

Big Tits, Tight Fit

The Talkman

So, yeah, two days ago, me and my mom had sex.

To be honest, I'm still processing it. It kinda happened out of nowhere. It was just one of those sticky summer days, all things normal, then... Bam! It happened. Sex happened.

Now, it wasn't just sex. It wasn't making love or any of that bullshit. No soft music, no roses or candles. None of that stuff. No, me and Mom just FUCKED! I swear, it was like one minute, things were normal between us, just a regular mom and son. And then the next minute, the clothes were coming off, and we were just going at it. And trust me, me and her went at it. Hard! Physical, lusty, nasty fucking! Naked, thick, meaty young cock buried in tight, dripping, mature cunt. A mom's tongue in her son's mouth. A mom's plump lips wrapped tightly around her son's thick shaft as she took it eagerly down her throat.

A son's big hands squeezing his mom's absolutely enormous breasts. God, they were fucking big, and I got to feel every inch of their smooth, naked skin. A mother and her son, two naked bodies, dripping with sweat, their heated skin sliding against each other as they savagely fucked. And

it was fucking rough. It had screaming, moaning, and every fucking curse word in the book. It ended with a son's large nuts coated with his own mother's sex juices, and a mother's tight, wet cunt filled to the brim with her son's thick cum. It was the greatest sexual experience of both of their lives.

But that was two days ago.

Most of the time, this is the point where the story ends. The sex had happened, the climax of the story. But the question for us was... what comes next? What comes after a mother and a son have sex? What do you do after that? Can you back to normal? Did we want to?

I suppose I should go back a few days and tell you what happened.

It was a lazy Saturday in the middle of summer. It was one of those sticky days where being outside for any extended time was just unbearable. Which was why I was doing my

best to savor the air conditioning. I had hung out with some buddies earlier in the day, shooting some hoops before the heat became too unbearable. After that, we went and saw a movie. And now I was chilling in my house, sitting back in my room, playing a football game online on my PS4, kicking ass, naturally. The typical things a freshly graduated high school male would do. If it was up to me, these were the types of things I would happily do all summer until I left for college, but my folks wouldn't let me be that lazy. I worked a lifeguarding job at the beach, and while that was fun, and seeing hot girls in bikinis was certainly a perk, I was happy to savor a few days off to relax and do nothing.

But my dad had other plans.

He was one of the partners at a big law firm, so he was typically very busy. That being said, he gave us a good life, so I wasn't complaining. But anyway, his boss, the big boss at his company, was throwing a big cookout thing at his lakeside house. It was this whole big thing and the families of the staff were encouraged to come and enjoy themselves. Dad was all about work and all about showing off his good life, his beautiful wife and handsome son, so we were all meant to attend. We attended every year, and while there

was some fun stuff, I always found it really fucking boring. They would always ship me off to hang with a bunch of goobers, the kids of the other employees, and they just weren't my flavor. Not the type of people I liked hanging out with. So, I always ended up dreading this thing, and I always dragged my feet. Like today, I was in my room, wearing the same jeans I'd been wearing for a week, in a thin, blue t-shirt with my favorite football team's logo on the front, sitting back, barefoot, playing video games.

I wasn't alone in my dislike of this event. I could tell Mom was pretty uninterested in the whole thing too, that she would rather be doing literally anything else. But she was a good corporate wife, and she would always be all smiles by the time we made it there.

Dad, as one of the partners, had been gone most of the day, helping set things up. Me and Mom were scheduled to drive over and meet up with him in a bit, but like I said, I was dragging my feet. And, like a good mom, she was poised to remind me of this fact.

"Hey!" I heard Mom call out from down the hall, approaching my room. "You need to start getting cleaned up. We need to get going pretty soon!"

"Yeah!" I called out, not even looking at her, barely acknowledging her. I could feel her presence standing in my doorway. Finally, annoyed with my classic teenage disregard for parental authority, she stepped into my room, standing in-between me and my flat screen, forcing me to pause the action.

"Yes?" I asked with a shit-eating grin. I looked up and met Mom's annoyed gaze. I suppose this would be the best time to describe her, seeing that this was the woman I was about to fuck.

Her name was Kim, and, uh, she was my mom. Dad made enough money as to where she didn't have to work, but she always kept herself busy with different things. But none of that really mattered for this story, so I'll get to the good stuff.

I'll be honest... Mom was fucking hot. Like, legitimately hot and sexy. She was a brunette, with long, lustrous hair, cascading down between her shoulder blades in a perpetually tussled look that always really worked for her. She had a good, rich, even tan. She had shining, playful eyes, and full, plump lips. She was fucking gorgeous.

And then her body... man, her body. She was very physically active, so she kept herself very fit, with a flat belly, and long taut legs. Her hard work was really showed off by her amazing ass. It was firm, full, round and juicy, and it rode high and perky on her frame like a teenager's. It was fucking mouth-watering. Sometimes, even I had trouble not staring.

And then there were her breasts...

Man, just... man, describing them in words doesn't do them enough justice. They were just... huge. Fucking huge. My mom had enormous tits, full, round, smooth, and just perfectly shaped. They were also shockingly perky and rode high on her chest, jutting out from her slim frame proudly. Mom was no doubt the envy of all the corporate

wives, and I'm sure there were some who doubted that her boobs were real. Trust me, I had known her pretty much my whole life. Those suckers were real, and absolutely massive.

So, from top to bottom, Mom was a fucking smoke-show. A brick shithouse. Absolutely gorgeous, and with a body to match. As her son, it was a hard thing to ignore, which is probably why I can describe her body in such great detail. And while I used to feel a lot of guilt and confusion for noticing these things, I eventually made my peace with it. My mom was hot, and that just couldn't be denied. My buddies would never let me forget that my mom was so sexy, so I wouldn't be able to get very far in life without accepting that fact.

Had I jacked off to her a few times? Sure. I tried not to get too carried away with thoughts like that, but every so often, thoughts of her just did it for me. Sometimes, there were certain days, or she'd be in certain clothes, but for whatever the reason, she'd have me as stiff as a brick all day long. I'd thought about, you know... sex with her, fantasized about it, but I had never really planned to actually do anything about it. I wasn't that crazy. I wasn't actually gonna go through

with it. And it wasn't like it was entirely up to me. I'm sure she would have a few objections if I brought it up with her. And besides, I did pretty well for myself. As a good looking football player with a sizable dong, I was well taken care of in every way I needed. That said, the thought of seeing that body in action was indescribably hot, and at times, as a natural flirt, I had to bite my tongue to stop myself from running some game on Mom. Her body was so lust inspiring, and any other girl that inspired those feelings would get the full court press from me. But I controlled myself enough not to do that with Mom, despite how hot she was.

"Kyle!" Mom called out, shaking me from my reverie. "You need to get cleaned up!" Mom said impatiently, her hands on her hips. "We need to get going pretty soon."

"But... it's hot," I whined exaggeratedly, looking out the window, my tone causing her to smirk.

"C'mon, hon, you need to get cleaned up," she said, reaching down to shake my knee. "You were outside for a while. You're probably all sticky. You need to shower. C'mon."

"Uh... fine," I said, rolling my eyes, letting my controller drop to my lap. "You know, I don't really want to go to this stupid thing anyway," I said calmly. "It's never fun."

"I know," she replied with a knowing smile. "You think I want to go? I would much rather be outside in a bikini working on my tan, but..."

"That doesn't sound so bad..." I replied, unable to stop myself from giving her that knowing, flirty tone. Hey, I stopped myself when I could, but I couldn't hold back completely. That simply wasn't in my character. But Mom always seemed to enjoy my bravado a bit, always giving me warm looks, that same cute eye-roll, and that small slightly excited smile whenever ever I said this. Dad was a work-focused man, so I doubted he still gave her this kind of flirty attention.

Knowing Mom seemed to enjoy these comments, our relationship had gained a sort of flirty tone at times. It was innocent, honest. Mom had to know she was really hot, and if Dad wasn't telling her this, then I'm sure she enjoyed

being reminded of this fact, even if this attention was coming from her own son. And she would give it back to me, giving me a wolf-whistle when she would see me shirtless, or calling me 'handsome' or 'stud', stuff like that. It was all in good fun, but I think there was a tinge of truth in it, from both sides.

"Alright, cool it, bucko," she said, shutting me down. "We've got to do these things. Your father gives us a good life. It's the least we can do."

It's funny looking back and seeing how full of shit she was. She didn't care about the fucking cookout. She probably cared even less than I did. And, deep down, she wasn't too bothered by my laziness either. After doing what we did a little later, I looked back at this whole interaction in a whole new light. I knew the truth now. I know what she really wanted. What she needed. If, at this moment, I gave her the choice of going to the cookout, or to vigorously jack off my thick teenage cock till it exploded in gobs of thick, creamy semen all over her big, naked tits... well, let's just say, I established a very definite answer to that decision.

"Yeah..." I relented, not pumped about this whole thing. I shut down the PlayStation and moved to stand.

"And honestly, you play these games way too much. They'll rot your brain. Go outside. Have some fun." she suggested, making me roll my eyes. It was a lecture I had heard before. She grinned slightly as she stepped back to allow me room to stand. And it was only at this point that she looked around and took in her surroundings.

"Ugh..." she said, turning up her nose. "Your room's a mess. Remind me, when we get back home, to ground you so you can get this room cleaned up." she said with a smile. We had a teasing relationship, so I simply nodded and laughed.

Yeah, she disapproved of the state of my room now, but that wasn't gonna be nearly enough to stop her from what was about to happen next. As a mom, she disapproved, but as a woman, she clearly didn't mind, as she would prove to me by being very, VERY willing to have sex right here. In my room. With me. Was she thinking about it right now? Did my slight bit of teenage disobedience appeal to her

naughty side? Did my piles of clothes on the floor make her want to add her own to the fray?

I stood up in front of her and padded over to my mirror.

I was a good looking guy. Not, like, a model or anything, but I was good. I had nice features, a strong jaw, good eyes, nice hair. And I was an athlete in school, so my body was in shape. I was pretty fit, but I wasn't, like, overly bulky or anything. I was more tall and lean, but still well-muscled. I saw Mom behind me, inspecting me in my current state. Was she checking me out? I didn't think so at the moment, but looking back...

Anyway, in front of the mirror, I straightened some of my dirty blonde hair, tilted my head back and forth, inspecting myself before stepping back proudly.

"I'm ready!" I called out, looking at Mom with my arms spread wide. She rolled her eyes.

"Nice try," she said, dismissively. "Now get your butt in the shower. You're holding this whole thing up. I've been ready for, like, half-an-hour. C'mon," she insisted, urging me onward.

She was so eager to get me in the shower. Was she so eager because she wanted to join me in there? Water coursing down our naked bodies as we got it on. Was she thinking about it now? Was she fantasizing already? It was hard to say, but she just might have been...

"Alright, alright," I relented, moving towards my closet.

"And dress up nice!" she warned. "Like me!" she said, posing.

Mom did look nice. Very nice. She wore a tight dark pink top, short-sleeved to show off her lithe arms, scooped low enough to show a tasteful amount of cleavage, and snug enough to show off the perfect shape of her massive breasts. Down below, she wore a clingy dark grey skirt, going down to her knees, hugging her firm thighs, and no doubt her ass as well. She wore a nice pair of high-heels too, making her

stand up taller than normal, and again, no doubt it accentuated her hot ass.

"Well, I don't think I can pull off the skirt quite like you can," I replied with a flirty tone and a knowing smirk. She rolled her eyes again.

"*Alright*, hornball, go jump in the shower. I think you need to cool down." she replied, more annoyed than amused. She turned tail and walked down the hall, her heels clicking as she did so. I couldn't help but glance up, and yeah, her ass looked great in the skirt. Really fucking great. The thin, smooth material, hugging each of the firm, juicy cheeks, showcasing it as it swayed side-to-side. My cock stiffened in my pants. I shook my head, clearing those thoughts and moved to grab some clothes, sensing her annoyance and impatience.

Need I remind you that me and her were, like, less than an hour away from straight-up fucking. This party that we just had to get to... we would end up being very, very late, because me and her would be too busy. Naked, in my bed. Fucking the shit out of each other. I was less than an hour

from feeling my own mother's tight, dripping pussy wrapped around my naked cock, squeezing me tightly, trying to draw a heavy load of cum from my swollen balls deep into her waiting cunt. Mom was annoyed at me now, but very soon, she would have her plump lips wrapped around the tip of my cock, eagerly swallowing my semen like a complete slut. And still, at a point so close to that magic moment, things were normal. Nothing was unusual.

She was right that I needed to cool down, so the shower was welcome. This was one of those days, those sticky summer days that leave you extra horny. I didn't have a girlfriend at the moment, and while I did know a few girls who would be happy to get together for some no strings attached sex, that wasn't gonna be happening tonight because of this stupid fucking party. I contemplated just taking care of myself right there, in the shower, but at the rate Mom was rushing me I probably didn't have time for a good, satisfying jack session. I cut the water and tried to ignore my stiff cock, gritting my teeth, annoyed that I'd probably be spending the whole night counting the hours till I could drain my swollen nuts.

Luckily, I wouldn't have to wait that long. Mom would eagerly be seeing to that.

I got changed, putting on a nice polo shirt and a nice pair of slacks. Nothing too fancy, but comfortable and stylish. I cleaned up, did my hair, and brushed my teeth before leaving the steamy bathroom behind. I made my way downstairs toward the kitchen, where I knew Mom would be waiting impatiently. I padded my way over to find Mom there, standing in front of the stainless steel fridge, studying her reflection, fussing with her clothes. She didn't sense my presence, and in my current state, I couldn't stop myself from checking out her round, juicy ass, molded perfectly by her slim skirt.

Normally, I could control myself. Normally, I knew better. But, combining my current state of being horned-up with my annoyance at having to attend this dumb party, I was feeling a bit rebellious. So, with Mom still not noticing me, I slowly approached her from behind. Before she could do anything, I reared back with one hand and firmly brought it forward, giving my Mom's hot ass a nice, crisp...

SPANK!

My hand collided with her firm left ass-cheek, making a loud sound upon collision, my fingers digging in slightly as soon as I made contact. She jumped as I did this, turning to face me.

"Shit! What the hell!?" She called out to me, eyes wide in surprise as she rubbed her ass. But there was something else there. Something that flashed across her face for just a moment. A look of anger, combined with something else. Her eyes looked glassy. Her cheeks were flushed. Her lips parted with a gasp. This was a look what could only be described of pure, concentrated lust.

The look passed quickly as she erased it from her face, as if she didn't want me to notice.

I'd like to think this was the moment Mom decided she wanted to swallow my cock to the fucking root, wrap her plump, full lips around the throbbing base to form a tight seal as I pumped a giant wad of cum down her tight throat. And who knows... maybe it was. Maybe the penalty for me

invading her person like this was her getting on her knees, inhaling my cock, and swallowing my semen? I know it sounds crazy, but examining the facts later, it seemed like a reasonable explanation.

