

## BSTC – NEW YORK CITY

### Part One

By Klrxo

Naomi and her friend Taylor were filled with excitement as they planned their day trip into the bustling city of New York. They eagerly anticipated taking their sons Ross and Carl to an exclusive training facility, where they would learn the art of fucking pussy and other sexual techniques. The glittering lights and endless possibilities of the Big Apple beckoned to them, and they couldn't wait to embark on this adventure together.

"Mom, I already know everything there is to know about sex. Why do I have to go to this training center?" Ross groaned as the taxi zipped along the interstate.

Naomi gently took his hand and placed it on the prominent orb of her pregnant belly, their fingers intertwining on top of the soft fabric covering her skin. Her striking blonde hair cascaded down her back, framing her face like a golden halo, and she gave him a reassuring smile that revealed her perfect white teeth. "Just because you've fucked a few girls doesn't mean you know everything about sex," Naomi replied, her voice soothing, like a warm blanket. "This day camp we're taking you to offers valuable skills and sex techniques that you may not have had enough experience to fully master yet. And besides, Taylor and Carl are with us. We always have a good time when the four of us are together."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged a comforting smile, their bond strengthened by years of friendship and the shared experience of being nine months pregnant.

Taylor's round belly stretched her sundress to its limits, resembling a beach ball ready to burst. Her womb was packed with triplets, each fully developed and ready to slide down her birthing tube at a moments notice. Her dark hair cascaded down her shoulders like a cloak, framing her radiant green eyes. Both women's tits were swollen with motherly nourishment, accentuated by their tight clothing that struggled to contain their abnormally large tits. The V-shaped necklines of their attire revealed creamy cleavage, beckoning attention and reminding onlookers of their womanly power. Their bodies, full and ripe with new life, radiated an aura of confidence and wisdom.

Carl shuddered at the feel of his mom's hand on his inner thigh, slowly, teasingly raking her long, painted fingernails against flesh. He loved how touchy-feely she was, always sharing prolonged hugs and sometimes running her hands beneath his shirt, stroking his chiseled chest.

Taylor got a kick out of watching her son's crotch grow when she gave him affection. Even now, she couldn't resist the urge to peek down and monitor his tent-pole, watching it slowly rise beneath his pants. "The same goes for you, young man," she stated, looking up into his handsome face.

"What?" Carl asked.

"Don't pretend to know everything about that penis of yours, especially how to use it on a girl."

As the taxi continued its journey, the city skyline began to come into view, its skyscrapers reaching for the heavens like colossal

fingers of steel and glass. Naomi's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she shared a knowing look with Taylor, both mothers anxious to share in the experience of this program they had heard so much about.

Ross and Carl, sensing their mothers' enthusiasm, began to feel a sense of excitement and curiosity about the training center. They knew that their mothers had a knack for getting them involved in the most unique and unforgettable experiences, and this was no exception.

Their destination was a stunning, modern building that towered above them. They stepped out of the car and approached the entrance, quickly locating the directory to find their desired location. After a short ride in the sleek elevator, they arrived at The Boys Sexual Training Camp on the 32nd floor. The polished floors and pristine walls of the foyer gave off an air of professionalism, making it clear this was a place of education and discipline.

The inner doors to the day camp swung open with a whoosh, revealing a spacious and elegantly designed interior. Soft, ambient lighting illuminated the room, casting a warm glow over the sleek furniture and tasteful decor. The scent of jasmine hung in the air, adding a touch of sensuality to the atmosphere.

A tall, impeccably dressed woman with striking red hair approached them with a warm smile, her large tits trembling on her thin frame. Her piercing blue eyes sparkled with intelligence as she greeted them. "Welcome to The Boys Sexual Training Camp. My name is Isabella, and I'll be your guide during your time here."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged glances, impressed by Isabella's poise and confidence. It was clear that she was an expert in her field, and

they felt reassured knowing that they and their sons would be under her guidance.

“Thank you,” Naomi smiled gratefully, “we’re excited to see what this experience has in store for our sons.”

“Why don’t we start by giving you a quick tour of the facility,” Isabella suggested, ushering them down a wide, polished corridor.

Isabella confidently led the guests through the expansive facility, her stiletto heels echoing off the polished floors. Naomi and Taylor followed closely in their own high-heeled mules, their toes adorned with bright polish peeking out from delicate straps. The two boys were just as fixated on the trembling tits and swaying asses of the three stunning women as they were on the place they were touring.

Isabella explained how they had a plethora of programs and workshops available to the young men, emphasizing the boys would have the opportunity to consult with their mothers and choose courses that piqued their interests.

As they walked past a room with a floor-to-ceiling glass wall, Ross and Carl couldn't resist sneaking a peek inside. To their surprise and excitement, they were met with the sight of at least twenty couples engaged in passionate lovemaking. The room was filled with padded lounge platforms, each one occupied by a pair of bodies locked in the missionary position. Moans and gasps filled the air as boys thrust deeply into their mothers, their bodies glistening with sweat and desire. The moms' legs were spread wide in the air or wrapped tightly around them, their expressions ranging from intense pleasure to complete bliss. Every inch of the room seemed to pulse with a raw and primal energy as the sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the walls along with the screams of women in various stages of orgasm.

The sign next to the door read “Becoming a Missionary Position Master” in bold, inviting letters.

“That’s our missionary position workshop,” Isabella informed them, her voice carrying a hint of mischief. “It's where boys have the opportunity to learn advanced techniques and sharpen their skills in that particular position.”

“You mean...we're actually gonna be have sex while we're here?” Carl asked with growing curiosity.

“Yes, that's right, Carl,” Isabella answered. “We have a very hands-on approach to learning here at BSTC.”

Ross raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. “So, you guys provide women here for us to practice with?”

Isabella's expression turned coy as she looked over at Naomi and Taylor, her eyes glinting with unspoken secrets. It was clear that there was something important the mothers hadn't shared with their sons yet, something that made this training facility all the more intriguing.

Isabella's voice carried a gentle, maternal tone as she spoke. "Why don't I show you to the lounge? Your mothers can explain those types of details, and you boys can decide which workshop interests you for today," she suggested with a warm smile.

As they walked through the polished halls, Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but exchange knowing glances. They had indeed saved the most important detail of the training camp until now.

Once gathered in the lounge and snuggled side by side the mothers squeezed Ross and Carl's hands, the air was tense with anticipation. Naomi’s voice was soft but firm as she began to speak, her words carrying a weight that made the boys sit up straighter in

their seats. "Ross, Carl, there's something important we need to discuss with you," she said.

As the boys exchanged confused glances, Naomi continued to explain. "This program is uniquely designed for mothers to assist in the learning and practicing of new skills. And I know it may sound unconventional, but WE would be your partners in this experience."

The boys' eyes widened in disbelief. "You?" Carl asked.

"You mean...we would be doing sexual things...with you guys?" Ross asked incredulously.

Taylor nodded calmly. "Yes, that's right, honey. We have a lot of experience with sex, so who better to guide you through these courses and provide bodies for you to practice on." The room fell silent as the boys tried to process this unexpected turn of events.

"Are you boys both OK with that?" Naomi asked, a bit nervous by how they might respond. "Do you mind using our bodies in a sexual way?"

The two mothers would have never imagined bringing their sons to this place, if it weren't for their suspicion that Ross and Carl wanted to pound their cocks through them. They knew that both boys had a history of stealing their panties, staring at their bodies with lust-filled eyes, and sporting erections in their presence. It was a risky move, but one that offered themselves up as sexual partners in this place of learning.

The boys smiled at each other, both nodding at the same time. "Of course, we are OK with it!" Ross exclaimed, his excitement apparent in his voice. "We trust you guys, and know you're just doing it to help us."

