

MOTHER OF LOVE CH. 04

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Aunt Caitlin helps Sean explore his Mother's virgin asshole.

Incest/Taboo

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Cool droplets trickled down my back, littering the shower floor with a torrent of water that wasn't quite loud enough to drown out my racing thoughts, echoing like gunshots in my brain. I couldn't possibly be dreaming--I would have woken up by now. On the other hand, how could any of this possibly be real?

After spending the last few years shamelessly pining after my own Mother, I had been given experiences that my wildest imagination couldn't match. If intimately exploring Mom's body wasn't a big enough surprise, waking up to a double-blowjob from her and Aunt Caitlin certainly was!

Now, curiosity struck me as I pondered what the rest of the day might hold. I'd gone to bed knowing that the dynamic between Mom and me would take some adjustment, but nothing could have prepared me for the mental gymnastics I'd need to ready myself for Aunt Caitlin, too. I could hear the two of them gabbing excitedly in the kitchen. The status quo had been altered, I knew, and as soon as I stepped out of the shower, I would be entering an entirely different world.

I was learning about my Mother, the woman behind the veil that she'd kept hidden from me, finding this new person to be the embodiment of the same love she had always shown me, expressed in a physical form. Through this new lens, I understood that this was her revealing her truest self to me, and my eager acceptance had only served to encourage her to explore those desires.

Accepting her transformation made Caitlin's attitude all the more believable--they *are* sisters, after all. The more my Mother displayed her tendency towards carnal affection, the easier it became to conflate her new image with the one I had developed over many years. This wasn't a new woman, this was the same Mother that breastfed me before I could defend myself, taught me how to walk, and burned in my brain her role as an unwavering beacon of compassion whose love knew no bounds.

The juxtaposed visual of her hunched on her knees, trying with all her might to heartily engulf the final few inches of my baby-maker, was slowly becoming less jarring. This was my Mother, she always had been, and I wouldn't change a thing about her.

Where I had been expecting a sense of anxiety when I exited the shower, I was pleasantly surprised to find the fear I'd been dreading had washed down the drain with the soapy water. I took a deep breath and stood on the small rectangular bathmat, feeling the rough material soak up the moisture still clinging to my toes. I enrobed myself with an equally scratchy towel and stood silently, itching to hear a shred of conversation slip between the floorboards.

Nothing greeted me save for the low mumbling of intentionally hushed tones, and I told myself that I was above planting my ear to the bathroom tile just to catch a snippet. Whatever they were talking about must have been slightly above my pay grade.

I left the shower with a trail of waterlogged footsteps that followed me towards my bedroom, though I was sure Mom would forgive my hurry so long as I made up for it later. I threw on the very first t-shirt I grabbed, and a pair of boxers I was nearly too big for, just to make my descent down the stairs come that much quicker.

I heard hurried shuffling coupled with poorly disguised giggles when the stairs creaked underfoot, foiling away my stealthy approach.

"Somebody's finally ready." Mom's voice carried me down the rest of the stairs like I was a cartoon floating towards a freshly baked pie.

"Ready for what?" I was thankful I got the final word out before rounding the corner into the kitchen or my sudden loss of breath would have rendered me speechless.

"For us, silly!" Aunt Caitlin piped up, straightening her back so when she leaned forward, her tits plopped on the kitchen counter with a heavy **thud**. "How was your shower, Bunny?"

Her alabaster skin was perfectly accented by the dark bathing suit hugging her body, swelling out in all the right places to make my mouth dry up. Her firm nipples formed noticeable peaks under the suit, enticing a fiery curiosity though I had held them in my hands less than an hour ago. The tight fit of her top was forcing the pillowy flesh to bulge out of the sides like two pudgy stress balls being squeezed on either end, intoxicating me to the point of shameless staring. The counter relieved a share of their weight and subtly flattened her massive tits, so they looked like a cream-coloured puddle of jiggly breast meat, perilously teetering on the edge of the counter.

"You don't think this is too small, do you?" She donned a cutesy voice and hoisted her melons by the strings around her neck, briefly swinging the pendulums off her chest before plopping them back down on the counter to re-establish their hefty size with another loud **thud**. "Your Mom thought you might like it."

Cottonmouth kept my voice at bay, so I nodded wordlessly with an affirmative grunt.

"I told you," Mom teased, stepping behind me and wrapping her arms around me to place a gentle kiss on my neck. "I know what my Son likes."

Mom's breasts pressed against my spine and ignited my nerves with a barrage of shivers. I laid my arms on top of hers as her kisses inched their way up my neck, a sensation made more intense when I closed my eyes to focus on it. "I hope you're ready for today, baby," She whispered so Caitlin couldn't hear, nibbling and flicking her tongue against my earlobe. "We aren't even halfway through."

Christmas morning couldn't rival my excitement at her words!

I turned around and gave Mom my full attention. Our hold did not waver as I lowered my neck to her level and went in for a kiss, testing the waters to see how casually we could step back into our new roles.

Our lips fit together in perfect harmony. I kissed my Mother as though we had just this moment together, shrugging off the existence of the world outside our embrace. Her hand rested against my cheek, fingers teasing the edge of my hairline. She let her tongue playfully dart from between the softness of her lips, searching for a playmate. Pushed forward against the eager explorer, I

tangled my tongue with hers, letting the slippery snakes dance together, backed by the sounds of sloppy spit swapping and poorly hidden moans.

"You two are something else." Caitlin tapped her metal straw against the rim of her glass, freshly emptied.

Mom instinctively snapped away from me like we'd been caught, but released her tension when she was reminded who was with us in the kitchen. She rested her head against my chest and breathed deeply, giving my shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "*Fuck*, I forgot you were there, Cait." She chuckled.

My Aunt threw her hands in the air. "*Seriously?*"

Mom nodded bashfully, gazing up at me with a bonfire of lust brightly illuminating her eyes. "He's just..."

"Perfect," I finished for her, though she knew I wasn't referring to myself--her uncontrollable blushing gave that away.

"I swear if I have to get naked already, just to get your attention, I'll do it!" Caitlin threatened sarcastically.

She walked to refill her drink, swaying her hips side to side with enough exaggeration that it could catch a blind man's eye. The razor-thin line of her bikini bottom sat high on her waist, disappearing when it reached her bouncy ass cheeks and was swallowed from sight between the plump globes. The tiniest sliver of her slit could be seen poking out from between her quaking cheeks, but the black fabric hugging her bulging mound obscured a direct gaze at the prize I longed for.

I was convinced another few steps would cause Caitlin's boobs to burst out of their impossibly small prison, but she made it to the alcohol cabinet in one piece. I didn't know what she was looking for, but it must have been at the very back of the cupboard. She balanced on her toes and stuck her ass out until she nearly lost her footing, expertly poised to flaunt her delicious curves.

Caitlin grabbed a bottle of wine and spun on her heels, examining the label as though she wasn't aware my Mother and I were entranced by simply watching her walk around.

"You know," she unscrewed the lid and poured a healthy dose of medicine into her glass, which was still sporting the legs leftover from her last serving. "In some countries, it's considered rude to stare."

"Yeah, and in *some* countries, it's considered taboo to waltz around like a half-naked floozy in front of your Nephew." My Mom winked at me, earning ire from her Sister. "*Some* countries, I mean. Definitely not this one."

"Hardy har har," Caitlin bellowed, throwing her head side to side to embellish the sarcasm. "I don't care *what's* taboo in *any* country. I wanna have fun today so that's what I'm gonna do. Sean, lotion!"

I snatched up the tube she pointed to and held it like it contained the meaning of life, dumbly repeating "lotion" as I, a deer caught in the headlights, stared helplessly at her revealing outfit.

"See?" Caitlin raised an eyebrow and waltzed towards the patio door. "He's ready."

She slid the glass barrier open and stepped out into the sunshine, taking a moment to soak in the warmth before extending to me her hand. "Join me?"

I looked eagerly at my Mom for affirmation. "Gooooo," she said, rolling her eyes with a fiendish smile. "Entertain her."

"Are you sure? What about breakfast?" I asked, again quite dumbly.

Mom handed me an apple from the fruit bowl and pointed to the corner cupboard. "Get a protein bar or something, but hurry! Caitlin already *ate*, remember? She isn't gonna wait for you to do the same."

"I can wait for you!" I tried to insist, but Caitlin hooked her arm around mine and dragged me across the threshold into the glare of the afternoon sun.

"I still need a drink, and so do you! Go with your Aunt; I'll bring us something strong." She patted my bum on my way out the door, exchanging a knowing glance with her Sister that I was likely not supposed to see.

Drinking before noon wasn't typical of my Mother, but then again, none of this was.

"Did you bring the lotion? I only use this new natural brand, it's way safer and, in a pinch, works pretty well as a makeshift lube." Caitlin sat sideways on one of the many lounge chairs around the pool, patting behind her to invite me to join. "If I come home with too dark of a tan, your Uncle is gonna start asking questions, so let's try to make sure that doesn't happen, okay?"

"Sure thing, Aunt Caitlin." I scooted behind her, laying my legs on either side of her like I was preparing for a bear hug. "Where should I start?"

Caitlin untied the string around her neck and clasped an arm around her tits to stop the behemoths from escaping their cage. "Right here, Bunny. Can't have uneven lines, can we?"

Impulse guided my gaze around her tummy, hoping to catch a glimpse of the tidal wave of breast meat she was struggling to hold back.

"Boy, you sure are impatient, aren't you?" Caitlin chirped. "You take after your Mother."

"I do?" I squirted lotion into my hands and rubbed them together to warm it.

"You sure do."

"How?" I rubbed both hands against her skin and felt the knots in my stomach unwind. Her skin was flawlessly smooth, letting me glide down her neck over her slim shoulders like sculpted marble.

"You don't think your Mother just up and turned into a Mommy-slut out of the blue, do you?"

Truthfully, I hadn't thought about it. "I guess not, no."

"Exactly! So, who do you think taught her to channel that inner lust fiend into something *awesome*?" Ego was peppered throughout her words, but it was more than enough to inflate them. "I'm sure she's a great Mom--"

"The best." I cut in.

"Oh, of course, you would say that Bunny." She blew me a kiss. "But before she was the best Mom in the world, she was my slutty little Sister, and I was--"

"Her slutty *older* Sister?" I laughed, but Caitlin's death glare made me rethink my words. "I meant her slutty...*experienced* Sister?"

"Much better, thank you, Bunny."

Intrigue got the better of me but didn't stop me from massaging my Aunt like I was trying to decorate her skin with fingerprints. "So, what did you, like...do together?"

Caitlin cackled and almost lost control of her breasts. "What *didn't* we do? The only thing your mother ever said no to was anything involving her ass."

Urgent curiosity formed in the pit of my stomach. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, at this point I'm not sure if *anything* is too graphic, but we were each other's first kiss. We went down on each other almost every night, for crying out loud! If you wanna know how to push Sophie's buttons, just ask."

"Her...ass..." I couldn't muster a complete sentence. "She, like, never even let you near it?"

"A handful of times, but just barely. You're lucky she promised it to you--that's a tall order."

If Caitlin had been looking at me, she would have gained a glimpse of my soul trying to stop itself from exploding out of my body. I had both my hands on her hips, holding her firmly as I slid them over her ribs and drew a line directly under her bust. "She said that?"

"You didn't know? I knew she wouldn't tell you. That's classic Sophie."

By now, Mom and I were all but an open book, so I wondered what could be holding her back when she had been the one to invite Caitlin here and move us in this direction. "Why didn't she let you?"

"Play with her asshole?" My Aunt was nothing if not blunt. "Every time we tried she was either too uncomfortable, or in too much pain."

"Won't I hurt her, then?"

"Brag much, Bunny?" Caitlin craned her neck to peek around her back and see my slowly stiffening boner poking her in the spine. "Actually, come to think of it, you probably will. But she promised me I'd get to help if I came by today, and I don't let people break promises."

"I wonder if she ever let Dad, uh, back *there*."

"She did, a couple of times, but I don't even think you were born yet, so it's been a very, very long time for her."

"Then why would she even want to try with me?"

Caitlin shrugged and proceeded to swell my heart three sizes too big. "I dunno, Bunny, I guess she just loves you that much."

Damn.

"*Ahem!*" A voice came bellowing from behind us. "You wouldn't happen to be talking behind my back, would you?"

I turned around to see my Mother, in all her undeniable glory, leaning against the doorframe with a dark red drink in each hand. It took a moment to sink in, but I soon realized that the bikini she now had on was the same one she'd been wearing in the photo that ignited this entire journey. Caitlin put a finger under my chin and closed my slacked jaw to save it from colliding with the floor.

Mom's breasts were searching for a way out of her top, but it was glued so tightly to her chest that they were pinned down by the garment and had to settle for spilling breast meat over the sides. Every dainty step her cute little feet took across the concrete would shift her weight and cause both of the heavy balloons to bump together. Two pearly white juggernauts, crashing into one another like a boob tsunami, each brazenly daring the sun to tan their porcelain glow. I could see the swell of Mom's juicy bottom curve out around the edge of her legs, reinvigorating the idea that I may be getting up close and personal with it quite soon.

"Wow, Mom, you look amazing." I was entranced by every agonizing second that she spent striding towards me, dramatically rocking her hips side to side.

"I do?" she said sheepishly, feigning shyness. "I just thought I'd throw this old thing on to see how it looks."

"It looks," I poured over her body, head to toe, "really, really fantastic. *You* look fantastic, I mean."

"Thanks, baby." Mom stood next to me with her hips next to my head and handed me a glass of red liquid. "Try this. I used to drink it with Caitlin all the time when we were kids."

"Is that *Cooch Hooch*?" Caitlin clapped her hands together. "I guess mine is still inside, right? Because I know you wouldn't forget to make me one, right?"

Mom pointed to the full glass of wine sitting on the table, earning nothing more than a dissatisfied grunt from Caitlin. "Fine, I'll make my own." She downed the rest of her drink and stormed off towards the kitchen to fix another.

Mom placed her hand in my hair and rested my head against her hip. My eyes closed as I let any sense of reality drift away with the cool, crisp breeze, escaping from my body like someone had pulled my soul out with a vacuum. Mom smelled like oranges with a touch of vanilla. It had always been my favorite and the nostalgia collision drove me straight down memory lane.

"I love you, Mom." I smiled through a sigh.

She nuzzled her nose against the top of my head and stroked my cheek. "I love you too, baby. Very, very much." She kissed my forehead and rested her hand on my shoulder to balance as she sat on the nearest lounge chair.

Silence befell us, but it carried no awkwardness. Just being in the presence of a woman as special as my Mother, feeling such undivided closeness with her, was the most comfortable I had ever felt. I knew whatever came next would be monumental and, though trepidation plagued me with every new revelation, I knew that if I was with Mom it would all turn out alright.

