

# BOOBS N BONERS

BY KLRXO



# SUPERSIZED

## Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED

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"Good morning, slugger!" Linda's voice rang out in a singsong tone that sounded like a morning ritual. With golden blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and a figure that could rival any model's, she radiated confidence and sexuality.

A tiny white towel was haphazardly draped around her voluptuous body, barely covering her enormous tits. Bobby couldn't help but notice the way her meaty buttocks swayed with each step as she pranced into her bedroom.

Mesmerized, he followed his mom to the doorway just in time to see the towel fall to the floor, revealing every inch of her naked body.

Caught off guard, Linda quickly put her hands on her hips, her big bobbling pear-shaped breasts ballooning outward. She gave him a stern look, but there was a hint of amusement in her eyes.

"Bobby!" She whispered in a cute little mommy-tone, glancing towards the master bath where her husband could be heard getting ready for work.

For a long moment, Linda let Bobby drink in the sight of her naked body, not moving to cover herself. His eyes roamed hungrily over her voluptuous curves, starting with her large, heavy breasts.

They were capped by expansive areolas, the skin thick and textured, a dusky rose color. Her nipples protruded, fat and erect in the cool morning air.

Bobby's gaze traveled down her soft stomach to the juncture between her thighs. Her mound was completely bare, waxed smooth,

with her plump outer lips parted to reveal a hint of gleaming pink within.

Her protruding hood peeked out, partially concealing her sensitive grape-sized pearl. The shadowed crevice of her most intimate place seemed to beckon to him.

Linda felt a rush of heat between her legs as her son ogled her body so blatantly. She knew it was wrong to let him look at her this way, but she couldn't deny that his obvious desire thrilled her.

Her nipples stiffened further, the rings of her areola puckering into thick discs, and she felt herself growing wet...

Just then, the sound of the shower shutting off broke the spell. Linda quickly bent to snatch up the towel, her heavy breasts dangling and swaying. "You better get going before your father comes out," she whispered urgently, wrapping the towel around herself.

Bobby nodded, his mind still swirling with confusion and shock. With a heavy heart, he turned away as the door swung closed, the sound echoing in the empty hallway.

Seeking solace, he retreated to his room. As an 18-year-old boy, he couldn't help but be fascinated by the bodies of older women; it was a common curiosity for his age. But lately, his fascination had taken on a new intensity as his mother seemed to flaunt her figure around him more frequently.

Since his birthday, it felt like every time he turned around, she was there, half-naked and unashamed. He nervously rubbed at the bulge forming under his shorts, trying to push back the forbidden thoughts that filled his mind.

His gaze drifted towards the closed door, memories flooding back of the last time he saw his mom like this. She was breathtakingly beautiful; her curves and giant breasts leaving him in awe. They

were just like the ones he saw in those Jiggs magazines hidden under his bed.

This was now the second time she had caught him staring, yet strangely she didn't seem angry or embarrassed at all. It only fueled Bobby's growing desire and confusion even more.

After a little while, he heard his parents emerge from their master suite. His dad continued downstairs, but Linda stepped into Bobby's bedroom, her high heeled mules clicking against the hardwood floor. As she entered, her eyes scanned the room and landed on the state of Bobby's bed and floor.

"This room is a disaster, mister. I certainly hope you plan on cleaning today," she scolded with a disapproving shake of her head. Her perfectly styled blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders as she leaned against the doorframe.

Bobby took a second to respond, distracted by his mother's appearance. She was dressed in a tight polyester mini-skirt that hugged her birthing hips and long, shapely legs, and a thin cashmere sweater that accentuated her gigantic titties.

"Yeah, uh...I'll clean it tonight," Bobby muttered, trying to tear his gaze away from his mother's figure.

"Oh, and I'm washing my delicates today. I'm gonna need all my panties back in my hamper before you leave okay, sweetie?" Linda said with a hint of authority in her voice.

"Panties?" Bobby asked, trying to play stupid.

Linda stepped closer to his bed and reached under his pillow, retrieving a pair of her black sheer thong panties.

"Yes, panties," she confirmed with a playful smile.

As she held up the panties for Bobby to see, he couldn't help but notice the faint stain on them. A stream of fresh cock-cream began to run down the fabric and onto Linda's forearm.

"Bobby!" she said again, not angrily but with a hint of amusement.

"Sorry mom," Bobby giggled nervously, realizing what had happened.

"No you're not," Linda teased as she tried her best to wipe the sticky substance off her arm.

The warmth of the semen against her skin and the aroma of teen pheromones sent a shiver down Linda's spine. She couldn't believe how much there was, surely it couldn't all be from one ejaculation?

"Some girls would just lick it up and swallow it," her son joked, breaking the tension in the room.

"Yeah, well I'm not 'some girl'," she retorted, trying to act uncomfortable. "I'm your mother and I certainly don't need the taste of your sperm on my tongue when I kiss your father goodbye this morning."

Bobby smirked, clearly enjoying his mother's discomfort. "You look really nice today by the way," he said, trying to ease the tension.

Linda couldn't help but glance down at the tent forming in her son's shorts. Her eyes widened as she saw the immense erection straining against the fabric. "Yeah, I can tell... Thank you," she managed to say through gritted teeth, forcing a smile.

"You're welcome," Bobby replied with a mischievous grin.

He could feel his mother's gaze burning into him as she watched his impressive display. "Does that thing um...ever go down?" she teased, sounding like a flustered teenager.

"Not when you're around," he quipped back. "Wanna see something cool?"

"Oookaaay," Linda hesitantly agreed, giving him a curious look.

With a sly grin, Bobby flexed his pelvic floor muscles, causing his boner to rise even higher under his shorts. The sheer size and hardness of it pushed against the fabric with an unmistakable force.

Linda's breath caught in her throat as she felt her own body react to the sight of such an oversized dick. Her clam tightened and her nipples began to chub beneath her shirt.

She tore her gaze away from her son's bulge and met his eyes, realizing he had been watching her reaction.

"Show off," she teased, trying to hide the intense desire stirring within her.

The realization dawned on Linda as to why all the mothers she knew were constantly trying to seduce eighteen-year-old boys. Her body couldn't help but react to the thought, her pulse racing and her breathing quickening.

"Will you sit on my lap...like you did the other morning?" Bobby asked, his own voice husky with desire.

Linda felt a surge of arousal at his words, her mind battling with her sense of responsibility as a mother and a wife.

"Oh sweetie, not this morning. I have to start on breakfast," she said, trying to resist temptation.

"Please...just a few minutes," Bobby begged, desperation evident in his tone.

She couldn't resist any longer, and with a quick glance down the hallway to ensure her husband was occupied downstairs, she gave in to her son's request.

"One minute and that's it for this morning...okay?" she said, unable to hide the excitement in her voice.

"Fine," Bobby agreed eagerly as he sat down on his desk chair.

Linda gracefully strode over to her boy, swiveling her hips seductively as she approached his chair. She turned around and slowly lowered herself onto his lap, relishing the contact as her plush ass sank down onto his rock-hard cock.

Even through their layers of clothing, she could feel every detail of his impressive teenage erection pressing urgently against her soft flesh. The thick, veiny shaft throbbed with virile power, pulsing in time with his racing heartbeat. The swollen, bulbous head strained forcefully at the confines of his shorts, betraying his desperate state of arousal.

Linda let out a shaky breath as she settled her full weight onto him, the unyielding rigidity of his manhood sending jolts of pleasure radiating through her core.

She squirmed slightly, rubbing herself against the prominent ridge of his corona, savoring the exquisite friction.

Bobby groaned, his breath hot against the nape of her neck. "Oh God, Mom..." he panted, clearly struggling to maintain control. His strong hands gripped her hips possessively, pulling her tighter against his lap.

Linda's eyes fluttered closed as she lost herself in the forbidden sensations, her body moving of its own accord, undulating against her son's mighty erection. Rational thought fled as primal lust consumed her.

"You're so damn cute," she couldn't help but smile as she felt the length of his manhood tucked between her soft butt cheeks. Despite sitting on her husband's lap often, it never felt quite like this. Was her son truly endowed with such size? It felt like a thick, juicy Italian sausage was nestled in the crevice of her bubble butt.

Bobby politely broke through her thoughts. "Can you, um...do that thing you did the other day?"

"That thing?" she repeated, teasingly. "You mean this?" She squeezed her buttocks together, enveloping his rod in the warmth and tightness of her ass-crack.

"Oh-h-h yeah," Bobby's voice quivered in response.

Linda turned slightly towards him with an arm resting on his shoulder, giving him a full view of her tremendous cleavage. The edges of her bra were visible through her sweater, straining to contain the bulging breast- meat beneath. With a quick flex of her chest muscles, she made her breasts ripple enticingly beneath the fabric.

"You're not the only show-off in this house," she playfully grinned at him.

She pulled him closer, his head resting on the soft swell of her breasts. Her arms enveloped him in a gentle embrace as she rocked back and forth, feeling his girthy erection pressing against her warm crevice. His sinewy stalk flexed again and again, tightly engorged with blood.

A wave of guilt washed over her as she remembered her husband waiting downstairs for his breakfast while she indulged in these taboo acts with their son. But the thrill of it all sent jolts of wicked excitement coursing through her body, from the pit of her stomach

down to her bare feet. What did it all mean? She couldn't help but wonder.

"Oh, and while I'm thinking of it...you can still come see me when I'm getting dressed. Just make sure your father is downstairs first, okay?" Linda said with a knowing smile.

"Okay," Bobby grinned mischievously, fully aware of the forbidden nature of their secret encounters.

Bobby's hips began to move, slowly at first but building in intensity. His mother found herself instinctively pushing back against him, meeting his mini-thrusts, as if some primal instinct had taken over.

Their bodies soon began to rock together in a forbidden dance, his firm manhood nestled between her supple cheeks.

The old wooden chair beneath them groaned and squeaked in protest as their motions grew more fervent, more wanton.

Linda bit her lip to stifle a moan, the exquisite friction of her boy's dick-meat against her sensitive asshole sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her core. Bobby's breath came hot and heavy against her neck.

For a fleeting ten seconds, they lost themselves completely in the taboo sensations, their bodies undulating as one, propriety and familial boundaries momentarily forgotten.

Linda's sweater rode up, exposing her midriff as she arched her back and swiveled her child-bearing hips. The chair wobbled precariously, threatening to topple over from the force of their illicit dry humping.

With a gasp, Linda suddenly pulled away, standing up to narrowly avoiding falling off the chair entirely. Her face was flushed, her hair mussed, and her clothes askew.

She quickly adjusted her bra, tucking her heaving breasts back into the cups. That had been too close, too risky. They couldn't let things get that far, no matter how good it felt in the heat of the moment.

Linda's gentle smile spread across her face as she placed a hand on Bobby's shoulder. "There... feel better?" she asked, concern evident in her voice.

"Yeah, I could do that all day," Bobby replied, a mischievous glint in his eye.

"Somehow I don't doubt that," Linda chuckled, her gaze drifting down to the noticeable bulge in Bobby's shorts.

"You might wanna change your shorts before you come downstairs," she suggested with a teasing smile.

Bobby's eyes followed hers and he blushed when he saw the large wet stain of pre-cum seeping through his shorts. "Guess I got a little too excited," he mumbled sheepishly.

"Ya think?" Linda giggled, enjoying the sight of her son's embarrassment.

She turned to leave, but paused when she noticed another pair of her panties hanging from the inside door handle. "Bobby!" she said with mock annoyance, reaching out to grab them.

"Sorry, mom...I'll put the rest of them in your hamper," he quickly apologized.

"Thank you...and after you change, make sure you get that 'monster' under control before you come downstairs," Linda said with a playful wink, giving his still prominent cock another sly glance.

She could be upset about the panties, but why? He was just a teenage boy after all, going through normal hormonal changes and exploring his sexuality. And didn't all boys use their mother's

underwear for these types of things? A part of her couldn't help but feel a strange mix of flattery and amusement.

She imagined him sneaking into her room while she was away and digging through her hamper to find the perfect pair. Maybe he even had a ritual; smelling them, savoring the strong pungent aroma of her clean-shaven mommy-muffin. Perhaps he even turned them inside out and sucked on the crotch, his eyes rolling back in ecstasy as the taste of her daily trickle of pussy butter filled his mouth.

Linda shook herself out of the alluring thoughts and picked up the pair of soaked panties with two fingers. Strands of her son's semen dripped from them towards them, and she caught one with her fingers as she stepped out into the hallway.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Linda brought it up to her nose and took a whiff. The musky scent of male arousal mixed with her own unique scent assaulted her senses.

Without hesitation, she scraped the glob of cock-juice onto her tongue. It was thick and sweet, just as she expected from a boy his age. A wicked thrill shot through her body as she realized what she had just done. She had tasted the milk from her own son's balls, the same milk that had squirted out of the tip of his penis no more than an hour ago. But instead of feeling disgusted, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of arousal.

"Well, he tasted me...fair's fair," she thought to herself. And yet, even as she tried to push the thoughts out of her mind, a small part of her couldn't deny the butterflies fluttering in her stomach at the forbidden act she had just committed.

As Bobby sat at the breakfast table, his eyes couldn't help but follow his mother's every move around the kitchen. Her long bronze legs, strong and toned yet still possessing a softness that made them irresistible, seemed to glide effortlessly across the floor.

Every few minutes, as Linda reached up into a cupboard, she would shift her weight onto the toes of one foot, her heel arched in her mules and her legs flexing in a way that sent blood rushing to Bobby's groin.

He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to have those silky, powerful legs wrapped around him, or to see them thrown back into a spread eagle position with her sexy bare feet pointed in opposite directions.

And then there were her breasts. Soft and squishy and ginormous, seemingly always in motion as she moved about the kitchen. They were like mountains of flesh, shifting and bobbing with each step she took, a feast for any young boy's eyes.

With her husband sitting next to her, Linda gave her son a cute little wink as if knowing exactly what was wandering through his dirty little mind.

While Linda continued chatting with her husband about their upcoming weekend plans, she slipped her bare foot out of her heel beneath the table. Glancing over to make sure Bobby was watching, she slowly slid her foot up his leg, starting at his ankle.

She traced her toes along his calf, feeling the wiry hairs and taut young muscles. Higher and higher she went, curling her toes against his inner thigh. Bobby squirmed in his seat, eyes wide as saucers.

Linda suppressed a smirk and maintained her casual conversation, nodding along to her oblivious husband's words. But under the table, her foot was on a mission, grazing ever so lightly over the growing bulge in Bobby's shorts. She pushed down gently with her big toe, rubbing small circles over the tip of his hardness straining against the fabric. Bobby let out a muffled gasp.

"You okay there, champ?" his dad asked, noticing Bobby's reddened face.

"Yeah, I'm good," Bobby croaked, his voice cracking. "Just got some orange juice down the wrong pipe."

Linda had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. She continued teasing him, stroking her foot up and down the rigid length now throbbing against his fly.

Poor Bobby looked like he would explode any second. Feeling delightfully wicked, Linda curled her toes around the shape of his cockhead and squeezed...

"Um, shit! I probably should get going to school," the boy stammered, his face flushing with embarrassment as he tried to conceal his erection.

His wide-eyed mother watched in delight as he rushed from the kitchen. "Have a good day at school, honey!" she sang out.

Bobby could hardly focus on anything during class that day. His mind kept drifting back to the morning's events...his mother turning towards him, her hands resting gently on her hips, her fat, drooping swaying and glistening from the shower.

"Bobby!" her sweet voice whispered once again.

