



Drive-In Mom – SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

"Kevin has a drive-in date tonight," Tess panted, shifting into a cobra stretch that arched her back and pushed her gigantic tits forward, the nipples hardening against the fabric.

Tess and June, both forty and in the prime of their womanhood, were deep into their morning yoga routine. They wore workout gear that was barely functional—skimpy, spandex booty shorts and sports bras that fought a losing battle against their proportions.

Every time Tess bent forward, her huge tits fought the flimsy spandex, threatening to pop right out. Her cleavage was a deep, wet-looking canyon of flesh that heaved and glistened with sweat, practically begging to be groped.

"A drive-in, huh? If he's smart, he's going to score some serious points tonight. He's probably gonna get some wet pussy before the first movie even starts." June giggled.

She was in a deep downward dog, her rounded, meaty bubble butt thrust high into the air, spilling from her barely-there workout shorts.

"I really hope so," Tess sighed. "Eighteen is too damn old to still be packing a dry dick."

"Fuck, remember all the hard cock we rode at the drive-in back in the day?" June groaned, her voice thick with memory. "All those hard, sweaty dicks stretching us out in the backseat before the movie even started."

"How could I forget," Tess smirked.

The two women had been the hottest girls in school—Tess with her stacked rack and June with her bubble butt—which meant they were never wanting for cock.

They'd taken turns on the biggest, hardest dicks at their high school: football players in the back of pickup trucks, baseball captains in empty classrooms, thick, throbbing teenage cocks that split them open and left them dripping.

Tess closed her eyes and imagined her son Kevin's cock, not as a boy's, but as a man's: a thick, sturdy hard-on, pulsing with youth and heat. She envisioned it as a battering ram, a vein-riven pillar of meat that could plunge deep into a girl's tight pussy without hesitation.

Tess could almost see the glans of his cock, imagining a prominent, sensitive coronal flare that would act like a plow. In her mind, she saw him driving that thick head into the corrugated walls of his date's pussy, carving into the sensitive folds and stretching her wide.

She imagined the sound of it—the wet, slapping noise of his balls hitting her ass, the guttural moans of the girl as he hammered her into the car seat, making her gush a torrent of cream all over his tender, young meat.

"You okay over there, Tess?" June asked, her voice dripping with a teasing, knowing tone.

Tess blinked, her face flushed and her own pussy throbbing with a sudden, unexpected ache.

"Sorry, I just... I really hope he fucks his date good," Tess whispered, her voice husky. "I hope he absolutely destroys her."

"What mother wouldn't pray her boy's first drive-in experience is with some sweet little slut who'll let him wreck her?" June said, licking her lips. "Kevin's got that shy, quiet thing going,

but I'd lay money he's got a cock like a railroad spike. Put him in the backseat with some wet pussy, and he'll turn into a fucking jackhammer."

That evening, Tess was curled up on the sofa next to her husband, the blue light of the television flickering across her silky skin.

Their son Kevin walked in, his shoulders slumped and his head hanging low. He didn't look at them, his gaze fixed on the floor as he made a beeline for the stairs.

The scrawny eighteen-year-old looked defeated, the aura of disappointment radiating off him in waves.

"Kevin? Honey, is everything okay?" Tess asked, sitting up. Her braless tits swayed heavily with the movement, the fabric of her loungewear straining. "I thought you had a big date tonight."

Kevin stopped at the foot of the stairs, his voice sounding hollow. "I thought so too," he muttered without turning around. "But she... she made other plans. Last minute."

Without another word, he disappeared upstairs, the sound of his bedroom door shutting echoing through the hallway.

Tess felt a surge of maternal pity, but it was quickly overtaken by a darker, more opportunistic thrill. The image of her son—frustrated, horny, and rejected—sent a spark of electricity straight to her clit. She looked at her husband, already snoring softly on the sofa, then toward the stairs.

A few minutes later, Tess padded down the hall on bare feet to Kevin's door. The thin fabric of her long-sleeve cami clung to her heavy tits, the deep V-neck dipping so low her dusky areolas nearly breached the lace trim.

Her matching micro-shorts were snug enough to show the puffy cleft between her thighs, the spandex stretched taut over the full, round swell of her ass—so tight the hem dug into the crease, exposing the lower curves of each cheek.

"Kevin?" she said, tapping lightly at the door, then pushing it open.

Kevin was sprawled across his bed, gaze fixed on the ceiling. When he rolled over and caught sight of his mom standing there, his eyes grew wide.

He drank in the sight: the way her colossal jugs strained against the thin cami, fabric stretched taut over her jutting nipples, every curve brazenly outlined. Just below, the provocative swell of her hips beckoned, the fabric clinging to her voluptuous frame.

The sheer visual feast only stoked his frustration further; he was starving sexually, and confronted with a banquet he could only admire from a distance, forbidden from even the smallest taste.

"So... your date ditched you, huh?" Tess asked, her voice a sultry purr.

She leaned against the door frame, intentionally arching her back to push her tit-meat forward and accentuating the spill of her ass.

"Yeah, unfortunately," Kevin uttered, his voice cracking slightly as he swallowed hard, his eyes glued to her succulent cleavage.

Tess drifted across the room with a ballerina's poise, her unfettered tits swaying in wild counterpoint beneath her top, bobbing and wobbling with each slow, sensual step.

The air thickened with her presence, the intimate heat of her skin and the heady wave of her perfume clinging to the close

confines. Every stride flexed her shimmering mommy-legs, long and sculpted, calves bunching with feline strength; her sexy feet with toenails perfectly painted, padded soft and confident over the wood floor.

"Well, it just so happens that I know a girl who might go out with you tonight," she stated.

Kevin blinked, confused and intrigued. "You do?"

"Yep," Tess replied, stepping closer until she was standing right over him, the heat from her body radiating toward him. "She's a little older than you, but I think you might enjoy her company."

"Who is she?" he asked.

Tess let out a soft, teasing giggle, reaching down to brush a lock of hair from his forehead. "Me, silly boy. Now... what time does our movie start?"

Kevin froze, his brain struggling to process the offer. "Mom, you... you don't have to feel sorry for me."

Tess's expression shifted, her gaze becoming commanding yet playful. She shifted her weight, her meaty ass jiggling provocatively under the micro-shorts. "Don't you tell me what I can or can't feel, young man. I asked you a question."

Kevin gulped, his gaze dropping once more to the deep valley of her chest dangling there in front of him. "It starts at eight," he whispered.

Tess glanced at her smartwatch and straightened up with a sudden burst of energy, her breasts bouncing violently under the thin fabric of the cami. "Then I better get ready, or we're gonna be late!"

"What about dad?" Kevin asked, a flicker of nervousness crossing his face.

Tess lingered in the doorway, twisting just enough to let the fabric of her shorts crawl higher, baring the shadowed valley where her ass split into two perfect, plump halves. The stretchy hem bit into the soft flesh, framing the forbidden cleft like a secret invitation.

"Your father has to be at the office early in the morning; he'll be off to bed soon. Besides, you're my date, remember?" she said with a teasing wink.

A short time later, Kevin stood rigid, still in his button-up and tie, a scrawny silhouette in the foyer as his mother descended the staircase

Her coral-colored tube dress was a second skin, strapless and unforgiving, hoisting her heavy tits up into a breathtaking shelf of cleavage that threatened to spill over with every step.

Her stilettos were slender instruments of elevation, arching her feet and lifting her until she towered over him, the sharp click of heels on wood marking her approach like a countdown.

Dan caught sight of his wife and couldn't help but grin. "Well, don't you look stunning," he said, admiration thick in his voice.

Tess leaned in, pulling her son's arm tight against the pillowy swell of her side, grinding the soft, heavy weight of her tit into his skinny bicep.

"Gotta impress my young date," she teased, eyes bright.

"Just have her back before midnight, son, or her father will start to worry," Dan joked, making their laughter tumble out.

Tess was quick with her comeback, her grip tightening possessively around her son's bicep. "We might not make that curfew, pops. It's a double feature, so don't wait up," she fired back, a wicked gleam in her eyes.

Dan just shook his head as he watched his wife and son sweep out the door together. "You two have a good time," he called after them, voice trailing behind as the night swallowed up their departing figures.

They stopped at the passenger side of her car. She cleared her throat, a soft sound that froze him mid-step as he moved toward the driver's side.

"Oh, um... sorry, Mom," he mumbled, scrambling to open her door like a proper gentleman.

Tess settled into the seat with deliberate slowness, the coral fabric hiking up her spread thighs to expose the damp white lace stretched taut across her swollen cunt. The thin material clung to every plump fold, leaving nothing to imagination.

She held the position, watching his Adam's apple bob as he stared, before finally drawing her other leg inside with theatrical grace. "You can close it now, baby."

As they drove to the movies on the outskirts of town, Kevin's eyes kept dropping to his mother's legs. He imagined the weight of them wrapped around his waist, those smooth maternal thighs squeezing him while he pounded into her like a fucking animal. The fantasy was so vivid he could almost feel her heels digging into his back.

"What's on your mind?" his mom asked, her voice syrup-thick.

"Nothing," he mumbled.

"Can't be nothing." She shifted in her seat, turning so her tits swelled against her folded arms, nipples stiff against the coral fabric. "Tell me."

"Just... how good you look," he forced out, knuckles white on the wheel.

Her smile was all perfect white teeth. "Know what I'm thinking?"

"What?"

"I'm thinking that stupid girl doesn't know what she's missing," Tess said as her gaze slid down to the thick, obscene outline of his cock straining against the cheap fabric of his slacks.

It was a hard, angry ridge of teenage lust, a vulgar tent pole of need that pulsed with every frantic beat of his heart. She could practically see the swollen head and thick shaft outlined in stark relief, a desperate promise of what was throbbing and aching just for her.

They rolled into the drive-in just before eight, tires crunching gravel. Tess's pointed toward the back corner of the lot where no other cars were.

"There's a really good spot right over there," she said, her voice low and certain. "Always look for the spots that'll give you and your date the most privacy possible."

Tess knew the spot from her younger years. This was the very corner where she'd let boys fumble with her bra, where she'd taken more than a few thick cocks in her mouth, and where she'd fucked raw in the backseat until the windows steamed over and her thighs shook.

Kevin steered them into the dark corner, the nearest car was a dim shape fifty yards off. He killed the ignition, hung the tinny speaker on the window frame, and the opening credits flickered to life.

"Want popcorn, Mom?" he asked awkwardly.