"So, uh, what's in this?" I raised the glass of Cooch Hooch to my eyeline and made a show of examining it top to bottom. "And why the hell did you give it such a weird name?"

Mom took a slow sip of her drink and held her with both hands. "Well, every time your Aunt and I drank it we loosened up a little...sometimes a lot. I think it's a bit too on-the-nose, but you know Caitlin--she loves to be direct."

"Loose meaning?" I pried for an answer.

"Meaning exactly what you think it means, young man." She gave me a playful kick and grinned devilishly as she took another sip. "I wasn't always a Mother, you know."

"Aunt Caitlin was just telling me about that, actually." Now I had her attention.

"I knew my ears were burning, but what does *that* mean?"

I shrugged. "Exactly what you think it means."

Mom narrowed her eyes at me. "I know it comes easy for you, but don't get cute. What did she tell you?"

"She said precisely what you were too timid to say!" Caitlin said, coming hurriedly towards us, arms bowed out so she wouldn't spill her drink. "Sorry, I spilled a bit, but I wanna be here for this."

Mom stared at me with her head cocked at a slight angle. "What did she tell you?" I think she was afraid she already knew the answer.

"Well, she uh, Caitlin I mean, told me that you made her a promise that if she showed up today--"

"You already told him!" Mom squealed in annoyance, scrunching her face up and glaring at her Sister with a frustrated pout. "I wanted to tell him!"

"You took too long!" Caitlin insisted. "It just slipped out. I'm sorry, Soff, but if it makes you feel any better he seemed shaken to the core that I even mentioned it, so you're not gonna have to ask him twice. He's really excited!"

Mom whipped around to face me. "You are?"

I nodded.

"Oh...well, I guess that's settled." Then, to Caitlin, "Part of me was kind of hoping you'd forget but--"

"I *never* forget!" Caitlin cheered herself on. "Come on, be honest, you're a little bit excited too."

I could see in Mom's eyes that her nerves were diluting whatever excitement she may have had. She may have been interested in attempting it, but her history gave me the impression that it would be a steep uphill battle. "Mom, if you're too scared, we don't have to do it."

"She's not getting out of it that easily," Caitlin taunted. "A promise is a promise, right Soff?"

Mom took a concentrated breath. "You're right." She laid a hand on my knee and gave it a comforting squeeze. "I'll be okay, as long as you're gentle."

"Gentle sounds good." I was just thrilled there was any option on the table that included anal with my Mother. If she wanted me to be gentle, that's what she would get.

I could tell the anticipation was weighing heavy on Mom, so I sought to distract her. "It's really sunny out--do you want me to get your back, Mom?" I was already reaching for the lotion.

"Sure, why not? I could use some color, but last time I fell asleep out here I paid the price for weeks." She lay face down on the lounge, untethering the string keeping her bikini top around her

neck.

I warmed the lotion up between my palms as best I could, examining Mom's body for a place to start. She wagged her butt back and forth as she awaited my touch, writhing under the anticipation. I wanted to dive right into the doughy mounds but knew patience would be the better path.

My hands began at her waist, thumbs digging into the small of her back with my fingers curling around her sides. I moved my hands up towards her spine and pushed out a hearty groan; clearly, I was doing something right. I rubbed my hands up farther until I reached her shoulders, then pulled a wide U-turn and descended the smooth sides of Mom's well-toned torso, down to the large swell of her ass cheeks. Her legs were pressed together, making the mountain of quivering flesh bulge out as far as it could while foiling my attempt to peek underneath to catch a glimpse of her hidden hole.

Caitlin had taken to sunbathing, and though she was right next to us, it felt like she was a world away. She hadn't said anything in ages, so I understood that she was giving us some alone time so I could admire my Mother's body.

Mom's skin was soaking up the lotion, like it had found an oasis in the desert. I would have been content to spend the day massaging Mom's luscious curves, but I dared myself to go further. I crouched over her legs, so I had a more comfortable angle and expected her to ask what I was doing, but she said nothing. Instead, she waited for my next move.

I placed a hand on either leg right above her knees and slowly worked them upwards, so my thumbs pressed against the insides of her thighs. Her skin was incredibly soft, molding under pressure like memory foam no matter how softly I dug in. The thin line of her bikini was nestled snugly against her slit, disappearing between her chubby bottom so only the tail was visible at the top.

My hands settled underneath the giant globes and kneaded them, pushing her cheeks against each other so they would bulge out just before being spread apart again. The heat between Mom's legs rolled over my fingers, teasing me with treasure that lay behind the thin fabric barricade that separated us, radiating as if a small sun was trapped inside of her, enticing me to find it.

Both hands had a firm grip on Mom's ass, squishing the pudgy cheeks so the soft dough oozed like putty through my fingers. I timidly spread them apart, waiting to be scolded, but was instead given free reign over Mom's body. It took some effort to keep a hold as Mom's skin was slick from the lotion, and even with the seductive glimmer it gave her rounded bottom, I partly wished I could gain better traction to spread her open. I was forced to juggle my grip back and forth as my hands slid around the slippery surface, giving Mom the massage she wanted, but still getting something out of it for myself.

I pushed my thumbs up against the outer ring of Mom's asshole and spread her from there. The deeper venture between her cheeks surprised her, and she gasped accordingly, but I was determined to hold the upper hand. I opened her as wide as I could, letting the cool breeze flutter against her. Her asshole was scarcely covered by her bikini, and the wider I stretched her, the more it winked at me from beneath the tiny string. A trace of lotion from my thumbs had spread on the outer rim of her puckered ring, giving the tight, puckered hole a subtle shine that I was hypnotically drawn into.

I pulled the bikini string aside with one hand, keeping an eye on Mom to see if she would react, but she gave me nothing. I obeyed my instinct and tugged it as far away from her body as I could. It

wrapped around my thumb so I could still use both hands to play with her bum, but I wasn't satisfied yet. Mom gave her booty a small shake to encourage my advances and I humbly obliged.

With the final obstacle out of the way, Mom's holes opened to me. Her vagina, a robust, bright pink, was spread even wider than her ass. Slick, sweet juice coated her entrance and turned her once-delicate passage into a gooey, slippery mess, with strands of honey reaching from one side of her stretched-out hole to the other. Whether intentional or not, Mom was clenching her holes in a steady rhythm that lulled me into a sense of serenity, hypnotized by her ritualistic squeezes. Even with her ass spread this wide, Mom had no trouble flexing her strengths, no doubt to impress me with her elasticity, but all I saw was a pulsating tunnel aching for something it could cling to.

I was so focused on touching my Mother that I clued out for a second when she slid the bottle of lotion over the curve of her bottom and pointed the nozzle directly above her puckered asshole. The bottle pumped out a healthy dollop right against the wrinkled donut, which began trickling down over the bumpy surface while leaving a subtle trail of chalky white lotion in its path.

I thanked my lucky stars that Caitlin brought this all-natural lotion, as I couldn't see myself getting inside of Mom without it. After liberally spreading the deposit around Mom's clenched ring, I knew the easy part was over. Her butthole was an immaculate jewel glistening in the sun, with each tiny crack filled with slippery lotion that let me glide seamlessly over the raised rim, rubbing my finger against the tunnel like I was trying to shine it to an even brighter gleam. Mom was letting out cute little moans every time I pushed against her tender backdoor, and after a few minutes she began thrusting her hips back to meet me.

Mom's head was buried in her arms. Hair covered her face so I couldn't see what she was feeling, so I pried. "Mom, are you okay?"

She gave a hurried nod and wiggled her ass again, urging me to continue.

A gentle nudge lodged the tip of my thumb inside the first ring of Mom's asshole, and she clenched up like she was trying to snap it off. I could feel the second, deeper muscular ring spasming as it realized it was next, but the sensation of being hugged by Mom's slippery pocket was already overwhelming. My dick was about to rip a hole in my shorts, but I told myself the benefits of exercising self-control would show themselves in time, so I focused on trying to make Mom feel as good as possible.

I inched deeper into Mom's ass at a snail's pace. Partly to help her get comfortable, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't enthralled by the feeling of every individual ridge, every velvety soft wall and gooey corner surrounding my finger like a steamy, sticky blanket.

At last, I felt my knuckle meet the stretched-out hole. The tension being put on the inner ring was making Mom uncomfortable, and she squirmed harder the deeper I went. Rather than force it, I curled my thumb and put more pressure against one side of her tunnel, and began sliding out, stretching her the entire way. I could feel an unbelievable heat blazing inside her core, and as I edged back inside, it only grew hotter.

It felt like I'd found a hidden layer that was begging to be opened. As I slid my thumb farther, I found that the texture of Mom's insides began to change. The wrinkles disappeared and were replaced by an unfathomable softness, wrapping my thumb in a fleshy, velvet sweater. She clung tirelessly to my finger but followed my manipulation with every push and pull like she was trying to teach her insides to shapeshift. Half my thumb vanished inside my Mother's asshole, and with a

final push, her muscles finally lost their will to fight. She was loosened to the point where, even though she wasn't ready, my entire thumb could slide the rest of the way into her bottom.

"Oh, oh, **oooooh!**" Mom squealed; her knuckles white as she gripped the chair with stiff limbs. "Baby, oh my god, that feels so weird, what the hell are you doing back there?"

"Just stretching you. Gentle, remember?" I bent down and kissed one of her quivering cheeks, leaving behind a small hickey. "Can I move my finger around?"

"I...I guess so?" Mom's voice was two octaves higher than I was expecting. Her grip on the chair, and on my finger, had only gotten tighter when she was faced with my whole thumb in her ass.

I wiggled my thumb up and down against Mom's soft anal walls, hoping to soften the anaconda vice in which I was trapped. Some of the tension lifted, so I began sliding my finger out, but I hadn't even made it to the nail before Mom was squealing and forcing her asshole shut with all her might.

"Uuuuhhhh, that feels...oh my *god!* Sean, baby, that feels *so weird!*" she cried out, kicking her legs against the lounge as an act of resistance. I wasn't sure if she meant to eject me, but her sudden squeeze pushed my finger out of her asshole in an instant. Mom tucked her knees underneath her chest and groaned, rocking back and forth. "Fuuuuuck, that was...I was not expecting that."

"Did it hurt?" I asked.

"A little bit, mostly when you went in a bit deeper. But when you pulled it out, even a little bit...it's so strange to feel that and know that it's just your finger." I knew what she meant, and I didn't pry further.

"It could've been worse," Caitlin chimed in, sucking down the last of her Cooch Hooch. I had completely forgotten she existed. Hell, I had forgotten that time itself existed. For how long had I been playing with Mom's ass?

"How so?" Mom grumbled, rubbing her cheeks with a pout.

"He could have used *that* thing." Caitlin lowered her sunglasses and leered at my erection, standing proudly at attention to form a large tent in my shorts. "Just imagine that, huh?"

"I'm trying not to," Mom lamented, rolling onto her back to stare up at the clouds. "Okay, baby, I think I'm all lotioned up. Maybe we could go for a swim now? I need something to soothe my poor butt hole."

I wasn't sure if Mom was playing up the pain to avoid trying again later, but I took comfort in knowing that Caitlin wouldn't allow such trickery.

Whether from the blazing sun, or a sore bum, we were all forced into the pool for one reason or another. I casually swam laps around the pool and let my mind wander for a few minutes, only to find that it landed back at the same place every time. The alcohol had started to take effect, and every thought seemed to make me more excited for the day to play out as the anxiety, as reasonable as it was, washed away. Water blocked out any sound from reaching me, and I felt at peace kicking my way through the water.

As I felt myself slowly succumbing to whatever powerful alcohol my Aunt had fed me, I heard her and Mom doing the same. Nothing could stop them from bickering and having alcohol plus a man to squabble over was turning them back into petty teenagers.

I lifted my head out of the water just in time to see Caitlin cackle as she splashed my pouting Mother. "Who's soaking wet *now*?" she taunted without mercy, leaving very little subtlety as to what they were arguing about.

"Oh, you wanna know who's wet?" Mom sent her own furious tidal wave at her Sister and nearly knocked the drink out of her hand. "Both of us, now, you ditz!"

Caitlin downed the last of her drink. "It is *so on*!" She lunged at Mom and the two began playfully trying to push each other under the water. Part of me wanted to intervene, but a much bigger part of me wanted to watch two beautiful women fighting in skimpy bathing suits.

Mom splashed Caitlin with a wave and used it as a distraction to launch her own attack, clinging to her Sister's waist and dragging her below the water in a bout of hectic thrashing. When they resurfaced it was clear who was winning: me.

Aunt Caitlin had pulled Mom's suit down far enough that one of her breasts had fallen out, while Mom had been rough enough to completely strip Caitlin's top off so that it was bunched up just below her boobs. Neither woman so much as flinched, despite their nudity, whereas I felt like a bomb would go off in my stomach at any second.

They dove at each other a final time and fought for what seemed like a half-hour before each retired to their respective sides of the pool. Caitlin had not bothered to put her boobs away, and Mom had completely lost the bikini top that had barely been keeping her contained to begin with.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?" Caitlin raised an accusatory tone and cracked a smile through her labored breathing.

"Maybe," Mom shot back, resting on her elbows on the poolside. "But so did you."

"Maybe, maybe not." Caitlin turned her attention back to me. "Didn't your Mother ever teach you not to stare?"

I rolled my eyes and swam between them. "I think we're well past that by now."

Bright rays of sun brought out the best in both women, highlighting the beads of water dripping off the swells of their enormous breasts with the rise and fall of their heavy breathing. Even from a standing position their boobs were nearly touching the water, and I wanted nothing more than to have my hands back on them. The cool breeze was giving their nipples reason to stiffen, and picturing bouncing back and forth between mom's tiny, pink rubbery nubs to Aunt Caitlin's fat, chocolate brown caps was making me dizzy.

Sensing my urgency, Mom gestured towards the house. "Should we go inside before we get burned?" She turned to rise out of the water and kicked her legs until her bum left the pool, causing her bottoms to cling to her thick booty.

Underestimating your opponent is never a good move, and Mom gave Caitlin the window she needed to secure her victory. She leapt across the pool as soon as Mom's back was turned and looped her thumbs into either side of her bathing suit. Before my Mom could exit the pool, she was completely bottomless. Her ass rippled and sprayed water in every direction as it broke the surface tension and rose from the pool, displaying tan lines that looked too perfect to be an accident. My brain was recording in slow motion so I could remember every detail later.

"Caitlin, *what the fuck!*" She dove back underwater with a squeal, scanning the neighboring houses to see if anyone had caught a glimpse. "I know these people; I can't have them see my Sister stripping me in front of my Son!"

Caitlin loaded the bikini bottoms on her fingers like a slingshot and sent them off towards the house, far out of reach. "Oopsie! Sorry, Soff."