But this was undoubtedly the moment that changed things between us. This was the moment that led us down a path that ended with us naked and sweaty. This was the first step down a path leading to a very pleasurable conclusion for both of us.

"You're such a shit," Mom said to me, annoyed, but unable to contain an amused smile. "Don't do that again!" she warned, as I grinned at her.

Yeah, like an hour later, she would be BEGGING me to spank her hot, bare ass, over and over again. And I would happily comply. And she would fucking love it. It would make her pussy squeeze hard around my cock.

But that would come later.

I moved towards the cupboard before stopping, noticing that she turned back to face the fridge, looking displeased.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I don't know if I'm happy with this," she said, looking at her outfit. "What do you think?" she asked, turning to face me. She looked spectacular. The clothes hugged her figure while still being tasteful. The pink top flattered her fit frame and massive, succulent jugs, and I hadn't been able to keep my eyes off her ass. So the slim, grey skirt was doing the trick. But, sensing a weird energy in the air, and feeling a bit bold, an idea jumped to mind.

"Uh..." I said, shrugging, acting unimpressed. "It's alright."

"Yeah, I knew it," she said, annoyed. "I don't think this is gonna work. I'm gonna go change." she said under her breath, marching out of the room, back upstairs to her room. I smiled slightly, with no real plan in mind, happy that I had gotten under her skin a bit. Pleased with myself, I made my way back up to my room and booted up my PS4, knowing Mom was very indecisive in things like this. I was

up 14-0 in the game by the time Mom made her way to my doorway.

"What do you think of this?" she asked. I spun in my chair, turning to face her, to appraise her.

I looked her over from top to bottom. She had replaced her pink top with a black one, a little less snug over big tits, but still very flattering, nonetheless. She replaced her grey skirt with a light, summery blue one, cut just over her knees in a diagonal slash. She looked very good.

"Eh..." I said, shrugging, acting like I wasn't impressed. "Do you want to wear black on a day like this?" I asked. She rolled her eyes, and stomped away. "Sorry!" I called out.

"Yeah, you're right," she called out, stepping into her bedroom and shutting the door. Both of these outfits were more than good enough, but I liked making her mad.

The score in the game was 27-7 by the time I heard Mom approach. I turned to face her and took her new outfit in.

She had replaced her previous outfit with a nice, airy sundress, white with blue lines decorating it. On most women, this dress would look nice and innocent. But for a woman with the curves my mom had, she looked stunning. Her arms were left bare, and the thin material could barely contain her massive bust. Her upper chest was left exposed, showing off a hint of her cavernous cleavage, and her jugs were so large the sides of them could be seen through the arm holes. The thin material cascaded off her firm ass, giving a good indication of her perfect rear end. Also, the white material did allow for someone with a trained eye like me to notice the dark material of her bra and underwear through the dress.

"What do you think?" she asked, holding her arms out. This interaction was still relatively innocent, I realized, so let's turn it up a notch. I let my eyes narrow as I looked her over. She noted the confused expression on my face. "What now?" she asked.

"Well..." I began, with a small smirk. "I don't think of this outfit as very... corporate."

"What do you mean?" Mom asked, confused. "It's a cookout. I think this would be nice."

"Well, if you want to wear that, you're gonna have to, uh..." I began, knowing I was getting into delicate territory. "The thing is... I don't know if you want to be showing off your underwear to all of Dad's friends, but..." I trailed off.

"You can't see anything..." she began, turning to look the mirror in my room. She narrowed her eyes as she appraised herself. "Shit..." she said to herself, confirming my words. "How'd YOU notice? You're not supposed to be looking for that."

"It's hard not to notice," I said with a laugh. She slapped my shoulder, knowing it wasn't that blatant. "And besides, I'm a guy... I can't help myself."

She gave me an odd look for a moment, biting her lip before turning and sauntering away. I didn't know where I was going with this little game. I was improvising, to be

honest, but the energy had slightly changed in a way I couldn't describe. Mom didn't say anything, but she clearly sensed it to. She probably didn't realize it yet, but the fact that I had noticed her bra and panties through her dress changed things for her. And she probably didn't notice that she shook her ass at me slightly as she walked back to her room.

I set down the controller as I waited for Mom to reappear, now more intrigued by the game going on between me and Mom than the one on the screen. And I should be, cause the game on the screen was leading to a cosmetic, meaningless victory. And considering that the this game I was playing was leading me to hot, sweaty sex with my own mom, I couldn't be blamed for finding this one significantly more interesting. I sat back and waited for Mom to return, and see what came next.

I was not disappointed.

Mom's door opened, and she appeared from inside, sauntering towards me. I sat back as my eyes widened, taking her in. She had squeezed herself into a tight yellow

sundress, and I was not exaggerating. It looked like she was poured into that dress. The solid, yellow material clung to her impressive figure, all the way down to just above her knees, while also showing off a bit of her upper chest. It would be tasteful on a normal woman, but on a woman with my mom's bust, it showed off a healthy amount of cleavage.

And, putting her body aside, she just looked incredible in that dress. It contrasted well with her smooth tan. Her brunette hair cascaded down in waves, and her perfectly made-up face and incredible good looks completed the ensemble. She looked fucking amazing.

"Yes, yes, we got a winner here," I told her, unable to stop my eyes from gazing at her hot body. I stared at her big tits, watching the way they jiggled as she walked towards me, while admiring the way the material showcased their perfect round shape. Those suckers were bursting to escape the tight garment as they were packed snugly within her dress. The smooth, soft flesh of the tops of her breasts were rippling with every step, arresting my vision. They were so freaking big! I know these are my mother's big tits, but they were fucking perfect! I couldn't help but stare. I saw something else, as well, something I wouldn't have noticed

if I hadn't been staring: the slight indentation of her nipples through the material. I noted this fact.

"I don't know," Mom said, as she stepped into my room, looking down at herself. "I think it's too much."

"It's perfect," I told her with a laugh. "Yellow... summer... it works."

"It's not the color I'm worried about," she said, turning to look at my mirror across the room. With her attention on her reflection, I leaned back and let my eyes stare at her ass. God Damn. The material clung to the round, juicy cheeks, and every little shift in weight she did made them jiggle lusciously. My dick throbbed in my pants. The dress was so tight it left little to the imagination and I could see the full shape of those firm, perky cheeks, and this fact sent a realization through me, a fact I noted for later.

My eyes glanced at the mirror, giving me another good view of her massive jugs. God, they looked big. They were so round and smooth. They were begging to be squeezed. I

had never seen a pair of breasts that big in real life. None of the girls at school could compare, not even close.

Looking back, and knowing that I was mere minutes away from talking her into showing off those big tits for me, completely bare and exposed, was incredible. I think I was already formulating a plan. At the moment, my eyes were locked on her massive melons, unable to stop myself from looking away. I stared at the slight protrusions of her nipples, willing them to get harder for me.

I shook myself and looked up before she could notice my gaze. I watched her appraising her outfit, tugging the hem down so it wouldn't rise up too far.

"Yeah, this is way too tight," she said to herself.

"No, it's perfect," I said, causing her to look at me with a skeptical look in her eyes.

"Please," she said sarcastically. "I don't remember it being this tight," she said, tugging at edge of her dress, near her

boobs, trying to stretch it out a bit. "It really hugs the, uh... girls." she said quietly, for the first time mentioning her impressive bust to me. It was an oh-so-subtle way for her to get me to glance at her big boobs, but I didn't need the assist. I was already staring. Even at this point, I knew this was just the start of something for her. It started small, an off-hand comment about her breasts, so subtle she probably didn't realize she had done it. But I just knew, if things were gonna play out as I thought they were, if the urges inside her kept spurring her on, these comments would become far less subtle. She would soon be inviting me to stare at her big tits, or her hot ass, under the guise of judging her outfit, of course, but we would both know the truth. She liked having my eyes consuming her hot body.

I was pulled from my reverie by the sight of Mom staring in the mirror, running her hands over her chest, smoothing out the material over her large, soft, squishy breasts. As she did this, I realized it was time to take this game up a notch. I looked up at her with a knowing grin. It took her a few moments before she noticed, ready to deliver a delicious maneuver on her. "What?" she asked, accusatorily.

"Nothing," I said, sitting back, smiling. "It's just... good to know."

"Good to know what?" she asked.

"Well... good to know I have enough game to talk my own mom out of her underwear," I said with a cocky grin. The tight dress made it clear to me that she had removed her bra and panties before putting it on. Some might not notice... but I did. And letting Mom know that I knew made her blush slightly.

"No... it's just..." Mom stammered.

"Must be my silver tongue," I interrupted, before licking my lips for her, still grinning like an asshole. Mom's eyes widened and she gulped at this, slightly taken aback, but despite her apparent embarrassment, the way her lips parted in a heated gasp sent tingles through my nuts. My bold comment turned her on.

"Yeah, uh..." she said, looking away, her voice quiet but heavy. "This dress is too much." She began to turn away, but not before I noticed those nipples capping her big fucking tits getting nice and stiff. This sent a jolt of excitement through me. I watched her saunter away quickly, and if there was any doubt before, this time, it was clear. Her ass was bouncing side to side for me. I doubt she was doing it on purpose, but I appreciated it all the same. She was getting turned on by this, despite everything, as was I. And I think this was the moment she first realized she was getting turned on.

That was probably why it took her so long to change this time, more than any other. She was probably wondering where this was going. If things were getting out of hand. Wondering which direction she should go.

I knew exactly where this was going. Me and her, fucking each others' brains out. She could have easily put an end to this, as it was getting close to the time we needed to be heading out. She was probably wondering what she should do. Should she turn down the heat... or turn it up? But the lure of the forbidden was enough to keep her going. And a few minutes later she emerged in a fresh, new outfit.

"Alright, bucko, I hope you've calmed down," she said, warning me, letting me know I was crossing a line with my earlier comments. She had said things along these lines before, but this time, I was simply spurred on. I don't know what it was, but I was feeling extra bold, so I wasn't gonna slow down. I know it seemed crazy, but I was willing to play this out, see where it goes. Which is why I wasn't afraid to express my disappointment at her next outfit.

I mean, she looked good. But compared to that yellow dress, there was no way I wouldn't be disappointed. She was trying to turn down the heat, trying to cool the boiling tension back down to a placid simmer. She probably realized she was getting carried away herself, so she wanted to get things back under control. Good luck with that, Mom! She wore a nice, dark orange, slim top, made of a bit thicker material than some of her other tops, so it left a bit more to the imagination than her other outfits. Down below, she had on a nice denim skirt, down to her knees. She looked like a sweet, attractive older woman in this outfit. But her other garments... those made her look sexy. I couldn't hide my disappointment.

"What?" she asked, posing for me, but the look she gave me let me know she knew the answer. She was dressing down, not displaying her luscious curves as boldly. She gave me a small knowing smile. I sat back and tilted my head side-to-side, displaying my ambivalence. "I think it's nice!" she added.

"Yeah... nice," I said, making the word convey my dissatisfaction. "You can do better than nice." She gave me a pointed look.

"Okay, just because it doesn't cling to my big boobs doesn't make it boring," Mom stated, making me smirk in response. Bingo, there she was again, mentioning her chest to me. And this time, she added the adjective. Big. She was getting into this, despite what she might say.

"It's not so bad," she replied, glancing at herself in the mirror. I looked at her again, trying to get a glimpse at her denim clad ass. Again, feeling a bit bold, I spoke up.

"Turn around." I asked calmly.

"What?" she asked, a bit confused.

"Turn around." I repeated with a light, confident smile, leaning back. She rolled her eyes, but her annoyance wasn't gonna stop her from doing as I asked. She exhaled slightly and spun around for me, turning her back to me, twirling her hips gracefully so I could look at her rear. I mean, she knew what my question meant. I pretty much asked, 'Hey Mom, show me your ass.' And, despite any objections she might have at this thing getting a bit out of control, she was still willing to comply. She was still willing to showcase her ass for her own son. She was willing to do as I asked, because she liked it.

I stared right at my mother's round butt for a few moments, letting the silence between us last. Of course, she looked good. Of course, her ass looked good. But she could do better. She had it. She just needed to flaunt it.

"Uh... it's not very... flattering," I told her.

"What?" she asked, looking back at me.

"The skirt, it's... kinda bulky. Doesn't flatter you." I told her.

"Flatter?" she inquired. I looked up at her with a knowing look. We both knew what I was talking about. That skirt didn't showcase her hot ass enough. She could do better. I'd seen better. "Well..." she began. "I think that last dress was a bit TOO flattering," she said, smoothing the skirt over her jutting butt, trying to better display it for me. Trying to let her own son know her ass still looked good in this dress. "But I still think this one's good."

"Turn around, again," I told her confidently, and this time, she didn't hesitate at all. She spun right around for me, and even through the thicker material, and, from what I could tell, her bra, I could see the indents of those nipples, once again. Unknowingly, she smoothed out her top, trying to make her outfit more pleasing, trying to showcase her body better for me, her son. She looked up at me again, waiting for my yay or nay. With her watching, I let my eyes calmly and slowly slide over her body, hungrily taking in her figure with my eyes. My eyes stared right at her big breasts, down

her belly, over her firm thighs and calves, before going back up her long legs, looking past her massive mountains and back at her gorgeous face. The heat in my eyes couldn't be hidden. Her eyes widened slightly, for just a moment, before she suppressed it. She waited for my judgement, and I simply shook my head.

"Not gonna work for me," I told her with a smile. Her eyes went blank for a moment, distracted, before she wordlessly turned back and around and sauntered away, back down the hall. And as she walked away, her ass was bouncing for me, side-to-side. She had to realize what she was doing it at this point. She had to.

She liked having me stare at her. At her hot body. She liked being appreciated in a sexual way, even by her own son. She liked me telling her, in not so many words, that I enjoyed watching her showcase her hot body for me. Show off some skin. Despite her hesitance, she wasn't stopping. She kept going even past the point where she really should have stopped. Where her instincts as a woman and a mother should stop her. But she wasn't stopping it. She was letting this play out.

Was this the moment Mom decided she wanted my thick teenage dick stuffed inside her vagina? Did Mom want to reward my teenage boldness and confidence with hot, nasty sex? I'm sure she was at least thinking about it at that very moment. She had to be. That blank look in her eyes was her imagining me hammering her tight cunt with my throbbing shaft, making her squeal. It had to be.

Any hesitance or confusion she was feeling wasn't apparent when she sauntered back out of her room a few minutes later. She was unable to contain her enjoyment at this little fashion show. She couldn't hide it from me. She marched right up to my doorway and posed for me, looking down at me with a confident smile.

"So... what do you think?" she asked with a teasing smile, putting her hands on her hips.