Tess shook her head, feet slipping out of her heels. "I'm ok, but if you're hungry, go get yourself some."

"Nah, I'm good," Kevin said, unable to look away as her huge tits swayed when she settled back against the seat

"Mind if your date gets a little closer?" Tess murmured, her voice a low hum in the dark.

He gave a tight, nervous shake of his head. His mother slid across the seat until her thigh pressed flush against his. The blanket rustled as she spread it over them both, then she curled into his side—her heavy, soft tits mashing against his ribcage, warm even through his shirt.

"Now put your arm around me," she whispered, breath hot against his neck.

His trembling arm came around her shoulders and she sank against him completely, those massive melons of hers flattening against his chest like squishy, warm bread dough.

She swung her legs up onto his lap, her bare calf deliberately grazing the hard bulge in his slacks. Her fingers traced the line of his throat, possessive and slow, while she watched him struggle to focus on the flickering screen.

"You've never taken a girl to a drive-in before, have you?" Tess smirked.

"No. Why?"

She giggled, low and wet and began to trace his abs through his shirt beneath the blanket. "Because nobody comes here for the movie, baby."

"Then... what do they come here for?"

Tess reached over and yanked the speaker off its hook. It clattered onto the gravel outside. The window hummed shut, sealing them in sudden silence.

"I guess Mom's gonna have to show you a thing or two about drive-in dating, isn't she?"

Kevin gulped nervously. "Sorry, I um..."

"Don't be sorry. Drive-in theaters, traditionally, are where a guy brings his date to fool around," the mother went on. "And odds are, if you're lucky, you'll get to test the shocks on your car before the credits roll."

Kevin cheeks blushed pink as he realized his mother was referring to fucking a girl stupid. "Did you go to drive-ins when you were my age?" he asked.

That drew a surprised little laugh from his mom. "Are you kidding me? I was out here nearly every weekend. Trust me, nobody's wracked up as much drive-in experience as your mother."

There was a pause, just long enough for Kevin to chew over whatever was on his mind. "What if I'm with a girl I don't really know? Like, hardly at all?"

Tess's answer was quick, dismissive. "Doesn't matter, sweetie. She'll know why you brought her here. So who's the bitch that ditched you tonight anyway?"

"Tami," he answered.

She pressed on, relentless, eyes narrowing. "Tami, huh? Is she pretty?"

"Yeah. She's really pretty."

Tess arched a brow, voice rising playfully. "As pretty as me?"

"Well, not quite that pretty," he admitted, a flush creeping up his neck.

"Good answer," Tess murmured, her outer thigh riding up slow against the iron bar of his cock. "Scoring points like that is a

key part of getting what you want from a drive-in date, remember that. "

"Alright," he breathed out, his dick twitching hard against the heavy warmth of her thigh.

"So... what's pretty about me?" Tess asked with a flattered grin.

"Well, I don't know...you're just beautiful, mom," he answered shyly.

"We've established that much, silly boy. What's beautiful about me?"

"Well, um...you have a pretty face..." he confessed, shyly studying her features.

Kevin couldn't help staring. His mom's dark brown hair fell loose around her shoulders, and her hazel eyes did this thing—half-lidded, gold-flecked, like she knew exactly what his cock was doing.

Her mouth was worse. Full, pillowy lips, the kind he'd only ever seen in the videos he jerked off to, lips that looked made for wrapping around a hard shaft and sucking it sloppy.

She was every MILF from every porn he'd ever drained himself to—fleshy, filthy, real—and she was sitting in his car with her thigh riding his dick.

"And?" his mom prodded, eyes glittering with expectation, like she could see right through him.

"You have a great body," he said, his eyes dropping to the deep, shadowed crack of her cleavage, that fat, soft shelf of tit flesh spilling out over the neckline of her dress, so much meat there it could swallow his whole head and still have room left over.

"Oh yeah?" Tess grinned, lips curling with pride. "And what, exactly, do you think is so great about my body? What are your favorite parts?"

He squirmed beneath her gaze. "I don't know... you have beautiful legs," he admitted, heat rising in his cheeks.

Tess slipped the covers off, her gorgeous legs draped carelessly over him. The way her skirt had ridden up left her strong, bare thighs completely exposed, smooth muscle rippling beneath flawless skin.

"So my boy likes these legs, hmm?" She arched a brow, watching him squirm beneath the weight of her attention.

"Yeah," he managed, swallowing hard.

"And what do you like about them?" she pressed.

"I don't know. They're just so strong and smooth looking," he said, voice barely more than a whisper.

Her lips parted in a slow smile. "They are smooth... Wanna feel for yourself?"

"Can I?" The breathlessness in his question betrayed his excitement, his hand twitching to reach out.

"I think you've earned it," she crooned, gaze never leaving his. "C'mere, give me your hand."

Tess took his hand and pressed his palm flat against the smooth, strong curve of her outer thigh. Then, she dragged their joined hands slowly up her inner leg, her skirt bunching higher, her eyes locked on his.

His thumb caught on the damp lace edge of her panties, and he could feel the hot, swollen flesh beneath.

"Do they feel as smooth as they look?" she breathed, her voice husky.

He just nodded, dumbstruck, his whole body trembling. She grinned, wicked and knowing, watching him come completely undone.

With feline indolence, Tess dragged the tips of her lacquered nails over the crest of Kevin's hand—a delicate scratch, feather-light and electrifying as static. And then her warmth vanished, leaving his hand stranded, palm pressed deep against the satin skin along her inner thigh, dangerously close to her pussy.

She watched him through lidded eyes, mouth curling—not quite a smile, something slyer. "So what else about your mother's body do you like?" she purred.

He swallowed, feeling the strain in his cock, swollen to agony by the lazy press of her thigh against the shaft. "Well... you have pretty feet," he managed.

Tess drew her feet from the seat with a dancer's poise, toes pointed and elegant, toenails lacquered a shimmering, blood-red so rich it seemed to glisten wetly.

"These feet?" Her tone was playful, girlish, though the look in her eyes was pure provocation.

"Uh-huh," he nodded.

With a sleek coil of motion, she bent her knee high at her side, almost feline in her flex. Her foot dove up, nuzzling against his cheek; the painted toes grazed him, leaving a heated trail along his jaw.

The effortless display of limberness dazzled him, left him blinking in mute awe as she flexed her foot against his skin, then eased her leg back down.

"You're racking up serious points with me, young man," she murmured. "Any other parts of me you feel like expressing your admiration for?"

His gaze dropped, helplessly magnetized to the deep, shadowed canyon of cleavage straining against the tight neckline of her top. She followed his look down, then brought her eyes back up to his, a slow, filthy smile spreading.

"I think we both know what part of me you like better than my legs and my feet," Tess purred. "Tell me. That little bitch Tami... does she have a decent pair of tits on her?"

"Yeah, they're... pretty big," he choked out.

Tess brought her forearms up and crossed them under her chest, pressing her massive tits together until they threatened to spill completely free of the spandex, the fabric groaning with the strain.

"But not like your mom's, are they?" she teased, rolling her thigh just enough to make his trapped cock jump violently against her.

"No way," he gasped. "Not even close."

"So my boy's a tit man," she purred, her voice thick and low. "You like girls with huge, hard-nippled boobies?"

"Yeah," Kevin blushed, finding it hard to keep his eyes off his mom's ballooning udders. "I love that."

"You didn't mention my ass," his mom teased, lips pursed in exaggerated pout, a cartoon-flirty tilt to her head as she eyed him over her shoulder.

Kevin felt a jolt of heat climb up his neck. Of course he hadn't forgotten that part—that rounded shelf of meat, always impossible to ignore in whatever she wore.

"I love your ass, mom," he blurted, surprised at how easily the confession slipped out.

She giggled, the sound airy and pleased. "Relax, baby. I'm just playing around. You don't have to keep laying it on so thick," she said, though the flush in her cheeks said she didn't mind.

Then her gaze narrowed, mischievous. "But maybe," she suggested, "it's time you started cashing in some of those points you've been racking up."

"Uh... ok," Kevin choked out, "but I should probably pee first."

"I guess I'll allow it," Tess teased as her son hopped out of the car and hustled toward the restrooms.

Kevin ducked into the tiled drive-in bathroom, scoping for a urinal. Another boy stood there, fly flopped open, hips angled with practiced casualness. Kevin almost didn't believe his eyes—it was Ian, from school.

"Hey, Ian, what's up?" Kevin ventured, not wanting to sound too chummy. They both stood, streams echoing in the drain.

"Hey, Kevin, not much," Ian replied. "Just draining my snake before I put it to good use, know what I mean?"

Kevin let out a snort, shaking his head with a half-smile. He didn't know a whole lot about Ian, except that the kid lived on the military base nearby with his folks, and rumor at school swirled with insane stories that him and his mom were screwing.

Someone once claimed Ian was, like, secretly married to his mother, but c'mon, who actually believed that kind of thing?

"I just scored some points too," Kevin admitted, unable to hide his own pride. "So I'm hoping to cash them in once I get back to the car."

Ian grinned, reaching out for a quick fist-bump. "Nice. Fuck her hard, man."

Ian zipped up, washed his hands, and left on a surge of energy, slapping the faucet handle and skittering out the door.

Kevin lingered a moment, zipping, washing, but suddenly burning with curiosity about just who Ian's date tonight might be. Could it be...?

After Kevin finished peeing, he began the trek back to their vehicle. He took a shortcut through a row of cars parked in a secluded, dark corner of the lot, far from the main aisles.

As he approached a familiar, tiny compact car, he stopped dead in his tracks. It was Ian's car, and it wasn't just parked—it was rocking violently on its suspension, the chassis swaying with a rhythmic, desperate force.

"Damn, Ian sure didn't waste any time," Kevin thought.

He felt a sudden, voyeuristic urge that overrode his hesitation. As he slowly began to pass the car, the silence of the night was shattered by a series of loud, wet gasps and guttural moans echoing from the interior.

Kevin paused, glancing around cautiously. The area was deserted, shrouded in deep shadows. His breath hitched as he crept closer to the rear window, which was cracked open just a fraction of an inch.

He leaned in, his eyes widening as he peered through the gap.

What he saw inside was pure, raw filth. A fat MILF ass slammed back onto Ian's thighs in a steady, greedy rhythm. Ian had his cock buried to the root in her, that hard, veiny shaft driving up into her soaking cunt with every brutal stroke—in so deep Kevin could see her pussy lips stretch around him each time he bottomed out.

