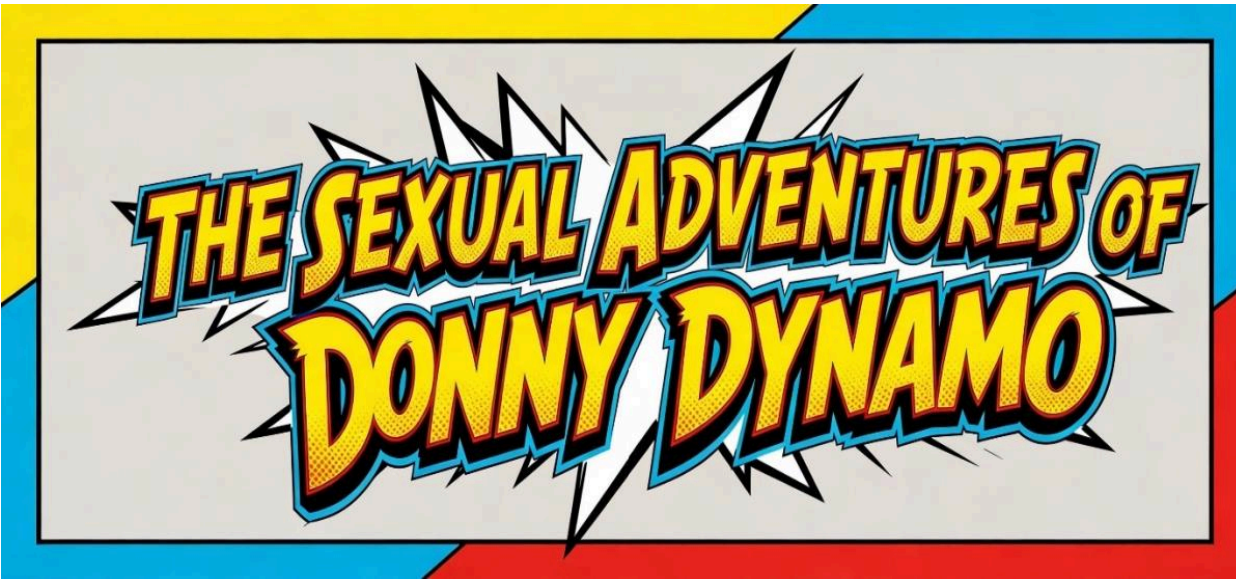


DONNY DYNAMO

Klrxo



The Sexual Adventures of Donny Dynamo – Part 1

By Klrxo

Donny drifted into the kitchen, the house hushed and still without his father or sister. His dad was deployed to the Middle East for a month, and his sister was away at cheer camp. The only sound was the soft breathing of his newborn brother napping in the bassinet in the living room.

For the first time ever, it was just him and his Mom, really and truly alone. Donny stood on the precipice of carnal revelations, a world of fleshly delights he had barely even imagined.

At 18, Donny Jenkins could still pass for a twelve, all scrawny limbs and baby fat, cheeks round and soft as a girl's. His eyes were Disney-prince wide and fringed with dark lashes, a face that got him carded for PG-13 movies.

Below his belt, however, lurked a beast: thick and proud, veins pulsing like tributaries up the shaft, the flared bell-head a dusky pink.

It was a thing of obscene beauty, a damn near foot-long fuck-pole that had earned him the locker room moniker 'Donny Dynamo.'

Teammates would stare, mouths agape at the appendage dangling between his thighs in the locker room shower, even as they chucked towels at his head and laughed about his little-boy face.

Donny's mom stood at the sink, the water running loud and the soap suds piling up around her wrists. Her ass was a marvel in those fucking yoga pants, the black luon clinging to her fatty cheeks for dear life, so thin and so tight that Donny could see the dimples and the creases where her ass met her thighs, and the cameltoe winking at him from between her legs.

Her tank top was just as bad, stretched to hell across her massive tits, the cotton worn so thin that he could count every stitch on her bra through the dainty fabric.

The AC was blasting but it was Florida in July and sweat still trickled down her neck, glistening like diamonds in a ray of sun.

At 38, Naomi Jenkins was a goddamn knockout—eyes deep and dark, lips full and pouty, a body that screamed bend me the fuck over. Donny horny heart pounded in his ears like a bass drum every time he looked at her.

No Dad for a month, no sister. Just her scent filling the air, musky and sweet, like pussy-heat mixed with lotion.

She glanced over her shoulder, catching him staring. "Hey, Dynamo," she said, voice low and teasing, wiping her hands on a towel.

Her eyes flicked down his body, lingering on his crotch where his shorts already tented a little. "House feels empty, doesn't it? Just you and me and the baby rattling around."

Donny didn't mind her calling him Dynamo. She probably had no clue why the locker room assholes slung it at him—staring at his fat, veiny horse-cock swinging like a third leg in the showers. Or maybe she did.

He fixed his gaze on the floor, cheeks aflame, but his eyes flicked up again, licking the deep chasm of her cleavage. Those tits—Jesus, they were obscene, swollen and heavy, practically clawing their way out of her tank top. Every breath made them sway and judder like gelatinous flesh-mounds, nipples jutting against the cotton.



"Y-yeah, Mom," he managed, voice splintering like a prepubescent's.
"Really empty with them gone."

Naomi's pretty eyes roved over Donny's scrawny frame, her moist tongue tracing her bee-stung lips. She moved towards him, hips rolling like a storm-tossed sea, her thick ass straining against those yoga pants.

Every step shifted the fabric, teasing the outline of her fat pussy lips eating into the seam. Her tits didn't just bob—they fucking heaved, slapping against each other even within the constraints of a bra, nipples jutting through the threadbare cotton.

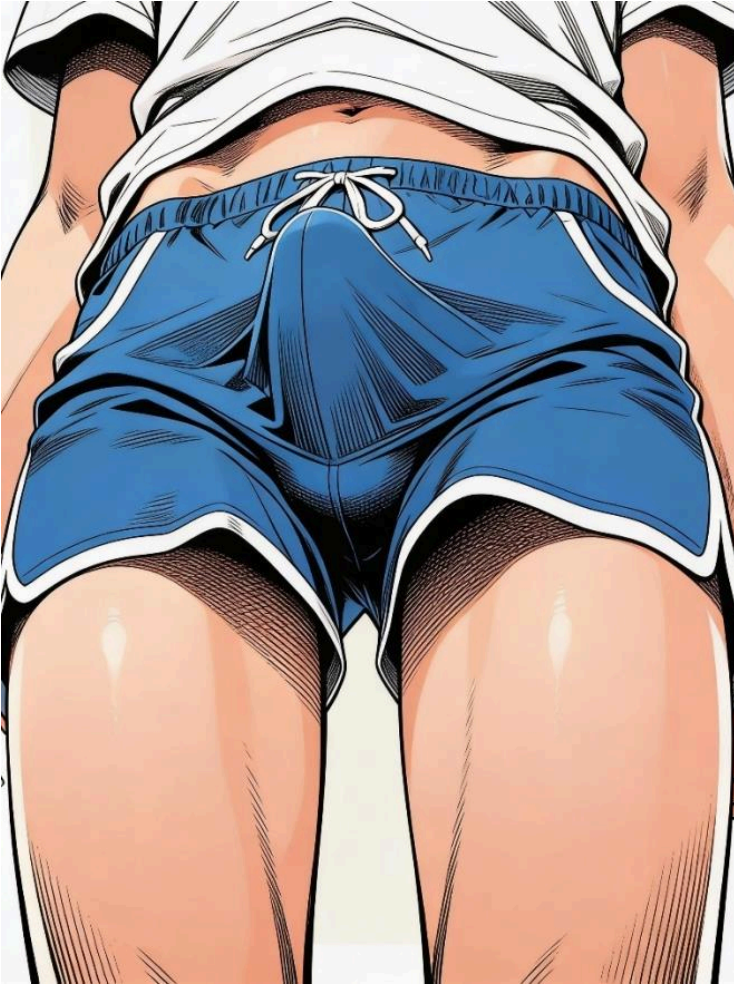
She stopped close, very close, her voice a low purr. "Does being home alone with me make your little heart race, honey?"

Donny's Adam's apple jerked like a fishing bobber, his head nodding like a dashboard hula girl. His eyes were welded to her cleavage, the sweat-glazed flesh there screaming to be tongued, licked, fucking worshipped.

In his shorts, his cock roared to life, a foot of pulsing gristle, veins thick as earthworms bulging along the shaft, the purple, plum-sized helmet already drooling a spreading stain of pre-fuck.

Naomi invaded his space, her body a landscape of sweat-slick curves looming over his shaking frame. Those titanic tits pressed against his chest, hot and heavy as fresh-baked flesh-loaves, their softness yielding to the frantic pounding beneath his ribs.

His cock throbbed like an angry, beaten thing, trapped in his shorts and pissed as hell about it.



Her breath scorched his ear, a wet, filthy whisper: "Easy now, baby boy. No reason to be nervous. Mommies don't bit. Well..." she snickered, "sometimes we do, but in a good way."

Her nostrils dilated, drinking in the air thick with his essence. Donny's adolescent scent was a living thing, pulsating off him in raw, primal waves—the salt-sweet funk of his balls, the heady reek of his pre-cum-slick cock, all of it hitting her like a freight train.