"Much better," I said, sitting back slightly. Her orange top had been replaced with a red one, far more snug than the last. And far more low-cut as well, showing off a large amount of tender cleavage, more than she had so far, by a

lot. It wasn't indecent or anything, but it was noticeable. She no doubt noticed my eyes sinking into the cavern between her big boobs, my eyes hungrily looking over the soft, smooth orbs, but she didn't mind. She didn't say a word of objection. She even bent forward slightly to give me a better look. And she didn't mind when my eyes locked right onto her protruding nipples. The material clung to her giant rack, and her fit belly, leading my eyes downward. She had replaced the denim skirt with a much thinner one, white with a black pattern on it. While it wasn't figure hugging, it was shorter than the other ones, and it had a lot more flow to it, meaning it moved around a lot more as opposed to just clinging to her taut legs. And it showed off a lot of those long, firm gams.

"You like it?" she asked, biting her lower lip. Mom was turning up the heat, giving me what I wanted to see.

"Yeah," I replied, sitting back.

"Does it show off my huge breasts enough for you?" Mom asked sarcastically, but the fact that she even mentioned her big jugs yet again was a win for me.

"Oh yeah." I replied with a grin. She rolled her eyes, but I could tell she still liked it.

She turned to face the mirror, posing a bit, checking out some different angles of her outfit. I checked out her profile as she stood next to me, and damn, she looked fucking good. Her mammoth jugs were jutting outward. The tops of them were exposed, and the flesh was so pliant and smooth that I could see her big boobs rippling with every small move she made. God, they looked perky. And firm. And massive. I couldn't stop staring.

I shook myself and looked up before she could notice my gaze. But I then noticed hers. Even though she was supposed to be looking at her outfit in the mirror, she was looking at me. And she wasn't looking at my handsome face. No, her eyes were glued to my crotch, staring at my bulge. I moved slightly, spreading my legs apart to give her a better look, and this movement made her eyes jump to her own reflection. She acted like all was normal, resumed doing what she was supposed to be doing, appraising her outfit.

"I like it a lot," Mom said, turning to face me, slightly flustered, trying to act like she hadn't just checked out her son's dick.

"The outfit?" I asked, unable to stop myself.

"Yes, the outfit," she stammered, blushing slightly. She gave no signs that she had sneaked a peek. It was pure instinct. An uncontrollable urge. If she wasn't thinking about it before, Mom had to be thinking about impaling her pussy on my thick, beefy cock now. She had to. I could just tell. "I like seeing more skin." I told her boldly.

"Oh yeah?" she asked, not objecting to me as much as she would have mere minutes prior. She was speaking to me with the teasing lilt of a smitten teenager, seeking her crush's approval. The tenor between us had changed. The dynamic had shifted. It felt like the room was on a tilt, forcing us both towards my nice big bed. My cock and her cunt were on a collision course, and we were both starting to realize that.

I twirled my fingers in the air silently, and she obeyed, spinning around. And as she did, the benefits of that skirt were shown off. As she did a crisp twirl, her skirt rose slightly, and due to its short length, that meant I got a quick peek at the underside of her ass cheeks. And, I got a peek at the tiny white lace string tucked between those cheeks. Mom had changed underwear for me, and she was now wearing a thong. My dick pulsed with need, and for a moment I almost let my hunger overtake me. I had never pushed things so far with Mom before, but even though I could sense where this was heading, I wasn't slowing down. I could feel it. I could practically see the future. She put that thong on for a reason. To show it to me. And if I played my cards right, I would get to see it fully.

And yeah, let's just say, I played my cards right.

"Nice..." I said, not wanting to sound too excited. Her eyes flashed with mischief as she looked back at me. She knew exactly what she was doing. So I knew she wouldn't mind when I looked right at her ass. The thin dress was draped over her shelf-like rear.

"I think this one makes my ass look good... doesn't it?" she asked, looking back over her shoulder at me, making it abundantly clear I got the message to look at her butt. I almost lost my nerve at how forward she was being, but I had to play it cool. I had to be calm and play this right. I looked at her thin skirt and made my judgment. Some of her other outfits had really got in there and hugged her ass, so this wasn't my favorite one. Knowing she was in the game now, I took a different approach to get her out of these clothes.

"Yeah, one of my ex's wore something similar. I really liked it on her," I stated.

"Yeah?" Mom asked, looking back at me.

"Of course, it didn't stay on her too long..." I said boldly, raising my eyebrows. She turned away from me and laughed to herself surprised and kind of impressed by how shamelessly I was speaking to her. But she didn't object. In fact...

"You know," she began, before turning back to face me with a bit of more confidence, giving her chest a little extra jiggle as she did. She looked at me as my gaze drifted down, staring right at her jutting breasts. Her nipples were positively throbbing beneath her top. I looked back up at her, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "I found other outfits deep in my closet... stuff I would never wear in public. Or for your father. But... do you wanna see?" she asked. Our eyes locked, and the tension we were feeling was apparent. We both knew where this was going. We both knew what game we were playing at. The unspoken tension between us was boiling over.

"Do you know who you're talking to?" I replied with a smirk. She smiled wickedly and sauntered away, shaking her ass from side to side purposefully, again causing her flowy skirt to bounce, offering me teasing glimpses of her rear. She gave me one last look before entering her room, closing the door behind her.

In the silence of the moment, I had to think this over. I didn't know why I was feeling this emboldened. I didn't know why I was pushing things like this. Maybe it was fate guiding my hand. Guiding us to bed together. But I had

never been this turned on. My cock was like iron in my pants. Feeling a little sweat on my brow, I wiped it off with my arm and spun around in my chair. I suddenly realized how hot I was, temperature wise. The window was open, and the breeze had died, leaving us to bask in the sticky heat. I glanced to my side to the clock. We were well beyond the time we had planned to leave. But me and her were both playing this out, listening to our base instincts. Listening to our bodies. To our urges. Our needs.

"So..." Mom said from behind me, making me jump. "What do you think?"

I spun around in my chair, and any glib remark I may have had died on my lips. My jaw dropped and my eyes got big.

"Holy shit..." I muttered, unable to believe what I was seeing. Mom looked filthy! She was dressed in tight denim booty shorts, just barely going beyond her crotch, clinging to her so tight I couldn't imagine how she even got them on. Her long, firm legs were left exposed, leading down to her high-heels. Her flat, sexy midriff was left exposed, the only interruption being the straps of her thong, riding high on

her hips. My hungry eyes traveled up her frame, taking in her thin white t-shirt, tied between her tits, struggling to contain them. A mile of juicy cleavage was left exposed to me, leading my eyes upward towards her smirking face. This outfit was just pure filth. My Mom looked trashy hot in all the best ways. I loved it.

"Wow." I said, unable to hide my approval.

"So, you like it?" she asked, smiling brightly, stepping forwards slightly, causing her big jugs to jiggle lusciously. I was staring at my mom's big breasts, and she knew it, and I didn't care.

"Damn, Mom..." I said, shaking my head in awe, my eyes locked on her hot body. "You look fucking hot!"

I normally wouldn't curse in front of Mom, because she wouldn't normally let me. But this time...

"You really think so?" she asked with a small smile.

"Jesus, Mom..." I looked right at her chest. She still had a bra on, a white lacy number, which matched both her top and the thong she was so blatantly showcasing for me. I could see a bit of the lace through the thin white top, and a hint of her pink nipples.

"So, Kyle... does this outfit really show off my big tits?" Mom asked with a naughty glint in her eye, her words and her expression sent a shudder through my bone-hard cock.

"Oh yeah..." I growled. "You look... amazing."

"How about my ass?" Mom asked, spinning around, turning her back to me and pushing her butt out at me slightly, showcasing it for me. The booty shorts were clinging to her jutting ass, showing off its perfect shape. The round, firm cheeks were bursting to escape their tight denim confines. The shorts really dug in, showing off each round cheek and the cleft in between. Capping off this perfect, trashy image was the obscene whale-tail, the triangle of the thong showcased proudly above the hem of her shorts.

"I love it..." I panted, near out of breath with lust.

"Do you think I should wear this to the cookout?" she asked, turning back to face me and leaning forward slightly, showing off her canyon of cleavage to me.

"If you want to get everyone's attention," I replied, unable to stop my hungry eyes from taking in so much exposed flesh. Her fit belly. Her long, firm, tanned legs. Her big tits. God damn...

"You know..." she began, standing up straight, making her boobs bounce. "I think this is unfair. I mean, we've been going over my outfits, but we haven't talked about yours..." I looked up at her beautiful face, intrigued.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I'm not gonna lie... I'm not too crazy about your outfit either," she said, looking right at me with a knowing grin. With a sudden surge of boldness, I knew what to do. Before she could react, I stood up, making her take a step back.

"Well," I began firmly, reaching down. "Let me change." I grabbed the hem of my shirt and pulled it up, exposing my tight belly to Mom. She looked down at my exposed torso with wide eyes as I tossed my shirt away. And then, keeping my eyes right on her, I reached down, and with a firm tug, yanked my pants down, leaving me clad in only my boxers.

Mom's eyes went very wide as she took me in. Her eyes went straight to my crotch, where my cock was straining to escape. The blue material of my boxers was clinging to my meaty, nine and a half inch cock. My shaft was pointed towards my hip, giving Mom a primo view of the full size and shape of what I was working with. Her eyes were wide, and her plump smooth lips were curled up in approval. I stepped out of my pants and strutted over towards my closet.

"You're right, Mom," I said, turning my back to her as I walked towards my closet. "And by the way, I don't know if you noticed, but I can see your underwear again." I smiled to myself.

"You can?" she asked, her voice like honey. I spent a few moments at the closet before grabbing new clothes out of the closet. I turned to face her, and what I saw made the clothes in my hands fall to the floor.

"How about now?" she asked, posing for me. Her thin white top and her dark, denim booty shorts were now on the ground, leaving her standing in front of me only in her underwear. My eyes went wide, and she smirked at my reaction. "Didn't want this to be unfair."

I looked down at her hot, luscious body. I had seen her in a bikini before, but this was different. I was supposed to be able to see her in a bikini. I wasn't supposed to see her like this. The lacy white bra was struggling to contain her big tits, the material digging into the soft flesh. Her shoulder straps were digging into her shoulders, the full weight of those large tits ready to make those straps explode. The lacy material was partially see-through, allowing me a small glimpse of pink, throbbing nipples.

Down lower, past her flat, fit belly was the material of her small white thong. The straps rode high over her hips,

converging at her pussy. The tiny triangle of material there was scooped low, barely covering her nether regions. Through the thin lace, I got a good view of her small, dark, immaculately groomed landing strip of cunt hair. And when she reached down, she tucked her thumbs into the top of her thong, causing it to lower slightly, revealing just a hint of that landing strip over the top of the thong. My cock pulsed with delight at this visual feast.

I looked up at her confident face and reached up with two fingers, indicating for her to spin around for me again. With a lusty smirk, she did just that, turning around for me, exposing her long, taut, fit back. But my eyes went straight to her ass. It looked incredible, the shelf-like cheeks jutting out from her slim frame. My eyes hungrily looked across the ripe, firm ass cheeks, so round and perky and smooth. The tiny white thong met in a triangle above her ass crack, leading to a string disappearing between the cheeks. Her heart-shaped ass was incredible!

She turned to face me again, her mammoth boobs jiggling as she did. She put her hands on her hips and looked me over, but she was struggling to rip her eyes from my

tremendous bulge. She finally did, looking the rest of me over.

The tension was thick. We stood in silence, basking in the heat of our near naked bodies and the sticky heat from outside. Both of us were hungrily consuming each others' bodies with our eyes, and we were both starving. Finally, our eyes met again. I looked at her. She looked at me, our hunger clear to each other.

And finally... we feasted.

At the same moment, both of us leapt forward, our mouths meeting in a fiery kiss. Her plump lips met mine, and our mouths quickly opened. Her tongue aggressively slid into my mouth, sliding against mine. Her smooth, feminine tongue dueled with my tongue as we swapped spit. Our mouths were pressed roughly against each other as we hungrily made out.

I was making out with my mother. I was making out with my own mom! This was crazy! She gave birth to me. She raised me. She made me my lunches for school. She was the

one who bought me Christmas gifts, and filled my Easter basket with candy, and put my money under my pillow as the tooth fairy. She drove me to baseball practice. She cleaned off my cheeks when I was dirty. She was my mom!

But now, I was a grown up. I was 18. And I was seeing the other side of her. The adult side of her. The side of her beyond her motherly smiles and mom outfits. The part of her that was an adult woman with needs. The side of her that was horny. The side of her that was hot and sexy and needed the type of pleasure that a woman with her body was worthy of. The side of her that looked at her son with new eyes. That side which no longer saw him as the young man she raised, but as a viable sexual partner. The side of her that was so fucking horny she was willing to fuck her own son. And that's where this was going.

My mom and I were gonna fuck.

We were acting on raw, boiling, physical lust for each other. We weren't thinking about how wrong this was. How this was a prelude to full-on incest. Lust was coursing through

our veins, clouding our thoughts, driving us both towards one inevitable outcome.

My cock in her pussy.

While our mouths were busy, our hands were too. As her big boobs crushed against my chest, my hands went around her waist, grabbing her ass roughly, squeezing the bare, perky cheeks. I wanted to get my hands on those tits, but the positioning made it awkward. I could wait. The moment would come. I kept using my hands to grope my mom's hot, jutting ass as I jammed my tongue down her throat. And her hands, my own mother's hands, were only interested in one thing. My thick, bulging cock. Her hands slid between us, sliding down my fit belly, before digging under the hem of my boxers. My mom's hand slid into my boxers, and her long, nimble fingers slid around the root of my dick.

"Mmmm..." I groaned into her mouth. She used her other hand to pull down the hem of my boxers, allowing her to scoop my thick teenage dick out. Even though my prick was crushed between us, her hand was eagerly stroking it as best she could. I pulled her into me, sliding my cock against her

belly, seeking pleasure. Sensing my overwhelming need, our lips parted.

"Come on," Mom urged me, spinning me around and moving me towards the bed. She pushed me back, forcing me onto the bed, into a seated position. Her eyes were not leaving my throbbing pillar as she got onto her knees in front of me. Still looking at my massive organ, she reached up and tugged my boxers down my legs, pulling them off and tossing them aside casually. She moved between my knees, bringing her hand forward and sliding her fingers back onto my bulging prick.

"Oh my God." I moaned out, letting my head roll slightly.

"Jesus..." she sighed as she began to stroke my pulsing cock. "I thought you might have a big one, but holy shit!"

"You like it?" I asked, trying to still be cool with my mom on her knees in front of me, jacking my cock.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to get my hands on this fucking massive cock!" she said excitedly, now using both hands to stroke my throbbing prick. "How long I've wanted to jack you off!"

"Mmm..." I groaned, squirming to her expert touch. Hearing my mom talk like this was so fucking hot!

"God damn..." she said softly, admiring my cock from up close, gazing at the swollen shaft and the thick, angry mushroom tip, which was already leaking my sperm. I felt her eyes drifting down to my nuts, hungrily admiring my swollen sack. She looked up at my pleasure ridden face and smiled. "I can't believe we're doing this!" she said with a nervous giggle.

"You're so fucking hot, Mom," I told her, not giving her time to reconsider by stroking her ego as she energetically stroked my cock. On her knees in front of me, her massive jugs pushing outward, barely contained by her bra, her long taut back and her round, jutting ass adorned in that thong... she looked incredible.