Mom glared angrily at her before realizing she had an ace up her sleeve. "Sean, baby, could you get those for Mommy?" Her eyes pleaded with me, but I was too afraid of Caitlin's wrath to take a side.

"Don't drag him into this. Be a big girl," She teased, untying her suit so she could wiggle out of it easier. She threw it beside Mom's bottoms and stood, fully naked, in all her glory. "Your move."

In a word, she was beautiful. In many *more* words she was so astonishingly sexy that I had to double down on my effort to swallow the lump in my throat.

Caitlin's chest was bedazzled with thousands of water droplets, reflecting the sun, and striking her with a heavenly glow that perfectly embodied her vibrant, sexual aura. Her skin was smoother than marble, save for the small goosebumps evoked by the same breeze that tickled her nipples until they hardened like bullets. Each of her milk bags hung low against her belly, but her areolas had me locked in a staring contest. The rubbery, brown surface made my mouth water when I pictured sucking them into my mouth and flicking my tongue over her nipples.

Unlike Mom, Caitlin sported no tan lines. Her body was one uniform color from head to toe, the only exception being her dark pubic hair, trimmed neatly above her slit. Her pussy bulged out from the way she was standing with her hips pushed forward, showing off how round and juicy her mound was. I could see her petals poking through her lips, and I couldn't wait to see how different she felt compared to my Mother.

Mom sheepishly scanned the windows again and, convinced we were as alone as we could be, undid her top all the way. The two goddesses were matched in their daringness, and I was the one soaking up the reward.

Caitlin caught me staring but said nothing. Rather, I watched an idea take hold of her that she seemed eager to share. "Bunny, could you do something for me?"

I nodded.

"Could you go inside and take a seat on the couch? We'll be in soon, I promise."

I jumped out of the pool and would've forgotten to dry off if Mom hadn't called after me, but I was too eager to see what Caitlin had in store to be thinking clearly. As I stepped inside, Caitlin whispered something to Mom, and Mom tensed up in response.

My mind was racing, but I tried to stay grounded. I took my shorts off and hung them in the laundry room, wrapping a towel around myself to maintain the sliver of modesty I had left. The house was quiet, but it didn't stay that way for long. Caitlin entered shortly after Mom and I, and Mom darted towards the stairs without so much as a glance in my direction. Neither of them had gotten dressed, giving me a chance to catch Mom's bottom jiggling behind her as she shuffled upstairs.

"She'll be okay. She's gotta take care of something." Caitlin winked, standing in front of me with her hands on my temples. Stark naked and still dripping with water, Caitlin was threatening to take the

spot of the "sexiest woman in the world," but her competition was stiff.

Caitlin towered over me, breasts eclipsing the ceiling lights and shrouding me in shadow. I was eye level with her belly button, giving me my first close up of the beauty between her legs. My Aunt wasn't shaven like Mom, her dark brown hair trimmed so it rested in a neat tuft on top of her mound in a perfect triangle, accenting the fat, bulging lips below. The whole length of her slit was visible, with hints of pink pussy meat peeking out from between the smooth, wet folds. "You and I have something to take care of too. Don't we, Bunny?"

My hands answered for me. I planted them under her ass and cupped both of her swollen cheeks, shaking the plump mounds back and forth so they clapped together. I eagerly climbed farther up until I had one enormous globe in each hand. I dug my fingers in and felt her softness give way with the lightest touch, oozing around me like the inside of a toasted marshmallow. I playfully swatted one fat cheek as I kissed her belly button, and she winced a little.

"Are you gonna play nice?" Her hands tousled my hair.

"Do I have to?" I didn't look up for an answer. I slapped her ass harder and felt both cheeks quaking like a bowl of vanilla pudding. I pulled her into me and lowered my head, placing my next kiss right at her waistline.

She pulled back before I could kiss any lower, but not enough to break our hold. "Not yet! This is about *you*."

"What is?" I tried again to kiss my way down her body despite her weak reluctance.

She finally broke away and knelt, taking the corner of my towel in her hand. "Just trust me, Bunny. I'm gonna get you ready for your Mom."

Aunt Caitlin slowly opened the towel and let it fall beside me, taking her time as she did. I was starting to get hard, and she wanted to get me there; I could see it in her eyes. Without averting her gaze, she lifted her hand and filled it with a healthy gob of saliva. Her fingers worked the lube around her palm for a second before she reached towards me.

This was far from the first time her hands had been on me, but I still felt palpable anticipation building in the pit of my stomach. My dick throbbed reflexively as she neared me, waiting anxiously to feel her slippery fingers wrap around me.

She circled her hand around the head of my cock, squeezing it gently as if to wake it from a deep slumber. Caitlin's hand rotated in a calm, measured pattern as she worked her way around the head, making sure the entire helmet was slick before she bent down and spat another mouthful onto it. The bubbles trailed down my shaft, Caitlin's hand following close behind them. She gripped me with focused intention, making sure that every methodical pull inflated my bulbous helmet a little more, coaxing blood to my purple crown with every stroke.

While one hand stayed circled around the head, Caitlin made use of her other to gingerly squeeze my balls, rolling them back and forth between her fingers, gently tugging my sack towards the floor. She used a fingernail to tickle my perineum like a feather, exploiting a weakness I had never been aware of that made me grateful I was sitting down.

It didn't take long before the whole shaft was sparkling and drenched, gleaming with a thick layer of homemade lube courtesy of my Aunt. Even my balls were treated to tiny beads of saliva running

over them and sending shivers through my entire body. I flexed impulsively, begging for more attention from her master handiwork.

Caitlin pushed me back against the couch and climbed beside me, her hand still securely fastened on my cock. Her face hovered just above mine, teasing me with a kiss that she didn't yet plan to give. Every tiny manipulation elicited such extreme reactions that I knew Caitlin was probably relishing the feeling of complete control. Her smile rode the line between playful and evil, giving me enough pleasure to feel like I could orgasm at any moment, without giving me that final push.

I was a worm writhing on a hook, pushing myself into the couch in search of relief from her onslaught of slippery tugging. She cooed and leaned into my ear so her soft lips pressed against the nape of my neck, sending lightning through my body that bounced around like an echo in a cave. "Does Bunny's cock feel good?"

"Y-yes," I choked out, eyes glazing over. It felt weird having her call me that at first, but as with everything today, I was quickly growing used to it.

"Do you wanna come for me?" Her words were breathy and hot on my neck. I nodded incessantly, but that's exactly what she wanted. "I know you do, but you gotta wait for your Mommy, okay?"

"Fuck, Aunt Caitlin, that's so unfair." I dug my nails into my palms to feel something, anything, other than her slippery fingers gliding over me. "I don't know if I can make it!"

"Oh no, not yet, but I think I have an idea." She giggled as if she knew something I didn't. "Here, is this any better?"

Caitlin tore her hands off me and I sat up in revolt, assuming that we had reached the end of our session. Even though I was playing with fire, I didn't want it to end. "Wait, wait I didn't mean-- *oooooh, fuck.*"

Hot, muggy wetness enveloped me and the familiar feeling of a slimy tongue coiling around me released an anvil in my guts. Caitlin was squarely seated between my legs with her hands on either of my thighs, bobbing her head just enough to swallow my engorged plum between her lips with every dip. Her tongue was glued to my frenulum, expertly sliding under the head, and dragging the velvety softness against me every time she took me inside her mouth.

She didn't dare take more than just the head, not yet. Fulfilling her role as an expert tease meant I was still a while away from being allowed to come. Her eyes were trained on mine, wide and innocuous as though it wasn't her Nephew's cock she was slobbering over like a horny teenager. Her gaze filled me with a sense of calm, clearing my mind so that I began to let myself succumb to Caitlin's sloppy guzzling routine.

I could have been seated in a chair made of nails, it wouldn't have mattered. All my normal senses had taken the day off, leaving only what I needed to feel Caitlin voraciously gobbling my cock. Her tongue pushed me to the side of her mouth, nuzzling me up against her plushy cheeks and wiggling free of the meaty intruder. She bettered me with wet kisses, fighting to make room inside her cramped mouth.

Caitlin created a symphony of soft suckling noises underscored by my defeated groaning. I was sure the whole house would have been able to hear if anyone else was home, and smirked at the thought of my Mother upstairs having to hear her Sister sloppily nursing on her Son's cock.

Her lips parted and saliva began to drool out, but she didn't stop it. She let the streams of spit cascade down my pole as she gently dragged me across the roof of her mouth, lazily brushing me across the bumpy surface while meticulously coating me from balls to tip in foamy saliva.

Caitlin took down another inch, careful not to make me come yet but eager to push the limits. She pushed my cockhead against the inside of her cheek and rubbed the ballooning orb over the surface like she was trying to polish the fat egg to a brilliant shine. I marveled at the sight of my drooling Aunt trying fruitlessly to contain the saliva in her mouth as she flicked her tongue over me with a thousand butterfly kisses she couldn't help, or wouldn't resist, letting little dribbles of spit ooze from her open mouth.

Her hands formed a diamond around the base of my sack, capturing my balls so they were pushed out towards her. If she had taken another few inches, she would have been touching them with her chin, and not far after that, her lips would be pressed flush against my smooth sack. Caitlin lightly tugged on my balls as she nursed on my spongy head, fighting the urge to put me in her throat as she had earlier.

"Ca you tae moe?" Her words were full of hope, and I didn't want to let her down, but being trapped inside her mouth while she spoke had unintended side effects that made it hard to not come on the spot. Her entire mouth vibrated around me, bouncing me around so that I bumped against every wet and slippery corner as she tried to speak without letting me slip out.

"Can I take...more?" I knew what she had said, but I needed a second to process what "more" could mean, but I didn't need to wonder for long.

Caitlin tightened her hold around my balls and took a deep breath through her nose, slurping the head one last time before she began her steady descent down the length of my cock. I was almost halfway in when I bumped the back of her throat, and the spongy flesh welcomed me with a loving hug before she inched me deeper. The dull pressure flattening the head of my cock told me she was at her limit, but Aunt Caitlin was nothing if not persistent. She paused, letting her lips work around me, sawing them back and forth while she prodded the back of her throat with my bulging cockhead, trying to find the sweet spot.

We both knew when she found it, as her lips stopped moving and she pulled back just barely enough to capture one final breath before nuzzling my cock flat against her gullet. With a slow, firm push, Caitlin popped me farther down her throat and dipped my cock into the vat of hot, slimy magma boiling at her center. She lurched as I edged down the tunnel, but she didn't release me, giving me a taste of her talent. Each time her body seized up, the throat prison entombing me smothered my cock in a gooey, warm embrace that took all my concentration to withstand. This pattern, along with her slow, tender tugs on my balls, repeated until both of her lips were resting snugly against my pelvis.

I bucked and squirmed, nudging her esophagus with every movement but eliciting no resistance from her. She stayed happily nuzzled against my stomach as she marinated my throbbing erection in a thick, gooey coat of saliva.

Air finally became a necessity so Caitlin unplugged her gullet just enough to breathe, circling one hand around the root of my cock, following her lips upwards as she released me from her clutches. Her hand rapidly jerked up and down my shaft as she focused again on delicately nursing my pulsing head, swirling her tongue around me in time with the slow, deliberate strokes of her hand.

She vacuum-sealed her mouth for one last slurp before relinquishing me with a loud **pop!** She sank back onto her legs and wiped a sizable gob of drool away from the corner of her mouth.

"I thought that would make you come for sure," she whined, still half excited that she didn't have to stop playing yet.

"It *will!*" I exclaimed with desperation. "I thought I was supposed to wait!"

"Wait for what?" Mom's familiar voice woke me from my near-orgasmic stupor. She was still naked, but looked even more beautiful than ever.

Her heavy breasts looked divine as they hung over her folded arms, swooping over her tiny limbs like a tidal wave of soft, heavy dough that she could just barely support. The light from the hallway illuminated her silhouette well enough that I could make out the clean-shaven peach nestled between her legs forming a perfect "V," tipped with a small crease where her smooth, pudgy lips started to bulge out. Mom's ass was so incredibly rounded that I could see it swelling behind her, and even though she was facing me, I felt my attention drawn hypnotically to that side of her. Each time her adorable little toes touched down the stairs, it made her bottom quake up and down, rhythmically punctuating each step like a booming bass that made the swollen globes dance around.

"I thought we were waiting, you minx," she chastised her sister, her breasts still dangling over her arms. Her nipples were getting hard, and I knew she was harboring more jealousy than anger.

Caitlin's hand continued to stroke me as Mom descended the stairs and knelt beside her. "We were, but then I got excited and I just...really wanted to make him come. Can you blame me?"

"Not even a little bit." Mom fixated her gaze on my cock, no doubt impressed that Caitlin had gotten me so close to the edge without finding it. With her faux innocent Mommy tone fully loaded, her voice dipped my soul in a bath of luscious honey. "Oh, my goodness, he's very, *very* hard. Did you do this to my sweet boy?"

"You know I did." Aunt Caitlin popped me back inside her mouth to clean up the saliva dripping off me. "Did you do what I told you to?"

My interest piqued as Mom nodded shyly, and I couldn't resist the temptation. "What did you do, Mom?"

"Patience, Bunny." Caitlin shot Mom a knowing look. "I think we should take him upstairs. What do you think, Soff?"

Mom bit her lip for a second, hesitating, but ultimately agreed.

The walk upstairs was one of the longest of my life. Sandwiched between two gorgeous mothers vying for who would use me first made every step feel like an eternity, but Mom's hand squeezing mine assured me that we wouldn't be leaving the bedroom without something special happening.

"Bed, now." Caitlin snapped her fingers and pointed to the edge of the bed for me to take a seat. She turned to Mom and whispered something. Mom nodded, and they both approached me.

We resumed the position we'd had downstairs with both women sitting between my legs, staring at the hulking erection bobbing in their face. The map of sprawling veins that extended up my length

pulsed excitedly when so much as a breath passed by, but that anticipation made the moment that much sweeter. My balls were pulled against my body--any more inflation would cause me to burst.

"Where do you wanna start?" Caitlin said to Mom, omitting me from the conversation. The two matronly vultures eyed their prey with hunger surging behind their stare, thrusting me into submission as I waited helplessly for them to decide what to do with me. *To* me.

Mom's hand caressed my leg as she beamed with pride at my towering erection, but her eyes slowly drifted away from the inflated head and down towards my balls. Her hand followed her gaze as she cupped the tightly pulled sack in a "U" with her hand, pulling the swollen bulge towards her so it seemed to grow before her very eyes.

"I wanna start here. Gotta make sure his cum stays nice and warm." Her logic wasn't great, but if it meant she was going to baste my balls with a torrent of sloppy kisses, I really couldn't complain.

