

# FREE-USE MOMMY CH. 02

*ChloeKendall*

*A day at the beach sees Mom tending to her 4 boys in public.*

Incest/Taboo

4.54

9.3k words

Summer days with my four boys were some of my fondest memories. We all preferred the warm months more than the winter - one of the few things that our entire family agreed on. The desire to spend a hot August afternoon basking in the sun was a proclivity we all shared, causing us to wring every pleasurable moment out of the season that we could.

On a particular day in late July, we were driving merrily to the beach with a metric tonne of equipment - from noodles to a fully enclosed tent - locked inside our trunk. We never went anywhere unprepared; there was a lengthy checklist that David, my eldest, had created for just such an occasion to ensure as much. When everything was packed up, we looked like we were going on vacation for a whole month!

The clouds had seemingly agreed to space themselves out so far that the sun became a looming threat. Anyone exposed to its rays without being touched by the Holy SPF - patron saint of pasty skin, blessed be thy name - was sure to catch a nasty burn. Thankfully, for that reason, along with a handful more, the windows in our SUV were darkly tinted.

David was our captain for the day. Alex, my second child, was his co-pilot. A few errant turns a while back had soured the air between the two of them, leading to the type of bickering that was usually reserved for the younger twins.

Felix and Lane, the aforementioned duo, were with me in the back seat, flanking me on either side. The three of us were in another world. Thanks to my method of distraction, the twins were ignorant to the ramblings of their older brothers in the cockpit. Like a devoted mother, I did my best to keep the young boys happy the best way I knew how - wrapping my tiny hands around their cocks and stroking them until they made a mess of my throat.

As I often did on long drives, I took advantage of the tinted windows in the van to jerk off my boys in private. Even when David pulled up to a gas station, I would be free to pump my fist up and down their cocks, no matter how many blissfully ignorant strangers passed by the window.

I had one hand reserved for each of their dicks. Being seated between them gave me plenty of access to play with them while their older siblings navigated us to the beach.

The boys moaned in unison, confirming the existence of their psychic, twin-based telepathy. Their groans sounded nearly identical, but the method of extracting those noises required a special touch for each of my four boys.

Since I knew the twins so well, as much as I did my other boys, I knew exactly what methods to employ to make sure their orgasms were as fulfilling as possible. I took my job as their 'Free-Use Mommy' very seriously, so I had studied up until I memorized their unique preferences.

Felix wanted short, rapid flutters around the head of his cock, while Lane preferred long, even tugs that enveloped his whole shaft with each stroke. It was tough, at first - much like trying to pat your

head and rub your tummy simultaneously - but years of practice had turned me into a regular handjob robot. The complex dance had required years of practice to memorize, but I knew every step.

Alex was annoyed with - or perhaps jealous of - his groaning brothers, so he could not stop himself from complaining, "Will you two keep it down? We're trying to listen to a podcast."

Felix chortled. "At least you aren't arguing anymore."

"You said it, bro," Lane agreed, signifying unity in the backseat.

"Look who's talking; the king and queen of pointlessly spirited debate." David sneered at them in the rearview mirror.

The twins raced each other to the punch. "Dibs on king!" they shouted, in unison. As it turned out, boys *would* be boys, even when they were receiving a handjob from their own mother.

"Volume, please." I chided my boys for their loud outburst.

In unison, once again, they replied, "Sorry, Mom."

To reward them for their well-intended apology, I ramped up the speed of my stroking. The increased pace made my metal bracelets jingle noisily on my wrist. It sounded like I was shaking a tin full of coins, as I rapidly pumped my little fists up and down my son's erect cocks.

I briefly paused my stroking, so that I could plop a large dollop of saliva into the middle of my left hand. Then, I rubbed my palms together so I ended up with two slippery mitts that were ready to grease up my two virile, young men.

I wrapped one gooey fist around their bulbous cock heads. I twisted my wrists in a corkscrew motion, which allowed my fingers to graze against the tether of sensitive skin located directly below the engorged helmets.

My hands and fingers instantly adopted the proper shape to accurately manipulate the twins' most tender spots. It was second nature; the muscle memory was set so deep in my brain that accessing it was as natural as drawing breath.

It was akin to a guitar player masterfully dabbling on their instrument, producing from it melodies that a commoner could never understand. Years of dedicated practice having transformed their hand from a simple palm and five fingers, into a tool perfectly designed to do one thing as effectively as it can. I was much the same, though the instruments whose intricacies I had spent so many hours committing to memory did not produce sound - only cum, and plenty of it. The crescendo of their orgasms, signified by the rich harmonies of their enchanting groans, was close at hand.

All that was in my stomach at the moment was a smoothie I had that morning, so I was wary of the protein shots that I knew my boys were about to add to my liquid breakfast. The comparably thick, viscous texture shared by the smoothie and their semen was sure to upset my tummy. After swallowing both of their loads, along with the knowledge that Lane would likely produce twice the volume of Felix, I feared the sloshing of the mixture around my belly would make me feel a bit sick.

That was my burden to carry, and mine alone. I wanted my boys to feel good, so I swallowed my fears, much the same way I was about to swallow their rich, buttery cum without a peep of

complaint.

Felix announced that he was about to cum, likely beating Lane out by a few short seconds. I turned to the latter and kissed his cheek, whispering in his ear, "Mommy will be right back."

