

MOTHER OF LOVE CH. 03

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Sophie calls in Aunt Caitlin to help wrangle her Son.

Incest/Taboo

4.75

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Author's Note:

Hey folks! I know this is a bit late; I wanted to ensure I could release it alongside Ch. 4 to force myself to stop procrastinating.

Thank you for your support, I love this community <3

DING-DONG

The familiar chime of our doorbell bounced down the hallway and into the kitchen, snapping me out of my haze and renewing the anxiety I had been avoiding all morning.

Shit, already? It can't be ten yet! I checked the oven clock and cursed myself for letting time get ahead of me. I'd barely slept a wink after my night with Sean, so time was bending itself as it always did after a lack of sleep.

Donald had left for his retreat only a couple of hours ago, and wouldn't be back for at least a few days. Lucy was gone as well, having left before I was out of bed, without so much as a note, much like I would have at her age. I knew she wouldn't be home until tomorrow morning at the absolute earliest, and when she *did* come home, she would be belligerently hungover.

With the house empty except for a still-sleeping Sean, I had invited my sister over in the hopes of flaunting my son in front of her. Granted, I planned on letting her have her fun, but slow, methodical teasing was still in the cards.

Lo and behold, though not to my surprise, Caitlin turned up early. She rapped on the door, hard, not letting common courtesy deter her. "I know you're home, Sophie! Let me in, you slut!"

"It's open!" I hollered from the kitchen, tossing the dishtowel on the counter before smoothing down my skirt.

Caitlin burst through the door with a mischievous smile on her face, scanning the front hall for her nephew. "Where is he?" She was a starved lioness being teased with supper, and patience was not on the menu.

"First of all, it's nice to see you, too." I opened my arms for a hug, and Caitlin embraced me as tightly as she could. She resumed her search and asked, again, where my son was. "Somebody's eager, I see."

"Is that a bad thing?" Her eyebrow peaked, but she gave up her search and turned her attention to me.

"It is when you're screaming my name and calling me a slut for all my neighbors to hear!" I folded my arms across my chest. "Was I unclear about the importance of discretion?"

"Okay, okay, sorry!" She held up her hands as if to defend herself from my verbal punches. "To be fair, I haven't seen him in a while, and I talk to you every other week. I was a little afraid you might start without me."

"I promised you I'd wait, and I've been good." I winked. "Silly me, how can I *possibly* ask you to prioritize your own sister over some dick?"

"*Some* dick?" She was taken aback. "The way you talked about it; I'm expecting this to be *the* dick. Like, the dick of all dicks."

"I'll let you judge for yourself," I said, to which Caitlin clapped her hands excitedly. I shushed her, gesturing towards the stairs. She toned her enthusiasm down and bit her lower lip to stay quiet, though she remained unabashed in her excitement to witness my son's size for herself.

I pinched the shoulder of her knee-length jacket and arched an eyebrow. "Why exactly are you wearing this thing? You're aware it's summer, right?"

Her eyes rolled so far back the whites of her eyes threatened to eclipse her vision. "Oh please, I have more on my mind than the weather. But I didn't want to walk around wearing *this*." Before I could ask what "this" was, Caitlin peeled off her top layer and my eyes jumped from my skull.

Underneath her jacket was a shockingly revealing dark black full-piece bathing suit that did next to nothing to hide her body from prying eyes. Ample cleavage threatened to spill out from the skintight garment, though her bulging ass cheeks were in competition to escape first.

I had always teased Cait that she looked like Katy Perry would have if she'd opted to have kids fresh out of university, with just enough of (what I affectionately referred to as) the "Mommy-pudge" that came with having children.

Admiring how she fit herself into something so small caused me to miss the diamond cut out in the fabric over her tummy, exposing her belly button and pushing the tiniest bit of mommy pudge through the hole. This wasn't from her usual wardrobe; she never wore anything this revealing unless she was trying to impress somebody, which she hadn't for many years.

Caitlin had always been a fair bit taller than me, and her proclivity towards high heels didn't help. Even now, in open-toed flats, she managed to look down on me, which is expected of an older sibling, but I had my own advantages over her.

My breasts were too large to be considered "modest." It ran in our family, a famous complaint of our mother, but we learned to work with what we had. What Caitlin had, against all sensibility, were a pair of breasts even larger than mine. Perhaps her taller frame permitted them to grow so impressively. She'd sacrificed some of their pertness after having children, whereas I managed to retain a subtle bit of perk that most mothers have to say goodbye to when they start breastfeeding.

Caitlin was one of those mothers, but she was far from upset about it. She would argue, often, that hers were the better pair. They swung low, not quite to her belly button, but low enough that when she bent over, she could get them impressively close to the floor without falling over. It was next to impossible to contain them in a commercially available bra, so seeing her with nothing but a weak bathing suit to hold them back meant they would likely escape if she wasn't careful.

Though her outfit didn't show it, her two jiggling mounds were capped with dark, puffy nipples, compared to my bright pink ones, with slightly larger areolas. The suit mainly served to accentuate her curvy figure and make her booty, hidden underneath laughably small denim shorts, look much bigger than mine, even though I remained the reigning booty-queen of our duo. I cursed myself for not wearing something sexier, but a quick self-assured pat of my rounded, pear-shaped bum alleviated those woes.

"Like what you see?" she said, brushing a strand of dark brown hair over her ear and feigning ignorance, posing like a traditional pin-up girl against the doorframe.

I hadn't even realized I was staring, but quickly averted my eyes under scrutiny, blushing profusely. "You *know* I do." My gaze unconsciously wandered back to her. "Those aren't your shorts."

"Right you are!" She stuck a thumb under the waistband and showed what little room she had to squirm around in. "They're Allie's."

"I don't think I'd be able to fit into Lucy's clothes." To be fair, Caitlin was hardly fitting into hers, either. Her bum was peeking out from under the garment, looking for attention now that they were given a chance to breathe. "They don't look all that comfortable."

"They really aren't, but I didn't wear them for my own enjoyment." She reached around her sizable backside and jiggled the exposed flesh, ripples moving beneath her shorts.

I momentarily forgot why I invited my sister over, but it all came rushing back in a bout of mild panic. My entire night had been spent anticipating her arrival, but now that she was standing in my foyer, I was aware of how peculiar our situation was. "I didn't tell him you were coming over."

"Should you have?" She strode further into the house with me hot on her heels. "He would have said yes, so we might as well surprise him."

"I guess so." I tried not to let the anxiety seep into my words, but Caitlin knew me well enough to catch it. She shot me a knowing look as I searched for comfort. "I'm not overreacting, am I?"

"Soff, baby, you have nothing to worry about." Her tone was soft and reassuring. "I know we haven't been...intimate in a while, but I really miss you, and I miss Sean, too."

"I hate that--"

"Word," she said, finishing my sentence. "I know you do, but it's true. I don't even remember what your pussy looks like, let alone your tits." She reached out and cupped the latter, rubbing her thumbs across my clothed nipples until tingles woke me up from the inside out. "Let's just...hang out for the day, and see where it takes us?"

My nerves subsided a little bit. Caitlin always knew how to talk me down, and truth be told, she was right. I was paranoid for all the right reasons--inviting my sister over to tag team my son was certainly unfamiliar territory--and I hadn't given myself more than a day to consider the repercussions. I didn't really imagine anything would go wrong, but my worries persisted despite the assurance of my instincts.

I changed the subject to keep myself distracted. "So, you dressed like...*that*, just to come 'hang out', is that right?" Now it was my turn to arch my brow with suspicion.

"I dressed like *this* because I don't want to look like his aunt if I'm going to let your son fuck me."

"If?"

She paused. "You're right: when. Speaking of *when*..."

I waited for her to finish, but she must've thought I caught her implication. "When what?"

Cue a second eye roll. "Your bum, remember? You promised! Is that still a *when*? Or has it been downgraded to an *if*?"

Fuck. I forgot.

"I'm...well, uh, I'm not really sure." This was true. I knew that I had promised her, and vicariously my son, entry to my backdoor. Caitlin's state did not waver, prompting further honesty. "I'm nervous. Nobody has been back there since...well, you."

"Nobody?"

"I don't count Donald," I spat dryly. "We've only done it twice, and I haven't enjoyed it with anyone since you." Even with Caitlin at the helm, I wasn't the biggest fan of having my bum explored. Truthfully, knowing how intensely most men loved anal gave me incentive to let my son try at least once, but it was a lie to say I was worry-free.

"Sean isn't Donald, and you know that. Donald barely helped raise the kid. Lucy has more of him in her than Sean does. Your boy is all you--be proud of that."

I blushed almost as much as I had seeing Sean naked, and I was grateful for it. "Thank you, Caitlin. Can we just sit for a minute? I don't wanna wake Sean up yet. I imagine he's pretty tired."

