

FREE-USE MOMMY

ChloeKendall

Mommy gives her 4 sons permission to use her body 24/7.

Incest/Taboo

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The impossibly loud footsteps of my eldest son, David, were an earthquake that shook the walls around me. He made a surprisingly effective alarm clock — disturbing the sanctity of the bed I shared with his younger brother, Alex.

"Is he awake already?" Alex grumbled.

The morning sun had yet to poke through the tightly pulled blinds, but that never stopped David from stomping around like he owned the place.

I lovingly traced his forearm with my fingernails. "I think so, honey."

I stretched my sleep-laden limbs to their fullest, awakening the muscles necessary to drag my sluggish corpse out of bed. Before I could escape from under the covers, I was pulled back in by two long, slender arms wrapping themselves around my tummy.

Alex, younger than David by just two years, spooned me from behind with his half-hard morning wood prodding my backside. "Good morning, Mommy."

"Good morning, sweetheart," I cooed softly. "How did you sleep?"

Alex kissed the back of my neck. "Like a rock, thanks to you."

The love that we had built up over the last twenty-five years had been tried and tested from the day it began. Their father, whose name I refused to speak, had abandoned all five of us before the twins, Lane and Felix, had celebrated their first birthday. David was the only one with any real memory of the man, and even that was but a vague shadow.

I refused to pick favorites, but waking up in Alex's bed gave me a feeling of comfort that was unique among his three brothers. As the middle child between a dominant type-A and two younger, bratty twins, the penchant for slow lovemaking fell solely to him. I loved being with all of my children; they were each as different as grains of sand on a beach, and as such, I loved them all for very different reasons.

The duty of raising them fell solely to me. I was in every memory they had growing up; I made it so. I was willing to sacrifice anything if it meant making one more lasting memory with my boys. I never sought another relationship after my marriage fell apart and, instead, poured every ounce of energy and love I had into giving my sons the best childhood I could provide.

It was lonely, at least at first. I missed having an extra pair of hands helping with the mountain of upkeep that four boys require, but most of all, I missed having someone to curl up next to at the end of the night.

I had confided this truth to David on the night we celebrated his university acceptance, a few weeks after he had turned eighteen. The reality of losing my oldest child to the big, wide world had finally come crashing down and it scared me to death.

Some wires had gotten crossed and, in my state of vulnerability, I had allowed David to comfort me with a kiss that should have strictly been reserved for lovers, not a mother and her firstborn son.

"I should stop this," I remember thinking.

But I did not. In fact, it had gotten further out of hand than I ever could have imagined. One by one, as each of my sons turned eighteen, I had presented them with the same deal that I had given David, and one by one they had accepted it.

I would not find a man to replace their father, provided that they fill his shoes by filling — well, me! It should come as no surprise that, as per the nature of horny teenage boys, they were happy to oblige the request.

Lane and Felix jokingly referred to me as their 'Free-Use Mommy' over breakfast one morning and, though it was meant as a joke, I took the title very seriously. I was to be at the disposal of my young, rabidly hormonal sons, day in and day out, and I took to it like a duck to water.

They shared me like an expensive video game console that they had all pooled their money to pitch in for, and treated me with similar care. It may be considered objectifying to some women, but I thrived when my sons argued over who I would be spending the night with, who would be the one lucky enough to get their hands on me. I could pull the authority card at any moment, but enjoyed letting them feel a sense of power over me.

That morning, I found myself in Alex's arms, relishing the intense escapades we had gotten into the night before.

"You were spectacular, Mom. I wish we could do this every night!"

I reached behind my head, combing my fingers through his loose, brown hair. "Me too, honey. But the twins get to have me tonight, so you'll just have to wait your turn."

Alex grumbled with disappointment. "Ugh, fine. But for now, you're all mine."

I turned around to face him, but we were quickly interrupted by the return of David's imposing footsteps. He thundered down the hall, this time coming to a pause outside of Alex's room. My oldest son rapped on the door a few times, calling to us from outside, "Are you guys up yet?"

"No!" Alex hollered. "Come back later!"

David opened the door a crack and poked his head into the room. "It smells like sex in here."

I placed a finger on my lips. "Hmm, I wonder why that might be."

"Close the door, dumbass!" Alex threw a few pillows at the bedroom intruder.

David closed the door just enough to block the barrage of incoming missiles. Once Alex was out of ammunition, he opened the door all the way and stepped inside wearing a towel around his waist — but nothing else.

David turned his full attention to me, entirely ignoring his younger brother. "I have that interview in, like, two hours. Can you just jump in the shower with me really quick to help me unwind?"

My mothering instincts kicked in; my baby was scared and he needed my special brand of comfort. "Of course, sugar. Mommy will be right there."

"But Mom, what am I gonna do with *this*?" Alex threw off the covers, shedding light on his morning wood with a dismayed pout on his face. I had allowed him to spend the entire night with me, and even after extracting an impressive double orgasm from him he was *still* eager for more.

"I thought we fixed that last night?"

Alex bit his lip with a sheepish grin. "We did! But... well, I must have been thinking about you in my sleep."

"Is that so? And what would you request of your mother? Your brother is waiting for me as we speak!" The supply and demand for my body was always out of balance, making it extremely difficult to fulfill the desires of all my sons at once.

"Hmm, maybe a blowjob?"

I shook my head. "Nuh-uh, honey. You take *way* too long when I use my mouth. Would you like a handjob instead? That always makes you cum quickly."

I prided myself on taking mental notes of my son's sexual preferences. There were many to keep track of, but motherhood taught me to memorize their habits with expertise. Whether it was Alex's particular disdain for tomatoes on his turkey sandwiches, or his unparalleled fascination with handjobs, it was all the same to me.

"I have the oil right here!" he announced confidently, as though he had been waiting for the green light to whip it out.

I rolled my eyes, but dutifully held out my open palm to accept the steady stream of mineral oil that he drizzled into it.

"Fast, okay? I'm serious!" I instructed.

Alex nodded obediently, though based on the incessant twitching of his cock, I did not believe he had much choice. The pulsating titan looked ready to pop at any moment.

I cuddled into Alex's chest. His arm fit around me like a puzzle piece, cradling me securely from behind, while I lay comfortably on his chest. I curled my fingers around the base of his dick and pried it off of his belly so that it pointed at the ceiling.

I marveled at the deep hue of the head - dark rouge like a plump, ripe plum. If I allowed him into my mouth, we would be here for the rest of the morning. Pavlov would have a field day analysing the way I drooled as soon as the rich, musky aroma of his manhood tingled the hairs in my nose. He smelled raw - ready to do battle.

My hand was already slippery from the oil, allowing my fingers to slide up the length of his shaft without having to release the tight squeeze I had on him. I traced the network of dark blue veins that ran along his length, as if I was guiding the blood flow directly to the bulging helmet.

Alex offered a deep sigh whose bassy tones grew louder, the closer I inched towards the tip, developing into a satisfied groan when I lodged my oily little fingers under the ridge of his cock head.

