

BAHAMAMA MAMA



BY KLRXO

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The plane shuddered through another pocket of turbulence, jolting my body in the narrow seat. I shifted closer to Jordon, my 18-year-old son, his thigh pressing hot against mine in the cramped row.

My gigantic double-H tits strained against the thin fabric of my sundress, bouncing with every bump, and I knew his eyes were glued to them—they always were.

At 39, I was used to the stares—blonde hair cascading over my shoulders, coppertone legs stretched out in front of me—but coming from my own boy, it hit different. Not exciting, just... inevitable.

His fascination was like a puppy's eager sniffing, harmless if I kept the leash tight. I glanced sideways, catching the way his shorts tented obscenely, that teenage erection throbbing visibly against the khaki fabric.

The bulge looked thick, insistent, like it ached to burst free. My legs were crossed at the knee, my sexy feet arched in the strappy sandals I'd chosen for this Bahamas trip—open-toed, showing off my pedicured toes painted a slutty red.

I felt his gaze drop lower, tracing the smooth curve of my calves up to where my dress rode high on my thighs. Heat flushed my skin, not from desire, but from the raw hunger in his stare. He thought I didn't notice, but I did. Every time.

The plane dipped again, and his hand 'accidentally' brushed my arm, lingering just a second too long. I uncrossed my legs slowly, letting my sandal dangle from my toes, the arch of my foot flexing in a way that made his breath hitch.

I knew his secret—the way he'd sneak into my laundry basket, snatching my worn panties, the ones still damp from my day's secretions and sweat clinging to the crotch. I'd find them later in his room, slimy with his cum, sticky ropes across the gusset where he'd pressed his nose and jerked his cock furiously.

Voyeuristic little shit, inhaling my scent while fantasizing about burying his face between my tits or grinding that hard dick against my big bubble butt. It didn't turn me on, thinking of him like that. He was my son. But letting him peek, letting him build those dirty dreams? That was just motherly indulgence, keeping him from exploding elsewhere.

"Mom," he whispered, voice husky, leaning in so his hot breath tickled my ear. The turbulence rocked us together, and suddenly his bulge nudged my hip—firm, pulsing through his shorts. "This flight's rough, huh?"

I didn't pull away. Instead, I arched my back a fraction, making my huge tits jiggle right in his line of sight. "Yeah, honey," I murmured back, my pretty eyes locking on his for a beat, seeing the lust clouding those young features. "Just hold on tight."

My words were innocent, but the way I said them, low and teasing, made his cock twitch against me. I could feel it, that rigid length straining, pre-cum probably soaking his underwear already.

His hand slid to my waist under the armrest, fingers digging in as if to steady himself, but I knew better. He was testing, always testing.

Another hard jolt, and the plane groaned. Jordon twisted in his seat, his body half-draping over mine in the chaos. His erection ground deliberately against my thigh now, the heat of it searing through the thin layers of cloth.

I gasped softly, not from pleasure, but from the bold pressure—his thick, teenage stalk sliding along my skin, the head catching on the hem of my dress.

"Sorry," he muttered, but he didn't stop, rocking his hips in tiny, urgent thrusts while pretending to brace against the seat.

I let him, my control ironclad. My hand rested on his knee, squeezing just enough to remind him who was in charge. "It's okay, Jordon. Mommy's got you."

The words dripped with double meaning, and his eyes darkened, flicking to my gaping cleavage where my nipples had hardened from the friction, poking against the fabric like invitations he dreamed of sucking.

Emboldened, his free hand crept up, cupping the underside of one massive tit under the cover of the shared blanket we'd pulled over our laps. The turbulence masked his squeeze—fingers sinking into the soft, heavy flesh, kneading firmly as the plane shook.

My breast overflowed his palm, the weight trembling with every vibration, and I felt his thumb graze my fat nipple through the dress, circling the stiff peak.

A low groan escaped him, muffled against my shoulder. His cock ground harder now, humping my leg like a desperate teen, the bulge dragging up toward my hip, pre-cum smearing a wet spot on my dress.

I didn't push him off. Why would I? His obsession was flattering in its own twisted way, that big teenage erection always ready for me. I pictured him later, in our hotel room, sniffing my worn panties while stroking that veiny dick, cum erupting in thick spurts as he imagined fucking my tits or pounding my ass.

But here, on this plane, surrounded by my husband and kids rows ahead, I kept the line drawn. Tease, yes. Touch, maybe. But never cross.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I whispered, my voice a sultry thread, arching into his grip so his fingers pinched my rubbery nipple harder.

He nodded frantically, his grinding picking up pace, hips bucking subtly under the blanket. The scent of his arousal hung between us—musky, urgent—and I crossed my legs again, trapping his hand against my tit, feeling the rapid beat of his heart.

The captain's voice crackled over the intercom, announcing smoother air ahead, but Jordon's touches didn't stop. His squeeze turned rougher, mashing my huge breast as if milking it, while his cock throbbed against me, on the edge.

I smiled inwardly, knowing I'd collect another load-soaked pair of my panties soon, the evidence of his filthy fantasies. For now, though, I'd let him simmer, that bulge straining for release it wouldn't get—not from me.

The plane finally leveled out, the engines humming steady as we began our descent into the Bahamas. Jordon's hand lingered on my tit a moment longer, squeezing that heavy double-H globe one last time before he pulled back, his face flushed and guilty under the blanket.

I straightened my sundress, smoothing the fabric over my nipple that still poked hard from his rough pinches, the faint wet spot from his pre-cum grinding against my thigh a sticky reminder of his desperation.

His cock was still rock-hard in those shorts, the outline of that thick teenage shaft straining like it might rip through the zipper any second. I caught his eye, giving him a knowing smile—innocent on the surface, but loaded with the tease he craved.

He shifted in his seat, adjusting that bulging dick, but the hunger in his stare didn't fade. We taxied to the gate, and the seatbelt sign dinged off. My husband and the other kids stirred ahead, chattering about the beach, oblivious to the filthy tension simmering behind them.

I stood first, my gigantic tits bouncing free from the seat's confines, swaying heavily as I grabbed my carry-on. Jordon rose right after, close enough that his body heat brushed my back, that erection brushing my bubble butt 'accidentally' one last time.

The grind was quick, urgent—his cockhead nudging the cleft of my ass through our clothes, a hot pulse that made my cheeks clench instinctively. He groaned low, barely audible, and I felt a fresh dribble of pre-cum seep through his shorts onto my dress.

"Careful, honey," I whispered over my shoulder, arching my back just enough to press back into him for a heartbeat.

His hands twitched like he wanted to grab my hips and hump me right there in the aisle, but the line of passengers shuffling forward kept him in check.

We deplaned into the humid Bahamian air, the scent of salt and sun hitting me as I stepped onto the jet bridge. My family moved ahead—husband leading with the younger kids—but Jordon hung back, letting me walk first.

I felt it immediately: his eyes locking onto my undulating ass, that big, round bubble butt swaying with each step in my tight sundress. I knew he was drinking it in, imagining spreading them wide and shoving his throbbing cock between.

The airport terminal buzzed with vacationers, but all I registered was the weight of his stare boring into my ass like a laser. Every sway of my hips pulled a silent worship from him—voyeuristic, obsessive, his teenage brain probably picturing me bent over, pussy dripping as he sniffed my panties and jerked off.

I didn't look back yet, just let my graceful stride claim the space, my sexy feet clicking in those strappy sandals, toes flexing with each plant. The arch of my soles flexed seductively, and I wondered if he was hard again already, that dick twitching at the sight of my pedicured reds peeking out.

We reached baggage claim, the carousel rumbling to life amid the crowd. My tits wobbled heavily as I stopped, the double-Hs jiggling with the sudden halt, straining the sundress's neckline so deep cleavage spilled forward.

Jordon sidled up behind me again, close enough that his breath ghosted my neck. His gaze dropped straight to my chest, worshipping those massive tits like altars, watching them bounce and settle with my every shift.

I could practically feel his mouth watering, fantasizing about burying his face in them, sucking my nipples until I moaned like the slut in his dirty dreams. But it was all business here—eyes scanning the bags tumbling out, husband calling out for us to grab the suitcases.

"There's ours, Mom," Jordon said, voice thick and low, stepping forward to point.

But he didn't move away; instead, he trailed right behind as I bent to snag a rolling bag, my ass thrusting back toward him. The sundress hiked up an inch, exposing more of my thighs, and I heard his sharp intake—his bulge visible now, tenting those shorts obscenely as he stared at my graceful hips rolling side to side.

That teenage erection bobbed with his pulse, the head outlined clearly, pre-cum darkening the front like he'd leaked for the whole walk. He was locked on me, eyes hungry, devouring the way my body moved—tits heaving, ass undulating, legs stretching endless in the humid light.

I straightened, turning to hand him the bag, and glanced back fully then. Our eyes met, his dark with that raw lust, flicking from my face to my cleavage and down to where my dress hugged my hips.

He wanted to fuck me, I knew—raw, incestuous pounding, his cock slamming into my pussy while he sniffed the panties he'd stolen, cum flooding me in hot spurts.

But I held his stare, calm and controlled, letting him fantasize silently. A small smile tugged my lips, teasing without words: Look all you want, baby.

Mommy's body is your dirty secret, but that's where it stays.

"Thanks, honey," I purred, my voice light amid the airport din, brushing past him so my tit grazed his arm deliberately. The contact made his cock jump, the bulge straining harder, and he swallowed thickly, nodding like a puppy.

We collected the rest—husband wrangling the kids, piling bags onto carts—while Jordon stuck close, his eyes never leaving my form.

Every glance over my shoulder reminded me of his fascination: the way he'd grind against me on the plane, squeeze my tits like they were his to own, later jerk that veiny dick into my cum-soaked panties, ropes of jizz marking his obsession.

The transport area was a short walk outside, the tropical heat wrapping around us like a lover's embrace. I led the way to the shuttle van, my hips swaying with purpose, ass cheeks flexing under the dress.

Jordon trailed, bulge still prominent, eyes fixed on the hypnotic roll—worshipping me like a goddess in heat, his mind no doubt replaying every jiggle of my tits, every arch of my foot.

I savored it, that silent adoration, the power of letting him ogle without consequence. He was my son, after all, and I was happily married, boundaries firm as steel. His fantasies would fuel his sneaky panty raids, his urgent strokes in the hotel bathroom later, but they'd never touch reality. Not with me.

The shuttle van rumbled to a stop outside the sprawling beachside resort, palm trees swaying in the balmy breeze as the doors hissed open. The air was thick with the scent of ocean salt and blooming hibiscus, a paradise that had my husband Gerald grinning like a kid himself.

Check-in was a blur—cool marble lobby, efficient staff handing over key cards for our ocean-view suite. The younger kids were already bouncing off the walls, whining about the beach.

Gerald scooped up the youngest, slinging bags over his shoulder.

“Come on, troops, let's hit the sand before the good spots are gone,” he said, herding them toward the exit.

I waved them off with a smile, claiming I needed a minute to freshen up after the flight.

No surprise when Jordon piped up, voice casual but eyes flicking to me: “I'll stay with Mom, unpack a bit.”

Gerald just nodded, too eager for his lounge chair to question it. The door clicked shut behind them, leaving the room in sudden, charged quiet—just me and my horny son, the hum of the AC the only sound breaking the tension.

I kicked off my strappy sandals first, the cool tile kissing my bare soles as I flexed my toes, arches curving high from the long flight.

“Time to relax,” I sighed as I padded to one of the two king-sized beds, the suite's balcony doors framing a glimpse of turquoise waves.

Always my audience, Jordon watched my sundress hike up my thighs as I flopped back against the pillows, propping myself on elbows, making my big tits wobble.

I knew the position spread my legs just enough, silky mommy-thighs parting to reveal the shadowed V where my panties hugged my crotch. The fabric was thin, white lace clinging damp from the humidity and that earlier grind on the plane, outlining the plump lips of my pussy in a clear cameltoe cleft.

I didn't adjust it—why bother? Jordon's eyes were already glued there, dark and hungry, as he dropped his bag and perched on the corner of the bed.

“You ok, honey,” I asked softly, knowing damn well he wasn't.

“Yeah,” he answered as he sat rigid, shorts tenting already, that teenage cock swelling thick against the seam like it had a mind of its own.

I watched him from under my lashes, pretending to scan the room service menu I'd snagged from the nightstand. His gaze burned between my legs, tracing the pronounced ridge of my cameltoe, the way the lace dipped into my slit, hinting at the heat within.

Fuck, he was obsessed—my own son, eighteen and horny as hell, dick throbbing just from peeking at his mom's panty-covered pussy.

“Hmm, what looks good?” I said aloud, pretending to look at the menu as I shifted slightly, legs opening a fraction more, the skirt riding higher to expose the full curve of my ass cheeks pressing into the bedspread.

His breath hitched, fingers twitching on his thigh like he itched to reach out, to slide a hand up my inner thigh and rub that damp spot until I soaked through.

“Look at this, honey,” I said, voice low and husky, holding up the menu without really looking. I pointed to a line—some fruity cocktail—but my finger lingered, drawing his eyes up briefly before they dropped back to my crotch.

The cameltoe was blatant now, my pussy lips swelling under the lace from the subtle tease, a faint wet sheen darkening the fabric.

He swallowed hard, bulge jerking in his shorts, the outline of his cockhead flaring wide, pre-cum probably beading at the tip already.

I could picture it—him sneaking into my suitcase later, snatching these very same pair of panties, burying his nose in the crotch to inhale my musky scent while he pumped that veiny shaft, imagining it was my pussy gripping him tight.

“That sounds, um... good,” he uttered as his fingers flexed again, inching toward my knee, but he stopped himself, knuckles white on the bed edge.

That restraint only made his erection strain harder, the shorts fabric stretching thin over his balls, heavy and full from the flight's pent-up lust.

I stretched my legs further, toes pointing and curling, the motion pulling my skirt up to my hips, fully baring the lace panties now—clinging, sheer enough to show the inner pink flesh.

“What do you think? The piña colada sounds perfect after that heat,” I murmured, pointing lower on the menu, my arm brushing my gigantic double-H tits, making them wobble heavily in the sundress.

His eyes flicked up to watch them bounce, nipples hardening into plump peaks that tented the thin fabric, but he couldn't stay away from my open legs long.

The cameltoe pulsed with my heartbeat, pussy aching just a bit from the voyeuristic thrill, knowing he was fighting the urge to dive between my thighs and lick the damp lace.

Jordon shifted on the bed, his ass scooting closer, thigh pressing firm against mine now. 'Yeah, Mom... whatever you want,' he rasped, voice thick with need, his cock twitching visibly, a wet spot blooming at the tip of the bulge.

He was rock-fucking-hard, that teenage dick begging for friction, probably imagining grinding it against my panty-clad mound right here, humping like a dog until he spurted hot cum all over my thighs.

I let the tension simmer, pointing to another item—a burger, something mundane—my voice dropping even lower, almost a whisper that vibrated through the space between us.

“Or maybe the steak? I'm starving.” But my words were just filler; it was the way my legs stayed splayed, cameltoe on full display, that had him squirming.

His hand drifted to his lap, palm pressing down on the bulge as if to hide it, but really just rubbing subtly, chasing relief from the sight of his mom's forbidden pussy outline.

He seemed so close to losing it—fingers twitching again, this time grazing my ankle, tracing the arch of my foot like he'd fantasized about sucking my toes while jerking off to my stolen panties.

The room smelled of sunscreen and faint sweat now, mixed with the musky hint from his leaking cock. I didn't pull away, just let him touch, let his eyes feast on the plump cleft between my legs, building that urgent ache in his balls.

“Pick something for yourself, honey,” I said softly, menu forgotten as I arched my back slightly, tits thrusting up, skirt bunched at my waist.

His bulge throbbed harder, pre-cum soaking through, and I wondered how long before he bolted to the bathroom and dropped his shorts around his ankles, fist flying over that incest-fueled erection while sniffing whatever scrap of me he could grab.

But I kept control, legs still open, teasing without mercy, the air thick with what we both knew couldn't happen—yet the fantasy hung heavy, his stare devouring every inch of my body like he owned it.

I set the menu aside, reaching for the room phone with one hand while the other smoothed down my skirt—just enough to pretend I was covering up, but really only drawing Jordon's eyes right back to the damp lace clinging to my pussy lips.

My fingers punched in the order quick: two piña coladas, extra rum for mine, something cold to cut the heat building in this room. The voice on the line confirmed it would be up in ten, and I hung up, picking up the remote to flip on the TV for background noise—some mindless beach channel.

“I can't wait to explore the island,” I stated, peeking at his face to see him gooning at my tits.

Jordon hadn't moved, his thigh still jammed against mine, that fat bulge in his shorts pulsing like a heartbeat. I peeked down to see the wet spot spreading wider now, pre-cum soaking through to outline the ridge of his cockhead.

“Yeah, um...me too, mom,” he blurted, suddenly snapped from his tittie-trance.

The knock came sooner than expected, and I slipped off the bed to answer, my bare feet padding soft on the tile, ass cheeks jiggling under the hiked skirt as I moved.

Jordon's stare followed, burning into the sway of my hips, probably picturing yanking those panties aside and slamming his teenage dick balls-deep into my mommy cunt.

“Thanks so much,” I said, tipping the server with a smile, the tray heavy in my hands as I carried it back, tits bouncing heavy with each step.

I set the drinks on the nightstand, the sweet pineapple scent mixing with the musky tang from his leaking cock, and sank back onto the bed.

“Mmm, they look delicious,” I purred then took a long sip of my piña colada, the cool rum sliding down my throat.

Jordon grabbed his glass but barely touched it, eyes locked on the deep V of my cleavage where my double-H tits strained the dress, the soft flesh spilling out like an invitation to bury his face and motorboat until he came in his shorts.