Her body responded in kind, a symphony of carnal need. Her cunt throbbed, clenching and unclenching in a rhythm as old as time, slick heat flooding her channel, drenching her folds. Her clit swelled, a fat, pink cherry nestled under its hood, pulsing with every beat of her heart.

Donny felt it too, his body taut as a live wire. His cockhead leaked a steady rivulet of pre, a glistening trail down the pulsing shaft, balls heavy and aching with pent-up need.

His nostrils flared, filled with her scent—a musky, primal perfume that seemed to emanate from every pore, every follicle. It was the smell of her cunt, ripe and ready, and the sweet cream of her breasts, milk ducts and glandular tissue swollen and eager, the whole kitchen thick with their shared, forbidden heat.

The house breathed it in, the very walls sweating with their mingled, taboo aroma.

“I’m gonna head to the park for while,” he uttered, turning towards the door before his mom could spot how painfully erect he was.

“I’ll be along shortly. The baby will need a walk once he wakes up,” Naomi stated.

Donny grabbed a basketball from the garage and made his way to the Army base park, the concrete court shimmering under the afternoon sun, weathered by time and heat.

Army brats from school were already sweating it out on the court—grunting, muscled-up fuckers, all shoulders and biceps and piss-proud sneers. Donny waded in, scrawny limbs flailing, but he was no match for their meat-slab bodies and fuck-you dunks.

Little did he know, he packed a different kind of heat, a sledgehammer cock that would leave women drooling and stupid with pleasure. He wasn’t king of the court, but he’d soon be king of the fucking mattress, ruler of sweat-soaked sheets.

Donny heard the roll of stroller wheels as his mom Naomi pushed the baby carriage across the park, her body moving with a primal rhythm that turned heads—a fucking fertility goddess in motion.

Having changed clothes, her flesh was poured into a black tube dress, the spandex hugging her like a desperate lover, clinging to every mouthwatering curve. The hem was a fucking tease, barely covering the swell of her monumental ass—a rounded half-globe, ready to burst free, jiggling with each step.

Her thighs, thick and solid, tapered down to slim ankles, calves flexing like an erotic dancer. Her bare feet were arched into fuck-me stilettos, pink toes peeking out at the world.

The dress was a second skin, stretched taut over her massive tits—twin mountains quaking with every graceful step, nipples stiff as stone poking through the fabric.

She halted by another mom, the two of them laughing like filthy hyenas, hips jutted out, asses begging for a good pounding. Their tits shook like goddamn Jell-O, threatening to spill out of their tops.

Donny's cock throbbed like a son of a bitch, especially when his mom glanced over, giving him a wink that could melt steel. The basketball slipped from his hands like a greased pig, rolling away forgotten.

Two hulking figures swaggered over—Jake and Tyler, base brats like him, but carved from granite by countless PT sessions. They snatched the rebound, chest-passing it back, but their eyes were welded to Naomi's colossal sweat-slick jugs, which were threatening to burst free as she chatted.

"Yo, Dynamo," Jake smirked, jabbing an elbow into Donny's ribs, eyes glued to those hypnotic melons bouncing with every giggle. "That's your mom, dude? Fuck, what size are those monster tits swinging around like that? Gotta be fucking J-cups at least."

Tyler's tongue flicked out, wetting his lips like a lizard tasting the air. His cock hardened, tenting his gym shorts obscenely.

"Fuck, dude," he groaned, eyes locked on Naomi's heaving chest. "Those fucking udders are insane. She's gotta be packing double-Js at least. Look at 'em, practically pouring out of that dress, all swollen with milk for the baby."

"Double Js?" Donny parroted, feeling like a clueless idiot as the words tumbled out of his mouth.

Jake and Tyler burst into laughter, and Jake clapped him on the back, his hand heavy and condescending.

"Shit, Dynamo, you don't know fuck-all about tits, do you?" Jake grinned, his teeth gleaming like a predator's. "Bra size, man. It's all about how much tit-flesh a chick is packing. Cup size—A to fucking Z and beyond."

He held his hands out in front of his chest, mimicking massive breasts.

Tyler chortled, a deep, guttural sound. "Yeah, like how much milk-filled meat your mom's lugging around on that rack."

Donny's face flamed, his own monstrous cock throbbing like a jackhammer, the thick, pulsing shaft outlined against his shorts like a fucking python.

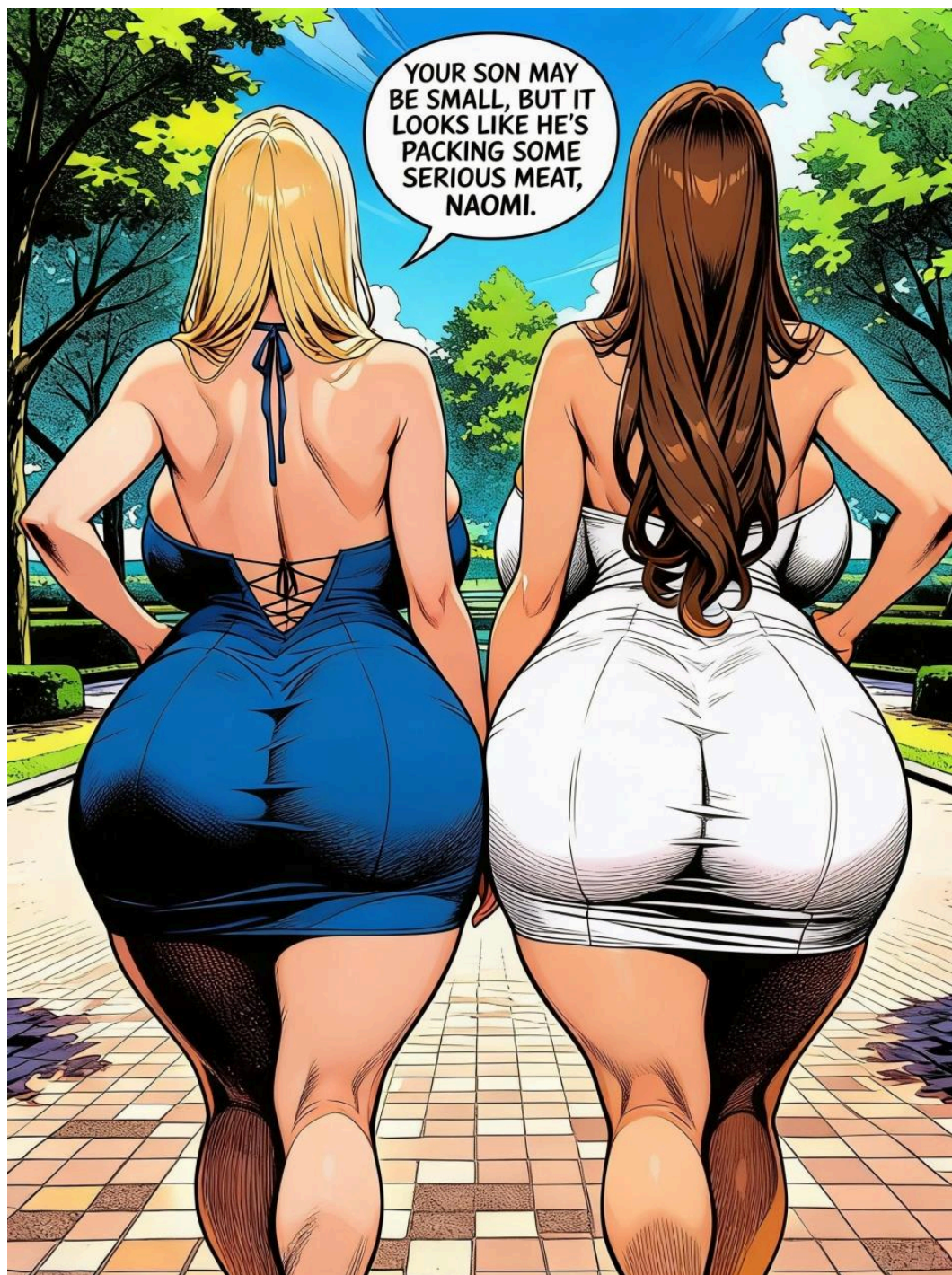
He shifted uncomfortably, unable to admit he had no fucking clue—had never caught a glimpse of her naked, always too chicken-shit to peek and stroke his virgin dick to the sight of her changing.

"Dunno, man," he muttered, shoulders hunching. "Never checked."

Jake grunted, squeezing his dick through his shorts, eyes glazed. "My mom's got these fucking HHs, areolas like fucking dinner plates, all pebbled and thick. Nipples like fucking thimbles, man. Just begging to be sucked and chewed on."

Donny gulped, wide-eyed. "You've seen your mom's...?"

"Yeah, caught her after a shower once. Towel slipped, tits out, nips leaking milk for my sister. Fucking jerked off for days thinking about it."



Tyler licked his lips, eyes locked on Naomi bending over the stroller, cleavage deep as a fucking canyon, ass cheeks playing peekaboo with the hem of her dress.

"Fuck yeah, bro. My mom's got these fucking double Js, areolas taking up almost the whole peak of her tits," Tyler stated. "Nipples thick as my fucking thumb. Lets 'em hang out when she's sunbathing. Last week, I saw her pinching 'em, milk squirting out like a fucking fountain. My dick was so hard it could've cut fucking glass.""

Jake leaned in, voice a filthy rasp. "Fuck, I bet your mom's areolas are fucking massive, man. Nipples fat and juicy, just fucking dripping for that baby. Imagine latching onto those fuckers, draining them dry while she bounces on your cock, your whole fucking torso just swallowed up in all that sweaty, soft tit-flesh."