The sound was filthy—wet, obscene slaps of skin on skin, and Kevin's own cock throbbed against his dress pants.

"Fuck me, bunny bo! Oh god, yes! Fuck your mother!" the woman squealed.

Kevin's jaw went slack. He could see her upper body now—a gut-punch of raw, vulgar abundance. Her huge, heavy tits swung like pendulums, slapping wetly against Ian's face and neck with every frantic bounce.

Below them, an obscenely swollen pregnant belly—round and taut as a overripe melon—smashed again and again into Ian's torso. The sheer meat of her was staggering; her flesh jiggled and rolled, a glistening spectacle of greed as she fucked herself down onto him like a starved animal.

The sight of a MILF of that magnitude being absolutely wrecked by her own son sent a surge of forbidden heat through Kevin.

"Maybe the rumors were true," Kevin thought, his mind racing as he slowly backed away from the window. *"Maybe Ian and his mom really are secretly married."*

He retreated quietly into the darkness, his breath coming in short, jagged gasps, the image of Brooke's bouncing tits and the sound of Ian's cock slamming into her pussy burned into his brain.

As he walked back toward his mother, the thought of the voluptuous woman waiting for him in the car suddenly felt even more electric.

Ian pulled the door open, but the front seats were empty.

"Back here, baby," his mother called, her voice low and warm, and he spotted her waiting in the backseat. He climbed in beside her without a second's delay.

The doors sealed with a soft thunk, shutting out the world. The darkness swallowed them whole—no prying eyes, no witnesses, just the two of them cocooned in the privacy of the car's belly.

"Feel better?" Tess's voice drifted through the blackness, honeyed and knowing.

Before he could answer, she was on him. Her massive tits crashed down against his skinny chest like soft, heavy weights, the coral fabric of her dress doing nothing to disguise their yielding warmth.

He could feel her excited heartbeat through them, a rapid thump that matched his own, and the fat, stiff points of her nipples digging into his ribs through his thin shirt.

She didn't give him time to think. Her mouth found his jaw first, pressing wet, open kisses along the edge of his stubble that made his toes curl against the floorboard.

Her tongue flicked out, tracing the line of his throat, and he let out a sound he didn't recognize—something broken and desperate, a whimper that seemed to come from somewhere deep in his chest.

"Mom," he gasped, but she was already moving lower, her lips dragging across his collarbone, her teeth grazing the tendon there with just enough pressure to make him arch beneath her.

Her colossal tits shifted with every movement, sloshing against his chest. She was everywhere—her mouth on his neck, her tits crushing him, her thighs straddling his narrow hips—and he couldn't do anything but squirm, his hips bucking helplessly upward, seeking friction against the heavy weight of her.

"Shh, shh," she breathed against his ear, her tongue tracing the shell of it, hot and wet. "Just let Mommy take care of you."

Her hands found his shoulders, pinning him to the seat, and she ground down against him. The ridge of his cock, still trapped in his dress pants, pressed up into the damp heat of her panties through the thin fabric of her skirt, and they both moaned at the contact.

She licked a slow, filthy stripe up the side of his neck, and he could smell her—something musky and primal that made his head spin. Her tits were supple and heavy, and he couldn't stop himself from arching up into them, seeking more of that soft, suffocating pressure.

"Good boy," she purred, and bit his earlobe just hard enough to make him yelp. "Get those shorts off."

She rose off him and her son fumbled with the button, eyes locked on her as she shimmied out of her tube dress in one slick motion.

Underneath, she wore a strapless bra that squeezed her tits into gigantic obscene mounds and tiny panties that were thin straps around her curvy hips.

"Move to the edge of the seat," she said, already guiding him by the hips.

Kevin slid forward, leather sticking to his skin, as she crowded next to him and pushed him back against the seat like a jockey preparing to saddle her steed.

"Lie back," she whispered, her gaze dropping to the thick outline of his cock straining against his briefs, a rigid teenage fuck-muscle, the fabric dark and damp where he was already leaking for her.

Kevin was slumped low in the backseat, as his mother straddled him, and her lush cunt ground down on the iron bar of his cock—only two thin scraps of fabric between them.

Tess tossed a blanket over their bodies and pinned him with her gaze, pupils blown wide.

"Still wanna watch that movie?" she smirked sarcastically.

"N-no, no way" he gasped.

She crushed her tits like soft, warm bread-dough against his chest, the embroidered lace of her bra abrading his skin like sandpaper. Her nipples were hard, rubbery nubs, digging into him as she dragged her lips up his throat, applying soft kisses until her breath was hot and wet against his ear.

"It clips in the back," she murmured. "Unhook me."

Kevin's fingers shook on the clasps. He'd never unhooked a bra before—certainly not one strapped to a woman with tits this fucking huge.

The four clasps finally popped and Tess's mom-tits burst loose, two heavy, swinging slabs of fat that dropped onto his chest and pinned him to the seat.

She ripped the bra out from between them and slammed her tits flat against his ribs, her cleavage burying him.

"See what scoring points gets you?" she purred, flicking her tongue along the shell of his ear.

For ten minutes Tess worked her mouth like a woman who knew exactly how to unravel a man—slow, wet, open-mouthed kisses up the line of his jaw, then a sharp little bite on his earlobe that made him hiss, her tongue dragging slow over the pulse in his throat until he was gasping and clawing at the seat.

His hips jerked up on their own, cock rutting against the soaked gusset of her thong. He could feel every ridge of her pussy through the thin fabric, feel how slick she was, her cunt drooling enough that the silk was plastered to her and dark with it.

The friction was so good it bordered on pain, his cockhead grinding against her clit with every dry hump until she swore under her breath.

Tess rolled her hips in slow, deliberate circles, grinding down onto him like she was trying to fuck through his briefs. Her juices soaked into the cotton, gluing it to his shaft.

Every drag of the wet fabric over his bare skin sent sparks up his spine; every throb of her swollen clit against him made him whimper like a kicked dog.

"M-mom... how do I, um... score more points?" he panted, voice muffled beneath the heap of covers and heat.

His cock, hard as steel, strained helplessly beneath Tess's hungry hips as she settled her sodden snatch right against his length.

Tess just smirked at him, her eyes glinting with wicked pride. "Silly boy—you know the answer to that by now. Flattery." She rolled her hips, grinding herself harder to his shaft, savoring the way he squirmed. "Flattery gets you all the points you want."

He could barely keep his thoughts straight, lost under the intoxicating pressure of her body and the thick, musky scent of her wet pussy trapped beneath the blanket.

"How many points... do I need to... you know?" The words tangled on his tongue, shame and need warring as the confession threatened to spill free.

Tess giggled at his struggle, voice low and deliciously teasing. "No, I don't know," she purred, her hand traveling slow down his chest, nails scratching lightly at his skin. "Tell me what you mean."

She angled her hips, pushing her slick heat right up against the hard line of his cock. "Say it."

His face flushed, the admission barely making it out: "To... have..." The implication hung heavy, but Tess refused to let it dangle.

"Sex with me?" she finished, eyebrow cocked high, a challenge in her expression as she bore down on him.

"Yes," he gasped.

"Well, tonight, I might be your date... but I'm still your mother," she whispered, voice trembling with forbidden delight.

She rocked sinuously, trapping his cock against her, teasing him with slick little glides. "For a teenaged boy to fuck his married mom?" Tess paused theatrically, biting her lower lip as if scandalized, even as her body never stopped grinding and tempting him from beneath the blanket. "That'll cost you—a hell of a lot of points. You sure you're ready to pay that price?"

"I'll do anything. I'll say anything. Whatever you want," Kevin panted, barely getting the words out.

"Anything? You're sure?!" Her mouth curled in a wicked little grin.

"Positive." He didn't even hesitate.

She ground down harder, her sodden panties dragging wet friction along his shaft, and he could feel the heat of her cunt radiating through the thin cotton like a furnace.

"Such a desperate little thing," she breathed, her tongue tracing the hollow beneath his ear. "Look at you, squirming and whining, ready to promise the world just to get inside some pussy."

Her hips rolled in slow, devastating circles, each rotation pressing her swollen clit against the ridge of his cock. The blanket trapped their heat, turning the space beneath into a

humid cave of sweat and sex, her perfume thick enough to taste.

"Tell me," she whispered, her teeth grazing his jaw. "Tell me how bad you want it, baby."

"I want it so bad," he gasped, his hands finding her waist and gripping hard enough to leave marks. "Please, Mom, I need—"

"Need what?" she interrupted, her voice dripping with mock innocence. She pulled back just enough to him a glorious view of her giant udders, nipple protruding stiffly from wide rings of areola. "Need to suck on these big mommy tits? Need to wrap your mouth around them and nurse like a hungry little baby?"

She didn't wait for an answer. Tess lowered herself again, crushing those soft, heavy masses against his face, smothering him in warm flesh. He opened his mouth instinctively, found a nipple and sucked hard enough to make her moan.

"That's it," she purred, rocking her hips faster now, grinding her cunt against his trapped cock with purpose. "Suck it good. Show me how much you love Mommy's fat titties."

He couldn't breathe, didn't care, lost in the soft, heavy meat of her tit, her areola stretching as he drew her teat deep into his mouth. His mother's hand snaked between them, found his cock through his briefs, and squeezed.

"And this," she continued, her voice dropping to a filthy whisper. "This hard, fat dick, aching and leaking, ready to explode. You wanna bury it in some tight, wet pussy, don't you? Want to feel those walls clamp down on you, feel a woman milk you dry?"

"Yes," he managed, the word muffled against her tit. "Yes, please, I—"

"Please what?" She released his cock and grabbed his chin, forcing his face up to meet her eyes. "Say it properly. Tell Mommy exactly what you want to do to her."

"I wanna... wanna fuck you," he whispered, and the words felt like a confession and a prayer all at once.

Tess's smile widened, slow and satisfied. "Good boy," she murmured, and her hips stilled just long enough to let him feel the loss of friction, the absence of her heat. "Now let's see if you can score enough points to earn it all."

She shifted her position, lying back across seat, her tits rolling as her body sprawled in the cramped space. With a slow, deliberate motion, she drew her knees back, spreading them wide in a provocative splay.

Her feet hovered seductively in the air, her toes curling as she looked down at her son with a gaze full of raw, maternal lust.

"Get down on the floorboard, baby" she commanded, her voice a low, sultry purr.

Kevin obeyed instantly, his heart hammering against his ribs. He sank down into the footwell, his eyes locked onto the center of her universe.