“Try it, honey,” I suggested.

His cock twitched hard before he realized I meant his drink, the bulge jerking up, shaft outlined thick and veiny against the fabric, balls drawn tight underneath.

I peeked down at it while he tried his drink, knowing exactly what filthy thoughts raced through his head—imagining those massive tits smothering his face while he sniffed my panties, inhaling the crotch stain from my pussy juices, jerking his stiff prick until ropes of cum splattered the lace.

“It's good,” he muttered, voice rough and needy, setting his drink down on the nightstand.

His hand rubbed over the tent in his shorts again, not even hiding it now, palm grinding down on that swollen cock like he couldn't help it.

“Can I...”

“Spit it out, honey,” I softly urged, knowing exactly where this was going.

“Can I hug you again? Like on the plane?”

His eyes pleaded, flicking from my tits to my open legs, the cameltoe right there, pussy lips puffy and slick under the sheer white lace, a dark wet patch blooming from my secretions.

I nodded, sipping my drink casual-like, the rum buzzing warm in my veins. “Of course, honey. Come here.”

I shifted back against the pillows, legs spreading wide on instinct, thighs parting to make space for him in that warm, smooth saddle of maternal flesh.

The skirt bunched up completely now, panties fully exposed, the fabric stretched tight over my mound, the hood of my clit bulging visibly through it.

Jordon didn't hesitate—he crawled forward on the bed, knees sinking into the mattress between my thighs, his body slotting right up against mine like he belonged there.

His hands braced on either side of my hips, face hovering inches from my cleavage, breath hot and ragged. He dove in then, face nuzzling deep into the canyon of my tits, nose pressing into the soft, sweaty valley, inhaling my scent like a drug—perfume mixed with the faint salt of my skin, humongous tits heaving with each breath I took.

“Mmm, Mom,” he whimpered, voice muffled against my flesh, lips brushing the inner curves as he rubbed his cheek side to side, stubble-free skin sliding over my cleavage.

His bulge met the warmth of my panty-clad pubis right away, that hot teenage rod grinding down firm against my pussy mound, the heat of it searing through the thin layers.

Fuck, he was huge for eighteen—shaft thick and rigid, fat cockhead nudging my clit through the lace, sending a jolt straight to my core.

I wrapped my legs around him tight, thighs clamping his waist in a fleshy harness, calves hooking as I crossed my ankles behind his ass, pulling him closer without meaning to—or maybe I did, just a little, to feel that urgent teenage erection throb against my slit.

He whimpered again, louder, like a wounded animal in heat, hips bucking instinctively as he settled deeper between my thighs. His cock slotted right along my pussy lips, the bulge dragging over the damp cleft, friction hot and insistent as he rutted shallow, pre-cum smearing wet across my panties, mixing with my own juices to soak us both.

“Is this what you wanted, honey?” I murmured, combing my nails through the back of his hair, scratching light at his scalp while I watched his face disappear into my tits, mouth opening to suckle the edge of one massive globe, tongue lapping at the sweat-damp skin.

“Uh-huh,” he answered, voice muffled by the squishy meat wedged around his face.

His hips kept moving, grinding harder now, cock sliding up and down my panty-covered pussy, the pressure building on my clit until it ached, lips parting slick around the fabric.

I could feel every inch of him—veins pulsing, balls slapping light against my ass with each thrust, that young dick desperate to fuck, to plunge into mommy's hole and flood it with cum.

But I held control, legs squeezing just enough to guide him, not letting him yank the lace aside or shove inside—no, this was just friction, a tease to drain those heavy balls later when he bolted to the bathroom, fist pumping furiously while he sniffed my used panties.

I glanced at the door, heart skipping—shit, I should've latched it. Gerald could barge in any second, see his wife scissored around their son, his erection humping my crotch like a dog in rut, tits smothering the kid's face.

It'd look bad, real bad, but I wasn't cheating, not really. No cock in my pussy, no betrayal—just offering this horny boy a warm grind to ease the ache, let him fantasize about breeding his bombshell mom while he jerked off alone.

Jordon groaned into my cleavage, hips snapping faster, cockhead catching my clit on every upstroke, my pussy clenching empty under the panties, juices leaking out to drench his shorts.

His hands gripped my thighs, fingers digging into the coppertone flesh, pulling me tighter as he dry-fucked me, breath panting hot against my tits.

I stroked his hair firmer, nails raking down to his neck, feeling the tension coil in him—that teenage cock swelling thicker, ready to burst.

“Easy, Jordon,” I whispered, voice husky from the rum and the illicit heat, legs flexing to slow his rhythm without stopping it entirely.

The wet sounds filled the room now—fabric sliding slick, his pre-cum and my pussy slickness squelching with each grind.

He nuzzled deeper, lips sucking harder on my tit flesh, leaving red marks that'd show under my bikini later. Fuck, he was close, I could feel it— balls churning,

but I kept the reins, letting him hump just enough to edge that eruption, knowing he'd explode soon. I wouldn't let it happen here in his shorts, but in the privacy of the bathroom with my scent on his skin, cock spurting endless ropes while picturing my tits bouncing as he fucked me raw.

A faint creak echoed in the hallway outside our door—footsteps, maybe Gerald or one of the kids wandering back early. My heart slammed hard, pussy clenching around nothing as reality crashed in. No way was I risking that.

“Whoa, easy there, honey,” I said, voice low and firm, unwrapping my legs from his waist with a reluctant squeeze of my thighs against his grinding hips.

I rolled off him quick, laughing soft to break the spell, my tits heaving as I sat up, skirt twisted high around my waist, panties plastered wet to my swollen pussy lips.

His cock bobbed stiff in his shorts, the wet patch huge now, pre-cum drooling through like he'd already half-cum from humping mommy's crotch.

“We should join your dad and them on the beach, honey. Don't want them wondering where we are.”

I smoothed my skirt down casual, but my fingers lingered on the damp lace, feeling the slick heat from our grind.

“Oh alright,” Jordon groaned, collapsing back on the bed, hand palming his bulge desperate, eyes wild and pleading.

I snatched my bikini from the bag on the chair—tiny triangles of fabric that'd barely contain my double-H tits, the bottoms a thong to ride up my ass crack. I

headed to the bathroom, ass cheeks flexing with each step, knowing his stare burned into the jiggle.

I shut the door soft, not locking it—teasing him with the possibility of peeking, maybe catching a glimpse of mommy stripping. Leaning against the sink, I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my thong panties, peeling them slow down my thighs.

The lace clung sticky to my pussy, strings of my arousal stretching as I tugged, the gusset soaked dark with my juices and his pre-cum smear.

I laughed to myself, low and throaty, picturing Jordon snatching them up the second I was gone, wrapping that hot teenage erection in the damp crotch, inhaling deep while he stroked his thick cock frantic. My natural pussy secretions flowing through his lungs, mixing with his spit and pre-cum as he pumped, balls tightening until ropes of sticky seed spurted hot into the fabric, soaking the gusset even deeper.

Getting those cum-filled panties into the wash without my husband Gerald knowing was easy back home—he was always at work when I collected them from Jordon's room, the crusty stains flaking off as I rinsed in secret. But on vacation? Trickier. I'd have to stash them in my bag, wash them quick in the sink when no one was looking, or play dumb if Gerald ever found out.

“Oh, honey, must be sweat from the flight,” I'd say, batting my lashes while inside I knew the truth: my boy's obsession with sniffing and jerking into mommy's used undies.

Fathers just didn't get it like mothers did—the way a horny teen needed that outlet, that forbidden whiff of pussy to fuel his fantasies. I wasn't cheating, not

with a dick in me or anything; I was just accommodating his fascination, keeping it controlled, boundaries firm.

I unclasped my bra next, letting the sundress straps fall as the hooks gave way. My tits tumbled free, heavy and pendulous, slapping soft against my ribcage before settling with a jiggle.

I smiled proud in the mirror, cupping them from underneath, feeling the weight—gigantic double-H globes, veined blue under the pale skin, caps wide as Jordon's palms, pebbled thick with Montgomery tubercles that bumped under my thumbs.

The teats stood plump and rubbery, nipples hardening to stiff peaks in the cool bathroom air, perfect for suckling.

I'd breastfed all my kids with these monsters, milk leaking endless while they latched on hungry, but now? Now they were for teasing, for smothering my son's face innocently while his cock throbbed.

My gaze dropped lower in the mirror, tracing the plump, fleshy waxed cleft of my pussy—smooth lips pouting slightly, still slick from the grind against Jordon's bulge, inner folds glistening with my arousal.

The scent of my wet cunt hung heavy in the air, musky and sweet, making my clit throb faint as I remembered his teenage cock leaking pre-cum right through his shorts onto my panties.

I glanced at the door, wondering if he was peeking through the crack like I often suspected he did back home—ear pressed to the wood, stroking his stiff dick while imagining mommy's naked body.

Of course, I'd never display myself for him outright; that'd cross the line. But sneaky peeks? Horny boys with bombshell moms couldn't help it. It was natural, his obsession bubbling under the surface, fueling those sticky loads in my thongs.

I shook off the thought, grabbing the skimpy bikini from the counter. The tiny top triangles stretched taut as I tied them behind my neck and back, barely covering my areolas, my hard nipples poking through the thin fabric like bullets.

The bottoms were worse—a skimpy thong that rode up my ass crack, the front panel a narrow strip hugging my waxed mound, cameltoe already hinting at my swollen pussy lips.

I hoped Gerald wouldn't scold me for dressing like such a slut; he knew my body drew eyes, but on vacation, I dressed freer, letting the sun kiss my skin while Jordon's stares burned hotter.

Stepping out of the bathroom, my bare feet padding soft on the tile, I caught Jordon on the bed's edge, already changed into his swim trunks.

“About ready, honey?” I asked.

His eyes snapped up, devouring my nearly naked tits first—the way they heaved with my breath, nipples straining the bikini top, heavy globes threatening to spill out.

“Mom, you look... hot,' he muttered, voice thick, his gaze dropping to the damp thong panties dangling from my fingers as I tossed them half-hazard into my beach bag. The gusset faced up, dark and soaked, a clear invitation for his nose to bury in later.

I smirked inside, feeling his hunger like heat on my skin. “Thanks, honey. Ready to hit the beach?” I asked, casual, but I knew his answer before it came—his hand twitching toward his crotch, where his trunks tented obvious with that persistent teenage erection.

“Uh, yeah... but I gotta use the bathroom first. Be right out.”

He mumbled it quick, eyes flicking back to the bag, already plotting how he'd snatch those panties the second I turned away.

I nodded, playing dumb, but my pussy clenched knowing exactly what that meant—my boy was about to assault mommy's used undies, inhaling deep while he jerked his thick cock raw.

“We'll see you out there then,” I smiled as I moved to the door, hips swaying, I caught his hungry gaze locked on my thong-clad ass, the fabric disappearing between my firm cheeks, each step making my bubble butt flex and jiggle.

His stare burned into me, cock throbbing visible in his trunks, pre-cum probably beading at the tip already. I didn't look back, just let the door click shut behind me, heart pounding with that forbidden thrill, leaving him to his masturbatory mischief.

On my walk to the beach, I pictured Jordon inside the room— his cock aching, balls heavy and tight from the tease of my body.

He'd lunge for the bag, fingers trembling as he yanked out the damp panties, the crotch warm and sticky against his palm. Bringing them to his nose, he'd inhale deep, mom's pussy scent flooding his lungs—salty, aroused, mixed with his own pre-cum from the grind.

“Fuck, mommy,” he'd groan low, shoving down his trunks, his thick teenage cock springing out, veiny shaft pulsing, head purple and slick with fresh pre-cum drooling down the slit.

I imagined him wrapping the thong around his dick, the wet gusset pressing tight to his skin, my juices lubing him as he stroked hard and fast. Fist pumping urgent, he pictured burying his face in my cleavage again, humping my wet pussy until he exploded inside.

His free hand cupped his balls, squeezing, while he sniffed deeper, tongue darting out to taste the fabric—salty tang of my arousal making his hips buck.

Pre-cum oozed thick, soaking the lace further, his strokes turning sloppy, cockhead swelling as orgasm built fast.

“Gonna cum in your panties, mom... fill 'em with my load,” he'd whisper frantic, ass clenching, ready to spurt ropes of hot seed into the crotch where my pussy had been.

Out on the path to the beach, the sun beat down hot, my bikini top straining as I walked, tits bouncing heavy with each step.

Gerald and the others were already there, waving from under umbrellas, but my mind lingered on Jordon—wondering how long he'd take, if he'd rinse the evidence or just stuff the cum-soaked thong back in the bag for me to find later.

The thought made my pussy lips rub slick against the bikini bottom, clit tingling. I wasn't crossing lines, just letting him worship from afar, his secret desires burning silent while I kept control. I'm his mother after all—I'd never fuck him.

Over the next two days, it was the same filthy rhythm—sightseeing tours where Jordon sidle up behind me at ancient ruins, his stiff dick grinding subtle against my ass through my sundress as we posed for photos.

“Hold still, Mom,” he'd whisper, breath hot on my neck, one hand 'accidentally' brushing the underside of my heavy tits, fingers grazing the swell until my nipples pebbled hard.

I felt his teenage erection throb insistent, pre-cum probably leaking as he humped my bubble butt cheek in that crowded market, tourists milling around us like nothing was wrong.

My pussy clenched wet, lips slick under my thong, but I kept control, smirking over my shoulder at him, letting him know I felt every bold touch without calling him out.

Shopping excursions turned into his personal peep show. In the tiny beachside boutiques, I'd bend to check low shelves, skirt hiking up to flash my ass crack, the thong string vanishing between my firm cheeks.

Jordon hovered, eyes devouring the view, his hand darting out to 'steady' me—palm cupping my tit fully for a split second, thumb flicking my nipple through the thin top before pulling away.

“Careful, honey,” I'd murmur low, glancing in the direction of his oblivious father.

Beach time was pure torture for him, pure tease for me. I'd oil up slow, hands sliding over my tits, squeezing the globes until lotion dripped down my stomach toward my bikini bottom.

Jordon watched from his lounge chair, legs spread wide to hide his raging hard-on, fingers twitching like he wanted to bury them in my cunt.

He'd offer to rub my back, palms roaming bold down to my ass, kneading the flesh while his dick pressed urgent against my thigh.

“Feel good, Mom?” he'd ask, voice thick with need, and I'd hum yes, arching into it, feeling his pre-cum smear warm on my skin through his trunks.

The little ones splashed in the waves with Gerald, leaving us in this incestuous bubble, his eyes stripping me bare everywhere—tits heaving as I walked the shore, ass jiggling in the thong, pussy lips rubbing slick with every step.

I let him get away with it all, those sneaky grazes and brushes, my body responding with fresh wetness, but always pulling back before his hands got too greedy.

On the third morning, as Gerald herded the kids toward the snorkeling boat, Jordon lingered by our resort table, fork pushing eggs around his plate.

His eyes flicked up to my tank top, where my bikini-clad tits strained the fabric, nipples dark shadows begging for his mouth.

“Hey, Mom,” he started, casual but his voice edged with that horny eagerness, “Fred told me about this jungle excursion. Sounds cool—just a guided hike through the trails, spotting birds and stuff. Wanna go? Just us? Dad's taking the younger kids snorkeling anyway.”

I paused, sipping my coffee, feeling the heat of his stare drop to my cleavage. Fred—Kylie Wilson's boy, that little shit. Rumors among the moms back home had Kylie riding her son's cock like a whore after their own Bahamas trip last

year, fucking behind her husband's back in some twisted mirror of what Jordon craved from me.

I suspected my boy's plan instantly—alone in the jungle, away from eyes, his hands bolder on my tits and ass, maybe even shoving that thick teenage dick against my pussy again for a real grind.

My eyes darted sound where his erection was already stirring in his shorts, the outline thickening as he waited for my answer.

“Jungle hike, huh? With your friend Fred's recommendation?” I teased light, arching a brow, knowing damn well he was scheming to be smothered in MILF flesh.

“Alright, honey. Sounds fun. But we stick to the path—no wandering off.”

Jordon's face lit up, cock jumping visible in his lap as he shifted, eyes hungry on my cleavage. “Cool, Mom. It'll be awesome.”

He stood quick, adjusting his bulge discreet, but I caught the twitch, the way his shaft strained eager for whatever mischief he plotted in those thick vines.

The humid air hit me like a wet slap as Jordon and I stepped onto the jungle trail, joining a handful of other couples who looked flushed and eager under the dappled sunlight filtering through the thick canopy.

His hand gripped mine tight, fingers interlacing with that sneaky possessiveness he always had, like he was claiming my skin right there in public.

The jungle exploded around us—vines twisting over massive leaves, birds screeching sharp overhead, the earthy musk of damp soil mixing with the faint rot of fallen fruit. It was wild, sights I'd never dreamed of back home.

Despite the beauty, I found it strange that Jordon's eyes weren't glued to my body like usual. No lingering stares on the way my tits jiggled with the uneven path, or how my skirt clung to my ass cheeks, riding up to flash the curve of my thong.

Instead, he scanned the plants obsessively, head swiveling side to side, breath coming quick like he was hunting something specific.

I glanced down, but there was no tent at his crotch like usual, no outline of his thick shaft twitching as we walked, no pre-cum beading at his slit from the mere press of our hands.

“Everything okay, honey?” I asked low, leaning into him, my tit brushing his arm deliberate, the soft flesh mashing warm against his bicep.

My voice came out husky, laced with that teasing edge, wondering if he'd snap out of it and palm my ass like he did in the market. Not that I was encouraging it—it just seemed odd that he wasn't interested.

He blinked, gaze flicking to me quick before darting back to the foliage.

“Yeah, Mom. Totally fine. Just... checking out the plants.”

Lie. I could smell it on him. His eyes dipped to my cleavage for a split second—devouring the sweat-glistened valley—before pulling away again, scanning the underbrush.