The memory replayed in his mind...mom turning, her tits wobbling, her hands placed firmly on her wide hips.

"Bobby!" the whisper came again.

He couldn't shake the image from his mind...her beautiful face with wet slicked-back hair, her ballooning breasts adorned with cute little stretch marks from their weight, her large areolas dotted with milk glands and perfect nipples made for sucking. And then there was the crown jewel of motherhood - her mons pubis, completely exposed.

Bobby's arousal threatened to burst through his shorts. He could feel his mother's soft buttocks pressing against it, smothering it with each movement.

"Caught you staring!" he heard her say with a teasing tone.

He remembered her gaze falling upon his large penis, her eyes widened and her mouth slightly parted. It was a new expression from her, one that he had never seen before. In that moment, he knew he was impressing her. The fact that it was his own mother only added to the excitement for Bobby.

"Show off," she teased, sounding like a nervous young girl who desperately wanted to touch it.

Bobby's mind often wandered to a fantasy world, where his young and naked body laid atop his beautiful, big-busted mother. Her arms embraced him tightly, her long, painted nails digging into his back as she pulled him closer.

With a smooth, effortless motion, her strong legs coiled around him until her heels rested against his behind, holding him firmly in place against her. Together, they began to rise towards the clouds, their movements akin to that of a spider carrying its prey towards its web.

In this dreamlike state, Linda would take hold of Bobby's throbbing member and guide it into the warm, wet embrace of her eager and gaping womanhood.

As they disappeared into the fluffy clouds, Bobby's shaft would sink deep inside his mother's soft secret hole, engulfing them both in pure bliss. Just before fading completely into the clouds, Linda would start to gently sway their bodies back and forth, creating a suspended heap of writhing flesh - lost in pleasure and consumed by desire.

Suddenly Bobby was jarred back to reality by the sound of the bell. The teacher, Mrs. Jacobs, was at the front of the class, feeding him a curious stare as the other kids scattered.

"Having difficulties concentrating today are we?" She asked as she wandered over to Bobby's desk, her giant tits trembling beneath her blouse.

She sat on the edge of his desk, crossing her luscious legs, giving him a whiff of her intoxicating perfume and the faint scent of her sweet pussy.

Bobby gulped, his young mind still lingering in the fantasy world where he was entwined with his mother. He tried to focus on Mrs. Jacobs, but her voluptuous curves and the way she leaned toward him made it nearly impossible. "I...uh...sorry Mrs. Jacobs. I was just...daydreaming I guess."

She smiled knowingly, uncrossing and recrossing her legs slowly, giving him a look up her thighs at the sheer panties stretched across her shaved pubis. "Mmm, I see. And what pray tell were you daydreaming about, Bobby? Something...naughty perhaps?"

Her voice was like honey, dripping with innuendo. Bobby felt his cheeks flush and his cock begin to stiffen again beneath his desk. "N-no, nothing like that!" he stammered unconvincingly.

Mrs. Jacobs leaned in closer, her cleavage threatening to spill out of her low-cut blouse. "It's okay, Bobby," she purred, placing a manicured hand on his thigh. "I know what young men your age think about. It's perfectly natural." Her hand slid higher, fingertips grazing the bulge in his pants.

Bobby's breath caught in his throat. This couldn't really be happening...could it? His hot teacher coming onto him, just like his

mom had. It was like all his adolescent wet dreams were coming true at once.

Mrs. Jacobs leaned in even closer, her lips nearly brushing Bobby's ear as she whispered conspiratorially. "I know you were thinking about your mother, Bobby. Fantasizing about burying your face between her big, soft breasts. Tasting her, pleasuring her."

Bobby's eyes went wide with shock. How could she possibly know? He opened his mouth to deny it but no words came out.

"Shh, it's okay," Mrs. Jacobs soothed, her hand continuing to massage his now rock-hard erection through his jeans. "It's perfectly normal for a young man to have those kinds of thoughts about the woman who gave birth to him. That maternal bond is so strong, so primal. Of course it would manifest sexually as you mature."

She nibbled on his earlobe, making him shudder. "And I'll let you in on a little secret. Moms think about it too. Oh yes, even now, your mother is probably fantasizing about taking your hard young cock deep inside her hungry cunt. She probably longs to feel you suckling at her breasts again, just like when you were a baby."

Mrs. Jacobs pulled back and looked Bobby in the eye, her own blazing with lust. "We're very much alike, your mother and I. Two sexy, mature women in desperate need of a virile young man to fulfill our every nasty desire."

Rendered mute by shock and arousal, Bobby could only nod eagerly. Mrs. Jacobs smiled and stood up, smoothing her tight skirt.

She urged him to quickly make his way to his next class before he was marked tardy, and once he was in the busy hallway, Bobby pulled out his cell phone and dialed his mother's number. Despite the noise around him, he could still hear the soothing sound of her voice on the other end of the line.

"Hi honey!" Linda answered, her own voice echoing slightly as she stood in the laundry room, diligently folding clothes.

"Hi mom," Bobby said, a small smile spreading across his face at the sound of her familiar tone.

"What are you up to?" She asked with a hint of amusement in her voice.

"Oh...not much. Just on break between classes," he replied.

"Everything ok?" She asked, always attuned to any changes or concerns in her son's life.

"Yeah, um...I just wanted to call and say hi," he said, feeling suddenly shy and unsure.

"How sweet...I miss you," she responded warmly, her hands never stopping their rhythm of folding laundry – now pausing to fold one of her silky lacy bras.

"I miss you too. Um, could I ask a favor mom? Could you send me a picture?" He finally gathered up the courage to ask.

"A picture of me?" She smiled playfully.

"Yeah...um, I just thought it would be cool to have a picture of you on my phone to look at...and maybe even show my friends," he explained, hoping she wouldn't reject his request.

"Aww, what a sweetheart," she said with genuine love and appreciation in her voice.

"So you will?" he asked eagerly.

Linda's mind raced as she considered what kind of picture to send her son, in response to his plea for something sexy. A mischievous smile spread across her lips as she thought about the poor boy's suffering with horniness. But she couldn't just send him any old

picture - she couldn't have him showing his friends something inappropriate.

"Tell you what...how bout I send you two pictures. One for you to show your friends...and one just for you," she said, a twinkle in her eye.

"Okay," Bobby smiled eagerly.

"Give me a few minutes," she replied, already planning out the perfect shots.

"Thanks mom."

"Bye sweetie." she said, blowing a kiss through the phone just before hanging up.

"Now, where should I take these?" Linda pondered. "My bedroom would probably be the most sensual setting, but no wait...what about his bedroom? Perfect!" she decided, knowing it would add an extra taboo element to the photos.

Linda ascended the stairs to her son's bedroom, taking note of the mess and disorganization. "That boy!" She thought with a chuckle. "Okay, first photo for his friends - something alluring yet still appropriate. Don't need any angry phone calls from neighborhood moms."

Bobby's heart was racing as he anxiously waited in the cramped bathroom stall. The loud bell signaling the start of class echoed through the hallway, but he didn't care. His focus was solely on his phone as he waited for a response to the scandalous request he had just made.

Seconds later, his phone vibrated and he eagerly opened the picture text. It was a full body shot of his mom, standing in his bedroom. She was still dressed in her work outfit - a snug skirt and a fitted

sweater that hugged her curves in all the right places. Linda leaned slightly against his dresser in a coy pose, with one long tan leg extended forward and bent at the knee. Her toes were pressed against the floor while her heel was arched up, giving off an air of confidence and sexiness.

A cute, innocent smile graced Linda's face as she posed for the photo.

Below the picture was written: "FOR YOUR FRIENDS"

Bobby couldn't believe it. The way she angled her body and pushed her pillowy boobs out made him unable to look away. His cock throbbed with desire as he thought about his mom in such a seductive manner.

Linda's eyes roamed over the room, taking in every detail as she pondered her next photo. A sly grin played at the corners of her mouth as she debated how to tease and tempt her intended recipient. Should she bare it all or leave a little something to the imagination? Her mind raced with wicked thoughts as she imagined the reaction her pictures would elicit.

With a mischievous smile, Linda settled on a plan. She would lay on his bed, naked but not completely exposed. The thought made her heart race and butterflies flutter in her stomach. It was dangerous and thrilling all at once.

A few minutes later, a second photo arrived and Bobby's pulse quickened with excitement as he clicked open the message. And there she was, lying on his bed, completely naked. Her chin rested gently against her palm as she gazed lovingly at the camera, her oversized breasts squished against the mattress like soft pillows. In the background, Bobby caught a glimpse of her curvy bubble butt and shapely legs kicked up playfully, toes pointed seductively toward the ceiling.

Below the photo, a simple message read: "FOR YOU ONLY."

Bobby couldn't believe his luck. He groaned in pleasure and excitement, his hands shaking as he struggled to control himself. He wanted nothing more than to stay and admire the stunning image before him, but he knew he was already going to be in trouble for being late to class.

With great reluctance, he tore himself away from his screen, leaving behind images burned into his mind that would fuel countless fantasies in the days to come.

Bobby's eyes were glued to the picture several times that day, his mind completely consumed by the sexy image on his phone. Even at home in his cozy bedroom, he struggled to concentrate on his homework as he absentmindedly rubbed his growing arousal through his shorts. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of his mother entering his room.

"Shouldn't you be working on your math homework, young man?" Her playful voice cut through the air, causing Bobby to quickly toss his phone aside.

"I-I'm almost done, Mom," he stammered, cheeks flushing red.

"Would you like to take a little break?" she asked with a sly smile, her sweater straining at the buttons as her ample breasts threatened to burst free.

"Why?" Bobby asked, heart racing with anticipation.

"Well...I was planning on taking a bath before your father gets home. And I thought maybe you'd like to keep me company," she purred.

"Really?" Bobby's mind raced with disbelief and excitement.

"Unless you'd rather focus on your math," Linda teased, winking at her son.

"Hell no," Bobby grinned eagerly.

"Then come on," Linda giggled, leading him towards the bathroom.

"Pinch me, this has to be a dream. There's no way my mom would invite me to watch her bathe. I'm going to wake up any second now...I just know it," Bobby thought as they entered his parent's bedroom.

Excitement bubbled through Bobby's veins as he followed his mother, Linda, across her bedroom. The soft click of her high-heeled mules on the hardwood floor and the hypnotic sway of her buttocks captured his attention.

A flush of nerves coursed through him as Linda strode over to the windows and closed the shades. He could hardly believe what was about to happen - his own mother had invited him to watch her take a bath. He stood awkwardly, unsure of where to look or what to do with his hands.

Linda's mind was racing with her own last second thoughts. "Oh my God, I can't believe I'm about to let my son watch me take a bath," she nervously thought. "Are you sure about this, Linda?"

The naughty side of her mind answered immediately. "Nudity is perfectly natural. This has nothing to do with his big penis...absolutely nothing."

She took a deep breath and composed herself. "Just act normal...as if he's watching you bake cookies. Yeah, that's it...this is no big deal."

She turned to her nervous son and smiled. "Your father and I are going out tonight. Want me to order you some pizza or something, sweetie?"

"Sure, that sounds good," he responded, trying to mask his excitement.

As they entered the master bathroom, Bobby couldn't help but follow closely behind his mother. She turned on the water in the tub before walking back over to him, closing the bathroom door behind them and locking it.

"How's Brian doing? I heard he's been really sick," Linda asked as she slipped off her dainty heels revealing painted toenails.

Bobby's heart raced faster as he struggled to answer her question while also trying not to stare at her as she undressed. "Uh...getting better I guess," he mumbled, unable to take his eyes off her.

"How long has he been out of school now?" Linda asked casually as she finished unbuttoning her sweater.

Bobby's eyes widened in awe as his mother's bra-clad breasts emerged from the top, perfectly round and huge. Linda effortlessly peeled off her sweater, revealing smooth, tanned skin. "Two weeks so far," Bobby responded, still mesmerized by the sight before him.

"Poor thing." Linda sympathized, unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the floor.

"Who?" Bobby asked, snapping out of his daze.

"Your friend Brian," she replied, casually stepping out of her skirt.

"Oh yeah...it must suck being that sick," he answered absentmindedly, his gaze fixated on Linda's barely-there bikini panties.

Bobby felt a stirring in his shorts as he watched his mom reach back and unclasp her bra. Her devilish grin only added to his excitement.

"I don't want you going over there until he's completely better...in case whatever he has is contagious," Linda stated matter-of-factly as she slipped off her bra straps.

"Okay," Bobby nodded, unable to take his eyes off of her.

As Linda's bra fell to the ground, her pendulous tits sprung free with a soft bounce. They settled against her tummy, swaying slightly as they ballooned outward. Bobby couldn't help but admire the cavernous cleavage and large pink caps, each one dotted with tiny milk glands.

Linda carefully placed her bra next to the sink, admiring the way the light danced off the silky fabric. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slowly pull them down her long, tanned legs.

For the second time that day, Bobby found himself staring at his own mother's intimate area. Her mons pubis was completely waxed, leaving nothing to the imagination. Below it, he could clearly see her cleft of venus and the delicate prepuce peeking out from between her thick outer folds.

As Linda stepped out of her panties, she leaned over and picked them up off the floor, causing her large breasts to sway seductively with each movement.

With one leg cocked out in front of her and a slight bend in her knee, she arched her foot and wiggled her toes against the floor. A mischievous smile played on her lips as she caught Bobby's eyes roaming over her body.

Amused by his obvious fascination, Linda couldn't help but think about how much of a tease she was being to her own son. But something about it felt thrilling and forbidden.

Gathering up the elastic hem of her panties, she playfully shot them towards Bobby like a rubber band. They landed perfectly on his bulging lap, eliciting a grin from him.

"You might as well hang onto those," Linda teased, "you'll probably be snooping through my laundry hamper for them later."

As they shared a laugh, a small part of her wondered if this newfound flirtation with her son would lead to something more.

As Linda turned towards the bath, Bobby's eyes were immediately drawn to the pair of panties in his hand. With trembling fingers, he brought them up to his nose and inhaled deeply. The pungent aroma hit him like a wave, causing his head to swim with pleasure.

"They're STILL warm and damp!" He thought, unable to believe his luck. The scent was so intoxicating that he couldn't help but let out a moan.

Linda giggled without turning around, pouring bubble bath into the tub. "They smell that good, huh?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," Bobby sighed.

As he stood there, mesmerized by her movements, he couldn't help but admire the globes of her full heart-shaped buttocks and the delicate ring of her asshole. His gaze then traveled down to the baby-smooth skin of her genitals, the spongy outer lips glistening in the light. It was like staring at the gates of heaven.

"This is too much," Bobby thought to himself as his arousal grew stronger. "I'm gonna cum in my fucking shorts before mom even gets in the tub."

With a ripple of her butt cheeks, Linda stepped into the water and turned to look back at her son with a knowing smirk. She could see the desire and longing in his eyes, and it only fueled her own excitement.

Linda lowered herself into the warm, soapy water, letting out a contented sigh. Peering over her shoulder, she caught Bobby still staring transfixed, her lacy panties clutched tightly in his hands.

"Mmmm, I bet you're wondering why mom's panties smell so intoxicating, aren't you baby?" she purred seductively. "It's because a woman's most intimate areas have special glands that release pheromones. It's nature's perfume, designed to drive men wild with desire."

Bobby swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. "Is... is that why they're so damp too?" he asked, his voice quavering.

"That's right honey," Linda grinned, running a soapy hand along the inside of her thigh. "When a woman gets aroused, those luscious lips between her legs start to swell and glisten with moisture. The more turned on she gets, the wetter and more fragrant her panties become."