"You're not so bad, either," she tittered, firmly stroking my prick. For some reason, my eyes drifted to the clock, and I noted the time.

"But Mom... we're gonna be late to the cookout!" I said with a smirk.

"You think I fucking care?" Mom asked with a wicked smirk. "Your father can go schmooze at the party... and while he's doing that, I'll be doing this." Before I could react, Mom leaned down and slid her mouth around my thick teenage cock.

"Holy shit!" I called out in shock. I watched my mom's open mouth descend over my swollen, girthy shaft, taking in half of it in one smooth movement. "Ahhhh! Fuck yes!" I said as I felt my mom's plump lips wrapped around my throbbing meat. Holy shit! She was doing it! Mom was sucking my big fucking cock! And it felt so fucking good! Jesus! I felt her tongue against the underside of my cock, massaging it lovingly, savoring it. She looked up at me as she began slowly bobbing up and down. "That's it... suck my cock, Mom! Yes!"

Mom's eyes twinkled in joy as she inhaled my hard cock like a fucking slut, smoothly taking the top half of my heat in and out of her mouth. With her hand, she stroked the remaining half of my pulsing weapon, making sure every inch of my cock was well taken care of, like a good mom should. She sucked me with fervour, with hunger, as if she'd been starving for cock for far too long. She savoured it with her mouth, with her soft lips, with her tongue, giving my thick teenage prick the worship that it deserved. After a minute of this, she pulled her mouth from my prick, detaching her swollen lips from her son's cock.

"Jesus..." Mom moaned out, eyes glassy with lust as bands of spit connected the head of my cock to her panting mouth. "This is the best fucking cock! Oh my God!" She then dipped her face forward, attaching her mouth to my large nuts.

"*Ahhh!*" I called out, feeling my mom's tongue massaging my balls. She took one of my nuts in between her lips, sucking on it lightly, sliding her eager tongue over my sperm-filled nut. She repeated the same treatment to the

other testicle, fully worshipping my balls. Once they were sufficiently covered with spit, she detached her lips from my nuts before taking my dick back into her mouth. She brought her palm up to my sack, massaging my spit-covered balls in her hand as she inhaled my cock. Spit was leaking down my shaft as she sucked me off vigorously. She was really, really into this.

I looked up across the room, gazing at our reflections in the mirror. Between the piles of clothes on my floor, and my stuff haphazardly strewn about, there I was, naked, sitting on my bed, my mostly naked mom between my legs. Her head bobbing in my lap, her hair grazing over my thighs. Her thong-clad ass pointed right at the mirror, the perfect round cheeks being showcased while parting slightly, displaying the tiny string bisecting them.

"That's it, Mom. Suck my cock!" I told her, smirking slightly. I put my hand on the back of her head as Mom focused on sucking me off. My cock was tingling in her mouth she was sucking me so well. She brought her palms back to my thighs, digging into them with her nails with her head pointing straight down, vigorously sucking my dick. "Yes! I knew it... I knew you wanted this! Yes! Every fucking time I

teased you. Flirted with you. Checked you out! Every fucking time, I knew you wanted to do this! To get on your knees and suck my fucking cock! Yes!"

Mom pulled her mouth off my cock with a pop. My shaft was seriously coated with her spit, glazed with her, her heated saliva stretching between it and her mouth in viscous bands. She energetically stroked my rock hard pillar as she looked up at me.

"And I was thinking the same thing..." she said with a smirk, stroking my manhood. "I mean, it's so wrong. So messed up, but... Jesus, you're so fucking hard! It's so wrong to be doing this, and... shit, you're cock feels so good in my hand. But, God. I can't stop thinking about it. And whenever I caught you staring at me, I imagined doing this..." She then slid her hand off my throbbing prick with a flourish and stood up in front of me. I looked up at her as she looked down at me with a wicked grin. My eyes widened as she reached behind her back. I watched, committing every moment to memory, as Mom unsnapped her bra for me. Her breasts jumped forward slightly as the fabric loosened, and finally, after holding the garment in place for a moment, she

whipped it off tossing her bra to the side recklessly, exposing her big tits to me for the first time.

"Holy shit!" I called out in shock. It was surreal. I was looking right at my mom's big naked breasts. She was showing them off for me, and I was staring. They were the best tits I had ever seen, and it wasn't even close. My MOM had the best pair of breasts I had ever seen. It was crazy! They looked even bigger bare than they had stuffed in her bra. They were massive. They jutted out, perfectly round and perfect. The satiny breast flesh was evenly tanned and smooth. Her hard nipples were throbbing, pointed outward, the hard nubs calling to me. Her mammoth boobs were so large they pressed against each other, forming a natural fault line of juicy cleavage. They were perkier than they had any right to be, and the soft, smooth, dense flesh was calling to me. I need to get my hands on those tits. And I would get my wish very shortly.

As I was mesmerized by her humongous rack, she bent over, letting me watch those big udders bouncing against each other while she reached down, slipped her fingers into her thong and tugged them down, letting them fall to the floor. Mom stood up, now completely naked, all for me. I

hadn't gotten a peek before but now, looking at my own mom's naked cunt, I was stunned into silence. No glib remark. No cocky smirk. I was mesmerized, gazing at my mom's slim, sexy landing strip, complementing the smooth, taut, puffy lips. I looked up at her smiling face, grinning wickedly, happy to see me so enraptured by her hot naked body.

"Do you like my big tits, honey?" Mom asked, reaching up to squeeze her own breasts, the soft flesh pouring through her fingers.

"Oh yeah..." I replied, unable to pull my eyes from her naked boobs.

"I thought you would," she said softly, looking down at her own tits. "You ever been with a girl with breasts as big as mine?" she asked, cupping them.

"No... none of them." I stated, enraptured.

"Have you ever seen a pair this big?" Mom asked, her fingers pinching her nipples lightly as she groped herself.

"No..." I said simply, shaking my head. "Your tits are amazing. Way better than all my girlfriends. Way better than anyone! I always stared at them..."

"And I always liked it..." she replied, biting her lip, eyes blazing with heat. "Now lay back baby," she said, sauntering forward, her jiggling tits still holding my gaze as she lightly pushed me to my back on my bed before pausing in place, hand still on my bare chest, having one last moment of reconsideration. There was just enough time for her to pause and reflect, and wonder if we should be doing this. Dammit! "This is crazy! You're my son. I'm your mother. This is so fucking wrong! We should SO not be doing this, but... I'm so goddamn horny. I need sex! I mean, you have no idea how badly I need it... and so do you, obviously," she said, eyeing my exposed, swollen package. "Jesus, you're big..." she said softly, eyes locked on my teenage prick before looking back up at me. "Lame business parties... that's your dad's thing. I'd much rather spend my free time in the bedroom, getting fucked till I can't think straight, but

he doesn't feel the same, clearly. And I bet you'd rather be balls deep in some hot slut than over at the cookout."

"And I want you to be that slut, Mom." I said, causing her to smile and roll her eyes.

"How sweet." she said sarcastically, but she wasn't too bothered as her eyes fell back onto my bulging cock. She bit her lip as she stared at it. She sat on the bed next to me, making those big jugs bounce. I had to get my hands on them. I had missed out on an opportunity before, and I wasn't gonna miss out now that I was so close.

"Mom..." I began, knowing I would have to give her one last push. "I want this. And you do too. I know it's wrong... I know it's fucked up... but that's what makes it better. Doesn't it?"

"Yeah..." she sighed, still eyeing my cock, reaching forward to put her hand back on it, stroking me slowly.

"You've already sucked your son's big dick, and you loved it, didn't you?" I asked

"Yeah..." she repeated, biting her lip as she jacked me off, my impressive size wearing down her defenses.

"We've come too far to stop now. You think we can just get up, put our clothes on, and act like this never happened?" I began slowly. She glanced at me, pulling her eyes from my prick for a few moments as she continued stroking me. "You think that... mmm, that's it, Mom, keep stroking it, just like that... we'll keep looking at each other, wondering what if... wondering what would have happened if we had just gone through it. If we had the balls to do it. To just go through with it and fuck! Yeah... that's it. Yes... damn! Jack my fucking prick! Let's just do it, Mom. Let's just fuck! Let's just do it once, and just get it out of our systems! Let's do all the nasty, fucked up shit we've both been thinking about, because, we have BOTH been thinking about this for a while. Let's just do this thing. Let's have sex, right here, in my bed. Slide your pussy onto my big fucking cock, put those big tits in my face, and let's get down to business."

Mom kept languidly stroking my pulsing weapon, still gazing at it lovingly, before she looked up at me one more time, her expression vague.

Then... she smiled.

"You do have a silver tongue," she said warmly, pulling her hand off my big dick and moving to straddle me. "You're right, baby... let's just fucking do it! Let's just do what we've both wanted to do for a long time," she stated, kneeling on the bed, straddling my crotch, her gorgeous face painted with lust. She grabbed my dick again, pointing it upward towards her waiting pussy. "You've been staring at my big tits for years!" Mom stated as I kept staring at her big tits. "And I've been desperate to get my brains fucked out for way too fucking long. Let's just do it. We'll do it once, just once... and we'll do it hard... and we'll do it right. I just hope you're up for the challenge," she said, sliding the head of my prick against the outside of her ready cunt. Then she looked up at me and gave me a nut-bustingly filthy smirk as her tone suddenly turned. "Because, Kyle... your mom needs to get fucked! And we are not stopping till I'm satisfied."

Mom then dropped down, and the head of my cock slid into her pussy.

"Shit!" I called out, groaning in pleasure.

"God damn..." she sighed before flexing a bit, taking more of my shaft inside her tight pussy. Holy shit! My cock was inside my mother's cunt! And it felt so fucking good! Jesus! "Fuck, you're fucking big!" Mom moaned out, eyes closed, as she sighed in pleasure. My head fell back and my body was tensed as my cock slid deeper and deeper into my own mother's waiting pussy. My hand slid up to her hips, gripping her soft skin as she took over half my length, helping her along.

"Jesus, Mom..." I grunted as she kept going, eager to take more of my length. "Most of the other girls give up around here..." I stated, feeling Mom's tight, smothering mature cunt squeezing the life out of my teenage meat.

"Well, I'm not most girls," she said with a teasing smile, pausing on her journey to take my full length, swiveling on the top two thirds of my shaft. I looked down and saw her

juices dripping down the remainder of my cock, getting it ready. "And if I'm gonna fuck my own son's big cock, then I want to get my money's worth," she said with a purr, before scrunching her eye shut as she impaled herself on another inch of my weapon. "Jesus, Kyle... how fucking big are you?"

"Nine and a half inches..." I boasted with a cocky smirk. "Nine and three quarters on a good day."

"Well, it certainly feels like a good day. Jesus..." Mom moaned out, pushing her squeezing, ready cunt down around my driving weapon, her juices coating my meat. "God damn! Fuck, you're big! But I want it! I want every fucking inch! You have no idea how bad I need a big fat cock inside me! Yes!" I winced as a ripple of pleasure traveled through me. She paused, and it seemed like I hit rock bottom with a few inches left outside of her. "No... NO! I can do it! I can fucking take it! Those other little sluts are quitters! I can fucking take a fat cock! I know it!" she spat out, angling her hips so she could find more space inside of her. Finally, she found enough room and forced herself down, and somehow, as her ass came to rest against me, she took my entire weapon inside her up to the root. "FUCK!" Mom screamed out, wiggling on my lap as she adjusted to

my impressive size. I squirmed beneath her as I felt every square inch of my cock being squeezed perfectly. She ground against me, her cunt flexing around my swollen penis. Her tight pussy was driving me crazy, and I clenched my jaw to fight off losing it right here at the start. I fought through the worst of it as Mom's pussy spasmed on my pole, her cunt not used to such a sizable weapon. "Mmm, this is the biggest fucking cock I've ever had. Fuck!"

"You like that dick?" I asked, savoring having my ego stroked as my mother's pussy adjusted to my size.

"Mmm-hmm," she affirmed, her eyes lidded with pleasure. "It's the best cock ever! With a cock that big, it's no wonder you're cocky enough to flirt with your own mom. Yes!"

"Oh, you like my flirting" I replied, my cock pulsing in her dripping snatch as she continued her slow, agonizing grinding.

"I like it because you're fucking hot and you always had a nice, fat, juicy bulge in your pants," she said with a smile,

swiveling slowly on my post. "A HUGE fucking bulge... YES!"

"Mmmm... fuck! And you know why I like flirting with you?" I asked through gritted teeth and with a raised eyebrow as she flexed her ass, grinding against me, squeezing her tight cunt around me hard.

"Why's that?" Mom asked, knowing the answer, daring me to reply as she jutted out her chest, her beautiful face painted with naked lust.

"Because I have a mom who always marches around the house in tight tops clinging to her big fucking boobs," I said bluntly. "Don't act like you didn't want me staring at your fucking porn star tits. Don't act like you didn't like it!" She smiled lustily at me, giving me confirmation for a long held suspicion of mine. Despite acting otherwise normal, my mother loved it when I stared at her chest. She loved catching me staring at her perfect, smooth canyon of cleavage. She enjoyed having her own son gawk at her massive, round, perky tits.

Confidently, knowing this was finally the time, I reached up and slapped my hands against Mom's big naked tits. I dug my fingers into the soft flesh, squeezing her big tits firmly. Mom sighed and let her head fall back as I groped her bulbous jugs. I had my hands on my own mom's big boobs, and Jesus, they were fucking perfect. Soft, and smooth, and luscious... they felt amazing in my palms. I couldn't get enough, squeezing them over and over again. The soft, doughy flesh was pouring through my fingers.

"Mmm... feel them, baby! Feel up your own mom's big tits!" Mom moaned out as I squeezed her breasts. "I love it! So good... every time you looked at them... when you looked at my big boobs, or stared at my cleavage, I imagined those big strong hands on me... feeling them, squeezing them! Yes! God, it turns me on when someone so your age stares at me! Gawk at me! I love when men stare at me, but I got so hot when you did it! I loved making your big cock as hard as steel. I always knew I looked good when you would gawk at me! I got so hot knowing you were probably jacking off and firing off gallons of cum thinking about me! Yes!"

Mom let me feel up her enormous rack for a few moments, squeezing my post with her grasping cunt as I groped every

square inch of her big boobs, sliding my hands all over the smooth, silky skin. Finally, Mom slid her hands to my wrists, grabbing them, and with a jerk pulled them from her chest, slamming them onto the bed near my head. This motion allowed all but the head of my turgid penis to escape the loving embrace of her dripping snatch. My eyes flashed with lust as she leaned over, her face over mine, her big jugs hanging down, her hard nipples nearly grazing my chest, her cunt poised at the end of my dick.

"No more talk..." she said, her eyes blazing with lust. "I didn't march up here, rip off my clothes, and impale myself on your fucking baseball bat so we could talk! I came up here because I thought I could get a rough, nasty fuck out of you! So are you just gonna lie here, or are we gonna do it?!" My eyes blazed with raw, naked heat as she dared me to make her scream. "Now we don't have much time, so let's get down to business!"