Something was off, alright. Usually, he'd be trying to grind that erection against my thigh by now, breath hot on my neck, but this? This had his cock half-hard and his mind elsewhere, building a suspense.

The guide, a lithe local woman with a knowing smile and hips that swayed like she fucked the jungle itself, led the group deeper. She pointed out orchids blooming fat and pink, ferns unfurling like spread thighs, her voice lilting over the buzz of insects.

I was blown away, tits heaving as I craned my neck to see a waterfall cascading silver through the trees, the mist kissing my skin and making my nipples peak harder.

Jordon's grip tightened, his thumb stroking my knuckles absent, but his stare stayed locked on the shadows, like he was peeking for a voyeur's secret—maybe imagining me bent over a log, ass up, while he sniffed my stolen panties.

Finally, as the group paused at a clearing for water, Jordon let go of my hand and sidled up to the guide, pulling her aside awkward, shoulders hunched like the horny teen he was.

I watched from a few feet away, pretending to fan my flushed face, but my ears strained. His voice dropped low, shy but insistent. “Uh, excuse me? Is there... a tree around here with some fruit on it? Like, rare stuff? Kinda... phallic-shaped?”

The guide's eyes widened, then she giggled, a throaty sound that cut through the humid air, glancing over at me with a wink that hit like a spark to my core.

She knew. Fuck, she saw right through his bullshit excuse, probably clocked the incestuous vibe rolling off us—mother and son hand-in-hand, his bulge straining obvious if you looked close.

“Phallic fruit, eh?” she teased, her gaze flicking to his crotch where his cock jerked visible now, thickening from the embarrassment. “We call it the Devil's Banana. Grows off the main path. Makes the blood run hot, they say.”

She bit her lip, eyes on me again, like she was daring me to join the game.

Jordon mumbled thanks, face burning, and shuffled back to me, his erection full-on tenting his shorts now, the head outlined fat and leaking through the fabric.

I smirked, reaching for his hand again, feeling the tremor in his fingers. “What was that about?” I murmured, pressing close so my tit squished against his side, nipple dragging deliberate.

“Nothing, Mom. Just curious about a plant I heard about.” But his voice cracked, eyes darting away, that distracted hunt still burning.

The excursion wrapped with the group sweaty and buzzing, heading back to the trailhead. But the guide caught my eye, nodding subtle toward a side path.

“Follow me after, if you want to see that fruit up close,” she said low to Jordon, but loud enough for me, her smile promising mischief.

We hung back as the couples dispersed, the jungle swallowing their chatter, leaving us alone with her in the thickening green.

She led us off the path, vines snagging at my skirt, brushing my thighs like teasing fingers. The air grew thicker, scented with something sweet and musky, like cum mixed with earth.

We pushed through ferns until the trees parted, revealing it: a gnarled trunk heavy with fruit dangling like oversized cocks, thick and veined, tips curved bulbous and dripping a milky sap that gleamed in the light.

“Holy shit,” I breathed, stepping closer, curiosity flooding me hot.

“That's...fruit?”

The phallic shapes pulsed almost, skins taut and ridged, the sap trickling slow like fresh jizz.

“Indeed it is, ma'am,” the guide said. “And its juices are as sweet as sin.”

Jordon's eyes lit up like he'd struck gold, his gaze flicking from the dangling fruits to me, that horny teenage gleam breaking through his fake distraction.

“Mom, you should try it,” he urged, voice thick and low, stepping closer so his body heat pressed against my side, his cock already bulging fat in his shorts, the ridge of his shaft outlined clear against the fabric.

I hesitated, staring at the thick, veined thing in my hand—fuck, it looked just like a massive dick, skin ridged and taut, the bulbous tip swollen and leaking that milky sap down the curve.

My pussy clenched involuntary, a fresh gush of wetness soaking my thong as I imagined peeling it like foreskin, but I shook it off, boundaries firm even in this steamy jungle heat.

“I uh...don't think so, honey,” I hesitantly answered.

The guide chuckled, her eyes sparkling with that knowing mischief, watching Jordon's erection twitch obvious now.

“Harmless, ma'am. The tip's the juiciest part—sweetest bite you'll ever taste.”

She nodded encouraging, like she was pushing me toward sin, and I felt my nipples harden sharp against my tank top, tits heaving with the quick breath.

What the hell, I thought, curiosity burning hotter than the humidity. My fingers gripped the base, peeling back the sleeve of leathery leaves slow, exposing the thick, juicy bulbous tip, sap oozing thick and sticky from the slit-like opening at the end.

It pulsed warm in my palm, and I swear my clit throbbed in sync, pussy lips swelling slick under my skirt. I brought it to my lips, tongue darting out to lap the dripping sap—salty-sweet, like pre-cum mixed with honey—and then I bit down hard on the tip.

Juices burst hot and explosive, flooding my mouth like a ripe peach split open, thick nectar spilling over my chin, running sticky trails down my neck straight into my deep cleavage. Fuck, it was delicious, the flavor hitting my tongue raw and urgent, making my throat work to swallow the hot gush.

My huge double-H tits jiggled as I chewed, the sticky juice soaking into my skin, glistening wet between the heavy swells, nipples poking diamond-hard through the damp fabric. I took another bite, finishing off the bulbous tip with a wet crunch, more sap dribbling down, pooling in the valley of my tits, making them shine slick and fuckable.

Jordon watched every second, his cock straining harder in his shorts, the head flaring thick and angry against the zipper, a dark wet spot blooming from his leaking pre-cum.

His eyes locked on my dripping tits, devouring the way the juice trailed over the curves, no doubt imagining his tongue lapping it up, his teenage erection throbbing visible with each pulse.

He shifted, hand brushing his bulge subtle, breath ragged like he was jerking off in his mind to the voyeur show—me, his bombshell mom, sucking down phallic fruit like it was his dick.

“Here, honey, try some,” I offered, holding out the half-eaten fruit, juice still oozing from the exposed shaft, my voice husky from the taste, tits heaving sticky and exposed in the low neckline.

But he shook his head quick, eyes hungry not for the fruit but for me.

“Nah, Mom. I'll take your word it's good.” His voice cracked, gaze dropping to my cleavage again.

“Enjoy the rest of your day,” the guide smirked, giving my son a wink before she slipped away through the vines, leaving us alone in the humid isolation.

We made our way back to the trailhead in silence, my body already buzzing faint from the juice, pussy tingling hot as we flagged a taxi. By the time we slid into the backseat, the effects hit full force—my whole body flushing hot and tingly, skin prickling like I'd been edging for hours, clit pulsing insistent against my soaked thong.

The car lurched forward, jungle blurring outside, but inside? Fuck, I felt loopy, head swimming, inhibitions cracking like the fruit's skin.

Jordon glanced over, concern mixing with that eager gleam. “Mom, you okay?”

I tried to answer, but the words slurred thick on my tongue. “F-fine... just... hot... tingly all over...” My voice came out garbled, needy, and before I could stop, my hand shot out, rubbing on his body urgent, palm pressing flat against his chest, feeling his heart hammer under the shirt.

What the fuck was in that fruit? My control slipped fast, body moving on its own, scooting closer in the backseat until I was squeezing him between my massive tits, crushing his side against the soft, sticky flesh, nipples dragging hard over his arm through the thin top.

He just smiled, that bold, curious grin spreading as I lost it, my arms coiling around his shoulders like vines claiming a tree, legs parting to hook one thigh over his lap, skirt riding up to flash my thong-clad pussy, lips puffy and damp visible.

“Mom...” he breathed, cock surging rock-hard against my inner thigh, the thick length grinding instinctive into my heat, pre-cum smearing wet through his shorts onto my skin.

“Shhh,” I hissed as my hands clawed up under his shirt, nails raking his chest, pinching at his nipples rough, pussy clenching empty and aching as the loopiness made me bolder, rubbing fat my tits harder against him, juice-slick cleavage mashing his face close.

Fuck, what was wrong with me? I was losing control, the incestuous pull yanking hard now, his teenage erection throbbing hot against my core, my body begging for more even as my mind screamed boundaries.

But the tingling spread deeper, making my hips rock subtle, grinding my soaked pussy lips over his bulge, the taxi driver's eyes flicking to the rearview with a knowing smirk.

Jordon's hands gripped my ass cheeks, squeezing the bubble flesh, pulling me tighter, his breath hot on my neck as he nuzzled into my cleavage, tongue darting out to taste the sticky fruit juice mixed with my sweat.

My fat clit throbbed urgent, juices leaking fresh, and I moaned low, fingers tangling in his hair, wondering how far this loopy haze would drag us before we hit the resort.

The taxi screeched to a halt, the humid air slamming into us like a wet slap as I fumbled for cash, shoving bills at the driver with a hasty “keep the change” before yanking the door open.

My body was on fire, pussy lips swollen and slick, grinding against the soaked fabric of my thong with every step.

Jordon stumbled out after me, his thick teenage cock still tenting his shorts obscenely, pre-cum staining the front dark and sticky. I grabbed his hand tight, fingers interlacing with his, and bolted toward the lobby, my massive tits bouncing wildly under the thin tank top, drawing stares from every lounging guest.

Fuck, I didn't care—my clit throbbed insistent, demanding friction, the fruit's haze turning my brain to mush, boundaries dissolving like the sap on my skin.

We hit the elevator, and I punched the button hard, my free hand already dialing Gerald's number on my cellphone, heart pounding as Jordon pressed close behind me, his erection nudging my bubble ass through our clothes.

The doors slid shut, trapping us in that mirrored box, his eyes devouring my reflection—tits heaving, cleavage glistening sticky, skirt hiked high enough to flash the curve of my ass cheeks.

Gerald picked up on the second ring, his voice casual through the speaker. “Hey, babe, how's the jungle hike?”

I swallowed thick, forcing my voice steady even as my pussy clenched empty, juices trickling down my inner thighs. “Just... getting back. You guys still snorkeling? Tell me you're not on your way yet.”

My words came out breathy, clit pulsing hot as Jordon's hand squeezed mine, his thumb stroking my palm like he was fingering me already.

Gerald chuckled. “Nah, we're out here for hours still—water's amazing. Everything okay?”

“Fine,” I lied quick, shame flickering brief in my gut, but drowned out by the surge of relief—and raw need. “Just wiped from the heat. Gonna lie down.”

Lie down? Bullshit. I wanted to pin my son down, grind my dripping cunt on his face until I came screaming.

Gerald rambled on about fish or some shit, but his voice blurred as a sudden shudder ripped through me, almost orgasmic, desire exploding like a gut punch.

My knees buckled, phone nearly slipping, and I slammed to a stop in the empty hallway outside our suite, spinning to shove Jordon against the wall hard, his back thudding into the plaster.

My lips crashed onto his ravenously, plastering wet and urgent, tongue thrusting deep into his mouth like I was fucking his throat. He whimpered into the kiss,

the sound vibrating straight to my core, and I swallowed it greedily, sucking his tongue hard, tasting the faint salt of his spit mixed with the fruit's echo on mine.

“Mom—” he gasped when I pulled back a fraction, but I dove in again, devouring him, my leg hooking tight around his hip, yanking his skinny body flush against mine.

His rock-hard cock slotted perfect between my thighs, the thick shaft grinding up against my soaked pussy through our clothes, head nudging my clit with brutal pressure.

Gerald's voice droned faint from the phone pressed to my ear—“Kendall? You there?”—but I ignored it, hips rocking instinctive, dry-fucking my son right there in the open hallway, the taboo blaze scorching hotter than the jungle sun.

Jordon's hands gripped my ass cheeks desperate, fingers digging into the soft flesh, pulling me tighter as he bucked up, his teenage erection throbbing urgent against my cunt lips, pre-cum soaking through to smear my thong even wetter.

“Fuck, Mom,” he groaned into my mouth, voice cracking horny, his breath hot and ragged as I swallowed another whimper, tongue-fucking him deeper with my long licker, teeth nipping his lower lip.

My free hand clawed up his shirt, nails raking his chest, pinching his flat nipples rough until he arched, cock jerking hard as concrete against me.

Pussy aching empty, I ground down harder, the friction on my clit sending sparks exploding behind my eyes, juices flooding fresh, dripping down to coat his shorts.

The phone slipped from my shoulder, clattering to the carpet, Gerald's confused “Hello?” echoing ignored as I lost it completely, the incestuous pull yanking me under—his scent filling my nose, musky teen sweat mixed with arousal, making me want to drop to my knees and suck his dick dry right here.

Jordon's fingers twitched toward my tits, brushing the undersides, and I moaned loud, shoving them up into his palms, letting him squeeze the heavy swells, thumbs flicking my diamond-hard nipples through the fabric.

“God, your cock feels so fucking good,” I whispered raw against his lips, the words spilling unfiltered, haze stripping every filter.

He groaned, hips snapping up frantic, dry-humping my pussy like he was balls-deep inside me, the ridge of his shaft dragging over my slit, teasing the entrance through the thin barriers.

My leg tightened around him, heel digging into his ass, pulling him impossibly closer, tits mashing flat against his chest, sticky cleavage smearing juice on his shirt.

Voyeuristic thrill hit me hard—imagining someone rounding the corner, catching the bombshell mom railing her son's bulge in the hall—but it only made my cunt clench tighter, craving more.

Jordon's breath hitched, one hand sliding down to cup my ass harder, fingers brushing the edge of my thong, dipping into the wet crease where my cheeks met.

“Mom, please... I need...” He trailed off, eyes wild, cock pulsing hot.

I kissed him again, silencing the plea, but my body screamed yes, the fruit's loopiness dragging us deeper into this forbidden grind, hallway echoing with our wet smacks and gasps.

The door to our suite was just feet away, but fuck, I wasn't sure I could make it—pussy throbbing, ready to explode from the dry fuck alone, wondering if I'd rip his shorts down and impale myself on that teenage dick before sanity clawed back.

The elevator dinged sharp down the hall, jolting me like a slap, voices spilling out—another family, laughing and chatting, footsteps thudding closer.

Panic sliced through the haze for a split second, my pussy still grinding desperate on Jordon's bulging cock through our clothes, his hands kneading my ass cheeks like he owned them.

“Fuck,” I hissed, breaking the kiss with a wet pop, saliva stringing between our lips.

After snatching up my phone, I yanked him hard by the shirt, spinning us toward the suite door, fumbling the keycard with slick fingers. The lock clicked open just as those footsteps rounded the corner, and I shoved Jordon inside first, slamming the door shut behind us with a bang that echoed in my throbbing clit.

Jordon spun to face me, eyes wild and hungry, his teenage dick tenting those shorts like a steel rod. I mustered up what little restraint I had left.

“Bathroom. Now,” I ordered, voice rough and commanding, even as my body screamed to drop to my knees and suck that thick shaft down my throat. “Lock the door. Don't come out until this shit wears off. Go!”

He froze, bulge twitching visible, his face flushing red with frustration and need. “Mom, please—” he started, stepping closer, fingers twitching like he wanted to grab my tits and yank me down onto that erection.

But another surge hit me, clit pulsing so hard I nearly moaned, vision blurring with the urge to rip his shorts off and impale my soaked pussy on him right there.

“I said go!” I shouted, shoving his chest hard enough to make him stumble back.

Jordon's eyes dropped to my heaving cleavage, lingering on the sticky juice trails running between my massive tits, then flicked to my skirt, hiked up to flash the wet thong clinging to my cameltoe.

He swallowed thick, cock jerking in his shorts, but he turned, disappearing into the bathroom with a defeated groan, the lock clicking shut behind him.

“Fuck,” I sighed as I collapsed onto the bed, the mattress dipping under my weight, skin prickling hot and slick with sweat and fruit sap.

My hands moved on their own, clawing at the tank top, yanking it over my head in one rough pull. Next came my bra and my huge tits spilled free, bouncing heavy and full, nipples diamond-hard and aching, begging to be pinched and sucked.

Fuck, they felt so sensitive, every brush of air sending jolts straight to my core. I kicked off my sandals next, toes curling into the sheets, then hooked my thumbs into the skirt waistband, shimmying it down my hips along with the drenched thong.

The fabric peeled away from my pussy with a wet smack, strings of arousal stretching and snapping, leaving my bare cunt exposed—lips puffy and glistening, clit swollen red and throbbing insistent, hole clenching empty and desperate for something thick to fill it.

Naked now, skin flushed and tingling all over, I spread my legs wide on the bed, heels digging into the mattress, pussy on full display to the empty room. My fingers itched to dive in, to rub that clit until I squirted, but I held back, breath coming in ragged pants.

Jordon was just feet away, locked in that bathroom, probably stroking his fat teenage cock right now, fist pumping urgent while he sniffed my stolen panties from his bag. The thought made my hole twitch, fresh cream leaking out to soak the sheets.

God, I could picture it—him hunched over the sink, shorts around his ankles, that veiny shaft slick with pre-cum, grunting low as he jerked off to memories of grinding against my ass, my tits in his face. But it wasn't enough. My mind flooded with filthier images, the fruit's haze dragging me under deeper.

I saw Jordon bursting out, eyes locked on my spread thighs, cock bobbing hard and leaking as he crawled between my legs. His young body pinning me down, that tight ass flexing as he slammed his dick balls-deep into my dripping cunt, flesh slapping wet and loud against my thighs.

Fuck, yes—me snarling and clawing his back, tits jiggling with every brutal thrust, nipples scraping his chest hair as he pounded me stupid on this very bed, the one I'd share his dad in later tonight. We'd rut like animals, a sweaty knot of

mother-son flesh bucking wild, his balls smacking my ass, cock stretching my walls until I screamed, milking every drop of his hot cum deep inside me.

Incestuous seed flooding my womb, taboo and wrong, but so fucking needed. My clit throbbed harder, a fresh gush of pussy juice spilling out, the scent of my arousal thick in the air—musky and sweet, mixing with the faint fruit tang on my skin.