Mom patted the inside of my thigh, and I spread my legs to give her room to lower her head so she could greet my balls with a loving tongue bath. Not to be outdone, Caitlin reminded me why I had nearly come in her mouth so quickly by falling back into her practiced rhythm without missing a beat.

Mom sucked one of my fat orbs into her mouth and dragged her tongue across it, nudging it back and forth with the soft paddle of her tongue as her lips slurped their way towards the second. Her jaw stretched open, and her tongue nuzzled flat against my sack as she sucked like a vacuum, gulping the second sphere into her mouth. Her cheeks bulged out from trying to contain the weighty guests, and she made a show of tapping her fingers against the outside of her cheek to show me just how much she had stuffed inside.

Caitlin paid no mind to her Sister. With her lips stretched around me, and her tongue sliding along underneath, she welcomed me back inside with open arms...well, an open *throat*, actually. She tenderly gorged on the spongy head, flicking her tongue against the bottom, and loudly sucking to make sure the dripping river of saliva didn't overflow more than she could handle. The stream trickled down to my balls where my Mother was fighting for air, smothered beneath her dick-sucking Sister and her Son's plump ballsack.

Caitlin's spit pooled around Mom's lips, dripping down onto her face the more my Aunt worked on me, but Mom didn't complain. Instead, she used a hand to sweep the lube off her lips and lathered it around the base of my cock, twisting her hand in a spiral to rise and meet Caitlin's lips every time she dipped down.

Both hands were needed for Caitlin to steady herself on my thighs as she fervently thrust my cock to the back of her throat over and over again, so Mom took over the steady stroking that her Sister had so expertly employed.

Caitlin threw herself as far down as she could, ignoring the mess she was making--Mom was there to clean it up. If anything, she probably did a sloppy job on purpose just to make a mess of Mom, as any good sibling would. Mom was still attached to my balls but managed to work her hand in a corkscrew motion around the bottom few inches of meaty dong, gliding through the saliva plastering my length in perfect unison with Caitlin's violent lurches.

Mom's lips gnawed at both balls like she was trying to swallow as much of them as she could without hurting me. Her mouth pressed against my body, so close that I could feel her tickling my taint when she stuck her tongue out below my balls, but that wasn't enough to satiate her. My balls

bounced around Mom's tongue blender of a mouth, constantly surrounded by hot, bubbly syrup like she was trying to make sure my cum stayed as warm as it could before I was ready to give it to her.

Caitlin, after a gagging so hard her entire body lurched forward, finally slithered me out of her throat like a long, rigid snake, and took a huge breath. Not keen to waste a single second, her hand took hold of my bloated head and she treated me to tiny squeezes and circles with her palm as she fought to catch her breath.

That brief moment was all Mom needed to switch places. She popped my balls out of her mouth and looked up at me, staring longingly into my eyes. She formed a small "O" with her mouth and made sure that I saw her blowing bubbles with the load of saliva she had saved up, giving a preview of what she had in store for me. "Wanna feel Mommy's mouth on your cock, sweetheart?" she gargled through the mouthful, with a drop of foamy spit edging out of the corner of her lips as she continued to blow little bubbles.

Caitlin giggled and let go of me to grab Mom's head and inch her towards my dick. "Good girl, Soff. Taste your baby boy."

Mom happily obliged, opening the "O" just enough that I could fit the very tip of my rod inside. Without hesitating, she kept her lips clinging to me as she dove downwards and spread the lube down my entire length. She made it almost as far as Caitlin had but, unwilling to come in second place, she stiffened her body and forced down the last inch, choking for air with a harsh gag that sent saliva streaming over my clenched ballsack.

Mom's mouth was unlike any other, even her Sister's. She was boiling hot inside, knew just how to flick her tongue to get me to spasm uncontrollably, and made sure her silky smooth throat walls fit me in a buttery hug. I wondered why more guys didn't let their Mothers suck them off if it could feel this good, but even then, most guys wouldn't *also* have their Aunt gobbling their balls the way Caitlin could, so I was doing better than most.

The two of them were like a practiced team. Mom would drag me from the depths of her throat, sputtering and gagging, and Caitlin would take over without missing a beat. Two mouths, four hands, combing my body and delivering as much pleasure as they could with every passing second, competing to see who would be blowing me when I finally popped.

If I hadn't recently had my balls drained so thoroughly, I wouldn't be able to last this long, but Mom and Aunt Caitlin were doing their best to pull another orgasm out of me, and I wasn't going to break so easily. I knew something special was coming, and I had to last until I saw what it was.

That determination, however, could only go so far to hold back the inevitable, and I realized quickly that I couldn't hold it in forever. "I need--*oooooh fuck*--Mom, right there."

My dick was halfway embedded in my Mother's throat, pushed forcefully against her soft tongue and the back of her throat, shallow enough that she could work me in and out without taking a break for air. She found a place and stayed in it, making these adorable little gulping noises every time I bumped against the back of her throat. Her eyebrow raised in surprise whenever she pushed me a bit too deep but she didn't let that break her rhythm.

Gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp.

Mom didn't take a single second to herself, devotedly tending to my shamelessly selfish erection as though she was receiving just as much satisfaction from it as I was. Her eyes were closed, and as I watched my Mother's brow furrow as she readied herself to engulf another meaty portion, I realized she wasn't just doing this for me anymore. Even though she made me fit like I'd always been there, I could tell by the way her body stiffened that it was taking everything she had to keep me buried in her gullet when her instincts all begged for her to pause.

Caitlin rose out from between my legs and started stroking Mom's hair, waking her from her blowjob-induced stupor and snapping her attention to me. She brushed strands of Mom's hair off her face so she could clearly see my expression scrunch up every time I brushed her throat.

"What do you need, Bunny?" Caitlin asked softly, gazing deep into my eyes. "Tell your Mommies."

"I need to *fuck* one of you!" I pleaded with a sense of urgency that diluted any subtlety. "Please, oh my god, you two are unbelievable."

The Mommies shared a congratulatory grin before turning back to me. Caitlin winked at my Mom and gave her a peck on the lips, gesturing with her head that they should get up. They stood above me, and I was dwarfed by their presence. Anything they wanted to do to me, I would let them.

They each took me by the hand and pulled me off the bed to take my place, rolling into position on their backs. Their heavy tits fell to the sides of their chests, laying side by side close enough that the spilling breast meat met in between them and pushed together to make a mountain of titties. Without so much as a word between them, they lifted their legs in sync and pointed their toes to the ceiling.

My eyes were drawn to how the wet, puffy clamshells were aching for attention, each glistening with an intoxicating aroma of juices that made my knees weak, as if they released a chemical in the air that turned my muscles to pudding.

Mom's delicate vulva opened its petals and let a glimpse of slippery, pink meat show. My breath caught in my throat as I imagined coming out of that hole so many years ago, stunned that Mom still looked so snug and inviting after pushing out two children. Tiny goosebumps dotted her labia that were begging for my tongue to soothe them, leading up to her chubby mound that looked ripe for leaving hickies. Mom's tightness made sure everything was tucked inside, though I knew once I opened her up, I would be greeted by a steamy, luscious pussy that was ripe for fucking.

Caitlin matched her pose, placing a hand on each knee to open herself as wide as she could, her eyes trained on me, daring me to dive in. Her patch of neatly trimmed brown fuzz was a perfect triangle just above her slit, and I pictured it tickling my nose as I shoved my tongue inside her waiting hole. Her pussy was meaty, with deliciously plump, suckable curtains encircling her dark, swampy canal. Strands of honey were visible even from where I stood, like vines stretching from one side of her sloppy sheath to the other.

I knelt and placed my hands on Mom's legs, pushing them higher. With her legs up, there was just enough of Mom's crease bulging out that I could wedge my tongue between her petals and nestle inside her opening, her delicious honey washing over my tongue as I wiggled inside her cozy tunnel. Juices saturated my tongue, igniting my taste buds with my Mother's uniquely sweet, pungent taste. My tongue trailed up the length of her slit, leaving the tip inside her folds as I rose from her entrance towards her clit. I wrapped my lips around the small nub and pushed my tongue against the bottom, gingerly poking under her hood as I suckled on my Mother's pussy.

Caitlin pouted unhappily, so I quickly shuffled over to her, pushing her legs back just like Mom's, and glided my tongue between her drenched pussy lips, sucking on her labia like I was trying to leave a hickey. I licked up the length of her slit and pushed my tongue against her tiny bud, smoothing over the bump as my thumbs pulled her curtains apart to expose the pearl.

Caitlin's pubic fuzz tickled my nose, but I didn't let that stop me from pushing my tongue as far it would go. I thrust my tongue as deep as I could and moved it in slow, wide circles that brushed against the walls of her plushy pussy. Her legs rested on my shoulders, and she grabbed a handful of my hair so she could grind her pussy against my face, churning up cream from deep inside her that melted on my tongue like butter.

Something nudged my upper lip and I looked up to see Mom's hand moving in circles, fingers parted on either side of Caitlin's sensitive button and gingerly toying with it. "I think your Aunt is getting impatient, baby."

"*She is!*" Caitlin groaned, parting her legs, and bringing her knees up to her chest, prompting Mom to do the same. "You better stop teasing me, Bunny."

I stood up and soaked in the heavenly sight before me. Two loving Mothers, on their backs, splaying themselves with as much wanton lust as anyone could muster. They held hands as they looked up at me, breasts pressed up against each other, competing for my attention. Each of their milky legs were spread as wide as they could, their knees pulled close to their heads. I drank in the view of my Mother and Aunt presenting themselves as a prize, leaving nothing to my imagination as they pulled and spread to expose every part of themselves to my unwavering gaze.

"So, sweetheart, who do you want to put your penis in *first*?" Mom swung her heavy tits back and forth across her chest, sending her boobs careening into her Sister. One hand was interlaced between each of the Sisters, but with their respective free hands, they each enacted the same devilish plot to sway my decision.

Mom spread her lips apart for me to get a better view and Caitlin mimicked her, each of them whimpering dramatically to make my decision even harder, which was working wonderfully even if it was just for show. I knew they were enjoying toying with me as a team, and I was happy to be along for the ride.

"I think..." I paused to make sure my decision was sound. Playing tennis with their pussies was only going to make me lightheaded, so I let my gut make the decision. "I think I wanna try Aunt Caitlin first, if that's okay?"

Mom cocked her head at me and opened her mouth a little. "Oh, really? You try your Mother's vagina *once* and now you wanna move on to better things?"

The panic in my eyes got a laugh out of the Mommies, especially Caitlin. "Don't be jealous, Soff. He just wants to see what he's been missing." She brought her hand down in a couple of light slaps on her pussy mound, making the pudgy hill jiggle in anticipation of its guest. "Besides, you've got a lifetime to enjoy this cock. Let me savor it while I can!"

Mom and I circled Caitlin like a pair of hungry hyenas, Mom at her side and me in front. We had her cornered on the bed with no hope for escape.

As if by instinct, Mom's hand ventured between Caitlin's legs and began rubbing her, toying with her pink button until it stood at attention. Mom gingerly explored her Sister's plump labia, tracing

over the outer bulge before her fingers found the honeypot and poked inside, wiggling around the entrance in small ovals. She pulled out and made a "V" with her fingers, prying open Caitlin's slippery lips.

"I think she's ready for you, sweetheart." Mom's voice made my heart flutter, but I wanted to give my attention to Caitlin while she was on display for me.

I grabbed my Aunt by her thighs and pulled her closer to me. She gasped softly and clung closer to Mom's hand, fiercely eyeing her soon-to-be-fucked pussy so she wouldn't miss a second of the action.

I spat into my hand and began to spread it around before realizing that Caitlin didn't need the aid-- she was absolutely drenched. She clenched her pussy excitedly as though it were gawking at my dick and wondering how it would fit all of me. Every squeeze ejected a small drop of nectar from her entrance and, after blowing me for so long, she had made an unbelievable mess of herself.

I stepped closer so my cock rested on the small patch of fuzz atop her slit, and my balls were lodged up against her hole so her ceaseless clenching could baste them with honey.

Mom took a break from rubbing Caitlin's clit to take a firm grasp of the stiff appendage bobbing in her face. She left the head exposed as she lowered the piston into place, dragging the engorged purple egg through her lips so I could savor Caitlin's gooey pussy slobbering all over me. We groaned in harmony as Mom pushed and pulled me through her Sister's slit, making sure to nudge her button with each pass, sending shivers through us both.

As she aimed me lower, it became clear how close I was, and I began to feel Mom push me down to line up with Caitlin's tunnel. I didn't even need to push when she made the connection. It was so hard that when Mom held me down and nestled the tip against Caitlin's pussy, my dick couldn't help but try and spring back up to my belly the second she let go. Lucky for me, it didn't work that way.

Mom let go and expected my dick to slap against my stomach, but she had pushed me low enough that I got stuck between Caitlin's juicy folds on the way up, and she did not want to let me go. I flexed hard but couldn't free myself from her clutches, and with each attempt, I only sank deeper. Even with just the head inside of her, it was enough to make every flex drive me against the spongy ceiling of her slippery pussy and farther into her hot, sticky tunnel.

"*Push, Bunny!*" Caitlin dug her nails into Mom's hand and took a deep breath, clinging to her Sister as she prepared to stretch around me.

Like a stone in a pit of magma, I slowly descended through the smoldering heat of Caitlin's steamy pocket, pushing through a swamp of dripping wet pussy meat like I was trudging through a jungle, brushing against her soft, plushy pink walls as I sank deeper into her. Every few inches felt like I had reached a new layer of heat that made the last seem frigid, and by the time I was halfway in, I felt like my cock was about to melt inside her hot, buttery lovebox.

I knocked against something firm but fleshy and Caitlin's eyes snapped wide open. I held myself deep inside of her, pressed against her cervix, and let her grind on me. Her hips bucked as she used my shoulder and Mom's hand for balance, staring aimlessly at the ceiling while she focused on gyrating her body with me cemented against her cervix. I was deep enough that I could feel Caitlin's patch of pubic fur tickling my stomach, and even with my balls pulled tight to my body, I could feel my Aunt's bulbous ass cheeks caressing them from underneath.

Caitlin's vaginal muscles were milking me for all I was worth, and I wanted to last as long as I could, but she was making it difficult. I felt the first telltale sign of my orgasm building and instinctively pulled my body away from hers, but she wasn't having any of that. She dug her claws into my shoulder until I slumped my full weight onto her chest, releasing the tension in my own body and sandwiching my cock directly against her cervix again.

Pillow soft breasts enveloped my face, oozing out to the sides to drown me in the plump dough. Her diamond nipples jutted against my chest, and I dipped my head down so I could slip one into my mouth.