From this angle, the view was devastating. The thin lace of her panties was stretched across her vulva, creating a deep, prominent cameltoe that teased the shape of her soaking wet slit.

The fat, rounded cheeks of her bubble butt spilled out from the sides of the fabric, resting heavily against the leather seat, shimmering with a fine sheen of sweat.

Tess looked down at him, a playful, wicked smirk crossing her lips. She knew exactly what he was looking at; she could feel the intensity of his stare on her crotch.

"You look so hungry, baby," she whispered, her voice dripping with honey. "Tell you what. If you can manage to score enough points tonight—if you can prove you're a real man—I'll come back on top of you. But next time, we won't be wearing a single stitch of clothing. I'll let you feel every inch of me, skin to skin, cock to pussy."

Kevin couldn't speak; he could only stare, mesmerized by the sight of her wide-open posture and the way her heavy breasts rose and fell with her breathing.

The image of Brooke and Ian flashed in his mind, fueling a desperate, forbidden urge.

Tess shifted her hips slightly, grinding her crotch toward him, the lace of her panties straining against her swollen clit. "But first," she breathed, her eyes locking onto his, "I want you to tell me how I smell. Get closer, baby. Smell my cunt."

He didn't hesitate for a second, leaning forward and burying his face directly into the damp lace of her panties. The scent hit him like a tidal wave—a heady, musk-filled aroma of female arousal—the sweet, salty tang of her juices.

"That's it, sweetie. Take your time. I want you to get a really good whiff," Tess purred.

Kevin obeyed, pressing his face deeper into the white lace, his nostrils flaring as he drank in the scent. The smell was intoxicating, a raw, pungent cocktail of female musk and concentrated arousal that made his head spin.

Tess pressed the toes of one foot firmly under his chin and lifting his head with a slow, commanding pressure. Kevin was forced to look up, his eyes locking onto hers.

"So... what do you think?" she asked, her voice a low, teasing challenge.

"It's amazing," Kevin replied, his breath still coming in ragged gasps from the intensity of the smell.

"Bet you've never smelt it that strong before," his mother whispered, her tone dripping with maternal mischief.

Kevin shook his head, a dazed smile mirroring hers, his mind completely captured by her dominance.

Tess lifted her heavy, meaty bubble butt slightly off the leather seat, creating a small gap that invited him further in. "Reach under and grab the waistband," she commanded, her voice leaving no room for hesitation. "It's time to take my panties off."

Kevin's hands trembled as he reached up, his fingers brushing against the scorching heat of her inner thighs. He gripped the thin lace of the waistband and, in one fluid motion, slid the panties down.

The fabric glided effortlessly over her silky, sexy legs, revealing the full, glistening glory of her pussy. Her folds were plump and swollen, dripping with a translucent nectar that shimmered in the dim light of the car.

Tess kicked the lace away with a flick of her ankle, but before Kevin could lean in to worship her naked slit, she snatched the panties back from the floor.

She sat up in the seat, swinging boobs bumping his chest, and before he could react, she placed the damp crotch of the silk directly against his nose. "Sniff!" she ordered sharply.

Kevin found himself once again engulfed in her sex fumes, but this time it was concentrated, the fabric acting as a sponge for her juices. He inhaled deeply, the scent of her pussy-juice now an overwhelming force that filled his lungs and clouded his judgment.

"That's it, sweet baby, breathe it in," she cooed, her voice softening even as her grip remained firm.

As he continued to inhale, Kevin felt her fingers guide the moist, silk crotch between his lips. "Now taste. I want you to suck on the crotch," she whispered.

Kevin didn't need to be told twice. He opened his mouth and sucked the silk deep into his maw, his tongue swirling against the fabric to extract every drop of his mother's essence.

The taste was sharp, salty, and intensely feminine—the raw flavor of her arousal. As he sucked greedily, Tess slid her bare foot from the floorboard and pressed it against the hard line of his cock straining through his briefs.

She traced the entire length of him with deliberate slowness, from the base to the swollen tip, her big toe circling the wet spot where his pre-cum had already soaked through the cotton. Then she dug that toe right into the sensitive ridge beneath his glans, applying just enough pressure to make his hips jerk.

"That's it. Suck out all the juice for me," she whispered, her voice trembling slightly with her own rising lust.

Kevin worked the fabric with a desperate hunger, tasting the concentrated musk of her pussy until the silk was nearly dry.

Finally, Tess pulled the panties from his mouth and tossed them carelessly onto the floorboard.

"Did you like that?" she asked, her eyes scanning his flushed face.

"You taste delicious," Kevin answered, his voice thick with desire, his gaze drifting back to the dripping, wide-open pussy that awaited him.

Tess smiled, her expression softening into a look of maternal pride mixed with raw, carnal mischief. "There you go, scoring more points again," she teased.

His entire world had narrowed down to the sight of her naked, glistening center. His gaze drifted instinctively, locking onto the plump, wet folds of her vulva that were still shimmering with arousal.

"Something down there you wanna lick?" she asked, her tone challenging and playful.

Kevin felt his face flush a deep crimson. He gave a timid, hesitant nod, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

"What? What do you wanna lick?" she asked, leaning back. She loved seeing him squirm, loved the way his youthful innocence clashed with the filthiness of the situation.

"Your... you know..." Kevin stammered, his voice barely a whisper.

"No, I don't know. Tell me. Tell mommy exactly what you want to lick," she persisted.

"Your vagina," he finally blurted out, the clinical word sounding absurdly out of place in the heat of the moment.

Tess let out a melodic giggle, the sound echoing in the quiet car. She shook her head, her giant tits wobbling with the motion. "Vagina? How formal," she mocked gently. "You mean my pussy, don't you?"

"Yeah," Kevin breathed.

Suddenly, Tess shifted her tone, her voice transitioning into a mock-serious, "proper mom" mode that only served to make the tension more erotic. "I thought a little boy wasn't supposed to see his mommy's pussy," she said, tilting her head with a fake look of concern.

Kevin shrugged his shoulders, his desire overriding any lingering sense of taboo.

Tess just giggled again, the sound turning into a low, hungry moan as she felt the heat radiating from him. "A mommy pussy isn't like those young high school girl pussies you know," she stated, her voice becoming thick with lust. "A mommy pussy is thick and greedy. It's a mature pussy, baby. It's had lots and lots of experience. It knows exactly how to take a cock, how to squeeze and fuck. Boys your age don't get to see those types of pussies very often."

"I know," he whispered, completely mesmerized by the description.

"Bring your head down here, close to the seat," she commanded.

Tess reclined fully into the leather seat, her spine curving as she kicked her sex, naked legs back as far as they could go. She spread her thighs wide, exposing every inch of her intimate anatomy to the dim light.

With a deliberate, provocative motion, she thrust her muff upward, pushing her juicy, swollen pussy just inches from Kevin's face.

He could see everything now in vivid, agonizing detail. Her fleshy labial lips were engorged and deep pink, glistening with a thick layer of translucent nectar. Right in the center, her fat, sensitive clit peeked out from beneath its fleshy hood, pulsing with every beat of her heart.

The scent hit him again—a concentrated blast of mature, female musk that smelled of salt, honey, and pure, unadulterated lust. He could see the way her pussy twitched, the greedy opening practically begging for his tongue to dive inside.

Tess watched his reaction, a slow smile curling her lips as a quiet pride lit her face. "You must have questions. This is new territory for you," his mother murmured, her voice a throaty purr.

"How... how deep is that hole?" Kevin blurted, gaze pinned to the dewy length of her slit.

Tess dipped her hand down, brushing a finger along the plump seam. "It's about four inches back to the head of my cervix, but it can expand for sex—and for childbirth," she answered, arching her back so the pink folds flexed, gleaming gently in the light.

"What's a cervix?" her son asked, unable to tear his eyes away from the way her fingers traced teasing circles around her opening.

"It's a fleshy barrier, separating my sex tunnel from the chamber where my eggs are made. When a man cums, his hot sperm swims through the cervix and tries to fuck one of a woman's eggs—to get her pregnant," Tess explained, her

explanation punctuated by a slow, lazy curl of her toes. "That's how I got my beautiful baby boy. You."

"So... that's where I was for nine months? Just beyond your cervix?" Kevin asked, picturing himself nestled somewhere deep inside her, locked away in her body.

"Well, kind of. When the sperm and egg became you, you attached yourself to the wall of my uterus. Then I grew a womb-sack around you to keep you warm and safe while you developed inside me," Tess explained, her words honey-smooth and precise.

A beat passed—Kevin's mind conjuring up the memory of Ian's pregnant mother, the outline of her huge, baby-packed belly through a car window, her wide birthing hips grinding in need.

"Do moms like to have sex when they're pregnant?" he asked, voice uncertain, curiosity burning.

"We love it. In fact, with all the hormones, most women need to be fucked even more when they're pregnant than when they're not," Tess replied, brushing her fingertips in slow, teasing arcs across her slick lips.

"Does dad like it?" Kevin pressed.

She snorted, eyes glinting with mischief. "Are you kidding? Most men would kill for the chance to fuck a pregnant woman... Tell you what: if Mom ever gets pregnant again, we'll wait until I'm about eight or nine months along, then we'll have another one of these drive-in dates. How's that?" she teased, her promise shimmering in the sultry air between them.

Tess let her fingers drift down to the apex of her sex. With two delicate digits, she peeled back the thick hood of her clitoris, revealing the swollen nub beneath—shiny and grape-sized, pulsing visibly with her heartbeat.

"Look, baby," she whispered, her voice low and thick. "See that? That's Mommy's clit. That's the little button that makes me scream."

Kevin stared, transfixed by the sight of it, glistening and erect, just like the glans of a cock between her slick folds.

"It's the most sensitive part of a woman," Tess continued, her fingers circling the exposed bud with feather-light touches that made her breath hitch. "When a man licks it just right, sucks on it, teases it with his tongue..." She shuddered, her hips rolling involuntarily. "It makes me cum harder than anything. Harder than fingers, harder than cock."

She lifted her gaze to his, eyes heavy-lidded and burning with need. "Would you like to score more points and make your mother cum, baby?"

Kevin nodded frantically, his tongue darting out to wet his lips.

"Then get down there," she purred, shifting forward to bring her sex closer to his face. She guided him with a hand on the back of his head, fingers threading through his hair, not pushing but directing. "Start slow. Flat tongue, broad strokes. Don't go straight for the clit—tease me first."