I gripped the sheets, knuckles white, hips rocking up instinctive, chasing friction that wasn't there. “Jordon,” I whispered hoarse, knowing he couldn't hear, but imagining him pounding the door, begging to fuck me.

His teenage erection— so stiff, so eager—rubbing raw against my thigh right now if he were here, pre-cum smearing my skin as I guided that thick head to my entrance.

I wanted to voyeur him through the keyhole, watch his fist fly on that cock, see the veins bulge as he edged himself sniffing my dirty thong.

The ache built unbearable, pussy clenching rhythmic, demanding to be stuffed full. I rolled onto my stomach, ass up high, imagining him mounting me from behind, hands gripping my bubble butt cheeks, spreading them wide to spit on my asshole before shoving his dick into my cunt.

Sloppy, urgent thrusts, his groans mixing with my moans, the bed creaking under our filthy fuck. Sweat dripping, bodies slapping, his balls tightening as he neared cumming inside his own mom.

Fuck, I needed it—his young cock splitting me open, teenage cum blasting hot and thick, marking me as his secret slut.

I couldn't take it anymore—the fruit's fire scorched through my veins, turning every nerve into a live wire screaming for release. My pussy clenched empty, juices trickling down my inner thighs, mixing with the sweat beading on my flushed skin.

With a growl low in my throat, I sprang from the bed, my massive double-H tits bouncing heavy and wild, nipples stabbing the air like they owned it. My ass cheeks jiggled with each determined step as I strode to the bathroom door, the cool tile under my bare feet doing nothing to douse the heat pooling in my core.

I raised my fist and knocked hard, the sound sharp and demanding. “Jordon, open this door right now,” I called out, my voice husky, laced with the raw need clawing at me.

“But you said—”

“Come on, baby, let Mommy in,” I insisted, cutting him off.

From the other side, I heard his breath hitch, a ragged shuffle like he was scrambling to hide something—probably his fist still wrapped around that throbbing teenage cock, slick with pre-cum from jerking to my scent.

“You sure?” he stammered, his voice thick and uncertain, but undercut with that eager whine that made my clit twitch. “I won't get in trouble if I open it?”

I pressed my naked body against the door, tits squishing flat against the wood, the pressure sending sparks straight to my dripping cunt. A giggle bubbled up from my chest, dirty and teasing, as I traced a finger down the panel.

“Oh, you'll be in trouble, alright,” I purred, my tone dripping with promise. “Big trouble... the good kind. The kind where Mommy shows you exactly what you've been fantasizing about with those stolen panties of mine.”

The lock clicked, and I swung the door open fast. Jordon stood there, eyes bulging wide at the sight of my bare, bombshell body—tits heaving from my excited breath, pussy lips swollen and glistening just inches from him.

Before he could blink, I slammed into him like a tidal wave of MILF flesh, my lips crashing onto his in a brutal crush. My tongue shot out, flailing wild and invasive, shoving deep into his mouth to choke him with wet, sloppy thrusts.

He tasted like salt and desperation, his whimpers vibrating against my invading muscle as I sucked on his lower lip, biting just hard enough to make him gasp.

We stumbled back together, a tangle of limbs and heat, my hands clawing at his shirt to yank it up and over his head. His body was lean and tense under me, that sneaky teenage frame he'd used to grind against my ass so many times.

But then his foot caught on the tub edge, and we tumbled in with a crash, porcelain rattling under us. Jordon landed atop me, his weight pinning my naked curves to the cool surface, our mouths still locked in that filthy tongue-fuck.

His shorts-clad bulge plowed right against my soaked folds, the fabric barrier doing nothing to hide how rock-hard his cock was—thick, veiny, and straining like it wanted to rip through and bury itself in my cunt.

“Fuck, Mom,” he groaned into my mouth, hips bucking instinctive, grinding that erection along my slick slit. The friction made my pussy lips part around the ridge of his cockhead through the cloth, juices soaking into his shorts as I wrapped my legs around his waist, heels digging into his ass to pull him closer.

My foot flailed in the chaos, heel slamming the faucet knob. Hot water burst from the showerhead in a scalding spray, drenching us both in an instant—steam rising as it cascaded over my jiggling tits, rivulets tracing down my cleavage to pool in my navel before trickling toward my throbbing clit.

The heat amplified everything, making my skin slick and sensitive, nipples peaking even harder under the pounding stream.

“Yes, like that,” I snarled, breaking the kiss to gasp, my hands diving for his waistband. I tore at his shorts with desperate fingers, nails scraping his hips as I yanked them down rough, freeing that fat teenage dick.

It sprang out, slapping wet against my belly—hot, pulsing, the tip already oozing pre-cum that smeared across my skin like a filthy brand.

Jordon squirmed above me, his body writhing in pure arousal, cock sliding urgent between my thighs now, nudging my pussy entrance with every desperate thrust.

Water pounded our joined forms, soaking his hair flat against his forehead, dripping from his lashes as he stared down at my bouncing tits, eyes locked on the way they sloshed and slapped together with our movements.

My hands clutched him tight—one gripping his ass cheek to grind him harder against my folds, the other fisting the base of his shaft, squeezing that veiny length until he bucked wild.

“Mom, oh God, your pussy's so wet,” he panted, voice breaking, his hips pumped faster, cockhead catching on my clit with each slide, sending jolts that made my walls flutter empty.

I arched up, tits mashing around his skinny chest, nipples dragging raw against his skin as the hot spray beat down relentlessly. The voyeur in him must have been dying—after all those sneaky peeks at my body, sniffing my cum-cruste d panties in secret, now he had the real thing writhing under him, begging without words.

My free hand snaked up to tangle in his wet hair, yanking his face back to mine for another crushing kiss, tongues battling sloppy while his erection prodded insistent at my hole.

Jordon bucked between my thighs, his hips jerking frantic like a dog in heat, that thick teenage cock sliding slick along my soaked slit. I swallowed his whimpers whole, our tongues dancing sloppy and wet, mine shoving deep to lead the filthy rhythm, tasting every desperate moan he fed me.

The hot water hammered down on us, turning our skin into a steaming, slippery mess, my huge tits sliding up and down his chest with each grind, nipples scraping raw against his pounding heartbeat.

My feet hooked into the waistband of his soaked briefs, toes curling tight as I peeled them off all the way, kicking the wet fabric aside with a splash. His cock sprang free completely now, bobbing heavy and veiny in the spray, the fat head smearing pre-cum across my inner thigh like it owned me.

I splayed my thighs open wide, knees bending in the tub to give him all the room he needed, my dripping cunt lips parting eager, clit throbbing insistent under the rush of water.

“That's it, baby,” I growled against his mouth, breaking the kiss just enough to pant hot breaths on his lips. “Find Mommy's hole. Fuck it like you've dreamed.”

He prodded wild, groaning low and animal as his cockhead nudged my entrance, the blunt tip catching on my swollen folds before pushing in. It split my twat open with a wet squelch, stretching my walls tight around his girth, sinking all the way to his nut-sack in one urgent thrust.

“FUUUCK!” I screamed out. The burn was electric, my pussy clenching greedy around that invading teenage meat, juices gushing out to mix with the shower spray.

“Oh-h-h mom,” his voice whimpered, his young cock flexing iron-hard inside me.

“Fuck, yes!” I cried, my body responding with a primal buck, hips slamming up to meet him deep. My legs locked like a flesh harness around his waist, heels digging into his ass cheeks to yank him closer, forcing that cock to plow even harder.

We thrashed together wetly in the tub, water sloshing over the edges as our bodies sought a brutal rhythm—his hips snapping forward, mine grinding back, tits bouncing wild and heavy against his chest.

The voyeur in him had to be exploding; after all those stolen glances at my body, sniffing my cum-soaked panties in secret, jerking his erection to the thought of this exact moment, now he was balls-deep in his own mom's cunt, feeling every pulse and squeeze.

“Jordon,” I cried out, the name ripping from my throat in a raw moan, feeling that long slab of teenage meat plow me deeper than I'd been fucked in ages.

My cervix pulsed hard against the fat crown of his cockhead, the pressure sending shockwaves through my core, making my clit throb like a second

heartbeat. He was so thick, filling me to the brim, stretching my pussy walls until they fluttered desperate around him.

“Oh God, your cock's so fucking big, baby. Pound Mommy's cunt harder.”

Jordon's hands gripped my ass cheeks tight, fingers digging into the soft flesh as he lifted me slightly, angling deeper with each savage thrust. Water cascaded over his back, dripping from his hair onto my face as he stared down, eyes wild and locked on where our bodies joined—his shaft disappearing into my shaved pussy, lips gripping him.

“Mom... fuck, your pussy's sucking me in,” he groaned, voice cracking with need, hips working faster, balls slapping wet against my ass. The sound was obscene, echoing off the tiles—slap, squelch, slap—mixing with our heavy breaths and the relentless shower roar.

I arched my back in the tub, tits thrusting up to slap against his chin, nipples begging for attention. One hand clawed down his spine, nails raking red lines, while the other fisted his wet hair, yanking his head to my chest.

“Suck them, baby. Suck Mommy's fat tits while you fuck me stupid.”

He latched on immediate, mouth engulfing one nipple in a hot, sloppy vacuum, teeth grazing the peak as his tongue lashed wild. The dual assault—cock hammering my depths, mouth devouring my breast—pushed me closer to the edge, my walls rippling around him, milking that throbbing erection like I never wanted to let go.

His pace turned frantic, grunts muffled against my skin as his face sunk deeper into the meat of my tit. I could feel his balls tightening against me, that teenage

stamina hitting its limit already, pre-cum flooding my pussy to mix with my secretions and make every slide smoother, wetter.

The incest burned hot between us, taboo fuel to the fire—the way he'd ground his boners against my bubble butt in hugs, the sticky loads he'd left in my panties, all leading to this raw, urgent fucking in a resort bathroom while the family was out snorkeling.

“Don't stop, baby,” I panted, legs squeezing tighter, pulling him impossibly deeper as my clit ground against his pubic bone with each thrust.

Sparks built in my core, coiling tight, ready to shatter. But I held back just enough, savoring the stretch, the slap of his cum-bloated nuts on my ass, his desperate moans vibrating through my breast.

Jordon's fingers twitched on my hips, gripping like he was afraid I'd vanish, his cock swelling thicker inside me, promising the load he'd been saving for this forbidden dream.

Our wet bodies bucked and writhed wildly in the tub, the hot water spraying down like a relentless storm as Jordon's big sinewy cock pounded frantically through the tube of my vagina.

I could feel every ridge and vein scraping along my fleshy corrugations, lighting up my sexual nerve-endings with raw fire, that wide flare of his coronal ridge plowing deep and making my walls quiver.

His teenage erection throbbed like a steel rod inside me, stretching my cunt to its limits, the incestuous heat of it all fueling the urgent slams—my own son's dick buried in his mom's dripping hole, after years of him sneaking my panties to sniff and jerk into, staring at my tits and ass like they were his personal porn.

I tightened my pelvic floor muscles hard, strangling his meat with a fierce grip, my pussy clamping down like a vice around that throbbing shaft. The friction burned intense, making every thrust drag slower but deeper, his cock flexing with teenage power as it fought through the squeeze.

Jordon let out a snarl right in the crook of my neck, his hips snapping harder despite the resistance, balls slapping wet against my ass with obscene smacks.

“Mom... fuck... tight,” he growled, voice rough and broken, teeth grazing my shoulder as he rutted like an animal, that voyeuristic hunger in his eyes now turned to pure possession, finally getting to fuck the body he'd ogled for so long.

My nails clawed into his ass cheeks, digging deep like a cougar in heat, urging him on as the coil inside me snapped tight. Legs locked vise-like around his waist, heels grinding into his back, I rode the waves of my fierce orgasm crashing over me. “FUCK, I'M C-CUMMING!!”

My body convulsed hard, pussy pulsing hot and wild around his cock, flooding him with my fem-cum in thick, gushing spurts that soaked his root and mixed with the shower spray.

I screamed out loud, the raw sound echoing off the tiles—“Jordon! Oh fuck, yes, cum in Mommy's cunt!”—probably heard through the entire floor of the hotel, but I didn't care, the taboo rush making it all the sweeter.

He snarled louder, hips jerking erratic as my climax milked him merciless, his cock swelling fatter inside my strangling walls.

“Mom, I'm g-gonna nut,” he groaned as his balls drew up tight against me, and then he exploded, thick ropes of teenage cum blasting deep into my pussy,

coating my cervix with hot, sticky loads he'd been building for this forbidden fuck.

Our bodies bucked and slapped frantically together, water sloshing everywhere, his grunts mixing with my moans as we convulsed in shared climax, my cunt squeezing every drop from his pulsing dick, juices and semen leaking out around his base to drip down my ass crack.

Finally, after two full minutes of orgasmic heaven, we collapsed drenched in the tub, panting heavy and ragged, sweat and water mixing on our slick skin as the shower kept pounding down.

Jordon slumped against me, his softening cock still twitching inside my flooded pussy, our breaths syncing in the steamy haze. I stroked his wet hair lazily, feeling the aftershocks ripple through my core, clit still throbbing faintly against his pubic bone.

But even spent, the craving burned low—more filthy fucking, more of that teenage erection hardening up to plow me again, the incestuous pull too strong to ignore now that we'd crossed the line.

His hands roamed my hips possessively, fingers tracing the curves he'd fantasized about while sniffing my cum-drenched panties back home, and I knew he was already stirring, eyes flicking down to watch his seed leak from my stretched hole.

“Mom... that was... wow,” he muttered against my neck, voice hoarse, his cock giving a lazy twitch inside me like it wasn't done yet.

I chuckled low, shifting under him to feel the slick mess between us, my legs loosening just enough to tease him with a subtle grind. My husband was still out

there, oblivious to his bombshell wife getting railed by her horny son in the bathroom, but the thought only made my pussy clench again, eager for round two.

I pushed him back slightly, tits bouncing free as I sat up, water cascading off my curves, nipples hard and begging. “Not done with you yet, baby,” I whispered, hand sliding down to grip his semi-hard shaft, stroking it slow to coax it back to life. “Mommy's cunt needs more of that big dick.”

I pulled Jordon by his dick into the bedroom, my gigantic tits and his balls bobbing to the same hurried rhythm. The air was thick with the scent of our sex, steam from the bathroom trailing us like a filthy fog.

I think I startled him by just how strong mommy was, yanking him onto the bed. “Get on your back,” I ordered, and he was quick to comply.

No sooner was he settled than I was crawling onto him like a hungry lioness, and if I wasn't so horny for more of that cock I would have giggled at the way his eyes widened at the sight of me mounting him.

My tits dangling above him like big udders, softly brushing against his cheeks as I fisted his prick at its root, making his knob lick between my labial flanges and across the engorged nub of my clit.

He whimpered low, hips arching up desperate as I teased his swollen glans with my slick pussy lips, soaking that fat purple bulb with my slippery fuck-oil.

“Mom... oh shit, your pussy's so wet,” Jordon groaned, his voice cracking with that teenage need, hands gripping my thighs hard, fingers digging into the soft flesh like he was afraid I'd vanish.

“I'm wet for you, baby,” I cooed, his cock throbbing in my fist, veins pulsing hot against my palm, already hardening back to full steel from the voyeuristic thrill of watching his own mom's cunt drip his cum down her thighs.

I squealed sharp as I felt his powerful rod flex in my grip, so rigid and ready even after such a hard nut in the bathroom.

“Fuck, baby, you're getting so hard again... that teenage dick of yours just won't quit, will it? Mommy's gonna ride it till you squirt up into my womb again.”

We both moaned in unison as I split my twat with his crown, his boner sinking back through the snug grip of my birthing tunnel. I could consciously tell when his knob reached his father's deepest point and my eyes rolled back as it just kept plunging deeper, so deep until I was completely seated, the ring of my cervix greeting his knob once again with a big sloppy kiss.

My hips moved on pure instinct and my huge tits bounced heavy with the motion, slapping against his chest as I ground down, feeling every inch of that incestuous cock stretch my tight cunt wide.

The burn was exquisite, my walls clenching around him like they owned him, milking that shaft with greedy squeezes.

Jordon's hands shot up to grab my ass, squeezing the bubble cheeks hard, pulling me down harder onto his dick as he bucked up, balls slapping my skin with wet smacks.

“God, Mom, you're strangling me... so tight and hot inside,” he panted, eyes locked on where we joined, watching his thick meat disappear into my shaved pussy, the lips gripping him like a vice.

“You've reshaped mommy's pussy with your big cock, baby,” I purred as I rode him deep and slow at first, rolling my hips to feel his knob kiss my cervix over and over, that deep pressure making my clit throb insistent against his pubic bone.

Juices leaked out around his base, mixing with his earlier load, dripping down his balls and soaking the sheets. The room filled with the obscene squelch of my cunt fucking his cock, my moans turning raw and urgent as the taboo heat built again.

My own son was under me, his erection pounding where no one else had reached, years of his panty-sniffing perversion finally exploding into this filthy reality.

“Harder, Jordon... fuck Mommy's pussy like you've always wanted,” I demanded, increasing my cock-fucking tempo.

I leaned forward so my tits smothered his face, nipples dragging across his lips. He latched on immediately, sucking one fat nipple deep into his mouth, teeth grazing the hard peak as he thrust up wild, hips snapping to meet my downward slams.

His hands roamed everywhere—clutching my tits, pinching the undersides, then sliding back to spread my ass cheeks, a finger teasing my puckered hole like he'd dreamed while jerking to my lingerie.

I took the pace up another notch, bouncing faster, my ass cheeks clapping against his thighs with each drop, cunt walls fluttering around his pile-driving shaft. The stretch burned so good, his girth splitting me open, ridges scraping my g-spot till stars burst behind my eyes.