She could see the massive bulge straining against Bobby's shorts as he processed this revelation. Linda bit her lip, fighting the urge to tell him to strip down and join her in the tub.

"As my handsome young man, I want you to enjoy and explore these new feelings," she said softly. "A mom's panties are drenched with the scent of her desire... and it's all for her boy to enjoy."

Bobby let out a tortured groan, the panties still pressed against his face. He knew it was so wrong, but his sexy mother was awakening feelings in him he never knew existed. His hips bucked involuntarily as he inhaled another deep breath of her intoxicating musk.

Seeing the effect she was having, Linda rolled onto her stomach, resting her chin on folded arms at the edge of the tub. Rivulets of water trickled down between the globes of her upturned ass.

Bobby stood up, his large member jutting out like a divining rod under his shorts. He made no attempt to conceal it as he walked over to the edge of the tube.

Linda's lips curled into a mischievous grin as she caught sight of his boy-bulge pointed directly at her, only a few feet away. The long, tubular outline was clearly defined through the fabric, teasing and tempting her.

"Uh-oh...it's that long-necked monster again," she quipped, her eyes trailing down its impressive length.

"Oh my God...just how long must that neck be? It's like some of the dicks I used to fuck back in college. Ah, those were wild days," she thought wistfully.

Bobby stood there confidently, relishing the way his mom's gaze lingered on his boner.

"Well I can't help it...you ARE naked mom," he stated matter-of-factly.

Linda couldn't help but notice how far his shorts were bulged out from the sheer size of his arousal. Her eyes widened with surprise.

"Look at how far your shorts are tenting out. Are you sure you don't have a baseball bat under there?" she teased, unable to resist staring at the impressive lump.

"Nope, it's all me," Bobby replied with pride.

"I know I like to call you 'slugger,' but if you keep popping boners like that I may have to start calling you my 'Louisville slugger,'" Linda giggled playfully. Their playful banter only adding to the electrifying tension between them.

Bobby stood transfixed, unable to tear his gaze away as his mom stood up and turned on the shower sprayer. The water cascaded

over her voluptuous figure, running down her smooth skin and drenching her long hair. Her neck arched back in pleasure, causing her tit-melon to jut out proudly. The sheen of the water only accentuated their enormity.

Bobby's excitement was palpable as he watched, feeling his cock jump beneath his pants to the sight of her.

"I saw that. Showing off again huh?" His mom teased playfully.

"No...that was just a reaction. If I was showing off, I'd do this," he said, flexing his erect member and making it spring upward.

Linda felt a surge of desire rush through her as she gazed at his manhood. Her inner and outer lips quivered with excitement as they swelled with blood, and her cervix seemed to shift downward in anticipation of accommodating his length.

"Oh my God, I've never reacted to something like this before," she thought. "It's like his bulbous head just split open my sex and my body is responding as if in preparation for all that thick meat. Stop it, Linda...this is ridiculous!" She scolded herself mentally.

"Wow, that's incredible. You have one of the strongest erections I think I've ever seen." She exclaimed in amazement.

"It's your fault, mom. Just looking at you makes me like this." Bobby replied with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Well, nice to know that my thirty-nine year old body can get that sort of reaction from a handsome eighteen-year-old...especially considering he's my son. Guess that makes me a MILF huh?" She smiled.

Bobby's face grew warm as he struggled to find the words he wanted to say. His mind was racing, trying to keep up with the unexpected and scandalous turn the conversation had taken.

"Well, you're definitely a mom I'd like to-" He began, then stopped himself mid-sentence. His eyes widened as he realized what he was about to say.

"A mom you'd like to what...FUCK?" Linda's voice was playful and filled with mischief as she raised an eyebrow at him.

"Oh my God-damn Linda I can't believe you just said that!" she wickedly thought.

Bobby's thoughts were in turmoil as he tried to process her boldness and his own desires.

His heart skipped a beat as he heard the magic word spill from her lips. Colors rushed to his cheeks, betraying him with a telltale blush.

"No, this can't be real...but why haven't I woken up yet?" he told himself. "Mom just said fuck...I've never heard her say fuck before. How the hell do I respond to something like that? What the hell...honestly I guess." The internal monologue continued in Bobby's head as he struggled to maintain composure.

"I wouldn't mind." He finally managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Linda's mischievous smile only grew wider as she looked back at his big pecker, bobbing up and down under his shorts.

"Clearly," she purred, her eyes lingering on his impressive bulge.

Linda leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a sultry whisper. "So tell me Bobby, have you ever had the pleasure of fucking a nice, tight MILF pussy before?"

Bobby gulped, his throat suddenly feeling very dry. He shook his head slowly, unable to form words.

"Mm, I didn't think so," Linda purred, reaching out to run a fingertip along the waistband of his shorts, grazing the sensitive skin just above his throbbing erection.

"Let me tell you, baby, it's a whole different experience than those young, inexperienced girls. A MILF pussy knows exactly how to grip and milk a big, hard cock like yours."

She moved her hand lower, tracing the bulging outline of his shaft through the thin fabric. Bobby let out a shaky moan at her touch.

"You see, after popping out a kid or two, our pussies get even tighter. The muscles are so much stronger. Imagine those velvety walls squeezing and rippling along every inch of your cock, wringing out every last drop of cum from these swollen balls."

Linda cupped his heavy sack through his shorts, giving them a gentle squeeze. Bobby thrust his hips forward involuntarily, seeking more of her touch.

"And we know all the tricks to drive a boy wild with that tight cunt," she continued, now rubbing slow circles over his aching cockhead, the damp spot on his shorts growing under her ministrations.

"Flexing and swiveling our hips, clenching down HARD, milking out so much thick jizz to flood our hungry pussies. Fuck, you'll never want anything else once you've experienced a MILF pussy. I guarantee I'll make you cum harder than you ever have before, baby boy."

After rinsing the suds from her hair, she tilted back in the tub and let the warm water cascade over her. Bobby, mesmerized by his mother's voluptuous nudity, remained on the floor looking up with fascination. Her giant, heavy breasts swayed to and fro as she moved.

"Sweetie, could you pass me my shea-butter?" she asked, shutting the water off and draping a towel over her wet hair.

Linda stepped out of the tub, her breasts bouncing gently on her ribcage. Bobby fetched the lotion, his own body betraying him as his arousal caused his flagpole to bob up and down beneath his shorts.

"Thank you, slugger," she said with a smile.

Taking a seat on the toilet, Linda motioned for Bobby to join her on the floor across from her. She squirted a generous amount of lotion into her hands and set the bottle aside.

"Normally I would spend some time shaving my legs and...my peach," she said with a small chuckle, rubbing the lotion between her palms.

"Peach?" Bobby asked quizzically.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should speak in teenage boy language. My pussy. Is that better?" she teased with a giggle.

Bobby smiled and nodded in understanding.

The warm sun shone down through the sunroof onto Linda's smooth, tanned legs as she extended one out and began to rub shea butter up and down its length.

Her foot, with its perfectly painted toes pointed at Bobby, moved in slow, sensual circles, working the lotion into her skin.

As her son's eyes were fixated on her legs, Linda couldn't help but stare down at the bulge in his shorts. She watched as his hand instinctively caressed it, a small moan escaping her lips.

"Oh my god, he's rubbing it through his shorts. My poor baby must have one throbbing erection," she thought.

The thought sent a thrill through her body. "Imagine what he'd do if I spread my legs apart. Jesus, Linda, you can't do that...that's just downright lewd. He'd cream for sure. Okay, okay...I won't go

crazy...I'll just spread them a little. I can't reach the backs of my thighs unless I at least open them a bit." she reasoned with herself.

Leaning back against the toilet, Linda curled one leg up and back, the other following suit as she continued to massage lotion onto her skin. As her legs splayed and feet hovered in the air, Bobby's gaze was drawn to her exposed flower. He had always thought of it as a cute, virginal pussy, but now he could see that it was so much more.

Between the plump outer lips lay a pair of thick, crimson inner lips that slowly peeled apart before his very eyes. And there, peeking out from under its hood like a small erect penis, was Linda's budding clitoris.

Linda caught Bobby staring intently at her exposed pussy as she spread her legs. Her heart raced with exhilaration at deliberately showing her son her most intimate parts. She knew it was terribly wrong, but seeing the size of the tent in his shorts emboldened her to take things further.

"You know Bobby, there's something extra exciting about fucking a married woman," Linda purred, her voice low and seductive. "When a wife cheats on her husband, especially with a virile young man, it makes her pussy absolutely drench and her orgasms mind-blowing."

Bobby swallowed hard, his erection now straining painfully against his zipper as his mom spoke. "R-really?" he stammered.

"Mmmhmm. A MILF's pussy gets so much wetter and tighter when she's being naughty. The thrill of cheating, of fucking a hard teenage cock, makes her cum harder than she ever has before. Her juices soak the lucky boy's dick as she squirts all over him in ecstasy."

Linda reached down and began to slowly rub circles around her engorged clit. "And you know what else? An experienced woman knows exactly how to please her man. She'll suck you dry and drain

your balls completely. You'll cum buckets inside her as she milks you with her skilled cunt muscles."

Bobby groaned, gripping his bulge tightly and shamelessly. He couldn't believe this was happening but he never wanted it to stop.

Linda grinned devilishly as she noticed the growing wet spot forming on the front of Bobby's shorts. She loved the power she had over him in this moment, knowing her words were making his young cock throb and leak uncontrollably.

"Oh honey, you're making such a mess in your pants," she cooed. "Mom's naughty talk is getting you all worked up, isn't it? Well let me tell you what a MILF like me needs..."

Linda spread her naked thighs wider, two fingers now rubbing fast tight circles on her clit. "A cheating wife needs to be fucked hard and deep. She wants to feel her a boy's cock stretching her open, pounding her so hard the bed shakes. She'll scream and moan so loudly the neighbors might hear."

Bobby let out a tortured whimper, squeezing his throbbing meat through his shorts. The wet spot grew, his sticky pre-cum soaking through the fabric.

"She needs her tits squeezed and sucked while she's getting drilled," Linda continued breathlessly, pinching one stiff nipple. "And she loves when her ass gets smacked as she's taking that big, hard cock over and over. Mmmm it makes her pussy clench and cream so much!"

Linda plunged two fingers inside her dripping cunt, fingering herself rapidly. Obscene wet sounds filled the room as she fucked her hand.

"When...when she cums, her pussy clenches so tightly... Ahhh! Milking her young stud for every drop of cum! Oh fuck Bobby, mom's gonna cum!"

Linda threw her head back and wailed, her whole body shaking with pleasure as her pussy spasmed around her thrusting fingers. Clear fluid squirted from her cunt, splashing her inner thighs.

Bobby's young cock throbbed and pulsed in his underwear, as it spurted hot ropes of semen into the already damp fabric. The rigid shaft flexed powerfully at the base, the sinewy root contracting rhythmically to force out spurt after spurt of thick, sticky fluid from the weeping slit at the tip of his swollen glans.

Each jet of cum made the boy gasp and shudder with overwhelming sensation, his hips bucking involuntarily as his sensitive cockhead rubbed against his soaked briefs. The spreading warm wetness only heightened his arousal, making his straining erection twitch and jump with every pulse of his rapid heartbeat.

Pearly seed oozed copiously from his slit, unable to escape the confines of his cum-drenched underwear. Bobby whimpered helplessly, simultaneously overstimulated and desperate for more as the last few drops of semen dribbled from his member.

He could feel the heavy, sodden material clinging to his spent cock, a lewd reminder of how hard he had cum untouched just from his mom's filthy words.

Linda's eyes flew open at the sound of the front door slamming shut, her post-orgasmic bliss shattered by the realization that her younger son was home from school. "Shit, Bobby, quick - into the shower!" she hissed, hastily grabbing her robe and throwing it on.

She could hear her son's footsteps thumping up the stairs as she tied the sash tightly around her waist, hoping the thin material would disguise her still-heaving breasts and the musky scent of her arousal.

"Hi, honey," she sang, peeking out her door. "Mommy just took a shower. She'll be right down to make you a snack, ok?"

Later that evening, as Linda sat in her bed, waiting for her husband to finish his shower, her mind was consumed with thoughts of the day's events with her son. She couldn't shake the feeling that she had done something wrong.

But had she really? Was there anything truly wrong with her son seeing her naked? After all, nudity was natural and healthy. And masturbation...well, that was just a normal part of human sexuality. It wasn't unhealthy or shameful.

The bathroom door opened and Ron walked out, holding Bobby's shorts in his hand. Immediately, Linda's heart started to race. Had Ron discovered the truth?

"Are these Bobby's shorts?" he asked, his tone cautious.

Linda felt a surge of panic rising in her chest. Did she need to come clean about what happened earlier?

"Well, I um...I think so," she stammered.

"What are they doing in our laundry hamper?" Ron asked, raising an eyebrow.

Linda's mind raced as she scrambled for an explanation. She couldn't tell him the truth. He would be disgusted.

"Oh um...Bobby took a shower in there. I was uh...cleaning his shower earlier so I told him he could use ours," she lied, hoping he would buy it.

"You're not gonna believe this but I think he came in these," Ron said, examining the shorts with disgust.

"Well, um...he is a teenage boy and teenage boys will be teenage boys," she forced herself to smile.

Ron's expression softened slightly. "In their parents' bathroom?" he asked incredulously.

Linda knew she needed to come up with something quickly before her husband got even more suspicious.

"You're right...probably not the most appropriate place to relieve himself. I'll walk down to his room and have a chat with him," she said, feeling a wave of shame wash over her.

"Maybe I should talk with him," Ron suggested.

But before he could dwell on it any longer, his wife gently pushed him towards the bed, her robe barely covering her lacy nightie. "Ronald...sweetie...give me the shorts and get into bed. I'll take care of it," she said with a reassuring smile, taking the soiled shorts from his hands.

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Ron couldn't help but appreciate his wife's beauty. "Are you sure you feel comfortable talking to him about this?" he asked, giving her an odd smile.

"Don't you dare doubt my motherly abilities," she shot back confidently, her grin unwavering. Ron couldn't help but feel lucky to be married to someone so self-assured and sexy.

"You're the sexiest thing alive...you know that?" he whispered, his eyes drinking in the sight of her curves and toned legs peeking out from under her robe.

His words only seemed to fuel Linda's confidence and she stood a little taller, thrusting out her chest as she thought, "Damn right I am motherfucker! Our son thinks so too!"

Linda then turned her attention to the bulge in Ron's boxers which seemed small compared to the one she was gawking at earlier. "Crawl into bed and get him hard for me," she purred seductively,

knowing exactly how to please her husband. "When I get back we'll let him fuck some pussy."

Ron's face lit up with a devilish grin as he rubbed his bulge through his boxers. "Damn I love it when you talk dirty," he chuckled, eagerly obeying her command and crawling onto the bed. The anticipation for what was to come sent shivers down his spine.

Linda left their bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stopped mid-hallway and lifted the shorts to her nose. Her body shivered with wicked excitement as the strong pungent aroma of teenaged spunk filled her lungs.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD WHAT A SMELL!!!" her mind spun.

Unable to resist, she extended her tongue and slowly dragged it up the slimy fabric, moaning softly as she tasted his youthful essence.

Thousands of virile sperm danced across her taste buds, flooding her senses with their sweet, potent flavor. Linda's eyes rolled back in ecstasy as she savored the taboo treat, lapping at the shorts eagerly to gather every drop. The deliciously wrong act sent jolts of electricity through her body straight to her throbbing sex.