I gave him a few reassuring squeezes. I loved the way he flexed every time I increased the pressure around him, like his dick was fighting to get out, even though it was exactly where it wanted to be.

My hand continued its journey towards the tip, stopping only once, then I had the spongy, red mushroom lodged securely in my palm. It felt like I was holding onto a dragon's egg, the warmth and constant pulsations of his bloated dong made it feel like the damn thing was alive! I wrapped my fingers around him, creating a snug little pocket for him to throb within.

"Is that good, honey?" I kissed his chest.

"S-squeeze, Mommy." My son begged.

I obeyed, coiling my fingers tightly around the head. I had an inch or so with which I could pump my fist without destroying the cozy home I had made for Alex's cock, and I used the space as best I could. I worked my hand back and forth, gliding over the fat, shiny bulb with an airtight seal. The oil made quiet, albeit noticeable, squelching noises each time I reached the top - like his dick was thanking me at the end of every stroke.

I focused on the tip for a minute. One of Alex's legs was shaking in response to the unyielding stimulation, but he refused to ask for a break. I increased the speed of my stroking until the muscles in my arm begged me to slow down. I wanted to listen to them, but the enchanting siren song of Alex's impassioned moaning drove me forward. I had only been jerking him off for a minute or so, but could already tell that he was ready to burst. No matter how I had tired him out the night before, a good night's sleep put him right back into fighting shape.

"M-mom I'm gonna cum!" Alex wailed, burying his bony fingers into my backside.

That was the cue I was waiting for. The glorious finale was in sight, and I wanted to race to the finish. I had ignored most of his cock so far, content to focus on the tender, puffy knob at the end, but I did so with a purpose.

I dropped my closed fist into Alex's lap, cascading my oils fingers down the whole length in one fell swoop. I twisted my wrist to the left on the way down to add some much needed friction. As I glided my soggy mitt back up towards the head, my hand unwound in the opposite direction. I repeated this corkscrew motion over and over, dragging the entirety of his cock through my clenched fist with each meticulous stroke.

"Come on, honey," I begged him, placing a dozen wet kisses on his chest. "Cum for Mommy."

Alex's low, guttural groan echoed around his small bedroom. His fingers sunk into my plump bottom, likely leaving a smattering of obvious red markings where his nails dug in.

The dick in my hand told me exactly when it was about to cum, giving me less than a second to contain the mess. Right when the rod seized up, I dipped down and engulfed the throbbing, swollen head into my mouth, without a second to spare.

I hardly had time to taste his pre-cum on my tongue, as he launched furious expulsion of dense, sticky syrup against my tongue the moment I touched it. The pungent, salty flavour saturated my

tongue, washing over it the way a high tide engulfs a sandy beach - each grain of sand a taste bud that eagerly welcomed the hot, briny flood.

A couple of thick, chunky ropes doused my tongue, adding the mouthful of that I was too enthralled to swallow. I wanted to feel *all* of it at once, so I waited patiently for my son to graciously deposit a few more dribbles of glue into the pile of paste I was collecting in my cheeks.

My hand pulled on the root of his cock, desperately trying to coax out another few droplets. The erratic spasms gave way to calm, predictable pulses as it slowly softened. I refused to let him go until the last second, so he would have to endure marinating in a bath of cum so thick that it could be classified as a solid.

The unrelenting mass was almost enough to make my cheeks bulge out, and I had to stifle a chuckle at the thought of being a cum-fueled chipmunk so that I did not accidentally spill the mouthful of baby-butter that he had so thoughtfully fed me.

Still semi-erect, I let Alex's cock fall from my lips. The head plopped against his belly, leaving behind a mark that glistened as brightly as the shimmering coating of saliva and leftover cum that clung to the dome like fresh paint.

I sat up straight and faced him. I tilted my head to the side and batted my eyelashes as seductively as I could.

"Did you...?" His eyes were wider than a football field.

I gave my head a small shake. I pursed my lips and blew out my cheeks, exaggerating the size of the load that I was struggling to stop from sliding into my stomach. I ushered the heap of melting butter to the back of my throat and straightened my neck.

I braced for impact, unable to stop myself from wincing when the slimy load plugged my throat. I swallowed the mouthful of salted butter, draining the pool with an audible **gulp**. My gut gurgled as soon as Alex's cum sank into my tummy, protesting the salty breakfast I had forced down in lieu of my traditional cup of coffee.

"Holy shit, Mom. That was amazing," Alex lauded.

I sucked in a much needed breath of air. "Thank you, honey. Mommy did good?"

"Mommy did so good!" Alex pulled me back down to his level and wrapped his arms around me. He kissed me with no concern of whether or not he would taste his own cum still lingering on my lips.

I pushed my tongue into his mouth, searching for his, so they could dance together. I hated breaking up this special moment, but knew that David would be pounding down the door any minute if I did not make an appearance in the shower soon.

"Can I go see your brother now, honey? Is that okay?" I cooed.

Alex grumbled in annoyance. "Fine, but as soon as he's done can you come back to cuddle?"

"Maybe, if the twins are still asleep. You know how they are!" I slid out from beneath the covers, and out of my son's arms. I gave him one last kiss then scampered out of his bedroom.

I was completely naked from the night before, but saw no reason to get dressed. I took off down the hall in pursuit of my tall, muscular firstborn.

A fat droplet of cum, still warm from the night before, landed on the inside of my thigh. The pearlescent goo smearing between my legs when I walked was difficult to ignore, and impossible not to obsess over.

I had been on the pill ever since my first night with David, giving my boys free rein to creampie me whenever their hearts desired. They had thought I was doing it for their enjoyment, but in truth, it was a selfish act. The feeling of their buttery cum sizzling inside me was as much for me as it was for them.

My stomach, and my pussy, were both full of Alex's cum. Some from this morning, some from the night before. It marked me as *his*, but only for as long as it took for one of his brothers to get their hands on me.

The brother in question that morning was David, who was already in the shower when I crept in. He did not see me, but the creaking of the door was enough to give me away.

"Just in time!" he cheered happily.

I opened the cabinet below the sink and pulled out a bottle of green mouthwash. I did not want to get into the shower with my breath smelling of cum; I liked presenting my boys with the best version of myself.

Even though they were used to sharing me, and I was used to being passed around, I wanted each individual moment with them to feel special. As I swished the mint around my mouth, I took a moment to admire my body in the mirror.

Despite the endless assertions from my boys, I did not have the ego to see myself as 'the most beautiful woman in the world' as they so often claimed. I was no supermodel, but I was damn proud of myself for managing to stay in shape while raising them all on my own.

David and Alex had sprouted past me with their respective growth spurts, so I was thankful that the twins were only a few inches taller than me. At times, I felt like Tinkerbell, vying for the attention of the giant beings around me. The difference between us was that I had a sure-fire way of getting that attention, despite my small stature.

If I had a quarter for every compliment my sons had paid to my boobs over the years I would be able to send all four of them to Ivy League universities. I never saw them as more than a hindrance, of which their enormous size was a daily reminder, but over time, I came to appreciate them.