Jordon whimpered into my cleavage, tongue lapping sweat from my skin, his cock swelling fatter inside me as another load built in his balls.

'Fuck, Mom... feels so g-good,' Jordon groaned, his voice muffled against the meat of my tit, hips jerking up erratic.

I felt another rush of desire shoot through my body, making me shiver, then slap my fat tits down on Jordon's chest, grabbing the back of his hair and yanking his head back to feast on his neck.

He gasped sharp, bucking wild beneath me, his cock twitching deep in my cunt as I attacked every inch of his neck with hungry licks, bites, and kisses. My tongue dragged wet across his salty skin, teeth nipping the tender flesh until red marks bloomed, and I sucked hard on his pulse point, drawing out whimpers that vibrated through his chest into my heavy udders.

“Oh god, Mom... that feels so fucking good,” he panted, hands clawing at my ass cheeks, spreading them wide as my big rounded buttocks bounced hard in constant motion.

I forced him back to the mattress with each slam, my cunt lips beat wetly around his cock root, slurping up and down that veiny shaft with obscene suction.

Juices gushed out with every thrust, soaking his balls and the crack of my ass, the slick sounds filling the room like a filthy symphony. My pussy farted air around his plunging, cunt-smothered dick, his groans mixing with my raw moans.

I almost felt bad for him in that moment, knowing he'd never meet a girl his own age who was such a sexual force like me. One who knew just how to kiss, lick, suck, and fuck his young body like no girl his age could.

My hips ground down ruthless, circling to grind my clit against his pubic bone while his knob battered my cervix, that deep plow sending shocks through my core.

I'd been teasing him for years—letting him steal my panties, huffing my musky scent while he jerked his throbbing teenage erection, fantasizing about burying it in mommy's holes. Now here he was, balls-deep in the real thing, his voyeuristic dreams exploding into this incestuous fuck-fest.

“You're mine now, baby... no little slut's gonna take this cock from Mommy,” I growled into his ear, biting the lobe hard before soothing it with a suck.

Jordon's eyes rolled back, his face flushed red, overwhelmed by the dominant heat of his bombshell mom riding him like a whore in heat. His hands gripped my ass tighter, fingers digging into the soft flesh, pulling me down harder as he thrust up, balls slapping my skin with wet smacks.

I could feel the tingling of another raging climax building, his cock plowing my fornix, stimulating nerve-endings near my cervix that I hadn't had stimulated by a real dick since college.

The pressure was insane—his thick girth stretching me wide, ridges scraping my walls, that fat head kissing spots that made my toes curl and my vision blur. I chased my orgasm shamelessly, knowing his ejaculation in the bathroom would allow him the kind of stamina so that mommy could gush like a whore repeatedly before he succumbed to another release.

My clit throbbed insistent against him, pussy walls fluttering, clenching around his shaft like a fist, milking him for every inch.

“Yes, fuck... right there, Jordon! Pound Mommy's deep spot—make me squirt all over your balls!” I demanded, voice breaking into a husky cry as I bounced faster, tits flopping wild against his chest, nipples dragging hard across his skin.

He bucked up frantic, matching my rhythm, his cock swelling even thicker inside me, veins pulsing hot against my gripping tunnel.

Sweat poured down my back, mixing with the cum leaking from my stuffed cunt, the bed creaking under our frantic fucking.

Jordon's breaths came in ragged gasps, his neck arching into my bites, body trembling as he fought to hold back.

“Mom... your pussy's sucking me so hard... I can feel you getting tighter,” he whimpered, one hand sliding up to pinch my nipple, twisting the hard peak until I yelped in pleasure-pain.

The sting shot straight to my core, making my hips slam down harder, ass cheeks clapping loud against his thighs. I could smell our sex—musky and raw, his pre-cum mixing with my floods, the air thick with taboo lust.

We rode the waves of desire, desperate to cum again, my body coiling tight like a spring, every nerve firing as his cock hit that sweet deep spot over and over.

My overheated brain started spinning wild as I slammed down on Jordon's cock, the friction burning hot inside my pussy. I couldn't help it—flashes of my top five orgasms hit me like dirty snapshots, none of them with my average-dicked husband.

The one building now, with Jordon's thick teenage shaft stretching my cunt wide, his knob kissing my cervix with every brutal thrust... fuck, it was gunning for number one. I needed it to shatter me, to rewrite my whole filthy history.

I fucked him harder, my hips working like a piston, driving that skinny, inexperienced teen body deep into the mattress. My arms coiled around his neck like a vice, squeezing him so tight I felt his breath hitch, his face turning red as I crushed his windpipe.

He gasped wet against my tits, but I didn't let up—mommy was doing what she had to, grinding my clit raw on his bone, forcing his cock to plow my deepest spots.

His hands clawed my ass cheeks, fingers sinking into the fat, pulling me down as I rode him ruthless, my pussy farting sloppy around his veiny girth, juices squirting out with each slam.

“Fuck yes, Jordon! Make Mommy cum harder than ever—destroy this pussy!” I screamed, voice raw and breaking, tits flopping heavy against his chest.

I yanked his hair back, exposing his throat, and bit down hard, teeth marking him as mine while my cunt clenched his dick in rhythmic squeezes, milking him desperate.

He bucked wildly under me, hips snapping up frantic to match my savagely pounding thrusts, his balls slapping my ass wet and loud.

“M-mom,” Jordon groaned, eyes wide and overwhelmed, his teenage erection throbbing thicker inside me, pre-cum leaking hot against my walls.

He was desperate to please, thrusting like a champion, his inexperience no match for my ravenous hunger but god, he tried—grunting with every slam, sweat pouring down his flushed face as he fought to keep up.

The coil snapped then, ripping through me like lightning. I screamed his name, claws raking down his back, drawing red lines as my body trembled violent, pussy convulsing in the most explosive climax of my life.

Waves crashed hard, my cunt flooding his cock with hot squirt, gushing out around his shaft to soak his balls and the sheets below.

My legs locked tight around his waist, heels digging into his ass, forcing him deeper as I shook, vision blurring white, every muscle seizing in raw ecstasy.

“Baby! Fuck, yes—cumming so hard on your dick!” I howled, tits heaving with each shudder, nipples diamond-hard against him.

He whimpered beneath me, his own cock pulsing wild inside my quivering tunnel, but I wasn't done—my clit throbbed insistent, craving more of that deep pounding even as aftershocks ripped through me.

I ground down slow now, savoring the stretch, his teenage erection still rock-hard and ready, balls churning for release. The room reeked of our fuck—sweat, cum, and pussy juice thick in the air—and I knew we weren't stopping, not after whatever that fruit had done to me.

I slid off Jordon's throbbing cock with a wet pop, my pussy lips clinging to his shaft like they didn't want to let go, strings of my squirt and his pre-cum stretching between us.

Fuck, I was a mess—cunt still twitching from that mind-blowing orgasm, juices leaking down my thighs in hot rivulets. But I wasn't satisfied yet; my clit pulsed angry, demanding more attention, more of my son's eager mouth to clean up the filthy evidence of our incestuous fuck.

I shifted up his body, knees straddling his head, and pressed my soaked pussy right against his hungry mouth, grinding down slow so he could taste every drop of mommy's cum-soaked slit.

Jordon's eyes went wide, overwhelmed but starving for it, his breath hot against my swollen folds.

“Oh god, Mom... you taste so good,” he mumbled, voice muffled as his tongue darted out, lapping at my dripping slit like a desperate puppy.

He flicked it over my clit first, jutting out from beneath its hood like a tiny cockhead. Then he plunged deeper, sucking my fat pussy lips into his mouth with sloppy, urgent pulls.

His hands gripped my hips hard, fingers digging into the soft flesh, pulling me down tighter so his nose buried in my fissure, inhaling the musky scent of our mixed fluids.

I bit my lip hard, stifling a moan as his tongue swirled inside me, scooping out the creamy remnants of my gush, his teenage eagerness making my walls flutter all over again.

“That's it, baby boy—eat Mommy's pussy clean. Lick up every bit of that squirt you made me spill,” I growled, rocking my hips to fuck his face, my huge tits wobbling heavy with each grind.

The room echoed with the wet smacks of his mouth devouring me, his saliva mixing with my juices to drip down his chin. I peeked back to see his cock twitching below, that rock-hard teenage erection bobbing desperate against his stomach, pre-cum beading at the slit like he was ready to explode just from tasting me.

God, the voyeur in me loved watching him like this—my own son, face buried in his mother's cunt, sniffing and lapping like he'd been fantasizing about it for years, just like those stolen panties he'd jerked off into back home.

“Mmm, mommy loves your big fucking dick,” I purred as I reached back, fingers wrapping around his twitching cock, teasing the veiny length with slow strokes.

His shaft was slick from my pussy, throbbing hot in my grip as I pumped him lazy, thumb circling the swollen head to smear his pre-cum around.

Jordon moaned deep into my slit, the vibration humming against my clit, making me buck harder.

“Please, Mom... fuck, I need to cum—your hand feels so good on my dick,” he begged, voice breaking, hips thrusting up into my fist like a horny kid who'd never been touched.

His desperation fueled me, that teenage erection pulsing wild, balls tight and full, begging for release.

“Oh baby, you wanna bury that hard fucker in mommy?” I purred as I squeezed harder, twisting at the base, watching his face contort in overwhelmed pleasure while his tongue flicked faster, spearing my hole to chase more of my flavor.

He couldn't take it anymore—Jordon's hands slid up my back, yanking me down roughly for deep, wet kisses. Our mouths crashed together, tongues tangling fiercely, swapping the salty tang of my pussy juice between us.

I sucked his tongue like it was his cock, nearly pulling the damn thing from its root. I bit the tip as he groaned into me, his breath ragged and needy.

“Mom, I wanna be inside you again—please, bury my cock in that tight cunt,” he whimpered against my lips, eyes locked on mine, wide with that raw, incestuous hunger.

His hands roamed everywhere, squeezing my cushy tits, pinching my hard nipples until I hissed, then sliding down to claw my ass, spreading my cheeks to tease my puckered hole with a finger.

Our bodies pressed close, skin slick with sweat and water from the tub, every inch grinding urgent. I could feel his cock trapped between us, hot and insistent against my belly, smearing pre-cum across my skin as I humped his thigh.

“Wanna fuck you... need to fuck you,” my words slurred out as my clit throbbed against his leg, craving that deep stretch again, the way his knob would hammer my cervix and make me scream. Fuck, we were animals now—mother and son lost in this taboo frenzy, no mercy left, just raw need to fuck until we collapsed.

I couldn't hold back anymore—that damn mysterious jungle fruit made my body scream for that thick teenage cock to split me open again, to feel Jordon's desperate thrusts pounding mommy's greedy cunt until we both shattered.

His whimpers fueled the fire raging in my core, that incestuous heat making my clit throb like a heartbeat. I grabbed Jordon's wrists in a vise grip, yanking them

up and pinning them firmly above his head against the mattress, my huge tits heaving as I loomed over him.

“Stay right there, baby boy—Mommy's gonna ride this hard dick until you beg to fill me up,” I snarled, my voice low and commanding, eyes locked on his through the sweaty canyon between my dangling tits.

He gasped, squirming under me, his cock twitching wildly against my soaked folds as I positioned myself. Fuck, he looked so vulnerable like that, wrists trapped in my hands, his young body glistening with our mixed sweat and tub water, that rock-hard erection begging for my pussy.

I sank down hard on his cock in one brutal motion, my legs locking tight around his waist like iron bands, pulling him deeper into my dripping heat. His shaft stretched me wide, the veiny length burying balls-deep with a wet squelch, knob slamming against my cervix and sending shockwaves through my core.

“Oh fuck, yes—your cock feels so good splitting Mommy's cunt,” I moaned loud, the words ripping from my throat as I started grinding down, hips rolling urgent to fuck him senseless.

Jordon's head thrashed back between my wildly bobbling tits, a deep gasp escaping his lips as his cock pulsed inside me, throbbing hot and desperate against my clenching walls.

“Mom... shit, you're so tight— your pussy's strangling my dick,” he whimpered, voice breaking with raw need, hips bucking up instinctively to meet my rhythm.

My boobs flattened against his sweaty chest as I bit his neck fiercely, teeth sinking into the salty skin just below his ear, marking him as mine while I rode him harder, my ass slapping against his thighs with filthy smacks.

The pain mixed with pleasure made him arch, his teenage erection swelling even thicker inside me, pre-cum leaking steady to slick our frantic joining. God, the way he gasped into my hair, moaning my name like a prayer—it drove me wild, my voyeuristic thrill spiking as I watched his face contort, knowing I'd pushed my own son to this edge of taboo ecstasy.

We fucked hard for God knows how long, bodies slamming together in a frenzy of sweat and lust, my tits slapping against his chest with every downward thrust. I released one wrist to claw at his shoulder, nails digging deep as I pinned the other hand still, dominating every inch of him.

His free hand shot to my ass, fingers gripping the jiggling flesh, spreading my cheeks to let his balls slap wet against my puckered hole.

“Harder—pound Mommy's cunt like you mean it, you dirty boy,” I demanded, biting his neck again, sucking hard enough to bruise while my pussy fluttered around his pulsing cock.

Sweat poured off us, mixing with the remnants of my squirt and his leaking pre-cum, the room filling with the obscene sounds of flesh on flesh, our heavy pants, and the creak of the bed under our assault.

His cock throbbed relentlessly inside me, desperate to cum deep within my soaking depths, the head flaring against my cervix like it wanted to breed me right there.

I could feel every ridge, every vein dragging along my walls as I lifted and slammed down, chasing that filthy release with animal urgency.

“You love fucking your mom, don't you? That teenage dick's been hard for this pussy since you started sniffing my panties,” I taunted, grinding my clit against his pubic bone, the friction building that coil in my gut tighter.

Jordon's eyes rolled back, overwhelmed, his breath coming in ragged bursts as he thrust up wildly, balls tightening with the promise of explosion.

“Yes, Mom—fuck, I've imaged this tight hole milking me dry,” he confessed, voice hoarse, his hand kneading my ass cheek roughly, thumb teasing my asshole to heighten the depravity.

I leaned back slightly, releasing his wrists to brace on his thighs, giving him a full view of my huge tits swinging free in the air, nipples hard and begging for attention.

“Damn,” he gasped, watching my huge tits swing high in the air before slapping against my ribcage—the pattern repeating over and over as I bounced.

Both hands flew up to maul them, squeezing the soft flesh until milk-white skin bulged between his fingers, pinching my nipples hard enough to make me yelp and clench around his cock.

“That's it, grope Mommy's big tits while I fuck you stupid,” I growled, picking up the pace, my ass bouncing faster, pussy lips gripping his root with wet suction.

The voyeur in me drank it all in—watching my son's face twist in ecstasy, his erection disappearing into my body over and over, the way his balls drew up tight, ready to unload.

Sweat dripped from my tits onto his chest, our bodies slick and sliding, the air thick with the musky scent of our incestuous rut.

Jordon's moans turned to snarls, his hips snapping up with frantic force, cock ramming deep into my cunt like he couldn't get enough.

“I'm close, Mom—gonna flood your pussy with my cum, make you drip with it,” he panted, eyes locked on where we joined, mesmerized by the creamy froth coating his shaft from my arousal.

I locked my legs tighter around him, pulling him impossibly deeper, my clit grinding relentless as the pressure built to a screaming peak. Fuck, this was better than any fantasy—he was mine to control, to drain, and I wasn't stopping until we both exploded in this raw, forbidden bliss.

But even as my walls started to spasm, warning of another gush, I held back just enough, savoring the build, knowing we'd dive right back into the filth once he spilled.

The tension snapped like a live wire, my pussy clamping down on Jordon's throbbing cock in vicious spasms, milking him with a grip that made his eyes bulge.

“Fuck, Mom—cumming!” he roared, his teenage erection swelling impossibly thicker inside me, the veiny shaft pulsing hot jets of thick cum straight against my cervix.

I felt every spurt, rope after rope of his sticky load flooding my cunt, overflowing to drip down his balls as my own orgasm ripped through me. My walls convulsed wildly around him, squeezing his dick like a fist, forcing out

more of that incestuous seed while my clit ground against his pubic bone, sparks exploding behind my eyes.

“Yes, baby—fill Mommy's pussy with your hot cum, drown me in it!” I screamed, my voice raw and broken, body bucking hard as I slammed down one last time, burying him to the hilt.

Our bodies convulsed violently together in that frantic, desperate frenzy, a twisted knot of overheated flesh slapping and grinding without mercy. Sweat poured off us in rivers, mixing with the gush from my squirting pussy—slick fluids spraying out around his plunging cock, soaking his thighs, my ass, and the sheets beneath in a messy puddle of our combined release.

Jordon's hips jerked up erratically, his balls contracting to pump every drop deep into me, while my legs locked vise-tight around his waist, pulling him closer as my huge tits mashed against his chest, nipples scraping raw against his skin.

If my husband had burst through that door right then, the shock would have shattered him—seeing his wife, the blonde bombshell he'd married, twisted into this convulsing mess with our own son, Jordon's thick teenage cock buried balls-deep in my dripping cunt, our sweaty bodies bucking and slapping in mind-bending orgasm, cum and squirt leaking everywhere like we'd lost all control.

I nearly blacked out from the intensity, my whole world narrowing to the squeeze of our pulsating flesh—the way my pussy fluttered and clenched around his spurting dick, rhythmic squirts of my juices and his cum soaking us inside and out, drenching our joined groins in hot, slippery filth.

Jordon's hands clawed at my ass, fingers digging bruises into the jiggling cheeks as he thrust up one final time, his cockhead flaring against my womb, unloading the last of his load with a guttural groan that vibrated through my tits.