"I could go for a tea." She plopped down on the sofa. "You have quite the adventure to tell me about. Care to spill?"

With the kettle on and two mugs prepped with bags of Earl Grey, I sat on the sofa next to Caitlin. "Where do I even start?"

"At the beginning." Easier said than done. The 'beginning' didn't exactly start the night before.

So I told her how it began. Complete accuracy would be impossible. I was unaware, or unwilling to admit, for a long time that my feelings for Sean did more than confuse me. He was my first child, so I never questioned the way he made me feel, but when Lucy was born, I realized it had always been a different kind of love that I harbored for Sean.

I loved Lucy very, very much, that won't be questioned, but it was not in quite the *same way* I fell in love with her brother. Experiencing strictly parental love for her made me question if I could ignore the way Sean excited me. He made me feel like I was young again, chasing a boy in daydreams as often as in real life, superficially aware that it could never be.

All that changed when Donald, Lucy, and I went on vacation without Sean a number of years ago, I explained. Unable to remove him from my mind, I started sending photos of our trip that had a very 'wish you were here' vibe to them. Before I understood what I was doing, or why, the photos began to take on a life of their own, aching for Sean's attention for reasons I could not explain.

I took to adding flirty captions, posing in ways a sother shouldn't, and sending them directly to him instead of tagging them on Facebook. I told myself I was just having fun; we had always been a tad

flirty but without analyzing why that was. I ignorantly assumed it was how any sother would behave in my shoes. If I had taken a moment to consider my actions, I may have seen what my brain was subconsciously vying for, but instead I was complacent in pretending we had a normal relationship.

The change of dynamic was not lost on Sean. His responses became more verbose, his replies quicker and more frequent until I was essentially spending the whole trip in a PG-13 sexting haze with my son. Nothing we did ever crossed the line, so I thought nothing of it, until one night a fiendish idea crossed my mind.

Before we began to drift, my wearing a bikini all day was a constant turn-on for my Husband. He took more revealing photos of me in that short week than he ever had, before or since. One particularly engrossing photo was known to rev his engine, so I saved it to my phone in case I ever needed a secret weapon.

The need for such a weapon came when I was feeling under the weather one night. Not wanting to halt the festivities, I opted to stay in while Donald went to a bar with a couple of the other husbands we had met on our trip. Lucy was off with some guy, leaving me all alone with my thoughts. I wouldn't say I'm immune to jealousy, so halfway through the night I wanted to send Donald that particular photo just to get a rise.

At the sound of the kettle I filled our mugs, setting the tea to steep. I went on.

Staring at my phone, I told her, message loaded and ready to fire, I succumbed to my routine of the week. Before I had even typed Donald's name in the "To:" line, my fingers took charge and put in Sean's name instead. While I initially laughed off the mix-up, a moment of reflection elicited strange, unmotherly emotions that I wasn't strong enough to shake.

A teeny, insignificant voice pleaded with me to reconsider, but my mind was made up. I internally promised myself to play it off like an accident, though it was anything but. I sent my son a photo clearly displaying a healthy portion of my vagina and most of my bottom, stained with recently acquired tan lines, and both my breasts hanging heavy from my chest as I bent over. It was one of the sexiest photos I'd ever seen of myself--and Sean should have never seen it.

But if he hadn't, we wouldn't be *here*, would we?

"Wow." Caitlin was (almost) speechless, both hands wrapped around the mug she had yet to drink a single drop from. "One photo is all it took, huh?"

I shrugged. Knowing my sister so often craved attention, no insult meant, now that I had hers undivided, I made good use of it. I sipped my tea. "Hard to say. I don't know when he started feeling like I was more than just his mother, but that photo seems like the thing that made the biggest difference."

Caitlin bit her lip again, this time likely unaware she was doing so. "Speaking of, uh, *big* differences, does he take after his Father?"

I tried, I really did, but I couldn't hold back a hearty chuckle. "Absolutely not, and thank God, right? Do you remember, and I mean this was years ago so it's fine if you don't, but do you remember that night--"

"When we saw Dad's dong?" Caitlin was fully aware of my point and cut me off, all but foaming at the mouth as she did. "It was a sleepover, right? I kinda feel bad for the other girls there, but when

he gets that drunk, he doesn't notice *anybody*. Not even his daughters."

"Or our many, many friends."

"Friends that love to tease, evidently. They didn't let that go for *years*." She took her first sip of tea and scrunched her nose. "Not sure what there was to tease about; if Sean has half the package he did, I'll be a very happy auntie."

A brief silence unfolded and I wanted to give Caitlin a chance to process, so I nodded my head towards her mug. "Cold?" I asked, grabbing her cup.

I placed my empty cup on the side table and took hers to the microwave. Our house is open-concept, so as the buttons beeped on the machine, I only had to raise my voice a touch to call to my sister. "And how would you feel if he was, perhaps, a bit bigger than Dad was?"

"Shut *up!*" Rapid footsteps approached the kitchen. Caitlin popped her head around the corner, eyes like frisbees. "Don't play games with me, Soff. That's a tall order to fill."

"*Fill* being the understatement of the year." I sheepishly nodded down towards my lower half.

"Oh my God, okay, *please* shut up? If you aren't going to wake him, you're going to have to distract me, like, fucking ASAP." Caitlin was joking, but not entirely.

"I mean, look, it was dark when we saw Dad, but Sean is...I've seen it up close." That wasn't enough for her; she was eagerly waiting for the conclusion to that thought. "And he's large, to say the least."

Caitlin clasped her hands together and held them to her chest with a glow that suggested she'd just been asked to prom. "Oh, thank *God* he is, I didn't wanna drive all the way out here for anything less than average--I've got that at home in spades."

"So, you just have no qualms about cheating on your husband? That's not...weird to you?"

"Extremely weird," she said, nodding, "but that didn't stop you, did it? Sometimes you have to do things for the greater good."

"The greater good, meaning..."

Through her shorts Caitlin patted her clam. "The greatest good there is!" She set her mug down; it brandished the red lipstick mark of a single sip. "It's way too hot for this stuff, can we go outside? I didn't wear this *just* because it makes me look good."

With a half-hearted glance to the stairs to confirm Sean was still asleep, I stood up and shuffled Caitlin out of her seat. "Fine, fine, go wait outside while I rinse these out."

"I'm not waiting! It's crazy hot out there, your pool is calling to me." She closed her eyes in wistful thought. "Come find me when you're changed."

I looked down at my outfit, tugging on the loose-fitting shirt I'd hastily thrown on that morning. "What's wrong with this? I think I look okay."

"Is *okay* the height of your standards?" We both knew it wasn't, but I lacked the forethought to wake up dressed to impress. "I get that he's already seen what's underneath, but men love unwrapping their presents. Put a bow on it."

"I think I jumped the gun already." I twisted a rope of hair around my middle finger. "Showing up to his room undressed seemed presumptive, so I made sure his, uh, 'gift' was wrapped."

"Stop teasing me with details like that if you aren't gonna wake him up--you're torturing me." Cait pranced out the door, entrancing me with her butt jiggle, humming the chorus to "California Gurls" to herself as she went.

I dumped the mugs in the sink, which took all of eight seconds, but even a fraction of that spent thinking to myself risked seclusion in my own thoughts. Shaking my head didn't correct my bearings, but I refused to overthink the situation I'd put myself in any longer.

Dammit, Sophie, you'd better be ready for this. I stroked my brow and forced my body to calm down. With my center found, I unstuck my clammy feet from the tile and headed upstairs. I hadn't spoken to my son since our encounter, and I realized I was nervous to see him again. They were giddy, happy nerves that filled my gut with butterflies.

Each step towards the second floor was methodical, slowly closing the distance between me and my (presumably) sleeping son. Short of breath, yet determined, I paid no mind to the sickening creaks of the hardwood stairs beneath my toes.

My quick breathing did little to subside my anxiety, and, standing directly outside his bedroom, my stomach churned in anticipation of our impending reunion.

The slow groan of Sean's door was even louder than the steps, or so it felt. It was loud enough to mask the sound of his lumbering snores, giving me just enough confidence to close the door behind me and tiptoe towards the foot of his bed.

I gazed longingly at the man I'd raised as he snored happily. Cliches abound, I floated nostalgically down memory lane to the nights I would do this when he was a boy. His room had hardly changed in the last few years, but the body occupying the bed was a world away from the one I'd pushed out of me so many years ago. Every rise and fall of his chest put a smile on my face that blurred the admittedly thin line between motherly love and fervorous lust.

Testing the waters proved rewarding: I bunched up the comforter and raised it over my head, ducking underneath until it cloaked me from the outside world. It was warm, cozy even, cuddled up next to my son's legs, but that wasn't why I'd come to wake him.