As I relinquished Lane's cock, I felt him throb with excitement - though, perhaps, it was the green beast, known as jealousy, once again rearing its ugly head. If it was, he said nothing to confirm it. Any jealous feelings that arose in our family were quickly quashed— my pussy and I made sure of it. None of my sons received special treatment, so their envy only ever lasted until they had their turn with me.

I clamped my mouth around the head of Felix's cock, locking the head between my lips just as a rush of blood flared the fat, puffy mushroom. My tongue basted the sides of his helmet with saliva, fluttering its tender touch against the inflated knob, moments before his orgasm was announced to the entire car.

Felix groaned like a stuck pig, rooting his hands in my hair. I blocked out the sounds of bickering, and podcast rambling, to focus on the cock throbbing vigorously in my mouth.

His dick flexed like a bulging bicep and hurled forth a stream of thick, gooey cum. It was pungent, just as I knew it would be. Each of my boys tasted different than his brother; their flavours were as varied as the consistency of their semen.

I lurched reflexively, gagged by the viscous glue clinging to the walls of my throat. I remained as still as I could after that, trying to focus on anything other than the hot slime trickling down my esophagus.

More of his sticky glue erupted onto my tongue, joining the mixture of saliva and cum that saturated my taste buds like wallpaper paste. I ushered it to the back of my throat to join the first helping he had fed me, and had not swallowed yet. The pool of frothy cum in my gullet was a pool of salty bubbles, each one tickling the walls of my throat when they popped.

The final dribbles of thin, watery cum spilled from his dick, informing me that the bulk of his deposit was over. All that was left to do was throw my head back and...

**GULP!**

Felix's cum sank into my belly like a heavy stone. I stuck my tongue out at him, the customary practice, to prove that all of it had gone where I intended it to.

I had gotten more than I bargained for with my first son, doubling the anxiety I had towards swallowing his brother's load next. *One thing at a time, Claire*, I had thought to myself, hoping to spark some encouragement.

David filed a formal complaint. "Are you two done yet? He was so *fucking* loud, Mom."

"Fuck yeah, I'm done." Felix was entirely unbothered by his brother's remarks.

"Boys! La-lang... *ahem!*" I coughed heartily. My words got caught on a glob of cum stuck at the back of my throat. I cleared my throat one more time before speaking again. "Language, please."

"Sorry, Mom."

It was becoming a catchphrase for the day, and we had not even left the car yet.

"We're almost there," David insisted, gesturing at Lane. "Can you please hurry up so that I don't have to pull onto a side road?"

Lane had not stopped jerking off since the moment I switched my focus onto Felix. I asked him if he was close, hoping we would not have to make a back-alley pit stop where the entire car would be waiting for him to finish in my mouth.

Lane promised me that he was close, but asked for one last thing before he reached his climax; "I think I'll come faster if you just—"

Everyone in the car interrupted Lane when they chimed in all at once; "Play with my balls!"

"Shut up!" he shouted back at his cackling brothers.

Due to the nonexistence of boundaries between us, it was impossible to keep sexual proclivities a secret. All my boys knew, to varying extents, what kinds of kinks their siblings were into.

I beamed Lane a warm, comforting smile. "Of course, I can, honey."

I spat a glob of saliva onto my hand and slid it underneath his balls. My index finger and thumb made a circle around the root of his tightly pulled sack, fitting his balls in the center of my palm. I gently cradled both of the fat eggs, holding them steady while Lane stroked his cock.

"M-Mom!" he announced excitedly.

My heart leapt into my throat, but there was no time for hesitation. I timed the switch perfectly - Lane removed his hand from his cock *just* in time for me to seal my lips around the bulging knob. I locked it away in the wet, slimy cell seconds before the first bulky cable of goo splattered against my tonsils.

I knew that, if I wanted to successfully swallow Lane's entire load, I needed to work for it. On more than one occasion, I had attempted to let his orgasm end *before* I tried to swallow, but engulfing it all at once was an impossible task. It always ended the same - some would shoot out of my nose, and the rest would spill from my overfilled mouth like a burst dam.

Neither of those were outcomes I would tolerate at that moment. I was left with one option—swallow each rope one at a time before the following dose was emptied into my throat. It was a race against time, but I knew I could do it. I had to.

The first serving of cum fired from the end of his cock. His was hotter than Felix's, and much stickier. The syrupy cream oozed down my gullet, but got stuck to the walls of my throat halfway down.

I wanted to take a breath, but there was not a second to spare. The second helping of cum, announced by a sensationally virile throb, coated my uvulae before I had time to swallow the first. Droplets of thick, briny goo rained down on my tongue, coating my taste buds.

I ushered the second load into position with the first. I squeezed my eyes tight and forced them down my esophagus. I repeated the process like a machine made to extract cum as efficiently as possible, gobbling down one rope after another, despite the gurgles of discontent from my stomach. The chunky butter plopped into my belly, mingling with the saltine smoothie that Felix had left in there.

It may have been my imagination, but I could have sworn that having two different masses of cum swimming inside such a small space made them want to compete with each other. The tumultuous battle for room inside my belly began, like two beta fish instinctively attacking each other, with no concern for how their fighting might disturb the water.

The 'water' in question being my stomach, I had to endure the endless sloshing of cum, like a stew that seemed to only grow into a big, boiling broth the longer that it marinated in my bubbling gut.