“Mom... oh god, your cunt's sucking me dry,” he whimpered, voice hoarse and wrecked, his body shuddering under mine as waves of pleasure locked us in place.

I rode it out, grinding slow circles to prolong the ecstasy, my clit throbbing insistent against him, every nerve ending firing like fireworks. The room reeked of sex—musky sweat, salty cum, the tangy scent of my arousal hanging thick in the air, our pants and moans echoing off the walls.

We wrestled in orgasm's grip for what had to be many minutes, muscles trembling, breaths ragged and synced in desperate gasps, completely lost in the throes of this taboo lust. My body shook with aftershocks, pussy still pulsing around his softening cock, trapping his cum inside as it leaked out in creamy rivulets down his shaft.

Jordon's teenage erection twitched weakly now, spent but still buried deep, his hands roaming my sweat-slick back, pulling me closer like he never wanted to let go.

“Fuck, honey... that was... you wrecked Mommy's pussy,” I panted against his ear.

Slowly, our bodies relaxed, the frantic bucks easing into lazy rolls, sweat dripping from my tits onto his flushed face as we panted heavily, chests rising and falling in unison.

I didn't pull off him yet—his cock was still half-hard inside my cum-filled cunt, a warm, sticky reminder of what we'd done, and the craving stirred again, low in my belly, that ravenous hunger for more forbidden pounding.

Jordon's eyes fluttered open, locking on mine with that desperate, adoring stare, his fingers tracing lazy circles on my ass, thumb dipping teasingly toward my soaked hole.

“Mom... I can feel my cum inside you,” he murmured, voice thick with awe, his erection twitching back to life already, that teenage stamina begging for round three. What the fuck had that fruit done to me?

“We just... just made a big mistake, Jordon,” I said as I lifted off Jordon's cock with a wet slurp, his thick teenage shaft flopping out of my stretched cunt, strings of our mixed cum connecting us for a second before snapping.

Cum gushed from my pussy lips, thick and white, splattering onto his balls and the already ruined sheets. I rolled to the side, my huge tits flopping heavily, nipples still rock-hard and aching from the friction.

“Mistake?” Jordon asked as he lay there panting, his dick twitching weakly, smeared with my juices and his own load, the veiny length glistening in the dim light. “Mom... that was incredible.”

He reached out to squeeze one of my heaving breasts, thumb flicking the nipple until I hissed. I swatted his hand away half-heartedly, my body still buzzing from the multiple orgasms he'd pounded into me.

“It was incest, honey. Whatever that fruit was, it made me do things with you I shouldn't have.”

I looked around at the cum-stained sheet in panic.

“Get up, baby—we can't stay like this,” I whispered, voice shaky as I glanced at the door, heart pounding at the thought of Gerald walking in.

My clit throbbed insistently, a reminder of how deep Jordon's cock had split me open, but reality was crashing back. I quickly dialed room service to get new sheets.

I fetched a sundress from my bag and quickly threw it on as Jordon scrambled for his shorts, his erection still semi-hard, bulging obscenely as he stuffed it inside, the outline clear as day.

We'd barely pulled on our clothes—me adjusting my dress to hide the flush on my cleavage—when the door rattled.

“Kendall? We're back!” Gerald's voice boomed from the hall, keys jingling.

Panic hit like a slap. “Shit—act normal!” I hissed, shoving Jordon toward the bathroom just as the door swung open.

Gerald strode in, salt-crusted from snorkeling, the kids trailing behind with sandy feet and excited chatter about fish. Thankfully, the housekeeper followed them inside, stripping the bed with efficient tugs. The sheets were a disaster—huge wet spots from our squirting and cum, the air thick with the stench of raw sex.

“What happened here?” Gerald asked, frowning at the mess, his gaze flicking to me.

My face burned, pussy still pulsing hot around nothing, echoes of Jordon's thick cock stretching me making my thighs clench. I forced a laugh, voice wobbling.

“Oh, god, I was such a klutz. Spilled my whole drink on the bed—tropical punch or whatever. So sticky and embarrassing.”

Gerald raised an eyebrow, sniffing the air subtly. “Weird smelling tropical punch,” he stated.

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman with sharp eyes, bundled the sheets without a word at first, her hands brushing over the slimy patches where Jordon's cum had seeped out my pussy and onto the bed.

She glanced up at me, lips twitching into a knowing smirk that made my stomach drop. She fucking knew—knew those weren't drink stains, knew the musky reek was from a mother getting her brains fucked out by her son's teenage erection, cum flooding her womb in taboo jets.

“No problem, ma'am. These things happen on vacation,” she said smoothly, her voice laced with amusement as she hauled the bundle out, door clicking shut behind her.

Gerald shrugged it off, turning to unpack his gear, oblivious as ever.

Jordon emerged from the bathroom, face flushed, his shorts tented slightly with that insatiable teenage bulge. Our eyes met across the room, guilty heat flashing between us—his wide with lingering lust, mine swirling with shame as my pussy clenched, still feeling the ghost of his cockhead battering my cervix.

“Hey, Dad,” he mumbled, voice rough, dropping onto the couch like nothing happened.

I sank into a chair as guilt crept in slow, twisting in my gut like a knife as the fruit's loopy haze faded, leaving me raw and exposed. How could I have let some damn jungle fruit turn me into a complete slut for my own son's cock?

'Alright, family,' Gerald blurted, his oblivious grin lighting up the room like he hadn't just missed his wife getting her cunt wrecked by their son's throbbing teenage cock. "I'm starving after that snorkel. What should we eat tonight? Resort buffet or something off-site?"

He turned to me, eyes lingering on my heaving tits for a split second—nothing compared to the hungry stare Jordon had drilled into them while pounding me senseless.

"Hey, Dad," Jordon piped up, "why don't we try that spot Fred's family raved about? You know, the little beach shack with the fresh lobster and fritters. Fred said it was killer when they were here last summer."

His eyes flicked to mine, innocent as hell, but I caught the flicker of heat there, like he was replaying how his thick dick had split my pussy open, cum still leaking into my thong.

Fred's name hit me like a gut punch. Fred Wilson—the same little shit who'd suggested that jungle hike to Jordon, dragging us off-path to that tree with the phallic fruit dripping sap like pre-cum. The fruit that turned me into a raging slut, spreading my legs for my own son's erection, letting him fuck me raw until I screamed and squirted all over his balls.

Rumor was that Fred was balls-deep in his own mom, Kylie Wilson, just like Jordon had buried his cock in me. Was this whole trip a setup? Had my horny

teenage boy orchestrated it all, planting the fruit idea through his buddy to get his dick inside his bombshell mom's dripping cunt?

Suspicion coiled hot in my gut, mixing with the fresh shame and that insistent ache between my thighs, my pussy clenching around the ghost of his veiny shaft.

“You guys go ahead without me. I need to freshen up first—shower off the jungle grime.”

Gerald shrugged, rounding up the kids with their excited yips, and they filed out, Jordon trailing last. He brushed past me close, his fingers grazing my bubble butt 'accidentally,' that teenage bulge pressing warm against my hip for a heartbeat.

“See you soon, Mom,” he murmured, eyes dropping to my cleavage, devouring the sweat-glistened valley like he wanted to bury his face there again and suck my tits until I begged for his cock.

The door clicked shut, and I sagged against it, cum still oozed from my fucked-out hole, running down my inner thigh, the musky scent of our incestuous fuck rising sharp.

I grabbed my phone from the nightstand, the bed still smelling of our sweat and cum despite the fresh sheets. Kylie's number was easy to find—we'd chatted a few times back home. I dialed, heart hammering, and she picked up on the second ring, her voice light and breezy.

“Kendall? Hey, girl, what's up?”

“Hey, Kylie, we're in the Bahamas actually... on vacation,” I replied, trying to be sweet even though I really didn't like the bitch much.

“You're kidding, We were just there last summer.”

“I remember. That's why I'm calling actually,” I stated, my voice turning serious. “Kylie, that jungle hike that you and your son took—did you eat any of that weird fruit? The one with the phallic shape, all juicy and... intense?”

I kept it vague, no mention of the rumors swirling about her and Fred, how he'd probably fucked her senseless just like Jordon had me, his teenage erection pumping cum into her willing cunt.

“Yeah... I did try it,” Kylie giggled. “At Fred's urging, actually. He was so insistent, said it was some local secret.”

“And... did anything happen after you ate it? Anything weird? Intense?” I pressed.

Kylie hesitated. “Well... yes,” she finally breathed, her tone dropping to a whisper thick with shame and heat. “I'm sure you've heard the rumors about my son and I. We started getting frisky right after that damn fruit turned me into a dripping mess. Next thing I know, he's got me pinned in our suite, his hard dick grinding against my pussy lips through the fabric. I let him fuck me, Kendall. Raw and deep, his teenage erection splitting me open while I begged for more. That's when our sexual affair started.”

Her words hit like a slap, my clit throbbing insistently, juices trickling down my inner thigh as I imagined it—Kylie on all fours, Fred's balls slapping her ass, his grunts filling the room while she moaned like a whore.

Had Jordon planned this with the urging of his friend? Fed me that phallic fruit to turn his bombshell mom into his personal cum-dump?

“Why are you asking?” Kylie probed, her voice teasing now, laced with knowing heat. “Did you try it too? Did something... happen with Jordon?”

“Maybe,” I teased back. “But it doesn't matter. It was just once—a stupid slip. Won't happen again. Boundaries, you know?”

She laughed low, throaty, the sound making my skin flush hotter. “Oh, honey, was it good? Did his young dick make you squirt like a fountain?”

“I'm not having this conversation,” I snapped, but my voice wavered. “I appreciate the info, though. Really.”

Before I could hang up, Kylie added, smirking through the line—I could hear it in her sultry drawl—“If the sex was that good, don't expect the desire to fade anytime soon. That fruit doesn't just ignite the fire; it keeps burning, hot and insistent. You'll be dreaming of his cum dripping from your cunt before the night's out.”

I ended the call with a sharp jab, the phone clattering to the nightstand as I sat there, my huge tits heaving with ragged breaths. Betrayal twisted in my gut like a knife—my own son, that horny little shit, had orchestrated it all. And now, he'd gotten inside my panties for real, fucked me senseless until my walls milked every drop from his balls.

Guilt clawed at me, sharp and cold, but underneath it, the craving pulsed hotter, my clit begging for friction as I remembered his moans, the way he'd bucked into me, snarling 'Mommy' while flooding my womb.

Yes, it was the best sex I'd ever had—better than Gerald's limp dick fumbling around, nothing like Jordon's urgent teenage thrusts slamming deep, making my ass bounce and tits slap against his chest. But it wasn't happening again. Ever. I couldn't let him sniff my worn panties anymore either. All of it had to stop.

I took a shower and got dressed. No way was I confronting Jordon about his sneaky fruit scheme right now—not with the family buzzing around the resort like oblivious bees. That could wait until we got home, where I could lay down the law without Gerald's clueless eyes on us.

For now, I'd make it crystal clear with my actions: no more forbidden touches, no more grinding his teenage erection against my ass or burying his face in my cleavage. The vacation was for family fun, not for me spreading my legs like a desperate slut for my own son's throbbing cock.

The next morning, I slipped into a skimpy bikini that hugged my curves like a second skin, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide my huge double-H tits or the jiggle of my bubble butt as I walked down to breakfast.

Jordon's eyes lit up the second he saw me, that familiar hunger flashing across his flushed face, his shorts already tenting with his morning wood. He tried to play it cool, but I caught him staring at my nipples poking through the top, hard from the AC blasting in the dining hall.

As we loaded plates with fruit and eggs, he sidled up behind me at the buffet, his body heat radiating like a furnace. His hand 'accidentally' brushed my hip, fingers grazing the swell of my ass cheek.

I stiffened, stepping away sharply, my voice low and firm. “No, honey—no more of that.”

He blinked, cheeks reddening deeper, but nodded quickly, mumbling, “Sorry, Mom.”

I saw the frustration in his eyes, the way his bulge twitched visibly in his shorts, straining against the fabric like it was begging to be freed. Good. Let him stew in it.

Throughout the meal, he shifted in his seat, trying to hide the raging erection that wouldn't quit, his face a mask of desperate need. Every time he leaned in for a hug or a casual touch, I pulled back, crossing my arms over my heaving tits to block him. No more tit-squishes, no more lingering stares. Boundaries, firm as steel.

By afternoon, the family scattered—Gerald herding the younger kids to the pool while I claimed a lounge chair on the beach, the sun baking my oiled skin until it glistened.

I stretched out, legs parted just enough for the breeze to tease my thong-clad pussy, but my mind wasn't on relaxing. No, it kept drifting back to yesterday, replaying every filthy second of our taboo fuck like a porn loop I couldn't pause.

God, the way Jordon's thick cock had felt sliding into me, stretching my dripping cunt walls until they burned with that perfect ache. I'd pinned him against the wall first, my tongue fucking his mouth while his hands clutched my ass, pulling me closer so his bulge ground against my clit through our clothes.

Then in the bathroom, tumbling into the tub, hot water spraying as I yanked his shorts down, his veiny shaft springing free, purple head already leaking pre-

cum. I'd spread my thighs wide, guiding that teenage erection right to my sloppy hole, and when he thrust in—fuck, it split me open, his fat knob battering my cervix like it wanted to punch through into my womb.

My pussy throbbed now just thinking about it, juices soaking the thin strip of fabric between my legs. I shifted on the chair, thighs clenching to ease the ache, but it only made me remember harder: how I'd locked my legs around his waist, riding his bucks as he plowed deep, our bodies slapping wet and loud.

His grunts in my ear, hot breath panting “Mommy, fuck, you're so tight,” while I clawed his back, my huge tits bouncing against his chest with every slam.

We'd cum together in the tub, my walls strangling his cock, milking rope after rope of his thick, sticky load until it overflowed, dripping down my ass crack into the water.

And on the bed after—shit, I'd crawled on top, fisting his slick shaft, licking the swollen glans clean of our mixed cum before sinking down, impaling my greedy pussy on him again.

The stretch, the fullness, his tip kissing my deepest spot as I bounced, ass cheeks clapping, tits flopping wildly. I'd bitten his neck, drawing blood almost, making him whimper and buck harder, his hands gripping my hips like he owned me.

That orgasm had ripped through me like fire, my cunt pulsing hot, flooding him as I screamed his name, waves crashing until my vision blurred. It was the most intense sex of my life—two hours of raw, urgent pounding that left me sore and satisfied in ways Gerald's average dick never could.

Jordon's teenage erection had been relentless, twitching and hardening again minutes after he'd blown his load, ready to bury in my ass if I'd let him.

But it was wrong. So fucking taboo, a line crossed that could shatter everything. Incest like that—mother riding her son's cock, begging for his cum in her womb—could ruin us. I couldn't let the craving win, no matter how my clit begged for another deep drilling, how my nipples ached to be sucked by his eager mouth. No repeats. Ever.

I tried to focus on the waves crashing, the salt air filling my lungs, anything to drown out the throb in my clit that screamed for Jordon's thick teenage cock to split me open again. But then I spotted him—my horny son striding onto the beach, his swim trunks hugging that familiar bulge, and fuck, he wasn't alone.

A cute girl his age walked right beside him, her slender arm brushing his, that innocent smile plastered on her face. Jealousy hit me like a gut punch, hot and vicious, churning in my belly until my huge tits heaved with every sharp breath.

Who the hell was this little bitch? She was young, sure, maybe eighteen like Jordon, with a tight little body in a modest bikini that did nothing for her flat chest or skinny ass.

I glanced down at my own curves—my double-H tits spilling out of my skimpy top, nipples hard as rocks poking through the fabric, begging to be sucked. My fat bubble butt strained against the thong bottoms, the kind of ass that made cocks twitch from across the room.

She couldn't compare; her perky A-cups and narrow hips were a joke next to my voluptuous frame, built for fucking, for wrapping around a boy's waist and milking him dry for hours.

And sex? Ha, what did she know about riding a cock until it exploded, about taking a pounding that left you sore and dripping for days? I'd bet my soaked

panties she'd cum once and pass out, while this girl could go for hours, my experienced pussy strangling every drop from Jordon's veiny shaft as my shaved cunt-lips beat on his root.

God, I was acting like a jealous lover, my clit pulsing harder at the thought of him choosing her over me. But I couldn't stop the flood of images—Jordon's hands on her instead of groping my tits, his mouth on her flat chest when it should be buried in my cleavage, inhaling my scent like he did with my stolen panties.

Fuck, the voyeur in me twisted, imagining him later, sniffing her scent maybe, but no—that cock was mine, twitching for Mommy's dripping cunt, not some naive slut's.

Jordon's eyes locked on me as they approached, that flushed hunger flashing across his face, his bulge already thickening in his trunks. He waved awkwardly, the girl giggling at something he said, her hand trailing down his arm.

“Hey, Mom,” he called, voice cracking a bit with that teenage eagerness. “This is Mia. Her family's out on some excursion.”

Mia smiled sweetly, her eyes flicking over my giant tits with a hint of envy.

“Hi, Mrs. Whatever-your-last-name-is. Jordon's been super nice, showing me around.”

He shifted, his erection now a clear tent pushing against the fabric, pre-cum probably staining the inside.

“Yeah, Mom, her family's gone till tonight. She asked if I could hang in their room for a bit, maybe watch a movie or something.”

I knew exactly what that 'or something' meant. This cute little thing wanted fucked, her tight virgin pussy probably aching for a taste of cock, and my horny son was more than willing, his teenage erection ready to plunge in and stretch her out.

Rage and desire boiled over, my resolve crumbling like sand. No repeats? Bullshit. Kylie was right—I'd tasted him, felt his thick knob batter my cervix, his hot cum flooding my womb, and now I was helpless, craving that incestuous pound more than air.