I wasn't gonna wait another second. Grabbing her hips, I slid my full length back up inside her in one smooth, quick motion.

"AHHH! Shit!" she screamed out as I filled her needy pussy. She pushed herself back, forcing my hips down, my bare ass pressing against the mattress as she ground herself against me. She then lifted herself up, and this time we drove into each other, our bodies colliding in a meaty slap.

"Guhhh!" Mom grunted.

"Shit!" I called out. I slid my shaft out of her, up to the tip, before driving it back up into her.

"Ughhh!" Mom groaned. I started to work up a slow rhythm, driving up into her. She met my rhythm with her own, driving down into me as I fucked up into her. Mom put her hands on my chest and pushed herself up as she kept bouncing her cunt up and down my thick bare cock. Her straightened arms pushed her watermelons outward, luring my hands with the promise of pure softness. I pulled my hands from her hips and slapped them onto her big tits again, squeezing them. My fingers dug into her luscious, smooth flesh, before my fingers captured her hard nipples, twisting them lightly.

"Ahhh! YES! That's it, hon!" Mom said, driving down into me more quickly. I tweaked her nipples harder, spurring her into speeding up. "Mmmmmm. God! Yes! Fuck!" Mom moaned, our bodies slapping together.

"You like that, Mom?" I asked. "You like having your own son twisting your nipples?"

"YES!" Mom moaned out, her gorgeous face a mask of pure bliss. "God yes! I'm such a fucking slut! Riding my son's big, fat, amazing cock while letting him feel up my big tits! Yes! I can't believe we're doing this, but it feels so good! Fuck yes!" She screamed out in pleasure, slamming herself down on my big cock.

"Do you do this for Dad?" I asked with a knowing smirk, groping her big jugs, digging my fingers into the soft, smooth skin as she rode me.

"No! Never!" Mom called out, riding me at a good pace. "Your father spends all his energy at work. Doesn't save any of it to fuck me. Not like you, baby. Shit! Yes... so good! You're fucking lazy... you're messy... fuck... you spent way

too much time at parties chasing girls than trying to get in to a good school... God! Too busy working on that sexy fucking tan or chiseling out those tasty muscles to get a real job! UGH! And you're a fucking cocky little shit! YES! But goddamn I always knew you could fuck! I just fucking knew it! Your big, fat cock was hard as a fucking brick every goddamn day. It was so easy to see... God! UGH! And with the way you stared at my tits, I knew you'd be down to get nasty at the drop of a fucking hat! Jesus! Yes!" She slammed herself down onto me, her ass slamming into my thighs.

I gripped her big boobs roughly and groaned as Mom exposed her true thoughts about me. As my mother exposed all my failings as a son in her eyes, I looked down to see her tight, dripping pussy clinging to my thick, swollen cock. The taut, stretched lips wrapped around my shaft, sliding up and down as her deep, heavenly, mature cunt swallowed my full length again and again, giving me the most intense pleasure she could. The greatest sex of my life, and hers. Did her criticism affect me? Fuck no! Trust me, I'd been called far worse. And, clearly, my failings didn't bother her either. Every criticism she made didn't matter to her when compared to my raw sexual appeal. Yeah, I was a bit lazy, and yeah, I was messy, and yeah, I wasn't the most

ambitious young man in the world, but that didn't matter to Mom. Not really. What mattered more was that I had a cute face. And hard abs. And a nice butt. And a fat cock. That was enough to erase those minor criticisms. That was why, despite all those bad things, those negatives, my gorgeous mother ended up right here, in my bed, in my messy room, bare-ass naked and riding my big cock for all it was worth.

And she was loving it.

"Oh God! Yes! This is so fucking good! I love it! I fucking love it! You're so big!" Mom marveled.

"Do you love my dick, Mom?" I said, driving up into her, sliding my hand down to smack her ass. "Do you?"

"Jesus... yes! I know it shouldn't matter to a mom how big her son's dick is, but holy shit! Your cock is AMAZING! My son has the best fucking cock ever! YES! I love it!" Mom screamed out.

"You like having a son with a big fat dick?" I asked.

"Yeah, baby! Yes! I'm so fucking proud that my son has a monster fucking cock! Yes!" Mom moaned.

I had one hand on her big breast, groping it fervently, as the other one jiggled freely, bouncing around like crazy as we fucked. My gaze was locked on her chest, and she definitely noticed.

"Do you like my big tits, darling?" Mom asked. I brought my hand back up and squeezed her other huge breast, digging my fingers into them.

"They're amazing!" I groaned out, driving my pulsing shaft into her clutching snatch at a quick pace. "You have the biggest fucking tits I've ever seen, Mom!" I told her, giving them a firm squeeze.

"Bigger than those little sluts you bring home?" she asked with a knowing smirk.

"Yes! Mom... you have better tits than any of the girls from school!" I told her, stroking her ego as she rode my cock. This admission made her smile. I pulled my hands from her big, squishy tits just so I could watch them bounce above me lusciously. My mother's soft, silky, heavy, naked udders jiggled and bounced as she rode my dick like a total slut. Uninhibited, lustful, letting out years of unbridled sexual need on my teenage prick.

"Fuck, you're so huge!" she moaned out, riding me from balls to tip on every bounce. Mom's nails were digging into my chest as she bounced on my rock hard staff. "Yes! You have the biggest, fucking, best cock I've ever had. FUCK YES!" she screamed out in pleasure, her juices dripping down my post.

"Damn, Mom... fuck..." I groaned. "I never knew you could be so fucking nasty in bed! Not like all those other girls... I fucking love it!" I said with a wolfish grin.

"Those young girls wouldn't know what to do with a cock like this," Mom stated, her ass slamming into my thighs, the sweat on her perfect form giving her naked body a bronzy

sheen. "Moms like me do, though. That's it! Yes! That's so fucking good! Yes... all we think about is dick! Big, thick, tasty dick! YES! Ugh fuck! You have no fucking idea how fucking horny I've been... YES!"

"So horny you'd fuck your own son?" I said, reaching up to grope her huge sweaty tits again, feeling the soft flesh against my fingers.

"Yes!"

"So horny you'd play dress up just to show off your hot body for your own son?"

"Jesus! YES!" Mom screamed out. I watched her fit belly writhing as she rode me, her navel undulating hypnotizingly for me.

"You wanted this... mmm... you wanted this to happen from the start. Yes... you just wanted to get in your son's pants. To convince your own son to scoop his big dick out of his pants

and show it to you. Didn't you... DIDN'T YOU?" I screamed out, squeezing her tits more firmly.

"YES! YES! FUCK!" Mom screamed out, heaving herself down at me, our sweaty bodies slamming into each other. "I'm such a nasty whore! Riding my son's big cock so those little sluts don't get to. So good! So Goddamn good! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES! YES! UHHH FUCK!" Her body was trembling with need as she rode me harder and faster. "I'm gonna cum, baby! I'm gonna cum on my son's huge cock! Holy shit! Yes! YES! Fuck! Yes! YES! YES! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! SHIT! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHHHH! AHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! UGHHHH! YYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS."

My entire body clenched as Mom's pussy tightened around the full length of my iron bar lodged inside her. Her cunt gripped my cock like a vise, flexing around me in waves as she came, her juices splashing against my nuts as she ground against me.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!" Mom chanted, her eyes clenched shut as waves of pleasure

coursed through her luscious body. Her ass slid against my thighs as she rode out her climax, her body shivering with pleasure. Her nipples were throbbing in my hands, scratching my palms as I dug into her boobs roughly.

I did my best to resist losing it completely and letting my cock explode deep inside her. I normally had pretty excellent self-control, but this was my own MOM cumming on my aching dick. This was on a whole new level of pleasure. I writhed beneath her as she quivered on top of me.

"Ahhhhh!" Mom called out, her head falling back, screaming to the heavens, exposing her long, slim neck, letting her long chestnut hair hang down behind her. "Sooooooooo goooooood! YES!" Mom screamed loudly. Her tight, clutching pussy was driving me crazy, making my balls boil, coaxing me towards the edge, until finally, just as I was about to lose it.

"Ahhhhhhh..." Mom sighed, her head falling forward, in a daze, her pussy's grip on me loosening slightly, letting my balls simmer. As she was about to fall forward, her hands

returned to my chest, gripping my pecs, propping herself up, not letting herself collapse onto me. I watched her gasp for breath, her huge boobs rising and falling. Her hair fell forward, obscuring her face as she recovered. Her cunt was still smothering my full length, leaking her copious juices onto my balls. Mom stayed on top of me for a few minutes as I lied beneath her, my tower still standing proud, buried inside her. I was about to move to act, but she beat me to it.

One of Mom's hands rose from my chest, reaching up to pull her hair back so she could look down at me. When I saw her face again, her look was almost unrecognizable. My nice, friendly, normal Mom was giving me the horniest, filthiest look imaginable. Her eyes flashed with mischief as they blazed with heat and lust for me. Her smooth lips were parted as she gasped with lust, and her hair looked wild as she looked at me like her next meal. Damn, she was fucking sexy. I lied there, unsure of what she had in mind.

"Move up..." she whispered, pushing me up the bed. I crawled up the bed, with her still on top of me. She coaxed me to keep moving back till I was sitting up against the headboard. Finally, she was satisfied, getting on her knees in front of me, sliding down so my still pulsing dick was

buried all the way inside her. She put her slim arms around my neck and looked right at me and gave me a motherly smile, tinged with lust. Then, she brought her lips to mine.

Our mouths met once again, our tongues dueling with a slow languid passion. Her soft lips were against mine as we made out, our mouths sucking at each other as we battled for control using our tongues. I made out with Mom for a few moments, her pussy still squeezing my aching prick, coating it with her copious juices. She pulled her lips from mine, spit connecting our mouths, as she pulled herself in close, moving her lips to my ear.

"I've never cum so hard in my life!" she whispered hotly.

"My pleasure..." I replied with a confident smirk as I felt her heavy, sweat-covered breasts pressing up against my chest.

"Mmm... not yet," she said, squeezing my bone hard prick with her pussy. "I want to return the favor..." Mom whispered, kissing my ear softly. "I want to make you cum, Kyle. You hear me, baby? Your mom wants to make that gorgeous, perfect, MASSIVE teenage cock explode with the

most giant wad of sticky cum possible! So... I'm gonna fuck your fucking brains out," she said, giving my earlobe another kiss. "I'm gonna ride your big cock till you can't see straight. And while I do that, I'm gonna shove my big tits in your face, and just fucking drown you with my boobs. And while I do that, I'm gonna scream out the naughtiest, most fucked-up shit I can think of, until you just can't take it anymore! Until you can't hold back and you just HAVE to cum! How does that sound, baby?" She ground against my post, squeezing my full length with her dripping snatch while she slid her big naked breasts against my chest.

I reached down to grope her perfect round butt. As I squeezed the warm, sweaty cheeks of her bare ass, I gave her the cockiest grin I could manage.

"Sounds good, Mom, but... do you think you can get the job done? I've hooked up with a lot of girls. Do you think can do all the things they did? Can you really get me off good and hard like they did?" I boasted. Her eyes flashed at this bold claim. "You can give me your best, but I bet I turn you into a screaming, quivering mess long before you can get the job done..." I was spouting total bullshit, to be honest, but I sensed she would enjoy my brash teenage arrogance.

I wanted to piss her off. I wanted her angry. I wanted to question her just so she could try to prove me wrong with a good, angry fuck. And I was proved correct, as her eyes went wide with lust and her lips curled into a wicked smile.

"Oh yeah?" she said, sensing the tenor of the game changing, raising a perfectly plucked eyebrow at me as she lifted herself up, leaving only the head of my prick inside her. "Well, I'm planning to fucking destroy your big fucking cock, and honey... you have no idea what your dear old Mom is capable of. I'm gonna give you the best fuck ever!" She said, this bold claim sending a jolt of lust through me. But I couldn't let her see me be affected. So, I simply smiled, pulled my hands from her butt, and rested my arms on the headboard, sitting back like a king on his throne, waiting for her to act.

And... she acted.

Mom lifted herself up then quickly drove herself down, taking my entire length once more, her pussy squeezing at my swollen weapon. I groaned in pleasure, closing my eyes as I tried to withstand the pressure and tried to keep up my

vener. I was about to look up at her with a smirk, but the game had moved on beyond that point already. As I moved to look at her gorgeous face, I found myself facing her big, bare breasts. And they were on a collision course with me.

"You..." I began, but my words were interrupted by my mom's big tits slamming into my face, smothering my face with perfect, squishy softness. Anything else I had to say was muffled by her deep cleavage. I tried to pull back slightly, only to feel Mom's arm curl around my neck, holding me in place as she shoved her huge breasts against my face.

"No more talk, hon," Mom said, sliding her mammoth breasts over my handsome features as she bounced up and down my post. "Just take it, baby. You just stay right there and let your mom take control. Let your own mom shove her big tits in your face while she fucks your fucking brains out!" She stated, with a new, firmer tone to her voice. Mom began fucking me faster, her butt colliding with my thighs. She kept my face in place against her huge breasts. As she bounced up and down, she shook her chest back and forth, sliding her fleshy tits over me, the smooth, satiny flesh dragging across my face. I felt weighed down by her

massive udders as she rested them on me, letting her soft breasts mold to my face. Muffled groans of pleasure escaped my mouth, obscured by her mammoth, smooth chest.

"What's wrong, baby?" Mom asked with a snarl. "Can't you handle this?" She kept bouncing roughly, fucking me into the bed. "See what happens when you do what you're told, baby?" Mom asked as her pussy swallowed my thick prick over and over in smooth, rhythmic bounces. "Mmmm... yeah... fuck! You do as you're told... and you make Mom happy. Very happy... and horny. Ughhh... fuck! I think you'll start keeping your room spotless, knowing that getting my big tits in your face could be your reward! Haha! SHIT!" Mom screamed out in pleasure as she rode me, her big boobs jiggling as they rested on my face.

Drowning in such softness was incredible. The sensation of her warm, fleshy, naked tits pressed firmly against my face, scrubbing it with pure, divine softness, was fucking insanely hot. I could feel Mom's nipples scratching against my cheeks. I shook my head against her boobs, reveling in the softness. But, as great as it was, I was in need of precious air. I took small gasps when I could, pulling air through the

canyon of cleavage, but it wasn't enough. This, combined with her clutching cunt driving my cock wild with its supreme tightness, had me squirming beneath her.

"Ugh... fuck! You love it! Yes! You fucking love it! You've been dreaming of this! UGH! Drowning in my big fucking tits!" Mom screamed out. I kept groaning beneath her, getting lightheaded. Mom, sensing my peril, pulled back, sliding her huge tits off my face.

"You alright, baby?" Mom asked mockingly, sensing she was in control as she kept bouncing on me, making her big boobs ripple. I gasped for breath and looked up at her.

"Is that all you got?" I asked with a smirk.