"Fuck, Mom. That was amazing," Lane congratulated me.

I threw back my head and wrapped a hand around my throat, massaging my esophagus. His cum was so sticky that I had to manually encourage the remnants of it to go along with the rest, to follow them into grandmother's growling belly.

I knew at that moment that Lane's children would be as troublesome as the man they came from. They clearly inherited their father's penchant for disobeying authority. Even when their own grandmother tried to swallow them into her growling gut, along with all their brothers and sisters, they refused to budge. It reminded me of arguing with Lane about his bedtime, when he would try to get ten more minutes of television time, despite having school the next day. I always got my way in the end, much like I did moments later, when I finally urged the rest of my reluctant meal into my stomach.

"All gone, sweetheart!" I stuck my tongue out, panting like an exhausted gazelle.

"Good timing, we're here!" David announced, with a pessimistic pout.

The boys, excluding David, lit up with glee. Alex socked him in the shoulder, which earned him a dirty look from his older brother.

Undeterred by David's scowl, Alex leaned over to clap directly in his face. "Woooo! We're here! That's exciting! *Right*, David?" It was like watching a trainer try to teach a monkey how to celebrate.

The twins joined in, sarcastically over-praising David for his valiant effort.

"He did it! He got us here in one piece!" Felix cheered.

Lane patted his big brother on the back. "Truly outstanding work, D. Is there anything you *can't* do?"

"Yeah... to put up with *this* much longer." David rolled his eyes, but failed to hide the subtle smirk that crept onto his face.

It was a 'blink-and-you-miss-it' moment, but I caught the flash of his shallow dimple in the rearview as he exited the car. The frustration of driving all the way here had already begun to fade, and by the time we were unpacking our gear from the trunk, it had disappeared completely.

Given that we were all in a better mood, the sun at the beach shone even brighter. We cheerfully divided tasks among the five of us, though the nausea from my heavy, bloated cum-belly forced me to take a lighter load - pun very much intended!

The core of our beach setup was a large tent, sporting blue and white stripes, that was capable of housing our entire family. We loved spending time at the beach, so the investment in a tent for privacy had already paid for itself tenfold.

Each side of the tent, with the exception of the front, was walled off to provide shelter from the wind, the sand, and the prying eyes that existed all around us. The top kept the sun off of our backs, making the tent a practical necessity if we wanted to spend the entire day on the sand.

David loaded the shelter into his arms. He had erected it so many times that we usually let him take charge by himself. Alex was schlepping an oversized cooler, filled to the brim with every kind of snack and drink that we could cram inside. The twins shuttled two armfuls each of beach chairs and, more importantly, towels.

The sun, beating down on my arms and face, tingled my skin. There were but a handful of stray clouds floating uselessly overhead that gave little protection against the scorching rays bathing everything in its inescapable warmth. I wore the heat like a blanket, though its weight on my shoulders was a reminder to invest earnestly in suntan lotion.

On our walk to claim our favourite out-of-the-way spot, we passed a slew of other families. Many of them had kids, bringing to the forefront of my brain all the fond memories of raising my own children.

The blistering heat had put one particular child, whose face reminded me of Alex's as a boy, in a fiendish mood. He huffed and puffed, with his face turning all shades of red, whether from frustration or the heat I could not be sure. His mom, I assume, handed him an ice pop, but I could tell by the look on his face that he was too far into the throes of a tantrum for that to work.

Still, the image of a mother consoling her son struck a chord with me, and with good reason.

When we had left the house earlier that day, the twins were in sour moods. There was something about 'cheating in 2K' - a basketball game they often played - that had turned them into vitriolic lawyers. I knew two minutes into their spirited debate that it had the potential to ruin our trip, so I did what any good mom would do.

I jerked them off.

Doing so had put them in such a good mood that they completely dropped the pointless argument and quickly found common ground in the pleasure of my attentive handjob. Thus, with their moods improved, they did not hesitate to do the heavy lifting.

The large, finicky chairs were a nightmare to carry, but they did not make a peep in the way of excuses. Instead, as they walked ahead of me, I watched them cackle with laughter while trying to be the first to knock the other person off balance.

"You're cheating, bro!" Felix accused, kicking a pinecone at Lane.

Lane kicked it back forcefully. "How can I be cheating? There aren't any rules!"

David was at the head of the pack, leading us as per usual, which left Alex and me alone at the back of the small wandering party. I bopped his head with a pool noodle, which was hard to do, considering he was over a foot taller than me.

"Ready to get wet?" I chimed, happily.

"Are *you*?" He gestured to the tent in David's arms. "I'm pretty sure everyone on the beach knows why we bring this thing with us."

"Oh, hush. They have no idea! What I choose to do with *my* boys in the safety of our flimsy tent is *my* business."

Alex cracked a sly grin. "That sounds suspiciously like a woman who wants to fuck her sons in public."

I feigned a surprised gasp. "And *that*, young man, sounds like the boy that wants to go last!"

We got to our usual spot and the boys set up the shelter. On busier days, there was a risk that our favourite spot might have been taken. Thankfully, the beach was not suffering from its usual abundance of board shorts and bikinis, but there were still enough people walking about that it was necessary to abstain from the more popular areas. We wanted privacy, first and foremost, but our options were limited.