"Mmmm, my baby boy tastes so fucking good," she purred, continuing to lick and suck at the shorts wantonly. Linda could feel her arousal building to a fevered pitch. Her pussy ached with need, dripping and ready for her son's hard young cock.

After thoroughly cleaning the shorts with her greedy tongue, Linda lowered them from her face. Her eyes were glazed over with lust, cheeks flushed a deep shade of red.

Bobby gazed longingly at the photo of his mother on his phone as he stroked his rigid cock with increasing urgency. The thought of her panties pressed against his nose only added to his arousal.

"Oh, fuck, Mom," he muttered under his breath.

Suddenly, a faint tapping at his bedroom door interrupted him. Panic shot through him as he tried to hide the tent in his sheets before his mother could peek inside.

"Still awake, slugger?" she asked with a hint of concern in her voice.

"Yeah...I was just...um..." Bobby stammered, trying to come up with an excuse for why he was frantically pleasuring himself.

"I know, I'm sorry," his mom said softly as she sat down on the edge of his bed. Her gaze drifted down to the lump under the sheets and a sly smile tugged at her lips. "Oh, Linda, your baby's in here pulling on that long thick barrel of love. He's probably thinking about warm pussy...maybe even mommy-pussy." Her own thoughts sent a wave of heat through her body and she quickly shook them off. "Get a hold of yourself, girl," she scolded herself.

Without saying a word, she placed a pair of shorts on Bobby's chest and gave him a stern yet playful look.

"You need to be more careful when your dad's around," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You left these in my hamper."

"He didn't see them, did he?" Bobby asked nervously.

"Yep...he did," his mother replied matter-of-factly.

"What did you tell him?" Bobby questioned, feeling a tinge of fear creep into his mind.

"I told him I let you watch me get completely naked and take a bath...and that we masturbated together," Linda said deadpan, unable to keep a straight face any longer.

"What?!" Bobby exclaimed with a mix of shock and relief.

"I'm joking," his mother giggled, making her fat titties jiggle. "I just told him that I caught you doing something every teenage boy does."

"Jesus, Mom...you scared me," Bobby sighed, feeling a wave of embarrassment wash over him.

Linda gently scolded Bobby, her eyes filled with concern. "Please promise me that you won't leave anything behind next time...okay?" she asked, a tinge of worry in her voice.

"I promise," Bobby replied earnestly.

As Linda picked up his cell phone, her heart raced with anticipation. She couldn't resist taking a peek at the picture of herself that Bobby had been fantasizing about. She also couldn't help but feel flattered.

"Still drooling over this picture? I think it's time for some new eye-candy...don't you?" She teased, her fingertips brushing against the screen as she erased the photo.

"You'll take some new ones...some naked ones?" Bobby eagerly asked, unable to hide his excitement.

"Well...no...I had something else in mind actually," Linda coyly revealed, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Something else?" Bobby questioned, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Yeah...wanna see mom in action?" Linda boldly suggested.

"In action? You mean having sex...you and dad?"

"Well...with your father it's never the most exciting sex...but you may find it stimulating. That is, if you don't think it'll weird you out?" Linda nonchalantly stated, trying to mask her own rising desire.

"No...hell no!" Bobby exclaimed excitedly.

"Well then I guess mom gets to play filmmaker tonight, doesn't she? I'll try to capture as much as I can and don't worry...I'll send you the play by play," Linda smirked, already feeling aroused at the thought of being watched by her son.

"Sweet. I love you mom," Bobby grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation.

"I love YOU," Linda lovingly smiled down at him, her heart fluttering with taboo desires.

The mother slowly stood up, her eyes drawn to the massive tent in the sheets caused by her boy's jutting hardon. Her heart skipped a beat as she took in its impressive size and shape. She couldn't help but compare it to what she knew was waiting for her in the next room - nothing even close to this magnificent display of manhood.

As she turned back towards Bobby, she couldn't help but smile at his proud expression as he watched her admire him. "Go ahead, showoff," she teased, running a hand through her hair with a smirk.

Her gaze returned to his impressive member just as Bobby made it jump under the sheets, causing the fabric to stretch even further. The sight was almost too much for Linda to handle, and she could feel herself getting wet with desire.

But she wasn't about to let him have all the fun. "Oh yeah?" Linda said confidently, turning towards the door and lifting the bottom of her robe and nightie above her naked ass, giving him a teasing view of her own assets.

Linda slowly swayed her hips side to side, making her round cheeks ripple and bounce mesmerizingly. She arched her back, thrusting her shapely ass higher as she began to twerk it up and down. Her thick globes clapped together rhythmically, jiggling and undulating in a hypnotic dance.

Bobby's eyes nearly bulged out of his head as he watched, transfixed by the erotic display. His mother's ass was absolute perfection - two full, firm cheeks of smooth creamy flesh that begged to be grabbed and squeezed. The way they bounced and wobbled as she shook them was the most arousing thing he'd ever seen.

Unable to resist, he gripped his rock-hard cock through the sheets, squeezing it as it throbbed almost painfully. He imagined burying his face between those glorious cheeks, motorboating them as he inhaled her sweet scent. His mouth watered at the thought of worshipping her flawless ass with his lips and tongue.

Linda smirked over her shoulder, delighting in the stunned, slack-jawed expression on her son's face. She could see his hand moving beneath the covers, fisting what had to be the hardest erection of his young life. Knowing she could drive him this wild with lust made her pussy clench and grow even wetter.

Her lips curved into a playful smirk as she looked back at him, a glimmer of mischief dancing in her eyes. "Take that, Mr. Bigshot," she playfully taunted.

Bobby's jaw dropped in awe. "Wow...how do you do that?" he sighed in amazement.

A knowing smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "You might be surprised at what your mom can do. She's picked up all sorts of tricks over the years," she replied cryptically.

"But maybe I'll let you in on a few secrets during tonight's show. So keep that phone handy," she teased with a sly wink, hinting at the surprises to come.

The anticipation built in Bobby's chest as he eagerly awaited the spectacle his mother would put on.

As Ron and Linda kissed passionately he rolled her onto her back and prepared to get down to business.

"Wait!" Linda blurted as her hand shot out, halting him in his tracks. Her chest heaved with excitement and her breasts, full and round, threatened to spill over the sides of her chest.

"What's wrong?" Ron asked, concern etched on his face.

"I have a naughty idea," she purred, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "Why don't we make a video of us making love?"

"A video?" he repeated, taken aback by her bold suggestion.

"Yes," she replied, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "That way I can send you little clips while you're at work...remind you of what you have waiting for you at home."

He hesitated, unsure about the idea. "I don't know if..."

"Pleeease," she pleaded, leaning in closer and trailing her fingers down his chest. "I'll talk dirty to you. You know how much it turns you on."

"Okay...you win," he conceded, unable to resist her seductive charms.

Linda reached for her phone on the nightstand and discreetly initiated a video call to Bobby. She positioned the phone just right so that the camera captured both her and Ron's bodies intertwined.

As Ron began thrusting into her, Linda wrapped her silky, toned legs around his back, pulling him deeper inside. Her shapely calves and strong thighs flexed and squeezed with each movement.

"Oh yes baby, just like that," Linda moaned sultrily, locking eyes with the camera. She made sure to angle her face so Bobby had the perfect view of her expressions of ecstasy.

Down the hallway, Bobby watched and stroked in utter amazement.

His father picked up the pace, his hips slapping against his mom's curvaceous ass. Her large, round breasts bounced hypnotically with each powerful thrust. Linda ran her hands down Ron's muscular back, digging her nails in as the pleasure mounted.

"Fuck me harder," she panted, putting on a show for her son. "Mmm your cock feels so good."

Linda's sexy legs tightened their grip around Ron, her toes curling. She tilted the phone to give Bobby a close-up view of where their bodies joined before panning up her glistening, writhing form. Her flat stomach tensed and quivered, a light sheen of sweat making her skin glisten.

Maintaining intense eye contact with the camera, Linda licked her lips seductively, then threw her head back in rapture, golden hair splayed across the pillow. "Don't stop baby, I'm gonna cum!" she keened as her orgasm approached. Of course, she was faking it. Her husband could never give her an orgasm this easily, but entertaining her son, who she knew was watching, was her main priority.

With a mischievous smile, Linda peeked over her shoulder and winked at the camera, her hips still grinding on her husband's lucky penis. As she moved, the contours of her back sloped in a sensuous curve, accentuating the sway and bounce of her drooping breasts.

Bobby couldn't tear his gaze away from the sight, mesmerized by the rhythm of her shifting hips and the erotic sounds coming from his parents' bedroom. His father let out a deep moan, lost in the pleasure of Linda's hot sucking hole.

"Do you like that, sweetie?" Linda purred, her voice thick with desire.

"Oh God, yes," Ron replied, his breath hitching as Linda's muscles flexed and squeezed around him.

"You like it when I move like this?" she asked, picking up the pace and sending the bed frame into repetitive whining.

"Baby, you're amazing," Bobby's dad groaned, his hands gripping Linda's hips as he thrust into her.

Suddenly, Linda's movements became even more frantic as she thrust herself onto Bobby's dad's dick. The sound of their moans filled the room as they both reached their peak of ecstasy.

"OH GOD LINDA!" Ron shouted.

"OH GOD MOM!" Bobby grunted, unable to hold back any longer as he watched his mother pleasure his own father. His own release came in hot spurts, arching through the air as he experienced one of the most intense orgasms of his life.

The bath and mutual masturbation had been incredible, but watching his mom fuck was an experience unlike any other.

The next morning in class, Bobby was still reeling from the incredibly erotic scene he had witnessed between his parents the night before.

As his English teacher Mrs. Fletcher droned on about sentence structure, Bobby found his mind drifting back to the sight of his mom's voluptuous body writhing beneath his dad. Almost subconsciously, he began sketching in his notebook, his pencil tracing the sensual curves of his mother's large, hanging breasts from memory.

Bobby had always been talented at drawing, able to capture fine details with photo-realistic accuracy. As his hand moved across the page, Linda's full, heavy tits took shape, her large nipples standing out prominently. He shaded and contoured, highlighting the way her breasts swayed hypnotically as she moved.

Bobby was so engrossed in his erotic artwork that he didn't notice Mrs. Fletcher approaching his desk. "What do we have here, Bobby?" Mrs. Fletcher asked, her voice low and amused.

Startled, Bobby attempted to cover the drawing, but Mrs. Fletcher was too quick. She deftly snatched the notebook page from Bobby's hands and held it up to examine it closely.

Bobby's face flushed deep red, mortified at being caught sketching his own mother's tits in such graphic detail.

Mrs. Fletcher raised an eyebrow as she took in the drawing, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips. Glancing around to make sure none of the other students were looking, she leaned in close to the boy.

"You have quite the talent," she whispered conspiratorially. "But perhaps it's best if we keep this particular masterpiece between us. We wouldn't want to scandalize your classmates with such a...detailed portrayal."

Mrs. Fletcher folded the paper and slipped it discreetly into her skirt pocket, giving Bobby a wink. She turned and sauntered back to the front of the room, her hips swaying suggestively. Bobby swallowed hard, his heart pounding, unsure if he was in trouble or not.

Later that afternoon, Linda received a call from Mrs. Fletcher requesting a private parent-teacher meeting to discuss Bobby's behavior and performance in class. Feeling concerned, Linda agreed to come in the next day after school.

When Linda arrived at the classroom, Mrs. Fletcher greeted her warmly and invited her to take a seat. "Thank you for coming in, Mrs. Johnson. I wanted to discuss something rather delicate with you regarding Bobby."

Mrs. Fletcher proceeded to explain how she had noticed Bobby frequently daydreaming and seeming distracted in class lately. "I believe I may have discovered the reason for his wandering mind," the teacher said with a knowing smile.

She discretely removed the folded drawing from her pocket and handed it to Linda.

Linda's eyes widened as she unfolded the paper and saw the incredibly detailed sketch of her own enormous tits. "Oh my," she gasped, feeling her cheeks flush with embarrassment and a twinge of flattery that her son had paid such close attention to her womanly assets.

"Now, I don't want you to be alarmed," Mrs. Fletcher reassured her. "It's perfectly normal for boys Bobby's age to develop sexual fantasies, and their mothers are often an early object of those desires. Oedipal urges are a common psychological phenomenon. Most boys secretly dream about and lust after their moms."

Linda nodded slowly, still processing this revelation about her son's intimate thoughts. "So you don't think this is anything to be concerned about?" she asked.

"I believe it's just a natural phase that will pass. We should keep an eye on the situation, but I mainly wanted you to be aware in case you noticed any unusual behavior at home. The main thing is not letting this impact his academic focus and grades."

Mrs. Fletcher gave Linda's hand a comforting squeeze. "You're an attractive woman, Linda. I'm sure many of the boys, and even male teachers, have noticed your voluptuous figure. Try not to feel self-conscious about Bobby's pubescent imaginings. Every boy wants to sleep with his mother on some primal level."

Linda thanked Mrs. Fletcher for her discretion and understanding. As she left the classroom, she couldn't stop picturing her son pleasuring himself to forbidden fantasies of her buxom body.

A naughty tingle spread through her loins at the thought of starring in Bobby's masturbatory daydreams. What a strange and arousing situation, Linda mused to herself.

Bobby trudged towards the car, his mother by his side. The weight of their silent tension hung heavily between them. Few words had been spoken since they met in the school hallway, and Bobby couldn't shake off the guilt that gnawed at him.

"You okay, kiddo?" His mother finally asked, breaking the silence.

"Yeah...sorry I slacked off in class," Bobby muttered, still unable to meet her gaze.

"Well, you've had a lot on your mind...and I suppose that's partly my fault. Things have become...different between us lately," she said, her voice laced with regret.

Bobby nodded, understanding what she meant. "But...in a good way. At least I think so," he added with a small smile.

"And I do too, sweetie. But I would hate myself if I knew that I had caused you to lose focus and not graduate with your friends this year," his mother said, her expression pained.

"I will graduate...I promise," Bobby pleaded earnestly.

"That means you have to stay focused on your studies, even if it means being around me while I'm naked once in a while," his mother said with a hint of playfulness in her tone.

"Okay," Bobby answered.

"But believe me, I like the fact that you enjoy me sitting on your lap...giving you those little butt-hugs. However, from now on...no pass, no ass...got it?" she smiled teasingly.

"Got it," Bobby replied, feeling grateful for her understanding and support.

As they drove, Linda reached into her purse and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper. It was the sketch that her son had drawn. She held it out to him, unsure if he would want it.

"Here...I thought you might wanna keep it." She said with a soft smile.

His eyes lit up as he took the paper from her hand. "Thanks," he giggled, looking down at his creation.

"You're getting really good at drawing. That one's very realistic," she praised.

"Thanks," He mumbled, feeling a little embarrassed by the fact that he had sketched her naked tits in class.

"Are they mine?" Linda suddenly asked, catching her son off guard.

He hesitated for a moment before deciding to be honest with her. After all, his mom was cool with this kind of thing.

"Uh...yeah... Yeah, they are," He admitted, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"Not bad," she commented, glancing over at the sketch in his hand. "The nipples are wrong though. My areolas are much bigger...otherwise you have it about right."

"Really? I thought maybe I had drawn them too big. Are you sure?"

"Sweetie, my areola are over three inches across...of course I'm sure. The ones on the sketch are way too small," She said matter-of-factly.

"Holy shit...three inches across? That would make them as big around as a grapefruit," he thought, amazed by this new knowledge about his mother's body.