The deep trenches bore into my shoulders from ill-fitting bras became a badge of honour, and one that I wore with pride. Seeing the joy on my son's faces whenever they laid eyes on my naked breasts, was enough to balance the scales - a truly amazing feat considering the weight they had to contest with!

My core was not as tight as it had been when I was pregnant with David, and over time I developed a 'mommy muffin' as my son's affectionately named it. I missed feeling slender and toned, but none of my children ever seemed to mind. In fact, the way they occasionally dug their fingers into my soft tummy pudge made me think that they enjoyed feeling the dough ooze through their tightly curled fingers. As long as they liked what they saw, and touched, I was a happy mother.

That same logic applied to my backside. My boys spared no love for my plump, shapely derrière, giving me the same sense of pride in my huge caboose that they had for the rest of my body. I could not count how many times I had knocked something off of the counter by simply trying to turn around, but any time I did, Felix and Lane would crack up so hard that I could not convince myself to stay mad at the oversized wagon following me everywhere I went.

I stopped wearing underwear about a year ago to silence the complaints I would receive anytime one of them copped a quick feel when we passed in the hallway. With the number of times hands were laid on my ass in one day, fingers sinking into my supple flesh until their knuckles turned white, it became easier to simply eliminate underwear entirely - unless we were leaving the house, of course.

I ran my fingers through the dense jungle of chestnut fur above my pussy. Knowing the wide variety of preferences that men have, I left it to my boys to decide as a group how I would be shaven. I preferred being totally bare, but loved hearing them debate over what shape, if any, the carpet would take. Watching them work together had tugged on my deepest instincts as a mother, so when they had concluded that they wanted 'a medium-sized triangle' I was so infatuated by their teamwork that I would have given them any shape they had asked for.

As long as my sons were happy, nothing else in the world mattered.

David stopped me from staring at my reflection when he asked, "Is his cum still inside of you?" It was not an accusation, but an honest question.

I was pretty sure that I knew the answer, but could not resist the urge to confirm for myself. I reached down and plunged a couple of fingers into my hole, rummaging around the warm pocket until my fingers were coated in the creampie that Alex had left in me the night before.

"It still feels like a lot, honey," I bit my lip, downplaying the thrill of having woken up still full. "But my mouth is all yours, if you want it."

David lit up. "Sounds good to me, Mom."

I hopped into the shower, making sure to keep my head out of the water so that my hair would stay dry. David's towering frame blocked out the ceiling light above our heads like he was a redwood eclipsing the sun.

I had just one request. "I don't want my—"

"Hair to get wet. I know, Mom." David wrapped his arms around me, encasing my frail, shivering body with his warmth.

Once I was cocooned in the firm, tender embrace of my eldest son, it made the world outside seem like an icy, unforgiving tundra that I would rather die than return to. His hands rested comfortably on my ass, cupping my curves firmly enough that his fingers dug into my pliable flesh.

I traced the water running between his bulging abdominal muscles - none of my other children were built the way he was. In moments like this, it became difficult *not* to pick a favourite between my kids. David and I had a connection unlike any other, and being alone in the shower with my thoughts completely dismantled, made it easy to fall under his enchanting aura.

The rushing water was almost loud enough to drown out my thoughts, but one shouted loud enough to be heard over the torrent. *Kiss him.*

I tilted my head towards David, only to be met by his steely gaze looking back at me.

"Hey you," he whispered under the roar of the water, his eyes laser-focused on mine.

It took everything in me not to squeal like an excited fangirl. "Hey *you*."

A deathly quiet fell upon the waking world. Nothing existed, nothing possibly could, but my lips and his - which he eagerly pressed against mine. The water made our lips slide over each other as we fervently devoured each other, fighting to see which of us could pour more passion into their barrage of sloppy kisses.

I bit his bottom lip and pulled away for just a moment, encouraging him to pull me back into him so he could close the distance. I was hungry, and he was all that would sate me.

It took less than a handful of seconds with our tongues dancing together, battling the other in a chaotic dance for control, for the blood to start to flow to David's cock. Once again, as it often did with these matters, I struggled to maintain impartiality.

I loved all my sons equally, but none of them could match their older brother in this department. David took after his father the most - the one thing I can admit I missed about that wretched man - putting me, very happily, on the receiving end of a dick so perfect that I would swear it was custom made for me.

I broke our kiss just long enough to whisper in his ear, "Already hard for Mommy?"

I reached between us with both hands - with his size I always needed two. I placed his inflated cock head in my palm and tightly coiled my fingers around it, giving the spongy knob a delicate squeeze. My thumb brushed his frenulum, gently tickling his sensitive area until the head inflated like an angry, red balloon - double the size that it was just seconds ago.

My other hand cupped his dangling balls so that I could roll the swollen orbs around in my fingers. The most vulnerable thing on his body rested in my hand like heavy, delicate eggs, entrusting me with their safety. Their tremendous weight gave me a surreal sense of power - they were so massive, yet so fragile. I loved knowing that I could control him with one well-timed tug, like I was leading an obedient horse by its reins.

I dragged a finger across the bridge of skin that connected his fat ball sack to his asshole, making his cock flex in my other hand. Electricity flowed through the long, blue veins that sprawled up his impressive length. The fat, engorged crown in my palm pulsated with incredible vigor - alive in my hands with a mind of its own.

How many wet beach towels could I hang off of this thing? I thought excitedly. I took enormous pride that I had produced a cock of this caliber, and was even more thrilled that I was the woman who got to have her hands on it every night.

David cleared his throat, but I ignored him. I knew we were in a rush, but could not stop myself from salivating over him.

"Uh, Mom?" he piped up.

"I know, honey. I'll get right to work." I tucked a lock of blonde hair behind my ear.

I got down on my knees, carefully aligning David with the shower so that I would stay as dry as possible. My pussy was already a sodden mess, I did not want my hair to end up the same way.

David seemed so much taller from my seat down on the floor. Staring up at him, cloaked in the shadow of his lumbering frame, gave me the perspective of a petite field mouse. Should such a small, defenseless creature stumble across a hulking snake slithering through the garden, it would feel the same rush of adrenaline that I did when face to face with my son's magnificent erection.

I looked up at him, batting my eyelashes as I inched towards him. I pushed my lips into an overzealous pout, making them protrude like there was a magnet in the end of his cock that was slowly dragging me towards it.

David sucked in a breath of air, just as my bulging lips pressed against the head. I pushed out a dribble of saliva, using it as lube to ease the journey of my stretched-out lips around the width of his enormous bulb.

The sizeable knob took up most of the room in my mouth, forcing my tongue to stay glued to the underside as he eased further into my throat. I encased the fat, purple mushroom on either side with my lips, using them as cushions to tenderly caress the tip.

Greedily engulfing the whole head was the first step; the second was to keep it in there without drooling like a feral beast. It was impossible to swallow with my mouth pried open that wide, leading to a grotesque deluge of saliva spilling from the sides of my strained lips. A river of tiny bubbles ran from my gaping maw and dribbled off my chin, landing on my breasts as though they were a bib designed to contain this type of mess.