Behind the tent was a large sand dune, and behind the dune was a pathway that led straight to the boardwalk. It was not the most popular way to get there, but there would certainly be a few people who wandered that way and ran the risk of hearing us in the tent.

Nobody could see past the sand dune unless they climbed over it, but the position of our tent was placed in a way that intentionally discouraged such a path. We were far enough from the water, and the popular resting spots, so our secrecy was ensured. On slow days, people rarely walked down far enough to bother us, and we kept to ourselves - it was a perfect system.

David nailed the final spike into the ground and declared the tent a success. "Finished!"

I was the only one around to hear it, since his three siblings had already headed for the water without him. I was invested in my detective novel, prepared to spend the next hour listening to the waves, while I embroiled myself in mystery.

I did not look up from my book when I said; "I think it looks great, honey."

"Thanks, Mom." It was adorable how such a simple compliment could encourage him so.

"Are you gonna go play with your brothers?"

Those brothers were engaged in a contest to see who could hold their breath underwater the longest, while the other two tried to pull them back up to the surface. It was a strange tug-o-war, but I supposed it was good that my kids made a game out of trying *not* to drown, rather than the opposite.

"I think they're having plenty of fun without me. Besides, I'm beat from driving down and setting up this damn thing."

"But you do it every time, because you love when people depend on you." I shot him a knowing look over the top of my book.

David rubbed the back of his neck with a sheepish grin. "Yeah, I know. I like it more when *you* depend on me, though."

I closed my book with a defiant clap. "Oh, do you? And what sorts of things can I depend on you for?"

David glanced around as if a spy were hiding in our midst, checking to see if his brothers were in earshot. "I don't hear you wailing like a cat with a stepped-on tail when you're with *them*."

I swatted his leg with my three-hundred page novel. "You are treading very thin ice, mister."

"Oh, am I?" David scooted closer. He leaned over top of me and pushed me onto my back, without having to lay a finger on me. I lay myself flat under the sheer pressure of his domineering presence, pressing myself into the cool sand beneath us.

I threw my book to the side of the tent so I had both hands free to latch onto his hulking biceps. My thumbs dug into the firm muscle tissue, marvelling at the man my son had become. My heart swelled with pride; he truly was a remarkable young gentleman.

David slid between my legs. He held his body above me with a forearm braced above my head. The moment his other hand rested on my waist, my body tingled with excitement. There was no force on Earth great enough to stop my body from melting under his tender touch - I responded to him at a chemical level. As soon as he wanted me, I *needed* him.

He kissed me, slowly at first, but quickly built speed until we were voraciously devouring each other's tongues with reckless abandon. I moaned into his mouth, relishing the way his fingers dug into my waist when my tongue fluttered against his.

I looped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer, so he would not consider pulling away from me for even a split second. His hand wandered between my thighs, pushing on the inside until I obeyed and spread myself for him. He tugged aside the thin string of my bikini bottoms - the only thing keeping my vagina from being exposed.

My heart went into overdrive when he growled, his deep voice rumbling like the approach of rolling thunder, "You're already wet, Mommy."

I had developed a keen sense for when to switch between mommy-mode, and 'mommy'-mode. There was an element of fun, almost innocent, teasing in our family, but there were often key moments that offered an opportunity to embellish the taboo of what we were about to do.

"Mommy's baby boy made her pussy go all soggy. Didn't it, sweetheart?" I drooled melted sugar over my words until they were rich enough to cause a cavity.

"Holy fuck," David gawked lamely. "I love it when you talk like that."

I smiled like I had just been appraised at auction for twenty billion dollars. Nothing in the world made me happier than making my sons feel good. When it came to them, I was the truest definition of a people pleaser.

"I know you do; that's why Mommy does it."

"Can I taste her?" David asked, with a tender squeeze of my pussy mound.

I caressed his cheek, prompting him to tilt his head and kiss the heel of my palm. "Mommy would like that very much."

I lifted my legs high in the air, with my toes pointed to the sky, so David could remove my bottoms. He peeled the cotton barrier off of my pussy like the sticker on a ripe, juicy peach. Strands of syrup clung to the garment, their thin, glistening vines stretching all the way from the bikini bottoms to



my drooling lips. They stayed connected as long as they could, but one by one, the slimy tethers broke as he pulled the bottoms away from my body.

I was laid bare, in ways wholly unbecoming of a mother, exposed for his thirsty gaze to soak in every drop of my naked vagina.

David sucked in a sharp breath. "She's so fucking beautiful, Mom."

I knew that he was watching my every move, so I took my sweet time pulling my knees up to my chest. His eyes did not waver for a second, eagerly watching the parting of my pussy lips to witness the display of raw flesh buried between them. The succulent curtains parted to reveal the small opening waiting for him to dive in tongue first.

I patted the dense, fluffy patch of brown fur atop my chubby mound. I had recently had her waxed to keep the border of the wide, fuzzy triangle in shape - at the request of my ravenously horny children.

"She is as beautiful as she is lonely. No more dilly-dallying! Hurry up and eat, so you can go play with your brothers."

"Yes, ma'am!"

David wrapped his arms underneath my legs and pulled me close, squeezing my thighs tightly to his head like a pair of earmuffs. He plunged his tongue into me, exploring the depths of my vagina with wanton curiosity.