Tyler groaned, eyes glued to Naomi's chest as she stood, tits swaying like fucking pendulums. "Fuck yeah, bro. Moms like that are fucking made for it. Built to take a fucking pounding and beg for more."

Donny's mouth went dry as he watched his friends openly ogling his mom. "How do you guys even...?" he started, voice cracking. "You know, see that stuff without getting busted?"

Jake smirked, adjusting his thickening cock with a grunt. "Easy, man. You gotta be fucking stealthy. Like, find the right spots in the house, where she can't see you but you can see her."

He licked his lips, eyes gleaming. "I've got this perfect angle in my mom's bathroom, through the crack in the door. She never knows I'm there, jerking off while she's soaping up her fat tits, water and suds sliding down that smooth skin."

Tyler leaned in, voice low and hungry. "Yeah, or when she's changing? Find a good hiding spot in the closet or something. My

mom's got this big-ass mirror in her bedroom. I can see everything from the closet— her peeling off her sweaty clothes, those massive jugs bouncing free. She never fucking knows I'm there beating my meat to her stripping down."

Jake nodded, eyes glazed with lust. "And never, ever fucking forget to clean up after you've shot off. Last thing you want is Mommy dearest finding your sticky cum splattered on her floor."

He chuckled, a dirty sound that sent a shiver down Donny's spine.

A filthy grin twisted Donny's lips, his cock thickening like a length of hot pipe in his shorts. With his dad and sister out of the picture, the house was his fucking oyster. Time to man up, grow a pair, and get an eyeful of Mom's succulent body every chance he could get.

Donny's gaze was locked onto Naomi's every move, his eyes glued to her flesh as she pushed that stroller alongside the other mom. Their bodies were a symphony of curves, hips swaying in a rhythm that was fucking hypnotic.

Naomi's ass was a fucking spectacle, cheeks jiggling and bouncing like fucking Jell-O under that painted-on tube dress. Each step in those fuck-me heels sent her ass cheeks undulating, the hem of her dress riding up, threatening to flash those smooth, sweaty undersides begging to be spread wide.

The other mom wasn't far behind in the ass department, her thick meat packed into her own sexy dress, rippling with each step.

"Fucking hell, Dynamo, check out that monster ass on your mom," Jake roared.

He grabbed his dick through his shorts, giving it a squeeze that made the thick shaft throb against his palm. "Those fucking glutes are goddamn gigantic—grade-A prime fucking rump, just begging to be mounted and ridden hard. I bet when she takes it from behind, those

cheeks clap together like a fucking thunderstorm, all that sweet ass meat jiggling and shaking."

Tyler's eyes zeroed in on Naomi's backside, his gaze locked onto the fabric of her dress as it stretched tight over her crack, hinting at the shadowy cleft beneath.

"Oh fuck yeah," he growled. "Imagine slamming into that juicy bitch from behind, her fat ass bouncing and rippling with every thrust. You can almost hear it—fucking *pow-pow-pow*—like raw flesh pounding against flesh. I'd split that thick booty wide open, fuck her asshole until she's screaming for more cock."

Jake nodded, thrusting his hips air-fucking the empty space. "Hell yeah, bet both those moms fuck like experienced porn stars. Bet they use those strong curvy bodies to throw their juicy asses back—slammin' down on dick like pros, milking every drop."

Donny's breath hitched, scrawny chest heaving, his timid virgin mind flooded with taboo flashes—his mom bent over the kitchen counter, her massive tits dragging the surface, ass up as he rammed his veiny beast into her sloppy folds.

He could almost feel her heat clenching him, her moans begging 'Fuck Mommy harder, baby.'

Guys like Jake and Tyler had probably plowed their moms already, but Donny? Still untouched, his huge cock a wasted weapon throbbing for family pussy.

"How was the park, sweetie?" Naomi asked, her voice a velvety purr as she twirled pasta around her fork at the dinner table, the baby knocked out cold upstairs.

"It was... fine," he managed to grunt, his cock still throbbing like a fucking kick drum, memories of Jake and Tyler's filthy-talk playing on a loop in his virgin brain—all those juicy details of his mom's monster tits and that thick, jiggling ass strolling through the park like fresh fuck-meat on display.

"Seemed like you boys were having quite the chat," Naomi said, her bare feet slipping out of her sexy stilettos under the table.

Donny's gaze dropped to her toes, painted red like whore's lips, arched and ready. His heart pounded like a fucking bassline as she smiled at him, all innocent, like she hadn't been flaunting her plump ass for every swinging dick in sight.

"Yeah, um...we were just talking about school and stuff," Donny lied.

Then it began. Naomi's bare foot brushing against his bony ankle, slow and deliberate. Donny froze, fork halfway to his mouth, marinara sauce dripping like blood from a wound.

Her toes flexed, tracing up his calf, electric shocks zapping under his shorts. He shifted, breath hitching, but she just kept chewing, eyes locked on his face like nothing was happening.

"How's school going? Any tests coming up?" she asked, her foot climbing higher, arch pressing against his knee, forcing his legs wider apart.

Donny's face burned, words stumbling out. "Y-yeah, Mom... uh, math quiz Wednesday..."

His eyes darted down quick—her red-painted toes wiggling against his inner knee, smooth heel grinding slow circles. Fuck, her foot was soft, warm from being on her feet, sliding bolder up his thigh.

Donny's horse-cock surged, veins bulging thick, the twelve-inch pillar thickening fast against his thigh. Pre-cum oozed fresh, soaking the

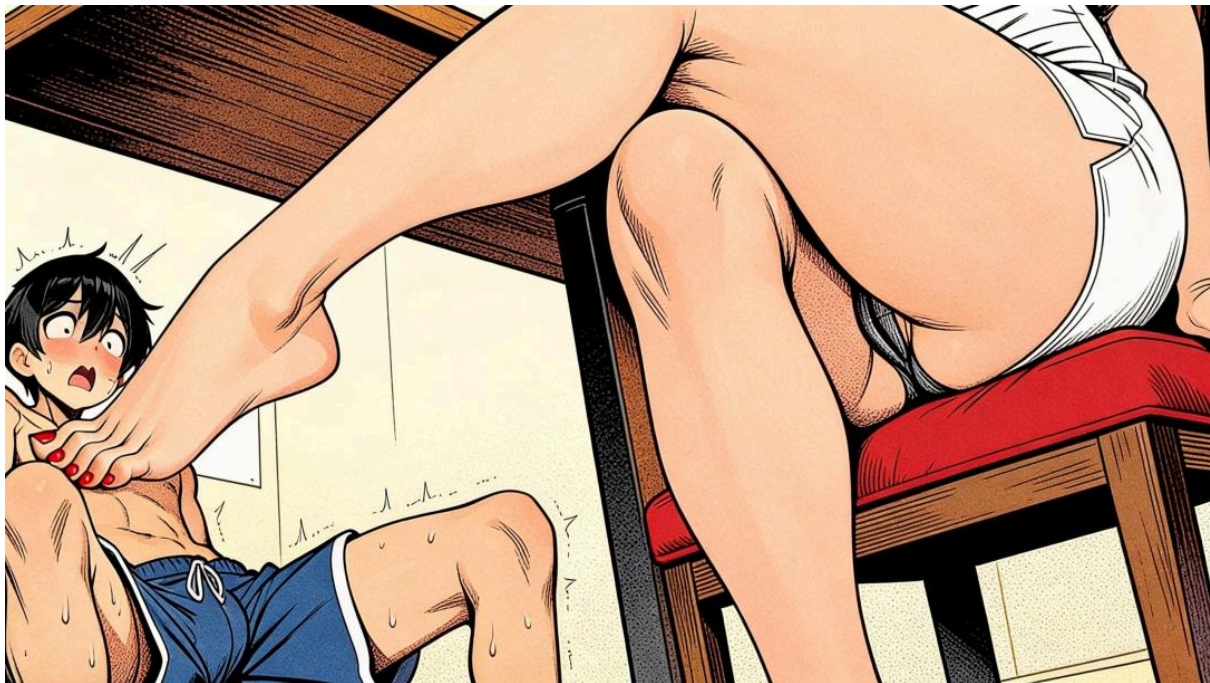
shorts in a spreading wet spot, knob swelling plum-fat and leaking from the meatus.

"You should probably do some studying today then," she softly suggested.

Donny nodded and gripped the table edge, knuckles white, trapped in the chair as her foot snaked dangerously close—big toe grazing the base of his balls through fabric, inches from the throbbing shaft.

"What about sports? You thinking of trying out this year? Basketball maybe, with those long arms?"

Naomi folded forward, her mammoth tits squashing against the table's edge, cleavage yawning like a fucking chasm, and the smell of warm milk punching him right in the sinuses.



Her gorgeous foot paid no mind to his sharp little inhales, her toes splaying wide and digging into his thigh like cats kneading a blanket. Her heel was bumping, actually fucking bumping and grazing against his sweaty, swollen ball-sack.

Donny was panting now, like a fucking dog in heat, all while trying to act normal as he stabbed at his pasta. His cock was throbbing, jerking like it had a mind of its own, veins pulsing and standing out like fat, blue worms along the meaty stalk.

"I-I dunno... m-maybe..." he stuttered, eyes flicking down, transfixed by the slow, dirty dance of her foot in his lap.