Naomi and Taylor shared a warm smile, their hearts swelling with relief and love for their sons. This experience was going to be a memorable one for all of them, and they were eager to embark on this journey together. “Why don't we take a look at the curriculum,” suggested Taylor, handing the information over to them. “Pick out a course that interests you for today and we'll sign up.”

The two boys looked through the list of workshops, their hearts racing as they reviewed the list of sexual education courses available, which included:

1. Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners
2. Perfecting Oral Pleasure
3. Uncovering the Secrets of Anal Play
4. Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm
5. The Science of Sexual Positions
6. Becoming a Missionary Position Master
7. Navigating Post-Coital Emotions in the Afterglow
8. Public Sex: Tips on How, When, and Where to Engage
9. Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot
10. Expert Advice on Edging and Delayed Ejaculation
11. Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro
12. Pleasuring Your Partner like a Skilled Cocksman: Unleashing the Ultimate Orgasmic Experience

Ross's eyes scanned the list, his heart pounding hard in his chest. "I think I wanna start with something a bit more basic," he told his mother, pointing to the “Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners”

course. "I want to make sure I can really pleasure a girl that way properly before I move on to having sex with her."

Naomi smiled at her son's thoughtfulness, her eyes twinkling with pride. "That's a great choice, honey," she replied. "Foreplay is one of the most important parts of fucking. It's what sets the tone for the rest of the encounter and allows both partners to connect on a deeper level."

Carl, on the other hand, had his eyes set on a more advanced course. He pointed to the "Advanced Techniques for Female G-Spot Stimulation" workshop. "I don't know much about that and I wanna make sure that I can pleasure a woman in every way possible."

Taylor nodded approvingly at her son's choice. "That's a great goal, sweetheart. G-spot stimulation is an essential part of a woman's pleasure, and being able to find and stimulate the G-spot inside her pussy can make all the difference in the bedroom."

With their courses selected, Naomi and Taylor eagerly registered their sons for the workshops. Isabella, their friendly guide, led them through the winding halls of the facility until they reached a certain section away from the classrooms. "Through those doors are the preparation rooms for men and women," she explained. "There you will find a variety of comfortable clothing suitable for your chosen courses. Take your time to prepare before heading to your classes. You have about thirty minutes."

"We'll see you boys back out here in a little while," said Naomi as her and Taylor headed towards the ladies preparation room, their dainty heels clicking with an eager pace on the hard floor.

Ross and Carl stood there, momentarily stunned by the scene unfolding before them. Excitement pulsed through their bodies as

they watched Naomi and Taylor's hips sway in perfect rhythm, their dresses hugging every curve of their luscious bubble butts. The sound of laughter and chatter filled the air as the two women disappeared through the door to the preparation room, leaving Ross and Carl wondering if this was all just a dream. "Pinch me," Ross said with a laugh, still trying to process everything that was happening.

Carl looked at his friend with a wide grin, tossing his head back in a full-on laugh. "No, we're definitely not dreaming," he said, his voice shaking with excitement.

Carl and Ross emerged from the workshop, clad in their form-fitting attire that hugged their frames like a glove. The fabric seemed to mold to their bodies, accentuating every muscle and curve.

After what seemed like an eternity, the two women finally appeared, causing the boys' jaws to drop in awe. With confident strides, Naomi and Taylor approached them, their beauty almost blinding. Naomi wore a seductive black lace gown that featured a plunging neckline with scalloped trim and delicately tied halter straps. A sheer bodice was adorned with intricate mesh embroidery, a high side slit that teased at her long legs, and a matching panty. As she walked, her huge pregnant belly swayed beneath the sheer fabric, giving glimpses of its roundness and the faint outline of her unborn child. And her braless breasts, seemingly unrestrained by anything but the flimsy material of her dress, shuddered heavily with every click of her dainty heels. It was a sight to behold, one that left Carl and Ross speechless and mesmerized.

Taylor was draped in a stunning ensemble. The plum-colored babydoll set boasted delicate lace cups, embellished with intricate

strappy detailing and accented by shimmering silver O-rings, accentuating the true size and weight of her tits. A focal point of the piece, the crisscross center panel drew the eye to Taylor's curves, further highlighted by adjustable spaghetti straps. Beneath the lace underbust, a sheer loose bodice flowed gracefully down to her hips, adding a touch of ethereal beauty. Completing the ensemble, a matching G-string with double straps added a playful yet seductive touch to the overall look.

“Wow, you both look stunning,” Ross exclaimed, his eyes widening at the sight of his mother and Taylor in their revealing outfits. The lace and silk hugged their curves perfectly, and it was clear that they had put a lot of thought into their appearance.

Carl couldn't help but agree. “Why don't you ever dress like this at home?” he asked, his gaze flickering between his mother and Naomi.

Taylor let out a laugh, her cheeks flushing slightly. “Because if your father ever caught me in something like this around you, I'm pretty sure he'd divorce me,” she replied with a playful wink.

“So, our dads don't know about any of this?” Carl questioned.

Naomi and Taylor shared a knowing smile before shaking their heads. “No, boys, your fathers have no clue about what we're doing here today. But as mothers, we believe it's our responsibility to educate you about sex.”

Naomi chimed in, her voice full of conviction. “And we believe that this is the best way to do it, despite what your dads might think. It's important that we keep what happens here just between us.”

With that, they took their sons by the hand and led them down the hallway towards their respective courses. The anticipation and

excitement were palpable as they walked towards their first lessons in the art of lovemaking.

The "Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners" room was a small, intimate space enveloped in a soft glow from the dimly lit candles scattered throughout. The air was thick with the scents of vanilla and lavender, creating an atmosphere of relaxation and sensuality. Ross and his mother, Naomi, entered eagerly, their eyes adjusting to the low light. They were greeted by an experienced mentor who stood at the front of the room, ready to guide and instruct.

As they took their seats on plush leather couch, the instructor stepped forward, her petite frame illuminated by the flickering flames. Her warm smile put them at ease as she spoke. "Ross, it looks like you and your lovely mother are my only guests for this particular course," she said. "But don't worry, it'll allow me to give you all the attention and guidance you need. My name's Candice. Please, if you have any questions during this workshop feel free to stop me." As they settled in, the room seemed to melt away into a world of sensual exploration and learning.

Candice sat down on the other side of Ross and turned towards him to provide instruction. The boy felt a little intimidated being between such busty beauties. "So tell me, Ross, have you experienced sex with a girl yet?" she asked.

"Yeah, a couple of times," he answered.

"That must have been incredibly thrilling for you," Candice stated, "Thrusting your erect penis through a girl, feeling the warmth of her body and the tightness of her wet pussy is one of life's greatest pleasures for a man. But there's so much more to sex than just the physical act. Foreplay is crucial to fully enjoying the experience."

She paused for a moment, letting her words sink in. "Imagine if you were cooking a delicious meal, but you skipped the seasonings and toppings, leaving it bland and unappetizing. That's what missing out on foreplay is like. It adds depth, flavor, and excitement to an already enjoyable experience."

"That makes sense," said Ross.

Naomi rubbed her son's leg tenderly. "That mean as anxious as you are to get your dick in there and fuck away, you have to slow down and understand that there's a better way, honey," she added.

"Exactly," Candice, her voice smooth and low, "foreplay is one of the most important aspects of pleasuring a woman. It's not just about getting her aroused and ready to fuck, but it's also about connecting emotionally, physically, and mentally. It's a chance for you to show her how much you care and how much you want to make her feel good. Are you ready to learn, Ross?"

The teen nodded eagerly, eyes wide with anticipation.

"Great!" Candice smiled warmly at Ross' enthusiasm. "Let's start by discussing some basic techniques. Foreplay can include physical touch, like kissing or caressing. It can also involve verbal communication, like compliments or dirty talk."

"I see," Ross nodded, listening intently as his mom took his hand and squeezed it warmly..

"Remember, every woman is different, so it's important to pay attention to her signals and adjust your approach accordingly. Does that make sense?" the Instructor asked.