"Darn, I thought I had them right," he said sheepishly, realizing how much there still was to learn about his mom's body.

"Do I have to pull this car over, whip out a boob and prove you wrong, mister?" Linda said playfully, her voice laced with underlying desire.

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise at her bold suggestion, but he couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. His mother's playful demeanor always brought out his mischievous side. "Yes, please!"

"Yeah, I can see the headline now: Mother gets caught in vehicle showing a breast to her son." Linda chuckled, the sound light and carefree.

"We could drive out to Forest Park...no one's ever out there." Bobby suggested, his mind already racing with possibilities.

"Forest Park! If we're gonna go that far we might as well go to Orgy Shores," Linda teased, her tone filled with unbridled excitement.

"Orgy Shores? Where's that?"

"You've never heard of Orgy Shores?" she answered.

"No," He said shaking his head, his curiosity growing.

"It's a grassy hillside out by Loon Lake. It's VERY private. Up for a ride?" she asked seductively, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Linda couldn't believe she was actually considering taking her son to such a scandalous place. But the thought of indulging in her desires without any inhibitions or judgment was too tempting to resist.

"Linda, what are you doing? You can't take your son to Orgy Shores. The only thing people do at Orgy Shores is fuck. Have you lost your mind?" Her inner voice screamed in protest.

But she pushed those thoughts away and focused on the present moment, determined to experience something special with her boy.

"I'm just going out there with him to show him how big my areola are. That's it," she tried to rationalize, ignoring the guilt gnawing at her conscience.

"Will there be a boob involved?" Bobby asked with a mischievous glint in his eye, his own desires now fully awakened.

"Yes, there will be a boob involved. If you behave yourself...maybe even two." Linda said with a coy smile, her body already responding to the thought of indulging in such forbidden pleasure.

"Sweet." Bobby grinned, his cock already stiffening in his pants at the promise of a wild and uninhibited adventure with his mother.

Several miles outside of town, Linda turned onto a narrow dirt road that seemed to stretch on for an eternity. Finally, she reached the top of a hill and parked her car, gazing out at the breathtaking view of a secluded lake below.

As she stepped out of the car, Linda couldn't resist the urge to take in deep breaths of the crisp, fresh air. This place was like a sanctuary to her - free from the constraints of society, free from responsibilities and expectations. A place where she could truly let loose and be herself.

But as she looked towards the grassy hillside, she felt a sudden wave of panic wash over her. She had brought her son here today, against her better judgement. What if things got out of hand? Could she really trust herself to control her desires?

Shaking off her fears, Linda instructed Bobby to grab a blanket from the trunk. After he eagerly complied, she took his hand and led him towards the edge of the grassy hillside.

"Come on," she said softly, excitement bubbling in her voice as they started running down the slope.

Bobby stumbled a few times as he tried to keep up with his mom's quick pace, unable to tear his eyes away from her huge tits bouncing under her dusky-purple sundress. Linda laughed and screamed playfully as they made their way through the tall grass.

"Over here," she called out, leading him to a specific spot in the field.

Déjà vu...the familiar feeling washed over her like a wave crashing against the shore. Memories of being that naughty high-school cheerleader, holding hands with the big dicked football stud and leading him to her special spot where she'd get royally fucked flooded her mind.

"Perfect!" she whispered, looking out at the serene meadow before them.



Bobby spread out the blanket and his mom laid down on it. As she fell back, her tan legs were slightly spread apart and bent at the knees, inviting his gaze.

"Wow, they look so soft and smooth in the sunlight," Bobby thought. He couldn't help but imagine how they would feel wrapped around him. His thoughts were interrupted by his mom tugging at his shirt.

"Lay next to me," she said softly.

Bobby obliged and Linda rolled onto her side facing him, propping herself up on her elbow. This position caused her breasts to press together and swell outward.

"How's this for privacy?" she asked with a sly smile.

"Very," he replied, unable to tear his gaze away from her mesmerizing curves. "So, you've been here before...when you were younger?"

"Oh boy...here we go," she thought. "Should I be honest and use this chance to get some honesty out of him? There are things he could tell me too. I want to know what's going on in that horny little head of his."

"Question for a question?" she asked coyly.

"Sure."

"And you'll be completely honest...if I promise to be?" she pressed on.

"Of course," he assured her.

"This used to be the hot spot when I was younger. I spent countless hours here, laying on my back," she shared, a nostalgic smile on her lips.

"Getting laid?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Yes...getting laid," she confirmed with a grin.

"Were you involved in any orgies? Is that why they call it Orgy Shores?"

"No, no. The name comes from the fact that this grassy hillside would often be dotted with young couples on any given night. Imagine the screams of pleasure from twenty or thirty young girls across this meadow," Linda explained, her voice tinged with reminiscence.

Bobby couldn't help but think how his mom must have been smoking hot in her youth, and this was the place where all the magic happened.

"Wow, that's pretty wild," Bobby said, feeling a twinge of envy at his mother's adventurous past.

"My turn now?" Linda said, looking into her son's eyes.

"Okay."

With a deep breath, Linda broached a sensitive topic. "Mrs. Jacobs said that you're doing a lot of daydreaming in class. Be honest...in these daydreams...are you and I making love?"

Bobby's eyes widened slightly before he lowered them to the ground. "Yeah...we are," he muttered.

A rush of emotions flooded Linda's mind. "Ohh, just like I thought...he's dreaming of making love to me. My son...my slugger...my baby...making love to his mommy." Her cheeks flushed pink at the taboo thoughts running through her head.

"Where are we when we make love in your dreams?" She asked softly, trying to keep her voice steady.

"It's weird. We start out in a mist and you wrap your arms and legs around me like a spider...then we start to rise into the air...like on a web. Before we disappear into the clouds you start to rock us back and forth," Bobby explained, his face turning red with embarrassment.

Linda's heart skipped a beat at the vivid description. "When we enter the clouds...do you imagine us making love forever?" she asked, gazing into her son's eyes.

"Yeah," Bobby answered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Unable to resist any longer, Linda reached out and brushed her hand lovingly against his cheek. "OH MY GOD I'M IN LOVE!" she thought. "Stop it Linda, just stop it! He's your son for fuck sake! Yes he's handsome! Yes he's young and full of sexual energy! Yes he has a big thick dick between his legs that's always hard when he's around you...but he's your son. Your beautiful big-dicked baby boy!"

"Thank you for being honest with me," she said, trying to push away any inappropriate thoughts and maintain a motherly tone. Her heart was torn between love and desperation, but she knew that she had to do what was best for her son in the end.

Linda rose up onto her knees on the picnic blanket, her heart pounding with a forbidden excitement. With trembling hands, her sundress off, tossing it aside.

Bobby watched transfixed as his mother reached behind her back to unclasp her lacy bra. The straps slid down her shoulders and she let the flimsy garment fall away, revealing her magnificent breasts to his hungry gaze.

Bobby marveled at the sight of his mother's giant, succulent tits, finally freed from their confines. Her areolas were surprisingly large and a dusky pink color. The nipples at their centers were stiff peaks

just begging to be licked and sucked. He felt a powerful erection swelling in his pants as he imagined wrapping his lips around one of those perfect nipples.

Linda flashed a mischievous smile as she brushed her hand across her wide areola, causing it to tingle with pleasure. "See...way bigger," she teased, gazing at Bobby's impressive bulge.

Bobby could feel the heat rising in his cheeks as he tried to focus on their conversation. "Right," he muttered, his eyes lingering on Linda's luscious curves. "They're beautiful."

A small giggle escaped Linda's lips as she watched the tent grow in her son's shorts. He wore no underwear, and the thin fabric of his polyester sports shorts offered little resistance for his big dick as it sprang to life, straining against the material.

With each flex of his shaft, Bobby could see Linda's eyes widen and her mouth open ever so slightly. It was clear that she was captivated by the size and strength of his manhood, and Bobby couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at her reaction.

Linda's thoughts raced as she continued to stare at Bobby's impressive package. "Take your son and leave this place right now!" a voice inside her head screamed. "It's...it's soo big. I could take him...I could take all of him...I know it. Right down to my cervix," she fantasized.

Her breath caught in her throat as Bobby flexed once again, causing his member to surge with blood and rise even higher.

"Balls deep," Linda whispered under her breath, almost in a trance-like state.

"What did you say?" Bobby asked, snapping her out of her reverie.

"Oh...I said...there you go...showing off again," Linda replied with a flirty smile, trying to play it cool despite the intense desire bubbling up inside her.

"Will you take off your panties?" he asked, his eyes lingering on her body.

"My panties? I don't remember that being part of the deal, buster," she replied, hands on her hips.

"Please," Bobby pleaded, his gaze burning with desire.

"Don't start with the begging. Tell you what...you lose the shirt and I'll lose the panties. How's that?" Linda countered.

"Deal." Bobby eagerly stripped off his t-shirt and tossed it aside.

Linda's heart raced as she watched her son's toned chest and arms glisten in the soft light. She reminded herself that this was dangerous - she was a married woman. But as she looked at her son, she couldn't deny his attractiveness and the primal urge that stirred within her.

She slowly stood up, causing Bobby to focus on her dangling breasts and how they swayed with each movement. With a seductive smile, Linda slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slide them down over her wide hips.

Bobby's mouth went dry as his mother slowly slid her panties down her smooth, toned thighs. As the sheer white fabric pooled at her feet, his eyes were irresistibly drawn to the delicate folds of her freshly shaven pussy.

The plump, glistening outer lips were slightly parted, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the pink, slick inner flesh. At their apex, he could just make out the hood of her clitoris peeking out, practically begging to be touched.

As Linda shifted her stance slightly, spreading her legs further apart, her labia unfurled like a delicate flower, exposing her most intimate area completely to Bobby's hungry gaze. He could see the dewy moisture coating her slit, evidence of her intense arousal.

Her opening looked so tight, so inviting. Bobby ached to plunge his rock hard member deep inside his mother's dripping wet hole and claim her completely. The musky scent of her desire filled his nostrils, fueling his own need.

Linda ran a single manicured finger teasingly along her smooth slit, gathering some of her juices. She brought it to her lips and licked it clean, all the while keeping her eyes locked with Bobby's. She noticed his eyes drifted down to the panties on ground.

As she giggled, Linda picked up the delicate fabric and playfully dropped her panties onto Bobby's chest. The air was thick with a pungent, musky aroma that made his head spin.

He couldn't help but bring them to his nose, inhaling deeply as Linda watched, her own giggle turning into a satisfied sigh. "Oh God, he's smelling me. He's smelling my sex. My own baby is addicted to the intoxicating scent of his mother's pussy. The same plump mommy-pussy that gave birth to him eighteen years ago," she thought with a hint of pride.

"So how the heck did this happen?" Linda asked mischievously.

"What happen?" Bobby asked, still caught up in the scent of her panties.

"It was supposed to be as simple as pulling over and showing you a boob, and now here we are at Orgy Shores and I'm completely naked."

"I don't mind," Bobby smiled, taking another deep sniff at the crotch of Linda's panties.

"Oh, I'm sure you don't, slugger," she teased.

Linda gracefully lowered herself onto her hands and knees, crawling towards Bobby with a seductive sway to her hips. Her heavy breasts dangled enticingly, swaying back and forth as she made her way over to him.

She stopped when her face was directly above his, gazing at him with adoring eyes. "Mama's little panty-sniffer," she teased, her fingers delicately combing through his hair.

"Will you sit on me again?" Bobby asked, his voice laced with desire.

"It might be a bit difficult without a chair," Linda replied playfully.

But the allure of Orgy Shores was too much for both of them to resist. In one swift movement, Linda mounted her son, straddling him and positioning herself so that her bare vulva pressed against the throbbing length of his manhood.

"How does that feel?" She asked teasingly, enjoying the sight of her son moaning beneath her.

Bobby's mind was racing as he felt the heat and wetness of his mother's sex against his cock through just the thin barrier of his shorts. His thoughts were filled with disbelief and excitement - Mom's pussy was right against his dick! And she was pressing it against him...he couldn't believe it.

Linda's heart fluttered in her chest, beating faster and faster as she felt his oversized cock-muscle pressing against her. A wave of heat rushed through her body, causing her to gasp in pleasure.

"So this is love," She thought, her mind filled with a mixture of excitement and fear.

Bobby flexed his dick once more, the movement pushing it up against her flesh and causing her to moan softly. His eyes were focused on

her, watching every reaction and knowing that he had complete control over her.

"You're so dirty," she sighed, unable to resist him any longer.

"Grind on it, Linda. Explore your desires and let go of all inhibitions. Who cares if you're married? This is a big, delicious cock and your husband will never find out. It can be your naughty little secret. Grind on it now," he brain screamed.

With a slight lean forward, she pressed her hands against his chest for support and closed her eyes, fully surrendering herself to the pleasure. The feeling of his thick, youthful shaft rubbing against her sensitive clit was enough to drive her wild with desire. She wanted more, needed more.

"Oh my God, I'm so fucking horny," she thought as she moved against him greedily, lost in a world of ecstasy and taboo indulgence.

Linda began to move her hips in a slow, sensual rhythm, grinding her wet heat against Bobby's rigid shaft. She gyrated in circles, savoring the exquisite friction of his teenage cock rubbing against her sensitive folds and engorged clit.

As her movements intensified, her heavy breasts wobbled and bounced hypnotically with each undulation of her body.

The sight of his mother's voluptuous tits jiggling just inches from his face sent fresh waves of arousal surging through Bobby's straining erection. He watched, transfixed, as her dusky nipples hardened into stiff peaks, aching to be touched and sucked.

Linda threw her head back in ecstasy, soft moans of pleasure escaping her parted lips as she lost herself in forbidden bliss. She ground down harder, desperate to feel more of her son's throbbing heat against her needy sex.

The mother writhed and undulated her hips, feverishly grinding her soaked, throbbing womanhood against Bobby's straining erection. She could feel every contour of his impressive manhood through the thin fabric of his underwear - the bulbous head, the thick veiny shaft, the heavy balls tightening beneath her. His hardness seared her swollen, weeping petals, stoking the flames of her forbidden desire higher and higher.

Bobby groaned as he felt his mother's slick juices soaking through his shorts, the scalding heat of her arousal enveloping him. Her plump, puffy outer lips cradled his aching length, while her stiff little pleasure bud rubbed maddeningly against his frenulum with each stroke. The damp fabric clung to his pulsing cock, the friction almost unbearable in its intensity.

Linda's breath came in ragged gasps as she increased her tempo, frantically rubbing her aching sex up and down her son's iron-hard shaft. She could feel his heartbeat throbbing against her inflamed tissues, could smell their musky aroma of sex filling the air. Her copious fluids seeped out and through his thin shorts, drenching his balls and inner thighs.

Bobby thrust his hips upwards, pressing his bulge more firmly against his mother's hot, slippery folds. The rigid stalk of his manhood slid between her plush outer lips, parting her tender pink inner petals. Her engorged clitoris bumped against his shaft with each pass, sending jolts of pleasure radiating through them both. He flexed his sculpted abs and glutes, grinding into her molten core, stoking their incestuous passions to a fever pitch.

Linda's body suddenly tensed and quivered uncontrollably as the intense pleasure crested within her. Her face contorted in rapture, eyes rolling back, jaw slack as incoherent moans and gasps escaped her lips. "Ohhh fuuuck, ooh god Bobby, yesss!" she wailed, her voice ragged and raw with lust.

Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, radiating out from her convulsing core. Her dripping sex clenched and spasmed against Bobby's throbbing hardness as a flood of her essence gushed forth, soaking his shorts and drenching his aching cock and balls in her molten nectar.

Bobby watched in awe as his mother came undone above him, her beautiful face a mask of unbridled bliss, her voluptuous body writhing and undulating. He could feel her pulsing heat, her slick oils permeating the thin cotton barrier and bathing his engorged manhood. Her silken folds kissed and caressed every ridge and vein of his shaft as they quivered with release.

Her nails dug into his shoulders as she ground down frantically, shamelessly coating his bulge with her fragrant cream as her orgasm seemed to go on and on.

Her honeyed walls rippled, her mound milking him, drawing him ever closer to his own peak. Scalding rivulets ran down his thick shaft and over his swollen balls, dripping down the crack of his ass as he thrust up to meet her.

The primal scent of her climax filled his nostrils, musky and intoxicating. Her pleasure-soaked pussy clung to him obscenely as she gyrated her hips, wringing out every last tremor of her release.

Bobby groaned at the intensity of the sensations, feeling his own impending explosion building at the base of his spine as her drenched heat engulfed him.

With a final shuddering moan, Linda collapsed against her son, her sweat-slicked body going limp as the last sparks of her climax faded to a warm, satisfied glow. Bobby grunted as her full weight settled on him, her massive breasts engulfing his face in their soft, pillowy flesh.

He breathed in her scent, an intoxicating mixture of perfume, arousal, and something uniquely Linda. The world fell away until there was nothing but the silky skin of her cleavage against his cheeks, the salty taste of her perspiration on his lips, the drum of her heartbeat pounding in his ears as he lay smothered in her ample bosom.

Linda hummed blissfully, cradling Bobby's head to her chest as she basked in the afterglow. Her hips still pressed flush against his, she could feel every twitch and throb of his still rock-hard erection through the flimsy, soaked fabric separating them.

The rigid heat of him pulsed insistently against her sensitive clit, sending little sparks of pleasure zinging through her nerve endings.

She rolled her pelvis lazily, enjoying the delicious friction of his bulging manhood rubbing along her slick folds. Bobby let out a tortured groan, the sound muffled by the tit-flesh surrounding him. His cock jerked against her, a pearl of moisture seeping through his underwear to mingle with the juices still coating her sex.

"Mmmm, still so hard for Mom," Linda purred, finally releasing him from the confines of her cleavage. She pushed herself upright, looking down at Bobby with heavy-lidded eyes darkened by lust. "I think little Bobby is feeling neglected. We can't have that now, can we baby?"

With a sultry smile, Linda slithered down his body hooked her fingers into the waistband of Bobby's shorts and slowly peeled them down his hips. His cock sprang free, bobbing obscenely as it was released from its confines. The fabric was soaked through with her ejaculate clinging wetly to his skin as she worked them off.

Once she had divested him of the ruined garment, Linda swung a leg over to straddle Bobby's hips once more. She reached between their bodies to grasp his aching erection, guiding it to nestle snugly

between her puffy nether lips. They both moaned at the skin-on-skin contact, his rigid heat searing deliciously against her most intimate flesh.

Linda began to undulate her hips, sliding her dripping slit up and down the underside of Bobby's shaft. The plump head of his cock bumped against her clit with each pass, sending jolts of electric pleasure zinging through her. She kept the pace slow and steady, savoring the exquisite friction as she ground herself on him.

Overcome with sensation, Linda lowered herself to drape her body along the length of his. Her heavy tits engulfed his neck, rippling and jiggling hypnotically with each roll of her hips.

Bobby turned his head, burying his face between the pillowy mounds. He mouthed at the soft flesh, licking and sucking whatever skin he could reach.

Lost in a haze of lust, they moved together - Linda riding Bobby's rock-hard length, Bobby thrusting up to meet her undulating hips. Their sexes grew slicker with each passing second, her dripping arousal mixing with the steady trickle of pre-cum oozing from his tip. Wet, obscene sounds filled the air as they rutted shamelessly, both chasing the explosive pleasure they could feel building low in their bellies.

Linda increased the speed and pressure of her grinding, urgently rubbing her sopping wet folds along the rigid length of Bobby's throbbing shaft.

Bobby gripped her plush hips tightly, pulling her down hard against him as he bucked upwards frantically. Their slippery flesh slapped together loudly, sticky fluids smearing between them.

"Oh god, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Linda wailed, throwing her head back as the coil of tension in her core reached a crescendo. Her plump pussy lips fluttered and clenched around him.

"Me too, oh shit, aaahhh!" Bobby groaned, the spongy head of his cock pulsing against her swollen clit.

Their bodies jerked and trembled in unison as the wave of ecstasy crashed over them. Linda's pussy spasmed and gushed, drenching his groin with her release. At the same time, Bobby's swollen cockhead erupted, spurting thick ropes of pearly cum all over his belly and chest.

They continued grinding and thrusting through their intense orgasms, extending the toe-curling pleasure. Their slick juices mixed together into a frothy, sticky mess smeared between their quivering sexes and matted in Bobby's pubic hair.

Finally, the last tremors subsided and they collapsed against each other, panting and glistening with sweat and cum. Linda rolled off him onto her back, chest heaving. Bobby looked down at the creamy blend of their combined ejaculate coating his softening penis and glistening on his abdomen.

They basked in the afterglow, exhausted and sated from their explosive, unpenetrated climaxes. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air.

Linda gasped, her breath stolen by the intensity of the moment. A small smile played across her lips as she looked into Bobby's eyes.

"My God...what are you doing to me?" Her voice was breathless and filled with a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

Bobby couldn't help but smile in response. "Sorry," he said, but his tone betrayed his true feelings.

Linda let out a soft giggle. "No you're not."

"Okay...I'm not. Are you sorry?" he asked, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Sorry?" she repeated, sitting up and straddling him.

"Yeah...sorry we did this?"

"No...no I'm not." Linda's voice was low and seductive as she gazed down at him with a mischievous grin.

Suddenly, the ringing of a cell phone interrupted their intense connection. Linda sighed and reached for her phone, which was hidden in the pocket of her sundress.

"That would be your father, wondering where the hell we are," she said with a hint of annoyance, finding it hard to tear herself away from Bobby's embrace.

Before she answered the call, her mind raced for an excuse that would satisfy both her husband and their current situation. "Parent-teacher conference," she thought quickly.

"Are you gonna tell him?" Bobby joked, knowing the consequences if they were caught together.

Linda raised an eyebrow playfully. "Yeah, do feel like dying today? He would murder us both."

They shared a laugh before Linda continued with her plan to deceive her unsuspecting husband.

Linda's voice sang out into her phone, carrying a sense of warmth and familiarity. "Hey honey!" she chimed.

"No, Bobby had parent teacher conferences today...I forgot to tell you...I'm sorry," Linda said, her words tumbling out in a rush. She

settled back against her son Bobby, resting her head on his shoulder as she spoke to her husband.

Despite the distractions around her, Linda managed to focus on the conversation at hand. "Actually Bobby's doing really well...he's focusing on exactly what he needs to during class," she reported with pride. But deep down, she couldn't help but think about how Bobby was also focused on something else, something more carnal.

As they talked, Bobby boldly ran his hands down the smooth curve of his mother's back before firmly gripping onto the ample swell of her buttocks. In response, Linda barely flinched or reacted, completely engrossed in her chat with her husband.

Bobby couldn't believe his luck - here he was at Orgy Shores with his mom while she chatted away with dad. Her soft breasts pressed against his chest and he took advantage of the situation by slipping his fingers into the crack of her ass and teasing her puckered anal ring.

"That sounds good sweetie. If you wanna start up the grill Bobby and I should get home before they arrive and we'll throw the burgers on." Despite her nonchalant tone, Linda showed little concern for her son's wandering hands.

Bobby brazenly nuzzled his face into his mother's soft, squishy cleavage, kissing and licking her inner slopes. He moved his finger between her ass cheeks and teasingly circled her puckered asshole. Linda let out a small gasp but continued chatting with her husband, trying to maintain a normal tone.

"Mmhmm, that sounds great honey. I'll have Bobby help out as soon as we get home," she said breathlessly into the phone.

Bobby took that as his cue and slowly pushed his finger past the tight ring of muscle, burying it knuckle-deep in his mom's hot anal passage.

Linda bit her lip to stifle a moan, her body tensing and shuddering slightly against her son. Her fat tits heaved as she took a deep breath to compose herself. "Yep, burgers will be ready by the time they arrive. Can't wait to see you!" she chirped with feigned enthusiasm.

While Linda wrapped up the call, Bobby pumped his finger in and out of her tight asshole, savoring the forbidden thrill of fingering his own mother during a mundane phone conversation with his father. He could feel her anal walls clenching around his probing digit.

"Okay, love you too! Bye!" Linda quickly ended the call and tossed the phone aside. She looked down at Bobby with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You are SO bad! I can't believe you did that while I was on the phone with your father!" she playfully scolded. But the flush on her cheeks and her heaving bosom betrayed her arousal.

Bobby just grinned as he continued to work his finger in and out of her tightly gripping asshole.

"Does dad ever stick his penis in there?" the boy asked. With a mischievous grin, he slipped his entire finger inside her, causing her to gasp and shudder with pleasure. Linda's breath caught as she tried to regain her composure.

"Not as much as he used to," she replied, a hint of sadness creeping into her voice. "Your dad is getting older and his drive isn't what it used to be."

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise. "If I were him, I'd make love to you every day. I'd even stick it in your butt."

Linda laughed at his boldness. "Only once a day?"

"Okay...twice a day," Bobby said, smirking.

"How about three times?" Linda countered, playfully raising an eyebrow.

"As many times as you want," Bobby replied confidently.

Linda couldn't help but smile, imagining the endless possibilities.  
"Wow, I'd never get anything done."

Linda subtly thrust her hips back, grinding her ass against Bobby's probing finger as she spoke. "Mmm, you know, we moms may seem sweet and innocent, but the truth is, we're insatiable when it comes to sex. If I had my way, I'd spend all day pleasuring a hard cock with my mouth and pussy."

She let out a breathy moan as Bobby worked his finger deeper into her tight rear entrance. "There's nothing better than wrapping my lips around a throbbing shaft and sucking until I'm rewarded with a hot load of cum. And feeling a rock-hard dick plunging in and out of my dripping wet slit... Ungh, I can never get enough!"

As her son slowly withdrew his finger from her slick anus, Linda let out a soft moan and crawled off of him. Her eyes were drawn to his glistening member, still hard as a rock despite their recent activities.

"You're still so hard," she said, feeling her own arousal building again.

"Yeah, I guess I am." Bobby replied with a proud smirk.

"The stamina of youth." Linda purred, her gaze fixated on the long, veiny cock in front of her. Its large bell-shaped head seemed to beckon to her, promising pleasure beyond imagination.

"Could a cock like that truly reach all the way into her heart?" Linda couldn't help but wonder.

"Oh Bobby, you have sperm all over you," she said, reaching for her panties and using them to wipe off his stomach. But as she did so, his throbbing member bumped against her huge, dangling titties and gradually slid down until a few inches disappeared between her cavernous cleavage.

"Gotcha!" Linda giggled, pressing her breasts together to trap her son's dick-meat in between them.

She gazed down at his boner as if speaking to it. "Where do you think you're going?"

"He has a mind of his own, I suppose," Bobby chuckled.

"Well this is certainly an interesting sight," Linda said with a mischievous glint in her eye as they both admired the half-swallowed shaft nestled between her boobies.

"I think I've come up with the perfect nicknames for us," the mother said playfully.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Boobs n Boners," she answered, grinning mischievously.

"I love it," Bobby chuckled.

"So do I," She purred seductively. "The perfect nicknames seeing as we're both so well endowed in those areas."

As Bobby stood up from the blanket, his rigid member jutted out firmly from his groin, bobbing slightly with each movement. A large, viscous drop of pre-cum began to ooze from the tip, slowly stretching into a glistening string.

Linda's eyes widened as she saw the sticky fluid dripping downward. In a flash, she dropped to her knees in front of her son, opened her mouth wide, and extended her tongue.

The clear string of pre-cum landed directly on her eager tongue. She slurped it up hungrily, not allowing a single drop to escape and splatter on the floor.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby," Linda purred, savoring the slightly salty, tangy flavor of her son's essence. Her lips curled into a naughty smile as she gazed up at him with smoldering desire in her eyes.

Still on her knees, Linda wrapped her fingers around the base of Bobby's throbbing shaft, admiring the power muscle at its root. She pumped her fist up and down a few times, coaxing out another large bead of pre-goo. It pooled on the swollen head before beginning to drip off.

Linda quickly flicked out her long tongue, catching the pearly fluid before it could fall. She lapped at Bobby's sensitive slit, gathering up every bit of his nectar.

"You're leaking so much, sweetie. Mom's gonna make sure none of it goes to waste," Linda cooed before taking the head into her warm, wet mouth and suckling gently, eager to drink down more of her son's delicious juices.

Bobby put his hands on his hips and gazed down into her beautiful eyes as she nursed on his crown for several minutes. He sighed as he felt her lively tongue swirl and flicker around his sensitive glans.

When they arrived home, Linda pulled the car into their garage and shut off the engine. Bobby slumped down in the passenger seat, feeling both embarrassed and elated. His shorts were still soaked from their ejaculations, leaving him naked from the waist down.

"Stay put. I'll sneak you out some dry clothes in a few minutes," Linda said with a chuckle as she turned to face her son.

"Thanks mom...for today," Bobby replied sheepishly.

"I let you cross some serious boundaries with me today, slugger. I'm assuming you want things like that to continue?" Linda asked, raising an eyebrow at her son.

"Hell yeah!" Bobby answered eagerly.

"Then here are the rules...Number one: what we do is between you and I only...got it?" she said sternly, making sure he understood the seriousness of their situation.

"Yep," he answered, nodding his head. "Got it."

"Number two: we only play when and where I decide...period," she reiterated firmly.

"Okay," Bobby nodded again, understanding the importance of following her rules.

"And number three: I meant what I said about your school-work. I truly believe that the priority of a boy your age is his penis, but if yours wants the kind of attention it got today...then you're gonna need to keep your grades up," Linda explained gently but firmly.

"I will. I promise," Bobby vowed sincerely, grateful for his mother's support and guidance.

Linda leaned closer, her eyes boring intently into her son's. "And one other thing. If we keep going down this path together, it's only a matter of time before we end up having sex. Full-on, naked, passionate fucking. Mother and son joined as intimately as two people can be. Once I let you slide that hard young cock into my wet, hungry pussy...I don't think I'll ever be able to give it up. I'll crave it constantly, day and night. I'll be utterly possessive of your dick, always wanting it in my mouth or between my legs. My pussy will

ache for you when you're at school. I'll masturbate thinking about you fucking me. I'll get jealous of any girl that even looks at you."

She cupped his face tenderly. "So if we do this, if we cross that final taboo line as lovers, I need you to be patient and understanding with how obsessed and insatiable I may become. This kind of forbidden intimacy between a mother and son...it runs deep and powerful. It may change me, make me act in ways I never imagined. But it will all be out of an intense, feverish love and desire for you and your cock. Can you handle that, baby? Can you deal with your mom turning into a cock-hungry slut for you?"

Bobby swallowed hard, his head spinning with arousal at his mother's shocking, erotic words. The thought of her needing and craving him so desperately, of her perfect body naked and writhing beneath him, of sinking his aching cock into her hot, slick depths... it was almost too much to process. But he wanted it more than anything.

"Yes mom," he replied hoarsely, "I can handle it. I WANT it."