I inched forward, praying he wouldn't awaken before my mission was over. Like a soldier low-crawling through the mud, I slid on my belly to meet Sean, butterflies breeding by the second, as I made my way out from under the blanket. The moment of truth came--would he be happy, or nervous to see me?

My cheek on his chest, I savored the silence before boldly dragging my nails over his bare chest and caressing his neck. "Baby?" I cooed as softly as I could.

He stirred from his slumber and pulled his eyes open, taking stock of his surroundings before realizing there was a woman plastered to him.

I smiled up at him and scanned his face for signs of emotion, any kind of hint to tell me how he was feeling. Nothing could have prepared me for the voracious desire I felt to start making out with my son, but I was uneasy about being the one to re-cross that bridge. "How, uh, how are you? Did you sleep okay?"

His eyes darted around my face and, likely taking note of my furrowed brow and hesitant smile, he softened his expression and brought both of his sturdy arms around me, eliciting a sharp intake of breath. "I don't remember the last time I slept so well."

"Oh, oh well that's good." Beating around the bush would get us nowhere. "Honey, about last night..."

He said nothing. He didn't have to.

Without a second's pause, Sean took a light hold of my chin and gingerly pulled me towards him. I couldn't help it; I let a startled gasp escape, just late enough to have it stifled as quickly as it was made. He tried to pull away when I gasped, but I refused to allow that and followed him back down to the pillow.

My lips pushed between my son's and encouraged him to do the same, hungrily gnawing at each other to prove our passion through touch alone. No part of him was unexplored at this point, but retreading his body brought the same elation as the night before.

I gripped the back of his neck; a handful of short hair gave me a handle as I devoured my son's tongue with wild abandon. My tongue adventured unashamed, poking against Sean's, and linking them in a wrestle for domination. Saliva coated our lips as we emptied ourselves of decency, lapping eagerly at each other with only my occasional soft whimper to fill the silence.

Being on top certainly gave me the advantage, though I wasn't far from caving entirely and letting my son do anything he wanted to me. We'd begun grinding together, subconsciously acting on our impulses even when clothes separated our skin.

Fuel needn't be added to the fire; my body was already ablaze without so much as a finger laid on it. Every bump against it, however small, remained more enticing than anything I had experienced in my life before. We were trying to outdo ourselves, displaying wanton disregard for societal norms as we incestuously committed ourselves to each other. My butterflies flew their cage, and I knew all at once that Sean would be mine forever.

He rested both hands casually on my waist as I lay beside him, but I wanted more. I needed more.

Greed overtook me. I climbed farther on top of Sean, so he was trapped beneath me, and, without notice, he grabbed the hem of my shirt to pluck it off my frame in one fluid motion. Without a bra to hold them back, my breasts slapped against my tummy with a dull smack, instantly catching the attention of his eyes like floodlights.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned into my mouth, marveling at the enormous, bulging hills I exposed for him. He squeezed them timidly but enough to encourage me to bear down on his palms, evoking a more satisfying grip. My pearl skin oozed between his fingers, putty in his hands as he grasped aimlessly at my heavy, swinging udders. Breast meat pushed out from between my son's fingers, squishing around his palm and encasing his hand in soft, warm dough. He lifted his hand to get a better grip and left a large, pink handprint where he had squeezed me, a temporary mark that disappeared by the time he took another greedy handful.

I reluctantly pulled away from him, lifting a fat boob to his mouth to replace my lips. "Here, baby." I laid a hand behind his head and reassuringly brushed a thumb under his hairline. Raw instincts guiding him, his tongue circled around my nipple before consuming it in a bout of hearty suction, letting me bask in a sensation I'd been longing for.

Looking down on my adult son nursing from me was tickling desires I had held back for years, but I needed more than just a tickle to sate me. Teeth grazed ever so slightly against the bumpy, pink protrusion and released frisson from my skull all the way down to the base of my spine.

I urged him to continue, and he answered back under a muffled heap of breast meat. "Okay, Momma." Even without seeing it, I could tell he was grinning with enthusiasm. "What about *this*?"

With only that single question to prepare me, I didn't have time to register that he'd released my nipple with a wet **pop!** My eyes snapped open to see him bury his face to my sternum and blow a raspberry against my chest.

Naturally, I chortled in a rather unsexy way and tried to pull back, but his hold on me was unbreakable. Our momentum carried us backward onto the mattress, now putting Sean on top of me, with a seductive smirk on his face. "Was that too rough?"

"What kind of Mommy-slut would I be if I said yes?" Brazen use of a word so harsh put Sean on edge, but I reassured him we were the only two in the house. While technically not a lie, I knew he would be shocked when he learned I had invited his aunt over, so I kept that a secret for now.

I kissed him again. "Stop worrying, my big handsome man. Nobody is gonna come home and see you pinning your mother to the mattress." That description got a rise out of him, both figuratively and, well, you get the idea.

His burgeoning erection knocked against my crotch, politely requesting admission behind the cotton curtain.

"Morning wood, I see?"

"Nope." Sean refused to sway his gaze, burning holes into my chest from his bird's-eye view. My breasts rolled off the sides of my chest like pendulums, showing their weight as they flattened with gravity and spread out like two fat, jiggly pancakes.

"Oh, no?" I stretched my arms out with exaggeration and pushed my breasts together, highlighting the rise of my chest towards his waiting hands. "Did Mommy do that to you?"

He nodded pensively, with a dry swallow.

"Should she fix it, then?" I blinked with equal exaggeration to embody a faux innocence, something men had always seemed to like. "It's awfully big, it must hurt getting *this* hard all the time." On my emphasis, I made a point to let him see me open my mouth and drag my fingers across my tongue to collect a generous portion of thick, gooey saliva.

I reached between us and dove a hand under his boxers, mentally restricting myself from formally drooling as soon as I relished his firm cock seizing under my grip.

My fingers started underneath his balls, softly tickling the bulging vein that had, so far, twice delivered me a generous donation of cum. I ventured under the two swinging orbs, already beginning to pull tight to his body, spreading the makeshift lube all over his balls until they were slick enough to slide effortlessly between my fingers.

I rolled them back and forth, enchanted, as every subtle motion evoked a twitch in Sean's legs, his mouth agape in disbelief that something so minor could reduce him to rubble.

I lightly pressed a thumb directly below the base of his length, separating his balls to either side of the large sack, and pinched my middle finger together with my thumb, before slowly pulling them down with just the right amount of pressure, using the nails on my remaining fingers to inject him with electricity as I dragged them over his smooth sack.

He tensed up in response, his testicles clenching together uncontrollably as his muscles tightened, so I moved to soothe the tickle. I formed an "O" with my first finger and thumb right above his balls, still slick with saliva and tightening by the second. With unrequited patience I pulled gently on his balls and let the lube ease the pressure as I opened the "O" wider as I approached his swollen testicles, sliding over them with ease until I reached the bottom.

My fingers released and his massive, dangling balls swung freely, making his cock bob up and down as he flexed it. I brought my hand up, so the heavy weights laid comfortably in my palm, delicately lifting my son's balls like I was weighing them to see how much baby butter he had cooked up overnight. If their heft was any indication, they were about ready to burst.

I began wrapping my entire hand around the fat, quivering plums and tugged them just enough to get his legs twitching again before releasing them entirely. He looked at me like a sad puppy, but I wasn't done yet. I brought my hand back up to my mouth and locked eyes with him as he watched me slobber all over my palm, making a display of drooling into my open hand as much as I could, making him wait for the treat he now knew he was getting.

I returned to his balls, for only a moment. I traced from the base of his shaft all the way up to his frenulum, leaving a thin, shiny trail of wetness leading from his balls up to his engorged crown. My son pushed himself onto me, squashing his cock firmly against my hand while delivering a kiss laden with such passion I was sure he was trying to show off.

"You're sure they're gone." His hurried, slurred speech told me he wasn't really *asking*, but I nodded anyway and bit my lower lip to halt the quivering. I had expected to bring Sean downstairs soon after I woke him, but he had other plans.

The moment would have been inescapable, save for a familiar voice taunting us from the doorway, brandishing an expression all too cheeky. "Well, *they're* gone, but *I'm* not."

"What the *fuck!*" Sean bolted off the bed and callously slapped away my hand, though trying to hide his boner did not come so easy. He fiddled around in his boxers to conceal himself, but it was far too late. "A-Aunt Caitlin? What are you doing here?"

I adored the idea that he thought, even momentarily, that Caitlin had shown up unannounced, but tried to picture the scene from his perspective. He only saw his aunt a handful of times every few months, same as me, but I talked to her almost every day. This was the last day he ever expected Caitlin to show up, and I would bet anything he wasn't prepared to have her walk in on him smooching his own Mother.

He stared at me with pure horror washing over his face, begging me to save him. I wasn't sure how long my sister had been watching us make out, though her hand gently kneading her breast led me to believe she had seen enough of our show to want to join.