Kevin lowered himself between her thighs, the scent of her musk flooding his nostrils—thick and intoxicating, the smell of mature, aroused woman. He pressed his tongue against her slit, dragging upward in a long, unhurried lap that collected her cream on his tongue. She tasted salty-sweet, complex, utterly unlike anything he'd imagined.

"Good boy," Tess breathed, her thighs trembling around his ears. "Now focus on the area around it. The inner lips, the entrance... build me up."

Kevin followed her instructions, lapping at her folds with increasing confidence, watching how her stomach muscles fluttered and clenched with each stroke.

He circled her opening with the tip of his tongue, feeling it pulse and flex against him, then dragged upward to flick lightly at the base of her exposed clit.

"Fuck," Tess gasped, her hand tightening in his hair. "There. Right there. Now flatten your tongue and press—press hard."

He did as she said, covering her clit with the broad surface of his tongue and bearing down with steady pressure. Tess cried out, her hips bucking against his mouth, grinding herself onto his face with shameless need.

"Now suck," she panted. "Gentle at first—like you're sucking a nipple."

Kevin drew her clit between his lips, applying soft suction that made her wail, her legs scissoring around his shoulders. He alternated between sucking and lapping, finding a rhythm that had her clawing at the seat, her heels digging into his back.

"Don't stop—don't you dare fucking stop," she moaned, her voice breaking. "Flick it now, baby, flick it fast while you suck."

He combined the motions, fluttering his tongue against her hypersensitive bud while maintaining the gentle suction, and Tess came apart above him—her spine arching, her tits heaving wildly, her cunt gushing fresh cream onto his chin as she screamed his name into the darkened car.

"Kevin—fuck, Kevin, yes, just like that, eat Mommy's pussy, make me cum again—"

He didn't stop, couldn't stop, drunk on the power of making her shatter, on the taste of her release flooding his mouth. She ground against his face with abandon, using him, teaching him with every gasped instruction until she was wrung out and

trembling, pulling him up by the hair to crush her mouth against his, tasting herself on his lips.

"You're earning some serious motherfucking points with me," she whispered against his mouth, breathless and grinning.

"What do you want, baby?"

"Can I... can I suck your boobs?" The question tumbled out, raw and needy.

Tess giggled, a low, throaty sound that vibrated through her chest and made her tits sway slightly. "Come suck Mommy's titties, baby."

She used her legs to pull him up, her strong thighs guiding him forward until he sprawled across her body, His face sank against her right tit, the soft weight of it pillowing his cheek, and he opened his mouth wide.

The nipple filled his mouth, fat and firm, and he sucked instinctively—hard, greedy pulls that made Tess moan and arch beneath him. He felt like a newborn, starved and frantic, his tongue circling the swollen nub as he drew more of her breast-meat into his mouth.

"That's it," she breathed, her fingers threading through his hair to cradle his head, holding him there. "Suck Mommy's milkers just like that."

He switched to the other breast, losing himself in the sensation of her flesh filling his mouth, the way her heart hammered against his palm where it rested on her ribs.

Her legs wrapped around his waist in a possessive clamp, heels digging into the small of his back, trapping him against her. He could feel the wet heat of her pussy against his stomach where her hips rolled upward, seeking friction.

"Such a good tit-sucker," she purred, her voice thick with pleasure. "Sucking your mother's fat nipples like you were made for it."

Kevin groaned around her teat, his cock throbbing where it pressed against her thigh, desperate for contact. He couldn't stop, couldn't pull away—he was drowning in the softness of her, the smell of her perfume and arousal, the way she cradled his head like she was feeding him something essential.

"You want more points, baby?" she whispered, tugging his hair to pull his face from her breast. His mouth came free with a wet pop, her nipple glistening and swollen. "You wanna earn enough to fuck Mommy?"

Kevin nodded frantically, his lips slick with saliva, his whole body trembling with the need to be inside her.

"Please," he gasped. "Tell me what to do."

She smiled, slow and wicked, and pushed him back onto his heels between her spread thighs. "Touch me," she commanded. "Show me how you finger a girl."

Kevin stared at her glistening pussy, the pink folds swollen and slick, and reached out with shaking hands.

His fingers hovered over her slick folds, trembling as Tess guided his hand with hers, pressing his middle finger against her entrance. The heat was incredible—wet, soft, gripping.

He pushed forward and felt her sheath clamp down around him, the muscular walls fluttering and sucking him deeper.

"That's it," she breathed, arching her back so her tits thrust upward, swaying heavily with each movement. "Feel how tight Mommy is?"

He nodded dumbly, his free hand reaching up and kneading at the nearest breast, fingers sinking into the yielding flesh. The

nipple pressed against his palm, hard and insistent, and he caught it between his knuckles, rolling it as he'd seen her do to herself.

Tess moaned, her hips bucking against his embedded finger. "Now curl it up—like you're beckoning someone to come here."

Kevin curled his finger upward and felt her jolt, a sharp gasp tearing from her throat. The spot was slightly rougher, ridged, and when he rubbed it she made a sound like she was dying.

"There, there, right there," she panted, her hand leaving his to grip the seat behind her head, presenting her tits to him like an offering. "Keep doing that and rub my clit with your thumb."

He shifted his thumb upward, finding the swollen nub he'd tasted earlier, still slick from his mouth and her arousal. The dual sensation—her pussy clutching at his finger, her clit throbbing against his thumb—made his cock leak steadily in his briefs.

"Fuck, just like that," Tess moaned, her head lolling back, her throat working as she swallowed. "You learn fast, baby. Such a fast learner for Mommy."

Keeping his fingers buried, Kevin leaned up and sunk his face in her cleavage, the valley of her tits warm and damp against his cheek, and kept working his finger in steady strokes.

He could feel her building—the internal muscles squeezing harder, faster, her legs twisting around him like a steel trap, hips grinding down onto his hand with increasing desperation.

The windows had begun to fog, the interior of the car becoming a steam room of their breath and body heat. Condensation ran in rivulets down the glass, obscuring the outside world until nothing existed but the wet sounds of his fingers moving in her, the slap of her ass against the seat as

she rode his hand, the mingled scent of her perfume and raw sex filling his nostrils.

"Add another," she commanded, her voice ragged. "Stretch me out, baby. Make me feel it."

While his face squirmed between her tits, he worked a second finger alongside the first, feeling the resistance, the incredible tightness even as she opened for him.

Tess cried out, her hand flying down to grip his wrist, not stopping him but guiding him, showing him the rhythm she needed—deep, hard thrusts that made wet squelching sounds, her hips jerking to meet each penetration.

"Rub that clit harder," she gasped, tightening her body around him. "Don't be gentle—Mommy likes it rough."

Kevin pressed his thumb down with more force, circling the swollen bud, and Tess's whole body seized. Her back arched off the seat, lifting them both, her tits rippling around him, and she came with a scream that seemed to shake the car—her pussy clamping down on his fingers in rhythmic pulses, her thighs trembling violently around his ribs.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she chanted, her hips still jerking, still fucking herself on his fingers even as the orgasm tore through her. "Don't stop—keep going—make it last—"

He kept working her, mesmerized by the sight of her unraveling, the way her face contorted with pleasure, the sheen of sweat coating her tits. His own cock was aching, desperate, but he couldn't tear his eyes from her, from the power of making his mother shatter like this.

Finally she collapsed back against the seat, her chest heaving, her pussy still fluttering around his fingers. She laughed, breathless and giddy, and pulled his hand up to her mouth, sucking her own taste from his fingers with obscene relish.

"Look at you," she purred around his knuckles, her eyes heavy-lidded and satisfied. "Making Mommy cum like that. You've earned so many fucking points, baby."

Kevin's whole body thrummed with need, his cock throbbing against her hip where he'd collapsed half across her. "Can I... can I use them now?" he asked, voice cracking. "Can I fuck you?"

Tess smiled, slow and wicked, and reached down to wrap her hand around his shaft through his briefs. He groaned, his hips jerking involuntarily into her grip.

She grabbed the waistband of his briefs and snapped it sharply against his skin, the sound echoing in the charged air.

"Get 'em off!" Tess ordered, voice husky with command.

Kevin barely hesitated—a flash of movement, and his briefs were gone, his big, veiny cock bouncing up to slap hard against his stomach, his knob a deep, angry purple.

Tess let out a low, reverent gasp, her gaze feasting on him. "Oh my..." she breathed, eyes wide with admiration. "You're even bigger than I imagined."

"Bigger than you're used to?" Kevin teased, cock arching proudly for her.

"By a few inches, at least," she replied, licking her lips, hungry. "And it's not just the length, either. Look at that thing: fat, meaty—a fucking monster."

"Is that good?" he asked, uncertain but clearly hoping.

She ran her eyes up and down his shaft. "Bet your fucking ass it's good," she growled. "If I'd known you had a cock like that, I might've kicked your father out and made you man of the house years ago."

Kevin's eyes widened with delight. "Really? So I'd be sleeping in your bed?"

She grinned, eyes twinkling. "Well, we'd share a bed, but honestly, I don't think we'd get much sleep," she purred, winking at him.

The thought made his cock flex in full, steely hardness. "That would be awesome," he breathed, already imagining it.

Tess curled her fingers gently around his slick shaft, the pads of her nails teasing the swollen, sensitive tip. "You know, tiger, we might have an issue here," she purred, voice low and mock-serious.

"What sort of issue?"

"I think you've scored too many points. Not just enough for a long, hard fuck..." Her gaze raked down his body, drinking in the trembling anticipation in every muscle. "I'd say you've earned yourself a deep throat blow-job too. If you're interested."

His whole body seemed to tighten, cock jerking as clear pre-cum glossed the tip. "God, yes," he moaned.

Tess's nails flickered along his shaft, dancing up to the throbbing head. She circled it mercilessly, feather-light, her touch measured and torturously slow.

"Careful what you wish for, sweetheart," she teased, tongue gliding over her own lips. "You sure you can handle your cock sliding down Mom's throat? The feel of your own mother's tongue swirling around your purple head, teasing every inch?"

"Yes. Please," he gasped.

Her smile widened, wicked and knowing, as Tess let her long, thick tongue flop out in an exaggerated show, wet and inviting.

"Does my baby want that?" she murmured, voice melting into a mocking coo. "Does my sweet boy want to feel his mother's lips wrapped tight around his aching cock? Is that what my baby wants?"

He could only nod, breathless and desperate. "Yes... please!"

Tess drew her nails in a slow, deliberate drag across his tip, pushing him right to the brink of ache and want.