"Dinner taste ok , honey?" Naomi's voice dipped low, a sultry purr that dripped with fuck-me sweetness.

She lifted the fork, tangled with steaming spaghetti, the strands glossy and dripping. Donny's eyes flicked up from her taunting toes, breath catching hard as he watched her plump lips stretch wide, a fucking porn show in the middle of the dinner table.

Her tongue unfurled, a obscene slab of wet muscle, thick as a cock at the base and tapering to a flicking point made for sin. She flattened it, pressing a wriggling nest of pasta onto the glistening surface, and sucked it down without a single fucking chew.

Not a gag, not a hitch—just her throat working like a fucking piston, swallowing the load whole. Her lips smacked shut, shiny with sauce, and she smiled at him as if she knew— knew that his virgin cock was throbbing like a firehose, leaking rivers under the table.

Donny stared, mesmerized, fork forgotten in his limp hand. His scrawny chest heaved, heart pounding like a jackhammer, the kitchen thick with her pussy-musk now, sharp and wet under the sauce steam.

That tongue—shit, he pictured it wrapping his plum-knob, slurping his veiny pillar down that endless throat.

A fat drop of sauce broke free from her fork, splattering right onto her massive tit. Donny's eyes locked there, the red streak stark against her pale skin, nipple hard and poking like a fat eraser through

the tube dress. "M-Mom... y-you got... s-sauce... on your..." he stammered shy, voice cracking high.

Naomi let her gaze drop, a soft pink flush spreading across her cheeks, but her eyes glinted with mischief.

"Oh, dear," she murmured, her voice a thick, sultry purr. She cupped one heavy breast with both hands, the massive orb threatening to spill from her dress neckline, the dark edge of her areola peeking out.

The sauce shimmered on the creamy mound, and she lifted it higher, a slow, deliberate offering. Her head dipped, that wicked tongue unfurling once more—thick and powerful at the base, the tip curling with precision to catch the drip.

She licked long and flat, dragging up the curve of her breast, slurping the sauce with loud, wet smack. Droplets of milk beaded from her nipple beneath her bra-cup, blending their saltiness with the tang of tomato, a low moan vibrating in her throat as she relished the mix.

Donny's balls clenched, watching her tongue polish her own tit-flesh, lips sucking gentle at the skin to get every drop.

"Good thing my big ol' milk-swollen boobs are here to catch the sauce," she teased, eyes locked on his, holding the tit up longer, letting him drink in the jiggle, the wet shine. "Or I might've stained my dress... wouldn't want that, would we, honey?"

She released it slow, the breast slapping back heavy into the tube top, fat nipple diamond-hard now.

"Y-yeah... good catch, Mom," he rasped, voice wrecked, shoving pasta in his mouth to hide the groan.

Her warm toes trailed up his thigh before 'accidentally' bumping against his erection, a jolt of electric pleasure surging through him.

Donny's hips gave a little involuntary dance, his cock chasing the friction, hungry for more. But her foot slid away, leaving him throbbing, aching, as she lowered her feet back to the cool kitchen tiles.

"Let me know if you need help studying," Naomi offered as she began collecting their dishes, the clink of silverware against plates a harsh accompaniment to her son's unsated need.

Later, Donny's textbook lay open on his lap, but the words blurred into a meaningless haze. He could barely focus, his mind consumed by the image of his mom, her curves still encased in that fucking tube dress.

Naomi paused in his doorway, the scent of her—warm milk and sweet musk—invading his room.

"Baby's down," she murmured, her voice a low hum that vibrated through his bones. "I'm gonna shower and read. Don't stay up too late, sweetie."

His cock twitched at the thought of her naked, water sluicing over her heavy tits and thick thighs. With his dad and sister gone, the coast was clear. This was his fucking moment.

He slid off the bed, legs shaking like a goddamn virgin—which he was, but not if he could help it. The hallway stretched out before him, a gauntlet of creaking floorboards and whispered promises.

His parent's door was ajar, a tantalizing glimpse of their sanctum beckoning him closer. His heart pounded in his ears, a primal drumbeat urging him onward as he took those final, fateful steps and peered inside.

The bedroom was empty, but a trail of discarded clothing commanded his attention, a perverse breadcrumb trail leading to the bathroom. The tube dress lay crumpled on the floor, a puddle of fabric still warm from her body.

Next, a bra—a massive, cream-colored thing with lace trim, the cups big as dinner plates, and straps as thick as his wrist, reinforced to bear the weight of her enormous tits.

Beside it, thong panties—a tiny scrap of black lace that looked barely big enough to cover her pussy.

He heard the hiss of the shower, and his cock throbbed at the thought of her naked, water cascading over her curves.

Donny snuck in and reached for the bra, eager to inspect the tag, to see the truth in black and white like the guys at the park had gone on about. But the second he grabbed it—footsteps.

He dove under the king-sized bed, heart pounding, as his mom's sexy, pedicured feet padded into the room.

Naomi stood akimbo, a smirk playing on her lips as she surveyed the empty floor where her bra should have been. Her breasts hung heavy and naked, swaying gently like ripe fruit ready to drop from the vine.

They were enormous, veined melons, tipped with wide areolae, dark and pebbled with Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples stood erect, thick and rubbery, like the tips of unlit cigarillos.

She could almost feel the heat of the little body hidden beneath the bed, could practically smell the nervous sweat. She let out a low, knowing chuckle, and walked to the door.

Beneath the bed, Donny's heart thudded against the floorboards as he watched her pause at the bedroom door. She rose up on her tiptoes, calves taut and flexing. He heard the soft click of the lock—

the one far above his reach—sliding into place, sealing them in together.

Naomi's lips curved in a feline smile, humming a low, sultry tune as she sauntered back to the bathroom. Her heavy tits swayed like pendulums with each step, the movement hypnotic, their fullness begging to be grasped.

Her ass, a luscious peach, rolled beneath her smooth skin, each cheek jiggling slightly as it brushed against the other to either side of the shadowed cleft of her ass-crack. She stepped into the shower, the steam billowing out to embrace her like a lover.

"I'm busted," Donny thought, his heart sinking as he stared at the lock high above his head. That fucking lock, installed to keep out him and his sister when they were little, now kept him trapped inside his parent's room, since he was still too damn short to reach it.

Donny's eyes fell on the bra, a monument to titanic tits. The embroidered cream-colored fabric was stretched taut, warped by the sheer magnitude of the flesh it supported.

Delicate lace trimmed the edges, a futile attempt at elegance on something so brutally functional. The cups were colossal, each one easily big enough to smother his entire face—which they now did as he pressed it to his nose and mouth.

He inhaled deep, sucking in the scent of warm milk and musk, his cock grinding against the floorboards in desperate appreciation of her ripe aroma.

He flipped it over, his breath hitching as he read the tag: 40KK. A size that defied his comprehension.

Donny's panic spiked—under the bed was a death trap. Surely she'd discover him here.

He scrambled silent, dragging his twelve-inch beast across the floor, and popped out the far side of the bed frame. The bra dangled from his fist—he lunged to the trail, dropped it exactly where he'd found it, cups splayed obscene on the floor like empty tit-skins.

Donny pinched the delicate lace of her panties between trembling fingers, lifting them to his face. He pressed the black fabric to his nose, inhaling deep.

His eyes fluttered closed as her scent—musky, primal, thick with the tang of her arousal—flooded his senses. His body shuddered, legs nearly giving way as the raw, intimate smell of her cunt filled his lungs, his mind.

It was the scent of his origins, the place from which he'd once emerged, now transformed into something forbidden and intoxicating. A low whimper escaped his lips, the sound swallowed by the damp warmth of her panties still clinging to his face.

He edged toward the bathroom doorway, steam billowing out like a sultry invitation. His eyes widened at the sight of naked, glistening curves framed by the fogged-up glass.

The shower door did little to obscure the view of her massive breasts, their full weight shifting with each movement, soap suds cascading over the darkened rings of her areolas, huge and puckered. Her nipples, thick and erect, commanded his gaze, drawing it down to where her hands roamed over her soapy skin.

Donny gasped as his mom's massive tits squashed against the shower door, her areolas and thick nipples smearing like pancakes on the steam-slicked glass.

His cock throbbed beneath his shorts, swollen and hard to the point of bursting, as he watched the rivulets of water trace the contours of her body, every bob and sway of her flesh echoing in the pulsing heat between his legs.

The water shut off and Donny dropped the panties and bolted for the walk-in closet door, left cracked open, and slipped inside, bare feet slapping cold tile. He pressed flat against the back wall, chest heaving, sweat dripping cold down his ribs.

Surrounding him: a forest of hanging silk, satin, lace—mom's nightwear collection brushing his arms, his shoulders, his flushed neck. A pale-pink babydoll swung against his cheek, cool fabric kissing his jaw, and his cock responded violent, shaft flexing so hard it slammed his lower belly with an audible thwap.

"Oh fuck," he breathed, barely audible, biting his knuckle raw. Every brush of nylon and chiffon sent electric sparks down his spine, his virgin body overloaded with sensation.

A chemise grazed his nipple, and his cock lurched, pre-cum belching hot to soak through his sweats again, dripping down his thigh. The closet smelled like her—perfume, maternal pussy, laundry softener—thick and intoxicating, making his head swim.



Footsteps. Bare, wet, slapping closer.

Donny froze, breath locked, eyes straining through the open closet door, watching the bathroom door swing wide, steam billowing out like a cloud, and Naomi stepped into the bedroom.