Caitlin had very different nipples than Mom, which were tiny and bright pink, but Caitlin's were just as beautiful. Her areolas were fat and dark brown, capping her enormous white milk bags with delectable dark accents that were just slightly larger than the diameter of a soda can. Her nipple popped into my mouth, and I nursed hungrily on the small brown nub, greed enticing me to slurp as much of her bronze areola into my mouth as I could fit.

Caitlin clung to me like saran wrap while she bucked her hips, dragging my cock back and forth across her cervix until she was used to the size. She rested a hand on the back of my head, rooting her fingers in my hair as I nursed from her like I had found an oasis in the desert. I pulled my hips back, slowly, to feel each piece of her stick to me as she tried to pull me back inside.

Reluctant to let me go, but too slippery to get a grip, Caitlin's pussy was hopelessly trying to keep me from sliding out of her. Cool air flicked its tongue against the root of my cock, newly exposed to the breeze. It was so humid inside Caitlin's steamy pocket that I had completely forgotten what the outside world felt like. I was so used to being held in her depths, gooey and hot as an oven, that even a sliver of cool air sent me running back to the safety of her cozy sheath.

I pushed myself back inside with less patience than I meant, and Caitlin audibly voiced her surprise, biting her tongue when she realized how desperate she sounded to have her Nephew pound her. "A-again," she choked out.

I obliged, slowly withdrawing a few inches before slamming my entire length back inside of her. It didn't take more than a few strokes before the veneer of civility was erased and Caitlin was groaning like a bitch in heat. Saturated in her endless flowing juices, I was too slickened to stay inside if she dared to arch her back too much.

Whenever I fell out, a small hand would tenderly wrap itself around me and guide me back into place, patting me on the bum to say "go ahead" once I had slipped back inside. Mom was patiently waiting her turn, watching her Sister experience the same thing she had the night before. Their hands were still glued together, but Caitlin's was stark white in response to her relentless squeezing.

Caitlin and I fell into a steady rhythm for a few minutes once her legs wrapped around me, stopping me from pulling away far enough to slip out. Her heels dug into my butt as she used her powerful leg muscles to drive me against her in sync with my thrusts. My balls were covered by the honey freely flowing from Caitlin's pussy, and the longer we fucked, it seemed like she only made more, constantly making sure I was slick enough to fuck her senseless.

I took charge and wrapped my hands under Caitlin's legs, lifting them so they rested on my shoulders, her feet next to my ears. Her pussy sealed up as soon as I pushed her legs together, and her meaty pussy lips bulged out to meet me. I nudged against the roof of Caitlin's pussy as I sank inside of her, brushing a small patch of flesh that made her nearly jump out of her skin.

"*Right there, ohmygod right THERE!*" she screamed like nobody else existed on Earth, yelping, and groaning with barbaric disregard for decency. Her face was contorted in ecstasy as an orgasm built in her pussy and, by the snug squeezes she began to assault me with, I knew it was going to be a big one. I pumped myself against that special spot and watched Caitlin crumble into grunts and convulsions as she rode through her powerful orgasm.

Pure lust drove Caitlin now, replacing the tight clenches she had been using on me with full-blown seizures that rocked her body like an earthquake. Her pussy exploded in a flurry of constriction, brushing my cock against her cervix with every convulsion. She made sounds I had never heard before, completely removed from the realm of decency as she succumbed to a mind-bending orgasm at the hands of her Nephew.

Trying not to come had been difficult, but now it was nearly impossible. I couldn't pull out with Caitlin so deeply embroiled in her orgasm, so I prayed I could stay in control long enough to outlast her.

The tension in her body began to die down, and everywhere but her pussy started to relax. Caitlin continued to constrict me even when her muscles turned to soup. She wouldn't have been able to hold herself up unassisted, but her body was working on autopilot to keep milking me. Her clenching became too forceful, and almost ejected me from her with a particularly strong push. I couldn't hold myself halfway inside of her, as the contractions would push me out, so I sunk back into her creamy pussy until I felt her quivering lips kiss my bloated testicles.

Mom reached a hand behind me and let her fingers wrap around my balls, raking her nails over the surface so they pulled even closer against my body. She held them like a baby bird in her palm, stroking the sides with her thumb and rolling them between her digits. "His balls are swelling, Cait," Mom taunted her Sister, but received no response. "Cait? He's gonna come soon, and he still has to...well, you know."

Caitlin was in a different world and only returned to ours for a brief moment to say, "T-then s-s-stop h-him," as if she couldn't bring herself to call it off while she was still being fucked silly.

Mom gave my balls a gentle, but firm squeeze and tugged them backward, pulling me along with them. My dick popped from Caitlin's spasming pussy and slapped loudly against my belly, sending droplets of Caitlin's sweet nectar over all three of us. With her Sister panting like a wild animal, Mom knew her turn was coming and she couldn't wait any longer.

"Are you ready for Mommy's pussy, sweetheart?" she sang to me, cupping her bountiful breasts in her hands and shaking them so they danced together. I guess my dry swallow gave her the answer she needed, because she instantly climbed onto Caitlin, so their tits were pressed together, and stuck her ass up in the air. Mom waved her booty side to side and gave it a playful swat, rippling the juicy meat for a few seconds before it came to a slow rest.

I grabbed Mom by both cheeks and spread her open, exposing both of her holes. Her pinkness still looked unbearably tight when stretched open, and her asshole hardly budged despite how wide I held her open. I dribbled a bit of saliva onto her puckered backdoor, but she pulled away from me before I could smear it around.

"Baby, please," she begged me with no attempt to hide her desperation. "Mommy's pussy needs you--my bum can wait."

"Awww, Bunny wants Mommy's bum, doesn't he?" The mention of Mom's ass seemed to wake Caitlin from her daze, and slowly but surely she started to return to Earth. She wrapped her arms around Mom's neck as she teased her, pulling her Sister in for a kiss that would make lovers jealous.

Watching them make out, hearing my Mother sloppily swapping spit with her Sister while I held her ass cheeks open, was almost enough to make me come on the spot.

I leaned down and dug my tongue between the Mom's slippery folds, gathering the ropes of sweet, slippery honey on my tongue. I dragged my fat, slimy snake over Mom's perineum and her knees buckled as she realized where I was going. She crumbled onto Caitlin and whimpered softly into her mouth, twirling her tongue in her Sister's mouth to stifle her audible concern.

My tongue delved between her meaty ass cheeks and prodded the delicate hole hidden between them, flattening against the wrinkled opening, and slowly rubbing back and forth until her muscles began to relax. I pried both cheeks apart and darted the tip of my tongue directly against her asshole, meticulously flicking up and down so that every change got me slightly farther inside.

Her warmth, radiating like an oven from both of her waiting holes, was only intensified the deeper into her ass I went. I knew my tongue wouldn't make it far but feeling how quickly her bum turned into a pit of lava filled me with eagerness to get inside. My thumb began softly stroking her clit, hoping that it would distract her from the foreign sensation of her Son eating her ass. I wiggled my thumb against the entrance to her pussy and sunk inside the cozy pocket, easily finding her g-spot at such a convenient angle, and working it in time with my long, tender licks.

Caitlin reached back and met my hands on Mom's bottom, giving me a reassuring pat before swatting me away. I didn't have time to ask why before I saw Caitlin had taken my job and was now holding her Sister's ass cheeks wide open, showing her off for me so my hands could work elsewhere. She juggled Mom's booty around in her hands, letting me watch the hypnotic display, enticing me to use her to my delight.

I stepped up behind Mom and stared down at the holes spread open for me. Her slick, hairless mound was dotted at the top by her pink, puckered asshole, making me feel like a kid in a candy store. With so much beauty displayed in front of me, I didn't know what to do first, but I couldn't wait for another second to decide.

Sinking my inflated helmet through her engorged lips, stretching her pussy around me, filled my heart with pride. I dug my way into my Mother's vagina as if it were the most natural thing a boy could do. Pushing apart her velvet walls so they would enrobe me like wet, heavy curtains had my knees daring to buckle. She was much, much tighter than her Sister, so I had to take my time, but I enjoyed every second of it.

The head disappeared into Mom's clenching hole with ease, but it was nothing short of incredible watching the hole she's grown me inside of, where she'd kept me safe and warm while we grew together, gobbling down inch after meaty inch of pulsating cock.

All Caitlin could do was smile knowingly, running her fingers through Mom's hair to comfort her. "Your baby boy is big, isn't he, Soff?"

"Ooooooh, God yes, yes he's fucking big." Mom squirmed as she tried to adjust to my size. I pushed until I felt resistance and thought I had hit bottom, when really, I had just reminded myself just how tight my Mother was. I hesitated, but the call to, "J-just push hard into Mommy, I can take it," was all I needed to bury the rest of myself inside her greedy, creamy pussy.

We groaned in unison, though I'm not sure who was louder. Mom's body couldn't stop from shaking, and my legs followed suit as I struggled to hold on for dear life without coming immediately. Her hands clung mercilessly to the sheets on either side of Caitlin's head, knuckles bright white with tension. Being stretched so quickly had taken Mom off guard, and she collapsed on top of Caitlin in a heap.

"Sounds like somebody just bottomed out." She ran her tongue over Mom's earlobe, not allowing a sliver of reprise from the sexual onslaught.

"He *did*, he's all the way inside!" Mom involuntarily clenched her body and strengthened her grip on me, pulling me hard against her cervix. "How is Mommy's pussy, baby?"

"You feel incredible, Mom." My eyes nearly rolled back in my head. "I already feel like I'm gonna come."

All the honey leaking from Mom was spreading over my balls and thighs, coating us in slippery juices that filled the air with the smell of insatiable lust. I hadn't the courage to move any more than a few inches back and forth, afraid that being overstimulated by her gooey hugs would send me over the edge if I didn't keep myself in control.

"Not yet, baby, don't come yet," my Mother urged, turning her head so she could look at me for the first time since I'd entered her, flashing a sassy grin that she could barely maintain. "You still have another hole to fuck, first."

"Mmmm, good answer." Caitlin purred, kissing Mom on the cheek, turning the taunting up a notch. "Tell your baby boy what you did for him."

Mom let out a deep, breathy groan as I withdrew my cock, waiting until I had almost pulled out before she spoke. "I got my...my bum, uh, ready...for you."

She tightened up like she was sealing the exit behind me, but her insides were so slippery she couldn't keep me out if she wanted to. With just the bulging head pulsing in her buttery grip, I bore down to drive it back into her swampy cock-pocket so I could feel her meaty tunnel swallow me up all over again.

"Really, Mom?" My heart just about burst through my chest. "You did that for me?"

Caitlin winked at me and slapped Mom's ass, leaving a light pink handprint. "I brought her an enema kit, so she'd be easy to get into, Bunny."

I couldn't slow my racing heartbeat after this revelation. The adrenaline was impossible to ignore, so I made it work for me. I focused on just moving, trying to downplay how insanely good my cock felt trudging through Mom's sweltering insides when I tried to pull out again. In, out, I told myself with calm breathing. I centered my mind on my hips, nothing else, as I sawed back and forth inside my Mother, feeling her fat ass cheeks slap against my thigh with every thrust.

Caitlin brushed Mom's hair out of the way and sought to make eye contact with me. "Flex, Bunny."

"What?" I was too mesmerized watching myself plunge back into my Mother. The sound of her juices sloshing around me, her sopping wet walls trying to keep hold of me, almost made me come before I could even reach the bottom again.

"Flex like you're trying to stop yourself from taking a leak!" she encouraged me, holding my Mother tightly. "Flex, and push right up against her cervix, okay?"

I nodded silently and closed my eyes to eliminate all distractions.

"Good boy!" she cooed happily. "Now, stay there until you feel your orgasm calm down."

It felt like I was going to burst, and not in a sexy way, from trying to keep myself together. All I could think about, all I could feel, were things that brought me closer to the edge.

Mom shuffled underneath me in a way that made her cervix smooch the tip of my cock, pressing the spongy ring against my inflated bulge. Her tunnel constricted me like a vice so tight that I could feel her rapid heartbeat thumping through her squishy walls. Every dull thud was like a python tightening its wet, slithery hold around my rigid length, like Mom was trying to coax my orgasm to the surface by flexing her strong vaginal muscles to milk it out of me.

We both knew we were one wrong move away from giving her a buttery creampie, and as enticing as that sounded, even more lay on the horizon that I longed to experience. I tried Caitlin's advice and bore down harder, causing my Mother to squirm around like she was trying to find more room in her pussy to give to me, wishing for a crack or corner she could give me to feel me fill her just a little bit more.

I held onto her hips, digging my fingers into her smooth, creamy skin as I clenched myself for all I was worth. My cock expanded inside of Mom, further pushing into her deepest regions where the head ballooned to the size of a large walnut against the door to her womb.

Her round, half-moon ass cheeks were pressed against my thighs and bulged out in a way similar like Caitlin's breasts. So much ass meat spilled over the sides that it would put most other asses to shame with the excess alone. The softness of her jello booty was even more remarkable, how it would spring back into shape no matter how desperately I pawed at it, forming those two perfect, breathtaking cheeks like her ass was made of memory foam. I gripped her thick, juicy cheeks and watched the skin effortlessly cave to my touch. Like dough being pulled and kneaded, it offered no fight to my incessant mauling.

I was so focused on Mom's ass, and trying not to come, that I didn't notice she had risen up onto her palms. Mom was getting impatient and she didn't care if I made it into her ass or not. She just wanted to come.

Without consent, from me or Caitlin, Mom lifted her ass towards the ceiling so I almost fell out of her, waiting to see if we would say anything. When we didn't, she threw her hips back into me so hard that her ass cheeks slapped against my stomach with a **smack**. It was the starter pistol I needed to ignite the animal instincts I had been suppressing, so against Caitlin's advice I lost my footing in reality to enter a dreamlike state where only Mom's pussy and I existed.

I grunted in a tone unbecoming of a gentleman and savagely gripped Mom's hips when she moved forward again, this time yanking her against me when she pushed back so that we met in the middle and began fucking as though I wasn't mere seconds from exploding inside of her.

Her pussy formed a vacuum seal around my bulge that made wet, squishy noises seep out of her just as gratuitously as her juices were. Try valiantly as she may, she was too creamy to do anything but ooze honey onto my cock every time I bottomed out, failing hopelessly in her attempt to cling to me.

The sounds of wet skin slapping together echoed around the room as I pounded my Mother into the mattress. Mom's tits swung below her like two heavy pendulums, adding another instrument to our sexual symphony, clapping like thunder every time her hanging udders collided with each other. The shifting weight was pulling my poor Mother all over the bed, making stability difficult when her heavy milk bags kept throwing her off balance.

Mom held her butt in place with her back arched so her ass stuck out seductively, giving me easy access to throw myself against her and embed myself in her gooey tomb. She was clutching Caitlin like a pearl necklace, pinning her Sister against the bed as she searched for anything to keep her stable amid my torrent of deep, powerful thrusts.