David, God bless him, thought this would be an opportune time to tease me. "Your mouth is pretty full, Mom."

I furrowed my brow, making a big scene out of trying to talk with my mouth full. "Mmhmm! His hehy fuww!"

"Do you think you can take it deeper?"

I gulped, making exaggerated puppy-dog eyes at my son. I gave him a faint nod, maintaining eye contact while I nursed on his head like a bottle of warm baby formula. I knew the rich, buttery cream that churned in his tightly knit balls was waiting for me - a thought that only made me salivate more in anticipation.

David put his hands on the back of my head, digging in with his fingers. His hands were soaked, meaning he was directly disobeying my wishes to keep my hair dry. Predictably, the thrill of his powerful grip on the back of my skull, directing me like I was a cheap puppet, was strong enough to take priority over my luscious locks. As long as I was being used in a way that made one of my boys happy, I was ultimately willing to sacrifice anything.

I sucked in a deep breath of air and steadied myself by rooting a hand on each of David's toned, muscular thighs, hoping to borrow some stability from the great tree trunks. My fingers, too, dug into his legs, carving deep sigils into the redwoods with just as much force as his digits put on the back of my scalp.

I unlocked my jaw like a hungry python and let my eyes do the talking, begging my son to come forward without uttering a single word. Inch after inch of fat, juicy meat slid over my tongue, like a

conveyor belt that led directly to a steep plummet down the back of my throat. David's plump cockhead lodged itself in my gullet, stifling my airway and saturating my tongue with the taste of his raw manhood.

I choked a little, prompting David to ask if I was okay. I nodded eagerly, refusing to disrupt the momentum. He wanted to treat me like a hole built for fucking, and it was my job to let him.

David eased his hips forward, driving his iron dick against the back of my throat with his hands firmly gripping my skull. The fleshy mushroom flattened against the soft, spongy wall, but we both knew my feeding was far from over.

Despite my best efforts, I gagged in a manner that repulsed me as thoroughly as it delighted David. His eyes were alight with fire, transfixed on the sight of his mother straining - through loud, wet sputters - to swallow the final few inches of his girthy dong down her tiny throat. My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my skull, but even that would not have stopped me from finishing the journey I had started.

"Ready, Mommy?" David asked, calmly.

"Humpffahmah!" Dribbles of foamy drool leaked from the corner of my mouth when I forced out the muffled groan. I scrunched my nose and braced for impact. I was very familiar with what was coming next, but never quite felt prepared for it when it came.

With a virile, guttural groan that came from deep within his soul, David sank the rest of his pipe down my gurgling throat. My body lurched forward, my eyes stinging as tears began to well up in my squinted vision. The fat droplets fell like rain trickling down my cheeks.

David's fat, dangling balls rested directly below my chin. My nose was buried against him, so even if I had been able to draw breath, it would have been more akin to being waterboarded against his sturdy abdomen. All I could do was hold on for dear life and let my son enjoy the convulsions of his mother's throat.

Thanks to David, I had become quite familiar with the constellation of fuzzy black dots that would dance before my eyes when my body started to beg for oxygen. My limbs became cumbersome, weighed to the ground by molasses that dripped from every appendage. The edges around my vision shrunk, growing dark and hazy as the tunnel closed in.

Just as the last drop of breath was absorbed into my lungs, leaving me seconds away from passing out, my instincts took over. I urgently patted on David's thigh a few times, flirting with a blackout so that I could spend one more second relishing his calm, leisurely throbbing.

As soon as he recognized the thigh taps, David yanked dick from my throat like it was a pot of boiling water. All the way from the head, down to the root, he was thoroughly coated in a layer of saliva. A thick, glossy river of bubbles clung to him, slowly melting down the length until they reached the swell of his tightly pulled ballsack. With a monstrous flex, the rod stiffened and slapped against David's stomach, pointing up at the ceiling like it was triumphantly celebrating a successful dive down Mommy's throat.

I struggled to catch my breath, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. "Somehow, I always forget how deep you go."

"Happy to remind you, Mom." David gleamed with pride.

"You're not *done* reminding me, are you?" I chewed pensively on my bottom lip, knitting my eyes into a concerned furrow as though it would truly devastate me if David were to take his cock away from me before I was done with it.

I tended to his spit-soaked shaft with long, unbroken strokes - effortlessly gliding from the base of his cock up to his swollen crown at the end, leaving no inch of him untouched, as I repeatedly pumped my fist up and down.

"Gonna... Fuck... Mommy's... Throat?" I accented each word with a mighty stroke to drive the point home.

"If you can handle it."

I nodded with the enthusiasm of a teacher's pet who had been called on by their favourite professor, eager to accept his challenge and prove I was worthy of the praise I coveted.

"Put him back in, honey," I directed my son.

I let my jaw hang loose and unfurled my tongue, letting it dangle from my gaping maw. He was royalty to me, requiring that I roll out the wet, red carpet to give my king a velvet path to follow which would lead him directly into the muggy confines of my throat.

David plunged the colossal pillar of meat into my mouth, delving into the depths with just one push. Just as swiftly, he pulled back again. There was barely enough time for me to catch my breath between the eager strokes, but it was more than I needed.

As long as I could count on him to pull back that far on every stroke, I could withstand any length of throat-fucking that he chose. Like a battering ram, David hammered the back of my throat with reckless abandon. He did not see me as his mother at that moment, and I did not feel like her. His feral nature took over, pushing him to selfishly drive his cock into my gullet as though he had paid for the right to do so.

As a good, serving mother, it was not in my nature to deny him. I focused on taking a breath where I could, but anything more was beyond my purview.

Gluck, gluck, gluck!

The soggy, lewd noises coming out of my throat sounded like somebody was trying to pull their boot out of the mud. David's satisfied grunts told me that he loved the noises, so I did not silence them. Each repetition of the wretched gulping seemed to grow louder than the last, overtaking the roar of the rushing water until it became the one thing - hauntingly so - that I could hear.

I focused on the loud, sloppy gobbling so intently that even David's dick pounding against my throat became a blur. His constant thrusting was methodical, leading to something as violent as his savagery becoming strangely hypnotic - once I got used to the feeling. I drifted into a meditative trance, giving my boy free rein to bury himself to the root. I was at his mercy, willingly submitting my throat to be punished however he saw fit.

David used to request that I put my arms behind my back. In a way, it was an act of trust. I would not have my hands on his thighs to fight back if he became too rough and, in turn, he would trust that I could handle whatever he was going to give me. In truth, however, it was an act of service. I wanted to show him that the woman before him was willing to submit to him in whatever fashion he pleased, hopefully erasing the desire to find any *other* woman to do so in my stead.

"Did you eat today?" David asked, through gritted teeth. He knew the answer already, but it was far more fun to play along.

I shook my head vigorously; it was all I could do without interrupting the rhythm of his thrusting.

"Good girl." Nothing riled me up more than him calling me that. "Does that mean I can give you breakfast?"