His mom. Naked. Towel rubbing her wet hair, massive tits swinging free with the motion—KK-cup udders, just like the tag promised, heavy and milk-swollen, nipples fat and dark, pointing slightly downward from their weight. Areolas wide as grapefruit, crinkled and pebbled, brown-pink and begging to be sucked.

Donny's cock screamed, veins popping grotesque along the shaft, knob swelling purple and angry. He gripped his thigh, nails digging crescents, trying to strangle the tingle building in his nuts.

Her body glistened, water droplets rolling down the swell of her hips, catching in the crease where thigh met ass. She was thick, curved, a fertility goddess—wide birthing hips, soft belly pooching slight above her bare mound, thick thighs rubbing together as she moved.

Naomi dropped the towel on the bed, head turning slow, nostrils flaring. Her eyes swept the room—landed on the bra, perfectly placed back in the trail.

Then, her gaze moved to the closet door, cracked wider than she'd left it. A smirk curled her lips, wet and glistening.

"Clumsy, nervous boy," she murmured, voice low, amused, like she'd caught a puppy chewing shoes.

She didn't call out, didn't feign shock. Just smiled, knowing, and padded toward the closet.

Donny's breath hitched. She was coming. Naked mom, dripping wet, walking right toward his hiding spot. He pressed deeper into the silk, a nightgown's strap catching his throbbing cockhead, sending a shudder through his scrawny frame.

The door pushed open wider, light flooding in, and he saw her fully—no barriers, no fabric, just bare skin and curves. She stepped inside, humid air from her shower mixing with the closet's perfume.

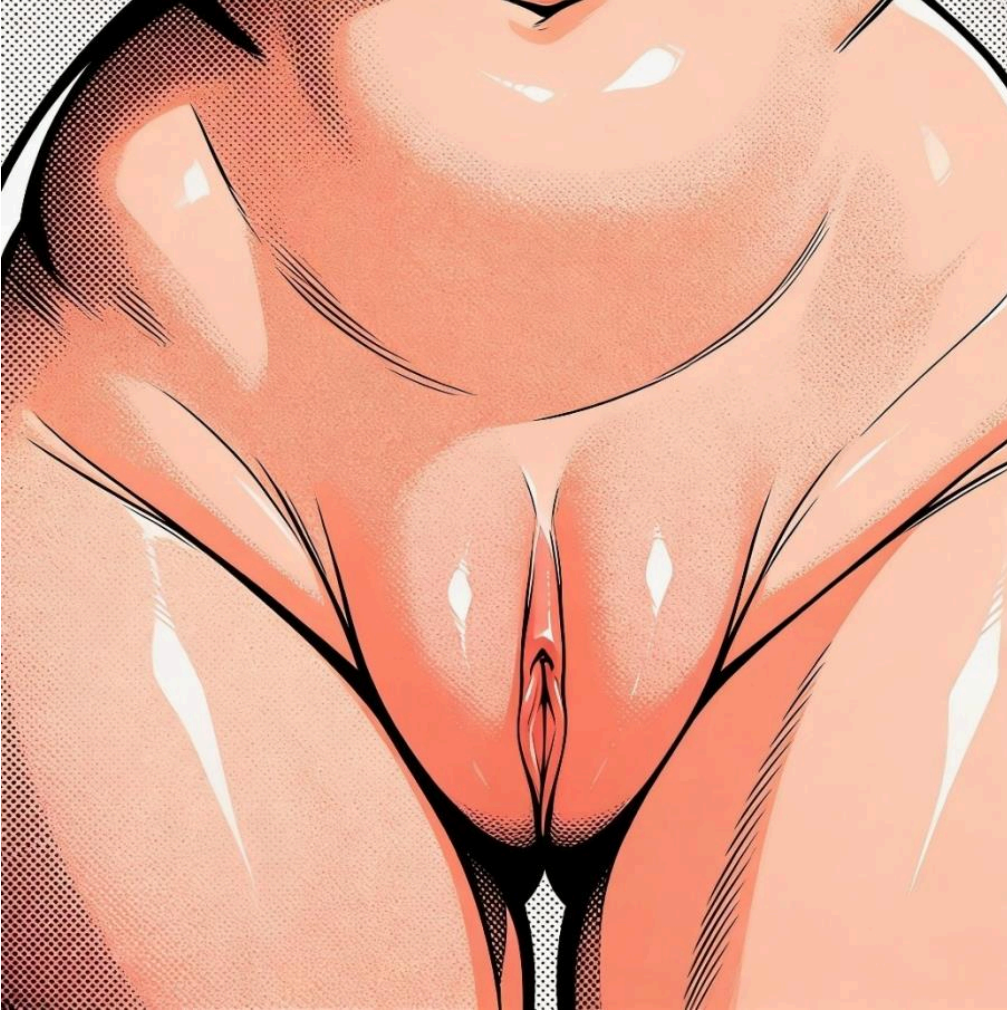
Naomi eyes scanned the hanging clothes, fingers trailing along hangers, pushing aside a red negligee to check deeper.

Donny stood paralyzed, visible if she looked left, his huge cock tenting his sweats obscenely, a wet stain spreading baseball-size at the tip.

She didn't turn. Didn't acknowledge him. Instead, she hummed, reaching for a hanger, and her hips shifted, turning slight—presenting her bare pussy not even an arm's length from his face.

Donny's knees buckled. He caught himself against the wall, eyes glued to her mound of Venus, meticulously waxed smooth, not a hair in sight. Thick outer lips plump and flushed, parted slight to reveal the fleshy hood of her clit, pink and swollen, poking out like a tiny tongue.

Her inner labia protruded, darker pink, glistening with moisture—shower water or arousal, he couldn't tell, but the scent hit him: raw, musky cunt, fresh and hot, making his mouth water.



She swayed, reaching higher for a nightgown on the top rack, and her pussy lips shifted, the hood retracting slight, cherry-sized clit peeking fuller.

Donny whimpered, biting his lip to stifle the sound, cock flexing so hard it slapped his stomach again. His balls churned, load building, virgin cum threatening to explode untouched.

Naomi paused, head tilting, like she'd heard something. Her hand lowered, resting on her hip, fingers inches from her bare mound. She didn't turn. Didn't expose him. Just let the moment stretch, her waxed pussy hovering there, dripping, waiting.

"Hmm," she purred, finally grabbing a pale-pink babydoll from the rack. "This one feels nice."

She pulled it off the hanger, turned, and walked out, leaving the closet door wide open behind her.

Donny sagged against the wall, chest heaving, cock pulsing agony, his mom's pussy-musk seared into his brain forever.

Naomi carried the pale-pink babydoll to the bed, her wet footprints fading on the wood floor. She laid it out with deliberate care, smoothing the silky fabric across the rumpled sheets, then retrieved a matching thong—barely a scrap of fabric, a wisp of pink lace—and placed it beside the babydoll.

Donny watched through the crack, his breath shallow, his cock a steel rod throbbing against his sweat-soaked shorts. She wasn't dressing. Instead, she turned to the corner of the room, opened a shoe rack, and selected a pair of clear-platform fuck-me heels, six inches of slutty elevation that made his balls tighten just looking at them.

She stepped into them one foot at a time, balancing with practiced ease, her thick thighs flexing, her ass-cheeks clenching and releasing as she adjusted her stance.

The heels transformed her posture instantly—calves tightening, ass lifting, tits jutting forward even more obscenely. She stood there a moment, naked except for the heels, her body a landscape of curves and soft flesh, then sauntered to her dressing table across the room.

Donny couldn't help himself. He leaned forward, pushing aside a hanging nightgown, his gaze peeking out. His hand found his cock, fingers wrapping around the shaft through his sweats, squeezing the thick, veined monster.

The closet door remained wide open— his gut twisting with a mix of terror and depraved hope. From this angle, he had a perfect view of

her backside: those thick, meaty buttocks, pale and round, set atop gorgeous legs now arched by the heels, her hamstrings taut, her calves sculpted.

Her ass was massive, wide-hipped, a shelf of rounded flesh that jiggled slightly with every step. She sat at the dressing table, but only briefly— then she stood, grabbed her hairbrush, and began working it through her long brunette mane.

Her back was to him, but even from behind, he could see the huge slope of her tits hanging down, swaying, wobbling heavily with every stroke of the brush. They were pendulous, heavy, milk-filled udders that defied gravity only by sheer volume, nipples pointing downward, dark and fat.

Naomi's eyes flicked to the mirror. Not her reflection—she was looking past it, toward the closet door. Toward him. A smirk curled her lips, subtle but unmistakable.

Donny's heart hammered against his ribs, his grip tightening on his cock, stroking slowly, unable to stop himself. Then she bent over. It was sudden, deliberate, obscene. She kept brushing her hair, but her torso folded forward at the waist, her massive tits flopping downward, swinging like heavy wrecking balls, nipples grazing the edge of the dressing table.

Her ass jutted out, those thick globes spreading apart, the crease between them deepening, and there it was—her asshole, a pretty pink ring nestled between her cheeks, crinkled and tight, winking at him as her muscles flexed with the motion of her arm.