"Then we have a decision to make, don't we?" she whispered, every word thick with promise. "Because once Mom starts sucking your big, juicy dick, she isn't stopping. Do you wanna cum deep down my throat, or do you want to pull out and paint my tits, baby? Which will it be?"

He blinked, swallowing hard. "Your throat... but I thought we were gonna... you know?"

A sly, knowing smile curled her lips. "You're a teenaged boy, silly. Take my word for it: after your mom gulps down your load, you'll bounce back up, aching for the real deal. That first one out drains off the edge; you'll fuck long and hard after that, slamming into me until your mother's cumming all over your thick cock."

"You think so?" He shot back, a flicker of need sharpening his features.

"If you wanna take your father's place in my bed, you'd better."

Tess reached up with both hands, gathering her thick hair and twisting it into a quick, messy knot at the back of her head. The gesture was practical, functional, and somehow more obscene for it—like she was preparing for work, for something routine, rather than what she was about to do to her own son.

"Now," she purred, her fingers wrapping around the thick base of his shaft with firm possession, "Mommy's gonna take you apart."

Her breath washed over his cockhead—hot, damp, carrying the ghost of her lipstick and something sweeter underneath. Kevin felt his toes curl against the leather floor, his spine arching involuntarily as she held him there, suspended in anticipation.

"I'm gonna start with your balls," she murmured, her free hand cupping beneath, rolling the weight of them in her palm.

"Going to suck them into my mouth one at a time, let them feel how warm my throat is while I stroke this fat cock. You like that idea, baby? Feeling your mother's tongue bathing your sack?"

"God, yes," he choked out, the words barely audible.

She laughed, breath teasing his sensitive skin, making him flinch. "Then I'm gonna lick up the underside—slow, so slow—following that big vein all the way to the tip. And when I get there, I'm gonna circle your crown with just the tip of my tongue, right here—" her nail traced the frenulum, and he gasped, hips jerking "—until you're begging me to take it deeper."

Kevin's hands found the seat edges, gripping until his knuckles ached. "Please," he moaned. "Please, Mom—"

"Shh," she soothed, her breath hot against his straining flesh.

"I'm not done telling you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna open wide and slide you in, inch by inch, feeling you stretch my throat until my lips are pressed right against your base. And then, baby—" her eyes locked on his, dark and glittering "—then I'm gonna swallow around you. Milk you with my throat while my tongue works the underside. You're gonna feel me gag, feel me choke, and you're going to love it because it means Mom took you all."

His cock throbbed in her grip, pre-cum beading steadily from the slit and trickling down his stalk. She caught it with her thumb, spreading the slickness down his shaft.

"You gonna cum for me?" she asked, voice dropping to a whisper. "Going to shoot that thick teenage load straight down Mommy's throat while she swallows around you?"

"Yes," he gasped, the single word tearing out of him. "Please, yes, do it—"

Tess smiled, wicked and satisfied, and finally—finally—lowered her mouth to him.

Tess's mouth closed over his left ball first, the heat and wet suction making Kevin's vision blur at the edges. Her tongue cradled him, rolling the sensitive weight between her lips while her hand kept steady pressure on his shaft, stroking slow and tight.

The sensation was maddening—soft and rough at once, her throat humming around him as she moaned, the vibration traveling straight up his spine.

She released him with a wet pop and moved to the other, repeating the torture, her tongue curling wetly around the sperm-heavy testicle, lips clamping just snug enough to pull at his spermatic cord.

Her nails scratched light patterns on his inner thigh where her hand braced. Kevin's head fell back against the seat, his mouth open, breath coming in ragged gasps he couldn't control.

Then, his mother was moving up, her tongue flattening against the seam of his sack and dragging in one long, unhurried stroke toward his shaft.

She followed the thick vein underneath, the one that pulsed visibly with his heartbeat, her tongue tracing it with maddening precision.

Kevin watched through half-lidded eyes, his hands still gripping the leather seat, watching his own mother's tongue travel the length of his boner.

At the head, Tess paused, circling the flared ridge with just the tip of her tongue exactly as she'd promised. The contact was feather-light, teasing, her eyes locked on his as she tormented the most sensitive spot.

Kevin's hips bucked upward, seeking more pressure, and she laughed—the sound vibrating against his flesh, making him groan and twist.

"Patience, baby," she breathed against him, her breath hot and damp.

She opened wider and descended, her luscious lips stretching around his girth, the wet heat of her mouth enveloping him inch by inch.

Kevin felt the resistance of her throat, the tightness, and then she was pushing past it, taking him deeper than he thought possible.

Her nose pressed against his root, her throat working around the invasion, and Kevin made a sound he didn't recognize—choked, desperate, his whole body trembling with the effort of holding still.

The cock-hungry mother pulled back slowly, her tongue dragging up the underside, then plunged down again, finding a rhythm that made Kevin's eyes roll back.

She worked him with her throat, swallowing around his length in rhythmic pulses that felt like being milked from the inside, her hand still stroking what she couldn't fit, twisting at the base in counterpoint to her mouth.

Tess had sucked plenty of dick back in her day, mostly when she was his age, and this one ranked up there with the thickest

she'd ever had. She could feel it twitch against her tongue with every throb of his pulse, that teenage cock flexing in her throat like it owned her, his pre-cum beading up and smearing across her taste buds in salty little bursts.

She took him all the way down, her lips stretching obscenely around the thick root of his cock until they were flush against his skin, sealed there like a wet, greedy ring.

He jackknifed up with a choked gasp, his hands flying to her head to hold her there, impaled on his length, before collapsing back against the leather with a shudder as she began to suck in earnest—deep, hungry pulls that hollowed her cheeks and made her throat work around him in wet, rhythmic gulps.

The pressure built fast—too fast, Kevin realized, his balls tightening, the base of his spine beginning to tingle with the approach of something overwhelming. He tried to warn her, opening his mouth to speak, but only a garbled moan emerged.

Tess felt it too—she had to have felt it, the way he thickened in her throat, the way his hips jerked involuntarily. She doubled her efforts, her free hand cupping his balls again, rolling and squeezing in time with her strokes, and Kevin broke.

"Ahhh, f-fuck!" he snarled as the first spurt hit the back of her throat hard, and she swallowed around him, the constriction milking another, then another.

The mother counted his ropes somewhere in the haze—one, two, three—his body convulsing with each wave, his hands finally leaving the seat to grip her head, not guiding but clinging, anchoring himself as the pleasure tore through him in violent pulses.

Four, five, six. She kept swallowing, her throat working, her tongue still fluttering against the underside even as he filled her. Seven, eight, nine. The last was weaker, a dribble more

than a spurt, and Tess held him there, her lips sealed around the base, her throat contracting in slow, deliberate swallows until she'd taken everything.

She released him gradually, her mouth sliding up his veiny length with obscene slowness, her tongue collecting every trace until he slipped free with a wet sound that echoed in the steam-filled car.

Tess sat back on her heels, her chest heaving, her lips swollen and slick, and smiled at him with a satisfaction that made his spent cock twitch in sympathy.

"Told you, baby," she purred, her voice rougher now, scraped raw by his length. "Now let's see how fast you recover for Mommy's pussy."

Kevin's shaft still jutted up from his groin—a steel rod glossy with his mom's saliva, pulsing against her stroking fist.

He watched, transfixed, as his mother's fingers pumped him with slow, milking strokes. Her hooded eyes stayed locked on his aching cock as if magnetized by the angry red tip and the way every inch shone with spit.

"So, son of mine... still upset your date stood you up?" Her voice was a dirty caress, teasing, every word accompanied by the lazy bob of her fist on his meat.

"No way," Kevin groaned, hips twitching as she wrung another spasm of pleasure out of his overstimulated shaft.

His mom's laughter sent her giant tits rippling; the massive orbs jostling like pendulums beside him.

"Top or bottom?" she purred, squeezing his cock and making it buck in her grip.

"What?"

"Time to cash in those points, sweetie-pie. Top or bottom?" Her grin was pure sin, eyes glinting with want.

"Bottom." The word came out ragged, heavy with need.

Without a second of hesitation, his mom slung one thick thigh over his lap, her huge breasts swinging as she straddled him. Kevin stared, breath gone, at those mammoth udders swaying right above his face, the soft, warm weight looming closer with every breath.

"Scoot to the edge of the seat," she commanded, voice husky.

He slid down, slouching until he was sprawled beneath her, just like when her hips had rubbed his cock raw earlier. Her hand found his length again, wrapping around the pulsing shaft, stroking him with possessive confidence.

"So, you think you can handle having this monster buried inside another wet, warm hole?" she teased, dragging her thumb up his slick head.

"Yeah," he rasped.

"You know, it's not every day a boy gets to visit his mom's most secret place. No drive-in date is complete though unless a young stud gets to pound some pussy. The things I do for you," she teased.

"For me? Yeah right, mom," Kevin shot back, smirking at her. He could see the hunger in her eyes, knew she wanted him just as desperately as he wanted to be inside her.

Tess laughed and lifted slightly, her fingers still coiled around his base, and dragged the fat crown of his cock through her folds. The slick heat of her cunt kissed his tip, a wet slide that made Kevin groan and clench his jaw.

"You feel that?" she asked, her voice dropping to a filthy whisper. "That's Mommy's pussy, baby. Soaked and swollen and fucking desperate for this big dick."

Kevin watched her pretty face, the way her lips parted as she circled his crown around her clit, bumping the sensitive bud with each pass.

"Look at this fucking cock," she purred, angling her hips so his tip caught at her entrance, just barely sinking in before she pulled back. "Thick enough to split me open. You wanna split your mother open, baby? Wanna shove this fat meat into the hole that made you?"

Kevin whimpered, his hands finding her waist, fingers digging in. She kept working him against her, grinding his crown through her slit, painting him with her cream. The smell of her musk filled his lungs, thick and intoxicating.

"So wet for you," she moaned. "Hotter than any little drive-in slut could ever be. Gonna fuck me silly, baby? Gonna bury this monster balls-deep?"

Kevin couldn't answer. He arched his face upward, burying it between her tits, the soft, heavy flesh enveloping his cheeks. He rubbed his face in the squishy canyon of her cleavage, nosing at the sweat-slicked skin, inhaling her perfume and salt.

The weight of her breasts pressed against his temples, muffling the world until there was only her voice, her heat, and the slippery tease of his cockhead sliding through her folds.

"Atta boy," she gasped, arching so her tits crushed harder against his face. "Get lost in Mommy's tits while she works this big dick where it belongs."