I cradled my pudgy Mommy tummy in my hands on either side, gently jiggling my muffin-top. My eyes, cast towards him like he was a heroic Greek warrior, could not convey my hysteric glee. On a fantastically timed cue, a deep, somber growl from deep in my belly made my desire painfully clear.

GLUCK, GLUCK, GLUCK!

David's rampant thrusting became harder, making the noises from my throat reach a devastating decibel. My sloppy, garbled gulping was scarcely loud enough to drown out his impassioned wailing; I knew the end was nigh. My throat had grown numb from the torrid abuse, but having the finish line so close at hand gave me the will to endure another minute of brutal battering.

You're a good Mom. You're a good Mom. You're a good Mom. The thought, a meditative phrase to channel my focus, echoed around my head. I was put on this planet to make my boys happy. If turning my throat into pink paste put a smile on his face, nothing would stop me from doing it.

"Oh god, Mom! Now, now!" David wailed.

I had been trained well, so I saw his orgasm coming from a mile away. It made my heart swell with pride to hear my son - once so innocent and unsullied by the world - brutishly announce that he was about to paint my tonsils with baby-butter.

One final, record-shattering thrust drove the nuclear-powered piston into my throat, saturating it in the softened flesh he had so gleefully tenderized. The rod flexed like electricity had been pushed through it, lodging the head flush with the back of my gullet just as the first volley of sizzling-hot cum erupted into me.

A hot, salty tingle danced over my taste buds but, unlike Alex earlier that morning, David was holding his cock so deeply that it started to drain into my stomach before I had a chance to savour it.

I clenched my eyes tight, focusing all my willpower so that I did not instinctively recoil when the following two ropes of gluey cum - thick enough to hang wallpaper with - were dumped directly down my open throat. My body seized up, but I buckled down.

The river of cum flooded my gut, mingling with Alex's leftover deposit from less than half an hour ago. I adored the idea that two different children had their cum churning in my belly at that moment, though the amount David fed to me was already starting to make me feel sick.

It was strange to feel David's cum slither into my stomach without needing to swallow it. It oozed down my esophagus like melted butter, bypassing the usual method of intentional swallowing.

The muscles in my neck tensed under the pressure of David's cock straining against the walls of my throat. The bulk was so great that I was sure the outline of his dick could be seen distending my throat from the inside - a garish protrusion that I wore as a badge of honor.

David groaned emphatically. "Oh, ohhh, *ohhhhhh*, Mom!" His legs were shaking like a leaf in the wind, barely able to hold himself up under the crushing tsunami of his own orgasm.

I rubbed his thighs reassuringly, nursing the last remaining drops of cream from his rigid cock as its marvelous flexing came to a steady slow. His heartbeat, a steady bass drum, thumped through the massive slab of meat, lingering long after the final dribbles had plopped into the cauldron of semen that I once called a stomach.

Originally designed to hold food and other nourishment, it had become more accurate to refer to it in regards to its proper use— a dumping ground for my sons to empty their balls into.

I opened my eyes and momentarily blinded by the light overhead, but David blocked it out with his head as soon as he noticed - a true gentleman. I took a mental snapshot of him lording his glorious form over me, sure that I would return to it if I ever had a night to myself.

David slid his semi-erect cock out of my mouth. The glistening beast looked delicious with its generous covering of gooey saliva, accented with a few small globs of chunky, white cum that clung desperately to the sides. I wanted to swallow him all over again, but the prominent tickle in my throat begged me to take a break.

I coughed a few times, ejecting the tiny gulp of air that David's throat-fucking had stuffed into me. Sure, *some* people might call it 'a burp', but that does not sound very ladylike.

"Mom!" David gasped, as surprised by the emission as I was.

I scrunched my nose up and pouted, shifting the blame onto him. "It's not my fault! You stuffed a bunch of air into my stomach!"

"I thought it was cute."

"No, you didn't," I held up my hands and snapped my fingers. "Now help me up, please!"

David pulled me to my feet and instantly enveloped me in a bear-hug so he could kiss the nape of my neck.

"That was amazing, Mom." he praised.

"Do you think you'll be able to ace that interview now, honey?" I raked my fingers through his hair, practicing a bit of traditional motherly affection instead of the usual dick sucking.

"Thanks to you, Mom, I think it'll be a breeze."

I did not think that a blowjob in the shower would be the difference between his success or failure, but feeling like I had given him a positive start to the morning made me feel like I was at least doing *something* right. If it worked, then I could chalk it up to a win. But if not, I would still be there to console him like any good mother would - albeit with far more fellatio.

David got out of the shower in a hurry, apologizing for not being able to stick around. It amused me that he thought I was anything but excited for a moment to myself in the shower. So far, I had been awake for less than an hour and I had already let two of my boys cum in my mouth.

"Will you be around tonight?" David asked, as he combed product through his hair.

"I think so, why?"

David grinned maliciously. "Maybe we can pick up where we left off?"

"Uh-huh," I rolled my eyes. "How did I know that would be the reason?"

"Because you're so smart, duh!" Flattery will get you anywhere in life. Apparently, that includes the panties of one's own mother.

I fished for more, waving my hand in a circle. "And?"

"And pretty, and funny, and a good cook, and secure financially, and—"

I rolled my eyes into the back of my skull. "Okay, that's enough! You are free to go, Mr. Flattery."

David gave me a kiss on the cheek, and a swift smack on my bottom, then disappeared out of the bathroom. I hoped that what I had done for him would alleviate some of his anxiety. Based on the cheerful tune he was whistling when he came out of his bedroom a few minutes later, I'd say I did a damn good job.

I finally rinsed Alex's cum out of my pussy. I held the showerhead upside down in one hand so that I could squat over it and purge my vagina of the sticky remnants that had refused to dribble out. I plunged two of my fingers into the pink pocket and rummaged around until I had scooped it all out.

My moment of blessed tranquility was interrupted by my twins, Felix and Lane, arguing in the hallway. Their banter grew louder as they got closer to the bathroom, and I could tell by the volume of their chatter that they were on the way downstairs. Knowing their tendency for a small spat to turn into something much greater, and much more annoying to deal with, I wanted to nip the problem in the bud.

"Boys?" I called from the shower.

The argument quickly stopped, replaced by hushed bickering as they each began blaming each other for getting Mom involved. They reached the doorway, their postures changing the instant they noticed that I was, at that moment, two of their absolute favourite thing— wet and naked.

They were already putty in my hand, but I wanted to turn the dial a few more notches. I turned the showerhead towards the wall, then squirted way, way too much soap into my palm. I pulled their attention away from whatever minor tiff had worried them by giving them something much more appetizing to focus on.

I doused my breasts with soap, working it into a rich, sudsy lather that I could spread over my chest. The foamy bubbles all across my skin popped one by one as my hand glided over the slippery surface, leaving two more bubbles in their wake. In time, my boobs were completely smothered with a generous layer of frothy suds that slowly oozed over my body like a soapy waterfall.

"Who wants to tell Mommy what's wrong?" I tilted my head to the side and batted my eyelashes at my twins. It worked on every single one of my boys, and it was a tactic I employed often.