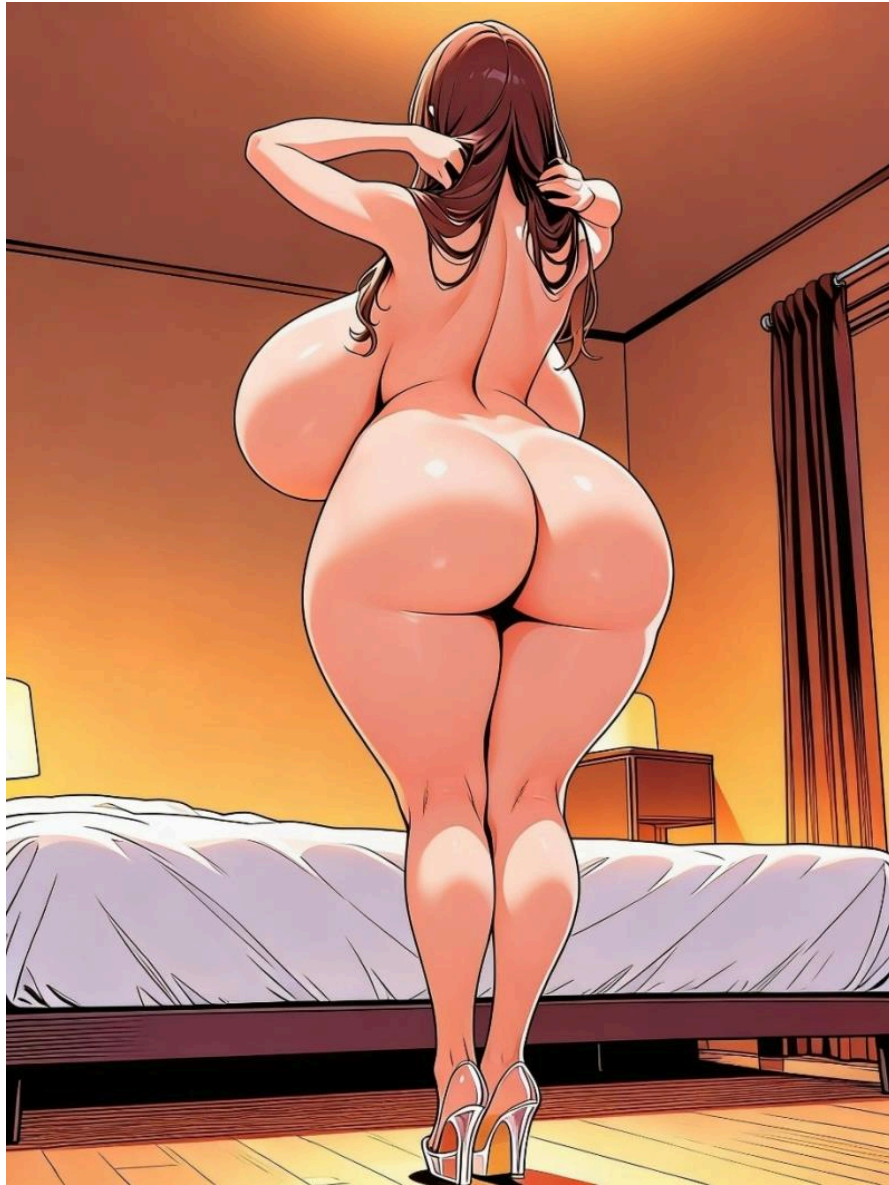
Donny's mouth fell open. His cock pulsed so hard he thought he'd cum right there, his balls drawing up tight against his body. Her asshole was perfect—lighter than the surrounding skin, slightly raised, a target begging for attention.

Her pussy lips were visible too, a clam-shell of labial flesh between her thighs, still glistening with moisture. The position spread her open completely, leaving nothing to the imagination, her most private holes on display for her son's voyeuristic gaze.

She switched hands with the brush, her body shifting, her ass-cheeks clenching and relaxing, the pink ring of her asshole flexing, winking again. It was like it knew his secret—like it was inviting him, mocking him, daring him to step out of the closet and bury his face between those thick cheeks.

Donny's hand moved faster on his cock, stroking through the fabric, his hips rocking slightly, his breath coming in ragged pants. He couldn't look away. Couldn't stop. The sight of his mom bent over, naked, heels on, asshole winking, tits flopping—it was too much.

"Mmm," she murmured, loud enough for him to hear, her voice thick with amusement. "This hair just won't cooperate."



She bent further, her back arching deeper, her ass spreading wider. Her asshole stretched slightly, the ring flattening, and Donny caught a glimpse of darker pink inside, a tiny glimpse of her inner tunnel.

Donny stayed frozen, hand clamped around his twelve-inch beast, eyes glued to his mom's winking asshole, his virgin body trembling on the edge of a precipice he couldn't retreat from.

Naomi turned sharply. Donny yanked himself back from the crack, his heart slamming into his throat. He stumbled deeper into the closet, pressing his small body against the back wall, burying himself behind hanging silk and lace.

His cock throbbed in his grip, still leaking, still rock-hard, the fat plum head pulsing against his palm. He held his breath, chest tight, praying she hadn't seen him.

Silence stretched through the bedroom. The click of her heels had stopped. No movement. No sound. Just the pounding of blood in his ears and the desperate ache in his balls.

Then—click, click, click. Her heels. Coming closer. Donny's hand clamped tighter around his twelve-inch shaft, his knuckles white, his whole body trembling.

The footsteps were slow, deliberate, each click on the hardwood sending a jolt of terror through him. She was coming toward the closet. Toward him.

He pressed himself flat against the wall, his scrawny frame dwarfed by the racks of nightgowns and dresses hanging in front of him. The soft fabrics brushed against his bare arms, his heaving chest, his twitching cock.

He could smell her—her perfume, her shampoo, the musky scent of her arousal—clinging to every garment.

The footsteps stopped near him. Donny squeezed his eyes shut. His heart was going to explode. She was going to pull the clothes aside, find him standing there with his massive erection in his hand, his shorts around his ankles, his face flushed with shame and lust. She was going to scream, call him a pervert, tell his father.

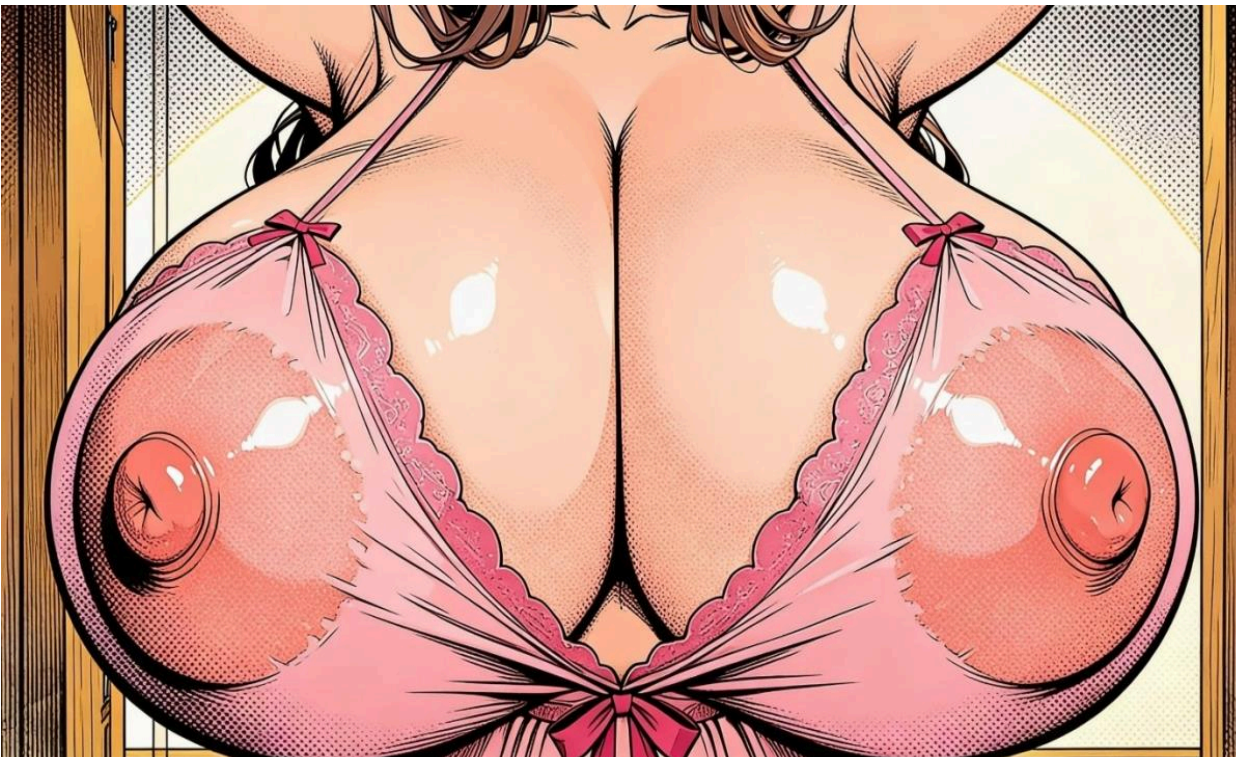
The clothes in front of him were pulled aside. Light flooded in. Donny flinched, his whole body tensing, his hand freezing mid-stroke on his

cock.

He waited for the yell, the slap, the look of disgust. Instead, he found himself staring directly at his mom's tits. She'd put on the babydoll. The pale-pink silk was sheer, clinging to her massive breasts, outlining every curve, every swell, every detail.

Her giant areolas were visible through the fabric—dark pink circles bigger than his hands, dotted with tiny bumps, the tubercles rising from the flesh like goosebumps.

