

MOM'S CORNER POCKET

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Mom gets a ball stuck in her ass, Son has to help remove it.

Incest/Taboo

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My connection with my Mom had always been special. If anything ever happened, for better or worse, we were there for each other. I'd taken that deep, meaningful connection for granted as a child - that's pretty much what kids do, isn't it? -- but I think I got a head start on appreciating both the strength and the uniqueness of our bond.

Even as a teenager, I would have proudly counted my Mother in the ranks of my closest friends. I had plenty that were my own age, but I could not be vulnerable with them the way I could with her. None of my friends could relate to the closeness I shared with Mom, and that made me sad for them. She was such a prominent source of comfort that I could not imagine life without her. Mom was a guiding light throughout my childhood, but as I entered adulthood she began to embody something entirely different.

I had trouble talking to girls my own age when I was growing up, and it took a few years before I understood why. It turned out I simply was not into them. Whether from the extraordinary amount of time I spent with Mom, or a coincidental crossing of wires in my brain, she was the only woman I lusted after. I found other woman attractive, technically, but the strength of that attraction was directly proportional to how much they resembled her.

Mom was gorgeous, enigmatic, friendly, and about a thousand other adjectives that could not do justice to the pillar of beauty that I got to come home to every day. I wished there could be something more between us, and often wondered if she felt the same.

We were much closer than any of my friends were with their moms. Perhaps that was a warning sign of the path that lay ahead of us, or perhaps I was imagining her paternal affection as something more. There was no way to be sure, and I was too cowardly to make a decisive move on my own. I longed for us to be together in a way that no parent and child ever should. I could not take the risk of allowing sex to destroy the amazing relationship we already had.

It was an ordinary Friday night at our house. I'd turned eighteen a few days prior. There'd been a party and presents and whatnot, but life had gone back to normal the very next day.

Dad was working late, as he often did. Meanwhile, my sister was off at a friend's house. That left Mom and me to run our house the only way we knew how: watching movies with the volume turned up loud enough to wake the dead.

When I was a kid, horror had been our bread and butter. There's something special about being spooked by a ghastly vampire, then having the arms of my Mother to jump into for comfort. There's nothing in the world that feels safer. We'd spent many long nights cuddled up on the couch together. Any time Mom had fallen asleep on me, I'd tried to stay awake as long as I could without waking her. Those were moments that I hoped would never end - and to that point, they hadn't.

As I'd gotten older, we'd graduated to movies that were less overtly horrific. Mom was not fond of anything with too much gore, so we'd started to explore more mature movies that would have gone over my head as a kid. The slow burn of a well-paced thriller became our new default, and I looked forward to any evening that would end with Mom in my arms.

Earlier that day, we had made plans over lunch in anticipation of our night alone. I'd suggested that we watch *Sicario*. We enjoyed the process of mulling through the endless selection on various streaming sites, but I would sometimes suggest a film that Mom had never heard of, which typically required a bit more convincing. That day, however, Mom had no reservations about watching a movie she was unfamiliar with.

"It's your *super late* birthday present!" she said. I didn't really know what to make of her sudden exuberance, or her jokey tone. "I think to celebrate, it's only fair that you get to have whatever you want." Then she batted her eyelashes at me, which only confused me more. It was easy to shrug all of that off, though, because I was indeed getting exactly what I wanted. I figured that if Mom was in a good mood - even an unusual *kind* of good mood - then everything was great.

I made us a big bowl of popcorn, with our signature salt and vinegar seasoning, while Mom cracked a couple of Coronas and added freshly cut lime wedges. As far as I was concerned, those were all it took to complete the recipe for a perfect evening. We plopped down onto the couch and dimmed the lights, ready to sit on the edge of our seats for the next two hours.

Mom leaned over to grab a handful of popcorn while the opening credits rolled and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek when she did. "I hope this movie is good. I've don't recognize any of these names."

"We can watch something else?"

"No, no. Remember, honey: late birthday. You can have *whatever* you want." Again, she stared into my eyes with an unrecognizable fixation.

The movie was about an FBI agent who joins a task force to combat drug cartels in Mexico--not the easiest topic to make light of, but somehow we managed. A third of the way through, we were halfway through the popcorn, and I was just starting to feel the mildest of buzzes.

"People will do anything to get by," Mom said, "including stuffing their butts with cocaine." Then she patted one of her enormous, curvy cheeks.

Mom's joke was about smuggling drug across the border in her bottom was in tune with the movie's criminal themes. I would have found it funny, too, if it had not come accompanied by a visual that shook me to my core. The image of Mom liberally packing bags of cocaine into her ass was powerful, and I felt guilty for how long I allowed myself to linger on it.

Mom continued to pontificate on her potential future as a drug mule, casually crunching on kernels all the while. "I bet they pay you based on how much you can take. Like, if I could take a whole pound, I would probably become their leader overnight."

I raised an eyebrow. "I really don't think that 'rectum reservoir capacity' is how the cartel chooses their *leaders*, Mom."

I was impressed with her ambition, but more than a little concerned at how thoroughly I'd mulled over the visual of her stuffing bricks of white powder into her bottom.

"You don't know that!" she countered. "The movie isn't over yet. Maybe *that* is what this whole thing is leading to."

I laid on the sarcasm as heavily as I could. "A climax wherein our main character becomes a cartel queen by doing... what, exactly?"

Mom smirked confidently. "You're just jealous that I would be the leader of every friggin' gang out there!"

A long, ominous pause hung in the air. I knew I should say something. I knew what I *wanted* to say, but I didn't know what I *should* say.

Mom was still watching the movie, but I could just *tell* that she was paying absolutely no attention to it. Her focus was entirely on me.

I cleared my throat. "Uh, what does that *mean*, exactly?"

She scoffed, as if her comment had been completely innocent. "You heard me! I'd be the queen of all those sons of bitches!"

"Yeah but--" The genuine absurdity of what I was thinking of asking my mother pre-emptively hit me like a ton of bricks. I suppose those bricks must have struck me from behind, because it was like they pushed the grossly inappropriate comment right out of me. "Because your asshole is so big, you mean?"

Mom slapped my shoulder. "Honey!"

"I don't know! Isn't that the implication of what you just said?"

Mom thought for a moment. "I mean, yeah, it's *pretty* stretchy, but you don't have to be so blunt about it!"