"Okay," she began angrily, tugging me forward by the neck, pulling me face-first into her rack once again. But this time, she aimed with precision, filling my open, panting mouth with her hard nipple. "AHHH! Yes, that's it baby... put that mouth to good use. Suck my tits, hon... YES! UGHH! Yeah! Fuck!" Mom moaned out as I sucked on her nipple. I worshipped the hard nub with my mouth, my lips

encircling it, forming a tight seal as I sucked, my tongue rotating around the rubbery cap before flicking it. "Ahhh! Yes! Fuck, you suck my tits so good! I knew you would! Yes!" Mom screamed out as she leaned forward, seemingly trying to force her entire breast into my mouth. Her pussy was unrelenting as she bounced, driving my big cock crazy.

As my air got short, Mom pulled her nipple from my mouth, giving me a few seconds respite before replacing it with the other. As I gave the same worship to this nipple that I gave to the other, I reached forward and cupped her big breasts, squeezing them firmly.

"Mmmm... you love my big tits, don't you?" Mom asked, my mouth sucking her hard nipple. "You just can't stop thinking about the contents of your mother's bra! Haha! Ugh fuck! They're so fucking big! They get in the way! Fuck! My back gets sore lugging these suckers around every day! Shit! Yes! On hot days they get all sweaty! Fuck! But seeing my hot stud teenage stud staring at them, watching them bounce and jiggle... fuck... it makes it all worth it! Yes! You're so big and strong, and you can have any girl, but you can't stop staring at your own mom's chest! Haha... yeah. That's it, suck my tits, babe! Ahhhh! Shit!" she groaned out as I

pumped up into her. "Right there! UGH! Fuck! Haha... you try to focus on all those hot little things at the beach... but it's your mom's enormous rack that makes your dick throb! Isn't it? I can feel how hard you are for me. Tell me... tell me, you son of a bitch! Tell me... AHHHHHHH FUCK!" Mom screamed as I looked up at her, biting her hard nipple. She bounced a bit harder at this, spurred onward. She pulled her nipple from my mouth with a pop, wrapped both arms around my head and pulled my face between her huge jugs again.

"AHHHHH! FUCK!" Mom screamed out as she rode my pulsing cock, taking my full length with every bounce. My cock was almost numb with pleasure, this felt so good. And it was truly coated with her slick juices, allowing her to smoothly bounce at a rapid pace. I scrubbed my face into her sweaty breasts, savoring their softness.

I looked to the side of the room as Mom kept bouncing up and down, her big, naked, sweaty tits sliding against the side of my face. I looked right at the mirror, watching me and Mom in action. Mom and me, coated with sweat as we fucked. Mom, clutched in close to me, pulling my face into her big tits as she rode my thick cock. I could see my large

weapon, shiny with her juices as it somehow slid in and out of her small, tight cunt, giving me indescribable pleasure. I could see Mom, her hair mussed, her beautiful face twisted in lusty glee, looking like a wild, nasty slut as she fucked me roughly. She looked incredible. And I could see my own face, gasping and coated with her breast-sweat, but I couldn't hide the excitement I was feeling, smiling as Mom's huge boobs were pressed up against my face.

Bliss.

But, unfortunately, this bliss was short lived. With a sudden move, Mom stopped her bouncing, pulled her sweaty breasts from my face and grabbed my chin between her fingers, directing my gaze upward.

"You will fucking pay attention as I fuck your fucking brains out!" Mom screamed out, with the wrath only a mother could have. Then she moved down and stuck her tongue down my throat. Our mouths attacked each other, dueling for control as we kissed savagely. Our tongues mashed together as we swapped spit. After a few moments of

extended Frenching, she pulled her mouth from mine with a gasp.

"That all you got?" I asked again in a daze, certainly affected by what she was doing to me, but still putting up a good fight. Her eyes were fiery with heat, and she resumed her fucking, picking up speed.

"I'm gonna make you fucking burst!" Mom claimed. She pulled herself in close, wrapping her arms around my neck. As she did, she stopped bouncing her entire body, only bouncing her ass up and down, still taking my full length. She was displaying her smooth, natural athleticism with the way she smoothly rolled her ass as she fucked me. "Fuck... just admit it, hon..." she purred, sucking at my neck. As I felt her plump lips slide against my neck, and felt her tongue tease me, my eyes rolled in pleasure. "Admit that your own mom can fuck you better than all those other girls. Those little skanks you always bring home. Haha!" She kissed my neck again as I rested my hands on her hips while she smoothly rode me. "Just tell me I'm better... ugh... the best! Admit that YOUR MOM is the best fuck you've ever had! YES! Fuck! Admit that your mother's a nastier slut than all

those little fucking whores you hook up with! YES! UGH!
GOD DAMN YES!"

"Ugh..." I groaned, her words and her tight cunt making my cock flex. Mom was unrelenting.

"Admit that your mom is the hottest, sexiest bitch you've ever laid eyes on!" Mom called out. "Tell me you'd rather be with someone like me, a real fucking woman, not some cheap young slut!"

"Mmmm..." I moaned with clenched teeth, trying to stifle the pleasure my cock was feeling. My tough veneer was slipping. I was gonna cum soon, and Mom's incredible cunt was doing an incredible job of taking me right to the edge. She then took my full length inside her and stopped, grinding her cunt around my cock, flexing her hot ass against me.

"Oh... fuck!" I called out as I ground up into Mom's pussy.

"Do you like your mom's pussy, Kyle?" Mom asked softly, moving her lips close to my ear, her sexy voice and close proximity making me shiver. "Isn't it so wet? So tight? Doesn't it make that big cock want to EXPLODE? Mmmmmmm..." She moaned softly in my ear as her words drove me crazy. I was doing my best to hold off losing it, but the task was becoming increasingly difficult. Her pussy was amazing!

"Do you like knowing how slutty your mom can be, baby?" she asked, squeezing my aching member with her tight pussy. She was trying to make me explode, and she was getting the job done, little by little. "I do your laundry... cook your meals... and I fuck your big fat cock better than anyone! I'm so fucking nasty! Such a fucking slut! Fuck!"

"Ooooh..." I groaned, biting my lip.

"Face it, hon... you're gonna have to go through your life knowing the best fuck you ever had is with your own MOM," she boasted, still gripping my swollen pick with her grasping snatch. "You'll hook up with all kinds of those nasty sluts you seem to like, but you'll always think back on

that one crazy summer evening you and your mom had HOT..." She squeezed her cunt around me hard for emphasis. "Naked," Squeeze. "Sweaty," Squeeze. "Nasty," Squeeze. "Filthy," Squeeze. "Amazing SEX!"

"Jesus... yes!" I moaned out, unable to stifle the pleasure I was feeling.

"So why not just finish this, right?" Mom asked, her lusty, smooth voice in my ear driving me crazy as she kept squeezing her cunt around my swollen dick. "Just let go... let go and fucking cum. I wanna feel it, Kyle. I want to feel my own son empty his big fat nuts into my cunt. I wanna feel that thick sperm just explode deep inside me. Don't you wanna do it, baby? Don't you want to cum inside your own mother's CUNT?" she asked, squeezing my cock hard.

I almost lost it. I was right up to the edge. Her pussy had worn me down, and her filthy words only added to my struggle. Hearing my own mom talking to me like this was insanely hot. Nut-bustingly sexy. And what she was proposing, cumming inside her... it was so wrong, but so hot! She was so nasty! I loved it.

I was so close.

"You date all those nasty, trashy little whores... fuck... they dress like little skanks... ugh... God yes! Little sluts! They don't know how to handle a guy like you! They don't know how to fuck a stud like you right! No... they can't fuck you the way you need... not like your mother can. Your mom fucks you better than all those nasty whores, doesn't she? Your mom takes care of that fucking cock better than any of your girlfriends! Your mom is giving you the best fuck ever! Isn't she? Tell me!" Mom moaned out.

I was seeing something in her I had never seen before. Something that could seemingly only be exposed in the throes of passion, in the midst of rough, nasty sex. The jealous, possessive mother, who resented all of her son's girlfriends, solely due to the fact that they weren't her. Young women who didn't live up to her standards or match up to her proportions. Women who weren't worthy of her son's attention, because they didn't compare in any way to her. Mom was jealous of those other girls because some part of her resented the fact that I was spending my free time

with them and not her. And now, Mom was taking that attention back, making herself the sole focus of her son's affection. She was getting competitive with those other girls, staking out her claim in me. And she was doing a damn fine job of it. She was riding me like complete slut, way nastier than those other girls did, and I was loving it. It was driving me crazy seeing her like this. Being so nakedly jealous of my girlfriends, insulting them, exposing her true feelings. I loved it.

Mom pulled back and looked me right in the eyes, holding my gaze as she kept squeezing me. She wanted to see me at the moment I gave in. Her eyes were full of lust and naughtiness. Her plump lips were curled up in wicked glee. Her face was coated from the sweat of sexual exertion, and her hair looked wild and sexy. I was so close... so close... so close. Taken right to the edge, driven insane with lust, until something had to give. My cock, or my sanity. And then finally, holding her gaze...

I snapped.

Taking Mom by surprise, I leapt into action, jumping forward, pushing her back onto the bed as my cock slid out of her. I got up on my knees and roughly handled her luscious body, turning her onto her stomach and pulling her up onto all fours in front of me.

"Oh my..." Mom called out in surprise as I got behind her. I pulled her butt in close and positioned my slick cock at the entrance to her pussy again. Near feral with lust, I pumped my hips forward, sliding my cock into her wet pussy again. "Ohhhh... SHIT!" Mom moaned out in pleasure. It didn't take me long to work into a good pace, fucking in and out of her roughly.

I was like an animal, quickly pumping my swollen cock into her slick cunt. My dick was tingling in pleasure, and it felt like I was still close to the edge, but I had been driven into a new plane of stamina as I withstood the silky pleasure of her tight pussy.

This wasn't me asserting my manhood and taking control. No, I was beyond such petty things. I had been driven to this. Mom's raw lust had driven the beast inside me up to

the surface, and now that it was exposed, I couldn't pull it back. I couldn't think. All I could do was fuck.

"Fuck... FUCK! YES!" Mom squealed in pleasure as she drove her ass back into me. "Do me, baby... FUCK ME!"

I was beyond words, groaning and grunting as I drilled her. I looked down to see my throbbing shaft sliding in and out of her pussy in a smooth and rapid rhythm. Her ass looked incredible in this position, standing out as she displayed it for me, the cheeks parting, allowing me a perfect view of her tight, clean asshole. I couldn't resist the urge, sliding my hand down into her ass crack and pushing a finger into her tight ass.

"AHHH! Fuck yeah!" Mom moaned out, throwing her hair back in pleasure. With my other hand, I reached forward and grabbed some of that hair, twirling her chestnut locks around my hand before tugging her head back. "AHHH! GUHHHH! YES!" Mom grunted out, emboldened by the rough turn the sex had taken, driving her ass back at me faster. "Fuck me, baby! Pull my hair! Just like that! Yes! YES!"

My hips were a blur as I drove into her, using her hair for leverage while keeping one finger lodged up her ass.

"Tell me, ugh, fuck... TELL ME!" Mom screamed out. "FUCK! Tell me! Tell me I'm the best! The best you'll ever have! Please!" Mom begged, her pussy squeezing around my cock.

"YES!" I growled, finding words. "You're the fucking best! The best fuck I've ever had! You're incredible! Mom, you're so fucking hot! So sexy! Holy fuck!"

"Ugh! God! YES!" Mom screamed out. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck me!"

"So goddamn tight! Jesus!" I groaned as I pumped into her tight cunt. Still yanking her hair back, I leaned forward over her back, sliding my hand under her to squeeze one of her massive, hanging breasts.

"God, you're amazing, baby! Fucking incredible! You are the best fuck I've ever had! Not even close! Holy shit!" Mom

moaned. I kept groping her big boobs, feeling the soft flesh in my palms. "You're amazing, honey! I can't believe we waited so long to do this!"

"Ughhhh..." I growled as I felt a tingle in my nuts. I was getting close. The pressure was becoming too much to bear. I released my hold of her hair and sat back up, putting my hand back on her hips. With the other, I slid my finger out of her tight ass before rearing back and spanking her round ass crisply.

"Ahhh! Yes!" Mom moaned out, delighting in this rough treatment. "Spank me, baby! Spank my fucking ass!"

SPANK!

"Uggghhh! God! YES!" Mom screamed out, her pussy tightening around me as I spanked her again.

SPANK!

And again.

SPANK!

And again!

SPANK!

"God fucking damn! YES! YES! YES!" Mom screamed out, her cunt quivering around me. She was getting close too. "I never knew... never knew. Hon, if you keep going like this, this might not be a one-time thing. We might start fucking every day!" Mom moaned out. Hearing this spurred me on, driving into her harder. "I want to feel it! I want you to cum baby! I want it so bad! Do it, hon! Shoot your fucking wad deep inside me! Yes! YES! YES!"

I drove into her roughly, driven near insane with lust in need. But as I fucked her harder, the filth pouring from Mom's mouth got even nastier.

"Yes! YES! Fuck me, baby! FUCK ME!" She screamed out, driving her ass back at me roughly. "I want to fucking ruin you for other girls! YES! You'll never get fucked nearly as good by any other girl! Just me! Your MOM fucks that cock better than anyone! Yes! You'll never fucking forget! Ugh! You'll never move on! You'll be obsessed with my hot body forever! Yes! YES!"

I fucked into her harder as her filthy words made my cock tingle. But she wasn't done yet.

"UGHH! YES! You don't get to go to college anymore! Fuck! No, you're not leaving! I'm not letting this fucking huge cock go anywhere! I want to fuck it forever! YES!" Mom screamed out.

My nuts were boiling. My cock was throbbing. I was about to explode, and there was no holding back.

"Ugh fuck! Take it, Mom! Take it!" I told her. "I'm gonna do it! I'm gonna fill you up!"

"Do it!" Mom screamed out.

"Uh... ugh! God, here it comes. Here it comes! Here it cums!"
I groaned, my body shaking.

"Yes! YES! YES! AHHH! YES!" Mom screamed out.

And then my world exploded.

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

FFFFFFUUUUUCCCCCKCKKKKKKKK!" I groaned out. I
felt my nuts twist as the first rocket-load of jizz fired out of
me, exploding deep inside my mother's waiting cunt.
"UGHHH! GOD! YES!"

"FUCK! I feel it! YES! YES! AHHHHHH!" Mom screamed
out as I exploded inside her. Her pussy tightened around
me. "I'M

CCCCCUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMIINNNNNNGGGG!

YES! YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!

FUUUUHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK!

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSS!"

As my throbbing cock fired off jet after jet of thick cum deep inside her, her pussy locked around my cock, quivering as she came. I felt her juices colliding with my shaft as my dick exploded a gallon of sticky cum balls deep inside her. Our bodies were clinging to each other as I kept pumping into her, trying to bury as much cum as I could deep inside her.

As my nuts twisted and my cock pulsed, I was seeing stars. I was on a new plane of pleasure as I came in my mom's pussy, having the biggest orgasm of my life. My hips drove into her roughly as my body jerked in pleasure as my cock finally found release. I just kept cumming, firing off huge bands of cum inside of her, filling her up.