Her nipples were thick, fat nubs pressing against the silk, hard and prominent, pointing straight at his face. They were inches away. Close enough to count every bump. Close enough to see the faint blue veins beneath the translucent skin of her breasts. Close enough to smell the warm, milky scent radiating from her cleavage.



Donny couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. His hand was still wrapped around his cock, his fingers frozen on the shaft, his thumb pressed against the throbbing vein running along the underside.

She hadn't looked down. She hadn't seen him. Her eyes were fixed on something above him, on a shelf he'd forgotten existed. How could she not see me? he thought, his brain short-circuiting. I'm right here. My dick is in my hand. I'm breathing like a fucking steam engine.

But she didn't look down. Her massive tits hovered in front of his face, swaying slightly with her breathing, the silk brushing against his nose. His cock twitched, another drop of pre-cum rolling down his shaft. His hand began to move again, almost involuntarily, stroking slowly, squeezing the thick, veined flesh.

"Where is that thing?" Naomi whispered to herself, her voice soft, frustrated.

She reached higher, her arm extending, her body pressing forward. Her tits mashed against the side of Donny's head. He nearly came right then. The soft, heavy flesh enveloped his face, the silk sliding across his cheek, the warmth of her breast pressing into his eye socket, his nose, his mouth.

He was buried in tit-flesh, drowning in it, his head trapped between her massive mammarys. The scent of her filled his nostrils—milk, perfume, arousal, woman.

His cock pulsed violently in his grip, his balls drawing up, his hips jerking forward. She shifted, reaching higher still, and her other breast swung forward, slapping against the other side of his face.

Now he was completely enclosed, his head sandwiched between her giant, silk-covered udders, her hard nipples dragging across his temples. He could feel the heat of her skin through the thin fabric, the softness of her flesh molding around his skull.

His hand moved faster on his cock, stroking the full length, his thumb rubbing over the sensitive ridge of the head. He couldn't help it. Couldn't stop. His mom's tits were wrapped around his face, her body pressed against his, her breath warm on the top of his head.

Every nerve in his body was firing, every muscle tensed, his virgin cock ready to explode.

"Mmm," she murmured, still reaching, her tits grinding against his face. "There it is."

She grabbed something from the shelf—a box, maybe, or a bag—and started to pull back. Donny held his breath, his hand freezing on his cock, his face still pressed into her cleavage.

For one endless moment, she lingered, her breasts still flattened against his head, her body warm and close. Then she stepped back, the clothes falling back into place, hiding him once more in the dark.

Donny stood there, shaking, his cock in his hand, his face wet with sweat, his heart pounding so hard he thought it might crack his ribs. He'd just had his face buried in his mom's tits. She'd pressed them against him, unknowingly, her giant nipples dragging across his skin. And she hadn't seen him.

Then Naomi bent over, right in front of him. Her ass came up, the thick cheeks spreading, the thong riding deep into her crack as she reached for something on the floor—a shoe, maybe, or a piece of clothing—and her ass pushed backward, through the gap in the hanging clothes, through the silk and lace, straight toward him.

Donny couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. Her massive ass was coming toward him, the flesh jiggling, the thong stretched tight. He tried to press himself further into the wall, but there was nowhere to go.

Her ass hit his cock. The soft, warm flesh engulfed his shaft, the thick cheeks pressing together, trapping his twelve inches between them

and his torso. The thong was the only thing separating his cock from her bare skin—a thin strip of fabric that did nothing to hide the heat radiating from her body.

His cock slid right into her crack, the plum head nestling against the thin string, the shaft buried between her cheeks. Donny bit his lip so hard he tasted blood.

A groan built in his throat, desperate to escape, but he clamped down, stifling it. His hands flew to his sides, pressing flat against the wall, his whole body rigid.

She didn't notice—or maybe she did. Naomi was still bent over, still going through the box she had pulled from the shelf, her ass pushed back, her cheeks wrapped around his cock.

The babydoll had ridden up completely now, bunching around her waist, exposing the full glory of her thick, juicy ass. The thong was nothing more than a string, disappearing between her cheeks, the fabric damp with her arousal.

Donny's cock throbbed between her cheeks. He could feel the heat of her, the softness of her flesh, the way her ass molded around his shaft. His pre-cum was leaking freely now, coating the thong, smearing along her crack, making everything slick and wet.

Then she moved. Her cheeks squeezed together. Donny's eyes went wide. Her ass clenched, the thick mounds pressing tight around his cock, the flesh molding around his shaft like a vice.

The pressure was incredible—soft and warm and tight, her ass crack gripping his meat. She released. Then squeezed again. A slow, rhythmic pulsing, her cheeks clenching and unclenching around his cock.

Donny's knees buckled. His hands flew to the wall, steadying himself, his fingers trying to dig into the drywall. He couldn't help it. His body

was moving on its own, his hips jerking forward, his cock sliding deeper between her cheeks.

The thong was soaked now—his pre-cum and her arousal mixing together, the fabric becoming translucent, molding to her pussy lips and asshole.

He could feel the heat of her cunt against the sinewy underside of his shaft, the slick moisture coating his cock, the way her labia spread slightly with each squeeze of her cheeks.

She was still bent over, still rummaging through the box, acting like nothing was happening. Like she couldn't feel his massive, teenage cock wedged between her ass cheeks. Like she couldn't feel the pre-cum smearing along her crack, the thong fabric grinding against her asshole and pussy.

Donny's hips moved on their own. A slow, involuntary thrust, his cock dragging up between her cheeks, the plum head sliding along her crack, the thong string pressing into her flesh. Then down again. Then up. A subtle fucking motion, his cock sliding through the valley of her ass.

His breath came in short, desperate pants. His cock throbbed, the veins pulsing, the head swelling, his balls drawing up tight against his body. He was fucking his mom's ass. Through her thong. In her closet. And she was acting like nothing was happening.



Donny's cock had a mind of its own. The massive, veined shaft flexed and pulsed, the fat plum head nudging insistently against the damp thong fabric. Then somehow—whether from the slick pre-cum coating everything or the way her cheeks squeezed and released—his cockhead slipped beneath the thong string.

The direct contact hit him like a lightning bolt. His bare knob pressed against the tight ring of her asshole, the wrinkled pink flesh kissing his glans like a tiny mouth.

Donny's breath caught in his throat. He could feel every ridge, every wrinkle, the heat of her body radiating against his most sensitive skin. His mom's ass continued its slow, rhythmic motion. Her cheeks squeezed together, dragging his cock down through the wet trench of her crack.

The underside of his shaft slid along the slick lips of her pussy, the heat from her inner tunnel scorching against his meat. She was soaked—the secretions oozing from her Skene's glands coated everything, mixing with his pre-cum, creating a slippery mess that let his cock glide effortlessly through her folds.

Donny's knees wobbled dangerously. His legs trembled, barely able to support his weight. The pleasure was overwhelming—his virgin cock buried in the hottest, softest, most forbidden place imaginable.

But her thick ass held him pinned against the closet wall, her body weight keeping him upright even as his muscles turned to jelly. She squeezed again. Her cheeks clenched tight, the flesh molding around his shaft, her asshole winking against his cockhead. Then released. Then squeezed. A slow, steady milking motion that dragged his cock up and down through her slick crack.

"Hmm, where is it?" Naomi murmured, her voice casual, conversational.

She leaned further into the box, her massive tits swinging heavily beneath the sheer babydoll. Donny watched those udders swing, mesmerized.

She was acting so normal. So oblivious. Like she didn't have her son's twelve-inch horse cock wedged between her ass cheeks. Like she

couldn't feel the fat knob pressing against her asshole. Like she didn't notice the copious pre-cum smearing all over her crack and pussy.

Donny clenched his teeth as she gave another squeeze—another slow drag. His cockhead caught on her asshole again, the tight ring nipping at his coronal ridge for a moment before releasing it. The sensation made stars burst behind his eyes.

His balls ached, heavy and full, desperate for release. He'd never felt anything like this. His hand didn't compare. His fevered fantasies didn't compare. Nothing prepared him for the reality of a woman's body—the heat, the wetness, the softness, the way her flesh seemed to welcome him, to grip him, to pull him deeper.

Naomi shifted her weight. Her ass cheeks spread slightly, then clamped back together, trapping his cock even tighter. The motion pulled his shaft down, the underside grinding against her soaked pussy lips.

He could feel her labia parting slightly, the slick inner flesh kissing his cock, the entrance to her cunt radiating heat like a furnace.

"Ah, here it is," she said, her voice bright with satisfaction. She pulled something from the box—barely visible from Donny's angle. But she didn't stand up. She stayed bent over, her ass still pressed against him, her cheeks still squeezing and releasing in that maddening rhythm.

Donny's hips moved involuntarily. A tiny thrust, his cock sliding up between her cheeks, the knob dragging across her asshole again. The tight ring seemed to pulse against his cockhead, a gentle squeezing sensation that made his breath catch.

He was leaking so much pre-cum. The clear fluid coated everything—her crack, her asshole, her pussy lips, the thong that was now stretched uselessly to the side.

The slippery mess made every movement smooth and slick, his cock gliding through her folds like a hot knife through butter. His mom hummed softly as she studied the object in her hand. Her tits continued their lazy swinging, the heavy mounds swaying beneath her.

Naomi seemed in no hurry to move, no hurry to stand up, no hurry to end this accidental—or not so accidental—contact.