"Felix—"

"No, *you* stole—"

"Let me finish!"

It would go on like this for an hour, unless I put a stop to it. One thunderous clap of my hands was all it took to snap them in line like soldiers at attention.

The only way for most people to tell them apart was the subtle-unless-you-know-where-to-look mole directly below Lane's right eyebrow. I recognized their posture, speech pattern, method of hips-thrusting, and so much more. All the things that made them unique were invisible to the common eye, but I knew them well enough to determine who was coming down the hall just by the way they dragged their feet.

"One at a time." I narrowed my eyes on Felix. "Using 'I' statements, please."

Felix cleared his throat like a lawyer about to deliver his opening monologue. "Lane said-er, / thought that / was borrowing twenty dollars."

I looked towards Lane. "And you, honey?"

"I think he stole twenty dollars from me," Lane spat defiantly.

"Dude, come on!" Felix threw his hands in their air.

I stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. I began a tirade about sharing, and fairness, and communication. Honestly, it was one of my best, but even the power of my maternal scolding could not hold the attention of two horny young men for very long.

I was already into the last few lines of my awe-inspiring sermon on the Golden Rule when I finally clued in to the fact that I no longer had an audience. Both of my boys were meticulously watching me dry off, soaking in every faint jiggle and jostle of my heavy, swinging breasts while I tried to lecture them.

"What did I just say?" I demanded, with a stomp of my foot.

"Uh, uh, uh..." They were speechless.

Now it was my turn to throw my hands up in defeat. "You aren't even listening!"

"Sorry, Mom," they sighed in unison, no less distracted by my bouncing breasts once they had been called out on it. The beef, however, seemed to have been rightfully squashed by the surprise appearance of my boobs. The twins were so taken aback by the display that they forgot what they were mad about when they came in, much to my luck.

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" I should have known better than to ask that question.

"Mom, can I..."

"Can we..."

"No," I said to Felix with certainty, then turned to his brother. "But you can, sweetie."

"What the hell?" Felix shouted. "Mom, that isn't fair!"

I wagged a finger at him. "You're grounded, mister! Or did you forget that I had to get a new tire for the car that you so mysteriously crashed?"

Felix fought against the allegations. "It was an accident!"

Once my boys grew up, I could no longer take away privileges like watching TV, or hanging out with friends, but the power to revoke access to my body was a sure way to ensure obedience in my children.

"Today is the last day of your punishment," I asserted. "Maybe if you're good, we can talk tonight. Okay?"

Felix grumbled, as he turned to leave. "Fine. Let's go, bro, I want to play 2K."

"I mean, she didn't say I was grounded. Right, Mom?" Lane winced sheepishly.

I waved Felix away, well aware that his pouting was just beginning. "Go play in your room while your brother fucks me, honey. I have chores to do today so he *will* be quick."

Felix scoffed. "He always is."

"All right, enough from you, Mr. Grumpypants." I snapped my fingers and pointed to the hallway.

Felix rolled his eyes and trudged back to his room, allowing me to drop the discipline and effortlessly slide back into seduction mode.

I never wanted an experience with my sons to feel less than magical, so no matter the situation or mindset I was in, I strived to give them the best possible version of myself. It was surprisingly easy to shed the matriarchal skin and boldly embody the role of a doting Mommy-slut.

"Just you and me, baby boy. Want to come get wet?" I tucked my arms behind my back and swung my tits from side to side. I was taunting a reaction out of him, but noticed that his erection was already straining against his shorts.

"Oh, honey," I cooed warmly. "That quickly? Just because you can see Mommy's naked bum?"

Lane was, by far, the biggest fan of the taboo talk. I think all of them got off on the fact that it was their own mother they were taking to bed each night, but Lane was the one who wanted to hear about it the most. I enjoyed getting to foray deeply into the recesses of depravity when I was with him, and the dirty talk served as a constant reminder of just whose dick was inside of me.

My sweet, baby boy pulled down his pants to unleash his cock. I knew what was coming, but my heart jumped into my throat all the same when it came into view. I was still enthralled by the sight of any one of my sons undressing, preparing to fuck their mother like she was just some common street whore. The juxtaposition drove me utterly wild.

"No, not here. Let's go to Mommy's big, fluffy bed. Does that sound nice?" I serenaded my youngest son, beckoning him into my bedroom.

Lane nodded enthusiastically, willing to follow me anywhere. Lucky for him, the only place I wanted to go at that moment was under the covers, with him hot on my heels. We were in my room in a flash, with the door locked behind us. Sex was a daily occurrence in our household, but that did not mean that privacy was forbidden.

By the time I turned around from locking the door, Lane was already slathering himself with a fistful of lube. His eyes hungrily devoured me from head to toe, with particular attention paid to the fuzzy, triangular tuft of dark brown hair pointing towards my vulva.

"You won't be needing that, sweetheart." I gestured to the fist wrapped around the end of his dick.

Lane gawked at me. "Why not?"

I strode over to him, stopping only when my nipples, firm and pointy, were poking him in the chest. I took him by the wrist, guiding his hand between my legs so he could experience for himself the lush wonder that lay between them.

"Holy shit, Mom," he muttered.

I feigned a dramatic sulk, performing for my son to get a reaction out of him. "Seeing how hard your penis got after watching Mommy in the shower made her pussy get awfully wet," I whined pathetically, practically screaming for him to take me. "Mommy's really horny, baby."

"M-me too." His voice trembled with excitement.

"Good." I perked up with a playful grin. "Then be a good boy for Mommy, and go get on the bed."

Lane scrambled onto the bed like the floor beneath him was made of lava. He escaped to the safety of the mattress, tugging his shirt off as he did, and sat back against the headboard where he waited for me to join him.

I climbed onto the bed, arching my back with a theatrical flair to accentuate my curves as I crawled towards him. My breasts, hung loose from my body, swung to and fro. The weight of my tremendous udders was daunting, but watching Lane's eyes ignite was worth the pain. He tracked their sway side to side, carefully watching the motion of my drooping pendulums crashing into each other. The give and take, the hypnotic dance they performed for him, had my son in a deep trance.

I straddled him, trapping him beneath me by putting one leg on either side of his body. Lane's hands gripped my thighs, gently brushing his thumbs over the polished surface of my skin. No matter what happened next, he was mine.

I tucked my arms behind his head and leaned down to place a tender kiss amid his short, black hair. I breathed in his scent, embroiling my senses in the pheromones of my newly selected suitor before things got interesting.

Lane's hands roamed up my sides, sliding up my body until he had both of my boobs resting in his palms. Their weight fascinated him, earning an awe-stricken, opened-mouth stare as he played with my massive, dangling breasts for the ten-thousandth time. His fingers sank into the sagging dough, giving equal attention to each of the squishy mounds as he gently kneaded them.

"One rule, honey." If I wanted to make rules, they needed to be laid out *before* we started.

"Anything," Lane promised, though I knew the sincerity of that vow wavered the longer he played with my tits.

"Don't cum in me, please," Lane must have gotten whiplash from how quickly he looked up at me, finally dragging his attention away from my boobs. "I just showered, and if you creampie me I'm gonna get messy all over again."