Lightning surged through my entire body like someone had flicked a switch on my nerve endings, firing up a machine that ran on autopilot in pursuit of its one instinctual goal: breeding my Mother. I wanted to take her ass still, but if it hadn't been for Caitlin's oversight, I never would have made it out of her without coming.

"Slow down!" Caitlin kicked at me with her legs, but it was tough while she was trapped underneath Mom, so she opted for a stern tone instead. "You'd better not come yet, young man. Your Mother worked very hard to get her bum prepared for you."

"*He can come!*" Mom's voice was shrill and desperate but muffled against Caitlin's neck. I understood her even before she whipped her head around to face me with a pleading look. "You can come, sweetheart. Come in Mommy's pussy, please, baby."

Caitlin saw right through her and rolled my Mother off to eject my dick from her just before I came.

"You little *bitch!*" Mom whined, frustrated that her impending creampie had been denied her.

"I know what you're doing!" Caitlin wagged a disapproving finger in Mom's face. "You think if you make him come quickly that you won't have to give him your ass, don't you?"

Mom stared into the corner of the room like a scolded puppy. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Great!" Caitlin clapped her hands excitedly. "In that case, let's get you into position."

Mom's bluff was called, and the only card she had left to play was to cancel the whole thing, but I had a feeling she wouldn't take that route.

Caitlin crawled out from under Mom and kissed her on the forehead, hoping to calm her nerves. "Stay right where you are, Soff, and we'll get you ready."

"Wait," I urged. "Can we...I mean, do we have to do it like this?"

Mom craned her neck to face me. "What's wrong, baby?"

I blushed a deep maroon. "I want to see your face."

The mommies shared a look that said, "Isn't that sweet?" But based on the situation, I don't think "sweet" was what I had in mind. Mom wasn't afraid to use her facial expressions to let me know how she was feeling, and I didn't want to miss one bit of it.

"We need lube," Mom instructed. "Lots of it."

"Bedside table." I motioned to the small wooden end table by the headboard. Caitlin scurried across the bed and pulled the drawer open to find the small, blue bottle I hinted at. "That's it, perfect."

"You've been waiting on this for a while, I see." Caitlin twirled the bottle between her fingers.

"A Boy Scout always comes prepared" I said, parroting the motto I had learned as a kid.

"Ooooh, Boy Scout, hmm?" Caitlin uncapped the bottle and tipped it upside down. A thin stream of lube ran out and formed a pool in her palm. "Does that mean you're gonna tie us up?"

"If that's what I have to do to get in *here*." I grabbed a handful of Mom's plump bottom and patted it lovingly. "Then sure, I'll tie up whoever I have to."

That made Mom chuckle. "Let's just see how I handle it first, okay?"

"You'll be totally fine. I promise." Caitlin stroked her Sister's hair to distract her. Her fingers, slick with lube, slid through Mom's ass cheeks and brushed over her unsuspecting buttocks.

"*Hey!*" Mom lurched forward and brought her tummy flat against the bed with her cheeks clenched together. The light peach fuzz on her bum stood on end as if her fight-or-flight reflex had just been triggered.

"Hey to *you*, too," Caitlin teased, slapping a wet handprint on Mom's ass with a **thwack**. That got her to spin onto her back to protect her ass. Now, apart from her eyes burning holes through me and Caitlin, she was exactly how we wanted her.

I looped my arms around Mom's legs and pulled her, so her ass hung off the bed, then lifted them high to the ceiling before easing them apart. Mom's pussy peeled open like it had been waiting for the invitation. Her lips, drenched with syrup, were sealed shut until her knees extended past her waist, but it couldn't stay that way once Mom was spread to her widest. Finally, the sticky curtains parted and exposed the magnificent jewel I was searching for, glistening with juice, and seizing for something to hug. Pink, plump, and puffy, Mom's pussy was calling to me like it knew my favorite song.

Nobody could resist such a display, most notably myself, and I gave in to the desire to be back inside my Mother as soon as possible. Her eyes fluttered momentarily as a gasp escaped her, taken aback to feel me unexpectedly push into her birth canal all in one thrust. "Oh, *oooooh*, that's so fucking good," she groaned.

"Bunny, we've got a job to do," Caitlin scolded me. She placed the bottle at the top of Mom's slit and gave it a steady squeeze so lube would flow over her labia and dribble between her tired lips. I was buried to the hilt, keeping her plugged so the lube went around my girth and began to puddle up between her asscheeks.

Caitlin hadn't told me to stop, and I sure as hell didn't want to, so I rolled the dice and prayed I wouldn't reach my limit before I was ready. Playing with fire isn't dangerous if you're playing with something *warmer* than fire, right?

Mom's legs rested on my shoulders, her small, cute feet overlapped behind me to keep me close to her. Her thighs were turning red where I was holding her but, like a seatbelt, it was a necessary evil to keep her in place.

Her tits were squashed against her body, flattened out like huge, fluffy, white pancakes dotted with two small, pink raspberries that looked ripe enough to eat. Even with my cock inside of her, I couldn't help thinking about getting her boobs soapy and wet enough to fuck. I knew she would absolutely dwarf my erection as soon as it pushed between them, as a buoy lost amid a sea of quivering breast meat, happily succumbing to the waves washing over me.

Daydreaming, again, would have been the end of me if not for my heroic Aunt to rescue me from my headspace. I felt a tingle rising from my balls like a starship through my body, rocketing my brain to the stars.

"W-what *is* that?" I asked between bated breaths.

"Just a little finger magic." Caitlin was standing beside me, clinging onto my shoulder with her tits squashed against my back. Her fingers, coated with lube, were gently roaming around my balls while I pounded her younger Sister. She employed the lightest of touches to trigger ignition in my nerves; a single finger being dragged along the surface was enough to get my legs shaking. I knew I was really in trouble when I felt all five of her nails meet in the middle, then spread outward like a starfish to slowly spread the violent tingles through my veins like heroin.

"You *have* to stop," I pleaded half-heartedly.

"No, *you* have to stop!" she shot back. "Take your dick out of your Mother! Right now! Come on, Bunny."

Mom sighed with disappointment, but I didn't have much choice. A sober mind would know I wasn't gonna be able to hold on much longer, but my brain was intoxicated by alcohol and the sweet, heavy aroma of two honey-soaked Mommy pussies.

Clearly, a sober mind I did not have.

Mom shook her chest back and forth to keep my attention, biting her lip with giddy intrigue from watching how easily I could be lured into a hypnotic trance. "Stop staring, loverboy."

"I can't help it, Mom. You look fucking amazing!"

"Well, lucky for you, I'm *also* an amazing fuck!"

I looked down at Mom and knew the moment was near. She was practically leaking lube all over the bed, and I couldn't picture any of us being any hornier than we already were, so there was just one thing left to do.

Caitlin tapped her Sister's mons to tell her to pull her knees back, and though I'd seen her do so before, I noticed this time she was plagued with trepidation.

"Just...be gentle with me, remember?"

"We will be," I said, sharing an excited smile with Aunt Caitlin. "Right?"

"We have to start somewhere, let's see where it goes." Caitlin shrugged, eliciting a nervous grumble from my Mother.

Mom's wrinkled, pink asshole was poking out from between her globular ass cheeks, sparkling with the slippery lube Caitlin had already adorned her with. It clenched randomly, with no rhythm, more

akin to impulsive spasm, like Mom was off her game. She had gone from a seductress to a submissive in just a few minutes, being ordered to wait patiently while her Sister and I took our time with her.

I extended a finger and poked it against the puckered ring, intentionally feeling out every small crease like I was reading braille. I circled the hole, though Mom was so tight it wasn't fair to call it that yet. Her pussy was an entrance, but her ass was a sealed box that required a delicate touch to unlock. She was quietly wailing like a banshee with low, drawn-out groans that seemed to go on forever. I had yet to put any pressure on her, and already my poor Mother was shaking like a leaf.

Caitlin slid up next to her and wrapped one arm under her head, laying her other across Mom's chest to rise and fall with every deep breath. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but her lips were pressed against Mom's neck and I could discern only the faintest of whispers. Mom said nothing, just stared down at me with wonder and fear battling for supremacy behind her eyes, but Caitlin was a chatterbox.

Whether she was giving helpful encouragement or enticing her to tough it out for my sake, I didn't care. Whatever she said translated to Mom unwinding enough that her bum, slowly but surely, began to relax. What had felt impenetrable now revealed a chink in her armor, and my eyes widened as I watched Mom's asshole dilate just a hair.

Progress is progress, I told myself.

I poked both of my thumbs against Mom's ring and pushed until I got traction, which I used to timidly spread her open while leaving her cheeks mostly in place. I managed to loosen her just enough that I felt the bumpy, gnarled texture give way to a core of soft, pink flesh that caved under my fingers.

I massaged my thumb around her slippery donut in small circles, occasionally applying a bit of pressure in the center in between Mom's deliberately tight clenching. Her best efforts weren't enough to dissuade me, and no matter how hard she squeezed I knew I was getting somewhere.

"Mom, you gotta work with me, okay?" I planted a kiss on her cheek and held my face against it. "Can you push when I push?"

Mom's face scrunched up. "*Push?*"

"Push for him, Soff, or he'll never get inside." Caitlin's voice was soothing, but not convincing.

"I-I don't know about that." Mom blushed up a storm but soldiered on. "Just...like, right now?"

"Push, Mommy," Caitlin encouraged, kneading one of Mom's doughy breasts with her fingers, dialing her perky, pink nipple.

Mom turned her face towards Caitlin and burrowed into her hair, grunting as she pushed out with her anal muscles to meet me. Bewilderment overtook me as I watched my Mother, in close-up, vivid detail, urging her body to accept me. Her asshole transformed from a small, wrinkled indent to a slightly raised bump, which smoothed out some of the smaller creases and made the edges of her ring puff up like rising bread.

I wiggled my thumb against the center of her asshole and applied some light pressure. Not enough to hurt her, but enough that she wasn't doing all the work. It took a few seconds of me twisting my

thumb around the slippery pink halo for it to pop inside, and when it did, I couldn't get further than my fingernail before Mom recoiled in shock.

She didn't say anything, but her eyes were saucers as she took internal stock of what she was feeling. Her breathing was slow and deliberate, but shallow, relaying the message that she was doing her best to stay composed. Mom looked at me with anxiety spread across her face and, to my surprise, she encouraged me to continue with a brief, forceful nod.

The least I could do was make Mom feel as good as possible while she adjusted to this new feeling, so I ventured to give her a more familiar one. I knelt down, earning no reaction from Mom, though Caitlin knew instantly that I was aiming to have my tongue in her pussy.

"Can I keep going, Mom?" I did my best to stop my voice from wavering.

"Uh huuuuh," her voice droned, lost amid a torrid of new bodily sensations. "Just g-go...sloooooow, baby."

My thumb pressed onward, wiggling back and forth to help Mom finally get comfortable with the feeling of being stretched somewhere so foreign. I managed to slide up to my knuckle but had to pause when Mom's instincts drove her to arch her back and try to eject me.

Caitlin placed a hand on her belly and gently returned her to the mattress before I was squeezed out, rubbing in gentle circles while she continued to whisper in Mom's ear. This time I could make out the odd word or phrase: "be strong" and "good girl" and "push." I thanked my lucky stars that Caitlin was acting as my personal assistant; I wouldn't have gotten this far without her.

I laid my cheek against Mom's silky inner thigh so she could feel my breath against her bald mound. Goosebumps popped up like polka dots across the smooth, bulging hill, and I took a second to admire the view before slithering my tongue between the delicate folds of my Mother's vagina. A lava flow of sweet honey spread across my tongue, and I followed it until my tongue reached Mom's molten center. I was suffocating in the heat rolling off her steamy pussy, but I didn't dare take a pause, not when I had seen Mom bringing her A-game for the past day.

I buckled down and held Mom's muff against my face, covering the length of her entire slit with my mouth so I could sate my hunger by devouring all of her at once. I dragged my tongue through her syrup-drench lips a few times, parting her curtains so I could pop them in my mouth for a short suckle on my way to her clit. The button was small but mighty, engorged like a small berry that took all my restraint to not brutalize with sloppy kisses. I traced a tiny circle around Mom's clit and tucked my tongue underneath it so I could turn a tiny bit of pressure into explosive results.

Mom's hips writhed with every advancement. What few defences remained began crumbling under my carefully directed exploration. It took a few minutes of patient maneuvering, but eventually I had my whole thumb inside Mom's bum, and she seemed to slowly come around to the sensations.

"How's she doing?" Caitlin asked me, forgoing an interrogation of my distraught Mother.

"She needs more lube." I held out my free hand to keep Mom plugged. "Can you pass me the bottle?"

Caitlin had other ideas. She put the bottle at the top of Mom's mound again and sent a torrent of lube cascading over her pudgy muffin. It trickled down over the round bulge and through her lips, which were now slightly parted, and pooled inside the opening to her pink tunnel. When the pool

was too full, it ran down until it reached her asshole, where her thick cheeks acted like a dam to keep most of it from escaping any further.

"Bunny, can I play with your Mommy for a bit?" Caitlin didn't need to ask twice.

So much lube smothered Mom's pussy that Caitlin barely had to push at all. The maw clenched and relaxed like it was gasping for breath, so as soon as her fingers grazed the pink velvet, they were already starting to slip inside.

Mom greeted Caitlin's fingers like an old friend, spreading around them into an embrace that pulled them into a deep, fleshy hug. Showing her expertise, Caitlin flipped a switch and Mom's back arched on command. She needed leverage to grind deep on her Sister's fingers, and once she found it there was no stopping her.

Caitlin nudged against the roof of Mom's pussy and made a "come hither" motion, fingers caressing her g-spot as she began to move her hand up and down. As she plunged her digits into Mom's dripping peach, her pace increased.

Mom's honeypot was too saturated with our homemade mixture of slippery goo to silence the aggressive slushy of lube and pussy syrup that smothered her lower half. Caitlin was a conductor, enacting a symphony of soft whimpers and loud, gooey sloshing from Mom's core that cemented her, in my mind, as my new idol.

"*Oh god, oh fuck, oh god,*" Mom chanted to herself. Her facial expression didn't stay the same for more than a moment, as the constant barrage of stretching, prodding, and kissing had momentarily reduced her faculties to that of a sex doll, but she played the part well.

I was awe-struck, absorbing every little detail I could to repeat Caitlin's moves in the future.

"Tell him when you're ready." Caitlin kissed Mom on the forehead, fingers still burrowed deep in her succulent sheath.

"I am." Intentional or not, I could barely make out Mom's tepid tone.

"Tell-, *him*." Caitlin demanded her to perform but did not slow her fingers for even a second to give Mom a breath. In fact, it seemed that her interest was in making speech as hard as possible. "Talk to your Son, Soff."