If I had been sipping my beer at that moment, it would have come spewing out of my nose. I broke into a laughing fit, my face contorted in an ugly disarray of confusion and hilarity as the sheer insanity of our conversation truly hit home. Mom played off my reaction and erupted into a giggle fit of her own. Based on how hard she laughed, I think she found it even funnier than I did.

I cackled in disbelief. "It's pretty *stretchy*? Did you really just say that?"

Mom shrugged. "I dunno! Do you want me to lie?"

"Maybe you should have! I don't know! I have *literally* never thought about that before."

A wicked, devious smile crept across Mom's face. "You've never thought about how stretchy Mommy's butthole is?"

That statement punched me in the gut with a pair of brass knuckles. The expression drained from my face. The crow's feet around my eyes vanished, leaving behind of a blank, solemn stare.

"Have I ever... what's going on? What are you doing?"

We had always been able to tease each other freely, but the butterflies in my stomach that night felt decidedly different than they ever had before. On most nights, a simple touch of her skin was

enough to give me a rush of adrenaline, but that night I felt heat and energy rushing to places they never had before - well, not during movie nights with Mom, anyway.

Mom innocently threw another popcorn kernel into her mouth. "What?"

It was hard to pinpoint just one thing to question, so I picked the first that came to mind. "You're calling yourself 'Mommy,' now?"

"I'm just joking around, sweetheart."

"I mean... yeah, I guess. Sorry, I just-- that really threw me off."

Mom rubbed my thigh reassuringly. "Sorry, honey. Just forget it, okay?"

That was easier said than done.

At some point the movie finished. I mean, I assume it did--most movies end at *some* point. Personally, I do not remember finishing watching the film. Once Mom had dropped her bombshell statement, every neuron in my brain became fixated on creating a vivid, mouth-watering mental picture of her demonstrating, for my waiting eyes, her aforementioned anal talent.

At first, the shame made me sick to my stomach. I had never experienced such guilt before, but I soon grew to enjoy the uncomfortable, sinking feeling in my gut. I had often thought of Mom as a sexual being, but hearing her fuel those fantasies - whether she intended to or not - gave me the excuse to imagine her in ways that I had previously been too ashamed to explore.

When the movie ended and Mom got off the couch, I was abhorred by the fact that I was watching her ass swallow her pajama shorts. I couldn't look away from the thin cotton sinking between her fat, jigglng cheeks like dental floss. By the time I was back in my room, I was practically obsessing over it--over *her*.

To combat my raging horniness, I waded deep through the trenches of PornHub, searching desperately for a video that would trigger the same reaction in my brain that Mom had. I did not know exactly what I was searching for, but I soon realized why none of the videos were doing it for me: none of the women looked like her.

A knock at my door triggered my lightning-fast 'close all the tabs' response. Mom's voice on the other side made my heart flutter more than anything I had seen on my computer. I thought I had been isolated in my room for only a few minutes, but the bright, red numbers on my bedside clock informed me that it had been closer to forty.

Mom knocked again, more urgently. "Honey? Are you in there? I need help with something."

I flew to the door and opened it in a flash. "What is it?"

Mom was wearing an oversized t-shirt, which gave the illusion that she did not have underwear on underneath it. "You have to agree to help before I tell you what it is."

"Or what?"

"Or we have to go to the hospital."

The stakes immediately became very real. "Uh, okay. I mean, yes, obviously. What's going on?"

Mom scanned my face, gauging my reaction. She chewed her lower lip, her face riddled with concern, then said, "Okay, fine. Come with me."

We walked down the hall together, though it's more accurate to say that she waddled. I knew Mom's body language like the back of my hand, so I could tell immediately that something was wrong with her gait. She took small, careful steps, like she was walking between landmines. Her hands were folded in front of her tummy, where they fidgeted nervously with the hem of her shirt.

When we reached her bedroom, she lowered her gaze to the floor. "Please don't tell your father. I would ask for his help, but he won't be home until tomorrow, and I'm getting worried that they won't come out on their own."

"Just tell me what yo-- wait, you said *they*?"

Mom stomped her foot. "*They* are the only things we had! I looked for something better, but I wanted to see if I could fit them, even though they're pretty big."

The vein in my temple throbbed. "Fit them *where*?"

"Promise you won't laugh at me," Mom whimpered meekly.

I would have preferred to laugh, rather than have a panic attack, though the latter seeming to be far more likely. I promised her--hand over heart--that I would not laugh. It did not look like she believed me, but whatever situation she was in did not permit her to be choosy.

Mom dropped down onto her hands and knees with her ass facing me. She hiked her shirt up over the swell of her large, lily-white ass cheeks. She was wearing underwear, though the tiny shred of light blue cotton, tasked with keeping her private parts modest, was hardly qualified for that job; it did very little to leave the shape of her bulging pussy lips to the imagination. The fabric was pulled against her pussy mound so tightly that the edges of it, which were embroidered with thin, white lace, were digging into her supple flesh.

Mom sucked in a deep breath. "Can you just... Oh, god, I can't believe I'm saying this! Just pull down my shorts, honey."

"Uh, what is going on?"

Mom folded her arms and tucked her face into the corner of her elbow, like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand. "I don't want to take them off. It feels grosser if I *present* myself to you. I'm going to bury my head in my hands. Please, just take them off and tell me what you see."

Nerves took control of my entire body; I was shaking like a leaf as I reached out to grab the sides of Mom's underwear. I tugged them to the floor in one fell swoop, and bunched them up around her knees.

For years, I had filled the corners of my brain with fantasies of what Mom's vagina looked like. I soaked in the miraculous view, memorizing every detail as though it might disappear at any given moment. My wildest imagination had not come anywhere close to capturing the surreal beauty of my birth place. Despite what the circumstances implied, gazing upon it felt strangely natural.

Mom's pussy lips were like two pudgy mounds of soft, succulent flesh separated by a thin, pink slit. When she bent over, they bulged out from between her thighs, forming a round hill that I could

have traced with the tip of my finger. Had I done so, I would have stumbled upon her asshole-- which looked like none that I had ever seen before.

Mom cleared her throat. "You're really staring..."

"Oh my god, Mom, it looks so-- um, I mean it's just... I've never seen one up close before."

Mom tilted her face to the side so that she was not speaking into the mattress. "A vagina?"

"Uh, yeah."

"I don't need you to look at my *vagina*, honey." Mom clenched her asshole, making it wink at me.