She kept rubbing him against her clit, faster now, her hips jerking in tight circles. Every pass dragged his sensitive tip across her engorged nub, making them both shake. She

positioned him right at her opening again, letting the bell-head stretch her slightly before denying him once more.

"Not yet," she teased, breathless. "Not until you tell me how bad you want to fuck this pussy. Tell me you need Mommy's cunt wrapped around this fat cock."

Kevin groaned into her cleavage, the sound vibrating against her sternum. He licked the sweat from between her breasts, desperate, his hips straining upward, seeking the furnace of her sex.

"I need it... s-so bad," he hissed.

He felt her hand shift, her fingers guiding his rigid shaft to her entrance. The heat radiating from her birthing tunnel was overwhelming, a wet furnace that seemed to pull at his tip. Then she was sinking down, her weight bearing onto him, and Kevin's mouth opened in a silent gasp against her cleavage.

The stretch was immediate and devastating. Her entrance gripped his crown like a wet fist, the muscular ring resisting for one heartbeat before beginning to yield.

Tess groaned above him, her thighs trembling where they bracketed his hips, and Kevin watched her face through the valley of her tits—watched her lips part, her eyes flutter half-closed, her expression slack with the sensation of being forced open.

"Fuck," she breathed, her voice strained. "Fuck, you're thick."

Kevin felt every millimeter of his penetration. Her walls clung to him, slick but tight, the ridged texture of her interior dragging against his sensitive flesh as she worked herself lower.

She was wet enough that he slid, but her muscles fought him, clamping and releasing in fluttering spasms that made his toes curl against the floor.

Tess took his meat halfway and paused, her chest heaving, her tits swaying above his face like pendulums.

Kevin could feel her heartbeat through her cunt, a rapid pulse against his buried length. Then she bore down again, her hips dropping, and Kevin felt his remaining inches swallow into wet, clutching heat until her ass settled against his thighs, her pubic bone grinding against his base.

"Balls deep," she gasped, her voice ragged with triumph. "Took every fucking inch."

Kevin's head fell back, his vision swimming. The sensation was unlike anything his hand had ever approximated—her cunt wrapped around him completely, the head of his cock kissing something firm and fleshy deep inside her, her walls molded to his shape as if her body had been waiting eighteen years to remember exactly how to accommodate him.

Tess began to move, not thrusting but squeezing, her internal muscles rippling along his length in deliberate waves. Kevin felt it start at his base, a tight contraction that traveled upward like a fist milking him, then released, then gripped again from a different angle.

"Feel that?" she purred, her hips rotating in small circles that made her tits brush his face. "Mommy's pussy is strong. Bet I could milk you off just like this, baby. No thrusting, no fucking—just my cunt squeezing until you fill me up."

Kevin groaned, his hands flying to her waist, fingers digging into the soft flesh. The rhythmic contractions were maddening, each pulse of her muscles dragging against his most sensitive spots, the pressure building without the friction of movement.

He felt himself leaking inside her, his bubbly boy-syrup mixing with her fuck-oil, the added slickness making her next squeeze even more devastating.

"God," he choked out, his hips jerking involuntarily, seeking more.

Tess laughed and squeezed again, harder, holding the pressure so he could feel every ridge of her interior gripping his engorged length.

"You're not gonna last, baby," she predicted, her voice thick. "Gonna cream Mommy's pussy before you even get to fuck it hard."

"Please," Kevin gasped, not knowing what he was begging for—for her to stop, to keep going, to let him move, to never let this end.

She released the pressure slowly, her walls relaxing around him in a gradual surrender that felt like being unclenched from a velvet vise. Then she gripped again, from the top this time, her muscles bearing down along his upper surface while her hips rocked in the slightest, teasing motion.

"Please what?" she asked, mock-innocent, her cunt fluttering around him in Morse code pulses. "Please make you cum? Please let you fuck me?"

"Let me fuck you," Kevin managed, the words tearing out of him. "Please, Mom, I need to—"

She cut him off with a squeeze so tight he saw stars, her cunt clamping down at his base and holding, her internal muscles fluttering rapid-fire against his embedded length. Her snug labia seal farted around his root, honeyed juices trickling down the sides of his nuts.

Kevin snarled, his hips bucking upward, driving him fractionally deeper into the resistance of her puffy cervix.

"Then fuck me," she commanded, releasing her grip and rising slightly on her knees so he slid halfway out of her wet sheath. "Show Mommy what that big teenage dick can do."

Kevin's hips snapped upward before his brain could catch up, a desperate jerk of his pelvis that speared his full length back into the clutching furnace of her cunt.

The force of it punched a grunt from his lungs, and he felt her walls stretch around him, slick and scorching, her flesh yielding to the violent intrusion with a wet squelch that filled the steamed interior of the car.

"Fuck—" Tess gasped, her hands slamming against the seatback behind his head, those giant tits lurching forward with the momentum.

They hung there, pendulous and heavy, swaying violently as he pulled back and drove up again, harder this time, his cock drilling into the grip of her pussy until his balls smacked loud and wet against her ass.

The sound sent a spike of animal hunger through him. He'd never made a sound like that with his own hand, never felt the obscene slap of flesh against flesh, never known how hot and slippery a real cunt could feel wrapped around his shaft.

Tess was right—her pussy was strong. Every thrust out dragged against the rigid grip of her muscles, and every thrust in was swallowed by a rippling, muscular kiss that seemed to pull him deeper, sucking at his length as if her body wanted to drain him dry.

"That's it," she moaned above him, her voice breaking as he settled into a rhythm, short, brutal upward snaps that jolted her whole frame.

Her tits bounced inches from his face, the heavy globes colliding and separating with each impact, her nipples like dark pebbles streaking through his vision.

"Fuck Mommy's pussy. Come on, wreck that fucking hole."

Kevin growled and wrapped his arms around her waist, fingers digging into the plush give of her hips. He used the leverage to piston up into her with renewed ferocity, his cock shuttling through the gripping tunnel of her sex, the friction building in the base of his spine like a coiling wire tightening with every stroke.

The car rocked violently on its suspension, creaking in time with his thrusts, the leather squeaking beneath them.

He could smell her now, really smell her—the thick, heady musk of her arousal slicked across his groin, mingling with the sharp scent of sweat gathering between her jostling tits.

He leaned up without stopping his hips, mouth open, and caught one bouncing nipple between his lips. He sucked hard, teeth grazing the rubbery nub, and felt her cunt flutter around him in response, a flutter that quickly became a rhythmic pulse.

“Yes—suck it,” Tess cried out, her hands dropping to grip his hair, holding his face against her giant tit as she began to ride him in earnest.

She dropped her weight, skillfully grinding down to meet his upward lunges, smashing her clit against his pelvic bone with every collision. “You’re hitting it—right there—fuck, baby, right there—”

Kevin didn’t know what she meant until he felt it: a subtle shift of her hips that angled her differently, and suddenly his cock was dragging across a swollen, textured patch inside her with every withdrawal, a ridge of flesh that made her shriek and claw at his scalp.

The sensation was electric for him too, a heightened friction against the underside of his cockhead that made his balls draw up tight against his perineum.

The wet sounds grew louder, filthier—obscene squelches and the rhythmic slap of his balls against her soaked ass, the creak of the seat straining beneath them.

He was fucking her stupid, just like she'd wanted, his hips working on pure instinct, his cock a piston ramming into the slippery grip of his mother's cunt.

He felt huge, powerful, his scrawny teenage frame somehow generating the force to make this voluptuous woman bounce and wail above him.

"Gonna cum," Tess panted, her face flushed and contorted, lips swollen red.

She looked down at him with something savage in her eyes, her cunt bearing down on him in rhythmic squeezes that threatened to stall his thrusts. "Gonna fill Mommy's pussy with that thick load? Give me that fucking cum, Kevin—give it to me now—"

Her words shattered the last thread of his control. His climax ripped through him like a convulsion, his cock swelling and jerking inside her, blasting rope after rope of hot semen deep into her gripping sheath.

He felt every pulse as a separate detonation, his hips jerking upward, burying himself to the root as his release flooded her.

Tess cried out above him, her own orgasm tearing through her in response—her cunt clamping down in violent spasms, milking his cock with rhythmic, muscular contractions that pulled every drop from his spurting length.

Kevin groaned into her tit, his body shuddering, his hands gripping her fatty ass with desperate fingers as he emptied himself. Pulse after pulse emptied into her, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain, his cock twitching and jerking inside the slippery, cum-filled clasp of her cunt.

When it finally subsided, he collapsed back against the seat, gasping, his chest heaving against the crush of her tits.

Tess slumped forward, her hair a wild curtain around his face, her body still trembling with aftershocks that made her pussy flutter around his spent length.

"Good boy," she whispered, breath hot and ragged against his ear. Her hips gave a slow, deliberate roll, and Kevin whimpered at the overstimulation, still embedded deep in her soaked, creamy depths. "See what happens when you score enough points baby?"

Kevin could only nod, his mind blank, his cock still pulsing weakly inside the furnace of his mother's cunt.

Through the fogged windows, the flickering light of the movie screen painted shifting shadows across her sweat-slicked back, but he barely noticed. All he could feel was her—hot, wet, and claimed.

"So... how's that for your first drive-in date?" the mother purred.

"So cool," he breathed, the lazy flex of cunt muscles milking his cock with practiced wickedness. He quivered helplessly beneath her as she giggled, the sound sinuous, honey-drunk—a tease curled around his senses.

"Cool, huh? You're so cute," she crooned, tugging his love-muscle snug inside her with a little squeeze, a pulse that made the world narrow to the locked seam of their bodies.

Out of reflex, his cock kicked, thick and needy, to answer the greedy grasp of her insides.

"You're still rock hard," she murmured, lips brushing his ear. "Wanna cash in more points?"

"Sure," he answered, voice gone rough as he arched up for her, offering himself up for whatever came next.

Tess moved with a liquid grace, rolling them both, her thighs spreading wide as she settled onto her back, pulling him with her until he knelt between her knees, his cock still buried to the hilt in her soaked cunt.

"Now," she sighed, her hands finding his hips to guide him. "Fuck me like you mean it. Like an animal."

Kevin didn't need more encouragement. He braced his hands on either side of her head, feeling the give of the seat cushion, and pulled back until just his crown remained clasped by her entrance.

The cool air of the car kissed his shaft for one heartbeat before he drove forward, slamming his full length into her with a force that punched the breath from both their lungs.

Tess cried out, her spine arching off the seat, her tits bouncing violently with the impact. "Yes—like that. FUCK ME!"