Her shorts were removed, leaving her in her revealing full-piece bathing suit, which reminded me that I was originally supposed to join her by the pool.

The outfit did wonders for her body, clinging to her breasts and rounding them out to an impeccably formed curve that even made *my* mouth water a little. The thin piece of fabric stretched over the mound between her legs was barely doing its job, leaving little to the imagination, sinking little by little between her hungry lips and displaying the edges of her mommy muffin. Her lips were clearly visible from a few feet away, with more of her juicy pussy threatening to expose itself if she spread her legs even an inch.

I wanted to tease Sean further, to make it seem like we had been outed only a day after finding each other, but concern over ruining the mood led me back on track. "Honey, don't freak out."

"He's already freaking out." Caitlin did not relent as kindly as I did. "Surprised to see me, Bunny?"

Sean's eyes darted back and forth between the two of us, trying to find a foothold to steady himself. "What did you, uh, I mean...what are you doing here?"

"What did I see, you mean?" Her posture was bulletproof and Sean was crumbling, his expression desperately pleading for me to intervene. Motherly instincts almost kicked in, but I'd gotten fairly good at ignoring those lately, so I decided to let Cait have a bit of fun. I gave him the classic hands-in-the-air shrug that suggested I had no idea what was going on.

I climbed off the bed and stood behind my son, eager to watch him writhe under Caitlin's control. If Sean paid close attention, he would notice that I made suspiciously little effort to conceal myself from my sister's view, but his mind was preoccupied.

He did not know of the history I shared with his aunt; she had seen me naked almost as many times as my Husband had, so it was counterintuitive to cover up when I knew she would be exploring me again very, very soon.

"Well, what *did* you see?" Sean squeaked timidly.

Caitlin finally broke her stance and strode haughtily towards her trembling prey, closing the distance at a snail's pace. I stepped closer to my son for reassurance, but my sister fired daggers at me, so I backed up, curious to see where she would take this. "Hmm, what do you think I saw?"

"Aunt Caitlin, I swear it's not what it looks like."

"And what does it look like?" She cocked her head with her arms folded, now a mere foot or so away from Sean, who was hanging his head in shame. "Because to me, it looks like you guys started early."

He snapped to attention and narrowed his brow. "We sta-...wait we what? What do you mean *early*?"

"I mean, when someone makes a promise, they must keep it." She peeked around Sean's hulking frame to arch an eyebrow in my direction. "Don't you think so, Soff?"

I nodded.

"She...promised? What promise? Mom, what is she talking about?" Confusion spun Sean in a circle, volleying from my sister, to me, then back to her. Sleep was still clouding his mind, blood was rushing away from his brain, and the result was a lack of critical thinking and an uptick in lost words.

Now, speaking strictly to me, Caitlin pushed past my son and backed me against the closet door. "You said you'd wait."

"I did wait!" I stomped my foot, growing bolder as I stepped towards her until our chests met and ballooned out like they were fighting for supremacy. Her boobs were bigger, and she was taller, removing any possibility of a contest by forcing my back flush against the door, though I didn't back down. "He's *my* son, for Christ's sake!"

"Possessive, huh? That doesn't sound like you." Sarcasm rang true in her words. "Share with me, you little whore."

I gawked, jaw all slack, as she took charge and laid both her hands on my hips. She released some of the pressure keeping our breasts pushed together, but two pairs of big tits tend to look even bigger when they work together. A mountain of pudgy white boobs peaked between us, and I bet Caitlin could feel my diamond nipples poking her, in the same way I felt hers.

Her skin smelled of mild lavender and I remembered why we used to behave this way as teenagers. Just as she did when we were younger, my sister used her height to bear down and keep me flat against the wall so her hands could wander freely. Caitlin had already grown comfortable on my hips and sought new territory to conquer.

I linked my arms around her neck and let nostalgia flood through me as she repeatedly kissed my neck the same way she had many years ago. It felt different than when Sean did it; Caitlin's lips were soft, softer than I remember, and she kissed me the way she knew a woman wanted to be kissed.

Her arms embraced me tighter the longer her lips traced across my collarbone, up behind my ear, darting her tongue behind my earlobe and sucking it into her mouth to nibble. "F-Fuck, Cait," I groaned, ignorant to Sean's presence amidst a moment of bliss.

Now that my neck was abuzz with tingles, Caitlin lifted her head and touched her forehead to mine. She was staring at me with fire in her eyes, forging the dominant role and making me close the final few inches keeping our lips apart. Years had passed since we'd last kissed, but it felt natural to reunite with her after so long.

My breath was racing; hers did not waver. There was a confidence in Caitlin, claiming me as a long-lost prize and treating my body like a playground in ways that reminded me who she was related to. Only Sean had shown such primal, selfish interest in pushing my buttons, but my sister was far more experienced with the locations of those buttons.

Caitlin's teeth hooked onto my bottom lip and gently tugged on it, lifting my head off the closet door as I followed her as far as I could before she relented. Hiding my disappointment when she let go was difficult, and Caitlin's sly smirk proved her awareness of this. She always liked being a tease, but she liked acting slutty even more.

I didn't have time to protest the separation before my head was forcefully pushed back, joining us at the lips again. Caitlin was using me to release some pent-up energy, all of it sexual, but giving very little attention to how we must have looked to Sean.

The previous night had broken the barriers between my son and me, but he had obviously never seen me with another woman, especially not one we were both related to. He was now witnessing two of his closest family members devoting themselves to sultry escapades. Rather, he was

watching two women in their sexual prime ravaging each other in a contest to prove who possessed the more talented tongue.

In this instance, Caitlin's vigor earned her the victory, but we both reaped the benefits of her affection. My hands closely embraced her cheeks to steady myself against the torrid onslaught of her sloppy kisses, each of which was plagued with greater passion than the last. Regret rose from the pit of my stomach the instant she pulled away and it manifested as an involuntary childish whine.

Our lips remained linked by a tiny strand of translucent saliva, daring us to move apart and risk breaking the bond. Caitlin wiped the back of her hand across her mouth. "You taste like tea," she marveled, turning my cheeks to blossoms. "I like it."

I didn't know many women, myself included, who could have imagined themselves french-kissing their son, only to jump seconds later into eagerly swapping spit with their sister. I was on a hell of a roll today, but it was only getting started.

I grabbed the neckline of Caitlin's full-piece and began feverishly pulling down, but as I tried to yank the fabric through the tightly squashed cervase our tits had created, she let go of my hips and grabbed me by the wrists. "Don't you think someone *else* might want to undress me?"

Shame on me for forgetting about Sean, but my sister knew how to absorb my focus like no other. I poked my head around Caitlin's body and locked eyes with my son. "Baby, could you sit on the bed for us?"

I didn't have to ask twice; Sean flew to the mattress with his mouth agape, still trying to discern if he had *actually* woken up yet. Maybe this was an elaborate, beautiful dream.

Lucky for him, he was wide awake.

I sat beside Sean, refusing to explain anything to him when I knew actions would speak such volumes. Caitlin did not follow my lead, instead opting to straddle the young man we were both drooling over. "Hey, Bunny." She repeated his nickname, softly this time, and dragged her nails through his hair. "Long time, no see."

"Yeah, it has been." Verbosity be damned, he was horny and wanted to get straight to the point. "Did Mom invite you over?"

Caitlin nodded and they both turned to face me. "At my request, she *allowed* me to come over. You'd be surprised how badly this woman wants you all to herself." I momentarily averted my gaze shamefully, only peeking up again when I felt Sean squeeze my hand. He gazed longingly into my eyes.

"Surprised? No, I don't think so." Sean beamed at me. Honestly, if that doesn't make a Mother's heart swoon, nothing will. "She's kind of amazing."

"Speaking of *amazing*..." Caitlin returned her attention to her mount and tucked a hand behind her back to undo her bathing suit top. "I've been told *these* are your favorite."

"Wait!" Sean stopped her, his eyes obsessively pouring over the barely clothed woman in his lap. "Let me do it." He wasn't asking her.

Caitlin turned to me and nodded her approval of how he had been conditioned. She pushed her chest forward, aiming to get her breasts as close to him as she could without touching. Her arms wrapped around his head, mirroring how I'd steadied myself on her, and she blew him a kiss. "Okay, Bunny, go ahead."

If this were a cartoon, Sean would have licked his lips in delight. His profuse swallowing made it hard to lend credence to his stoic appearance--if he left his mouth open, he would have dribbled all over my sister's tits like a horny doofus.

Wearing a bathing suit instead of a bra made it easy for Sean to untie, but he took his time doing so. Starting at her waist, Caitlin was caressed with breathtaking patience. Fingers teased every nerve ending leading up her sides and treated me to the birth of a thousand goosebumps across her pearlescent skin.