Ross nodded, his curiosity growing.

Candice continued, "One of the most effective techniques for foreplay is oral stimulation. This can include kissing, licking, sucking or lightly chewing on sensitive areas like her neck, breasts, and inner thighs. Be sure to use your lips, tongue, and fingers in a variety of ways to tease and explore. Don't be afraid to experiment and find what works best for you and your partner."

"Alright," Ross uttered, showing that he understood.

"Why don't we start by practicing the most basic of these techniques - kissing and gently exploring your mom's body with your hands."

Ross looked at his mother, a bit nervous but also excited. He could feel the butterflies in his stomach as he thought about what he was about to do. But he knew that he had to be brave and give it his best shot.

Naomi smiled gently at her son, her eyes soft and understanding. "Go ahead, honey. It's alright. You can do this."

With newfound confidence, Ross took a deep breath and slowly leaned in to kiss his mother's lips. He was taken aback by the warmth and softness of her mouth, the perfect symmetry of her lips, and the subtle flavor of her lip balm. They kissed again, and again, their lips parting slightly as their tongues danced together. Ross found himself getting lost in the moment, the sensation of his mother's lips and tongue sending shockwaves throughout his body.

"That's great, Ross," Candice praised, watching intently. "Now, let's try gently exploring her body with your hands. Remember to be gentle and pay attention to how your mom is responding."

Ross placed his hands on his mother's face, lightly stroking her cheeks and running his fingers through her hair. He felt the

softness of her skin and the curves of her face, all the while maintaining eye contact with her.

Naomi closed her eyes, letting herself enjoy the sensation of her son's touch. She felt his fingers trace down her neck, over her shoulders, and finally, onto her arms. She let out a soft sigh, her eyes flickering open to look at her son.

"Excellent," Candice praised. "Now try moving down to her breasts. Remember to keep your hands firm, explore her body with intention."

Naomi smiled and nodded in approval as Ross's hands slip over her smooth cleavage and onto the huge peaks of her tits. He squeezed, feeling their supple softness in his hands. Through the embroidered fabric of her gown, he could just make out the wide rings of her areola and the fat nubs of her nipples. He glided his hands over the top of them, wondering what it would be like to suck at their flesh.

Candice peeked down at Ross's lap to assess how hard he was. Her lips curled into a satisfied grin as her eyes were met with the tubular-shaped bulge of his erection pushing upwards through his form-fitting bottoms.

"Naomi, why don't you straddle him now," she suggested. "Ross, a woman will often do this during foreplay to give you better access to her body. Plus, it brings your genitals in closer contact in preparation for sexual intercourse."

With a graceful movement, Naomi stood and straddled him, her knees finding balance on the cushioned surface of the lounge. She could feel the heat and hardness of his cock-shaft pressing against her pubis through their thin layers of clothing. Ross struggled to control his breath as he gazed into the endless expanse of Naomi's

cleavage, which hung only inches from his face. He felt like an adventurer precariously peering into a deep, curvaceous abyss that threatened to consume him whole.

“Ross, pull her against you this way and kiss her lips,” Candice instructed.

Ross complied, his hands running up Naomi's back to cup her shoulders as he pulled her torso gently towards his own. Their lips met once more, a tender force that seemed to ignite a flame within them both. As they kissed, Naomi let her hands fall to his chest, her fingers tracing the contours of his muscular form.

Candice observed their interaction with a keen eye, taking note of their growing chemistry. "Now, Ross, you want to try kissing down her neck and onto her breasts. Take your time with this. Foreplay is never something that should be rushed."

Emboldened by her words, Ross slowly lowered his head, his lips brushing against the soft skin of Naomi's throat. His breath felt like a gentle caress against her skin, its warmth causing her to shudder in delight. He trailed his lips down to the sweet spot where her neck met her shoulders, then continued his exploration by kissing her collarbone and moving to the left side of her neck.

Naomi added her own bit of advice as she felt his lips leave a trail of fire on her skin, igniting every nerve ending in its wake. “Keep your kisses soft and sensual, honey. You’re doing great,” she whispered, her voice filled with appreciation.

She gripped his back with a desperate need, her fingers digging into the strong muscles beneath his skin. Her hips, full and curvy like that of a mother goddess, began to sway and pivot against his body, grinding her womanhood against the hard length of his cock.

Candice, with her expert knowledge of sexual behavior, observed their movements with a knowing smile. "Do you see what that's doing, Ross?" she asked. "It's like you've flipped a switch inside her body that has set her hips in motion. This 'dry grinding' technique will prime your sex organs, causing them to engorge and release pre-cum from your cock while also stimulating vaginal secretions within your mother. Those fluids will assist you in experiencing a deep, satisfying fuck."

Ross released a soft gasp, his senses consumed by the swiveling pressure and heat of his mom's vulva. It rocked against his throbbing erection with exquisite force, sending shivers of pleasure through his body. His eyes remained fixated on the sight before him - the monstrous size of Naomi's breasts looming in front of him, their flesh straining against the delicate embroidered fabric of her gown. He watched with rapt attention as they shifted heavily with each movement of Naomi's hips.

Candice's keen gaze studied the boy's flushed, pleasure-filled face as she acknowledged where his attention was focused. "Don't be timid, Ross," she urged, her voice low and sultry. "Pull her against you and let your lips explore her cleavage."

Ross hesitated for a moment before complying, wrapping his arms tightly around the woman who'd given birth to him. He drew her oversized breasts against his chest, feeling their soft weight push against him. His face pressed down into the tremendous canyon of her cleavage, his lips tracing along their inner contours, relishing in the softness and warmth of her skin.

Naomi chimed in with more advice for him as she felt his face nuzzle between her breasts. "That's right, honey. Take your time and let your lips and tongue explore," she sighed, her fingers

tangling in the hair on the back of his head, guiding his movements.

A small gasp escaped the pregnant mother's lips as she felt Ross's erection flex against her overheated crotch. She could feel his heightened excitement, the blood and sinew causing his boy-cock to pulsate with excitement which only added to her own arousal. After years of being with her husband and dealing with diminishing penile blood flow, she had almost forgotten how incredible it felt to be grinding against a dick that was solid as a rock. The sensation made her clitoris throb and sent shivers through her body as she moaned softly, losing herself in the bliss of the moment.

"Ross, remember not to become fixated on just her tits," Candice advised. "Alternate your attention between them and her lips for a more passionate kisses."

As Ross's face emerged from the depths of Naomi's cleavage, her lips eagerly descended to meet his in a fiery kiss. The mother's tongue, long and thick, delved into his mouth with an assertive intensity, whipping around like the tail of a snake. For Ross, who had kissed plenty of girls his age, this was unlike anything he had experienced before. The way Naomi's lips and tongue moved showed years of expertise and skill, leaving him in awe.

As their embrace grew more heated, Naomi's heart rate increased and her hips began to move in a fervent rhythm, grinding against him in a frenzied dry-hump. Each movement sent waves of pleasure through Ross's body as they continued to explore each other's mouths with unbridled passion.

The mother's voluptuous curves were pressed against him, her huge, fat breasts smothering his neck as they continued to explore each other. But it was the immense size and weight of Naomi's

heavily pregnant belly that truly stirred something inside Ross, which the instructor picked up on. "Go ahead, run your hands along her pregnant belly, Ross," Candice encouraged, her voice low and sultry. "Her body is yours to indulge in, so take full advantage of it."

There was something raw and primal about the way his hands caressed Naomi's baby-swollen belly. He could feel every movement of the unborn fetus beneath her skin, almost as if it were responding to his touch. The swell of her stomach added a new dimension to her body, making her appear and feel even more alluring and curvaceous. With gentle yet eager fingers, he explored under the soft fabric of her gown, gliding over the supple roundness of her pregnancy and up along the underside of her breasts. Ross could sense the true weight of her tits in his hands, feeling their smooth yet pliant texture against his fingertips.