"There's so much! Jesus! Yes!" Mom cried out from beneath me as squealed with pleasure. It felt like it went on and on, never ending. I don't know how long it lasted, but eventually I came down from my high. After one last mind numbing jerk of pleasure, I fell off of her, panting for breath as I rolled off of her and onto my back. Mom stayed

on her belly, curling up slightly as she tried to recover from her own high.

We stayed like this for a few minutes, frozen in place. I was utterly exhausted. I had just had the craziest, most fucked up sex of my life, and I had done it with my own mother. It was crazy! And messed up. And wrong. But it felt so fucking good! I should be feeling guilt, but I was feeling no regrets. I felt amazing. This was a long time coming and we both knew it.

I was exhausted though, as was Mom. She eventually rolled onto her back next to me, and I think both of us probably could have just nodded off right there.

Then the phone rang.

Neither of us made a move to answer it, but we both knew who it was. Dad, most likely wondering where the hell we were. But the noise was enough to stir us back into reality.

"Holy shit, honey," Mom said, her voice more like normal, not like the sex vixen I had just heard. As the phone kept ringing, she kept speaking. "That was the best I've ever had. Like... incredible!" Mom said, glancing at me with a bright, beautiful smile.

"Yeah," I said, shaking my head in awe. "I mean... holy shit!"

We both laughed as we lied back, listening to the phone ring.

"We should probably get moving," Mom said, rolling onto her side next to me. "We don't want your father to have a coronary."

I looked to her and she gave me a warm, motherly smile. But as she did this, she was still naked, and her massive, soft tits were stacked on top of each other. I couldn't help but stare at her massive knockers, and the soft crevasse in between. And Mom's eyes were on my prick, still swollen.

"Jesus, baby!" Mom said in awe. "How in the fuck are you still hard??" I glanced at her and smiled, proud of my stamina, proud that I was still mostly hard after THAT.

"Sometimes, it takes a while to wind down," I said, glancing up her pretty face before looking back to her naked jugs. Her eyes were distracted, still locked on my swollen prick.

"Well, hon... we SHOULD get going..." she began, before her eyes glanced at mine, clearly thinking the same thing I was.

Ten minutes later, I was standing in the middle of my room, fucking Mom's big tits with my now fully hard cock.

"Yes, baby! Fuck them! Fuck your Mom's big tits!" Mom urged from on her knees as I gripped her big boobs, holding her tits together, allowing me to fuck the soft valley between them. I squeezed her massive jugs roughly as I fucked them savagely. It was incredible, my cock smothered in pure softness. I was on edge already and I wasn't gonna last long.

"Jesus, Mom. You're tits are amazing!" I groaned out.

"I know, hon," Mom said. "I know my big tits are perfect! And I know how much you love them. You stare at them all the fucking time! I've always worn extra cleavagey shirts, just so you would stare..."

"I did, Mom. I always did," I assured her, fucking those mammoth breasts.

"And I always checked out this monster," she said, glancing at my prick. "Every chance I got, I stared at your bulge. It's even bigger than I thought it'd be." Mom complimented.

"Uhhhh..." I groaned as I drove up into her, my thick prick traversing through her cleavage, the angry head appearing at the top.

"I want you to cum again, baby," Mom urged warmly. "I want you to cum on my tits! Did you hear me, Kyle? I want you to cum on your MOM'S big tits!"

"UGGHHH..." I grunted, my cock twitching in delight.
"Jesus, Mom..." I panted. I fucked her big soft breasts harder.

"Hon, I want you to know..." she began, looking up at me as I drilled her big tits. "That no matter what I say after today, no matter how I act, or what I do... I will ALWAYS want this fucking cock! You hear me? When I'm hugging you with pride, I'll be thinking about swallowing your semen. When I'm cooking your dinner, I'll be thinking about your hands on my breasts, feeling me up. And when I'm fucking pissed at you, just know that I am this close to riding your big cock again."

"Oh... God!" I groaned, my nuts twisting.

"Do it, baby! Cum on my big tits! Cum on your mother's big boobs! Do it! I want you to cover them with that fucking cum!" Mom urged me.

"Fuck... fuck... FUCK! UGHHH! AAHHHHHH! GOD DAMN YES!" I groaned out. My nuts flexed as I stepped back. Like a good mother, she grabbed my pulsing prick just in time

to jack the first rocket of cum out, firing it directly at those big soft tits.

"Yes! Do it baby! Cum all over me!" Mom urged lovingly, jacking me off. Jets of thick, creamy semen launched from my swollen sack, sailing through the air before landing on her big tits. My white jizz coated her tanned flesh, the thick white fluid rocketing out of me, painting those mammoth jugs. Shot after shot of cum jetted out of me. Mom's hand was a blur as she jacked me off, coaxing more and more of my gooey load from my aching nuts. Again and again I came, firing more thick bands of semen onto her massive, jutting tits. The thick liquid slid down the smooth skin, coating the soft flesh. Mom was controlling my weapon, aiming it so it would deface more of her massive jugs. She aimed one especially thick spray of cum across both nipples, so my thick seed was coating them. Mom's hand was amazing, enticing me into leaning forward, my heels leaving the floor as I fired off more thick jets of cum. Finally, my heels fell back to the floor as Mom coaxed the last of my seed out of me, the last few drops landing on the floor. She released her grip on me and I stepped back, panting.

"Jesus, Mom..." I sighed, bending over slightly. Mom looked down at herself, at her cum-coated jugs.

"I've never seen this much cum, like, ever. Holy shit!" Mom marveled. I smirked with pride as Mom snaked her fingers across her mountains, gathering warm sperm onto her fingers. She savored the flavor as she licked it off her fingers and I simply watched her excitedly. We both rested for a few moments, recovering, until finally Mom looked over at the clock.

"Jesus... okay, we do have to get ready now," Mom said. Even though it wasn't what I wanted to hear, I nodded. Mom stood up, and on shaky legs, gained her balance. Her cum-covered tits jiggled as she did so. "So, uh, get cleaned up. I need to jump into the shower I think," Mom said with a laugh.

"Oh, by the way..." I began, getting her attention. "Thinking back on it, I think I like your original outfit the best." I stated. Mom rolled her eyes and slapped my bare chest with the back of my hand. She sauntered away, down the hall, still naked. I watched her ass as she sauntered away, shaking

side-to-side. Feeling a jolt in my cock, I felt emboldened to speak out.

"Hey, Mom, you know it'd save time if we just showered together!" I said with a laugh. Mom glanced over her shoulder at me and smirked.

"You're right..." she stated with a raised eyebrow before stepping into the bathroom, leaving the door open. A jolt of excitement went through me. I cracked my neck, stretched my shoulders, and moved quickly down the hall, joining my mother in the bathroom, shutting the door behind us.

Not surprisingly, we got a bit carried away in the shower. It didn't take long for all signs of sex to be washed off of us, but being in such close proximity, covered with water, with my stiff cock poking into her ass, it didn't take long for things to progress. My hands ended up on her tits, spending about five minutes making sure they were totally clean. Mom was equally determined, stroking my cock, cleaning me up while making me stiff for her again. It didn't take long for Mom to end up on her knees, inhaling my cock

once more, begging me to cum again, until finally, I acquiesced, firing one last load of cum down her throat.

We finally cooled down and controlled ourselves enough to actually get ready, get clean and dressed up again. We got ready in a blur, and when Mom emerged downstairs, wearing the pink top and grey skirt, freshened up and looking presentable, it seemed like things were back to normal. There was no sign of what we just did. Things were too hectic to reflect too deeply, though, and the first chance we had to breathe was once we got in the car.

While I drove, Mom sat next to me as we traveled in silence. We had left our house, and we were in the real world once again. The light of day had sobered us both up, it seemed. I was feeling great though. No regret or anything like that. I got laid, and the sex was amazing, and that's all that mattered. Sure, it was with my mom, but that only made it better. It was kind of inevitable, after all the tension that had existed between us. Plus, I loved it filthy, and hooking up with my mom... that was as filthy as it got.

But Mom's feelings were unclear. She had put on sunglasses, so I couldn't really see her eyes. I didn't know what she was thinking, if she was feeling regret or shame, or something else. Finally, she spoke up, and what she said surprised me.

"You have a great dick, Kyle."

"Haha!" I burst into laughter at this blunt statement. "Thanks Mom."

"No, seriously," she said with a smile. "Your cock was incredible. Like... the best I've ever had."

"Better than Dad's?" I couldn't help but ask. She laughed and smiled wickedly.

"Yeah... a lot better," she admitted. There was a long silence as I sat there, smiling in pride that Mom had told me I had a superior cock to my dad's. What a great mom, filling her son with such self-esteem. She spoke up again.

"I mean, the sex... it was amazing," she said. "I've never had it that good. I've never screamed that loud... I've never cum so hard!"

Again, Mom stroking my ego. I was loving it.

"But..." Mom said, her tone shifting. "That's why this can only be a one-time thing."

"Okay." I said, a little less excited at hearing this.

"Like I said, it was REALLY good. Really fucking good, but... we're playing with fire. It's too good. If we keep going, we won't be able to stop." Mom admitted.

"Doesn't sound so bad to me," I replied with a smile. Even though I couldn't see her eyes, I could tell she was rolling them.

"I know it sounds good... sneaking around, fucking every chance we get. Me shoving my big tits in your face at every

opportunity, me riding that big fat cock all the fucking time..." she paused in her statement, thinking things over for a few moments. "But... we can't. Its trouble and you know it. So... once we get to the party, then... we can't talk about this. We can't give any sign that we hooked up. Once we get to the party, things are normal again. Okay?"

At a traffic light, I looked over at her, meeting her gaze. The moment was silent, but communicated so much. We both enjoyed it, we both wanted to do it again, but she was probably right. It was a bad idea. That didn't mean I didn't want to do it again, but we really shouldn't. But then I remembered what she had said in my bedroom, that no matter what she said, no matter what she did, she would always want my dick. She was in the same boat I was, but she was being the responsible adult. She was being the mom. She was looking past my narrow teenage craving for all things sex, all the time, and looking at the big picture.

"Fine." I relented, causing her to smile sadly. We drove on in silence for a few moments.

"But..." she began. "Before we get there, if you, say... texted me a picture of that big fat cock of yours... I wouldn't complain. And, who knows, I might end up texting you a picture of something in return." She teased.

I grinned at this, and at the next stoplight, I pulled out my phone, scrolled through my pictures, found the one she was looking for and texted it to Mom. Her phone beeped and she smiled, glancing at her phone for a good long while. A few seconds later, my phone beeped, letting me know I had a new text, letting me know she lived up to her word.

As we got into the neighborhood, there were still a few other things we needed to discuss before leaving this whole thing behind.

"Not all my girlfriends are skanks, by the way," I told her. She looked at me and grinned.

"Just most of them," Mom replied with a laugh.

"Well... yeah, I guess, but not all of them." I said, defending their honor. Admittedly, she was probably right. There were a few times where I went after some girls because they had a bit of a, uh... reputation, but this wasn't always the case.

"Okay, fine... not all of your girlfriends are little sluts," Mom relented. "There were a couple of them I didn't mind, I guess. But some of them... Jesus, Kyle, they were trashy..."

"I might have to make you apologize for all these bad things your saying about them..." I joked. She rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I might have gotten carried away a few times," Mom admitted with a giggle. "So... don't take all the things I said during, the, uh... during the sex... don't take all of it too seriously. It was all just, you know... dirty talk."

"Yeah Mom, I guess I'll just forget about all the things you said when me and you had sex," I told Mom, the ridiculousness of the statement making her laugh. "I'll just forget all the things that were said when I fucked my

gorgeous... hot-bodied... big-titted... sex-goddess... mom." Her laugh lessened and her breath deepened as that sentence carried on. As I drove, she gave me a long look.

"Okay, if you're trying to get me to suck your dick one last time, it's, like, totally working. Trust me, I'd love to suck that amazing dick one last time. It would be so good! But...we can't. We're pretty much there. " Mom admitted with a sad smile. Unfortunately, she was right, and I had found myself right at the end of the street.

"I can circle the block..." I offered with a smirk. She thought for a moment and smiled sadly.

"Okay, we've got to end this, now! Just, like, put an end to it right here. No more!" She said, trying to convince both herself and me. "Hon, if we keep this going, we won't be able to stop. It's over! Now! Okay? So, just find a spot, and let's just get to this lame-ass cookout. We need to put this all behind us," Mom said. I nodded, knowing she was probably right, parking under a nice shady tree a block or so away from the cookout.

Five minutes later, we were still in the car, with her bent over, head bobbing in my lap, once again vigorously inhaling my swollen meat. Her nose was bumping into my torso as she sucked me off. My hand was resting on the back of her head, my fingers tangled in her silky hair as I let my head fall back against the headrest. I saw other people walking by, with no clue of what was going on right next to them. Mom's drool was coating my cock as she swallowed my meat, my nuts slick and smooth as she rubbed them. She was choking lightly as she sucked me, but she wasn't stopping, until finally, a few minutes later, my cock flexed as I unloaded one last huge wad of cum down her tight throat. I held her down against me as I came, only releasing her once my load was complete. She pulled herself from my cock with a loud exhale, my cock glazed with her saliva.

"Jesus!" Mom called out, eyes glassy with heat, her lips swollen and covered with spit. She licked her lips and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, cleaning off the saliva. She looked at me as I laughed, causing her to grin lightly.

Five minutes later, I had tucked my cock back into my pants, and she had cleaned herself up and repaired her

makeup. Checking herself in the mirror, she muttered out loud.

"Jesus, Kyle... I've never seen a man cum so much in my life," she said, glancing over at me as I shrugged my shoulders before returning her gaze to the mirror, checking over her face one last time, making sure it was completely clean. "At least it tastes good," she muttered as she tilted her head, eyes still on her own reflection as she applied some lip gloss. Finally, satisfied with what she saw, she turned to look at me for final approval. I gave her the thumbs up, and finally, after all the filth we had taken part in together, we stepped out of the car and headed towards the party.

When Dad saw us, he tried to maintain a cool head, but once he got close to us, his annoyance shined through.

"Kim, Kyle, where the hell were you?" He asked, upset.

"I told her it was seven," I interjected. "She said it was six, we had a big thing... it was my fault."

Dad glared at me for a moment as Mom smiled at me appreciatively.

"Just... go mingle. There's the kid's table over there," Dad said, sliding his hand around Mom's waist, guiding her towards his friends.

I rolled my eyes. Kid? I was 18, and I'm the guy that just banged your wife, Dad. I was the better man, and Mom had just confirmed it. I was the superior man and I would never forget it. And after what I had just done, I had certainly graduated from the kid's table.