Sean dipped one finger down and ran it along the hem of her suit where her thigh was exposed, causing her to roll her shoulders backward and tense her muscles up, hoping to dispel the icy tingles. "Oh you little *shit!*" Caitlin feigned a look of anger which Sean returned with a palpably seductive stare, both waiting to see who would crack first.

I'd seen the same look on Sean's face when he saw my naked body only a day ago, and couldn't ignore the jealousy that was coursing through me. I wanted to rip my sister off his lap and replace her fat bottom with mine. I wanted his hardening cock sandwiched between *my* legs, only now realizing just how wet I had become in reaction to my back-to-back make-out sessions.

Emotion took a backseat to logic as I reminded myself whose vagina he actually came out of. I was certain he wouldn't forget where his *real* home was, even with his aunt grinding on him like a practiced stripper.

With her legs firmly planted on either side of his body, the temptation on Caitlin's face became too much to ignore. She cradled Sean's face in her hands, lost in the powerful gaze I'd begun to crave, and brought her lips down to his as slowly as she could. The initial reaction I saw from Sean was resistance, and even with his face aimed squarely at hers, I could see he was concerned about how I would take it.

I had invited Caitlin here for a reason. I didn't want to back out now because I was hesitant to see another woman using my son for her pleasure. We were all blood here, so I bit the bullet and squeezed his hand reassuringly, rubbing my thumb over the back of his fingers. "It's okay, honey. I brought her here for *you*. Don't be shy."

He turned to me with Caitlin's hands still glued to his face, ignoring her disappointment towards being put on hold. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Do you need proof?" I knew he had requested it for himself, but it was something of a secret pleasure of mine to watch a woman with large breasts release them from captivity. I granted my approval by pinching the loose string dangling down Caitlin's back and plucking it like a harp, releasing the tension keeping her held together.

Her shoulders relaxed as her heavy breasts lost their support, but being that it was a full-piece suit it didn't fall right away. The momentum of her breasts springing forward nearly carried her top off, but the suit hung on just enough to hide from Sean's eyes. Practiced in the art of methodical seduction, my sister moved aching slowly to hold our undivided attention.

Caitlin shed her razor-thin layer of clothing, peeling the garment off like it was glued to her skin. She uncovered one side of her chest while leaving the other hidden from view. The contrast of her black suit against the uniform cream-colored skin of her breast was the kind of thing you'd see in an edgy, adult art exhibit. Her dark brown nipple jutted menacingly towards Sean, and I was sure he was as excited to suckle from her as I was to watch him. I clenched my teeth together to ensure I wasn't leaving my jaw on the floor.

I wasn't sure who was more stunned: me, or my son. Sean didn't seem to care that I took the moment away from him, he was far too astonished by the sudden reveal of Caitlin's enormous breast to pay me any mind.

Always a fan of attention, Caitlin refused to let go of her hold on us. "You two like them, huh?" She winked playfully, looping a thumb under the string that was still covering the other half of her chest. It had been years since I saw my sister naked, and the sight of just a single bare breast was enough to bring back a storm of old memories.

Even with one side shielded I knew both her nipples were rock hard; through the suit I could see the tiny button begging for recognition. A hundred more goosebumps dotted her breast, cool air flicking its tongue over her freshly exposed skin. She moved painfully slowly, letting the tension build to a fever pitch before she removed her top and let it rest around her waist.

Sean and I were in competition for who could look more awestruck, and our fawning was not lost on Caitlin. She loved being the center of attention, as was clearly evident by the unimpeded grin displayed across her face. Her tits swayed side to side, bumping against each other in a torrid display that perfectly utilized their size. She ran her hands from her hips up over her abdomen, tucking them under her breasts to overfill her hands. She raised her nipples close to her mouth.

Caitlin stuck her tongue out and tapped the tip against her nipple, letting a strand of saliva connect the two. She lingered for a moment, admiring how the light bounced off the slick, hardened nub, only to dip her head down and suck the button dry, letting it pop from between her teeth.

Upon release, gravity took hold of Cait's heavy udders and plunged them downward, one slapping against her chest and the other landing on my son's forehead.

Sean gawked helplessly, uninterested in escaping the smothering weight of his aunt's bust. Caitlin brushed a hand behind his head, holding him in place while she lifted her dangling boob to his mouth and encouraged him to suckle her. I held back a laugh when I realized how similar our moves were--we really had taught each other everything.

He didn't need to be asked twice, instantly putting her tiny brown nub under assault. "Tell me if I'm too rough." His voice was buried under a pile of doughy, soft breast pudge.

"I won't," Caitlin assured playfully, kissing the top of his head and dragging her nails over his scalp. The challenge was not lost on Sean, who took full advantage of the invitation and lightly dug his teeth into the sensitive, rubbery surface he was sucking on. My sister yelped in response, playfully swatting her attacker but gaining no relief. "Don't try *that* hard!"

"Careful what you wish for," Sean taunted, bringing a hand down on Caitlin's backside and eliciting a startled cry. "If you can't stand the heat..."

"Excuse me! You better not finish that thought. I was cooking before you were born, sweetheart!" Caitlin grabbed a handful of Sean's hair and yanked it back, giving her open access to plant a kiss

on his neck. "If you wanna play rough, mister, your mother and I are quite familiar."

I suddenly became aware that I had been motionless for an eternity. I locked eyes with my son, his aunt perched in his lap, and immediately averted my stare.

Why did I feel like a shy little kid being caught doing something I shouldn't? Sure, I was ogling my son in ways a mother never should, but that was nothing new. I had already been with Sean, seen him in a sexual light, but now the urge to impress him was overwhelming. I pushed my nerves back down to the pit of my stomach and stood up.

Stepping behind Caitlin, I rested my head on her shoulder, meeting my son's gaze once again. "Hey, baby," I cooed softly, tightly hugging my sister around her stomach and lifting my arms until I was supporting the full weight of her breasts in my arms. I juggled them up and down, dreamily attached to the feeling of unparalleled warmth underneath her giant marshmallow breasts.

They were too heavy to hold up for very long, and with every raise of her tremendous breasts, I could feel my arms growing tired but seeing Sean's fascination with watching them collide like a wave in the ocean was a driving force to continue.

I was determined to put on a show for him, so I struggled to pull one arm out from its busty prison. Once freed, I could slide my arm between Caitlin's breasts and take hold of her like I was trying to squeeze her to death. But, try as I might, I couldn't fully contain them, and was now faced with an armful of fluffy, pillowy breast meat trying its best to burst free from my grasp.

Restraining a tornado might have been easier, as the tighter I clamped down, the more Caitlin's tits resisted, juggling in my hold as if they were actively trying to spill out of my arms. I welcomed the challenge of trying to ensnare both her breasts at the same time; I would pin one down and involuntarily relinquish the other, letting it slip from my grasp before I had a chance to catch it.

I could never tire of toying with Caitlin's breasts, though my muscles were humming a different tune. A burn was creeping on that I knew I couldn't outlast forever; her boobs were simply too heavy for me, and it took everything I had to hold them up until I nearly cracked. Still, I soldiered on, unable to voluntarily let go of my sister's breathtaking tits.

This game of back and forth was mesmerizing Sean, whose interest could not be overstated. He was positively riveted watching me play with Caitlin, and who could blame him?

He was faced with two beautiful (pardon my ego) half-naked women, both seeking to please him more than the other, when yesterday morning he was still using his hand like...well, someone who didn't have a mother like *me* around to help him.

Sean's hands sat motionless on Caitlin's hips, waiting for his brain to cue the reminder to use them. I took the lead when it looked like he was dangerously close to entering a hypnotic coma, confident that a little prompt would start turning the gears. Caitlin audibly gasped when I let her boobs succumb to gravity, startled by the sudden plummet. That was all it took to jumpstart Sean's engine and pull him out of the fog.

"Hey!" Caitlin's eyes snapped open. "Play nice!"

"Never," I whispered into the nape of her neck. I took Sean's hands and pulled them off my sister's hips, guiding them upwards until his hands were as full of bulging dough as mine had just been. "How does she feel, baby?"

"*Amazing*." He couldn't have contained his grin if his life depended on it, but I noticed him trying to sneak a peek over Caitlin's shoulder. "Could I..."

"See mine? Of course, sweetheart." I perked up at the request, relishing his affection. The fact that he had my gorgeous sister in his lap, tits and all, but still wanted to see mine was more of a compliment than he intended it to be. Stepping around Caitlin with an intentional slowness gave me plenty of time to watch the curiosity seep onto Sean's face, only to be replaced by unabashed wonder when my breasts were finally put on full display.

"Oh, fuck." His eyes were saucers. "Can I--"

"Yes, baby, you don't have to keep asking." I stifled a giggle. "But it's very heartwarming to see what a gentleman I've raised."

