbie had finally made it upstairs and remained secluded for most of the day, although we heard moans and sometimes screams of pleasure echoing down from their room. Donna and Robbie eventually emerged from hiding, both with love struck grins on their faces and Donna walked just a bit bowlegged.

All that day and long into the evening, we tested our sons' endurance by making love as often as they could bring their mothers an erection. Now, however, we were making love in the open, in front of the others. It was exciting to have my son between my legs, making me sob with pleasure and being able to look across the room and see Natalie being assfucked by her son or to see Heather on her hands and knees being fucked over and over again by Dale or to see Donna squatting on Robbie's thick cock riding him slowly as she seemed to have one long, continuous orgasm.

Sunday, we resumed the fun and games from Friday night as our sons sampled each other's mothers. It was all incredibly incestuous as we had all had such a role in raising those boys. While I can't claim that fucking Karl, Robbie or Dale has near the impact on me that fucking my own flesh and blood does (although being fucked by all three at one time comes a close second), I still got a delicious perverse delight in fucking each of those young men I had helped to raise.

Today, the Somerset Slutty Soccer Moms Association still meets regularly, both in our exclusive ladies' sessions and with our husbands and our sons. Each of our sons chose to attend a local university and so our fun and games just go on and on. We still pick up new members -- families move in and out of the neighborhood all the time. Once in a while, we'll find a mother who meets our stiff standards -- a mother who revels in being a slut especially with her own flesh and blood!

The End