Lane nodded. "Okay, Mommy."

"That's my good boy," I kissed his scalp again. "Do you want Mommy to put your cock somewhere it'll be warm and snug?"

"Y-yes please, Mommy," Lane stuttered.

I shushed him calmly. "Don't be scared, sweetheart. You're just going back inside of Mommy, like when you were a little baby growing in her tummy. Do you remember what it feels like in there?"

Lane shook his head.

"That's okay, honey. Mommy will show you." I leaned back and glanced down between our bodies. My eyes stumbled on exactly the sight they expected to— my son's cock nestled between my lips.

His erection reached all the way to his belly button, but the bottom half was smothered top to bottom in pungent, sultry heat. I rocked back and forth, using my petals like a brush to coat every last inch of him in slippery nectar. I tended to his cock with the devotion one would expect of a follower worshipping their idol, dutifully marinating it in a swamp of sickly sweet ambrosia.

I dragged my plush, meaty curtains up his length until I reached the knob at the end. I lodged the engorged bulb in the mouth of my pussy, gingerly prodding the narrow entrance like it was knocking at the door. I wiggled my hips and - thanks to the juices saturating us both - managed to wedge the entire head inside all at once.

I sucked in a sharp intake of breath and steadied myself against the headboard with my forearm. I anchored my other hand on his chest, rooting myself in place.

Lane adopted a curious, innocent tone. "Is there room for all of me in there, Mama?"

"I-I think so, honey. Just stay still so Mommy can put you inside."

Little by little, I dropped more of my weight onto his lap and accepted his cock into me. It stood tall and strong, trudging through the deep, pink abyss with one goal in mind - find the bottom. It carried out its mission admirably, sinking further into the mushy quagmire of meat no matter how tightly I clenched.

Lane's hands clung to my ass, lending me a little bit of support from below. His fingers dug into my supple backside so hard that I was sure his knuckles were white. With that vice grip on my cheeks, they were forced to obey his insistence that they be spread as wide as could be. He pried the tender cheeks open like he was cracking a window, allowing a breeze to tickle my pussy as it rolled through. It was room temperature air, but the warmth radiating from between my legs made it seem practically frigid by comparison.

Lane stretched his fingers to their limit. He was trying to hold a giant, gelatinous basketball in each hand, but he would have needed two more arms to keep his grip on the piles of jiggling flesh.

There were only a couple more inches waiting to slide into me and I swallowed them in one fell swoop, eliciting a sigh of relief from both of us.

My cheeks clapped against his stomach when I landed on him. Though I cherished holding him in the deepest, warmest regions of my pussy, I was eager to see how loud my ass could clap once I started riding him.

I cooed with a voice like warm honey, "Welcome home, sweetheart. Mommy missed having her big boy in there."

I clenched tightly, coiling my spongy walls around the hot-iron rod stewing in my belly. Waves rolled through me like ripples in a pool of magma, spreading all the way through me until even my fingers and toes were set ablaze.

His spongy head flattened against my cervix, filling up the last inch of room in my pussy with no corner of me unexplored. I ground my hips on him, bearing down with the intention of stirring my insides to mush. My brain was already there - adrift in an ocean of dopamine without a life raft, content to close my eyes and float mindlessly in the chemical bath.

"God, Mom. I love your pussy. You're so fucking *tight!*" Lane groaned.

I leaned over until my breasts squished against his chest, close enough that I could plant a kiss on his forehead. "Even after Mommy fought to push you out of that tiny, little hole, all you want to do is go back in?"

His breath caught in his throat. "Y-yeah."

I need not contain my devilish grin; Lane knew I was pushing his buttons on purpose, but as long as it made his dick hard, he did not care.

"Can Mommy start— *OW, honey!*" I was interrupted by Lane's hand swatting one of my plump ass cheeks. "Be gentle with my bum, young man."

Lane turned cherry red. "Sorry, sorry."

I brushed my thumb over his temple. "Will you be a good boy if I start riding you a lil' harder?"

Lane nodded silently, afraid that another slip-up would ruin his goodwill.

"Gimmie your hands." I faced both of my palms towards my son with my fingers spread apart.

He placed his hands in mine, allowing our fingers to interlock. We were connected in a multitude of ways, completing the binding ritual. As many mothers and sons were prone to do, we were holding hands to comfort each other - but that was not the strongest bond we shared at that moment.

Whether it was his hands in mine, or his cock in my pussy, I squeezed him tightly. The affection stranglehold smothered him, cloaking his erection in a coat of humid flesh. The cozy pocket he throbbed within responded to every subtle movement he made, treating each subtle spasm as an exercise in taming the powerful, raging beast.

Lane flexed like he was trying to escape by bursting through my tummy, but my pussy was well-trained to handle troublesome outbursts. It seized up, his helmet flaring against my cervix so intensely that my stomach flipped upside down.

I lifted my ass to alleviate the pressure deep within me, but longed instantly for the feeling of his fullness stuffing me to the brim. I plopped down into his lap and drove his dick back into my core. I refused to give myself a second of relief, riding the line between pain and pleasure with a foot on either side.

My cheeks applauded my efforts, literally, emitting a thunderous clap every time they collided with Lane's stomach. My thighs, slickened with juices that soaked my skin to the bone, accented each lecherous slap. It sounded like a giant with heavy, wet feet was walking across a marble floor - and his gait was steadily growing faster.

The walk quickly turned to a jog, then a sprint, as I increased the pace with which I threw my ass onto my son. I had no more patience for our slow grinding, I needed more. Every time I raised my ass off of him I made sure to stop just below the head. I hated feeling empty for even a moment, but the trade-off was worth it. The more of him that I relinquished on the way up, the more there was to bury into me on the way down.

I knew the size and shape of my boys like the back of my hand, but switching between the four of them in a given day necessitated a short period where I could familiarize myself with their cock before the muscle memory took over. With Lane, it took less than five strokes. I adapted quickly, using my bounces to measure his length.

I imagined my pussy could cast a mould of his dick once it recognized him, reshaping the plush interior to his liking. I would have happily morphed into a cozy little pocket that fit just right - a custom-made hole for him to bludgeon however he pleased.

My swim in the serotonin sea was interrupted by a loud, furious knock on my bedroom door. I did not want to respond, hoping that what I had really heard was an auditory hallucination created by my discombobulated brain.

Felix was on the other side of the door. "Mom?"

Goddammit, not now! I thought angrily. I was in no mood to pause, so I kept my steady gait and continued to ride Alex while I called out to his brother, "W-what is it, dear?"

"I'm bored. Tell him to hurry up so we can play 2K." The nerve of him, to try to rush us over some silly basketball game, made me want to scream. I loved him to death, but patience was not his strong suit.

I took a deep breath and channeled my peaceful side before I responded. After all, once he left I still needed to wring an orgasm out of his brother before I did anything else - I wanted to keep the mood light.

Lane cut in before I could say anything, "I'm almost done, man. Just chill!"