Caitlin's massive breasts were overflowing in Sean's right hand, and his left reached out for me. The expression of sheer amazement he wore was worth every bit of suffering I went through to bring him into this world, like I had spent a lifetime waiting to get to this point.

Our chests were like a tennis match, his eyes bouncing from me to Caitlin, then back to me, as if he was comparing every tiny detail. I knew Caitlin had me bested in the weight category, but there was an unmistakable glimmer in his eye when his thumb brushed against my nipple. He watched intently as the tiny nub grew and stuck out enough to jut into his palm when he took a greedy handful.

"Who's the winner?" Caitlin batted her eyes like a seasoned seductress, imitating puppy dog eyes with all her might. "There *is* a right answer, by the way."

"Yes, there is." I raised an eyebrow at my son, clasping my hand on top of his, hopeful that I could manipulate a victory. "Choose wisely."

Sean swept panic under the rug and calmly declared it a tie, refusing to relent for a second. I knew if this were an ass competition I would have it in the bag, so I accepted the tie for now.

Caitlin shot me a glance that said she tolerated that answer, but she wasn't thrilled to draw in a breast contest when it was typically her winning category. "Fine, but if we tie any future events, I'm going to be suspicious."

"*Future events?*" Sean's eyes screamed at me.

"You didn't think I invited Aunt Caitlin *just* to let you play with her tits, did you?" I stood beside Caitlin, pushing our competing chests close together to form a quadruple boob-wall that threatened to encase Sean's head if he didn't fall back to the mattress.

Now, lying on his back, Sean was without a pair of melons in his face for the first time in several seconds. I took pity on my boy and sought to rectify that, giving Caitlin a knowing nod. Lucky for us, Sean's boxers did not challenge our advances. We grabbed our respective sides and pulled the shorts down, training our eyes on exactly the same spot for the impending unveiling.

I hadn't seen Sean's cock since our shower, and I was already in withdrawal. It was too dark when I'd snuck into his room last night to get a good look, and rising anxiety placed me firmly on the edge of my seat.

He must have shaved recently, leaving minimal time for a thin layer of stubble to grow back above where our treasure lay waiting. We tugged the shorts down until only the very root of Sean's cock entered our view.

"Oh my...God *damn*." Caitlin released a breath she had been unwittingly holding. It was evident, just from the base, that my son was painfully hard. His erection fought against the waistband, desperate to meet the outside world but was held back indefinitely. Unless we let him out, he would continue to struggle for freedom, and something about that seemed unjustifiable. "What the fuck, Soff, he's- _"

"I know." I was the living personification of the heart-eyes emoji. I knew I was playing up my shock and awe, if only just a little, but I was sure Sean would eat it up. "Believe me, I know."

We exposed more of Sean's length, and I watched Caitlin's eyes absorb the scene in front of her. The tension was all-consuming, my heartbeat thumping all the way to my ears like I was marching towards a high dive, though much of that was being fed to me vicariously through Caitlin.

The boxer's edge met with Sean's bulging helmet, nearly unleashing the beast from its cotton cage before we were ready. I was in no rush, though the same couldn't be said for Caitlin, so I forced her to move at my pace for the time being.

With his erection still straining for release from his shorts, I poked my tongue just above where the fabric met his skin. Instantly, the organ gave a powerful throb, inviting me to run my tongue up the length of his shaft with as much patience as I could muster. My slippery pink snake left a trail of saliva in its wake, leading down to the base where I planted a very, very wet kiss. I half-wrapped my mouth around the root of his cock and nibbled with my lips covering my teeth, flicking my tongue over, then under, his excitable bulge.

I pulled my head back and invited Caitlin to join me, both Mothers now eagerly flicking their tongues against the base of his ever-growing length. Sean was barely being touched, only the very tips of our tongues were making contact, and I knew he was rearing for the passion I had exhibited in the shower but getting there was half the fun.

He was so delightfully hard that I was certain that if I caved to my own desires and let him in my throat, he would come immediately.

Caitlin and I worked ourselves into a routine with ease, expertly managing to keep his dick from sneaking out of his boxers. She would drag her tongue, following my slimy path down my son's shaft until she touched the base and planted another very wet, drool-filled kiss next to mine. Before she had a chance to pull back, I would already have my tongue pressed against the edge of Sean's boxers, preparing to slide up his thick pole and leave my own sloppy smooch.

It didn't take long for Sean to be noticeably dripping with our collective spit. Considering he had yet to enter our mouths, that was quite a feat, and I silently congratulated our efforts.

My tongue flattened against the smooth surface, savoring the taste and feel of my son's cock dragging against it, but I wanted more. I tilted my head to the side and took his girth sideways between my lips, basting it with saliva. My mouth traveled up the length and kept suction tight, only loosening the seal to dribble more lube upon my descent. He had been wet before, but now he was absolutely soaked.

"Hey!" Caitlin pouted with her brow furrowed. "You have to share!"

I glanced at her with Sean's dick still sandwiched between my lips, muffling my response. "Whud a yo gunna du abou it?"

I shouldn't have asked.

Caitlin grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked me off my son, mashing her lips against mine. I tried to get out of her grip, but I was caught, helpless to my sister's aggressive attempt to taste Sean on my tongue. "Share, please?" She wasn't putting on a show, she wasn't acting, she was genuinely begging me.

I gave her some space and whispered faintly, "Okay, just...let me get him ready for you."

Sean's dick was still thumping like a heartbeat even without our mouths on him. We had wound him tighter than he could bear, and his body was aching for relief. Groggily, he blinked back at us, waiting for our next move.

Caitlin's greed got the better of her sooner than I'd hoped, but I leaned into her enthusiasm with vigor. While she impulsively assaulted him with another array of passionate kisses, I grabbed Sean's waistband and jerked his boxers down around his knees, unwilling to waste the precious seconds it would cost to have him lift his butt off the bed. The sudden motion startled him, and if Caitlin hadn't returned to making out with him, he would've bolted upright on the bed.

Sloppy sucking noises filled the room, adding a kind of white noise in the background that I all but filtered out in the pursuit of disrobing my son. I tossed his crumpled shorts into the corner of the room, hopefully never to be heard from again, and laid my eyes on Sean's hulking erection.

Common courtesy may have been to wait for Caitlin, but I wasn't feeling courteous at the moment. I tilted Sean's cock to an upright position, gently stroking his entire length in long, fluid motions. I dipped my head forward and, resisting the urge to take him in my mouth, flattened my saliva-coated tongue against the underside of his juicy, purple helmet.

My thumb spread around my spit, tickling his frenulum with a light touch every time I grazed my thumb through the slippery saliva. I brought my head directly over top of my hand, pausing my routine with his bulging head placed squarely in my palm and giving it a flutter of soft squeezes. I made a deliberate show of drooling into the small hole my hands made around his cockhead, watching the lube trickle down and disappear between my fingers.

The bubbly goo coating him gave me the courage to squeeze harder, twisting my wrist as I slowly began to lower my hand, only reversing when I felt him give me a strong pulse in response. I wanted to jerk him off with the fervent intensity I'm sure he was used to, but tediously forcing him to endure every minuscule touch was turning his dial to eleven.

Sean said something to Caitlin, muffled under my sister's hungry kisses, though I didn't have to wonder what he said for long. Caitlin's hand joined mine between his legs, but ventured down a little further. His dick flexed powerfully when her hand wrapped around his balls, forming an "O" with her fingers, and applying the slightest downward pressure, softly tugging away from his body exactly the way I had earlier.

My son let out a series of small groans, struggling to focus on making out with his aunt while I lovingly tended to him.

Greed must run in our family, I thought, unable to resist the temptation staring me right in the face. I lied and told myself that Caitlin wouldn't mind if I got a head start, sure that she wouldn't let me play alone for too long.

Manners be damned--I couldn't spend another minute watching my son flex his erection mere inches from my face without letting lust ravage me. Caitlin was distracted, so I took the leap.

Sean knew how close he was to my mouth, my hot breath rolling against his skin, and I could practically feel the energy emanating from him like a heat lamp. I secured one hand tightly to the base of his cock and it stood up excitedly, anticipating my next move.

I opened my jaw as wide as I could, slowly lowering my head until I knew I had the entirety of his big, cushy helmet inside my mouth. I didn't close my lips, instead opting to tease him with the heat, inviting him inside by exhaling hot, exaggerated breaths around his cock. I couldn't close my mouth to swallow, which allowed saliva to freely drip onto him the longer I made him, and myself, wait for what we wanted.

My head dipped a bit lower, and I closed the entrance, vacuum sealing my lips an inch below Sean's protruding crown, my tongue pressed firmly against his frenulum. The back of my throat was crying out for attention, but I quieted the urge, seeking to toy with my son as long as I could. I stopped being aware of the fervent kissing happening just above my head and lost myself in bliss.