Donny bit his lip, hard. He was trembling all over now, his body wound tight as a spring, his cock harder than it had ever been. The pleasure was building, coiling in his gut, his balls drawing up tight. He didn't know how much more he could take. He didn't know what would happen if he—

Her ass squeezed again. Harder this time. Longer. Her cheeks clamped around his shaft, the flesh molding around every vein, every ridge, the pressure exquisite. Donny's head snapped back, a tear trickling from his eye from the exquisite torture.

Naomi straightened her knees with agonizing slowness. Her thick ass rose, the cheeks separating gradually as she stood upright.

Donny's cock, still trapped in that slick valley, dragged upward with her movement. The fat plum head caught on her tight asshole one final time, the wrinkled ring kissing his bell-glans, almost sucking at it before slipping free.

Then the thong snapped. Donny's massive cock sprang free like a released spring. The twelve-inch shaft slapped upward, the heavy meat smacking against his stomach with an audible thwack.

The force of it made him grunt, his cockhead landing just below his sternum, the veiny shaft pulsing against his scrawny torso like a living thing.

Naomi didn't turn around. Didn't look back. She simply walked forward, her thick ass swaying with each step. The pale cheeks bounced and jiggled, the thong now barely covering anything, riding deep between her crack. Donny could see the wet spot on the thin fabric—the slick evidence of what had just happened smeared across the material.

Her heels clicked on the hardwood floor. Those pretty painted toes arched in the fuck-me pumps, the red polish gleaming under the closet light. Each step made her calves flex, her thighs ripple, her ass cheeks bounce in a hypnotic rhythm. She moved like a woman who knew exactly what she looked like. Like a woman who knew men watched.

Donny couldn't move. His cock wouldn't soften. If anything, watching her walk away made him harder—the way her ass waggled, the way her thick thighs rubbed together with each step, the way her massive tits swayed side to side beneath the sheer babydoll.

She held something in her hand—a pink object that caught the lamplight. Donny's eyes widened as she placed it on the bed with deliberate care. A vibrator. Not just any vibrator—it was thick, curved, the tip shaped like a fat cock-head, the shaft covered in raised veins and ridges. It had to be at least eight inches long, the pink silicone gleaming under the soft glow of the bedside lamp.

Naomi stood back, hands on her hips, and smirked down at the toy. "I'm gonna wear you the fuck out tonight," she said as if talking to the toy.

She ran her tongue across her lower lip, her eyes half-lidded, already thinking about what she was going to do with that thing. "I better go downstairs and get some water though, before I start playing," she said aloud, her voice low, husky, talking to herself. "Then I'll come back and lock myself in for the night."

Donny watched her turn, her thick ass cheeks swaying beneath the hem of the babydoll, the matching thong disappearing between her plump mounds. She walked to the door, her fuck-me heels clicking on the hardwood, each step making her tits bounce and jiggle beneath the silk.

She paused at the door, glancing back over her shoulder. For a moment, her eyes seemed to linger on the closet, her smirk deepening. Then she reached for the lock, twisted it, and pulled the door open.

Donny let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. His heart was pounding so hard he could feel it in his cock, each throb sending another drop of pre-cum rolling down his shaft.

He listened to her heels clicking down the hallway, the sound fading as she moved toward the stairs. He should go. Now. While she was downstairs. While he had the chance.

But his eyes were glued to the bed. To the vibrator lying there, pink and thick and waiting. His mind flooded with images—his mom lying back on that bed, her legs spread, her waxed pussy glistening as she pressed that fat cock-head against her slit.

He pictured her sliding it inside her, her back arching, her giant tits flopping as she fucked herself stupid with it. He imagined the wet sounds, the moans, the way her pussy would clench around that thick shaft.

His hand started moving on his own cock again, stroking slowly, his thumb rubbing over the sensitive ridge of the head. He thought about her grinding that vibrator against her clit, her thick thighs trembling, her nipples hard and peaked as she pinched them.

He imagined her cumming, her pussy spasming, her juices coating the pink silicone.

"Fuck," he whispered, his voice barely audible. He couldn't stay here. He knew he couldn't. If she came back and found him, if she realized he'd been watching, been jerking off in her closet while she pressed her tits against his face— But God, he wanted to.

He wanted to stay here all night, hidden in the dark, surrounded by her silk and lace and the musky scent of her arousal. He wanted to watch her fuck herself with that vibrator. He wanted to cum right here in her closet, his cock in his hand, her scent filling his lungs.

The sound of the kitchen faucet turning on drifted up through the floor vents. She was getting her water. She'd be back any minute. Donny forced himself to move. He tucked his massive cock back into his shorts, the fat head bulging against the thin fabric, the waistband barely holding it in place.

Donny slipped out into the hall, pulling the door shut behind him, careful not to make a sound. He stood there for a moment, his back against the wall, his chest heaving, his cock still rock-hard in his shorts.

He could still smell her on his face. Her tits. Her skin. Her sweat. He lifted a hand to his cheek, where her breast had pressed against him, and his fingers came away damp.

Downstairs, the faucet shut off. Donny bolted for his room, his heart pounding, his massive cock bouncing against his thigh with each step.

When he reached his bed, Donny plopped onto his back, his horse cock slapping against his stomach again, leaving a wet streak across his scrawny torso.

The smell hit him full force. Her pussy. Her arousal. That thick, heady musk of a turned-on woman. It rose from his cock, from his stomach, from the pre-cum still leaking from his swollen slit.

Donny inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring, and his cock jumped in response. His hand wrapped around the shaft. The grip barely circled half its girth. His fingers couldn't touch. That's how thick he was—a veiny column of flesh that no single hand could contain.

He groaned at his own touch, his hips already rolling, already searching for friction. "Fuck," he whimpered, his voice cracking. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

He started stroking. Fast. Frantic. His fist became a blur along the shaft, pumping from base to tip with desperate urgency. His tongue lolled from his mouth, hanging limp and wet, drool gathering at the corner of his lips.

He looked like a dog in heat—panting, sweating, completely overcome by animal need. His free hand clutched the sheets. His scrawny chest heaved with each ragged breath. The bed creaked beneath him as his hips thrust upward in perfect counterpoint to his strokes—down with the hand, up with the hips, fucking his fist like it was a hungry snatch. The rhythm was instinctive, primal, programmed into his very DNA.

Her ass. Her thick, juicy ass. *That slick crack squeezing my cock.*
Her asshole kissing my tip.

Donny's eyes rolled back. The images flooded his mind—Naomi bent over, her cheeks spread, that tight pink ring winking at him. Her massive tits swinging beneath the babydoll. Her painted toes in those fuck-me heels. The way she'd squeezed his cock with her ass, dragging him through that wet valley, acting like she didn't even know he was there.

"Mom," he groaned, the forbidden word slipping out. "Oh god, Mom."

His balls tightened against his body. They were huge—proportionate to his cock, heavy with the load they'd been carrying all day. He could

feel it building. That pressure. That surge beginning somewhere deep in his core.

The semen started its journey. Donny felt it—a molten rush surging through his reproductive tract, racing through the tubes with urgent demand.

The vas deferens contracted, propelling seed forward.

The prostate gland pulsed, adding its thick contribution to the mixture.

Seminal vesicles squeezed, flooding the channel with viscous fluid. Everything converged, everything compressed, the pressure building at the base of his cock like lava in a volcano ready to blow.

His hand pumped faster. His hips snapped upward. Sweat dripped from his forehead, pooling in the hollow of his throat.

"Gonna—gonna—" The first rope exploded from his piss-slit with violent force. It shot three feet into the air—a thick, white cable of cum that arced upward before splashing down across his chest.

The impact made him gasp. Before he could recover, the second rope erupted, even thicker than the first. This one nearly hitting his ceiling before painted his stomach, pooling in the ridges of his ribs.

"Oh fuck—oh FUCK," he snarled, hips bucking frantically.

Three. Four. Five. His ejaculation wouldn't stop. Each spasm of his cock launched another thick rope of semen into the air.

Donny's entire body convulsed with each eruption, his back arching off the bed, his scrawny muscles straining beneath his skin. His hand kept pumping, milking every drop from his aching shaft.

Six. Seven. Eight. The cum rained down on him—on his face, his chest, his stomach. It matted his pubic hair. It pooled in his belly

button. The sheets beneath him became a swamp of sticky white mess.

Nine. Ten. Eleven. Donny's moans had become wordless grunts, animal sounds torn from his throat by pure sensation. His tongue still hung from his mouth, now tasting his own seed as it splattered across his lips. Salty. Musky. Overwhelming.

Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. The final ropes dribbled from his cockhead, weaker now, oozing down his shaft and over his knuckles.

His hand slowed. His hips settled back onto the mattress. His chest heaved with exhausted breaths. Fourteen distinct ropes. He counted them in his head, amazed at his own output.

His cock, still slick with his own spend, continued to pulse and twitch against his stomach, defying the release it had just been given. The shaft, a thick, veiny pillar, remained steadfast, barely diminished despite the copious ropes of semen he'd spilled.

This was no ordinary young man; this was Donny Dynamo. Though small in stature, scrawny even, he was a beast in heat, hung like a stallion, built for one thing only: to satisfy, to fill, to bring women to the heights of sexual pleasure.

The ecstasy awaiting him within the slick, yielding folds of a woman's flesh were about to surpass even his most fevered fantasies.

