

Dumb Blonde Mom



Dumb Blonde Mom

By Klrxo

Kurt stepped through the front door, his pulse already quickening at the familiar sight in the kitchen. His mom Daisy stood at the sink, her back to him, the late-afternoon light catching every exaggerated curve of her body.

Her enormous breasts strained against a thin, damp top, heavy and round like overfilled water balloons, their weight pulling the fabric taut across fat nipples hardened against the cool air.

The short skirt she wore rode up her thick thighs, barely concealing the full, heavy swell of her ass—each cheek round and prominent, dimpled where they met her thighs. Every shift of her weight made the hem creep higher, flashing the pale underside of her cheeks and the shadowed cleft between them.

Her feet, arched high in glossy black stilettos, were meticulously pedicured, each toenail painted a fuck-me-pink. The needle-sharp heels struck the tile with a percussive click whenever she shifted her weight.

The shoes carved the muscles of her calves into hard, defined curves and hoisted the heavy swell of her ass up and out, making the cheap skirt strain obscenely across her cheeks.

Kurt cleared his throat and stepped closer. “Hey, Mom...anything to snack on?”

“Hi, honey... I bought cookies yesterday,” she said, then giggled, “but I ate them all while watching my shows. Want me to make more?”

“I thought you said you bought them?”

“Oh... oh yeah,” she giggled. “I did say that.”

“The sink’s been draining slow again,” Kurt stated. “I should check it before it gets worse.”

“Oh, honey, you’re so handy!” she said, her big blue eyes empty of suspicion. “The water does seem a little... gluggy.”

She giggled at her own made-up word, then bent further over, legs parted just enough for him to slide between them on the floor.

Kurt maneuvered into the cramped space, positioning himself directly beneath the damp heat of her. The angle gave him a perfect, obscene view straight up the parted canyon of her thighs.

“Let’s take a look here,” he stated, but the pipes were the furthest thing from his mind.

The flimsy lace of his mom’s thong panties was swallowed between the swollen, meaty outer lips of her cunt, the fabric transparent and slick with her arousal. He could trace every puffy fold, glistening and darkly flushed, as they bulged against the strained seam.

“It does look a little wet down here,” he stated, staring at concentrated patch of wetness darkened the gusset where her juices had soaked through, the scent of her—musky and sweet—thick in the enclosed air.

The pathetic string at the back was buried deep in the cleft of her ass, bisecting the pale, heavy mounds of her cheeks, leaving most of the quivering flesh bare. Each time she adjusted her stance, the cheeks jiggled and parted just enough to flash the tight, pucker of her asshole—a rosy, clenched star above the buried thong.

“Wet? Like... soaked? Is that bad?” she stupidly asked.

“Not necessarily,” her son answered as he watched a thick, clear string of her arousal began to seep from the soaked lace gusset of her panties, stretching downward in a glistening strand that thickened with every slight shift of her hips.

“I think this might be a good kind of wet,” he murmured, and then his tongue darted out to catch the descending drop. It burst against his taste buds—musky, sweet, and unmistakably female—the taste of his mother’s cunt.

Daisy continued washing dishes above him, completely unaware. “You know, I was thinking about getting my hair done this weekend, but then I remembered I already got it done last weekend. Isn’t that funny?” she stated, laughing at her own stupidity.

“Uh, Mom? Can you, like, watch the drain for me? Just lean over and tell me if you see anything come out.”

“Oh! Sure, honey!” she chirped, instantly obeying, the fierce loyalty of her mother-brain short-circuiting any suspicion.

Daisy bent further over the sink, pressing her massive tits against the lip of the counter, crushing the flesh together into a trembling, canyon-deep chasm of cleavage.

The motion lowered her hips so that Kurt's face was now so close to her cunt he could literally feel the radiating heat pulsing from it, waves of musky, candy-sweet aroma flooding his nose and mouth until his senses frayed at the edges.

"Yeah, I'm REALLY getting a good look at it now," he said as he planting both hands on the cool metal pipes, steadying himself, and inhaled deep, greedy breaths right at the molten source.

Her pussy lips bulged around the soaked, transparent lace, leaking a steady sheen of glossy wetness that dripped in slow, syrupy strings from the darkened patch at the center.

He could see every blistered contour, every angry, swollen fold of maternal pussy, as it clenched and pulsed inches from his face, the blood-swollen mound of her clit-hood jutting out like some obscene fruit begging to be devoured.

"It sort of looks like... oh, never mind," Daisy murmured, her voice trailing off as she stared into the dark, wet opening of the drain.

Her vacant blue eyes glazed over, picturing a thick, purple cockhead pushing up through that tight, slick hole—stretching it wide like a hungry cunt getting stuffed full.