"Good boy," Linda purred, giving his naked dick a squeeze. "Now wait here. I'll be right back with some dry clothes."

Under normal circumstances, Bobby would have avoided family gatherings. However, after the wild events of the day, he found himself craving the comfort and closeness of his mother.

As the family chatted and laughed together, Bobby lingered in the background, stealing glances at his beautiful mother whenever he could. Linda had just showered and was now dressed in a short, pale-pink polyester skirt and a thin, white cotton tee. The soft fabric hugged her curves and accentuated her long legs. With each step she took in her dainty mules, Bobby could hear the distinct click of her heels against the hardwood floor.

Every now and then, Linda's eyes would lock onto Bobby's and roam up and down his body like a seductive woman in a nightclub admiring a handsome man across the room. In that moment, all rational thoughts fled from Linda's mind as she couldn't help but think how incredibly handsome her son was. Her desire for him consumed her thoughts, drowning out any sense of reason.

Bobby couldn't deny the rush of excitement he felt every time his mother's gaze lingered on him, accompanied by a cute little wink. It was wrong, it was taboo, but there was no denying the intense chemistry between them.

Beth, Bobby's Grandmother, watched intently as her daughter Linda and Grandson Bobby exchanged flirtatious glances across the room. The sexual tension radiating between them was palpable.

A wicked smile crossed the grandmother's face. She knew exactly what forbidden desires were smoldering in their minds.

Casually, Beth pulled Bobby aside into the kitchen, out of earshot of the rest of the family. "I see the way you and your mother have been eye-fucking each other all night," she purred conspiratorially. "Don't try to deny it."

Bobby's face flushed red with embarrassment and arousal. "Grandma, I don't know what you're talking about..." he stammered unconvincingly.

"Oh please," Beth scoffed with a knowing smirk. "I may be old but I'm not blind. You want her. And she clearly wants you too."

She placed a wrinkled hand on his thigh, leaning in close. "Pursue her, Bobby. Take her to bed. Let your mother show you unimaginable carnal pleasures."

The young man swallowed hard, his cock stiffening in his jeans at his grandmother's lurid encouragement. "You really think I should? Isn't it wrong though?"

"Life's too short to deny your deepest urges," Beth replied, giving his leg a squeeze. "Your mom is an insatiable minx in the sack. And oh, the way she sucks a dick... like a wet, tight vacuum milking out every drop. She'll make you explode harder than you knew possible."

Bobby let out a shaky exhale, dizzy with lust. His mind was made up. He was going to fuck his mom tonight. "Okay Grandma... I'll do it. I'll fuck her if she lets me."

"Atta boy!" the old woman cackled impishly, giving his ass a firm slap. "Now go get her, tiger. Make me proud."

Bobby stepped out onto the dimly lit back deck, his heart pounding with anticipation. In the shadows, he could make out the curvy silhouette of his mother leaning against the railing.

She turned to face him, her jutting tit-mounds wobbling and straining against the thin fabric of her low-cut blouse.

"There you are," Linda purred, sauntering towards him with a seductive sway of her hips. "I was hoping we could have some alone time."

Bobby gulped, his mouth suddenly dry. "Oh yeah? What did you have in mind, Mom?"

She pressed her body flush against his, her mountainous, spongy breasts mashing into his firm pecs. Bobby inhaled sharply, intoxicated by the scent of her perfume and the heat of her skin.

Linda snaked her arms around his neck, leaning in close until her lips brushed his ear. "I was thinking we could take a little walk," she breathed hotly. "Maybe to the playground down the street that's

always deserted at this hour. We would have total privacy to...get better acquainted."

As she spoke, Linda boldly cupped the growing bulge in Bobby's jeans, massaging his stiffening cock through the denim. A groan escaped his throat at her brazen touch. His hips involuntarily bucked, pressing his erection more firmly into his mother's eager hand.

"How does that sound, baby?" Linda cooed, giving him a teasing squeeze. "Wanna sneak off and fool around with Mommy like a couple of horny teenagers?"

Bobby's head spun, overwhelmed by forbidden lust. His grandmother's encouraging words echoed in his mind. Life was too short to deny his deepest urges.

"God yes!" he growled, grabbing Linda's plump ass possessively.

"Get a room you two!" Beth said with a knowing smirk as she stepped out onto the deck. Bobby and Linda jumped apart guiltily, but Beth just chuckled and sauntered over to them, her hips swaying.

"Oh don't stop on my account," she purred, looking between them with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "As a mother of three strapping boys myself, I know exactly what you're both feeling right now. That electric, forbidden desire..."

She placed a hand on Bobby's shoulder and the other on Linda's, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Bobby, there's nothing quite like burying yourself between a mother's huge, warm tits. Feeling her skilled pussy gripping you as you fuck her senseless. And Linda, sweetheart, I promise you that teenage cock will make you scream like you never have before. So eager and energetic and insatiable."

Beth grinned wickedly and gave them both a little push towards each other. "Go on now, don't be shy. Give in to that taboo lust. Sneak off

and be bad together. Enjoy every sinful second. Trust me, you won't regret a single moment of pleasure."

Bobby and Linda gazed at each other, their faces flushed and eyes dark with desire. Beth's encouragement had demolished any lingering doubts or hesitation. Linda grabbed Bobby's hand and urgently pulled him towards the front door.

They hurried to the nearby playground, hands clasped tightly together. As they walked, Linda spoke breathlessly. "Your grandmother is so wise. She wants what's best for us both. She wants us to let loose and fuck our brains out, to experience pure pleasure together."

Bobby nodded eagerly, his cock already straining against his jeans at the thought. When they reached the deserted park, Linda kicked off her heels. Giggling, she took off running across the grass, her oversized breasts bouncing heavily beneath her thin sundress. Bobby sprinted after her, his heart pounding with exhilaration and lust.

Linda reached the children's wooden play fort first. She climbed up the ladder and disappeared inside the small structure.

"Booner," Linda called down teasingly from above. Her voice was thick with desire.

Bobby hurried over to the pole that rose up through the floor of the play fort, his pulse racing. He gazed up and saw his gorgeous mother straddling the circular opening, her long tanned legs spread wide. She squatted down, resting on her toes, gripping the pole between her thighs.

The crotch of her thin white panties was pulled taut against her pussy mound. Bobby could clearly make out the plump, protruding lips of her labia pressed against the sheer fabric. A damp spot darkened the material, betraying her intense arousal.

Linda's huge breasts heaved with each excited breath she took. Her stiff nipples tented the front of her flimsy sundress obscenely. She rubbed herself slowly against the pole, eyes locked with Bobby's.

"Climb up here and fuck me, baby boy," she purred down at him. "Mommy needs that big hard teenage cock inside her right now. I'm so fucking wet for you."

Bobby grabbed the pole and shimmied up it eagerly. When he reached the top of the play fort, he saw his mom posed seductively near the wobbly rope bridge that connected to another platform.

She had her back to him and was slowly peeling her lacy white panties over the perfect globes of her shapely ass. Bobby watched transfixed as the flimsy material slid down, revealing more and more of her smooth, tanned buns.

Linda stopped tugging her panties down when they were just below the succulent curves of her meaty buttocks, framing them enticingly. She looked back over her shoulder at her son, her eyes smoldering with lust. "See something you want?" She teased.

Reaching back, she squeezed and kneaded the plump cheeks, her red nails sinking into the yielding flesh, pulling them apart slightly. Bobby caught a glimpse of her tight puckered asshole nestled between the rounded mounds.

"Does my long-necked monster wanna come out and play in mommy's warm, wet cave?" she asked breathily, licking her lips.

Bobby nodded dumbly, rendered speechless by the erotic sight before him. His raging erection throbbed almost painfully in the confines of his jeans.

Linda turned to fully face him, her pendulous breasts swaying hypnotically with the movement. She crooked a finger at him. "Then

come and get it, baby," she purred, running playfully across the bridge.

Bobby took off after his mom, his heart pounding with excitement and anticipation. He raced across the rickety rope bridge, the planks swaying precariously under his feet. Linda had already disappeared into the small tower platform on the other side.

Ducking through the low doorway, Bobby found himself pressed up against his mother in the tight confines of the space, barely big enough for two people. Linda's large, heavy breasts mashed against his chest as she threw her arms around his neck, pulling him close.

She dove hungrily at his mouth, planting a series of wet, sloppy kisses on his lips. Then her lips parted and her long, dexterous tongue snaked out, probing insistently at the seam of his mouth. Bobby opened for her eagerly and Linda's tongue plunged inside, finding his own.

Their tongues met and began an erotic dance, twisting and twining together passionately. Linda's skilled tongue dominated his, lashing and thrusting in a blatant imitation of sex.

She brought one toned leg up and hooked it around his hip, opening herself to him as she ground her pelvis against the bulge of his cock.

Linda's fingers flew to the waistband of her skimpy panties. With a few frantic tugs, she yanked the flimsy material down her long, shapely legs and kicked them away impatiently.

Her warm honey-pot now fully exposed, she reached for the button of Bobby's jeans, popping it open deftly. But before she could lower his zipper, Bobby twisted away playfully.

"Uh-uh-uh, mom," he teased with a mischievous grin. "You have to catch me first!"

Bobby made a move to dart past her curvy form and out of the cramped tower room. But quick as a flash, Linda's hand shot out and grabbed him by the arm. "Get back here, young man!" she plyfully ordered.

With a powerful yank, she sent him tumbling onto his back on the wooden floor.

Pouncing on top of him like a tigress, Linda attacked his clothes in a lustful frenzy. Buttons popped and flew as she ripped open his shirt. Her long red nails raked down his now bare chest. "Thinking you could get away from me," she purred.

Bobby's hands were just as busy, pushing up the hem of her short sundress. He grabbed two handfuls of her ripe, heart-shaped ass, kneading the firm flesh. Linda moaned gutturally at his touch.

She took hold of the neckline of her dress and with one mighty heave, threw it right off, causing her massive tits to spring free and bobble all over her boy.

Now naked, Linda fumbled with Bobby's zipper, finally getting it down. She tugged his jeans and underwear off together, letting his huge, throbbing cock slap up against his stomach.

"Mmmm, there's my big boy," she purred appreciatively, wrapping her fingers around his girthy shaft.

Linda gripped Bobby's thick, pulsing shaft firmly and began stroking it with fast, rough yanks. His engorged cockhead turned a deep purple as she pumped him vigorously, tugging his foreskin up and down. Pearly beads of pre-cum oozed from the tip, splattering onto his stomach and her hands as she jerked him off feverishly.

"Gonna stuff this big fat cock in my hungry cunt," Linda growled, her eyes wild with lust. She shifted forward, positioning the bulbous head of his dick at the slick, pink entrance to her womanhood.

With a guttural moan, she shoved her hips downward, plowing his spongy glans through her wet slit. Her slippery folds parted as she impaled herself on his veiny cock, engulfing him in her scorching heat.

Bobby let out a strangled groan at the exquisite sensation of her velvety walls gripping him like a vice.

"Unnghh fuck yeah, fill me up baby!" Linda wailed, plunging down until every thick inch was buried to the hilt in her aching snatch. She began to bounce on him wildly, her huge tits jumping and rippling hypnotically with every impact of her ass against his thighs.

Bobby reached up to maul her giant breasts, pinching and rolling the stiff nipples between his fingers. Linda threw her head back in ecstasy, riding his cock like a woman possessed as the wet sounds of their frantic coupling filled the abandoned playground.

Bobby groaned in pleasure as Linda's slick, pink vaginal walls stretched and clenched around his throbbing cock. Her swollen, puffy labia gripped his girth like a glove, the delicate inner folds caressing every ridge and vein of his meaty shaft.

With each downward plunge, the bulbous head of his erection kissed the entrance to her womb, prodding the small, puckered opening of her cervix.

Linda's molten core squelched obscenely as she rode him, gushing hot feminine nectar that coated his balls and matted his pubic hair. The plush lining of her sex canal rippled along his length, massaging him from base to tip as she rose and fell in a wild, frenzied rhythm. Her muscles fluttered and spasmed, bearing down on him with exquisite pressure.

Bobby felt like his cock was melting inside the searing furnace of her cunt, dissolving into the slippery wetness. The sensation was

incredible, every nerve ending singing with blissful friction as their bodies joined over and over.

Her greedy pussy seemed to suck him in deeper with each thrust, hungry for more of his rock-hard flesh.

He watched in awe as his glistening pole disappeared between her cream-slicked folds, only to reemerge coated in her fragrant juices. Her engorged, throbbing clit ground against his pubic bone, zings of electricity shooting through them both at the contact.

Linda sobbed and shuddered above him, her velvety birthing-tunnel constricting almost painfully around his sensitive cock.

"Fuck, you're so deep! I'm gonna cum on this big dick!" she wailed, throwing her head back in abandon. Her lush body writhed and bounced as she chased her rapidly building climax, desperately seeking the ultimate pleasure.

Bobby watched in mesmerized fascination as Linda's humongous tits swayed and bounded inches from his face. The heavy globes quivered with each impact of her body slamming down onto his rigid cock, sending shockwaves rippling through the pliant flesh. Her dusky nipples were hard as diamonds, straining outward from the jiggling mounds.

Unable to resist any longer, the boy craned his neck and captured one of the tempting buds in his mouth. He suckled it deep past his lips, drawing on it forcefully. The spongy areola puckered between his teeth as he laved the sensitive tip with his tongue. He pressed his face into the giving flesh, nuzzling into the doughy fullness of her breast as he nursed.

"Oh god yes, suck Mom's titties!" Linda cried out, clutching his head tighter to her heaving chest. She ground her dripping sex harder onto

his throbbing shaft with each downward undulation. "Mmm, get them all wet in your mouth. Ahhhh fuck!"

Moaning around his mouthful, Bobby felt his powerful cock-root sustain the force of her violent fuck-thrusts, driving his unyielding rod up into the core of her womanhood.

The teen switched to her other nipple, suckling it with the same greedy hunger. He kneaded and squeezed the overflowing handfuls, relishing how they overflowed his palms. He felt smothered and consumed by the warm, fragrant pillows engulfing his face. Her stiff peaks scraped across his cheeks as she bucked and thrashed in wanton ecstasy.

Suddenly, Linda went rigid above him and let out a piercing shriek. Her molten sheath rippled and clenched wildly along his dong as she exploded in a devastating orgasm.

Copious gushes of liquid girl-cum sprayed from her spasming hole, drenching him in her essence. The milking contractions seemed to suck the cum right out of his balls and with a hoarse bellow, Bobby unleashed a torrent of thick, scalding seed deep in his mother's convulsing depths.

The boy growled like a feral beast into the plush flesh of Linda's heaving breasts as he felt his balls tighten and contract. His fingers dug into the doughy mounds, gripping them tightly as his climax crashed through him.

"Unngghh fuck, Mom!" he grunted, voice muffled by the smothering tit-flesh engulfing his face. His pelvis jerked and bucked upwards frantically, driving his erupting cock as deep as possible into his mother's spasming sheath.

Searing ropes of boy-cum rocketed out of him, painting Linda's clutching walls with thick spurts of his essence. Each powerful

contraction of his shaft sent another heavy gush splattering against her rippling tunnel. Scalding jets of boycream pumped into her again and again, flooding her unprotected womb with his virile seed.

"Oh god baby, yesss! Give Mommy all that hot cum!" Linda wailed, head thrown back in utter bliss. Her nails scraped angry red lines down his heaving back as she clung to him, grinding her convulsing slit down to take every drop. "Fill me up with it! Breed me with your thick jizz!"