I stayed airtight to Sean's cock as I lifted my head, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear with my free hand. I dragged my lips over his glistening cockhead until I had nearly released the fat egg from my grasp, but left my lips connected to the tip.

My lips parted slightly so dribbles of spit could seep out and run down his impressive length. I slid my hand up from the base of his cock through the trail of saliva, maintaining the connection with my lips so my tongue could stick out and bathe him in wet kisses like I was trying to French kiss his cock.

My hand reached the edge of the head and I dipped back down to meet my fingers with my lips, tightly constricting as much of his girth as I could. Nursing happily, I found a steady rhythm that kept him locked inside my cheeks while my hand ran up and down the greased pole.

I pulled back and took a shallow breath, gazing desperately at my prize and continued to slowly jerk him off. The thick rope of spit connecting us was snatched up in an instant to add to the goo with which I was basting my son, giving me a frictionless glide up and down his massive length.

I let my palm clasp around his throbbing helmet, mashing his cock against my mouth and audibly forcing the saliva through my lips so it came out as a bubbly froth. A sticky mess was now on my hands, figuratively and literally, but I would not relent. My mouth returned to its meal, and I eased another inch or two into my mouth, swallowing almost half of his cock.

I tilted my head so I could feel him pressing against the roof of my mouth and rubbed him back and forth, hoping to let the bumpy texture coax him into coming as soon as possible, though I knew Caitlin would have a fit if that happened.

Sean squirmed under my assault; muffled grunts being deposited into Caitlin's smothering smooches by the second. I was sure she was close to figuring out I'd again started without her, so I wanted to remind my son which of us could truly take care of him the best.

With one hand still wrapped around him, tugging tirelessly at the rigid monster in my grip, I opened my jaw and tried to silently fill my other hand with some of the profuse saliva building up in my mouth. That hand, loaded with lube, wrapped around his testicles, and gave them a reassuring squeeze, making him buck under Caitlin.

So far, she was too busy sucking face to notice, so I pressed my attack until I had worked every part of Sean's cock with precision.

His engorged head was flaring under the work my tongue was doing, circling the fat helmet while I bobbed up and down, never letting him out of my grasp. With the warmth of his dick trapped between my lips, it felt like my mouth was melting him. I felt the blood rushing to him with every pulse and continued feverishly nursing on him like the meaning of life was hidden inside.

Somehow Caitlin hadn't yet heard the sloppy suction noises I was emitting, but even without looking it would have been clear that Sean was smothered in saliva with the squelching sounds my hand made every time it raised to meet my lips. His balls were pulled all the way up to his body, making it even easier to caress the swollen orbs with my fingertips, occasionally daring to slide one of the slippery digits underneath his balls to tickle that secret spot right above his asshole.

Just as I came to terms with staying there forever, I felt the well-known signs that meant Sean was about to come. The edge was neared, and I pulled back, only leaving my hand on his balls and giving the sack a gentle, loving massage as I tried to hold it in place through his powerful flexing.

I felt the impending finale subside a bit and couldn't stop myself from pressing my face right into his balls so I had one on either side of my cheeks, jutting my tongue out so I wrapped as far around the bottom as I could in the hopes of triggering that special place behind them. My face was entirely buried in my son's testicles, with no room for a hint of air to sneak in as I intentionally smothered myself with his swollen, aching balls. I flattened my tongue against him to cover as much of the surface as I could, and, mouth wide open, began my ascent up towards the squishy cockhead, feeling every little quiver on the way up.

As soon as I reached the top, I pursed my lips and pressed them to the tip, slowly edging downwards and letting my lips separate as I did to make sure Sean felt every part of my mouth envelope him. I thought I gave him enough time to rest, but it only took a few lazy head bobs to bring him right back to the brink.

"M-Mom, you gotta s-stop!" Sean could barely get the words out, but as soon as Caitlin caught wind of my trickery, the jig was up.

She stopped making out with my son like a lovesick teenager and immediately scowled at me. "Sophie! What the *fuck!*"

I glanced up, eyes wide with embarrassment. My cheeks were visibly bloated from trying to hold so much dick in my mouth, and I knew I looked like a naked chipmunk smuggling an oversized acorn. She didn't avert her gaze, so I decided to stop before she blew a gasket.

It took almost ten full seconds for me to remove myself from Sean's cock. I took my time releasing him from my mouth, causing several strands of thick, gooey saliva to stay attached to Sean's cock like long, dripping spiderwebs. I stayed staring at Caitlin, hoping she would soften, but she would not back down, knowing what was at stake. My poor boy was still doing everything in his power not to let loose, and I could see out of the corner of my eye that he had both hands pressed to his temples in an effort to focus, muttering, "Oh my god, oh fuck, holy shit," in sheer disbelief.

With an audible grumble, I released Sean's dick with a loud, wet **"pop!"**

He gasped in exasperation. *"Fuck!"* He dropped his arms to the bed and took to heavy breathing, while his aunt and I stared in wide-eyed fascination at his powerfully flexing cock, begging me to finish him off. "You can't do that, Mom, you're too fucking good at it."

"Watch your mouth, Sean," I teased, throwing a wink at Caitlin without breaking eye contact.

"No, why don't *you* watch *your* mouth?" Caitlin shot at me with a bratty snarl, pouting like a schoolgirl. "You promised, Sophie!"

"I know, but have you seen this thing?" I waved at Caitlin with Sean's cock, swaying it back and forth so it slapped softly against my lips and cheeks, submitting to the reckless, primal abandon that told me I needed to follow the urge to cover myself in his scent. I engulfed the inflated head one final time and released it slowly, making sure to leave a thick layer of throat goo coating it before I aimed the missile towards my sister. "Do you want a turn, Cai--"

I hadn't finished the question before she was scrambling down to my level like it was Christmas fucking morning. "I thought you'd never ask."

I gave a casual shrug, patting the floor beside me. "If you didn't stop me, I wasn't going to." I hadn't taken my hand off of Sean yet; I wasn't ready to let go now that I'd had a taste. My sister was past waiting, though her disappointment softened as I tilted Sean's pole towards her and gave her a swift kiss on the cheek. "He's all yours." I offered.

Caitlin wasn't far from licking her lips at this point but showed resounding patience for someone who was so close to drooling. She placed her hands around both his ankles, bumping her butt against mine to tell me to scooch over. Slowly but surely, her hands drifted up over his legs until she reached his thighs.

Her nails lightly scraped against Sean's leg, causing him to spasm so hard I almost lost my grip on his cock. A devilish smile crept onto Caitlin's face as she remembered how much she loved reducing a man to her control, and she hadn't even put her mouth on him yet.

I rubbed my thumb over Sean's frenulum to keep him stimulated while my sister took her time pushing her hands towards his balls, tightly constricted, and begging for the release that they were still so far from reaching.

Caitlin pushed both hands together and kept Sean's balls sandwiched between them. Both of her thumbs rotated in circles over the smooth surface as she gently kneaded them, tenderizing her nephew to encourage a quick submission. Without a word she dropped her head into his lap and brushed my hand away, replacing my hand with hers, and replacing her hand with her mouth.

Soft suckling noises emitted from Caitlin's mouth the second she had her mouth stuffed with Sean's bulging orbs, and she let loose a satisfied groan that turned into a low, rumbling vibration around his sack. I knew how much I had missed having two large, heavy balls filling my cheeks, and knew my sister shared a similar proclivity.

She started jerking her hand up and down in time with her slurping, quickly raising her hand to the head, encircling it with her palm while she pulled Sean's balls away from his body, only to slowly drop her hand to his lap and tighten her grip, making Sean's crown balloon up as the blood raced to the head.

As she squeezed, her lips relinquished their hold on his testicles and slowly reintroduced them to the outside air, letting the cool air lap at him before gobbling the tender jewels back into her mouth. I could see her cheeks inflate when their bulging intruder took its place, giving her tongue a chance to slip underneath his balls, tickling the underside until she made Sean's hearty groans rise a few octaves.

I couldn't just sit on the sidelines and watch--I wanted in. Instinct moved my fingers to Caitlin's cheeks and caressed the bulge she held inside. I could feel her tongue slithering around within, relentlessly manipulating the two orbs with her expertly trained mouth.

"Mom," Sean said between shallow breaths. "Could you come up here?"

Caitlin raised her eyebrows excitedly and looked at me, nodding eagerly. "Goh aheaa." Caitlin gurgled with excitement and, upon realizing how the vibration had affected Sean, continued emitting a low, steady hum.

I took Sean's outstretched hand and he pulled me towards him until I was close enough for him to hook his hands under my arms. I thought he wanted to make out with his Mother again, but it seemed he had other plans.

Taking a position that no mother ever should, I climbed atop my son and planted one knee on either side of his head so I could rest my bum on his chest. He looked so handsome down below me, buried underneath my womanhood, that I couldn't help but pause to fully absorb the image of my son sandwiched between the bed and my vagina. His face, the half I could see, hinted at an uncontrollable ear-to-ear grin.