"The pipe looks like it might need plunged out—something to get in there nice n deep," said Kurt as he dragged his face forward, smashing his nose and lips up against the panty-clad slit, resisting the urge to simply open his mouth and gorge himself on her.

Instead, he sniffed her, deep and monstrous, burying his face in the steamy shadow beneath her ass and just letting her scent drown every last rational thought.

“Oh... uh...” Daisy purred, and her pretty blue eyes went slightly crossed as she felt the firm pressure against her cunt, but her empty head could only process it as the familiar snugness of her own soaked panties digging into her swollen pussy lips.

Kurt’s tongue poked through his lips, trembling, desperate to taste, but he forced himself instead to drag the tip along the air just millimeters from the soaked slit, his entire body shuddering at the effort.

He watched, hypnotized, as another thick, clear droplet welled from the seam of her panties, swelling heavy, then dangling in a glistening string that lowered onto his tongue.

The smell hit him again, a punch of ripe, honey-wet pussy and a darker, musky undertone, the scent flooding his mouth and brain and making his vision blur.

“Anything happening down there, honey?” Daisy chattered, her voice high and oblivious.

She leaned even harder, oblivious to the skirt’s total failure to hide anything, her huge tits sloshing side to side beneath the thin, sweat-soaked fabric. “You know, I think I see a bubble! Is that bad?”

She wasn’t just dumb or ditzy or a little airheaded. Daisy was clinically, pathologically empty, a walking sex vessel programmed from the inside out to serve, to show off, to fuck, and to milk cock until the man attached to it was spent and drooling and left a hollow wreck under her.

Her brainpower barely flickered higher than an obedient spaniel's; anything requiring actual thought just bounced off her glassy-eyed stare and floated uselessly out of her skull.

If you sliced open her brain, it probably looked like dense, pink bubblegum, all soft, sticky folds and nothing inside except the hardwired animal cravings to be filled, stretched, used up and bred like livestock.

The mother's body was a hyper-sexual cartoon, perfectly engineered for maximum fuckability and zero utility. From her platinum-blonde mane to her stiletto-polished toes, every exaggerated inch screamed for attention—a perfection that went way past bimbo and barrel-rolled straight into freakish, cock-worshipping parody.

Her pretty face had a glossy, blank innocence, lips swollen and pillowy from decades of ravenous sucking cock, her mouth always parted as if ready to gulp something down.

Her eyes, huge and blue and totally vacant, had a permanently dazed, dick-drunk stare as if her only thoughts were haunted by the phantom memory of getting railed and pumped full by alpha male after alpha male.

And then below the neck—the true showcase. Her breasts were colossal, outlandish, each one a pendulous dome of tan flesh that defied gravity and logic, impossible to hide or compress, always bulging out from whatever flimsy scrap of fabric she attempted to wear.

The areolas obscenely wide and dusky pink, the nipples thick and rubbery, always poking through her tops in needy points that demanded to be mouth-fucked, tweaked, twisted, milked.

Daisy's hunger for cock was so primal that even her tits looked like they needed to be bred, like just kneading the flesh would bring her to a helpless, cock-crazed orgasm.

Her waist, narrow and soft, funneled down into the avalanche of her hips and ass—a pair of colossal, creamy half-moon so fat and heavy they looked engineered for the sole purpose of being bent over, spanked, and hammered from behind.

The cheeks dimpled with every little movement, each bounce sending ripples across the wide, yielding surface, the kind of ass that begged for slapping, spreading, spanking, ramming.

Even her thighs, thick and buttery, were split by the swollen, glossy mound of her cunt: her maternal pussy so overripe and drooling it was basically a living, pulsing trap for cock.

That was Daisy. A net total of zero brain cells, all the processing power rerouted directly to her fat, heat-soaked pussy, just a slick hollow for cock to piston into and for baby-batter to get shot inside.

Her clothing was always either absent, transparent, or so ludicrously tight it advertised every millimeter of her anatomy. Every motion, every accidental bend or jiggle, was just her body begging for someone to notice, to pull her into the nearest dark room and fuck her ass off.

She couldn't cook, couldn't clean without getting distracted by her own reflection or the brush of her fingers over her bare skin, couldn't even hold a basic conversation—it all just floated right through the airy, pretty-pink nothingness behind her eyes.

But let her see a long, hard cock and every circuit in her brain snapped to perfect, single-minded attention: pupils blown wide, lips parted and drooling, nostrils flaring for the scent, cunt clenching automatically, muscles tensing to present herself for rutting. She was bred for it, built for it, and addicted to it in every sense.