Felix scoffed. "I *am* chill! I just wanna whoop your ass with the Celtics one last time before we reset the season."

"Huh? With the— what? Dumbass! You never win with the Celtics!" I could tell Lane's focus was wavering, that likely being his brother's intention from the start. He was still lazily pawing at my breasts while he argued through the door, but not even a pair of saggy udders dangling in his face could fully distract him.

"Yeah, but if—"

"Felix! Go to your room!" I shouted, before either of them could say another word. It was fun wearing two different hats at once; the scolding disciplinarian and the tempting seductress were two different faces that I was showing to two different boys.

Felix grumbled something into the door that I could not make out. His shadow disappeared from under the doorframe, so I knew that we were finally alone again.

Lane cringed. "Sorry about that, Mom."

Changing hats, changing hats...

"It's okay, honey. Mommy's pussy got a teensy bit jealous," I blinked like a lost fawn, an enchanting siren song beckoning him back into my realm. "Were you serious about cumming soon, sweetheart?"

Lane chuckled. "If he hadn't walked up when he did, it probably would have taken ten more seconds! I love it when you do that."

"You mean when I do... *this*?" I lifted my ass in the air, then drove it forcefully to the base all at once. I used the slam to emphasize the last word, driving the point *and* my ass home - literally.

"Ohhhhhhhh, fuck!" Lane squealed. "Yeah, yeah just like that, Mama."

I knew I had him then, and it would not take long to get him to pop. I clamped down with every muscle I had, embellishing the touch of each fleshy fold caressing his cock.

When I raised my ass, I focused on trying to lift his entire body off of the bed with me. I knew that it was impossible, but used the mental image to encourage me to grip him with all my might.

My relentless clenching allowed me to feel the outline of every bulging vein sliding out of me, bumping against my sensitive walls as I dragged the slab of meat out of me. When I reached the head, I paused for a brief second before throwing my ass back into my son's lap once again. I was doing everything in my power to coax the cum out of him, begging him to empty his balls into me with feverish desperation.

"Are you gonna?" I hummed softly.

Lane gasped. "Uh-huh."

I leaned down as far as I could, releasing his hands so we could wrap our arms around each other. The passionate embrace flattened my boobs against him, making the two oversized, white pancakes spill over the sides of his chest. I wrapped my arms around his head and buried my nose in his hair.

To me, he still smelt like the fresh-faced baby boy I brought home from the hospital over twenty years ago. Even through the scent of sweat and sex hanging heavy in the still air of my bedroom, I could smell him.

"Do it, baby," I growled, like a lioness in heat. "Let it all out inside of Mommy."

Lane released a wail of ecstasy, but could not bring himself to form words. I did not need to hear anything more from him - the familiar twitches of his cock said everything he could not.

I timed my final plummet so it landed right as he erupted, driving his pulsating cock to the base so I could clench my pussy around the root while he unloaded into my guts.

The inflated bulb spewed forth molten syrup that splattered my cervix like white paint on a pink, cushy canvas. Two more ropes of cream - each as thick as the first - were added to the messy,

abstract masterpiece decorating my depths.

It seemed that the flow would never end; gooey vines adorned my insides like party streamers hanging from the rafters. The long strings of glue pasted to the walls did not hang for very long, quickly dissolving from the temperature of my pussy so that they melted into the large, bubbly puddle of cum.

My son flooded every corner of my pussy, dousing me with warm, buttery love. I wanted to spend all day with his cum churning around as a constant reminder of how thoroughly I was loved. I was filled to the brim, quite literally, with the physical embodiment of my son's profound devotion.

I imagined that warmth - a primal fervor, burning like coals in my oven - could sustain me through a frigid night alone in the Arctic tundra. The torrid fuel boiling in my pussy would be all I needed to stay warm. The immeasurable heat diffused throughout my entire body, imbuing every cell I had with a hit of natural, homemade heroin that my brain reserved for extra-special moments.

The synapses in my skull snapped like firecrackers in the night, their sparks but a quick flash that briefly illuminated the darkened pieces of my psyche that lay in the shadows. Within those short flashes, my subconscious desires were laid bare, shedding light on my forbidden longing to be permanently used by my sons as a toy for their impetuous releases. It was all I wanted anymore—to be their Free-Use Mommy, forever at their disposal.

I lay on top of my son until his cock ceased its spastic flexing. Half-erect, and still steadily throbbing, it slid from my soggy tunnel. It announced its departure with a wet, quiet **plop** when the vacuum seal was broken, falling from my pussy.

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I wasn't supposed to cum in there, was I?"

I shushed him, raking my fingers through his hair. "It's okay, sweetheart. Mommy knows how good it feels when you get to dump your babies into her."

"Really fucking good."

I had to bite my lip to stop from smiling like a goofball. "I'm glad you think so. Mommy felt really good, too."

"So you aren't mad?"

I thought for a moment, playing up the anticipation that I might suddenly ground him for. "Well, you made quite a mess so I'll have to get back in the shower. Do you want to join me?"

Lane's face was completely blank. "Actually..."

I knew it. I applauded myself for being able to predict my children so well. "You want to go play video games with your brother?"

"Am I the worst?" Lane prepared a dissertation of apologies to make up for his transgression.

"No, honey. Go and play. I don't mind getting cleaned up by myself." I rolled to the side and set him free, after delivering a bombing run of kisses over his face. Once he was free, he bolted out of the room like I was sending him to the corner store with extra milk money so that he could buy himself a sweet treat.

I stood up and was instantly greeted by Lane's cum trickling down the inside of my thigh. It was already at my knee by the time I noticed it, so I thanked myself for having hardwood floors that would make it easier to clean up the thick droplets of cum that splattered by my feet.

I knew I had to shower again, but a mental checklist confirmed that I had tended to all of my sons, with the exception of the groundee, and should have been able to enjoy the rest of the afternoon free of... well, free use!

I wrapped a towel around my waist, keeping my boobs out in view so any of my sons would get an eyeful as I walked by them, and headed to the bathroom. I ran the shower and prepared to get in, but was taken aback by a knock on the door before I had even gotten my feet wet.

It was Alex.

"Er, Mom?"

"Yes, honey?" I stepped closer to the door, already convinced I knew where this was headed.

"Are you, uh, showering?"

As if the running water was not a big enough hint. "Did you want to join me, by any chance?"

I could not see his smile, but I could definitely hear the grin spread across his face when he said, "Of course! I'll go get changed, just give me a second!"

I chuckled to myself. The day was just beginning, and already I had two doses of cum marinating in my stomach. I had yet to eat breakfast, so the sensation of the double loads sloshing around in my tummy was impossible to ignore. That said, it was nothing compared to the babies - the ones that should have grown up to be my grandchildren - were, instead, swimming circles around their grandmother's womb.

A mother's work is never done, I reminded myself, as I cleaned Lane's cum out of me, preparing myself for Alex to use.

It was a busy morning, to be sure. But compared to some of our adventures in the past, and many that would come in the future, it was a drop in the bucket.

Being a Free-Use Mommy was a full-time job, but I was never, ever going to retire.

THE END