My eyes locked on her buttohole. "T-there?"

Nestled in the valley between her enormous cheeks lay a distended, bumpy ring. Its edges were raised, making it puff up like a large, fleshy donut - one that was bright pink. The surrounding skin was light brown, and dotted with a litany of tiny goosebumps. The bloated circle protruded about an inch or so from her body. In all the porn I had ever watched, the women's assholes went *in*, not out, so I knew something wasn't normal. I just didn't know what.

"I was hoping I wouldn't have to do this." Mom released a pent-up sigh, and reached around to grab hold of her bottom with both hands. She pulled her cheeks open, stretching her ass as wide as she could. The elasticity of her poor, tiny buttohole was put to the test; she kept prying herself open until it looked like a smear of pink paint. I had to physically clasp my hands together to resist the urge to reach out and touch her.

"Can you see it? Here, maybe if I do *this*." Mom emitted a feral grunt, then her whole body tensed up. Her asshole pushed outwards and peeled open. In the middle of the ring --where I expected to see only soft, pink flesh--appeared a shiny blue object. It plugged the mouth of her asshole--a boulder sealing off the entrance to deep, dark cave.

My heart leapt into my chest. "What is that?"

"You can see it?" Mom asked excitedly.

"What is it?"

With a distressed groan, Mom let go of her ass cheeks and buried her head in her hands. "Promise me, again, that you won't laugh."

I promised. Then again, I would have said *anything* to continue bingeing on the visual feast of my mother spreading herself like a depraved vixen, lost in the throes of impetuous heat.

"When we were joking about being drug mules," she said, "it made me curious about how much I could actually fit... uh, back *there*. I thought you were asleep, honey. I'm so sorry you have to see me like this."

The absurdity of her experiment was an afterthought. I was entirely focused on the details. "Is that a pool ball from the basement?"

Defeated, and without recourse, Mom admitted, "Yes, it is."

I still felt as though I was in a dream, and could not fully process the surreal images before me. "You can fit a *pool ball* in there?"

Mom clicked her tongue. "I didn't fit one... I fit *three*."

The blood rushing to my head almost made me pass out. My pulse thumped in my ears like a subwoofer, drowning out whatever excuses Mom made to explain herself next. I was not listening; I was hyperfixated on the delicious hole being spread in front of my ravenous eyes that was, allegedly, packed to the brim with billiard balls.

When I finally tuned back in to the real world, Mom was still struggling to explain herself. "So, then I put *another* one in, but with even more lube, because the second went in so easily. And then, I tried to get them all out, but it was a lot harder than I thought."

"So, they're stuck?" I asked, dumbfounded.

Mom paused, likely realizing that most of her explanation had fallen on deaf ears. "Yes, honey, they're stuck. I don't want to go to the hospital, and your father won't be home until tomorrow. I am *not* going to sleep with these things in my butt!"

"Why not?" I don't know what prompted me to ask that question, but I was dying to know the answer.

Mom rubbed her feet together, making her ass rock back and forth while she squirmed with embarrassment. "Well, they're pretty heavy, so I can feel them shifting when I walk around--that's annoying. They're starting to hurt a little bit, too. I think I'm just so stretched out that my muscles are screaming for a break."

"And they aren't gonna get one," I said, with a tone more ominous than intended.

"Uh, why?"

"You have to push, right? I can help, however you need, but you're going to have to do most of the work to get them out."

Mom kicked her feet, psyching herself up to eject eighteen ounces of solid resin from her bowels. "O-okay. I can do that. I can do this!"

"How can I help?" I hoped my eagerness sounded supportive. I didn't want her to know how aroused I was.

"Do you--I hate asking you this--but, do you think you can spread me? It's easier to push if I don't have to reach back and hold myself open."

I was ecstatic. "S-sure, Mom. I can do that, if you want."

I grabbed Mom's ass with both hands, kneading the soft, doughy cheeks with my fingers. I spread her apart, trying to squeeze the cushiony mounds subtly so that Mom would not call me out for enjoying myself too much.

"Okay, here I go," she announced, her voice wavering with anxiety.

With a concentrated grunt, she pushed out as hard as she could. Her asshole extended towards me like a fleshy, red telescope. Just like before, a small glimpse of the pool ball appeared in the mouth

of her hole. Her rubbery butt ring dilated further, making more of the blue orb peek out from the confines of its puckered prison.

"I can see it," I confirmed excitedly.

Mom's voice was strained thanks to her forceful pushing. "How does it look?"

"It looks amazing. I mean, uh, you're *doing* amazing. Good job, Mom." I hoped I had saved myself from the shame of being caught worshipping at the altar of my mother's asshole.

Mom shifted on her knees impatiently. "Do you think it would be easier if we took my underwear off?"

"Oh, absolutely." I tugged on her underwear, prompting her to lift her knees one at a time so I could slide the barely-there fabric off of her legs. As soon as the panties were off, Mom spread her thighs apart and stuck her ass up into the air. I hadn't had to say a word.

"Is that better, sweetheart?" she cooed.

"That's... wow." I placed my fingers near her asshole and prodded the outer edge of the puffy donut. Mom sucked in a sharp breath, but did not contest my advances. "Can you push again?"

"Honey, your fingers are touching my--"

I applied a hint of pressure to either side of her asshole. "Trust me. It's going to help."

With the added pressure, Mom's next push exposed a larger portion of the ball. I pushed down, prying her apart. I wiggled my thumbs closer to the inside of her asshole, directly against bulging rim.

The tiny tunnel clung to the pool ball like it was glued to it, refusing to relinquish its grip. Mom's intense pushing made her asshole distend from her body, widening its cavernous maw to reveal the slimy, blue lump plugging her guts. She managed to get it out about halfway, but stopped. The diameter of the ball was at its widest, and her stretchy ring was visibly straining to keep it in place.

I could tell she was fighting the urge to suck it back inside and save herself the pain. Her toes were tightly curled and her back was arched. Her whole body was united in the struggle to eject the pool ball, but it was also screaming at her that it was all just too much.

"Big push, Mom. It's almost out!"

Mom growled like a feral jungle cat, digging her claws into the bedsheets so hard that her knuckles turned as pale as moonlight. "Oh, *god!*"

She stretched to her absolute limit, putting enormous tension on her asshole despite it pleading for mercy. With one final push, she delivered the steaming heap onto the mattress.