Over two decades ago, that was his bedroom. I grew him in my belly with love and care, not knowing at the time that he would be returning to claim it as his own before he was old enough to buy himself a beer. I kept his room just the way he left it, and each time he returned, it was a nostalgic reunion for us both.

I peeled my pussy apart, exposing the pulsating, pink pearl at the helm. David's tongue was drawn like a magnet to my clit, smothering the sensitive button with his tongue. Every one of his taste buds, like a million delicate hairs, were dragged over my clit.

I raked my toes, with their dazzling red polish, up the small of his back. The tiny rubies tickled him, sending waves of frisson through his limbs that manifested in an army of goosebumps across his enormous forearms.

David eyeballed my poor, helpless pussy like a snake sizing up its dinner. He opened his jaw wide enough to cover the length of my slit and engulfed it in one fell swoop, slithering his tongue inside to prod at my velvet walls. I showed my gratitude by squeezing down, encasing his tongue. I hoped that, if I clenched tightly enough, he would feel my heart racing through my rapidly pulsing pussy - that would surely be enough to communicate my appreciation.

David murmured something under his breath, but it was muffled by the river of nectar flooding his mouth.

"W-what was that, honey?" I panted.

David pulled his face from between my legs, revealing a thick, glossy coating of juice that glistened on the lower half of his face. A fat bead of nectar fell from his chin when he repeated, "I said, 'you're welcome', Mom."

Naturally, my own flesh and blood understood the meaning behind my squeezes. We could communicate without a word spoken; something I shared with all my sons, but had never experienced with their father.

Seeking to test the limits of the hive mind we shared, I sandwiched David's head between my legs. He looked up at me, peering through a bushy, chestnut forest of pubic fur to catch the devilish glint in my eye. He knew something was coming, and I hoped he was prepared to roll with it — literally!

I slowly rolled my hips to the side, hinting that we were changing position. He patiently followed my movements and rotated with me, ending up on his back with his face staring up at the ceiling - or, more accurately, my vagina.

I put all my weight onto my knees and straightened my back, peering down on the handsome gentleman trapped below me. I straddled his face triumphantly, impressed that we had pulled off the maneuver so flawlessly. It was a gymnastics routine we had never practiced, but, thanks to our unspoken chemistry, it went off without a hitch.

My pussy, hovering above his mouth, claimed victory over her fallen foe. I pumped my fists in the air. "Mommy wins!"

I was too immersed in the moment to notice that, since I was facing the back of the tent, anybody passing by could see my head from the neck up. If they did, they also saw me singing my own praise, but they were ignorant to the depraved act taking place just a few yards away.

David's tongue furiously speared my pussy, plugging my hole with his fat, pink python. My clit was a punching bag for his tongue, enduring a violent barrage of lashings that each sent a wave of electricity through my whole body. The hair on the back of my neck was permanently standing on end, unable to relax, while my son still had his tongue pressed flat against my sensitive button.

I bore down, using my weight to crush my clit against his tongue while I rode his face, using him for my own pleasure. I knew he could handle it, but a part of me felt guilty to grind on him so aggressively. The poor boy was practically blowing bubbles in my pussy syrup, drowning in Mommy's moat like he was being waterboarded.

"I'm gonna..." I did not have the focus to finish the thought, but a reassuring squeeze from David on my thighs - still squashing his skull from either side - told me that he understood.

I crouched down so that I would not accidentally make eye contact with anyone outside the tent. All they could see was my face, but if my eyes rolled into the back of my head, it would be a dead giveaway that something very interesting was happening in our tent.

I clutched David's head with both hands to hold myself steady, while my orgasm ripped through me. I shook like a Chihuahua, helpless to the spread of dopamine coursing through my veins. I soaked David's mouth with a torrent of honey, and hoped he could hold his breath long enough to be rescued from the hot, sloppy swamp.

If it was a problem, he never said a word. He just looked up at me, eyes peering over my pussy fur, with unrestrained lust in his gaze. His tongue did not stop wiggling for a single second. It stirred around no matter how hard I squeezed, pushing aside the walls of my squishy tunnel with no idea of how close he came to making me scream my head off. He wanted me to make so much noise that everyone on the beach would know our little secret.

When I was done, I lifted my head and released the stale air plaguing my lungs. I felt like a whole new woman! In my dazed state of mind, and with my head raised, I absentmindedly locked eyes with another mother, who was piloting her young son on a leash. She waved to me, and I felt compelled to wave back, hoping that she did not catch the way my eye fluttered when my *own* boy slithered his tongue out of my quivering cunt.

I collapsed onto David, and cuddled into his chest, likely leaving the mysterious other mother to wonder what had made me disappear from sight so quickly. "That was so, so good, honey. Thank you."

"You know I'd eat that pussy anytime you ask, Mom."

I kissed his chest. "It's more fun when you offer."

I instantly recognized Felix's footsteps racing towards the tent, and seconds later, his face appeared in the entrance.

He was soaking wet, probably in search of a towel. "Are you two just gonna cuddle in here all day?"

"Maybe we are," David shot at him.

"Room for one more?" Felix moved to step into the tent without wiping his feet. It was probably a bluff that he knew he would not get away with, but the risk of getting wet sand in the tent could not be taken lightly.

"Felix, honey, you're soaking wet." I gestured from his matted hair down to the sand caked on his toes.