Ross and Naomi were like two teenagers on Prom night, lost in the heat of their passion. Their mouths melded together in a frenzied kiss, their tongues darting and swirling, as if attempting to become one in a tangle of wet, pink flesh.

"Do you see how aroused this is getting her, Ross?" Candice asked. "Do you see how her body is responding to your touch? This is the power that foreplay has over a woman."

Ross had never seen his mom so aroused before. He watched as the flush of passion rose from her neck, over her chest, and down to her pulsing, damp pubic area. Her breathing became shallow and ragged, each exhale a soft mewling sound as she ground her hips harder against her boy.

"Trust me, this type of attention will get a woman extremely hot and wet," Candice whispered. "And once you feel that wrapped

around your hard cock, you'll be glad you got her worked up like this.”

Candice saw the hunger in Ross's eyes, the way his breath hitched with each movement of Naomi's hips. “Hook your arm around her hips and move beneath her now,” Candice directed. “Meet her dry-thrusts in counterpoint.”

Ross complied without hesitation. With one hand firmly planted on Naomi's broad lower back, he used the other to cup her right hip, guiding her forward and back in a steady rhythm. The motion, now more mutual and deliberate, brought forth a new wave of heat between Naomi's legs, as her wetness seeped through her lace panties and onto his groin.

"Look at you, my dear," Candice praised Naomi, her voice low and sultry. “He's got you all heated up now, doesn't he?”

“Yes,” she hissed and with a blushing, lustful grin, “feels so good.” Naomi leaned forward, placing her hands on Ross's shoulders for support as she began to sway her hips in time with his thrusts. Their bodies became one, their movements in sync as their arousal reached new heights.

As if struck by a sudden surge of raw carnal desire, Naomi's hips began to frantically grind against Ross', their bodies moving in a frenzied rhythm. The sofa beneath them groaned and protested as it was pushed and pulled by their frantic movements. Ross grunted, unable to resist the urge to bury his face between his mom's breasts as they jiggled and bounced with each thrust.

Candice let out a light-hearted giggle, seemingly amused but unsurprised by their passionate display. “Looks like we're losing control now,” she joked, almost as if she had been expecting this moment. “Slow down, you two.”

Naomi and Ross were momentarily snapped out of their lust-induced haze, their senses slowly returning to them as they tried to regain some semblance of composure amidst the chaos.

“Excellent, Ross, that's was a wonderful display of foreplay,” Candice praised. “You’re at the level of desire that you would peel a girl's panties off and begin fucking her. However, that part is covered in some of our other workshops, so I'd like you and Naomi to slowly come down from you heightened state of arousal now. Just imagine that you're bringing down the intensity of your passion, taking shorter and more controlled breaths, your heart rate slowing down until it's calming and steady. Even though neither of you reached a climax this is still what we call 'The Afterglow' phase.”

Naomi nodded, her chest heaving with exertion as she slowed her movements. In agreement, Ross also began to slow his thrusts, his breaths deepening as he tried to bring his own arousal under control.

Candice watched them with a mixture of pride and satisfaction, her eyes glimmering with a deep understanding of the moment. "This is the hardest part of the course," she explained, her voice laced with a hint of reverence. "Backing down the treacherous mountain of desire, when all you want to do is keep climbing towards that glittering peak and ravish each other." The air was thick with tension and longing as their bodies strained against each other, caught between the struggle of restraint and the pull of passion.

“Naomi, why don't you dismount from him now and let's take a look at the results of your foreplay,” Candice suggested with a sly smile. Naomi carefully slid off of Ross, her engorged tits and round stomach swaying as she settled next to him. All eyes were drawn to the bulge of Ross's erection, still straining against the thin fabric of

his bottoms. The material was stained and darkened by two large wet spots; one from his pre-cum and the other from Naomi's own arousal that had seeped through her panties. Her Skene's glands had secreted their juices, saturating her panty-crotch and leaving a damp spot on Ross's cock.

“Look at the mess we made, honey,” Naomi stated, her eyes full of mischief.

Candice's laughter was bright and bubbly, filling the room with a sense of mirth. "Well, those stains should certainly leave no doubt in a person's mind that foreplay actually works," she giggled, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

Naomi nodded enthusiastically, taking in deep breaths of the heady scent of their combined sex fluids mingling together. She couldn't help but feel satisfied and content with how their first course had turned out.

“Ross, I have a special assignment for you and your mom,” Candice’s voice was low and full of excitement. “A form of foreplay that we didn’t get to explore today, but one that I think you should practice after you leave here.”

“What is it?” Ross leaned in, eager to hear what the task would be.

“One fantastic way to build anticipation and heighten arousal during foreplay is through Sexting.” Candice’s eyes sparkled with mischief as she spoke.

“Sexting...like the kind I do with girls at school sometimes?” Ross raised an eyebrow.

Candice nodded, her lips quirking into a smirk. “Yes, exactly like that. You can send each other pictures, videos, or detailed descriptions of your desires. It’s a tantalizing way to keep the

sexual tension alive even when you're apart. I want you to practice this with your mom until you come back tomorrow for your next course."

"I think we can manage that," said Naomi, winking eagerly at her son.

While Naomi and Ross were in their instruction session, Taylor and Carl arrived at the room marked "Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot." In this class there were several other mom-son couples in attendance, all of the boys eager to learn and explore new ways pleasuring a woman. With the soft hum of conversation and the scent of arousal in the air, the atmosphere was charged and buzzing with anticipation.

The Instructor, a seasoned and experienced sex therapist named Sarah, began the class by distributing a set of diagrams detailing the female anatomy, specifically focusing on the G-spot and its surrounding structures.

"Welcome, everyone," Sarah announced with a radiant smile, her voice confident and melodic. "Today, we will be focusing on techniques for female G-spot stimulation." She gestured towards the large diagram of the female anatomy projected onto the screen behind her. "The G-spot, also known as the Grafenberg spot, is a highly sensitive area located about two to three inches inside the vagina, on the anterior wall."

Sarah's hands moved gracefully as she demonstrated, her words clear and concise. "Stimulation of this area can lead to powerful orgasms for women and it can be done using a variety of methods – from the insertion of fingers, toys, or even the shaft of a penis if the angle is right."

Her gaze swept over the group of eager students before continuing. “However, for today’s class we will focus on using the most common method. G-spot stimulation during sex is one of the main focuses in our Missionary Position Course, so we will be practicing finding and stimulating the G-spot with your fingers here today.” She paused, waiting for their attention.

“Now,” Sarah said, a hint of playful energy in her voice. “I want each of you to hold out your hand with your palm facing up.” As she spoke, 14 boys complied with her instruction.

“Good,” she nodded with approval. “Now, imagine that you’re making the peace sign with your hand but bring the two extended fingers together so they’re side by side. This is the most effective hand position for G-spot stimulation.” Her eyes sparkled mischievously as she surveyed her students’ reactions to her words.

“Like this, mom?” Carl asked, looking over to get her approval.

“That's perfect, honey,” she answered, smiling proudly.

“Once these two fingers are inserted inside a woman’s pussy, you can use a variety of techniques to stimulate her sweet spot,” Sarah continued. “One of the most effective methods is a come-hither motion, where you gently curl your fingers in and out of her vagina,” she explained, demonstrating the motion with her hand. “This helps to stimulate the sensitive nerve endings found in the G-spot area, leading to intense orgasm and possibly even ejaculation for the woman. Take a moment to practice this, and moms, feel free to offer any input.”

Taylor smiled proudly, the walls of her vagina quivering in anticipation as she watched Carl practice the ‘come-hither’ motion with his fingers. “Great job, kiddo” she said, giving him gentle encouragement. “A woman’s erectile tissue requires stimulation in the same way your penis would, except that it’s internal and often needs to be stimulated indirectly from various angles.”

“And moving my fingers this way does that?”