I got swept up in the moment, and celebrated by allowing instincts--ones that I did not fully understand--to take control of me. They convinced me that, after helping my mom with such a grueling task, I had earned the right to deliver a congratulatory slap to her cream-coloured rump. I smacked the canvas of immaculate white flesh and watched her fat bottom dance around. Reverberations of my forceful spanking made ripples in her tender flesh.

"Ouch, honey!" Mom cried out in shock.

A faint, pink outline of my hand had been etched into her supple skin, branding my mother with my personal signature. I apologized about a dozen times, but once the surprise wore off, she did not seem to be overly offended.

Her meek voice warbled in her throat. "It's okay, just... we still have some work to do. Can you see the next one?"

"Not yet."

"Can you look for it? I don't know how deep it went."

I was stunned. "Look, like... with my eyes? How?"

"No," Mom grumbled. "With your finger, please."

"I-in your ass?"

"I know how weird it is, but I'm scared. Please, honey."

Luckily for me, all of her demands thus far had been in perfect sync with my own perverted desires, and that hadn't changed one bit.

I placed my fingertip against Mom's asshole. Thanks to her powerful pushing, it had become loose enough that I could wriggle my way in there with relative ease. All it took was constant movement and steady pressure. Soon, I'd sunk that single digit well into her depths. I felt velvet walls and hot, muggy heat.

My second knuckle was inside of her before I finally made contact with the ball. Its firm surface was easy to discern amid the cocoon of soggy, sweltering flesh. I pushed on the ball a little, curious to see if there was any room to maneuver.

Mom groaned like she had a stomach ache. Her toes curled so tightly that they cracked like bubble wrap. The rest of her body was just as rigid.

"Can you feel that?" I asked her.

"F-fuck, yes! I can feel it in my fucking stomach!"

I had never heard my mother curse in her entire life - but as surprises went, it barely rated.

"It's not budging, Mom," I said. "You're gonna have to push."

Mom grumbled something to herself that I was not supposed to hear, then asked, "Can you spread the *inside* this time?"

I paused, which must have read as hesitation. In truth, her request had crashed my system - excitement overload.

Mom craned her neck, peering over her shoulder to look my in the eye - the first time she'd done so since bending over. "Honey, listen to me. We have to come to terms with how weird this is." I found it heartwarming that she felt the need to comfort me, oblivious to how gleeful her request had made me. She gritted her teeth - metaphorically, if not literally - and exhorted me to do the same. "I need you to reach into my bum, and hold me open, so that *maybe* I can force this thing out of me."

Despite trying to psych herself - and me - up, I could tell she was getting panicky. She was close to hyperventilating. "I don't even want to think about the third one!" she seethed. "For Christ's sake, that's probably why my stomach hurts--it's so deep, it's practically in my belly!"

I decided she'd been right about the teeth-gritting; I needed to be strong for her and take charge of the situation. "Okay, Mom," I said with new confidence in my voice, "here's what we're gonna do: You're going to spread your cheeks, I'm going to open your walls, and you're going to push *hard*."

I simultaneously embedded both of my pointer fingers into Mom's bum. I did not want to hurt her, so I only inserted them to the first knuckles. With a firm but patient demeanour, I slowly pulled my fingers away from each other. While I did, Mom bore down and pushed with all her might.

Without that teamwork, those last two balls would have stayed inside of her all night, but thanks to our combined efforts, number two - yeah, yeah, sue me - started to move. Spurred by Mom's relentless, herculean effort, it reached the tips of my fingers. As the widest part approached, I knew I had to pry Mom apart even more, lest my assistance become an impediment.

First I felt it graze my fingertips. I pulled more. Then I felt it brush against my embedded knuckles. I pulled harder still. At that point, I honestly couldn't tell what was affecting Mom more: her own straining, the ball's passage, or my prying.

"You're doing it, Mom! It's moving!" I was excited for her to be free of the billiard burden, but even more so to see her loosened hole heave it forth like a baseball pitching machine.

In my wildest dreams, I never imagined I would see any woman debase herself in front of me so willingly, let alone the woman who gave birth to me. I tried to put myself in her shoes--to feel the shame, guilt, and physical discomfort that she was feeling--but none of that stopped my dick from getting hard.

The swollen ridge of her tired butthole dilated as I held it open. I spread her as far as I could before a pained yelp told me to rein in my inhibitions. I was having too much fun. I forgot, for a fleeting moment, that the woman that beautiful, magnificent asshole belonged to had raised me with love in her heart every day.

Mom was a chicken, struggling to lay an egg that was too big for her. One way or another, she had to deliver the bulky, unyielding mass. I was lucky enough to watch, and found myself imaginatively comparing the birthing process--the pain and the determination to overcome it--to my own. I was extremely proud of my mother for being brave enough to go through such an ordeal again, especially with the humiliating and ironic addition of my presence.

Mom was desperate for a hint of good news. "I feel it moving around. Is it coming out?"

"One more big push, Mom. Be strong, for me."

Mom buckled down; I was certain that the teeth-gritting had become literal. Heck, I was worried she was going to crack them. Whatever she was doing paid off, though; I soon confirmed that the second obstruction--which I was finally able to identify as the red, striped ball--was on its way out.

The red band that stretched around the ball like a belt was horizontal, placing the "11" insignia smack dab in the middle of Mom's asshole. The number was the right way up, and dead center with the edge of her butthole, in a way that was too good to be true. The heavens themselves must have colluded to produce such a miracle, and I was the only human being lucky enough to witness it.

With a solemn, guttural groan, Mom finally ejected the ball. It was covered in lube, which she must have used to plenty of in order to fit it inside.

The ball rolled off of the mattress and onto the floor, where it landed with a sharp crack. In its wake, it left a long, glistening snail trail that led all the way back to Mom's red, gaping asshole.

I looked inside of her butt -- beyond the raw, exposed flesh that moved in time with her breathing - - to see if I could spot the final ball. The heat billowing out of her depths was such that one could have been forgiven for thinking there was a fire burning at the bottom. I imagined tendrils of steam floating out of her, coiling as they rose to the ceiling and broke against the rafters, like the inside of her asshole was a piping hot cup of freshly brewed tea

The more tragic reality was that I could see nothing but shadows, which confirmed to me that the last ball had--as she feared--submerged itself in the lost, sunken pit of her stomach.

I grabbed my phone out of my pocket and flicked on the flashlight.

"Please don't tell me you're taking pictures right now," Mom whined.