"Nah, I'm not *that* wet!" To prove his point, though he failed miserably at doing so, he wrung out his shorts. Nearly a cup of water was produced from the leg of his sodden trunks.

"Bro, I swear, if you get sand in here *right* after I set it up, I'm gonna lose it," David threatened his younger brother.

Felix crouched down and grabbed a handful of sand from outside the tent. The two boys were locked in a death stare, neither of them wanting to make the next move.

David narrowed his eyes, ramping up the tension of their standoff. "Don't do it."

Felix grinned, malice painted on every tooth. "I'm not gonna."

"Don't."

"I'm not *gonna*."

"Felix, you fucking—"

I clapped my hands in front of the two of them. The lightning crack of my palms snapped both boys to attention. "BOYS!"

The air was thick with tension, but I cut through it like a knife. Time froze while the boys decided how to proceed without incurring the wrath of their mother.

David crept onto his haunches like an Olympic sprinter, making his intentions clear as day. "Five."

"You wouldn't." Felix challenged his older brother to a game of chicken.

"Four."

"Outside the tent!" I cried out, in a last ditch effort to save the sanctity of our shelter.

"Threetwoone!" David hollered, exploding from the tent like a cannonball. Felix took off just as quickly, laughing like a maniacal cartoon woodpecker as the two of them kicked sand into the air on their way down the beach.

Boys will be boys, and mine were *definitely* boys!

I opened my book, content with the peace and quiet I was finally allowed to experience. Birds squawked as they circled overhead, waiting for an unsuspecting victim to drop a French fry at their feet.

Waves crashing against the shoreline sounded like background static after a few minutes. It made the perfect background track to the occasional line of dialogue that could be discerned from the erratic slew of conversations that occurred just a few feet behind our secluded tent.

I listened to their stories, their complaints, and their desires. It was all very mundane stuff, but there was something magic about eavesdropping that made me feel like I knew something about the world that nobody else did.

The symphony of sounds was interrupted at its climax - a woman deriding her husband for his choice to wear Crocs to the beach - when Alex appeared in the tent.

I was not sure how long it had been, but I had only managed to get through a few sentences of my book before I had gotten lost listening to chattering strangers.

He gestured at his brothers, still play-fighting in the shallow waves. "What did you do to them?"

"Nothing! David ate me out, then he scared Felix off so that he wouldn't fill the tent with sand." I found it hilarious that 'eating me out' was such a casual occurrence that it was hardly worth mentioning at all.

"Yeah, that sounds like Felix. And David, too, now that I think about it."

"He *does* love eating Mama's pussy, doesn't he?" I wiggled my butt happily.

"We all do!"

I batted my eyelashes like a seductive supermodel. "Is that what *you* came here for, honey?"

Alex grinned. "Not exactly."

"Tell Mommy what you want, honey." I was never going to finish my book at this rate, but I thought that tending to my sons was a worthy priority.

"Has anybody fucked you yet?"

I had to think back to earlier that morning. "Hmm, no, I don't think so. Not today, at least!"

I parted my legs, thankful that I kept my underwear off so the reveal would dazzle my son in the intended fashion. Right on cue, Alex's eyes fell out of his head as soon as they witnessed my wet, furry pussy spreading her succulent petals for him.

Just like with David, I knew exactly when, and how, to turn up the heat. "You wanna be the first one in my 'Mommy pocket'. Is that right, sweetheart?"

It was a rhetorical question, and his pants were in a heap on the ground before I finished asking it.

Alex climbed on top of me, graciously accepting my invitation to trade wet, messy kisses back and forth. His cock, already full of blood and swollen like a fleshy balloon, nudged against my bare pussy. I took hold of it with one hand, pushing the engorged head through my soggy folds, until it lodged in the mouth of my opening. He pushed forward, guided by my fingers, and sank inside.

It was a beautiful sunny day, I did not have a care in the world, and my handsome son was looming over top of me with his cock throbbing in the depths of my pussy. What more could a mother ask for?

Alex fucked me slowly, like he always did. It was at odds with the fervent pussy-eating displayed by his older brother, but a difference in technique is something I appreciated about my boys. He had always been a fan of passionate, methodical lovemaking, and sometimes kissed me all the way up until he came.

I wrapped my legs around his butt and pulled him into me, flattening his spongy cock head against the bottom of my pussy. We ground together with his cock buried to the root. His body weight rested on me, pinning me to the tent floor.

His balls tightened up. They drew close to his body to form a fat, squishy bulge that wedged snugly between the curvaceous swell of my ass cheeks. I clenched the cushy mounds, making them caress his balls with a tender butt hug.

Our moment of solitude was rudely, but not unexpectedly, interrupted when Lane came trudging up to the tent.

Alex did not stop fucking me, he did not even slow down, but he stopped kissing me so that I could talk to his little brother while his cock sawed in and out of me.

"Should I go?" Lane asked sincerely, not wanting to disturb us.

"No, no." I refused to reject my boys if I had the power to say yes. "He's almost done. Do you want me to suck your dick while Alex finishes fucking me?"

Alex dragged his body off of me and sat up on his knees. He did not want to be face to face with his brother's cock while I got him hard with my mouth, which I thought was fair. They were close, but not *that* close!

My middle son wrapped his arms under my thighs. With a sharp yank he pulled me toward him and threw my legs onto his shoulders, wearing my pudgy thighs like suspenders.