Something primal took over the teen, some ancient rhythm that moved his hips in hard, punishing strokes. The car creaked beneath them, rocking on its suspension with each collision of his pelvis against hers.

Her legs wrapped around his back, harnessing him to her body, heels digging into his ass, urging him deeper, harder, faster.

"Look at you," she gasped between thrusts, her eyes half-lidded and glazed. "My baby boy, fucking his mother like a goddamn beast."

The words spurred him on. Kevin dropped his weight, grinding his pubic bone against her fat clit with every stroke, feeling her flutter and clench around him in response.

He could feel the change in her when the first orgasm approached—the way her thighs trembled against his ribs, her nails raking furrows down his back, her breath coming in ragged, broken gasps.

“Fuck—fuck—” she chanted, and then she was seizing beneath him, her cunt clamping down in rhythmic spasms that milked his length with mechanical intensity.

Kevin kept thrusting through it, short, brutal strokes that maintained the friction against her sensitive walls, watching her face contort in the dim light, her mouth open in a silent scream.

“Good,” she panted when it finally released her, her hips still jerking involuntarily. “Again. Make me cum again.”

He adjusted his angle, rising slightly on his knees to change the trajectory of his thrusts. The new position dragged his crown across a different plane of her interior, and Tess gasped, her hands flying to her own tits, squeezing and kneading the heavy flesh as he pounded into her.

“Right there,” she moaned, her voice breaking. “God, right fucking there.”

Kevin could feel it too—a heightened resistance, a texture that seemed to grip him differently. He focused his efforts there, hammering that spot with relentless precision, watching her build again, faster this time, her hips bucking up to meet him with desperate, uncoordinated jerks.

The second orgasm hit her like a convulsion, her whole body bowing off the seat, her cunt bearing down on him with crushing force.

He felt her gush around him, a fresh flood of release that slicked his shaft and ran down to soak his balls. Tess screamed

his name, raw and ragged, and the sound vibrated through his chest where he had collapsed against her.

"Don't—don't stop," she begged, still twitching, her hands finding his ass to pull him deeper. "One more. Give me one more."

Kevin was burning, his muscles screaming, sweat stinging his eyes and dripping from his chin onto her heaving tits. But he couldn't stop, not when she was looking at him like that, not when her body was yielding to him so completely.

He shifted again, hooking his arms under her knees and pushing her legs back toward her chest, folding her in half until her ass lifted from the seat and he could drive into her at a steep, devastating angle.

"Oh fuck—" Tess's eyes went wide, her hands flying to his shoulders, fingers digging in hard enough to bruise. "Oh my god, baby, yes—"

The new depth was obscene. Kevin could feel himself crushing her cervix with every stroke, the firm resistance that yielded just enough to let him bottom out completely.

The sound of their fucking filled the car—wet, vulgar, the slap of flesh and the desperate, broken noises tearing from her throat.

"Gonna—gonna—" she tried to warn him, but the words dissolved into a wail as the third orgasm ripped through her.

This one was violent, her whole body locking up, her cunt rippling in waves that seemed to start deep in her core and radiate outward.

Kevin felt her clamp down and release, clamp down and release, chewing on his rigid meat, each pulse weaker than the last but no less devastating.

He kept moving through it, chasing his own release now, his hips working in short, jerky thrusts that rubbed his sensitive crown against her fluttering walls.

Tess was limp beneath him, trembling, her eyes rolled back, but her hands still gripped his ass, still urged him on.

"Cum," she managed, her voice barely a whisper. "Cum in Mommy's pussy. Fill me up, baby—"

Kevin buried himself to the root one final time and let go, his orgasm tearing through him with a force that made his vision blur at the edges. He felt himself pulse, hot and thick, flooding her already soaked cunt with fresh seed.

Tess moaned beneath him, her body responding with weak aftershocks that fluttered around his twitching length.

He collapsed forward, his face finding the valley of her tits, her heartbeat thundering against his cheek. The car had stopped rocking, settling back onto its suspension with a final, tired creak.

Outside, the movie flickered on, forgotten, the tinny soundtrack barely penetrating the fogged windows.

"Good boy," Tess whispered, her fingers finding his hair, stroking slow and possessive. "You fucked me so good."

"Well, look who finally decided to come home," Dan said, not looking away from the television screen. "Missed your curfew by an hour."

Tess laughed, the sound bright and easy, nothing like the raw noises she'd made in the backseat. "Blame your son. He's the one who kept trying to make a move on me."

Kevin felt his stomach tighten, but he kept his expression neutral as he shut the door behind him. He could still feel the

ghost of her cunt around him, the memory of how she'd clamped down and milked him dry.

His cock gave an interested twitch at the thought, and he willed it down, suddenly terrified his father would somehow sense what they'd done.

Dan finally looked at them, his gaze raking over wife's disheveled appearance. Kevin watched his father's eyes drop to her tits, where the strapless dress had slipped slightly, revealing the upper curve of her cleavage still flushed pink from where he'd rubbed his face between her tits.

"You look like you ran a marathon, Tess. What'd you do, jog around the drive-in?"

She laughed again, tossing her hair back, and Kevin caught the flash of her throat where he'd left a faint mark sucking at her skin. "Something like that," she purred, sinking onto the sofa arm beside her husband's chair. "Something about that movie was just exhausting. Didn't you think, baby?"

Kevin's throat went dry. "Uh, yeah. We were... it was, um... pretty intense."

"And then there was the getting comfortable," Tess added, her foot swinging, the stiletto dangling precariously from her toes. "Finding the right positions."

Dan grunted, attention already drifting back to the television. "Positions for what?"

"For viewing, of course," Tess said smoothly, her eyes catching Kevin's with a wicked glint that made his pulse stutter. "You have to angle just right to see the screen. It's all about the... penetration of the sightlines."

Kevin nearly choked. He turned away, pretending to examine the mail on the entry table, his face burning.

"So what's the verdict?" Dan asked. "Good movies though?"

"The second feature was much better than the first," Tess replied, her voice dripping with meaning Kevin felt in his gut. "More satisfying—had a much better rhythm."

"Well, I might have to go see it then," her husband uttered.

"Anyway," Tess continued, her tone shifting to something resembling normal, "Kevin and I were talking on the ride home. We decided we wanna make this a regular thing."

Dan looked up, eyebrows raised. "Regular thing?"

"Every Friday night," Tess said, and Kevin turned to see her leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, which pushed her cleavage into spectacular prominence. "Mother-son bonding time. We'll hit the drive-in, catch whatever's playing. It's important for a boy his age to have... consistent outlets."

"Outlets," Dan repeated slowly.

"For his energy," Tess clarified, her gaze sliding to Kevin with something hungry and possessive. "He's got so much of it, honey. It needs to be properly... channeled. Regularly. Deeply."

Kevin watched his father's face, searching for any flicker of comprehension, but Dan just shrugged, already losing interest. "Fine by me. Cheaper than him taking out some girl every weekend, I guess."

"Much cheaper," Tess agreed, her tongue touching her lower lip. "And the benefits are... immediate. No waiting, no games. Just pure, direct satisfaction... of being with his mother."

She stood then, smoothing her dress over her hips, and Kevin watched her thick ass sway as she strode towards the stairs—the same ass that had beat against his balls only an hour ago.

"I'm going to shower," Tess announced. "Kevin, you should too. Always shower after a date, honey."

The word hung in the air, heavy with meaning. Kevin nodded, unable to speak, his cock now fully hard in his slacks at the memory of how filthy they'd been together—the smear of her arousal on his chin, the taste of her cunt on his tongue, the way his cum had dripped from her when she'd finally climbed off him.

"Night, Dad," he managed.

"Night, son. Glad you had a good date with your mother."

The best, Kevin thought, but didn't say. The absolute fucking best.

He followed his mother toward the stairs, watching the sway of her ass under the coral fabric, knowing what waited beneath. She paused at the top step, looking back at him with eyes that burned in the dim hallway light.

"Every Friday," she whispered, just for him. "And maybe some practice sessions in between. A boy with your potential needs... constant coaching."

Kevin nodded, his throat too tight to answer, and watched her disappear into the master bedroom, the door clicking shut with a promise that echoed in his bones.

Every Friday, Tess and Kevin went to the drive-in together, parking in the same spot near the back, reserved for those who had no interest in watching the movie.

They'd barely have the car in park before the mother's dress was up over her head and his slacks were around his ankles, and more often than not they were already fucking like animals in the backseat before the previews even started.

Her riding him just like moms do, with her tits bouncing, or him bent over her with his balls slapping against her asshole while she clawed at the seat.

Kevin became a master at earning points. He'd tell her she was beautiful while two fingers worked inside her cunt, curling them until her eyes rolled, then buried his face between her legs and eat her out like a champ—slow, greedy, sucking on her clit while she humped his mouth.

Tess would flop around the backseat like a shameless whore, tits flopping, juices running down her boy's chin while she bucked and swore.

Kevin cashed those points in for masterful blowjobs—her lips stretched around his cock, throat taking every inch—and tit-jobs where she'd lube him up with her spit and squeeze him between those giant, meaty tits until he painted them white.

They fucked in every position imaginable: her on all fours, her ass slapping against him with his cock splitting her pussy from behind. Once in the front seat with her leg hooked over the steering wheel while he hammered into her so hard the horn went off.

He'd grind deep, making a game of seeing how many times he could make her gush on his cock, her cunt rippling around his meat while she soaked both of them.

Sometimes Kevin go all week without jerking off, edging himself stupid, just so he could blow the biggest loads possible inside her—rope after viscous rope.

It was inevitable. All those Friday nights of him unloading deep inside her, his balls pumping spurt after thick spurt of teenage seed straight into her fertile cunt. It took root, that potent fucking cocktail of his youth merging with one greedy egg until her belly began to swell.

Her tits ballooned too, heavy and veiny, leaking colostrum if he squeezed them too hard during their frantic drive-in fucks.

Tess was insatiable, a pregnant goddess demanding worship in the backseat. Kevin loved burying his face in those milky mounds, sucking her swollen nipples while she rode his cock with a new, possessive hunger, milking him dry through both features until they were both slick with sweat and cum.

Tess didn't just teach her son the pleasures of drive-in dating—she became an active participant in his sex life, a filthy mentor who took his cock every Friday without fail, swallowed his loads, and let him creampie her pregnant cunt until she was dripping with him.

Kevin never bothered going out with Tami. She had her chance, and damn was he glad she blew him off.

THE END