Jealousy clawed at me; no way was I letting some inexperienced girl steal what was mine. I sat up, my massive tits bouncing with the motion, drawing Jordon's gaze straight to my hard nipples.

“Sounds fun, but Jordon, I need you to come with me on a walk. The beach gets secluded down that way, and I don't wanna go alone.”

I grabbed his hand, my fingers tracing suggestively over his palm, sliding up his wrist in a way that screamed I wanted more than sand between my toes. I wanted his cock buried deep in my sloppy cunt, pounding me until I screamed, marking him as mine again.

Mia's smile faltered, confusion flickering in her eyes, but Jordon's face lit up, his meat jerking visibly at my touch.

“Uh, sure, Mom. Mia, maybe later?”

She shrugged, waving us off with a “See ya!” but I didn't care.

I gripped Jordon's hand tighter, my nails digging into his palm as I yanked him away from the beach crowd, my huge tits jiggling with every urgent step. Fuck

Mia and her sweet little smile—that naive slut could wait forever for a taste of cock. My son's thick teenage erection was mine to claim, and the jealousy scorching through me only made my pussy clench harder, juices already soaking my thong bottoms.

I walked with that same frantic horniness from the day before, when the fruit had turned me into a desperate whore dying to rip Jordon's clothes off and stuff his cock down my throat. But this time, no weird aphrodisiac bullshit; I was just a 39-year-old bombshell starving for her boy's pounding, my clit throbbing like a live wire, demanding he stretch my sloppy cunt wide open again.

Why waste breath confronting him about his sneaky plans? The fruit, the raunchy fuck in the bathroom, even parading that girl to make me jealous—it was all his doing, the little shit. He'd won.

Mommy's dripping pussy was his playground now, and I was hauling his ass to get more of that forbidden dick slamming into me.

We hurried down the sand, my fat ass cheeks bouncing in my thong, Jordon's eyes glued to the way the meat jiggled, his bulge swelling bigger in his trunks with every stride.

The beach thinned out as we hit the jungle's edge, thick vines and palm fronds brushing our skin, the humid air thick with salt and my growing musk. No words passed between us—just heavy breaths and the wet squelch of my thighs rubbing together, slick with eager arousal.

My body ached for him, nipples scraping against my bikini top, hard and begging to be pinched. Jordon's hand squeezed mine back, his fingers trembling, cock twitching so hard I could see the outline jerking against the fabric.

He knew where we were headed; his flushed face and ragged pants screamed he was ready to bury that veiny shaft balls-deep in Mommy's hole.

Up ahead, the private stretch of beach came into view—those dozen cabanas I'd spotted on that boring walk with Gerald, tucked where the jungle met the waves, perfect for filthy secrets.

An old attendant lounged in a rickety chair, his wrinkled eyes lighting up as I flashed a crisp hundred-dollar bill, holding it out like a promise of silence. He nodded quick, no questions, just a knowing grin as he pocketed the cash and jerked his thumb toward the end cabana, the most secluded one, hidden behind a wall of foliage.

“Enjoy,” he muttered, but I was already dragging Jordon past, my heart pounding, my pussy clenching around nothing, but what would soon be the meat of his cock.

I shoved open the flap of the white canvas cabana, the salty breeze whipping in behind us as I pulled Jordon inside, slamming the ties shut to seal our filthy little world.

The place was a goddamn paradise for nasty beachside fucking—thick white canvas walls blocking every prying eye from the resort or the waves crashing just beyond, the air heavy with the scent of ocean and my dripping cunt.

In the center sat this huge, plush lounge, wide as a king bed, piled with soft cushions that begged for sweat-soaked bodies to grind and writhe on. No windows, no doors except the one we'd just barricaded—total privacy for Mommy to devour her son's throbbing teenage cock without a soul knowing.

The sun filtered through the fabric in a hazy glow, warming the space like a private oven, perfect for baking our incestuous lust until we were both sticky and spent.

I didn't waste a fucking second. I crushed my lips to Jordon's, swallowing his whimper as it vibrated into my mouth, my long tongue flailing wildly through his like an electrocuted eel, twisting and probing every corner.

He'd never kissed anyone better than his own mom—hell, no slut his age could match the way I sucked and dominated his tongue, drawing out those desperate little moans that made my clit pulse harder.

His hands clutched at my waist, fingers digging into my sun-kissed skin, but I was the one in control, grinding my hips forward to feel his rock-hard bulge jab against my soaked thong.

Between sloppy, saliva-slick kisses, I yanked his shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside. His lean, flushed chest heaved under me and I dove in, ravaging his neck with frantic kisses, licks, and bites.

My teeth grazed the salty skin, sucking hard enough to leave red marks that'd bruise tomorrow—marks from Mommy's hungry mouth, proof of our taboo grind.

He gasped, head tilting back, exposing more of that tender flesh as I lapped at his collarbone, tongue flicking wet and insistent, tasting the mix of sunscreen and teenage sweat.

“Fuck, Mom,” he groaned, voice cracking with need, his cock twitching violently in his shorts like it was trying to burst free.

“Mmmnn,” I moaned, my long nails sinking against his back as I sucked on the knob his Adam's apple like it was it was his juicy cock-tip.

My bikini top was next—fingers fumbling with the knot behind my neck, then the strings at my back, until it fell away. My huge double-H tits tumbled free, heavy and sun-warmed, nipples stiff as diamonds scraping the air.

I pulled him in tight, squashing him between those soft, massive mammaries, the plush flesh molding around his chest and shoulders like a warm, smothering pillow.

He groaned “Mom” again, muffled against my cleavage, inhaling deep as I gripped the back of his hair, forcing his nose right into the valley between my squishy tits.

The cabana filled with the wet sounds of my lips smacking against his neck, tongue licking greedily, slurping up every drop of his skin while I attacked ferociously, nipping at his earlobe until he shuddered.

All the while, my hands worked lower, yanking down his shorts in one rough tug, the fabric pooling at his ankles. His thick, sinewy cock sprang free, veiny and flushed purple, the swollen head already glistening with pre-cum that strung out in a sticky thread.

Fuck, that teenage erection was a monster—nine inches of rigid meat, twitching hard now, begging to split my pussy open.

I wrapped my fingers around the base, squeezing the hot shaft, feeling it pulse in my grip. The cabana echoed with the wet schlick of my hand stroking him once, twice, the air thickening with the musky scent of his arousal mixing with my own juices leaking down my thighs.

Jordon bucked into my fist, whimpering like a desperate pup, his hands finally moving to grab fistfuls of my fat ass, kneading the cheeks through my thong. I ground my tits harder against him, the friction making my nipples ache, while I pumped his cock faster, thumb smearing that slick pre-cum over the bulbous head.

“You like that, baby? Mommy's hand on your big dick?” I growled against his ear, biting the lobe hard enough to make him yelp.

His eyes were wild, pupils blown with lust, staring up at me like I was the only whore who'd ever matter.

The lounge creaked as I shoved him back onto it, cushions sinking under his weight, his cock standing straight up like a flagpole, ready for me to impale myself on.

But I wasn't done teasing yet. I straddled his thighs, my thong-clad pussy hovering just above that throbbing length, letting the heat from my slit radiate down onto him.

Juices dripped from my folds, splattering onto his shaft, making it shine even wetter. He reached for my tits, squeezing the heavy globes, thumbs flicking my nipples until I moaned, arching into his touch.

Fuck, the jealousy from seeing him with that cute little bitch Mia still burned—her slender frame had nothing on my curves, and now here I was, claiming what was mine.

His fingers traced my ass crack, dipping under the thong string, brushing my puckered hole and making me clench. I leaned down, capturing his mouth again

in a brutal kiss, tongues fucking sloppy and deep, while my free hand shoved my thong aside.

My swollen pussy lips parted, exposing the pink, dripping entrance, fat clit engorged and begging for friction. Jordon's cockhead nudged right against it, smearing my wetness along the underside, and I rocked forward, letting the tip kiss my hole without pushing in yet.

He whined into my mouth, hips jerking up instinctively, trying to spear me, but I pinned him down with my weight, tits flattening against his chest.

“Not yet, you horny little fuck,” I panted, nipping his lower lip. 'Mommy's gonna make you beg for this cunt.’”

The canvas walls fluttered slightly in the breeze, but no one could see—the voyeur in me thrilled at the risk, imagining if that old attendant was peeking, getting hard at the thought of a bombshell mom railing her son.

Jordon's hands roamed frantic, one sliding up to fist my blonde hair, the other sneaking to my thong, tugging at the soaked fabric like he wanted to sniff it later, just like he did with my stolen panties back home.

His cock wept more pre-cum, pooling on his abs, and I couldn't hold back much longer—my pussy was a aching void, craving that forbidden stretch, the way his balls would slap my ass as he pounded me senseless.

Jordon's eyes were glassy with desperation, his chest heaving under me as he bucked up again, that fat cockhead prodding insistently at my cleft through the flimsy bikini crotch.

The thin fabric of my thong was soaked, clinging to my swollen lips, and his knob mashed right against my clit, sending jolts of fire up my spine.

“Mom, please,” he begged, voice hoarse and cracking, his hands clawing at my thighs like he was drowning in his own lust.

Fuck, hearing my son whine like that, his teenage erection throbbing so hard it felt like a steel rod jabbing at my pussy—it made my juices gush even more, dripping down to coat his shaft in slick heat.

I grabbed a fistful of his hair, yanking his head back to expose that vulnerable throat, my other hand shoving his cock harder against my thong-clad slit.

“Untie my bottoms, baby,” I commanded, my voice low and hungry, dripping with the raw need to feel him buried inside me. “Get your pussy—Mommy's wet cunt is all yours right now.”

His fingers trembled as they fumbled for the ties at my hips, but he didn't hesitate, ripping the strings apart with a savage tug that made the fabric nearly tear. The thong peeled away from my skin with a wet smack, exposing my bare, dripping folds to the humid cabana air, my asshole winking above the puffy lips of my aching hole.

The second it was off, I sealed my lips to his in a filthy kiss, our mouths crashing together like we were trying to devour each other whole. Tongues lashed wildly, saliva mixing and drooling down our chins as we rolled on the lounge, a knot of tangled flesh and sweat.

His body twisted under me, arms wrapping around my waist to flip us, but I fought back, grinding my squashed tits into his chest while my nails raked down his back.

We bucked and writhed, skin slapping skin, the cushions muffling our grunts as his cock—free and raging—slid hot along my ass crack. Pre-cum smeared everywhere, that sticky fluid lubing up the crease, making every glide slick and obscene.

The swollen crown caught for a split second on the puckered ring of my asshole, teasing the tight clench, stretching it just enough to make me gasp into his mouth.

Fuck, my husband had never been good at ass-fucking—too gentle, too quick to pull out—but Jordon? I knew this horny kid could wreck my shitter, stretch it wide with that veiny teenage meat until I was screaming.

I had every intention of letting him, feeling him pound my backdoor raw soon, but right now, my cunt was the starving bitch that needed feeding. No way was I wasting this throbbing erection on anything but burying it balls-deep in my dripping mommy pussy.

I twisted us again, gracefully taking the top, our tongues still dancing sloppy inside his mouth, sucking and biting like animals in heat. My feet planted firm on his thighs, pinning his humping midsection to the mattress, those toned legs of mine locking him down so he couldn't thrust up without my say-so.

He whimpered, hips jerking futilely against my hold, his cock trapped and twitching under me. Reaching down, I gripped his steely-hard cock at the base—the meat hot and pulsating in my fist, veins bulging like ropes under the skin.

I fit the tip between my swollen lips, the bulbous head kissing my entrance, parting the slick folds with a lewd promise. A wet squelch filled the cabana as

his meat-spear stretched my slippery tunnel, pummeling all the way to my cervix in one thrilling thrust.

We both moaned into each other's mouths, the sound muffled and guttural, my pussy walls clamping down on him like a vise, sucking every inch deeper. I held him there for a moment, fully embedded, my cunt crammed with throbbing teenage meat, stretched labia sealed like a suction cup around his root.

He choked on my tongue, and I could feel his muscle and sinew flex inside me, engorging his cock with even more blood—it seemed impossible given how fucking hard he already was, but there it was, swelling thicker, the head nudging my womb like it wanted to breed me right then.

“Oh fuck, Jordon,” I gasped, breaking the kiss to pant against his lips, my huge tits heaving with every breath, nipples scraping his skinny frame.

His hands flew to my ass, fingers digging into the fat cheeks, spreading them wide as he tried to grind deeper despite my feet pinning him. My clit throbbed against his pubic bone, juices oozing out around his shaft with every tiny shift, soaking his balls and the cushions below.

“I'm gonna fuck you so hard,” I hissed as I started riding him slow at first, lifting my hips just enough to feel his cock drag along my walls, the veins catching every ridge inside me, then slamming back down with a meaty smack.

His teenage erection didn't flag for a second—stiff as iron, pulsing with that endless horny energy only an 18-year-old could muster.

“Mom—fuck, your pussy's so tight,” he groaned, eyes rolling back as I picked up speed, my ass bouncing, tits flopping wildly against his face.

Jordon's hips snapped up hard, that desperate teenage buck trying to drive his cock even deeper into my clenching cunt, but my feet stayed planted firm on his skinny thighs, heels digging into the muscle to hold him pinned flat to the lounge.

He growled in frustration, his body straining under me like a wild animal leashed too tight, veins popping in his neck as he fought for more friction.

“Mom, let me—fuck, I need to pound you,” he rasped, voice muffled against my skin, his hands squeezing my ass cheeks harder, fingers sinking into the flesh.

But I wasn't giving in yet. I'd let this horny kid ravage me like the beast he was soon enough, flip over and take his brutal thrusts until my pussy was raw and gaping, but right now, Mommy was calling the shots, controlling every inch of that throbbing meat buried in her.

“Stay still,” I gasped. “Let me work you.”

I fisted the back of his damp hair, yanking his head up with a sharp tug that made him yelp, then shoved his whimpering face straight into the deep valley of my cleavage. His nose smashed against the sweat-slicked skin between my huge tits, the soft, heavy globes smothering him as I pressed them together around his cheeks.

“Suck on Mommy's tits, baby,” I ordered, grinding my hips in a slow circle to stir his cock inside me, feeling the thick shaft twist against my walls.

His mouth worked its way out of my cleavage and latched on eagerly, lips sealing around my nipple, teeth grazing the hard peak before he sucked hard, pulling a moan from my throat as jolts shot straight to my clit.

Lifting my hips just enough, I slid my cunt up along his thick cock with deliberate control, the veiny length dragging out inch by inch, my inner lips clinging to him like they didn't want to let go.

The wet suction popped as his ridge caught on my entrance, then I slammed back down, burying him to the hilt in one forceful drop. My ass slapped against his balls with a meaty smack, the impact sending ripples through my cheeks, and I repeated the motion—up slow, savoring the stretch and pull, down hard, feeling his knob crush my cervix like a battering ram.

“Oh shit, yes,” I hissed, eyes fluttering shut as our slick juices mixed into a frothy lube that coated everything, dripping down his sack and soaking the lounge beneath us.

My pink folds throbbed around him, swollen and pulsing, every ridge of his cock stimulating the nerve-rich lining of my tunnel, making my thighs quiver with each controlled stroke.

His teenage erection felt endless, that rigid pole twitching inside me, veins pulsing against my walls as pre-cum leaked from his slit to mingle with my gushing fluids.

Jordon's hands roamed lower, one finger tracing the crease of my ass, dipping toward my puckered hole as I focusing on the deep pressure building where his fat knob sank against my cervical lips.

Fuck, it nudged right there, kissing the gate to my womb with every downward thrust, the sensation electric, firing off sparks in my core that made my toes curl against his thighs.

My God, how had I lived without this for so long? I'd tried everything with Gerald—doggy, missionary with pillows, even that stupid wedge thing—but his short prick never reached back here, never hit those sensitive nerve endings that made my whole body light up like a live wire.

Jordon had the length and then some, that extra few inches turning every ride into a womb-pounding fuck-fest. Each time my ass squashed his nut-sack, it felt like his glans was gonna push right through, breaching that tight barrier and flooding my insides with his hot load.

The nerves back there throbbed, forgotten until now, and I'd made up my damn mind—they wouldn't be neglected again. No more settling for half-assed sex; from here on, my son's cock was claiming this pussy whenever the craving hit, breeding me deep until I was leaking his cum for days.

I picked up the pace, hips rising and falling faster, my tits bouncing wildly now, smacking and rippling against his forehead as he nursed on them like a starving pup. His tongue swirled around my big areola, teeth nipping the pebbled flesh, while his free hand was at my ass, thumb circling my asshole teasingly.

“Deeper, Jordon—fuck Mommy's cervix harder,” I demanded, voice breaking into a whine as I ground down extra hard, feeling the pressure build to a fever pitch.

He bucked weakly against my pinning feet, whimpering into my cleavage, his cock swelling thicker inside me, the base grinding against my clit with every slam.

Juices seeped out around him, the frothy mess bubbling at our join, the scent of sex thick in the humid air—salty sweat, tangy pussy, and his musky pre-cum all blending into something primal.

Sweat beaded on my skin, trickling down my back to pool in the dimples above my ass, and I could feel his balls tightening under me, drawing up as he teetered on the edge.

But I wasn't done yet; I wanted to drag this out, make him beg for release while I chased my own high, that deep, cervix-kissing bliss that only he could give.

I slammed my labia down hard, forcing my swollen pussy lips to swallow even more of that buried thick cock, the extra meat at his root stretching me to the limit as it ground against my clit.

Fuck, I swore I could feel the bulb of his penis anchoring his entire beautiful erection, that fat ridge flaring out just under the base, locking him in place like a knot refusing to let go.

His teenage dick throbbed wildly in response, veins bulging against my walls, pre-cum spurting hot from his slit to coat my cervix in slick warmth.