"No, I'm just using the flash to see if I can find the last one. What color was it?"

"I think it was the eight ball -- the black one."

I chuckled to myself. "I guess you lost, then."

She didn't respond. It was tough to tell what she was thinking, but I felt a pang of concern that I'd offended her. "I mean, like you lost the game of pool. The eight ball is the *last* one to go in the... uh, pocket."

That had not been the right thing to say.

"My bum is a *pocket*, is it?" Mom growled angrily. "Great! I'll just bend over, and you and all your friends can use me as a hole to sink balls into!"

I thought about saying something else, but I decided to quit while I was behind. It certainly wasn't helping matters that, even as she'd lashed out at me, all I could focus on was the arresting visual image of her asshole, billowing like a grotesque kaleidoscope of raw, softened meat. I kept searching for the ball in silence.

Even with the flashlight, I could not get sight of it. Mom was back to holding her cheeks open with both hands, but no matter how wide she spread, the gaping burrow of wet, convulsing muscle made it impossible to see any deeper.

"We need something bigger," she concluded, prompting me to ask what she had in mind. She mulled it over for a moment. "Something longer, and probably thicker, so it can help me stretch."

I failed to stifle a snicker before it escaped. I was not being a good son.

"You're laughing, again?"

"I didn't mean to. It's just that, well... I don't know how to say this."

Mom sighed, and though I could not see her face, I knew she was rolling her eyes. "Honey, please. My bum is literally gaping in front of you right now. Can we just be honest with each other?"

In any other situation, I might have been annoyed at the hypocrisy. Every time I'd let something honest slip to that point, she'd responded in anger. Maybe that's why I decided to give her more of what she claimed to want.

"Okay, well, you said longer--and thicker." I thought she would catch my drift, but apparently she didn't. My statement simply hung in the air; she made no response whatsoever. I tried again. "That kind of, ahem, *matches the description*, if you know what I mean."

Mom groaned, frustration pushing her patience to the edge. "I have no idea what you mean!"

"Mom, I-- ugh! My dick is hard! Happy?"

Mom froze; it was a subtle thing, and I felt it more than saw out. "You're lying," she said. Her voice wasn't cold, so much as the victim of a sudden chill.

"As much as I would *love* to prove it to you, I don't think you want me to slap my dick against your leg." I said sarcastically, despite meaning every word.

The chill in the air thawed, and I picked up a hint of genuine intrigue in her voice. "You're actually hard right now?"

I cringed, feeling betrayed by my body. "I didn't mean for it to happen. It just kind of... happened."

Mom squirmed in place. "Well... no, don't slap it against my leg."

"I wasn't going to!" I insisted.

"No, honey what I mean is... I think you're right. I haven't seen it since you were a baby, but it's *definitely* gotten longer -- and thicker -- so, you know... don't *just* slap it against my leg."

The implication of her request began to take shape in my mind. "Uh, w-what should I do with it?"

The air was heavy with silence. Mom thought over her words carefully, but ultimately came to the decision that I prayed she would. "Do you really need me to say it?"

I knew exactly what she meant, but the prospect of hearing her speak the words--so I would be able to replay them in my head for years to come, to say nothing of how it would feel just to have heard them that night--was simply too tempting. I wanted her to beg for it.

I used her own logic against her. "You wanted us to be honest with each other, right?"

"Fine. I think you should use your penis to spread me, so I can push the last one out. Are you happy?"

Very, I thought to myself. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Honey!" Mom raised her voice to an ear-piercing pitch and smacked the bed with her balled-up fist as though it were a judge's gavel. "You're not-- uh, doing *that*. You're just *putting it in*. Got it?"

I did not "get it" -- not one bit. I also wasn't going to argue with her - not one bit. Being a good, loving son, I dutifully removed my shirt and boxers.

I stood at the foot of the bed and pulled Mom to the edge so I could keep my feet on the floor. Towering over her like a goliath made me feel impossibly powerful. The woman I admired more

than anyone in the world was surrendering herself to me, bent over like a feral dog to present her hindquarters for my conquest.

"Should I spread again?" Mom asked, but it was rhetorical.

Without giving me time to respond, she reached around with her hands and grabbed the insides of her doughy cheeks. She had to reposition her fingers a few times--they kept slipping thanks to the layer of lube that coated her skin--but eventually found her grip.

Mom pried open her cheeks, and with them, the mouth of her raw, tired tunnel. It gawked lamely, struggling to retain a hint of its elasticity. The insides of her humid cave warped its walls in tune with her laboured breathing, beckoning me inside.

I lodged the tip of my cock against Mom's asshole, giving her a second to accept that there we were nearing a point of no return. She did not protest, but she did hold her breath when she felt me start to enter her. The first ring of loosened muscle stretched around the head of my dick as it slipped inside, eagerly welcoming the engorged crown with a slimy hug. It then sealed around the head, entombing the entire knob in the confines of her butt-oven.

Mom emitted a groan from deep in her belly, but did not say a word to stop me. I pushed a little deeper, feeding her another inch, then paused so she could get used to it. She had already impressed me with her ability to push out the first two balls, but I did not want to overstep and hurt her before the job was done.

I pulled back, evoking a desperate plea from Mom. "W-wait! Wait, honey. Don't pull it out; that will just hurt more. You need to go deeper. Okay, honey? I can take it."

I gulped, my tongue scraping the roof of my dry mouth like sandpaper.

One fat, bulky inch at a time, I inserted myself into Mom's bum. She squirmed and rocked in place, but held her composure the whole time. She accepted every portion with grace, swallowing my cock as though there was not already a massive boulder resting at the bottom.

I withdrew a little, then pushed in even further. Back and forth, we found our rhythm together. My instincts told me to pound her as hard as I could, but I kept them at bay. Those impulses knew nothing of the nirvana that came with a slow, steady descent into the furthest recesses of Mom's body. She squeezed me tightly each time I pushed back in, subtly urging me forward through the tube of wet, tenderized meat.

"Are you a-almost there?" Mom muttered weakly, though that, too, was rhetorical. We both knew that I had not hit the bottom yet, because when I did, it would be impossible to mistake.

I buried another inch into her bottom. "Not yet. I think I would know."

Mom pushed into me, helping my dick to sink deeper. "It must be close. I can feel how deep you're going, and it can't be much further. Maybe if y--*oohhHHH FUCK! Stop, honey, stop!*"

I felt it, too, but was too caught up in the journey to notice the obstruction along the way. As soon as she clenched up, my senses returned.