Bobby groaned long and low into her jiggling tits, hips still jolting with each heavy spurt. He could feel the searing lake of his release overflowing her fluttering sheath, excess cream spurting out to mat his coarse pubes and drool down to his churning balls.

His penis throbbed and kicked violently within the vice-like grip of her vagina, pumping out a seemingly endless stream of potent spunk.

Finally, the intense pulses trailed off into weak twitches and Bobby collapsed back onto the wood platform, chest heaving.

Linda mewled shakily and slumped against him, quivering through the aftershocks still zinging through her nerves. They lay tangled together, hearts pounding as one, both basking in the warm afterglow of their explosive mutual climax.

Fifteen minutes passed before Linda and her son emerged from the playhouse, freshly dressed and hand in hand once again. This time, their steps led them towards their home, their pace leisurely as they strolled along.

With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Linda turned to Bobby with a concerned look. "Are you okay?" she asked, her voice filled with love and worry.

Bobby let out a sigh before responding. "Oh yeah. I just wish I could have lasted longer."

Linda smiled at him reassuringly. "Oh my sweet boy, you did wonderful," she said, stopping to turn towards him.

"Thanks," Bobby replied gratefully.

"If you're interested in extending the experience...I'm sure your old mom has a few tricks she can teach you," Linda teased playfully.

Bobby's face lit up with excitement. "Cool... Instead of two minutes we can go for two hours."

"Or four hours," Linda added, placing her hands on his shoulders.

"That would be sweet," Bobby agreed eagerly.

"Or maybe...just maybe...I could keep you going all night," Linda said with a mischievous grin.

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise and anticipation. "That'll be pretty tough with dad around."

Linda chuckled slyly. "Well, I guess I'll just have to get creative, won't I? Find ways to have you inside me whenever and wherever I can."

"I like the sound of that," Bobby said with a devilish smile.

"Me too, my sweet boner. Me too," Linda replied, as they continued up the walkway hand in hand, ready to explore new depths of pleasure together.

Several days after their passionate encounter, one of Bobby's resilient sperm found its way to Linda's waiting egg deep within her fallopian tube. The flagellum of the hardy sperm propelling it forward, pushed through the outer layers of the egg with its acrosome enzymes. As the genetic material of mother and son

combined, the nuclei fused and began to rapidly divide, forming a zygote.

The fertilized egg journeyed down the fallopian tube over the next few days, continuing to multiply into a solid ball of cells called a morula. Reaching Linda's nutrient-rich uterus, the morula matured into a hollow blastocyst and began to implant in the spongy uterine wall. Specialized cells invaded the lining, establishing a connection to Linda's blood supply. The inner cell mass continued to differentiate into an embryo while forming placental tissue.

Hormonal changes in Linda's body, triggered by the implantation, halted her menstrual cycle. Her belly would soon begin to swell with new life created from the forbidden union with her own son. Little did Linda and Bobby know, their carnal exploration had taken root, forever binding mother and child through the miracle of life sparked by lustful desire.

Nine months later, the forbidden fruit of their lustful union was nearing ripeness within Linda's straining womb. Her once trim waistline had ballooned into a massive, swollen baby ball, stretch marks snaking across the taut skin. Linda's breasts, engorged with milk for the impending arrival, had swelled to an almost comical size, the dark nipples perpetually erect.

As her due date approached, Linda found herself in an almost constant state of sexual arousal, her hormones raging out of control. She needed Bobby more than ever, craving the touch of her virile young lover who put her in this condition.

Linda and her boy seized every opportunity to satisfy their insatiable lust, engaging in risky trysts whenever Linda's husband was occupied or out of the house. In the laundry room, Linda bent over the rumbling dryer, her heavy boobs and belly swaying beneath her as

Bobby took her from behind, the vibrations pushing them both to powerful climaxes.

While Linda's husband watched TV in the living room, the incestuous lovers coupled frantically in the kitchen, Linda perched on the edge of the counter, legs spread wide to accommodate her swollen middle.

Bobby drove into his mother's slick heat, burying his face in her massive cleavage to muffle his groans of pleasure. His veiny meat-sword pummeled through the engorged tightness of her sleeve, working out the gushing juices of her ejaculation.

One morning, as Linda's husband showered before work, her and Bobby copulated on the still-warm bed, Linda on her hands and knees, gravid belly brushing the sheets as Bobby plowed into her from behind. They came together in a rush of ecstasy, trying to stifle their cries as the shower shut off in the adjacent bathroom.

Even in the final weeks of pregnancy, the two met in the dim basement, Linda lowering herself onto Bobby's long, meaty pipe, riding her son slowly and sensuously as he suckled hungrily at her milk-heavy breasts.

They clutched each other desperately as passion overtook them, heedless of Linda's impending delivery and lost in a forbidden world of pleasure all their own.

Linda gazed down at her son with heavy-lidded eyes, intoxicated with lust. "Oh Bobby, you gorgeous boy," she purred as she rode him slowly, feeling the knob of his cock massage her birth-ready cervix. "Your cock feels so good stretching me open. So big and hard and perfect."

She rolled her hips sensually, savoring the exquisite friction of him sliding in and out of her slick heat. "Mmmm, you fill me up so much better than your father ever could. He can't even compare to you."

Bobby groaned, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips as he pumped up into her, seating her shaved outer lips on the base of his prick with every thrust. Linda's wanton words inflamed his desire to a fever pitch.

"That's it baby, fuck your mother just like that," Linda rasped, her massive breasts bouncing around her boy's face with every undulation. "Harder! Faster! Make me come all over your beautiful cock!"

Bobby pistoned his hips frantically, the obscene wet sounds of their coupling filling the dank basement air. "Oh god mom, you're so fucking sexy," he grunted. "I love fucking your tight married pussy. You're mine, all mine."

"Yes, yes, I'm yours!" Linda cried, throwing her head back in abandon. "My body belongs to you. Only you can satisfy me now. Ruin me for anyone else!"

Their breathless declarations of lust pushed them both over the edge. Linda came with a silent scream of rapture, her cunt clamping down on Bobby's spurting cock as he filled her with his ejaculating seed.

Bobby's pulsating erection twitched and jerked deep inside Linda's quivering sex. The twin columns of erectile tissue running the length of his shaft, clenched rhythmically as climax overtook him. Beneath the base, his root-muscles contracted powerfully, their primal spasms propelling gush after gush of his potent seed through the spongy urethra bisecting his rod.

The teen's swollen testicles, factories of virile semen, drew up tightly in their wrinkled sack as they unleashed their heavy load. Peristaltic waves rippled up his vas deferens, sending thick ropes of pearly ejaculate surging through his cock and erupting from the flaring head in a molten flood. Spurt after spurt painted Linda's receptive womb as her cervix hungrily drank down her son's bountiful offering.

"Yes, give me your baby batter! Knock me up again!" Linda wailed deliriously, the sensation of Bobby's hot, teenage cum jetting against her inner walls triggering a second, shattering orgasm.

Her vagina undulated around him, milking his bucking pole for every last drop as her body sought to pull his essence deeper. Her own feminine spray cascaded down his pelvis and dripped from his quivering nuts.

Their forbidden coupling reached a shuddering crescendo, the intensity bordering on painful bliss, before tapering off into warm, throbbing aftershocks of rapture.

Bobby groaned in sated relief, his twitching penis still nestled in the welcoming heat of his mother's satisfied sex.

Linda's body ached with need as her due date drew near. Her massively swollen belly and milk-engorged breasts made every movement a sensual challenge. She waddled to Bobby's room, finding him lounging on the bed.

"I need you," she purred, struggling out of her maternity dress to reveal her ripe, full figure.

Bobby drank in the sight of his mother's transformed body, his manhood stirring to attention. He reached out and caressed her humongous sensitive breasts, eliciting a moan from his mom.

She clambered onto the bed, assuming their favorite position on her hands and knees, her giant belly swaying beneath her.

Bobby knelt behind Linda's upturned bottom, sliding his hard shaft between her slick folds. She gasped as he filled her, her walls stretching to accommodate him.

The teen grasped her wide hips and began thrusting, relishing the way her plump cheeks jiggled with each impact.

Linda pushed back against him, matching his rhythm. The lewd slapping of skin on skin mingled with her wanton moans. Her huge breasts swung back and forth, the nipples grazing the sheets. The added stimulation sent shockwaves of pleasure through her hyper-sensitive body.

"Yes baby, fuck me harder!" she cried, surrendering to the ecstasy of their incestuous coupling.

Bobby obliged, pounding into her gushing sex with abandon. Linda's fingers curled into the sheets as she felt the pressure building deep inside. Her climax crashed over her in intense waves, her inner muscles clenching around Bobby's pistoning cock. With a final thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, spilling his seed deep in the same womb that bore him.

They collapsed together onto the bed, hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin. Bobby spooned Linda from behind, one hand cupping her belly while the other teased her nipples. Even as the afterglow faded, Linda felt her lust building again, eager to ravage her young stud in every position imaginable before their baby arrived.

One hot summer afternoon, unable to stand it any longer, Linda texted Bobby and demanded he come home from school immediately. He arrived to find his mother waiting in the bedroom wearing nothing but a sheer robe that did little to conceal her pregnant curves.

Linda practically tackled Bobby onto the marital bed she shared with his father. She tore at his clothes like a wild animal, freeing his hard cock. Straddling him, Linda impaled herself on Bobby's manhood with a guttural moan.

Bobby was soon buried beneath his mother's enormous belly and colossal breasts, smothered in her flesh. He could barely breathe, overwhelmed by her sheer weight and the intoxicating scent of her arousal.

Linda rode her son hard and fast, relentlessly driving herself towards climax as she felt him lick and kiss at the inner contours of her tit-cleavage.

Their bodies glistened with sweat in the afternoon heat as the bed creaked under their rough coupling. Linda used her son like a sex toy, chasing the pleasure she so desperately needed. Her sensitive nipples leaked milk onto his face and chest as she bounced on his cock with abandon.

This was just the latest round in a nine month sexual marathon, the two lovers exploring every position and act imaginable as Linda's belly grew. Neither could get enough, forever pushing boundaries. Making love was never more exciting or satisfying.

Lost in ecstasy, Linda threw her head back and cried out as an intense orgasm ripped through her, vaginal walls clamping down on Bobby's cock like a vice, squirt hot ejaculate out her urethra, soaking his cock and balls.

He exploded deep inside her with a growl, pumping her full of the same potent seed that knocked her up.

Temporarily sated, Linda collapsed onto the bed beside her son and pulled him close. They lay entwined, hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin as their breathing slowed. Soon the lusty gleam would return to Linda's eyes and they'd start again. For now, they basked in the afterglow of taboo passion, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their incestuous love child.

Linda kissed a trail down Bobby's lean heaving chest before taking his slick cock into her mouth, moaning at the mingled taste of their juices. "Mmm, we taste so good together baby," she purred, licking him from base to tip. "Mommy's little stud, I love having your fat dick in my mouth."

She swirled her tongue around the swollen head, flicking the sensitive underside.

Bobby groaned and fisted his hands in her hair. Linda took him deeper, relaxing her throat to engulf his length. She massaged his heavy balls as she sucked him off with loud, wet slurps.

"Fuck mom, just like that!" Bobby panted, lifting his hips to fuck her face. Linda took it eagerly, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his shaft. She released him with a pop.

"You like watching mommy suck your cock? Seeing her pregnant with your baby as she swallows your dick?" Linda rasped, voice husky with lust. She lapped at his sack before drawing one of his fat balls into her mouth to suckle.

"God yes mom, don't stop," Bobby begged, dizzy with pleasure.

Linda worked his cock with one hand while worshipping his balls, nursing on their valedictorian meat. The room filling with obscene sounds.

She deep throatied him to the hilt like only a mom could, nose pressed to his groin and luscious lips stretched around his girth.

Linda picked up speed, sucking hard and fast while fondling his ball-sack. Bobby couldn't hold back, spurting hot and thick down his mother's eager throat with a shout. Linda gulped it down, continuing to milk him until he was completely spent.

Coming up for air, she licked her lips and grinned at him wickedly. "Ready for round two, stud?"

The extra-horny mother lowered herself onto her back, spreading her lovely legs open wide in a huge spread eagle pose. Her limber legs splayed apart until her toes pointed towards opposite sides of the bedroom. She was fully exposed and inviting, her pregnant belly rising between her parted thighs.

Bobby anxiously crawled down between her legs, positioning himself at her slick entrance. He clutched his steely boner and plowed its tapered crown through her flanges, enjoying the feel of her labial flesh wetly licking his glans.

The teen thrust forward, sinking deep into her welcoming heat with a groan. Linda cried out in pleasure as he filled and stretched her, her corrugated walls squeezing around his hot, veiny meat.

He began fucking her hard and fast, powerful strokes driving into her again and again. As he rested his full weight against her, Bobby's muscular body was engulfed in the plush softness of his mom's huge tits and swollen belly. He could feel their growing baby squirming and kicking between them as he pounded into his mother.

"Yes baby, just like that! Fuck mommy's pregnant pussy!" Linda urged breathlessly, hands gripping his flexing ass. She lifted her hips skillfully to meet his thrusts, reveling in the sensation of her son's cock moving inside her.

Bobby grunted with effort, pistoning his hips frantically. The wet slap of flesh against flesh filled the room. He bent to suckle her bouncing tits, teasing the sensitive nipples with his tongue. Milk leaked from the engorged peaks and he greedily gulped it down.

"Mom's gonna cum on your big cock! Fill me up baby, I need it!" Linda wailed desperately, nails raking down his back. Her pussy clenched rhythmically around him as her orgasm crashed over her.

Bobby's stamina was incredible after already cumming twice. He was able to fuck his prenatal mom's body like a wild animal for the next two hours straight. His powerful thrusts drove into her again and again, filling the room with the slapping of flesh on flesh and his mother's ecstatic moans.

Linda came over and over on her son's relentless cock, her pregnant body quivering and clenching with each orgasm that crashed through her.

Bobby varied his pace, alternating between deep, steady strokes and frantic, pounding thrusts that had Linda wailing in rapture. He sucked and nibbled at her huge, milk-leaking tits as they bounced with each impact of his hips against hers.

"Oh god baby, don't stop! Fuck mommy harder!" Linda cried deliriously, lifting her hips to take him even deeper. The feel of her son's tireless cock stretching and filling her, with her swollen belly between them, was driving her out of her mind with lust. Her hands roamed his flexing back and ass, urging him on.

Bobby grunted with animalistic need, gripping his mother's abundant hips for leverage as he rutted into her. Sweat dripped down his straining muscles. He could feel her pussy fluttering and clenching around him over and over as he wrung nearly a dozen intense orgasms from her shuddering body.

"I'm gonna cum again!" he panted after two hours of non-stop fucking. "I'm gonna fill you up mom!"

"Yes! Give mommy all your hot cum baby!" Linda screamed, locking her legs around him. With a roar, Bobby buried himself to the hilt in

his mother's spasming pussy and unleashed a massive load deep inside her.

Linda convulsed underneath him, coming again from the sensation of her son's potent seed pumping into her fertile womb. Their ejaculations swirled and splattered together between their slapping genitals, creating a frothy mother-son marinade.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, satisfied tangle of limbs. Bobby softened inside her but stayed hilted in her pussy, savoring the afterglow. He nuzzled into Linda's neck as she stroked his hair lovingly.

"Such a good boy for me," she purred. "Get some rest now. You're gonna need your strength to keep mom satisfied..."

THE END