“Yes, you’re actually activating and stimulating the clitoral network and massaging clitoral erections from another angle,” the mother explained, impressing the boy with her knowledge. “That’s one reason why G-spots and clitoral stimulation go so well when performed together— you’re stimulating the same spot from multiple angles simultaneously!”

“That’s so cool to even think about,” Carl grinned.

Satisfied that the boys were getting the hang of it, Sarah began speaking again. “Another affective method is using a circular motion, as if you’re tracing the shape of a coin on the roof of the vagina,” she continued, her eyes dancing with excitement at the prospect of delivering this newfound knowledge to her eager students. “This motion targets the G-spot, while also stimulating the surrounding structures, increasing the chances of a powerful orgasm for the woman.”

As the class continued, Sarah delved deeper into the nuances of G-spot stimulation, sharing tips on how to find the perfect angle, the right amount of pressure to apply, and how to communicate effectively with a partner. The room was filled with rapt attention as the students hung on her every word, their hands eagerly practicing the techniques demonstrated.

“Now, it’s time to gets some hands-on practice,” said Sarah. “The moms can remove their panties and sprawl out onto your backs on the platform. Boys, you’ll be kneeling on one side of them depending on if you’re right or left handed.”

Carl’s eyes widened in fascination as Taylor stood up confidently, her movements fluid and unashamed. With a graceful ease, she removed her lacy panties, sliding them down her long, smooth legs and stepping out of them, just as the other mothers were doing.

She waddled over to the lounge chair, her large pregnant belly leading the way like a proud ship’s mast, before settling onto her back with a contented sigh. When she was standing, her huge pregnant stomach had hidden her pussy from view, but now that she was lying down Carl could see every detail of it. Her labia were swollen and glistening with arousal, the pink flesh of her inner lips peeking out between the outer folds. He felt a rush of blood to his groin as he stared at his mother’s sex, the thought of touching her there both exhilarating and terrifying.

“Now boys,” said Sarah, seeing that they were all situated properly. “The first thing we’re going to do is locate your mother’s G-spot. Insert two fingers into her vagina, palms up, using the hand position we practiced early.”

With trembling hands, Carl carefully inserted his fingers into Taylor’s wet pussy, making sure to keep his palm facing upwards. He could feel her muscles clenching around his fingers, and it sent a thrill of excitement through him.

“You’re searching for a small, spongy area about two to three inches in, on the anterior wall,” Sarah instructed. “It may feel slightly different from the surrounding tissue, a little firmer or

rougher to the touch. Apply gentle pressure and a slight come-hither motion to stimulate this area, like we practiced earlier.”

Carl tentatively began to explore inside his mother, his fingers sliding in and out as he searched for the spot. It was strange, yet exhilarating to be so intimate with her, to bond with his mother in this way. He watched as Sasha’s eyes rolled back slightly as she felt the stimulation, her hips starting to move in response to his touch as he’d found her sweet spot. “Right there,” she softness whispered.

“Good, it looks like most of you have found your mom’s G-spot,” Sarah praised. “Now, let try a variety of techniques to stimulate it, starting with the come-hither motion.”

Carl eagerly began to move his fingers in that way, feeling the warm, spongy walls of his mother’s pussy tightening around his fingers as he touched the sensitive spot. Taylor moaned softly, her hips bucking gently in response to his touch.

As the boys continued to explore the G-spot, Sarah instructed them on other techniques, such as the circular motion and gently massaging the area. The room was filled with the sound of soft moans and whispered instructions, as the boys and their moms became more comfortable exploring their newfound knowledge.

Taylor reached up and stroked her son's cheek, feeling his two fingers dig at her wet, rubbery inner-wall. “You're doing an amazing, job, sweetie,” she expressed, her breath heavy with arousal.

“Thanks,” Carl proudly replied.

Taylor’s eyes fluttered closed, her breathing becoming heavier as Carl continued to stimulate her G-spot. She knew that this was not

just a lesson, but a bonding experience between them. It was an intimate moment that would stay with them forever.

As they continued to practice, Taylor felt herself growing closer and closer to the edge. The pleasure building inside the core of her pussy like a wave about to crash.

Intense arousal coursed through Carl as he gazed upon Taylor's pregnant form, his hands gently stimulating her body. She was a feast for the senses, like a lavish banquet laid out before him. The slit of her embroidered bodice had parted to reveal the beautifully swollen curve of her prenatal belly. Her large breasts spilled over the sides of her chest, their weight causing the silky fabric to cling tightly to their rounded shape.

"Let's change techniques now to the circular motion to trace the shape of a coin on the roof of her vagina, stimulating both the G-spot and the surrounding nerve endings," Sarah instructed.

Carl's fingers continued to glide inside his mother's sex, tracing the subtle contours that Sarah had described. Her pussy-tunnel felt so warm, spongy and inviting and he couldn't imagine what his huge, teenage cock would feel like crammed in there. The delicate skin of Taylor's inner labia felt like velvet against his fingers, and the pungent scent of her arousal was intoxicating.

As her son continued to circle his finger-tips around, Taylor let out a low moan, her hips bucking in response to the stimulation. Carl exhaled shakily, feeling a thrill of excitement and pride at his ability to elicit such a response from his mother.

"Do you see what it's doing, boys?" Sarah asked. "Do you see how they're reacting? You should begin to feel their vaginal muscles clenching around your fingers as they near orgasm."

As Taylor's body writhed and humped against his fingers, Carl was filled with an overwhelming sense of thrill. The way her giant jugs and swollen belly heaved back and forth was mesmerizing, their movements synchronized in a perfect dance of pleasure. Taylor's elegant face began to contort with pure bliss, her long dark tresses falling back onto the platform above her. Around the room, various women began to cry out in orgasmic ecstasy as they too experienced the intense stimulation of their G-spots. The air was thick with the heady scent of sex, and every inch of the room seemed to pulse with raw desire.

"Oh my God, Carl, I'm cumming!" Taylor's shaky voice announced.

Carl nodded eagerly, his eyes widening with excitement as he continued to circle his fingers inside her, feeling her muscles clench and tighten around them. He could hear the soft squelching sounds of her wet pussy, responding to his touch.

Taylor's body began to tremble, every muscle tensed as the orgasm took over, her nails digging into the platform beneath her. With a loud, guttural moan, she arched her back, her vagina contracting tightly around his fingers as she felt the onslaught of pleasure wash over her.

Carl watched with a mix of awe and desire, his heart pounding in his chest. He had never seen anything so beautiful or vulnerable as his mother in this moment. He continued to circle his fingers inside her, matching the rhythm of her body.

Finally, as Taylor's orgasm began to subside, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her sopping pussy, the faint sounds of wetness echoing in the air.

Taylor's breath came in short gasps as she panted, her heaving chest rising and falling rapidly with exertion. She looked down at

her son with a mix of pride and awe, her large, baby-engorged belly creating a soft curve between them.

Sarah's voice broke through the heavy air, directing their next move. "Now we're going to provide stimulation to the G-spot in a slightly different way," she explained, her words punctuated by moans and sighs from the other women in the room. "Ladies, take a seat on the edge of the cushions and allow your son to come up between your legs."

Taylor shifted on the cushion and sat up, feeling excitement build in her stomach as Carl positioned himself between her thighs. She listened to Sarah continue to provide instruction. "Boys, this time, instead of just curling your fingers, really plunge them in and out of the pussy while curling them at the same time to hit that perfect spot."

With renewed determination, Taylor wrapped her arms tightly around Carl's neck, holding him against her, eagerly anticipating the heightened pleasure this new technique would bring. The air was thick with desire as they followed Sarah's instructions, each movement bringing them closer to ecstasy.

Carl pressed his body firmly against the cushiony swell of Taylor's oversized breasts and pregnant belly, feeling as though he was melting into her soft flesh. His fingers plunged in and out of her slick folds with unrelenting determination, intent on giving her an even more intense orgasm than before. As his skilled touch sent tremors through her body, Taylor gasped and shivered, teetering on the brink of another mind-blowing climax.