"Sorry, sorry!" I pulled out instinctively, but just as quickly remembered Mom's request that I stay inside so I did not hurt her even more. That sudden recollection caused me to push back inside with far too much force, driving my dick violently against the pool ball once again.

Mom bellowed like a beached whale. "Jesus *Christ!* Stop fucking moving!"

I became a statue. "Did I hurt you?"

Mom sighed into the mattress. "A little bit. Just be gentle with me. It doesn't *have* to hurt, I usually like anal! Take your time."

I took a deep breath to steel my resolve; I was not about to fuck up a golden opportunity. I nudged the pool ball with the head of my dick, testing to see if it would move. I did it as gingerly as I could, but no matter how patient I was, Mom could not be dissuaded from clenching the sheets until her knuckles were white.

"Did that hurt, too?" I asked.

Mom shook her head, tossing around her luscious blonde hair. "No, not that time. I told you; it doesn't have to hurt. Push again, honey."

I flattened the spongy head of my cock against the solid, unrelenting mass. "Like that?"

Mom released a somber groan that carried on for several seconds. "Yeah, that feels good."

My eyebrows almost leapt off of my face. "That feels *good?*"

Mom chuckled. "I told you, honey; I *do* like anal."

I pulled out a little bit, then sank back in as far as I could, sawing my cock in and out of her asshole. She groaned softly, and pushed back into me when I connected with the ball. The patience I display allowed her tightly constricted walls to mold themselves to me like a wet t-shirt, clinging mercilessly to my dick as it trudged through the buttery channel.

"Pull out... when I... push," Mom instructed between ragged breaths.

She pushed as hard as she could, making her asshole unfurl like it was trying to regurgitate my throbbing cock. The ring bulged outward from her body, straining to force me out.

We took nothing more than baby steps, allowing my dick time to keep her hole from closing back up in between her pushes. Without something to keep her stretched apart, the walls of the velvet burrow would have sealed up again by then.

"I-I think it's moving!" Mom exclaimed.

I grabbed her hips and dug my fingers into her supple flesh. "Push for me, Mom."

Mom howled like a wolf at the moon, but her cries were muffled by the covers bunched up around her face. We took turns going back and forth. She would push out, then I would push in when she relaxed, forming a lewd dance of harmonious depravity focused on singular goal. Every inch we covered brought the ball further out of her bowels, making slow but steady progress to push it to the surface.

I cheered Mom on the way she had when I'd played soccer as a kid. Yelling from the sidelines about how proud of me she had been the injection of confidence I'd often needed to bring out the best in myself. That night, I knew she needed that same support from me.

I rubbed the small of her back with one hand. "Keep going, Mom! You're doing so good. I'm so proud of you!"

After a few minutes of Mom's steady pushing, we had made some serious progress. My cock was sticking most of the way out by that point, with only the head remaining inside of her with the tip lodged snugly against the pool ball. She had successfully pushed it out most of the way, but the hardest part was yet to come. We were close, but could not stop yet.

Mom moaned with unmistakable pleasure. She was not in pain -- not even close. "It's coming, it's coming, it's coming!" Her celebratory chants were music to my ears.

"I'm gonna pull out," I told her, "but you have to push!"

Mom nodded obediently, then braced herself. She wailed, succumbing to her animalistic urges with a triumphant, feral growl.

I yanked my dick out of Mom's bludgeoned asshole and instantly saw the sizable black ball that plugged the opening. It was almost halfway out, and thanks to the effort we put towards loosening her up, was primed to be ejected with one more push.

Mom's nails were making imprints in her succulent flesh, but she kept her cheeks spread apart as wide as she physically could. Lube dribbled out of the edges of her loosened asshole and over her quivering fingers.

Her asshole dilated, heaving forth enormous, black egg. It plopped onto the mattress, soaking the blankets with the hot, syrupy lube that she had been cooking like homemade molasses in the pit of her stomach. The black ball should have been glowing, and red hot, fresh from the molten forge.

The ball left Mom's asshole a sloppy, slackened mess in its wake; it could not properly close up. The hulking baggage she had stored for over an hour at that point had taken a serious toll on her ability to remain tight. Her asshole was so loose that I could have probably fit four fingers into her if I'd wedged them in right.

Mom panted like a dog at the racetrack, but could not bring herself to face me. "Are you still staring?"

I gulped. *Busted*. My only option was a counteroffensive. "You're still on your hands and knees."

The air was thick with silence again. Perhaps it was saying everything we could not, but once again, I wanted more. I wanted to hear the words. I wanted to remember them forever.

I cleared my throat. "Mom? Are we still being honest with each other?"

Mom turned her head to the side so she could look me in my eyes. "Of course, honey."

My heart plummeted. I was wrought with anxiety, certain that a misstep would cause everything that Mom and I had with each other to come crashing down. On the other hand, I knew we were in the midst of a unique and singular moment. I couldn't let it pass. I had to take a chance.

"I want to fuck you," I blurted out.

Mom inhaled a sharp breath through her nostrils, then breathed out of her mouth until her lungs were empty. "I can't let you do that. I'm sorry, honey, but that would be cheating on your father. I

can't let you in my vagina."

I didn't even miss a beat. "I don't want to fuck your pussy."

Mom lifted herself up with her arms, and tucked an errant strand of golden hair behind her ear. "You really liked my ass that much, huh?"

"We probably shouldn't, right? You're right; this is already crazy enough."

Mom shook her head. "I didn't say no."

At the time, I did not know how she could be so cavalier - which is a tad hypocritical, I suppose, since I'd been the one to announce that I wanted to fuck my own mother.

"I-I can fuck your ass again?" I asked dumbly.

Mom wagged her bottom back and forth, waving her sloppy, gaping asshole in front of my face with seductive intent. "You tell me, honey. Do you think your penis will feel good if it goes back inside? Mommy's bum wasn't too tight, was it?"

Hearing her talk like that nearly made me squeal with glee, which was exactly what she wanted. "Holy fuck, yes."

My unbridled enthusiasm put a smile on Mom's face. "Then what are you waiting for?"

Greed overtook me, and I could not help but ask for more. "I want to see your face."

Mom gasped. "You don't think that will be too weird?"

"I don't care."