Jordon whimpered straight into my tit-meat, his lips sealed tight around the nipple, sucking desperately as if nursing would buy him mercy from my dominating ride. No chance—Mommy had more tricks up her sleeve.

I started grinding perfect figure-eights with my hips, stirring his boner deep inside my depths, feeling it fatten and twist within my corrugated grip. My powerful vaginal muscles clamped down on my tube, molding to his exact outline, strangling his young cock with rhythmic squeezes that made his whole shaft jerk.

The pressure built fast, my inner walls rippling along every inch, milking him from base to tip while I kept his thighs pinned under my feet, denying him any upward thrust.

“That's it, baby boy, feel Mommy's pussy own your dick,” I growled, my voice husky and commanding, breath hot against his ear as I leaned in close.

His hands clawed at my ass, fingers digging into the soft flesh, trying to pull me down harder, but I controlled the pace, rolling my hips in those tight circles that dragged his knob across my most sensitive spots.

The movement turned frantic as I felt my climax building, my hips beginning to move more like a hula dancer now, grinding hard and fast in urgent swivels.

Sweat poured down my back, mixing with the juices leaking from our joined crotches, the wet squelch of my pussy churning his cock filling the cabana like a filthy soundtrack.

Jordon growled against my tit, the vibration humming through my breast as his cunt-smothered cock pulsed from the way I was moving and squeezing, his balls churning beneath me, tight and ready to unload.

Faster and faster I moved, chasing that peak, my clit grinding against his pubic bone with each desperate circle, sparks exploding behind my eyes. Suddenly, stars burst beneath my eyelids, my vision blurring as the orgasm ripped through me like a freight train.

I could feel the slit of my urethra tingle and bulge, my girl-cum hissing out in hot spurts, soaking our crotches and running down along the sides of Jordon's nuts, drenching his sack until it glistened.

“Fuck, Jordon—cumming so hard on your cock!” I screamed, my body convulsing, pussy walls quivering wildly around him, squeezing his shaft in vise-like pulses that tried to suck the cum right out of him.

Fuck, I thought I'd never stop cumming, the endless flood of my squirt making everything slippery and hot, pooling on the lounge and trickling onto the canvas floor.

Jordon bucked weakly under me, his whimpers turning to choked sobs against my cleavage, his cock swelling even thicker inside my clenching tunnel, but he held back—barely—his young body trembling with the effort not to blow his load too soon.

I loved that control he fought for, the way his teenage erection twitched and leaked but stayed rock-hard, ready for whatever filthy demand I made next. I lifted my head, looking down at his flushed face smeared with my sweat and tit-marks, his eyes glazed with desperate need.

“Good boy, holding that load for Mommy,” I purred, releasing one foot from his thigh to trail my toes up his inner leg, brushing his soaked balls lightly.

He gasped, hips jerking involuntarily, his cock jumping inside me and sending fresh jolts to my overstimulated clit. The craving burned hotter now, that jealous fire from seeing him with her fueling my dominance—I wasn't sharing this dick with anyone, not when it fit so perfectly in my greedy cunt.

I lifted my hips just enough to let his thick cock pop wetly from my dripping cunt, the sudden release making a slick, obscene schlop as my pussy lips clung to his shaft before letting go.

Juices trailed down in sticky strings, connecting us for a second before snapping apart, splattering onto his balls and the lounge below. My girl-cum coated his entire length, glistening on the veiny surface, dripping off the flared head in heavy drops that hit his thighs with wet plops.

Fuck, the sight of it—my son's teenage erection, rock-hard and slick with his own mother's squirt—made my clit throb all over again, that forbidden bulge twitching in the air like it missed the heat of my hole already.

I shifted quickly onto my hands and knees, my huge tits dangling like heavy udders, swinging lewdly beneath me as I arched my back. The movement made them slap against each other softly, nipples scraping the canvas, sending fresh tingles up my spine.

I gazed back over my shoulder at Jordon, grinning lustfully from ear to ear, feeling like a naughty teenager myself with that wild, reckless hunger burning in my gut. My thick ass wagged in invitation, cheeks parting slightly to show the pink, soaked slit of my pussy, still gaping a bit from his pounding, juices leaking down my inner thighs.

“Come on, baby boy,” I purred, voice thick with need, slapping one meaty cheek hard enough to make it jiggle. “Pound Mommy from behind. Fuck this ass like you own it.”

Jordon's eyes locked on my wagging bubble butt, his flushed face lighting up with desperate excitement. He hurried to his knees behind me, that big sturdy boner bobbing stiffly on his skinny loins, the shaft slapping against his stomach with each movement.

My juices still dripped off it, pattering onto the lounge, and the sharp scent of our mixed arousal filled the cabana, salty and musky, making my mouth water for more.

We gazed at each other with raw lust as he grasped his rod at the base, fingers wrapping tight around the girth, and fitted the tapered head to my juicy cleft, rubbing it up and down my folds to tease my entrance.

He growled low in his throat, a hungry animal sound that sent shivers through me, and then shoved forward, his meat sinking into my pussy with one smooth thrust. The stretch burned so good, his thick head parting my walls, filling me up inch by inch until his balls slapped against my clit.

I slapped my meaty ass back against him hard, making the cheeks ripple with the impact, the flesh wobbling as our bodies connected with a wet smack.

“Yes, fuck yes,” I moaned, pushing back to take him deeper, feeling his cock bottom out against my cervix, that fat bulb nudging it like it wanted to punch through.

Our bodies quickly found a rhythm, slapping together in a nice steady doggy-style rut, his unyielding pole slicing through my baby-tunnel like a hot knife through butter. Each thrust drove him balls-deep, his hips crashing into my ass with bruising force, the sound echoing off the canvas walls—slap, slap, slap—like filthy applause.

I could feel every ridge and vein of his teenage dick dragging along my inner walls, stirring up my cream into frothy rings at his base. Jordon's shaky voice broke through the haze, breathless and awed.

“Mom, this is so cool this way... watching your ass bounce back at me.”

I glanced back, seeing the mesmerized look on his face as he stared at the ripples in my bubble butt, the way my cheeks jiggled and clapped with every skilled beat I gave him.

“Grab my hips, Jordon,” I commanded, voice rough with lust, reaching back to spread my ass wider for him. “Work that dick into me deep—fuck Mommy's pussy like you mean it.”

He happily complied, his hands clamping onto my wide hips, fingers digging into the soft flesh hard enough to leave marks. He yanked me back onto his cock with powerful counterpoints, each one so fucking deep it nearly knocked the wind out of me, his knob slamming my cervix like a battering ram.

The force made my tits swing wildly under me, heavy orbs flopping forward and back, nipples hardening to peaks from the friction against the air. I braced my hands harder on the lounge, knees spreading wider to take his pounding, my pussy clenching around him in greedy spasms, sucking his shaft deeper with every withdraw.

“Harder, baby—ram that teenage cock in me!” I gasped, the words spilling out as heat built low in my belly again, that incestuous thrill spiking through me like lightning.

His balls slapped my clit rhythmically, swollen and tight, churning with the load he was fighting to hold back, and I imagined him sniffing my panties later, jerking his dick to the scent of our fuck.

Jordon snarled, leaning over me, his chest pressing to my back as he rutted faster, sweat dripping from his brow onto my skin. My walls flutter tighter

around him, milking his erection with urgent squeezes, drawing guttural groans from his throat.

His fingers slipped down, brushing my swinging tits, pinching a nipple roughly, and I arched into it, craving the pain mixed with the pleasure of his deep, relentless thrusts.

We rutted like animals, bodies slick and heaving, the cabana reeking of sex—pussy juice, sweat, and that sharp teenage cum-scent building in his balls. My ass rippled nonstop against his pelvis, the impacts sending jolts up my spine, and I felt another orgasm coiling tight, ready to explode.

“Don't stop, baby—Mommy's close again,” I whimpered, pushing back harder.

Our rhythm turned savage, hips crashing together with bruising slaps that echoed through the cabana like thunderclaps in the humid air. Jordon's grip on my hips tightened, his fingers digging into my soft flesh, marking me as his in this twisted, forbidden way.

He leaned forward, his sweaty chest sliding against my back, and his hands shot up to maul my swinging tits, grabbing the heavy orbs roughly from below. He squeezed them like he owned them, thumbs and fingers pinching my rock-hard nipples, twisting them until I yelped, the sharp pain shooting straight to my throbbing clit.

“Fuck, Mom, your tits are so huge,” he grunted, his voice ragged and desperate, breath hot against my neck as he matched my wild thrusts, pounding his teenage cock deeper into my sopping cunt with every frantic buck.

I pushed back harder, my ass cheeks clapping against his pelvis, the wet schlick of his shaft slamming through my juices filling the air. My pussy walls clenched

around him involuntarily, sucking his veiny length like a greedy mouth, feeling every ridge drag against my sensitive spots.

Jordon's hands kneaded my tits mercilessly, milking them, pulling them back toward him so my nipples scraped his palms, sending electric jolts through my body. I could feel his erection twitching inside me, that thick teenage rod swelling even more, ready to burst from the incestuous heat we were drowning in.

“Yes, maul them, baby—squeeze Mommy's fat tits while you fuck me stupid,” I gasped, my voice breaking into a moan as the coil in my belly snapped.

The orgasm ripped through me like a tidal wave, my muscles clenching down hard on his cock, pussy rippling in violent waves that made my whole body shudder under his raw pounding.

“Jordon! Oh fuck, yes, I'm cumming on your dick!” I screamed, my ass quivering as I bucked back wildly, juices squirting out around his buried shaft, soaking his balls and thighs in hot gushes.

My vision blurred, tits heaving in his brutal grip, nipples throbbing from the abuse, but I didn't care; the pleasure was too intense, that taboo rush of my own son wrecking my hole pushing me over the edge into oblivion.

Jordon's thrusts grew erratic behind me, his hips stuttering as he chased his own release, that guttural groan ripping from his throat like an animal in heat.

“Mom... I'm gonna... fuck, I'm cumming!” he snarled, his cock pulsing wildly inside my clenching cunt.

I felt the hot semen burst from his tip, hosing through my vaginal tract in long, gooey ropes that painted my walls white, flooding me deep with his sticky seed.

The warmth spread, thick spurts jetting against my cervix, and fuck, the risk hit me—there was a real chance this horny teenage load could knock me up, his own mother's womb taking his cum like it was meant for it.

It only made the experience dirtier, more exciting, my pussy fluttering around him to pull every drop deeper, milking his erupting dick with greedy squeezes.

I held him close, refusing to let him pull away, grinding my ass back hard and steady against his groin to make sure he got the deepest thrusts possible, forcing his cock to stay buried to the hilt as he unloaded.

His balls contracted against my clit, pumping out rope after rope, the overflow leaking out around his base in creamy dribbles that ran down my thighs.

“That's it, fill Mommy up—give me all your hot cum,” I moaned, reaching back to claw at his hip, urging him on even as his body shook.

He kept groaning, low and primal, his hands still clutching my tits like lifelines, fingers sinking into the soft flesh as the last spurts weakened.

Finally, he stilled, his cock twitching inside me, spent but still thick and warm.

“Lay back, baby,” I ordered, my voice husky and commanding, twisting to look at him over my shoulder.

Jordon collapsed onto the lounge with a whimper, his flushed face slick with sweat, eyes glazed with post-cum haze. I followed him down, keeping his dick sheathed in my cum-filled pussy, as I twisted around to face him.

Straddling his hips, I pinned him there, my knees digging into the canvas as I leaned forward, shoving my heavy tits right into his face.

“Oh mom,” he sighed, rubbing his face against the soft meat of my dangling boobs.

His hands came up automatically, grabbing my breasts and holding on like they were his salvation, fingers splaying wide to encompass as much as he could.

I started working my ass back slowly, grinding in lazy circles, feeling his spent cock stir faintly inside my slick channel. My cunt muscles clenched rhythmically, squeezing from base to tip, determined to milk out every drop of that forbidden load.

Juices and cum squelched out with each movement, the wet sounds obscene in the quiet cabana, and I watched his face contort in overstimulation, his teenage erection twitching weakly but still trapped in my heat.

“Good boy... just lay there and let Mommy drain you,” I whispered, rocking harder, the pressure building a low hum in my clit again.

He moaned into my cleavage, lips brushing my skin, hands kneading my tits with renewed desperation as I kept up the slow, torturous grind. My ass cheeks flexed against his thighs, pulling him deeper with each squeeze, and I could feel the last dribbles of semen oozing out, coating my insides completely.

The jealousy from that cute girl earlier faded into nothing; this was ours, this raw, incestuous connection, and I wasn't letting go yet. Outside, the beach sounds filtered in faintly—waves crashing—but in here, it was just us, bodies locked in the afterglow, my pussy pulsing around him, hinting at more rounds if we dared push our luck further. And of course, we did.

The next day, we were crammed into the plane seats heading home to reality, my body still humming from the pounding it took in that hidden beachside fuck den.

My cunt pulsed insistently under my skirt, walls tender and slick with the memory of his thick shaft stretching me wide, that forbidden seed sloshing deep inside even after I'd leaked most of it out since then.

Jordon sat beside me, his leg pressed against mine, that familiar bulge already tenting his shorts as the plane taxied. I glanced at him, his flushed cheeks and eager eyes locking onto my cleavage straining against my tight blouse—those double-H tits still marked with faint red from his mauling grips.

My husband Gerald dozed a few rows ahead with the kids, oblivious as ever. Good. Let him sleep; this flight was ours to savor the aftershocks and dwell on pleasures to come.

I pulled Jordon closer under the shared blanket, my hand sneaking to his thigh, fingers tracing up to brush that hardening cock through the fabric. He whimpered softly as my nails traced his crown, my cervix throbbing to feel its kiss.

Jordon shifting to let me cup his balls, feeling them tighten under my palm. My mind flooded with the cabana's heat—after he'd filled my pussy the first time, collapsing with that spent groan, I hadn't let him rest. I'd slid off him with a wet pop, his cum gushing out in thick globs down my thighs, and dropped to my knees on the canvas floor.

“Not done yet, baby,” I'd purred, grabbing his softening dick at the base, lifting it to my lips.

It twitched back to life as I engulfed the head, gagging on the meaty girth as I let it sink into my throat, my tongue swirling around the salty skin, lapping up the creamy remnants like a starving slut.

“Mom, fuck, your mouth...” he'd gasped as I bobbed deeper, throat relaxing to take more of his thickening shaft, lips stretching wide around the veiny length.

I sucked hard like the skilled cock-sucker I was, hollowing my cheeks, bathing him in hot, wet affection, my saliva dripping down to coat his balls. God, those nuts—I'd feasted on them next, popping one into my mouth, sucking and chewing gently on the wrinkled, musky skin of his sweaty sack.

The scent hit me hard, that teenage tang of arousal and cum, making my clit throb as I tongued the seam, rolling them on my lips, feeling them draw up tight.

Jordon's hips bucked involuntarily, his hands fisting my blonde hair, but I controlled the pace, humming vibrations around his sensitive flesh until he was moaning like a bitch in heat.

I didn't stop there. My tongue trailed lower, licking and nipping his taint, that salty strip between balls and ass, before pressing flat against his puckered asshole. I rimmed him slow and devoted, circling the tight ring, tasting the earthy musk of my son, pushing the tip inside just enough to make him gasp and arch.

“Mommy's gonna eat this ass at home, baby,” I'd whispered, the words fueling my hunger, promising more taboo exploration once we were back in our own beds.

Now, on the plane, I squeezed his balls harder, my own pussy clenching at the recall, juices soaking my fresh panties—the ones I'd let him sniff later, no doubt, jerking his teenage erection to the scent of his mother's arousal.

I leaned into him, whispering hot against his ear, “Remember how hard you got after I tongue-fucked your ass? You were ready to destroy me.”

His bulge jumped under my hand, and he nodded frantically, breath ragged. The blanket hid my fingers as I stroked him through the shorts, feeling the urgent throb of that young dick, so different from Gerald's limp efforts.

Pulling him tighter against my side, I relived the rest—how I'd flipped onto my back after sucking him rigid, spreading my thighs wide on the lounge, my cum-smearing pussy gaping and inviting.

“Fuck me from the top, Jordon—ravage Mommy's cunt like the horny hound you are.”

He'd pounced, his young, sweaty ass working in tireless bobs between my legs, slamming that thick cock balls-deep with every thrust as I fastened my legs around him.

The cabana reeked of sex, our bodies slapping wetly as he plowed me relentlessly, hitting my cervix over and over, driving me to orgasm after mind-blowing orgasm—nearly a dozen, each one ripping screams from my throat, my tits bouncing wildly under his clutching hands, nipples pinched raw.

“Harder—fuck your mother's hole until she can't walk!” I'd begged, legs locking around his waist, heels digging into his ass to pull him deeper.

He snarled, hips pumping like a machine, sweat dripping from his brow onto my rippling tits, his balls smacking my ass with each brutal drive.

My pussy squirted around him, soaking the canvas, the friction burning deliciously as he chased his peak. Finally, with a guttural roar, he buried to the hilt and unloaded—what felt like a gallon of hot, sticky nut blasting into my womb, rope after viscous rope painting my insides, overflowing in creamy rivers down my crack.

I came again on the flood, milking him dry, our bodies convulsing in unison.

Glancing over at my husband Gerald now, his head lolled back, mouth slack—I still loved him, in that comfortable, everyday way. But Jordon? He mastered my sexual universe, owned every throbbing inch of my body with his relentless teenage stamina.

My clit ached just thinking about home, where we'd sneak into my room, lock the door, and dive back into this filthy incest without interruptions.

The plane lurched into turbulence, my tits jiggling, and Jordon's hand crept under the blanket to my thigh, inching higher. I spread my legs a fraction, letting him brush my soaked panties, the promise of more hanging thick in the recycled air. We weren't done—not by a long shot.

THE END