Around them, other women in the room began to cry out in ecstasy, their own bodies quivering, embracing the boys tightly as they were pleased with newly acquired skills. The air was filled with a

symphony of moans and gasps, mingled with the heady scent of sex and arousal. It was a scene of pure carnal pleasure, each mother caught up in their own wave of bliss as they rode towards release together.

Taylor felt her pelvis undulating rhythmically under her son's hand, her muscles gripping his fingers tightly as he plunged them in and out of her pussy in a steady, hypnotic rhythm. She was swept up in a wave of intense pleasure, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the orgasm built inside her. With a strangled cry, Taylor's body began to convulse, her thighs clenching around Carl's invading fingers as her climax washed over her like a tidal wave.

Carl watched in awe as his mother's body shook with the intensity of her orgasm, her large, stiff-nippled breasts heaving against him with each shuddering gasp. Her wet pussy tightened around his fingers, as if milking him as she experienced one mind-blowing contraction after another.

The sight of her in this state of pure ecstasy was intoxicating, and he felt a thrill of pride course through him. His hand continued to piston against her, his two fingers curling up to provide that perfect G-spot stimulation. He could feel her muscles gripping his fingers tightly, her juices coating his hand, and the sounds of her pleasure filling the air around them.

As Taylor's orgasm finally subsided, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her pulsating pussy, leaving a trail of wetness its wake. He looked down at her, breathless and flushed, her large breasts heaving with each ragged breath. Her eyes were shut, and she looked exhausted but satisfied.

Taylor's body shook with aftershocks of pleasure, her heart racing as she tried to catch her breath. She looked into Carl's eyes, her own moist with tears of happiness and awe.

"Wow, honey...you had me seeing stars," she breathed with a look of admiration.

"G-spot stimulation can be even more thrilling when there's an added element of risk involved," Sarah stated, her eyes glittering with mischief. "Boys, your assignment leaving this class today is to find a daring location to give your mom a G-spot orgasm. This time, try standing behind her while you do it, since we didn't have a chance to practice that position today."

The boys' hearts raced as they imagined the thrill of fulfilling this assignment at home. Carl could feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins already.

"How did our two handsome couples fare during their first course?" Isabella asked, her voice filled with curiosity and excitement as she met up with them in the hallway. Taylor and Naomi shared a knowing smile, their bodies still buzzing from the intense pleasure they had just experienced.

"I have to say, with a little more practice, Carl might just become the G-spot master," Taylor proudly exclaimed.

"Ross was amazing too," Naomi chimed in, giving her son a playful wink. "His foreplay skills were definitely on point."

"That's wonderful to hear. It seems like I don't need to ask you boys if YOU enjoyed yourselves," Isabella stated, glancing over at the obvious erections still visible on the boys' groins. "That much is pretty apparent."

Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but giggle at the sight of the boys' hard dicks, each feeling proud of the part they played in creating it. The pulsating hardness of Ross and Carl's cocks was a testament to the intense excitement they had all just shared.

"Don't worry, boys, we don't intend on leaving you high and dry," Isabella informed them. "We have a rule here at BSTC that no one leaves here each day without experiencing some type of sexual release first. Head back to the preparation room and follow the signs that say 'shower floor.'"

"Shower floor?" Carl asked with a curious expression.

"Enjoy yourselves boys," Naomi stated as her and Taylor turned to walk away. Ross and Carl could tell by the mischievous grins on their faces that they knew what was coming next.

The boys exchanged a glance, a mix of anticipation and confusion playing across their faces. They followed the signs through a maze of hallways and corridors, eventually arriving at an area marked 'the shower floor.' It was a tightly confined space, with walls padded in thick foam. "Are we supposed to crawl in there?" Ross asked incredulously, eyeing the small opening that led into the space.

"I guess so," Carl replied hesitantly, taking a step closer to examine the entrance. "But why is this spot called the shower floor? It doesn't look like there's any water or showers here." He furrowed his brow in confusion as he peered inside. The dim lighting and claustrophobic atmosphere gave off an eerie vibe, making them both hesitant to enter.

The cramped space forced them to crawl in on their backs, their movements restricted as they wriggled into the tiny enclosure. To their surprise, the platform they were lying under was completely

translucent, like a thick sheet of glass. Above, water sprayed down from the private shower area, cascading onto the clear surface and streaming off to drain on one side.

Ross let out a low whistle. “So that’s why they call it the shower floor, we're right underneath it,” he remarked, his eyes fixed on the private space above them. The water created a mesmerizing pattern on the transparent material, turning it into a work of art.

“Holy shit!” Carl exclaimed, his eyes widening as Naomi and Taylor stepped into the shower space above them. They were completely naked, their pregnant bellies protruding proudly and causing them to walk with a cute waddle. The sight of their milk-swollen breasts wobbling heavily made Ross gasp in awe.

The two women stopped under the spray directly above Ross and Carl, their feet just a foot away from where the boys were lying. Ross could feel the heat emanating from the warm water and hear the sound of it pattering against the glass surface.

“Damn,” Carl gasped. “A view couldn't possibly get any better than this.”

“Do you think they can see us?” Ross asked, struggling to control the throbbing sensation in his cock.

Before he could even finish his question, Naomi peeked down over her round belly and tits, giving him a flirty smile and wave that sent his heart racing. Taylor did the same for Carl, both women clearly amused and excited by the boys’ reactions.

“I guess they can see us,” Carl added with a chuckle, his gaze locked on Taylor’s mesmerizing eyes. She made a suggestive motion with her hand, as if urging him to stroke himself while the steamy water cascaded over her voluptuous body.

“I think they want us to jerk off,” Carl said, his voice low and heavy with desire.

“Well, Isabella did say we were coming in here for some sexual release,” Ross chimed in, his eyes roaming greedily over the two women above them.

In the shower above, Naomi and Taylor began to lather up their bodies with soap, their eyes widening in anticipation as they watched the boys quickly strip off their bottoms. “It’s about time they caught on,” Naomi giggled mischievously, her gaze shifting between Ross and Carl as they both circled their hands around their jutting erections. For a moment, she couldn’t tear her eyes away from Ross’ powerful grip, before meeting his gaze and sharing a knowing smile. The thrill of being watched only added to the intensity of their encounter.

Taylor bit her bottom lip, her beautiful green eyes fixated on Carl’s steely cock as it slipped through his hand. “Their dicks are really long,” she observed.

“I was just thinking the same thing,” Naomi added. “And look at all the veins. Their shafts look really thick and strong. I suspected Ross was above average in size, but I never expected that he’d have one that would reach his belly button. His dad’s erections don’t come half that far.”

“Look at how fat their knobs are too,” Taylor added. “Like huge pink mushrooms blooming from their stems.”

Below the floor, the boys watched eagerly as Naomi and Taylor continued to soap themselves up, their wet skin glistening under the warm cascade of water. Their heavy melons wobbled with each movement, their nipples hard and erect, jutting from the centers of

wide areola. Taylor ran her hands down her huge pregnant belly, which seemed almost

The boys frantically stroked their dicks to the sight of Naomi and Taylor's hands roaming over their bodies, massaging and caressing their curves. They watched them play with their fat nipples, rolling them between their fingers and pinching them gently. Taylor and Naomi's legs were like pillars, thick and muscled, leading up to the curve of her hips and the small tuft of hair above her smooth, hairless slits. Their pink, swollen openings glistened with juices and seemed to be calling out to Carl and Ross.

"Look at those pussies," Carl muttered, eliciting a smirk from his friend.

"I sure hope we get to fuck them," Ross replied, his gaze never leaving the tantalizing sight before him. "Can you imagine pounding your dick up into that?"