Mom didn't hesitate. She flipped onto her back, bestowing me with her beauty. She was simply divine, and I thanked whatever entity granted me the gift of spending that night with her. She cocked her head to the side and asked, "Is that *all* you want to see?"

Instantly, my eyes drifted to her breasts. She was still wearing her t-shirt, though the physical strain of pushing three billiard balls out of her ass had made it stick to her skin in a few places.

I shook my head, confirming her suspicion. She tugged her shirt over her head in one swift motion; she had been waiting for me to ask for them to be put on display. For the first time in eighteen years, I was blessed enough to gaze upon the artistry of God Himself, for only He could have designed Mom's immaculate breasts.

Both of Mom's nipples--dark pink, and sharp enough to carve a puzzle piece out of a marble slab--were positioned slightly below the swell of her enormous breasts. The perky caps were angled down slightly, hinting at the tremendous burden of each heavy, sagging udder. Her areolas were paler -- a light rouge -- but still contrasted beautifully against her porcelain skin. The milk ducts circling the base of each tiny peak made me long to feel them squirting rich, succulent cream onto my tongue--a delicacy I had not savoured since childhood.

Gravity, the mortal nemesis of all heavy breasts, made Mom's roll to the sides of her chest. The gap between them was wide enough to accommodate my head, and I longed to fall asleep with my face pressed against her sternum, a boob-pillow on either side.

I formed my hands into cups and filled them to the brim with as much of her breasts as I could. I filled my palms with her soft, pliable flesh and molded my fingers around their shape. I dunk my digits in and kneaded the fistfuls of dough, making long, thin lines stretch lines when I applied some real pressure.

"They didn't used to be so saggy, I hope--"

I cut her off, gently juggling her bobs back and forth so that they bumped into each other. "Don't you dare. They are fucking beautiful. *You* are beautiful, Mom."

Her eyes flickered; I could sense she was sincerely happy to hear so. "You really mean that?"

I nodded. I meant it with every fiber of my being, but that still was not enough to explain to her how positively angelic she was to me. Words failed, but there were other ways to convey my affection.

Mom spread her legs open and tucked her hands behind her knees, summoning me forth. She clenched her buttocks, making it close as much as she could, but barely managed to make it wink at me. She doubled down, knitting her brow together in concentration.

That only emphasized how loose she'd become, but she did manage to push out a droplet of frothy lube from the sunken pit. It looked like a bulging red rose was blossoming between her plump ass cheeks, oozing liquid pollen from the center of its worn-out petals.

Mom wiggled her toes, riddled with excitement that she could not contain. I stepped as close to her as I could, using my thighs to rest some of my weight on the bed for support.

My own cock felt like a stranger's when I grabbed the base of it. It was engorged like a meaty balloon, inflated to its limits. Every vein was practically buzzing with energy.

Mom's pussy was liberally glistening with juices that were so thick they looked halfway to becoming a pearl. The delectable crease of pink flesh made my mouth water. She had laid out just *one* rule -- don't go into her pussy -- but, being her son, I felt inclined to test the boundaries.

I pressed the head of my dick against the opening of her birth canal, but did not go inside. Mom looked down between her legs to find me doing exactly what she feared I would. After all, she had raised me, so she knew I was not afraid to push her buttons once in a while.

Using my cock like a hammer, I pounded it gently on Mom's fat, engorged clit while she watched. Every bump against the sensitive button made her jump a little bit, and I enjoyed manipulating her movements.

"H-heyyy, what are you doing with *her*?" Even the shock and pleasure of such pointed clitoral contact couldn't override all of her anxiety.

"Just saying hi." I pressed down on my dick, making it sink between Mom's chubby pussy lips. I was the hot dog; her pussy was the bun. She swaddled the length of my cock with her lush, velour petals, yet somehow expected me to have the wherewithal to *not* go inside. The only thing stopping me was the burden of keeping her trust--something I did not want to break.

Mom played along, but her rule remained very much in place. "It's been a while since you two have seen each other."

I rocked back and forth, sawing my dick through the swampy trench full of cunt honey. When I push further forward, the tip of the sensitive, spongy helmet was tickled by her fluffy jungle of densely packed, dark-brown pubic hair.

"I miss her," I lamented.

"I know you do, honey, but look!" Mom reached down and pressed her fingers right up against the edges of her bulging butt ring. She pried it open like she was emptying her purse on the bed. "This will still be a nice, cozy home for you to dump your babies in."

I knew that Mom was ramping up the dirty talk in order to manipulate me, but it worked anyway. I wanted to feel the inside of her pussy, but hearing my own mother talk about her asshole as though it were a cheap sex toy was too provocative to ignore.

"I can cum in your ass?" I asked earnestly.

Mom nodded. "I hope so, sweetheart. It's been a while since anybody has."

"I don't think I'm going to last much longer, to be honest."

"Don't hold back -- not this time. Just fuck me however you want until you cum. Can you do that for me?"

Mom rested her legs on my broad shoulders like a pair of slender suspenders. I kissed the inside of her calf, amazed that her skin could feel so impossibly smooth; it was like warm glass against my cheek. I held onto her hips for balance and dug in with my thumbs so that she would not go anywhere. As if to consent to the unyielding bond, Mom rested her hands on my forearms and rubbed them reassuringly. She gave me a gentle squeeze, then a nod, to confirm that she was ready.

I nuzzled the head of my cock into the mouth of Mom's asshole, ready to plunge back in. With a strained grunt, she pushed out with her muscles--loosening the tension in her already-slackened hole--to encourage my first thrust.

One push was all it took to bury myself to the root in Mom's blown-out cavern. Her softened walls offered less resistance than a tub of liquefied butter heated over a stovetop, and were twice as warm. Her face contorted fiendishly, brow furrowed intensely, with her mouth formed a tightly drawn "O."

"Too much?" I asked her.

"No, no," she insisted. "Just different at this angle. Pull out slowly."

I slid my rigid pillar of muscle out of her greasy tunnel until only the engorged mushroom head remained. Every ridge, each chunky bump of soft meat, massaged me on the way out--and made me want to dive back in twice as badly!

Thankfully, Mom had the same idea. "Now push in, hard."

I raised an eyebrow. "Like... *hard*?"

Mom batted her eyes at me with a dramatic pout. "Does Mommy have to beg you to *beat* the shape of your fat cock into her?"

"W-whoa, that's... whoa." I was practically speechless.