Mom snapped her eyes open and looked at me after a few disoriented blinks. She didn't say anything at first, she just stared at me with her head half-cocked to the side and a subtle smile creeping onto her face, like we were sharing a moment she didn't want Caitlin to see.

If I didn't know better, I'd say she was beaming with pride.

"Sean, honey," Mom's smile grew until it turned into one of those poorly hidden smirks people display when they don't want to appear overeager. "I'm ready, I think."

"For what, Mom?" My heart didn't just skip a beat, it skipped a whole bar. I knew the answer, but I wanted to hear her say it, and I think she knew that.

My Mother chewed on her lower lip, and even without much light, I could see sparks dazzling her irises. With conviction I hadn't expected Mom yanked her knees back so her plushy flower opened up to me, a sight I was beginning to fall in love with. She rolled back a little so her asshole pointed

directly towards me in such a perfect position and coated in so much glistening lube, that if I had tripped, I imagined I would have slipped right inside.

"I'm ready." Mom's tone was adorable, juxtaposing the sultry scene of her presenting her body to me like a trophy as her anxiety vanished into an ocean of raging horniness. "For my Son, my big, strong, sexy stud, to fuck his Mommy-slut in the ass for the first time in ten years!"

"Laying it on a bit thick, dontcha think?" Caitlin chimed, cuing a giggle from both Mommies.

I considered making a pun about "laying" and "on thick" but I couldn't get there in time; Caitlin was already reaching for me with an obvious intention. Her fingers curled around the base of my manhood, insisting that I stop stalling as she pulled me towards my Mother, waiting with open arms.

Mom's bum was still dangling off the edge of the bed, so I didn't have to climb on top of her for Caitlin to guide my missile towards its target.

Caitlin used my dick like a mallet to give Mom's pussy a few playful taps. Mom's pudgy mound quaked with every strike, and our sweat gave rise to the sound of soft slapping each time I thwacked against the meaty hill. My bulging cockhead came to a rest at the top of her slit, her clit tickling my frenulum.

Caitlin patiently traced my cock up and down Mom's sloping crease, gathering the juice between her succulent folds. I nudged Mom's lips apart on the way down, but Caitlin was sure to avoid letting the natural magnetism between our bodies spoil the event. If she had let me back inside Mom's pussy, I would have finished there, and we were all better off waiting for the big finale.

Throbbing veins bulged up and down the length of my manhood, decorating the shaft with blue lightning bolts that lead to a purple, spongy bulb that pulsed like the bass at an EDM concert. Each heartbeat engorged the fat helmet like a fleshy balloon, pumping it bigger than I had ever seen as the moment of my dreams became a reality.

Mom's honey generously coated me like a warm blanket, glistening between her Sister's fingers as she guided me towards my Mother's timid butthole.

"Now remember...", she choked out.

"Gentle," Caitlin and I said in unison. She released my cock and brought her hand to cup one of Mom's heavy breasts, massaging the dough in her palm.

Mom was holding one leg while Caitlin pried back the other, each seeking to expose my Mother's holes as voraciously as they could. Their free hands were now linked atop Mom's chest, seeking to comfort her, rising, and falling in tune with her rapid breathing. Caitlin brushed her thumb over Mom's trembling fingers, which were white as a sheet from her unrelenting grip. Nothing could sway Caitlin, who stayed calm and continued to gingerly kiss her Sister's neck despite the vice threatening to sever her hand.

Caitlin gave Mom's hand a tight, reassuring squeeze and nodded at me, comfortable that she had subdued Mom's anxiety. The spell was working for now, but her trance could break at any moment.

My cockhead nuzzled between the globes of Mom's soft, round bottom. I couldn't help from slipping in the waterfall of lube that ran down the length of her slit as I tried to position myself. I

knew I found it when I lodged inside of the gooey pocket of warm lube pooling between her cheeks, kissing the tightly puckered ring that we had worked so hard to loosen.

Mom clenched up as soon as she felt my cock nudge her opening. I dragged the inflated head over the bumpy ring and tried to get her used to the feeling, applying just enough pressure to start stretching her without actually going inside. The slow, gentle prodding was calming her down, but didn't stop my own excitement from bubbling to the surface. I had to remind myself to be patient this time, or it may be the last time.

I watched Mom's breathing, stayed in time with it, and waited for her to take a deep breath before I began to push.

"Oh, oh, *oooohhhhh oh fuck.*" Mom grunted as she accepted the first half of my cockhead inside her asshole, her brow furrowed in concentration. "W-w-wait."

I held still, trying to exude patience though I was anything but.

"Is that...the head?" she croaked meekly.

"Almost, Mom," I encouraged her.

"That's the hard part," Sophie said, lovingly stroking her Sister's chin. "Once he gets the head inside, you just gotta get used to the size."

Most of my cockhead had worked its way into Mom's bum, and though the flared bit was still waiting to push deeper, I could already feel the incredible warmth that awaited me inside. Looking at how tightly secured I was in Mom's bottom was curious; with such a tight squeeze on the balloon tip, the bottom was expanding more, and it looked as though Mom was going to have to take more than twice the size of what was already beginning to stretch her.

My dick throbbed with excitement, begging to go further, but was outshone by the intensity with which Mom's holes were spasming. Her pussy was gawking hungrily for something to fill it, to scratch that familiar urge she had just reveled in but knew it would have to wait until her ass, clenching with equal vigor, was fully explored.

I rested my hands on Mom's thighs to help keep the shaking limbs from collapsing. As I pushed them forward, Mom's body moved with me, and when she rocked back towards me, I held my cock in place. The momentum gave just enough force to surprise Mom by nudging the rest of the head inside, stretching her donut open as wide as it would need to go to fit the rest of me.

"Is **that** the head?" Mom squealed, ripping her eyes open to look down, for the first time, at her Son trying to get inside of her ass. "Ohhhh, god. Oh wow, oh god, okay Sean, please, baby, please go slow."

Mom clung to me like a wet bathing suit, leaving not a crack for air as she sealed her asshole around my cock in a grip that made her white knuckles look tame. Her heartbeat steadily thumped against me as her insides tried to constrict my entire width.

I slowly moved back and forth, but Mom was so tight I had to make an effort not to be forced out when I relinquished even a smidge of ground. As soon as the pressure relented, Mom's insides worked in tandem to try and push me out, succeeding only in smothering the head in a hot, gooey tomb of velvety soft ass meat. Her flesh strained as it failed to eject me from her ass, the edges of her ass rising like bread as the muscles did their best to push me out of her. I circled my thumb

around the squishy ring to truly feel how hard Mom's tender asshole was working to stretch around me, amazed that she could be stretched so wide.

"Mom, can you push for me?" I wasn't above begging, but luckily, I didn't have to.

With a dull groan, Mom obliged and tried to push me out of her with real effort this time. Her wrinkled hole pushed outward like the outer ring was trying to climb my shaft, bringing more of her soft, tender walls to the surface to loosen up for me, puckering like a bright pink donut.

Without her constriction, I fed more of my dick into the buttery soft hole and was greeted by unparalleled warmth melting around me like lava. I watched in a daze as the ridge of my inflated cock emerged from Mom's asshole for a faint moment, glazed in condensed lube. I pressed against the softened entrance and felt it give way easier this time, accepting the whole head in one mighty gulp before halting an inch or so later. It felt like I hit a wall of soggy flesh and I didn't want to hurt her, so I ignored my instinct to start pounding now that I had a foothold.

My Mother couldn't stop from curling her toes each time the head crept out of her ass. Like clockwork her body would go through waves of relief when it was granted a pause from my slow thrusting. The wall of flesh slowly opened for me, each time greeting me with less resistance and a warmer hug as it became used to the sensation.

It was surreal, but somehow felt all too natural, to be pushing myself inside the ass of my Mother. After the last couple of days, I was seeing her as a new woman, but even so, I didn't expect I would ever get to feel what the inside of that new woman's asshole felt like. Most girls I had met were against anal, and knowing Mom was putting that aside just to see me happy was giving my heart all kinds of feelings.

Here she was, spread out before me, biting a hole in her lip just to keep it together, all to let me see what it feels like in *another* one of her holes. I loved this woman, and wanted to show it, but for now I couldn't do anything if it didn't involve her ass.

I was lost in the moment and lapsed for a second, letting those pesky instincts wander back into my head. I pushed too hard and felt Mom's whole body seize up, accompanied by her all-too-familiar groans. Reflexes pulled my cock out of her ass all at once, though that proved to be its own surprise.

Mom nearly bolted upright as I yanked myself out of her ass, but she quickly settled down once the shock had passed. I expected her to call it off--her one rule was to be gentle and I let myself get carried away.

"Wow," she said, letting go of Caitlin's hand for the first time to prod her puckered ring, tracing a circle around the bumpy, raised surface. "It feels weird."

"I know. I'm sorry, Mom." I kissed her leg as it dangled next to my head. "I went too fast; I didn't mean to--"

"No, like, *this* feels weird." Her face bore a smile that was mostly of curiosity as she explored her butthole. She took Caitlin's hand and thrust it between her legs so they could both gawk over how different her ass felt. "Sean, baby, how much did you fit into me?"

"Almost half, I think." I mindlessly stroked myself to the sight of my Mother and Aunt exploring her asshole, feeling how loose she was after only our first attempt.

Caitlin kissed her sister and slid a finger inside her bum, a feat easily achieved thanks to the abundance of lube. Mom gave a small jump before scolding her diabolical sister, but made no efforts to stop her from poking another finger against the slickened ring and pushing inside. Their tongues were a flurry as they bounced against each other, sloppily exchanging passion and saliva.

Caitlin pulled her fingers from Mom's bottom and gave her chubby pussy mound a few slaps, spreading the pink jewel for my eyes to soak in.

"He wants back in," Caitlin whimpered between kisses.

"I know." Mom briefly shot me a knowing look and, without abandoning her Sister, pulled her legs back with renewed confidence. Her hands rested on either side of her enormous ass cheeks and her nails dug into the pillowy soft mounds, pulling them apart so her asshole could be the center of attention.

Open, close, open, close.

My Mother's asshole was sparkling with lube, looking like a bright pink ruby in the sun as it winked for me. Thin strands of lube were strung like spiderwebs between her cheeks, and the very center of her butthole had tiny bubbles where the lube had started to be worked into a froth. I ran my thumb over her asshole and gently pushed, not enough to slip inside but enough to get her to start opening.

I replaced my thumb with the tip of my cock, and pushed. Now that she'd been loosened, it didn't take much force to get Mom's ass to stretch around me. I sank inside instantly, her asshole burying the head, sliding over the smooth crown like a glove. It clung tightly to me all the way down, encasing me in a vat of melted butter whose warmth rose to meet me.

With Mom holding her cheeks apart, it became almost too easy to gain ground. The tightness didn't change, but with the slippery pink insides now being spread and brought to the surface, it was easier to get the head inside with just a small push. I sawed back and forth, giving her greedy bottom inch after inch until I was sure she would soon be full.

To my surprise, Mom kept finding places to fit me. Every corner was being explored for the first time in a long time and needed to be stretched a few times before it began to loosen enough to be comfortably stretched.

At first, only the head could fit, and even that was a struggle to achieve. Simply trying to spread her bum, after it had been neglected for so long, was a challenge. Now, I could pull my dick all the way out and watch her wet, softened butthole wink at me, then slide the fat helmet back inside without even hurting her. It may have taken a few more minutes than I had planned, but the wait was worth it. The point where Mom began to squeeze was deeper inside every time I ventured in, and it was only a matter of time before she held all of me inside her asshole.

Caitlin plunged her fingers into Mom's sopping wet pussy and worked them in small circles around her clit, nudging the stiff button back and forth in tune with my gentle prodding. "I think you're done teasing him."

"W-what?" Mom needed time to come back to earth. "He's in my *ass*! I'm not teasing anybody!"

Caitlin clicked her tongue with disapproval. "But he wants to *fuck* you." My aunt looked to me. "Don't you, Bunny?"

"Uh-huh." The mere mention of picking up speed almost made me do so. "But...but I can go slowly, Mom."

Caitlin rubbed my arm reassuringly, though taunted as only she could, "Bunny, you wanna put your whole cock in your Mommy's warm, tight little bum, don't you?"

I grunted my approval, and both my Aunt and I looked to Mom for the same thing.

"Okay, sweetheart," Mom gulped nervously. "Go ahead--put it all inside Mommy."

Blood raged in my ears as tingles were born from the base of my spine, riding the adrenaline boost towards my brain like fireworks. My heart was a jackhammer that shook each bone in my ribcage like branches in a storm, pounding so mercilessly that I took to silently praying that it wouldn't up and quit before I was finished. Mom's words hung heavy in the air, glued to my ears. They played on repeat to create a background chant that built to a thundering crescendo when I committed to burying myself in my Mother's asshole.

I had been waiting to give Mom the last few inches slowly, and truthfully I would have been fine taking my time, but with courtesy removed, I couldn't stop my primal lust from taking over.

Velvet walls encased the final length of my throbbing cock, dragging me into Mom's hot, steamy anal depths. Her walls wrapped around me like a silk robe, lovingly marinating me in her buttery asshole with tender little squeezes that made me never want to leave her clutches. The root of my pole was being strangled by a tight, squishy noose that kissed my balls with its puckered ring each time it clenched. Each and every part of my cock was being tended to by my dotting Mother, and, whether it was gently kissing or ruthlessly smothering, she was doing an incredible job.

The noises my Mother was making would have stopped a normal person in their tracks, but for me, they were fuel to the fire. Being hilted to the base in her bum was a dream, but her desperate panting and stifled groans made it *real*. Mom knew that the feeling of my thighs touching hers meant that I, or rather "we," had done it. She opened her eyes and winced as she adjusted to the feeling of her insides being pushed around like a toy.

We stared at each other for an eternity, balancing in the serenity of the moment before it evaporated. I felt like a king, treated by his queen to the rarest delicacy our kingdom could offer. Mom was swooning over me, as I her, soaking in the last time she really felt like she could call herself a "virgin" from anal. Once I started moving, there was no going back. She had seen me in action and knew that if she could handle me pounding her backdoor, it would surely happen again in the future.

I tried to pull out of Mom to give her a short breather, but she resisted. "No, no! Just...stay with me." She let go of her grip on her ass and let the pudgy cheeks come together. Her hands firmly secured themselves to my bicep, caressing me with the kind of affection I had only ever found in her as she looked into my soul.

Mom's eyes fluttered as she started grinding her hips up and down, dragging my cockhead against the fleshy tunnel, and giving her momentum with which to time her powerful butt hugs. It took seconds for Mom to find her rhythm, but soon she was massaging my cock from root to tip like she had been doing it all her life. Her mouth was shaped in a small "o" as she worked her body like a weapon, deliberately assaulting my weaknesses but giving no pause as she felt the tell-tale signs of my orgasm building.