"Do you think we should get the boys even more riled up?" Naomi asked Taylor mischievously, before lowering herself into a squatting position, spreading her lovely legs wide open. Taylor followed suit, balancing on her toes and arching her heels, creating the provocative image of two pregnant goddesses hovering and spread eagled above their sons.

"You're so naughty, Naomi. I love it," Taylor giggled as they watched Ross and Carl's react by jerking their cocks even harder. "We better be careful though. We might make them cum so fucking hard they crack this floor."

Ross was mesmerized as he watched his mom burst into laughter, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. He couldn't help but wonder what they were talking about, as she posed for him in a seductive manner. Her thighs were spread wide, emphasizing her

voluptuous curves, while her large, swollen breasts rested atop the round mound of her pregnant belly.

Naomi's gaze locked with Ross', and the intensity between them was palpable. The water from the shower cascaded down her body, making her blonde hair appear even more luscious as it clung to her skin. The steam rose around her, adding a sensual atmosphere to the scene. As their eyes lingered on each other, Naomi playfully wetted her lips with her tongue, sending chills down Ross' spine. She looked like a goddess, radiating beauty and sensuality all at once.

Carl stared up at Taylor's vulva, while beating his cock feverishly. Her pussy lips were swollen and glistening, the fat bulb of her clit peeking from beneath its fleshy hood. Her arousal made Carl's own cock twitch in longing. The sight of her ginormous pregnant belly, bulging with life, only made the sight even more enticing. He wanted to taste her, to feel her warmth and wetness enveloping him. But for now, he had to hold back, reveling in the power he felt from just being able to watch her this way.

"Fuck, I'm so horny," Carl muttered, his voice trembling with desire as he acknowledged his mom's alluring green eyes intently watching him stroke. "I need to cum. Bad."

"Me too!" Ross added.

Naomi's lips curled up in a mischievous grin as she watched Ross's throbbing cock and pleasure-stricken face. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two, an eager anticipation building within her. "They're hips are starting to really move," she whispered, her voice tinged with excitement. "I think they're close to cumming."

Taylor nodded, a thrill washing over her features. "I can see it in their eyes," she agreed, her own arousal palpable. "We should spread our pussies open, that'll really send them over the edge."

Naomi couldn't help but laugh at Taylor's bold suggestion. "Taylor!" she exclaimed.

"What? You're not the only one with naughty ideas."

Down below, Carl and Ross were panting like wild animals, their hands moving furiously up and down their engorged cocks. The lewd sounds of pre-cum-slickened skin filled the air as they stroked themselves closer to release. And above them, the intensity level only increased as Naomi and Taylor each spread open their own pussy lips with two fingers, revealing their delicate pink folds and the swollen buds of their throbbing clits.

"FUCK, THAT SO HOT!" Carl hissed, bucking to the sight of his mom's splayed cunt. He could feel the cum surging up from his balls, ready to be released.

Ross moaned in agreement, his gaze fixated on Naomi's wet, swollen pussy. He could feel the familiar sensation of his balls tightening and drawing towards his body, as if signaling the inevitable release.

His eyes darted up to share his mother's gaze as she watched him intently, sensing his impending release. When her tongue rolled teasingly across her lips, Ross let out a primal groan and thrust his hips upwards, his hot, sticky cum shooting up and splattering against the shower floor in volcanic bursts.

Next to him, Carl also let out a primal roar, unable to contain himself any longer as his hot, creamy cum shot out in thick ropes.

Naomi's gasp of excitement echoed through the shower stall, her eyes widening in awe as she and Taylor watched Ross and Carl's explosive climax. The thick, white semen erupted violently from their cocks, splattering against the glass partition between them in a lewd display.

"Wow, just look at that," Naomi exclaimed, unable to tear her gaze away from the scene unfolding before them. "Look at how hard they're cumming."

Taylor joined in with a gasp of her own, her fascination evident as she watched Carl's lean, chiseled body writhe and contort in pleasure. His hips jerked up and down, driving his massive cunt-hammer into his own hand as creamy fluid continued to ooze from the slit of his meatus.

As the boys released their pent-up desire, Taylor and Naomi stood back up with satisfied smirks on their lips. They blew a playful kiss towards the boys before stepping out of the shower, their rounded, shimmering asses swaying and jiggling with each step.

After rinsing off and dressing themselves, Ross and Carl met the women at the entrance, still basking in their post-orgasmic glow. Isabella greeted them with a warm smile, her eyes sparkling with knowing amusement. "You boys look like you had yourselves a good, hard ejaculation," she commented.

The teens shared a knowing smile with each other, then their moms. "We sure did," Carl answered.

"And we can attest to that," Isabella added, her amusement evident. "It's not every day we moms get to witness such a spectacular orgasmic display," she teased, her voice still filled with warmth and love.

“Excellent,” Isabella declared, her words floating through the air like a soothing melody. “We’ll see you all back here tomorrow for your next course.”

As the evening fell, Ross felt a surge of excitement as he prepared to follow through on his homework assignment and engage in some ‘sexting’ with his mother.

“I’m really horny,” he typed out in a text message, feeling a rush of heat as he hit “send”. His father had taken Naomi out shopping, so he knew it could take her awhile to answer, but to his surprise she responded almost immediately, texting him back.

“Proof or I don’t believe you 😊,” she playfully challenged.

Ross eagerly fished his cock from his pants, feeling it grow firm and erect in his hand. He couldn’t resist snapping a picture of it, framed beneath the fabric of his boxers, and sending it off to her. “Here’s your proof,” he wrote.

“Wowzers! 😍” his mom responded, before adding another message: “What’s gotten you all worked up, honey? Were you thinking about our shower scene today?”

A grin spread across Ross’s face as he read her words. “Yeah, kind of hard to get a memory like that out of your head,” he confessed.

“Will this help?” Naomi’s response came with a text and an attached selfie, taken from a high angle on a bench at the bustling mall. In the photo, her large breasts were spilling out of her tight maxi-dress, resting against her huge, perfectly-round baby bump. The fabric of her dress had bunched up, revealing her long, toned legs suggestively spread apart as she sat with her feet delicately

arched in strappy heels. Her alluring gaze pierced through the camera, sending a jolt of excitement through Ross's body.

The boy couldn't resist the urge to squeeze his hardened member while gazing at the picture of his mother. The thrill of flirting with her in this way sent shivers down his spine, making it one of the most exhilarating experiences he had ever encountered. But he couldn't shake off the fact that she was currently with his father and it could be dangerous. "Where's dad?" he texted, trying to tread cautiously.

"He's browsing through the sporting goods store, but don't worry about him. Just focus on your assignment," Naomi replied.

"So, now that you know I'm horny...are you horny also?" Ross brazenly texted.

"Moms are always horny, 😊" she replied.

Ross decided to give her a taste of her own medicine. "Proof or I don't believe you 😊," he texted.

After a few minutes Naomi's response finally came through, accompanied by a picture message that made Ross gasp in excitement. He could see that she had slipped into a changing room at one of the stores and pulled her dress down to her waist. Her bra was barely containing her enormous breasts, which were squeezed between her arms, causing them to bulge out obscenely. The material of the bra was crafted from embroidered tulle and stretch mesh in a rich black hue, making her cleavage seem endless. Even through the fabric, Ross could make out the fullness of Naomi's areolar rings and the hard points of her nipples protruding like fingertips. In the picture, his mom made a playful expression, her eyes rolling and her tongue curled mischievously to the side of her

mouth. Printed beneath the image were the words “Hard nipples never lie 😏,” sending a shiver of desire down Ross’s spine.

His response was bold and playful, the words dancing off of his fingertips with a sense of mischief. “Hard cocks don’t lie either,” he teased.

Naomi replied, her words laced with suggestive undertones. “Are you stroking yourself yet? 😏”

Ross felt his heart thumping with the thrill of their exchange as he typed out his answer. “Tempted to,” he admitted, already imagining the sensation of his hand wrapped around his hardening length.