Our cherished, private grind session was lovely, but I got a bigger kick out of the powerful thrusting Alex adopted once he was towering over. The leverage allowed him to drive his dick into me like a sledgehammer, thrusting into the cozy tunnel of warm, succulent flesh so hard that he kissed the cushy wall at the bottom with every stroke.

I cast my gaze up at Lane, who was staring with fascination at my bouncing breasts. Every thrust from his older brother made them clap together, each massive boob a tidal wave that crashed into the other. He was captivated by the vast sea of jiggling breast meat - a small boat tossed aside by waves so tremendous that they would have toppled a container ship.

Lane had been jerking himself off, but the hypnotic dance of my tits diverted his focus. His mouth hung open - his world was on pause, waiting in a daze for someone to take over for him.

I wanted to get his attention away from my tits, so I snuck a hand underneath his balls and gave them a firm, gentle squeeze. If he was too distracted to get hard on his own, I would happily take over.

Lane's eyes quickly darted to mine, prompting me to begin my seduction ritual. I opened my mouth as wide as I could, allowing my tongue to fall out from my mouth like I was rolling out the red carpet. My eyes begged, pleaded without a shred of decency, for him to satiate my hunger. He nodded; he fully understood my intent. He took his hands off of his cock and relinquished control. Finally, it was mine.

I cupped my hand under his fat, dangling balls and used them like a leash to gingerly pull him closer to my gaping maw. He shuffled on his knees to get as close to my mouth as possible.

My son's semi-erect dick popped into my mouth, announced by the familiar, pleasant musk of his manhood. My tongue fluttered against his frenulum, tickling the area just below the crown. I knew my boys well; getting Lane hard was as simple as flipping this tiny, particular switch.

Within seconds the soft bulb on my tongue was flooded with blood. The head ballooned to almost twice its size, making it hard—but not impossible—to circle the entire thing with my tongue.

Like a devoted mother, I yet again sacrificed my own needs for my son. That need, specifically, was oxygen. I drew a deep breath to steady myself. I kept my grip on the back of Lane's balls, ensuring he would not budge when my lips began to creep down his shaft.

Stifling my instinct to gag on the pulsating slab of meat was an uphill battle. I patiently eased the thick, veiny monster further down my throat, one fat inch at a time. My brow was furrowed in concentration, scrunched tight, as I swallowed another girthy portion. Lane's cock head tickled the back of my throat, and with one final lurch, I embedded him inside of it. Every side of his pulsating rod was smothered by walls of crushed velvet.

"Mom," Alex grunted. "I'm almost there."

I did not want to release Lane so soon after taking him all the way to the hilt - he should be allowed to enjoy my throat undulating around him no matter how close his older brother was to seeding me. I figured that sensation would only increase if I tried to talk with him lodged in my gullet, so I gave it a shot.

Predictably, it came out like a groggy, gurgling mess as I fought to stop saliva from drooling out of the cracks of my stretched lips. "Ou et ah-hi!"

"What?" Alex did not understand me.

Thankfully, Lane did. "She says to 'do it inside', I think."

I nodded enthusiastically, as if Lane had guessed the answer in a heated game of charades, gurgling with glee that he had figured it out. To drive the point home, I patted the top of my puffy mound a couple of times.

My pussy slaps made muffled tapping noises due to the dense, dark brown carpet that pointed towards my slit like a furry welcome mat. Had my pussy been completely shaven, I was sure that passersby would have heard the salacious skin-on-skin slapping that usually meant only one thing.

I tightened my legs around Alex's neck to trap him in place. I locked eyes with my son, daring him to look away from me. If he was going to cum inside his own mother, the least he could do was look me in the eye while he did. It was common decency, after all.

Alex dug his fingers into my thighs. He thrust to the bottom one final time, his left eye twitching violently under the blissful enchantment of his mommy-made orgasm.

Cum splashed against my cervix, basting the entrance to my womb with ropes of hot, sticky plasma. Its warmth, radiating from deep in my belly, spread through me like wildfire.

Alex shoved into me, desperately trying to bring himself as close to me as he could. I linked my legs behind his back to encourage him to push as hard as he wanted. His cock throbbed with tremendous power, spewing another heavy rope from the end. The walls of my vagina were coated in a thick, gluey coat of paint.

Alex pulled his cock out of me as slowly as he could manage. I clenched down on him, tightening the seal to create a vacuum at the bottom of my pussy for his cum to settle into. Just as I hoped, it pooled against my cervix and stayed obediently in place when his dick finally slid out of me.

I closed my legs and relished the results of his thorough breeding, but the daydream did not last long.

"Mom?" Lane yanked me out of the clouds, and pulled his dick out of my mouth along with it.

"Lemme guess." I straightened my legs and pointed my toes to the sky, then used my yoga training to meticulously pry my legs apart like they were stuck together with road tar. "You want to fuck Mommy, too? Just like you saw your big brother do?"

"I wish, Mom. But..." Lane trailed off.

The realization shocked me to my core - none of my sons ever had a problem with stamina. There were certainly times where they could not last as long as they usually do, but it was so rare that it always surprised me when it happened.

I kissed Lane's cock head, lazily rolling my tongue around to batter the inflated crown with sloppy smooches. "Oh, honey. Is Mommy's mouth going to make you cum *already*?"