In that cramped kitchen, bent over the sink, she was the pure perfect image of a cock-crazed, cattle-brained bimbo. Daisy was pure, animal need wrapped around soft, yielding flesh—a bottomless hole, brainless and beautiful, a mother, a vending machine for sex, a perfect poster child for cock addiction.

And nothing in the world could make her happier than being bent over, spread, spanked, used up: every last cell in her soft, stupid body screaming for dick, screaming to be pumped until her holes overflowed, mind wiped so blank and satisfied that she could barely breathe, let alone think.

That was Daisy, all of her intelligence and focus reduced down to that single primal function: fuck, breed, pleasure, repeat.

“Kurt fixed the drain today!” Daily chirped at dinner, her tits jiggling as she gestured toward him with a fork. “Isn’t that just... all sorts of amazing, honey?”

Her husband, Owen, grunted, eyes glued to his phone, thumb scrolling through emails.

Kurt stared openly at the hypnotic sway of flesh beneath his mother's tight top, but Daisy just beamed, accustomed to male eyes glued to her mammoth udders.

“He's so handy dandy,” she added, her voice a bubble of pure, uncomprehending awe.

Owen never even looked up from his phone as he dropped the news, voice as flat and casual as if he were reading a weather report.

“I'm flying out tomorrow. Newark, then Dallas, and probably not back 'til late Wednesday. If the flight isn't delayed, anyway.”

“Oh, wow!” Daisy squealed. “A whole week? That's such a long trip, honey.”

“Late Wednesday would only be four days, mom,” Kurt corrected.

“Oh, you're right,” Daisy giggled, “there's six days in a week. Silly me.”

“Got a car picking me up at five sharp,” her husband muttered, tossing back the last of his coffee. “If anything breaks around here, Kurt, just take care of it. Don't let your mother near the tools, she'll probably put a hole through the damn wall.”

Daisy's only reaction was to beam and giggle, as if “putting a hole in the wall” were a compliment you'd give a pretty little puppy who pissed on the floor.

“Do I need to make sandwiches or something?” Daisy piped up, confusion flickering in her glassy stare. “Or, um, do you just eat at the business, like with the business people?” She giggled. “Business food.”

Owen shot his son a look of shared amusement, the kind two men exchange when a dumb bitch opens her mouth. “I'll be fine,” her husband grunted.

A jolt of pure, animal electricity sizzled through Kurt's spine. There it was. The opening—the unguarded nest left empty and aching now that the man of the house would be gone.

Four days. Four entire days with nothing between him and his brain-dead bimbo of a mother except a few pathetic scraps of lace and her total, slaving obedience.

If he played it right, he could plant himself so deep inside her that she'd never be able to think of anything else. Not that Daisy DID think, anyway—not in any way that mattered.

The next day, Kurt pushed the front door shut with his heel and stopped dead. His mother was bent toward the hallway mirror, painting a wet, slut-pink shine over her already-glossed mouth.

The dress she wore was a joke—a scrap of cheap fabric masquerading as clothing. It was so short the hem barely grazed the bottom curves of her ass, and so thin it suctioned to every obscene swell of her tits and the outrageous shelf of her hips.

The halter top plunged straight down into the canyon of her cleavage, putting the full weight of her udders on display.

She'd caked it on fresh: black spider-leg lashes, glitter-dusted lids, and two perfect circles of blush high on her cheeks like she'd just been face-fucked.

She turned when she heard him, giving him a vacant smile. "Oh, Kurt, honey! Your father should be calling any minute

to tell me he landed safely. That's why I'm all made up like this."

Kurt set his backpack down and stepped closer, eyes tracing the way the dress rode up when she shifted her weight. "You know, Mom, there's actually a better way to get that natural glow everyone talks about."

Daisy blinked at him, her big blue eyes empty. "Really? A natural glow? How?"

"An orgasm," he said matter-of-factly. "Women look their best right after they cum. It gives them this fresh, radiant look."

She tilted her head, processing the information slowly. "An orgasm? Like... the kind from sex?"

"Exactly. And since Dad's not here, I could help you out. You know, just to make sure you look your best for when he calls. I could lick on you."

"Ummm... wow...!" Daisy's brain hit an instant snag, her lips pouting out in a luscious, glossy 'O' as the crude suggestion rerouted what little focus she possessed.

"I mean, you look awesome, don't get me wrong," Kurt stated. "But one good orgasm and you'll look absolutely radiant."

"Well... I do like to look my best for your father."

"Let me lick you then," her son suggested, glancing down at her crotch. "We better be quick though before he calls."

"Would that, um, really work?" she whispered, her vacant stare locked on his face, then helplessly dropping straight to his bulge, like her eyes had a tiny, desperate magnet

inside. “You could really make my, uh, face look pretty with your mouth?”