"Holy shit, I'm already gonna...Mom!" I gasped as my Mother's legs ensnared me, pulling me flush against her body. "I'm seriously gonna come soon, if you keep doing that."

"Doing what?" she cooed, flexing her asshole as she bore down with all her strength. "You mean *this*?"

I let out a very unsexy groan. "Yeeeeesssss, *that*!"

Caitlin lay beside Mom, but turned her body so that her head was between Mom's legs. I hardly noticed her switch positions, so I was a bit taken aback when her hand wrapped around the base of my cock and gave it a hard tug. It didn't do much good to pull me out of Mom's ass, I barely budged, but her message was clear.

"Out, Bunny," she demanded with her tongue hanging out, "you can't come yet, so give your Mother a break."

I stepped back enough to give Caitlin room to slither my cock out of Mom's greedy asshole. It felt like I had spent an hour getting her warmed up enough to fit all of me, but it was a labor of love. Even though I knew it would push me over the edge, I wanted back inside more than I could believe. My cock flexed in despair, aching to sink back into Mom's creamy cocoon and bask in her warmth.

Mom's ass wasn't gaping, she was too tight for that, but it was shocking to see how relaxed and loose her asshole had become, without even being truly fucked yet. Just from holding me inside and working her magic, Mom had managed to turn her once tiny, wrinkled hole the size of a dime into a softened, bumpy ring that protruded like it was puckering for a sloppy kiss. Thick lube coated her asshole and gave it a remarkable shimmer, like a precious stone showing its value for all to see.

Caitlin wasn't transfixed by the sight like I was, so she wasted no time in getting to work gobbling down my cock until the head brushed squarely against the back of her throat. She emitted a loud, hearty gag but didn't pull me out, instead content to let her saliva flow down over my length until little dribbles ran over my tightly pulled ball sack. She mimicked Mom's technique by holding me deep in her throat and working just the last inch or so back and forth against her windpipe, leaving not a crack for her to breathe. I was sure it was to impress me, to remind me she was just as talented as her Sister, but I convinced myself that she was savouring the taste of Mom's asshole, even if it sounded absurd.

"Is it good, sweetheart?" Mom's adorable voice penetrated my skull like a dose of heroin.

"Caitlin's throat?" I summoned all the intelligence I could and came up short, clearly missing the real question. I looked down to see Mom twirling her finger in a circle around her bulging ring, gingerly slipping inside just enough to make a nail disappear. "Oh my god, you mean *that*."

"Yes, honey. I mean *this*." Mom giggled, aware that she caught my attention with her finger. She lined up a second and slowly pushed inside, giving me a world-class seat to the show as her asshole swallowed up one knuckle, then another, then the entirety of her two fingers.

For a woman so cautious towards anal, she was certainly growing comfortable with it, boldly exploring her asshole to put me in a helpless state of hypnosis. Perhaps taking my time had convinced her that it was nothing to be afraid of, and now that her confidence was growing, she wanted to flaunt her ability to tickle a newfound fancy.

"You mean this, sweetheart?" Mom knew it would take some coaxing to get my gourd in gear, but she knew just how to do it. "Mommy wants to know how it feels having your whole cock deep in my bottom. Does it feel good in there, baby?"

I didn't produce an answer. Winter had overtaken my head and I couldn't defrost my brain. I just stared dumbfounded as I tried to absorb the striking imagery along with the overwhelming blowjob Caitlin was treating me to.

"Yurf muffler acked oou a queton," Caitlin gurgled in my lap, blowing bubbles as she withdrew my pole from her throat and took a much-needed breath of air. "Answer her, Bunny."

"How does my ass feel, honey?" Mom cocked her head and entranced me with a loving smile.

"It feels so fucking good, Mom." I sighed in exasperation. "I could fuck you for hours."

"Language, young man." I knew she was teasing; she wasn't in much of a position to scold me with her legs pulled up to her ears. Her Sister's loud, sloppy nursing of my cock didn't do much to drive the message home, either.

"You haven't fucked me yet, not here." Mom pulled her fingers out and resumed spreading herself, asking a question we both knew the answer to. "Would you like to fuck Mommy's bum, sweetheart?"

Caitlin pulled her lips off me in a smooth, slow motion. She kept her tongue flattened against the underside as she slid off, tickling my frenulum as she released me with a loud **pop!**

Drool still dripped from the head as she returned me to the entrance, taking the scenic route through Mom's gooey pink pussy petals as she did. From there, I only needed to give a small push to start driving my cock back through the sweltering warmth of Mom's buttery soft ass meat. We sighed in unison when I reached bottom, feeling like I was home again, with a little more endurance up my sleeve thanks to Caitlin's reprieve.

Once Mom had gotten used to being stretched open again, her ring gave me a couple of quick squeezes as if to say "go ahead." I tightened my balls and sent a rush of blood to the tip of my cock, expanding the spongy helmet so Mom would feel every inch of me being dragged out of her. She moaned like a banshee as her once tightly packed bottom was slowly emptied, trying in vain to keep me from slithering out.

I left the fat head nuzzled inside Mom's asshole, savoring the tight seal her circle formed under the flare of my bulging egg.

I placed one of Mom's legs on my shoulder so I had a hand free to travel up her tummy, coming to a rest with one of her enormous, white milkers overflowing my palm. My fingers traced Mom's rubbery areola, nudging her firm pink nipple until it was ready to cut glass. I lightly pinched and tugged on the nub, gradually increasing pressure until I surprised her with a sharp squeeze.

Not enough to hurt her, but enough to get her to tense up in a way that only reflexes can. It was with this reflexive bucking that I timed my thrust, delving into Mom's asshole until her pussy was creaming against my stomach. I did not pause this time but pulled out as soon as I hit bottom.

"Oooohhhh, *oh fuck!*" Mom yelped, layering her hand on mine, and squeezing down on her breast. "*Fuck me*, keep going, baby! Just like that! Oh, my *fucking god!*"

If it weren't for the situation, I would have laughed at hearing my Mother curse like this, but my mind had one thing to focus on right now. I drove my cock into my Mother's waiting asshole with enough force to smash the bedpost against the wall, banging the wooden frame in a loud, rhythmic pattern as I grew bolder in my efforts. I was wary of hurting her, but I had seen her face contorted in this particular type of bliss before and it told me not to stop.

Mom's asshole clung to me with every long, deliberate thrust. As I pulled myself out of the loosened tunnel, I was aware of how badly she wanted me to stay, warning me with a desperate whine whenever my cock came dangerously close to sliding out of her. Such a cry was something I couldn't ignore, and within seconds I found myself trudging again through the dense, gluey channel to end up in a tomb of pulsating flesh whose sultry hugs could melt glaciers.

Skin slapping against skin overwrote my Mother's primal, heated grunting, drowning out her wails amid a torrent of relentless pounding as I had my way with her. Though my pace had yet to reach a peak, as I wasn't sure I could hold back once I dropped the reins. Mom was still clutching my hand like she was on the ride of her life. This was the first time she had truly accepted someone in such a sacred, forbidden place, and every new direction we took only showed her how much more there was to explore.

The woman who had been so timid in having a single finger inside her bottom had taken to howling obscenities like a sailor to encourage me to give her more, and more, and more.

The well-lubed piston plunged into Mom's butthole like a machine was driving it, trying everything it could to rearrange its new home so it fit perfectly. The harder I went, the easier Mom seemed to take it, as if once I had enough speed, her slippery canal simply could not hold onto me, so it stopped trying. She was still unbelievably tight, but was no longer able to constrict and smother me the way she had before.

A surge of pleasure nearly took me off balance, but I wasn't ready to come yet. I tore my dick out of my Mother and let the rigid, glimmering length rest on her pussy mound, where it continued its strained throbbing.

Mom's butthole was stretched even wider now, and though it still looked too tight to imagine sticking a finger in, I could see now that the forceful tightness had been all but eliminated. Her asshole hung open just a touch, enough so anyone would be able to discern that it had been through quite an ordeal. The copious layer of lube that she was painted in was evidence that she would have no trouble accepting me back inside with one strong push. But I couldn't tear myself away from watching the puckered tunnel, worn out and looser than ever before, fail to return itself to its dainty origins no matter how hard it tightened up.

Mom fought hard to turn her racing breath into words. "Wh-why did you stop?"

"Why do you think?" I teased, confidently covering the excited shaking that my limb could not avoid.

"Gonna c-come for Mommy?" Mom was trying to entrench herself back in the seductive, sexy role, but found no stable footing amid the rubble of her first genuine ass pounding.

I nodded in defeat. "I can't, Mom. I can't stop."

Caitlin shushed me with a finger on my lips, taking hold of my rod and fitting it back in the opening of Mom's asshole. I begged her with my eyes, insisting I couldn't hold back anymore, but by the

firm grip she had on my steel member I knew she could already tell I was at my limit. Caitlin slapped my butt and I lurched forward, sinking into my Mother's inviting asshole.

My thick pipe bore down hard into Mom's butthole, greased up so mightily that even her most powerful flexing couldn't do anything to stop me from embedding my cock deep in her guts. I held it there for the briefest of seconds, trying to find even a moment's pause to calm my brewing orgasm, but Aunt Caitlin was having none of it.

"Come for her--she's ready." Caitlin nibbled my earlobe and delivered her message directly, to which I could no longer resist.

Summoning every last ounce of willpower in my possession, I began fucking Mom in the ass with no intention of stopping. It took only a minute of uninterrupted pounding for the alarm bells to start going off. There was no going back, so I fully committed. "Mom, Mom I'm gonna--"

"You...oh, *fuck!* You can come inside, sweetheart! Give it to Mommy, gimme all that fucking baby butter, *please baby*, feed Mommy's asshole!" Mom's voice was high and shrill, and contained no trace of the doting matriarch that had cherished me from birth.

Her arms braced her against the backboard as I began pumping with one goal in mind--come inside my Mother.

I bottomed out in Mom's ass and slumped against her chest, allowing nirvana to wash over me as I emptied my balls into her bowels, my head resting on her fluffy, pillowy breasts. My toes curled so hard I feared they might snap off, but that was nothing compared to the perverse electricity that ripped through my body like a shockwave. All my muscles lost their will to function as power was rerouted from them directly towards my penis, ensuring every last ounce of energy was devoted to inseminating my Mother.

The first burst of cum felt like thick, heavy pudding when it blasted out of me. Such a forceful convulsion sent the viscous cream barreling out of me so fast I almost recoiled. Mom felt the ejection baste her guts and would have leaped off the bed if not for my weight pinning her down. She gasped in shock, unfamiliar with the feeling of such a potent dose of cum tickling such a deep, unexplored part of her.

Two more ropes came flying out, one after the other, adding to the collection of gooey baby butter flooding Mom's asshole. The outpouring of these two deposits was less startling, but still had Mom bucking uncontrollably each time a new wave of hot, salty liquid splashed inside her.

It splattered against Mom's velvety insides and painted them like a messy canvas with long, white gobs of semen clinging to the spongy walls that ran down to form one large, bubbly hot pool of frothy cum.

I continued to dump little bits of cum into her, but the explosion was over. Mom's asshole was tenderly squeezing and pulling on my cock, trying to elicit just one more dose to satisfy it, but my balls were completely drained. I happily allowed my cock to marinate in her gooey insides, stewing in hot cum and slimy lube until I felt my cock finally begin to soften.

The silence hung heavy in the air, nobody wanted to be the first to break up the serene moment, but we all knew Caitlin would grow impatient first. Her hand rubbed the small of my back as she whispered to us both. "You two look amazing together."

I lifted my head and met my Mother's gaze. Her hair was a sweaty, matted mess that obscured most of her face, and her cheeks flushed bright red. Her tits wore the marks of our conjoined mauling like a badge of honor, but she looked like the perfect woman to me. I felt an undeniable smile creep onto my face as reality roared in front of me, daring me to feel some semblance of shame for what we had done, but all I felt was pride. I had made Mom my woman, she made me her man, and we were never going back to our old life.

Our breathing began to return, but Mom could barely muster the strength to tell me how much she loved me, placing a kiss on my forehead with her arms securing me in a bear hug against her pudgy body. It felt safe, it felt right.

It felt like home.

Epilogue

"So, there is someone else, then?" Donald sighed in defeat.

"Yes, there is, Donald," Sophie said sternly. "You and I had problems long before him, so we can't blame anyone but each other for this."

"You're full of shit," Donald snapped, tossing the last of his ratty cardboard boxes in the back of his car. "Tell yourself whatever you have to, it's all a lie."

"Well, I'm going to tell myself I'm happy and not concern myself with what my ex-husband thinks of it," Sophie retorted; arms folded across her chest.

"We aren't divorced, yet." Pain entered Donald's voice that would have evoked sympathy had it not been followed by such rage. "Not like you care; you've already got his goddamn *baby* in you."

Sophie looked down and admired her pronounced baby bump. She rested a hand on her swollen belly and caressed the round bulge, sending love to the little girl she carried inside her.

It had been seven and a half months ago that Sophie told Donald she was seeking a divorce. It had been on her mind long before that, but the demands of life kept getting in the way. Sophie knew, but didn't really consider, that Sean would have gotten her pregnant by now. Their lovemaking had not slowed for a single day since spending that first weekend together, and as a result, it hadn't taken long for her to start missing periods and start showing the undeniable signs that a baby was growing inside of her.

She had been scared beyond belief, but found a strange comfort that she pursued until it led to solid ground, and a life she was excited by--a life with her Son and father-to-be, Sean. The pregnancy was the push Sophie needed to make a change, and she had not regretted it since. Donald had moved into a new place while they worked on selling the house, which was due to be finalized in the coming weeks.

With the last of his belongings now removed from the house, Sophie knew her new life was just around the corner.

"That's it, then?" Donald scowled, anxiously fidgeting with his keys. "You just get pregnant by the first guy you see and I leave your life forever?"

Sophie beamed with a brilliant illumination, feeling as though her euphoria could fuel the entire world, should its own fire burn out, and she turned to say her final words to her husband.

She glanced down at her belly again, mind racing with possibilities for the future. "Yes, that's it...for now."

Writer's note: You did it! You finished reading the longest thing I've ever written, congratulations. I truly didn't know if I would ever complete this series, but the constant requests from readers (like you!) for a conclusion gave me the final push I needed to complete this story. Chapters 3 & 4 only exist because of the wonderful people who wanted this thing made and helped me rediscover my love of writing.

I truly thank you, even if you didn't like it, for giving even an ounce of attention to something I worked so hard on. There are more writings in the works I can now turn my attention to, but for now, I leave you with the deepest of gratitude.

Have a nice day <3