"I can't help it! You look so fucking hot!"

"I don't think I can swallow anymore." My stomach flipped at the mere mention of ingesting another load of baby butter. "You and Felix practically flooded my tummy back in the car!"

Lane blushed. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's okay, baby. I'm not mad. Do you want to shoot it all on my face this time?" I sweetened the deal, hoping to alleviate the guilt from him and his brother turning my belly into something that resembled the dumpster outside of a pudding factory. I was happy to be their dumping ground, but only if they enjoyed treating me as such.

"That's my cue to go get a burger. Do you guys want anything?" Alex slipped back into his swim trunks.

Lane and I were absorbed in each other, our stare unbroken when we gave a resounding, "No."

I idolized my children evenly, but in a one-on-one, I could not help myself from feeling like *this* was the only man in the world I wanted to be with— to serve.

At that moment, the man in question was Lane. I wanted him to feel good, and as selfish as it may be I did not want any other woman on Earth to make him feel like I could. Not then, not ever.

Lane stood up and I followed, but stopped on my knees halfway. I knelt in front of him, dwarfed by his lumbering frame, with love in my eyes that I hoped he could feel deep in his soul. He stroked his cock, staring down at me.

I let him stroke his cock a few times before I decided to help by offering him a warm, wet place to store his dangling balls. My hands were rooted on his thighs for support as I leaned in. I sucked one of his balls into my mouth, curling my tongue around the swollen orb like I was swaddling a newborn baby. I slid my tongue underneath his testicle, gingerly basting it with saliva.

I wiggled my tongue to the bottom of my mouth as far as I could. I needed to make room inside my mouth so I could wedge the second ball inside, too. I hated the idea that only one of them would be treated to the boon of mouth keeping it warm, while the other was left out in the cold. I unhinged my jaw like a snake and pushed on the back of his lonely ball with my finger, urging it through the tightly stretched ring of suction to join its brother inside.

With my lips tightly secured around the base of his sack, I nursed like I was trying to suck the paint off an Easter egg. Lane eagerly jerked himself off, groaning so incessantly that it sounded like one long, drawn-out sound.

I almost felt bad for him. To be so overwhelmed with pleasure that he simply could not withstand the slow, agonizing seconds before his body finally allowed him to orgasm was a deliciously sinful torture.

For the fourth time that day, one of my children announced that he was going to cum for me. All I had to do was sit back and present my face like a canvas awaiting his artistic flair.

I told myself I would keep my eyes open, but those dreams were dashed along with the first volley of cum. It splattered like a grenade on my cheek, sending shrapnel in every direction. One of those directions was my right eye, forcing me to close it just as the second rope of hot glue - an impressive increase over the first - exploded against my eyebrow.

"Honey! My eyes!" I squealed in protest.

Three, four, five more individual streams were plastered over my cheeks and nose. Cum rained down on me, mingling with the previous layer until it all blended together. Lumpy globs of cum plummeted off of my chin. It was impossible to stop the continual melting of cum down my face. Each plump droplet met the same fate - splashing between my sagging udders.



I pushed my tits together and spread around the copious covering of goo. The strands of sticky semen stretched between my tits, tying together the enormous piles of dough with a messy, white bow.

If he had not cum in the car an hour earlier, there would have been way more. Thank God for that - I could already feel the heavy mask of cum seeping into my pores like a rich, luxurious moisturizer. The hot, white serum drooled down my cheeks. Thick globs plummeted off of my face like they were cliff jumping, splattering my face with droplets of warm syrup when they exploded against my breasts.

I blinked hard a couple of times, clearing the deluge of semen away from my eyes. My vision was blurry, but I could still recognize the striking image of my son towering over me, his rigid cock - with a bead of cream still clinging to the tip - bouncing less than an inch away from my face.

I leaned forward and slurped the dollop off the end, bathing my tongue in the salty brine. I knew how sensitive he was after cumming, but did not expect the sudden blow to send him stumbling backwards.

"S-sensitive, Mom!" he cried.

I wiped a dribble of cum from the corner of my mouth and slurped it off of my finger. "I couldn't help myself!"

Rapidly approaching footsteps outside the tent made alarms ring in my head, but they were put to rest when David's face appeared in the doorway of the tent.

He acted like a cop with a giant flashlight he shone in our faces. "What's going on in here? Are you kids causing trouble?"

I held my hands in the air, playing along with the bit. "Nothing, officer! I'm just relieving my son of some awfully painful swelling." My acting was worthy of several Academy Awards. I'd like to see Meryl Streep perform like that with a face full of cum!

"Well, as it turns out, I might need some relief, as well." David dropped his drawers.

A mother's work was never done.

I should have known better than to bring a book with me. At that point, I had yet to read a single chapter. The book sat closed on the towels in the corner of the tent, and it would remain there for the rest of the day.

David was not the last of my children to fuck me that day. Hell, he was not even the last one to do so in that same *hour*. They were insatiable, but that was how I raised them. My sons took what they wanted from life, and more often than not I was the only thing they wanted.

The rest of the day consisted of more sex than it did swimming, and by the time we went home, I needed to sit on a beach towel so that the reservoir of cum churning inside my pussy did not seep into the car seat. Needless to say, the towels did not survive the journey.

The next time we went to the beach, I did not bother to bring a book at all - my boys turned out to be all the entertainment I needed.