I kept one eye on Mom as I mingled a bit. I watched her play the good corporate wife, but I knew this was an act. I had seen the true her. The hot, amazing slut beneath the veneer. Despite how spent I was, I stiffened up at this. She looked great, and I wasn't the only one to notice how great her ass looked, or how huge and bouncy her tits were. Other men were staring, but I was the one who had felt up those tits. I was the one who had blasted a load of jizz all over those fucking jugs. It was my cum that had filled up that pussy. I had had that body, and it filled me with pride.

I was reminded to check my phone for the first time since leaving the car, and I smiled when I saw the picture she had sent me. A picture of Mom's big, naked breasts, posed in her bedroom mirror, no doubt taken after she had jumped out of the shower. My cock pulsed again.

Bursting with confidence, I made myself quite sociable at the party. The people my age were pretty lame, so I found myself talking with some other people. And, feeling good, I approached a few women. Women who had a few years on me. Some of them were the younger law clerks at the firm, who were fresh out of college. Some of them were older, some were hot lawyers. Some were married. It seemed like they enjoyed my brash, teenage boldness, and even though I didn't get any numbers or anything, I could tell, that if we weren't around their coworkers, or husbands, I would have had a chance.

But whenever I talked to these other women, I would feel Mom's eyes on me, looking on with disapproval, or dare I say... jealousy. No, she said things were done, right? Things

were over between us. Just a one day thing. We would never do it again...

Right?

So, that was two days ago. That was the day me and Mom had sex, and that was how we ended up there. But again, I just have to ask the question... what comes next? How do you move on from THAT?

For Mom, she mostly kept things normal. It was as if nothing had happened. It was as if we had never had sex. She was just as cheery as ever, making me dinner, washing my clothes, nagging me about cleaning my room, stuff like that. Even after what we had done, and what she had claimed she'd be thinking during these normal moments, I couldn't confirm if they were the truth. Other than a few vague glances, she gave little sign what she was truly thinking, if she was thinking of anything sexual. She hadn't teased me, and she hadn't said or done anything that gave

any sign that she was thinking about what we had done. Could she truly have put that out of mind?

Impossible! For me, it would be something I'd never forget. I mean, on my list of lovers, the list of women I had hooked up with, she would always be there. It'd be, like, Tara the cheerleader, Tracy from Spanish class, Lana from that school across town, my friend's cousin Jess, Samantha the A-student, Lucy the lifeguard, Mom, followed by all the girls I'd meet this summer and in college. Mom was on the list. I had fucked my mom! It was crazy, and the heated, filthy lust of the encounter made it stand out as being the best. The most unforgettable fuck ever. I would never forget.

I wouldn't say I was hurt by her moving on. Offended, maybe, that my prowess hadn't made her come crawling back at the first opportunity. That she hadn't grabbed at my cock or shoved her tits in my face or at least offered a clean, fun blowjob. But nothing. Sure, it had only been a couple of days, but c'mon. I expected her to give in the first chance she got. But no. Apparently when she said it was a one-time thing, she meant it.

She had acted a bit different at times, to be fair. She treated Dad a bit differently, being a bit less interested in his stories, being a bit less affectionate and fun with him, which gave me some hope. She had maintained being aggressively normal with me, though, going out of her way to not change a thing. But... there were coincidences. Like, when I go out to work at the beach, or out to go hang with some friends, Mom just coincidentally had slipped on a bikini to tan outside, as if she didn't want me to forget about her hot body and huge tits. Maybe it was a coincidence, but maybe it wasn't. Maybe it was as though, when I would be at the beach looking at girls in bikinis, or hanging out with some of my female friends, she wanted to make sure I wouldn't forget about her. She wanted her hot body to be top of my mind. As if she wanted me to compare her with the other girls. As if she wanted to remind me she was superior.

Well, it worked.

Could we go on being a normal mother and son after this? Would she be able to keep this up? Would things just be an act between us from now on? Would there be hidden

meanings behind everything? Would her maternal interactions with me be permanently changed?

Like, would her visiting me at college be a mask for her true intentions? Would her intentions be maternal... or carnal? Would she be checking in on her own son for pure reasons, or was she secretly visiting me to get some more dick? Would she be truly happy when I got another girlfriend, or would she fume with jealousy? The way she talked about the other girls I'd been with when we were fucking let me know that the jealousy might have been there already. When she'd see me in my swim trunks, would she take pride at her fit, handsome son, or would be thinking about sliding down my trunks to get at the goods?

She could try to act like things were normal, but they weren't. Everything had changed between us, and eventually, she would realize that. She would come to the same conclusion I did, and when that time came... who knew what would happen?

A couple days passed and things were still seemingly normal between us. Dad had come home from work for

lunch, before taking off for a few days. He had a flight to catch as part of some big case, so he'd be gone for a couple days. Mom was the perfect doting wife, cooking her husband's meal, and the perfect doting Mom as she cleaned up after. She kissed Dad on the cheek as he drove off, and did nothing out of the ordinary once she sauntered back in, finishing cleaning up.

This was the first point where me and her would be alone for an extended period of time since... well, you know. I watched her clean up, checking out her round ass in her tight jeans, and staring at her big tits through her tight, thin t-shirt. When she was at the sink, her top lifted up slightly, exposing her midriff. I could never look past what had happened. Could she?

Mom finished up cleaning and shut the oven door. Finally, she sauntered towards the kitchen island, standing across from me, looking at me as I looked up at her. Her expression was vague as she held my gaze. Part of me was unsure what she was thinking, but part of me could guess EXACTLY what she was thinking. Me and her were alone and there was no chance of interruption. She remembered, just like I did, what happened the last time we were alone.

We looked at each other, in silence, both of us wondering the same exact thing. After what me and her did, after me and my mother had sex, would we be able to move on? Would we be able to forget and resume things all normal? Would we ever do it again? I looked at her, and she looked at me. We both knew this was an important moment, a moment that would decide our future. If things would carry on as normal, this is where that would start. But if we wanted to do it again, to fuck each others' brains out day after day, every chance we got, this would be the start of that. If we would spend each day flirting and fucking, and feeling each other up every chance we got, that would start right here. It would all be decided in the next few moments. It was time to answer that all important question.

What comes next?

"So..." Mom began. "I, uh... I went out shopping yesterday. I bought some stuff... I thought I'd try them on for you..." My eyes widened slightly. Was this happening? Was this going where I think it was?

"Why didn't you ask Dad while he was here?" I asked, impetuously, knowing the answer.

"Oh, I'd much rather get your opinion." she said, glancing away for a moment before looking back at me, narrowing her eyes slightly.

"What'd you buy?" I asked calmly, not intimidated, even though I sensed what was coming.

"Some new tops, some skirts... a couple new bikinis... and bras, some thongs, a few g-strings..." she trailed off as my cock stiffened. I glanced down at her top, even though she could easily see me stare, and I noticed her nipples throbbing under her top. The corner of her mouth turned up slightly as she stood up straight and slowly sauntered around the counter, her big tits jiggling with every step. I don't even think she was wearing a fucking bra. I sat in place as she walked up behind me and moved in close. I shivered as I felt her presence up close to me, and my dick pulsed in my pants as I felt her huge breasts slide against the back of my neck. "So go up to your room... and I'll join there soon..."

she panted, with her lips next to my ear. She sauntered away, shaking her ass proudly, knowing I was watching.

This was the beginning of the summer of Mom.

It took two days to erase any indecision or doubts Mom had. She had fucked her own son, had some incredible sex with him, and it took a grand total two days for her to come to terms with it. She went from 'Maybe we shouldn't do this again,' to 'I NEED that big, fat COCK right NOW!' Any regrets she might have felt about the whole adultery and incest thing were quickly forgotten when compared to the mind-blowing sex I could offer her.

And trust me, the sex that ensued was mind-blowing.

Those first few days were insane. We went at it like animals. After just a couple days of trying to hold back, the levees were broken, and there was no stopping us. It was rough. It was nasty. It was amazing!

A few days later, Dad got home from his trip. He was greeted at the door by his wife. Dad no doubt looked at her and noticed her stunning beauty. He no doubt noticed her nice outfit, a simple but flattering ensemble, a slim yellow blouse and a flowy skirt, nothing too crazy. But what he didn't notice was the slight sheen of sweat coating her skin. And he certainly didn't notice the thick load of cum leaking out of her mature cunt, freshly pumped deep inside there by their studly teenage son. And he was certainly too distracted by his wife to hear their son upstairs quickly trying to clean up, to cover up any evidence of the illicit encounter that had just occurred there.

He would never notice.

This was the time I should be, you know... sowing my oats. Living it up, having the time of my life with my friends and chasing girls before heading off to college. Instead, I spent my summer pretty much obsessed with fucking my own mother. It sounded messed up, but it didn't really bother me in the slightest. I was surprised by how little the incest bothered me. I really wasn't hung up by it at all. The sex was way too good for me to care. And I was getting fucked way too often and way too well to really think twice.

Even though Mom had been the hesitant one in the equation, once she dove in, she dove in all the way. She was pretty much on my dick the whole summer. I'd been with some aggressive girls before, but Mom... she took the cake. I've never seen a girl or a woman as hungry for cock as Mom was. Morning, noon and night, as soon as the coast was clear, sex would ensue. I would be stirred awake by her swallowing my morning wood to the root, her plump lips forming a seal around my thick shaft in time to my eyes opening, meeting her wicked gaze. Or I'd be awoken to the sound of her clothes hitting the floor, and the silence of the morning would be pierced by her screams of pleasure.

Dad was a busy man, giving me and Mom plenty of time alone to indulge our new hobby. Mom was practically a whole new woman around me, traipsing around in her tiny, sexy underwear or miniscule, barely-there bikinis, thongs that let her ass just hang out, and tiny bras and bikini tops that barely contained her mammoth jugs. She was strutting around the place; shaking her ass and making her big tits jiggle for my amusement. To outsiders, she was the same nice, normal mom, but to me, she was a sex goddess. We spent a lot of summer in my bed, with her and me going at

it like wild animals. We would also get it on in her room, on her and Dad's big bed, sometimes even spending the whole night going at it when Dad was out of town, but most of our encounters took place in my room, as my messy, teenage bedroom seemed like the perfect place for our illicit encounters.

Mom was as into it as I was, and whenever I was away from her, she would be blowing up my phone like jealous teenager. I'd be hanging out with some friends, including some girls and after, like, an hour she'd be sending me pictures of her cleavage, or a thong pulled up above the hem of her jeans. As the night would go on, she'd show off more and more skin, until I just had to rush home and take care of business, emptying my nuts in and on her. She wanted my sperm all to herself and she got her wish. By the end of the summer, my phone was full of dirty texts from her, and pictures of her hot naked body. And her phone was no doubt filled up by pictures of my big, meaty, throbbing cunt-destroyer, taken from all different angles, showcasing my impressive length and my large swollen nuts. Pictures that she would demand of me in the same way most mothers would demand their son to do their chores. I liked how demanding my mom was.

When I was at work at the beach, she would always just happen to show up, rocking a skimpy bikini and drawing my eyes from all that exposed teenage skin to gaze upon her luscious, mature flesh. She would always chat me up, and she would never be satisfied till me and her snuck off and got it on, putting my lifeguard job and maybe even people's lives at risk just so I could get at her tight pussy, but it was so worth it. She wouldn't have been bothered too much if I got fired though. That would have meant more time at home for me, and more time spent in her waiting, ready cunt.

It wasn't anything beyond sex. Mind-blowing, amazing, world-shaking sex. It was a purely physical, lust-based relationship. We both like the sensation of my thick, bare, teenage cock buried up to the nuts inside of her hot body. We couldn't get enough.

By the end of the summer, we were pretty much full on addicted to each other. We had done so much together. We had fucked every chance we got, all over the house, a few times in public. We fucked in the pool. We fucked in the

car. She sucked me off in a movie theatre. We hooked up in a public bathroom at the beach. She efficiently sucked me to full hardness and swallowed my load while we waited in the car when Dad ran into a store to grab us dinner. We fucked in my bed in the middle of the night while Dad was sound asleep.

I would probably never fuck this often again in my life, and I just couldn't stop. We participated in pure filth, and when things would begin to settle we would add something new to our encounters, capping it off near the end of the summer when she took the full length of my meaty prick up her ass. Her ASS! Whenever I mentioned doing that with any of the girls I had hooked up with before they had almost laughed in my face, telling me that it would NEVER happen. But out of all of them, my own mom was the only one willing to do it. My own MOM loved taking cock up her tight ass. It was unbelievable, and it felt so fucking good. There was a good week there where I did nothing but drill her tight ass, making her scream and moan as I filled her up with cum. It was incredible.

Whenever Dad was home, I realized that even though he was the breadwinner, I was the man of the house. He had to

go to work every day, while I stayed home, barely lifting a finger, and drilled his hot wife, my mom. I didn't keep my room clean. I was lazy and I slept in a lot. I played games for hours on end, and was more willing to go party with my friends or go to the gym than do anything productive. But none of that really bothered Mom. My brash, teenage disobedience appealed to her, and she rewarded me for it by vigorously sucking my massive cock again and again. She should respect Dad for all his hard work and be a sweet, grateful wife, but she respected my big cock more. The pleasure my big cock brought her erased all other concerns. I was the king of the house, and every time Mom took a load of my cum in her pussy, or in her ass, or down her throat, or on her tits, she only further supplanted my father's place with me on the throne.

But like all good summer flings, it had to come to an end eventually. Mine ended with me going off to school, leaving Mom back home. We had spent all summer fucking and as the deadline approached we both got more desperate and horny, going at it like animals at every opportunity, knowing the fun was about to end. So when the time came for me to take off, I didn't know how either of us would deal with it. The sperm had been flowing from my cock at an

excessive rate, and I doubted even the dirtiest college skank I could find would be able to keep up. And for Mom... I don't know how she could go back to just Dad after all the things we had done together. We'd both been changed by what we had done, and what was gonna happen next was a mystery.

So to go back to the beginning of this story to answer the question, what happens after a mother and son hook up for the first time? Well, let me tell you: Lots and lots of sex. Crazy amounts of hot sweaty fucking of the filthiest kind. Sex you can't forget.

But the question of what comes after that, after a mother and son spend an entire summer fucking each other's brains out. After a son gets better sex than what he could find elsewhere with his own mom, and a mom gets the sex of her life from her own son. When a studly son goes off to college, seemingly to move on to a new phase of life, leaving his horny, sexed-up mother behind. What comes after all that? Can either of them move on? Can they truly give this up? Can they actually move on in a healthy way, or did they fall too deep already? Was the siren's song of incest too tempting to resist? Could they just forget about

it, or was the force drawing them back together far too strong to fight off?

Would it be something that we could just move on from? Would things just return to normal now? Is this something we could look back upon fondly in a few years and laugh about? Like, is this something we'd chat about when I was home at Thanksgiving a couple years down the line? Would she be like, 'Oh, hey, Kyle, you remember that time, a couple years back, where me and you spent the whole summer having sex every chance we got? Wasn't that crazy!?'

I know this whole thing was insane, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I had to know where this was going. I needed an answer.

And eventually I got one.

You wanna know what happens after a mother and son spend an entire summer fucking?

Well, that's a whole other story.

THE END