Consumed in my thoughts, I jumped when I felt Sean's tongue slither between my legs. He poked around the entrance, and I ached for him to venture inside, but was instead greeted by a warm, slippery glide through the folds of my pussy lips until he reached my sensitive button.

He gave it a sloppy kiss and paused for a moment to hold his suction, releasing only to lightly suck the soft pudge around my Mommy muffin into his mouth a few times. If he sucked any harder, he would've left a temporary hickey on my chubby mound, marking me as his own. I internally prayed that he would, leaving me with a subtle reminder I could swoon over for the rest of the week.

The wetter I became, the more attention he was forced to pay to my pussy, tirelessly lapping up my copious flowing honey to keep from drowning. He pressed his mouth against my entrance and, finally, inched his tongue inside of me. He flexed it upwards and poked around the roof, searching for my g-spot, but fell just short of reaching it.

It was clear he was teasing me; he knew me well enough by now to know that I was going to start riding him, without him needing to say a word. I had no urge to control myself, so I let loose. With both hands rooted to the back of my son's head, I bore down on him like an animal.

He immediately got the signal and stuck his tongue out to let me grind on it with wild abandon. I found the perfect angle to position him so every downward push would slide his tongue from the sopping wet hole he had tended to, up through my lips and directly over my clit.

Sean had both arms securing me to his face like a feedbag, preventing me from jumping away from him every time I spasmed with delight, each time giving a high-pitched squeak that only encouraged him further. Honey dropped down the inside of my thigh and left a trail in its wake that

Sean's tongue happily followed. He flattened the slippery snake against my skin and ran his taste buds over the softness of my skin, picking up the droplets of syrup dripping from me.

The muscles in my legs began to ache. How long had I been doing this, and how much more could I withstand? I snapped my eyes open and looked down to see him still blissfully lost in eating me out. Finally, after what seemed like a lifetime, I slowed down and fell forward, taking note of how exhausted I was.

Sean's hands moved with no hesitation to my bottom and grabbed two greedy handfuls of pudgy dough, bringing me against his face and sliding further underneath me. Before I could ask what he was doing, I felt his tongue wiggle in between my cheeks and prod against my tightly puckered hole.

"B-Baby hold on," I pleaded, hoping Caitlin wouldn't notice his exploration or the way my entire body seized up the moment he touched me there.

Of course, she caught wind that something had changed and emitted a gleeful gasp. "Go, Bunny! Yes!" I guess she finally took his balls out of her mouth to speak, as I felt him finally relax a bit in the brief pause he was given.

I hushed my sister, but she took no notice, bringing an immediate answer to my question of how I would tell Sean what I'd promised Cait I would let him do.

"Relax, Sophie, by tonight he's gonna be doing a lot more than tonguing you down there." She resumed her attachment to my son as if she hadn't said a word, pulling his meaty cock back into her mouth like a fat pacifier.

"Really, Mom?" My son was staring up at me with stars in his eyes, his voice muffled between two fat butt cheeks. "You're gonna let me in *here*?" He pressed his tongue flatly against my asshole and pulled my cheeks apart with his hands, making me clench with every circle he drew around the puffy pink ring.

I nodded silently, biting my lip to keep from growing too loud. I was afraid if I seemed too eager, he wouldn't go as slowly as I needed him to go. Nerves still plagued my limbs every time I thought about letting him back there, but I knew it was only a matter of time before I did.

"I don't think I'll make it that long this time," Sean grunted from below. "Aunt Caitlin is way too good at this."

I turned my body so I could see her work. One hand was pulling his balls in a gentle massage, while the other was glued to her lips in a swivel motion as she bounced her face up and down into Sean's lap, engulfing nearly his entire cock with each dive. The saliva overflowing her mouth was loudly bubbling like a cauldron as she fought to keep the hot foam from spilling out.

With a mighty plunge, she gobbled down most of his shaft, and swung her mouth side to side with one final push to lodge the final inch of his cock inside her constrictive throat, not letting the loud, violent gagging deter her from stuffing her throat with cock. Her lips formed a seal around his length, and she pressed his balls up against her chin so her tongue could worm underneath them when it found its way out.

Tears were forming in the pit of her eyes, threatening to worsen her mascara-stained cheeks every time her body lurched from trying to swallow his length. Her tears rolled freely as she scrunched up

her face, fighting for one more second on Sean's cock without pulling away for the oxygen she desperately needed.

With a huge gasp, she flung her head off his dick and took a huge breath, coughing and sputtering out the collection of goo she'd been keeping warm in her cheeks. The slimy lube coated Sean's cock as she drooled the thick mixture of saliva and precum back onto him. It dripped in big gobs down the two large plums pulled tight against his body, leaving every bit of him smothered in Catalina lube.

"I can't Aunt Caitlin, I can't wait anymore." Sean was begging now, waiting for permission before letting go. "M-Mom? Please?"

Caitlin chimed happily and continued her assault. That was as close to a "yes" as he was getting from her.

"Go ahead, sweetie--come for your Mommies." I brushed a finger through the hair over his ear and pushed down on him, lining his tongue back up with my slit.

He emitted a deep growl and his body seized up. I pressed him against my pussy, holding him tightly by the sides of his head. Caitlin gurgled as she fought through what I had been blessed with earlier, though she didn't hesitate for a second.

The first burst of semen caught her by surprise as it rocketed against the back of her throat, dumping a stream of hot, sticky baby butter down her gullet before she had a chance to taste it. Caitlin's whole body recoiled; eyes as wide as moons as she tried in vain to gobble it down before a second load was delivered into her suckling mouth.

Rope after heavy rope of cum coated the back of her esophagus like paste, bombarding her with more than she could swallow, so she had to keep it collected in her mouth until Sean finished emptying his balls. Her eyes widened nervously as she fought to keep the whole load from bursting out, connecting with my obsessive stare *just* as Sean's cum-hose flexed like a bicep and launched another thick deposit towards her tonsils.

Still, she pressed on with no pause, swallowing the head of his cock over and over until she had extracted the final drop, reducing my son to a heap. With a tinge of regret, she withdrew her lips with as much patience as she could, getting one long, low groan out Sean before she finally let his softening cock slide out from between her lips.

Caitlin sat up, but her expression did not change. She tilted her head back and dipped a finger in the vat of cum swimming in her mouth, stirring the frothy mixture around until a few drops spilled out and ran down the side of her cheek. She gathered the renegade droplets on her finger and slurped them off, tilting her head back and forth so the load swished around inside her cheeks, effortlessly blanketing her taste buds in warm, salty cum.

Caitlin steadied herself and braced an arm on Sean's leg, maneuvering the mouthful of cum around so she would be better poised to handle it. One loud, audible **gulp** and Caitlin let the whole of Sean's butter slide into her belly. She was yet to break her stare, hungrily focused on the aftereffects of her handiwork and panting to catch her breath. "Holy...I mean...wow."

Caitlin rubbed her hand over her belly with a look of surprise on her face, literally and figuratively digesting the enormous deposit of cum that was now bubbling like a heavy weight in the pit of her stomach. "You're the kind of guy that gets a girl pregnant on the first go, aren't you?"

I giggled, reaching behind my back to pat my son on the shoulder. "That's my Boy, such a showman."

"I think...I need...a minute." Sean gasped for breath. "You two are just exhausting."

"And to think we're just getting you warmed up," Caitlin chimed.

I climbed off my son's face, winning the ensuing battle with my shaking legs to gain the ability to stand. "Let's give him a chance to rest, Cait. Don't wanna tire him out too quickly."

Sean hadn't budged from the mattress. "I'll be up in a minute--promise."

"Then I'll make sure breakfast is ready for you, sweetheart." I bent down and kissed his forehead like when he was a kid. The moment was immediately lit with tension as I caught Sean staring at my lips, thinking about all they'd done to him. My lips were tingling, so vividly alive with the sensation of numbing themselves from working on Sean's cock that it felt as though they were still wrapped around him.

I pressed my lips to his and released a sigh of relief I didn't know I was holding, melting like a sidewalk Popsicle onto my son's chest, comforted by its steady rise and fall.

We didn't make it long before Caitlin pulled me off my son and marched me to the door, blabbering about how we needed to pace ourselves, and, though good advice, I wasn't happy to hear it.

My mind was flooded with thoughts of what the rest of our day would hold. It wasn't even noon yet and we'd already moved way ahead of the schedule I had in mind. Excitement surged through me like static through a wool sweater, and I promised myself that whatever happened was meant to happen.

If only I'd known what I was getting myself into.

Thank you so much for reading, I hope you enjoyed it! Part 4 is out now, and it wouldn't be without the amazing support and love that this incredible community has shown.

Thanks everybody <3