Mom knew she had me hooked, all that was left was to reel me in. "I bet you can't make it hurt."

"Seriously?"

"Prove me wrong," she taunted. With her foot resting beside my head, she tapped her toes against my temple to accent each of her following words. "Make... it... hurt."

I needed no further invitation. I plunged my cock inside of her to the hilt, forcing apart the loosely packed tube of dishevelled meat with no regard for the woman whose body heat kept it warm for me to enjoy. My thighs clapped against her pudgy bottom so loudly that the sound echoed around the room.

Mom's body seized up, her tiny frame rocked by the impact of my powerful thrusts. Still, as she had already revealed that night, she was full of surprises. "Harder!" she demanded.

I could not believe my ears, or my luck. How many boys are blessed enough to receive such passionate treatment from their mothers? Mom's eyes glazed over, her pupils retreating into her skull in favour of a glossy white stare.

I slammed my cock to the base over and over again, refusing to relent for a second. Her asshole was so loose that it produced a cacophony of noisy slurping sounds every time I bottomed out. The suction was sporadic, and the air I forced into her on each thrust came spilling out when I pulled back. The effect turned her buttohole into a wet, suckling vacuum that I was, in that moment, trying my hardest to turn inside out.

"*Harder!*" she yelled, her body overtaken by a succubus whose only goal was to drain cum out of me.

Sweat formed along my brow. A salty bead dripped into the corner of my eye, but I would have rather gone blind than halted our rampant fuck-session.

"Mom, I'm gonna--"

"Don't say it!" Mom yelled. "Just fucking do it!" It felt like her nails were going to draw blood from my arms, but I simply did not care.

I summoned every ounce of strength I had left to make the final powerful thrusts into my mother's asshole as memorable as I could. Never before had I experienced the feeling of having my own orgasm drawn out of me so insatiably. Mom was ravenous not only for my cum, but from the satisfaction of having *made* me cum.

The earth below my feet shook. The muscles in my legs turned to pudding. They could barely support my weight, so I collapsed on top of Mom in an exhausted heap. The first injection of dopamine hit the base of my spine like a bullet, paralyzing me in the wake of its sudden impact.

"K-kiss m-me when you c-cu-cum," Mom begged between thrusts so powerful that they made her gigantic breasts wobble back and forth like tidal waves.

I mashed my lips against hers, still resting my full weight on her body. We made out, passionately driving our tongues against each other, dumping our eager groans right into each other's open

mouth. We grinded together in perfect unison, bonded at a primal level while we traded saliva back and forth.

I roared mightily, releasing eighteen years of pent-up frustration that I hadn't known I had been carrying. My soul was unburdened. As the "feel-good" chemicals swam through my bloodstream, I could not imagine a single time in my life when I had been happier. It was heaven. Mom was heaven.

My cock flexed, sending a thick, sticky cable of cum into Mom's bowels. Her insides constricted like a python, strangling my cock in a death grip that would not yield until my orgasm had subsided. The molten syrup doused her insides, saturating her guts while they clenched tightly around me.

Cum flowed into the bludgeoned tunnel, and was quickly followed by another gluey rope. My dick marinated in the gooey puddle of lube and semen that bubbled in the pit of her stomach, generously adding more and more baby batter to the growing pool.

If I hadn't known better, I would have expected to see Mom's belly inflating like a balloon. I imagined that each bulky stream of cum that I shot into her would make her tummy expand until it she was too cum-pregnant to even walk.

I stopped thrusting, but we did not stop kissing each other for many, many minutes. Time was a construct to which we paid no mind, we simply embroiled ourselves in the magnificent aura that shrouded us. Even if Dad had come at that exact moment, it would have been difficult to pull myself off of her.

Mom wrapped her arms and legs around me like a spider monkey, then broke our kiss. "Roll over, and bring me with you."

As one, we rolled flat onto my back. As I'd rested upon her, she did upon me, her body rising and falling with each breath I drew.

Mom folded her hands on my chest and rested her chin on her knuckles - a makeshift perch from which she could stare directly into my soul. She chewed her lower lip. "Hi, sweetheart."

I brushed a lock of hair out of her eye. "Hi, Mom."

"How was that?"

I laughed at her coyness. "It was fucking fantastic!"

"You don't feel weird that Mom made you cum that hard?"

"Should I? Do you feel weird?"

Mom shook her head vigorously. "Not at all. You're still my son, and I'm still your mom. I just want to make sure you know that will never, ever change."

"God, Mom. I love you so fucking much."

She entranced me with a gleeful smile. "Mommy loves you too -- very much."

At that point, it felt stupider *not* to take another risk. "No, Mom. I mean... I'm *in* love with you. You're the most amazing woman I've ever met, and I just-- oh, I dunno. I wish we could be together."

"We are together, honey." Mom stressed her point with a firm, tender squeeze around my slowly-softening cock. "Can't you feel my butt hugging you?"

"You know what I mean."

Mom tensed up a bit. "I do, actually."

"You do?"

Mom smiled like a giddy schoolgirl. "I wasn't sure if you felt the same way, so I had to test you."

I felt like a fool for not recognizing it earlier, but the true motive behind her behaviour suddenly became so obvious that I cursed myself for not seeing it sooner. After seeing what her ass could handle, there was only one explanation for why she would request my help to begin with. "The balls were never really stuck, were they? You put them in so that you would have an excuse to let me touch you?"

Mom snickered, shrugging her shoulders casually. "Busted!"

"You could have just pushed them out on your own! You did *all* that just to seduce me?"

"It only worked because *you* wanted it too. I think you've wanted it to happen for a while now."

That left only one more question. "Does that mean we can do this again?"

Mom's eyes flickered deviously. "I think so, honey... and maybe we can think about using some other holes. What do you think?"

My dick pulsed with excitement, raring to go just in case 'next time' was right then and there. The sensation of it bulging in her guts, well after she thought it was dormant, made her jump.

"Oh!" she gasped. "He *really* likes that idea! Think he can wait until tomorrow?"

For what felt like the two hundredth time that night, I could not believe what I was hearing. Just a few short hours prior to Mom offering me her asshole on a silver platter, I had been grateful to even get to touch her immaculate skin when we'd cuddled on the couch.

I could hardly remember who I'd been back then, yet it had only been an hour. Whatever lay ahead for me and Mom, I was certain it was only going to get more and more exciting -- and I knew that I was ready for whatever she threw at me next, body and soul.