“Let me tempt you even more then,” Naomi replied, her eagerness evident in her words as she sent him a picture. Ross anxiously tapped on the photo and felt his breath catch in his throat as he took in the sight. There stood his mom, bent over in front of a dressing room mirror, her backside on full display. Her panties matched her bra and were completely sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination as they showcased every detail of her thick, meaty buttocks as if it was completely naked.

Unable to resist any longer, Ross gave into temptation and began to stroke himself while staring at Naomi’s delicious-looking bubble bottom. It’s full half-moon shape and deep, slitted crack framed by her wide, motherly hips made it almost impossible for him to tear his eyes away. Naomi gazed back at him through the mirror with a proud, playful smile as she snapped the picture, knowing the effect it would have on him.

A playful and suggestive tone filled Naomi’s follow-up text. “I bet you’re stroking now 😏,” she taunted, causing Ross to admit his actions of vigorously pulling on his cock. Anticipation for their next

encounter already building, Naomi asked if he had a course in mind for tomorrow. Ross responded that he hadn't made a decision yet. But as he was considering his options, another message from Naomi arrived with a suggestion: "Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm. How about that one?" Her words sparked a fire within him, knowing that this could be the next step for them both. And while the idea was exciting for himself, Naomi reminded Ross that it would primarily be for his benefit.

The thought of experiencing pleasure together in such an intimate way sent shivers down Ross's spine. He eagerly agreed to her suggestion, anxious to explore this new level of intimacy with her. With his mind consumed by thoughts of mutual release, Ross couldn't wait for tomorrow to arrive.

"Your father is probably searching for me, so I should go..." she typed quickly, her fingers tapping hurriedly on her phone's keyboard. She paused for a moment before sending another message, feeling a tantalizing thrill of excitement at the thought of her son home masturbating to her pictures. "Remember... long, tight strokes from your balls to your tip. Don't stop until you cum. 😏"

Ross's heart raced as he read Naomi's suggestive text. His body reacted immediately, his erection growing harder and more insistent in his hand. He could feel his balls tightening and pulling up close to his body, preparing for release as semen surged through his urethral duct.

With a primal groan, he let go of himself and watched as thick ropes of creamy white cum shot across his bedroom. Each jet was followed by another, pulsing out of him with increasing force and intensity as he stared at the picture Naomi had sent and replayed

her words in his mind, savoring the pleasure they evoked within him.

As soon as the door clicked shut, signaling his sister's departure with her friend, Carl knew it was the perfect time to fulfill his assignment. He tiptoed down the hallway, straining to hear any sign of his father's return from work. The house was eerily quiet, save for the distant sound of running water. Creeping into the kitchen, Carl found his mom standing at the sink as she chattered away on the phone to his father. The soft glow of the overhead light illuminated her features, casting a warm and comforting ambiance in the room.

"Well, yes, honey," Taylor said into the phone as she caught sight of Carl in the doorway. The warm tones of her voice echoed through the room like a sweet melody. "And we'll definitely do that once the babies arrive." She gently rubbed her swollen belly, only one week away from her due date and it certainly showed.

While still holding the phone to her ear, Taylor met Carl's gaze, their minds clearly communicating without words as she dried her hands on a soft towel. His heart pounded with anticipation as he watched her slowly spread her bare feet apart, arching her back, thrusting her ass back and giving him a sly wink, as if inviting him to join her.

A rush of adrenaline flooded through Carl's veins as he approached his mom, eager to stimulate her G-spot from behind as his instructor had assigned. The sound of her voice on the phone with his dad added an extra level of danger, intensifying the thrill that the instructor had promised. "Yes, my love, I couldn't agree more,"

Taylor replied to her husband with a calm tone, despite the fact that she was currently being mounted by another man.

Pressing his stiffened member against the curve of her ass, Carl reached around and up her skirt with a sense of urgency. His breaths came in shallow bursts as his hand trailed down the smooth, full slope of her belly and into the lacy fabric of her panties. His fingers brushed through his mom's trimmed triangle of pubic hair and onto her slick folds, eliciting a gasp from her lips.

“Yes,” Taylor replied to her husband’s inquiry, but her words were cut off by another sharp intake of air as Carl’s skilled fingers delved deep into her wetness. “I-I’m fine,” she managed to say between moans, trying to maintain composure. “The water in the sink was just...a little cold. It took me by surprise.”

Taylor leaned back against Carl’s chest, her body trembling with anticipation as she felt his fingers slowly slide into her hot, tight pussy. With practiced ease, he found her G-spot and began thrusting in and out, each movement causing her to clench around him in pleasure.

“What am I doing now?” Taylor repeated the question her husband had just asked her, gasping as she reached for their son’s free arm and wrapped it around her swollen belly. “I’m helping Carl with a homework assignment,” she explained, trying to focus on her words despite the intense pleasure coursing through her body. “I took him into the city for an educational workshop today and he...” She paused as a wave of ecstasy washed over her, her head arching back in pleasure. “He has an assignment to complete at home and he’s...doing an incredible job so far.”

Each stroke and plunge of Carl’s fingers created a lewd, squelching sound that filled the small kitchen and sent shivers down Taylor’s

spine. Her breathing quickened as she felt the pressure and rhythm of Carl's cock against her buttocks, pressing and sliding against her throbbing asshole.

"I'm sorry, honey," Taylor managed to gasp into the phone, trying to maintain some semblance of composure as she realized her husband had to ask her the same question twice. "I wasn't ignoring you, I just got a little...distracted."

Carl's hand continued its skilled movements, expertly rubbing against Taylor's swollen clit and exploring her sweet spot with precision. Despite her foggy mind, Taylor couldn't help but be impressed by his abilities. He was stimulating her in ways she had only dreamed of. The pleasure was intense and all-consuming, making it difficult for Taylor to focus on anything else at the moment.

In a sudden burst of passion, she flung her phone down onto the counter with a loud thud. Her body stiffened, like a board being held taut against the wall. Her long, shiny black hair flew back from her face, revealing the flushed skin of her neck and shoulders. With each thrust of Carl's cock, her ass-cheeks clenched around him tightly, every muscle in her body tensing as she struggled to suppress a scream of pleasure.

Carl held onto her hips tightly, watching with hungry eyes as her big breasts bounced and swayed with each movement. He could feel Naomi's body trembling against him as she was struck with an explosive orgasm. A long, quivering moan escaped her lips, but it was muffled enough that her husband on the phone wouldn't hear. Hot, female ejaculate poured from her dripping cunt, soaking Carl's fingers as he continued to pleasure her tirelessly.

Trapped between her quivering butt-cheeks, he could feel his own cock pulsating and throbbing from the exquisite friction created by their passionate coupling. With a groan of ecstasy, he released rope after rope of spunk into his underwear, unable to contain himself any longer. The two of them stayed locked together in a blissful embrace until their bodies finally relaxed and they were left panting in each other's arms.

Taylor was so taken aback by the intensity of their experience that she nearly forgot about her husband. She stumbled towards her phone, gasping for breath after the whirlwind of passion. "Are you still there, honey?" she asked breathlessly into the phone, trying to steady herself. "Sorry, I thought something was burning between my...uh, I mean I thought something was burning in the oven."

Her eyes followed Carl as he retreated from the kitchen, their gazes still locked in the magical Afterglow of their shared experience. Her body hummed with electricity, her nipples tingling with the desire to be sucked hard.

Before Carl could even reach the upstairs, he received a text from his mom.

"Suggestion for tomorrow: Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro. It's hard not to notice your love for boobs. I think you'd really enjoy and benefit from that one a lot, honey, 😊" she suggested.

With a rush of excitement, Carl eagerly replied through text, "I couldn't agree more! 👍" His body was still buzzing with pleasure from his recent release, and he could feel the warm sensation of his ejaculate running down his leg as he rushed into the bathroom to clean up.