“Trust me,” Kurt said, voice low and sharp-edged, “I’ll make sure you’re absolutely glowing when Dad calls.”

“Oh, um...ok,” Daisy said naively as she sunk backward onto the white leather couch, sending her colossal, overstuffed tits bouncing like living balloons beneath the suffocating mesh of her cheap club dress.

Her thighs splayed out in a wide-open V, pure fuck-me display without a hint of self-preservation—or dignity. Her son's eyes widened sight of her spread open, those sexy bare feet arched as they hovered back in mid-air.

Her panties had never been more than a tissue-thin wish, but now they were dragged tight and transparent over her bulging pussy, the swollen lips glistening and gorged behind a sopping, see-through membrane.

Her eyes fluttered, lashes sticky with mascara and glitter, and her mouth formed a stupid, glossy O of anticipation.

“Sometimes I think my brain is leaking out between my legs,” she giggled. “Thank you for drinking it all up—and making me all glowy for your father.”

“No problem, mom,” Kurt said as he knelt between her legs, the weight of her obscene, bimbo scent so thick it left him dizzy.

He hooked both fingers into the flimsy lace, and Daisy moaned—a fat, airhead sound that fluttered out of her parted lips. The panties peeled away like a wet bandage, plastered so tight to her cunt that gooey strands of clear,

syrupy arousal drooled from the shredded seam and clung to the fabric between his fingers.

The moment the lace cleared her swollen labia, the lips themselves sprung apart in an eager, blushing invitation, raw, angry pink folds exposed and drooling for attention.

“Fuck,” Kurt whispered beneath his breath as he took in the sight: an alien-flower cunt, split wide and glossy, every ridge and pleat glistening with sweet, sticky juice.

The clit was monstrous—a fat, cherry-sized nub swollen so hard it jutted from its hood like a ripe fruit, demanding to be licked and sucked. Her entire crotch glistened, the flesh so overripe and puffy it looked on the brink of splitting under its own hunger.

“I can feel my clit buzzing like a little pink bee,” Daisy purred. “Come taste the honey, mister!”

Kurt didn’t hesitate, didn’t tease; he smashed his face up against the oven-hot mound, nostrils flaring as the musk of his mother’s pussy burned every last thought from his brain.

His tongue shot out and flattened against her swollen clit, painting it with a series of thick, wet stripes. Daisy cried out—a dumb, hoarse mewl—and her legs snapped shut around his head, locking him in place.

Her son licked her like a starving puppy, mouth working in huge, slobbering swipes that bathed every convulsing inch of her cunt.

His tongue drilled up under the fleshy hood of her clit, swirling and lashing, pinning the engorged bulb and

tugging at it until it throbbed and twitched violently on his lips.

He sucked the throbbing flesh into his mouth and attacked it with relentless, greedy pressure, milking the clit like a starving infant at the teat.

Above, Daisy went wild. Her huge tits heaved and rattled inside her dress, slapped together in a sweaty, hypnotic rhythm by the spasms wracking her torso.

"My nipples got so hard they're poking through my top," the mother squealed. "I guess my titties like it when you eat my pussy too!"

She thrashed against the couch, hands torn between clawing helplessly at the cushions and grabbing at her own tits, squeezing and pounding the bulging domes of flesh like overfilled beach balls.

The dumb, high, airhead noises bubbling out of her mouth grew louder, building into a kind of cock-drunk chant—all vowels and nonsense syllables, zero real words, just the raw, desperate signal-fire of a uterine heat overtaking her.

Kurt kept going, undeterred. He used his thumbs to split her drooling pussy wider, exposing the roasting wet channel underneath.

He snarled as he drove his tongue inside her, shoving it deep, enough to scrape along the ribbed, secretion-covered walls of her hole. Everything down there was molten, clenching, pulsing—a slippery lava tube that sucked at his tongue with each hungry convulsion.

The taste was pure depravity: syrupy, salty, tangy with a dark undercurrent of slick, forbidden sweetness. He couldn't get enough. His mouth filled with her, juices

running thick down his chin and neck, coating his cheeks with a sticky sheen that made each desperate slurp even filthier.

"Hee-hee, my legs are shaking like jelly and my brain feels all fizzy," Daisy shrieked. "Keep sucking my clit, pretty please!"

The mother's feet kicked behind his shoulders, toe curling as she bucked and whimpered. She was hammered by sensation, overloaded; her entire focus was five inches wide and locked laser-tight on the wild, electric pulses of her cunt getting eaten alive.

Her son went harder, clamping his mouth over her entire mound, lips sealed rakishly tight around the gummy, bulging lips, and sucked.

"Aaaaeehhh!" Daisy screamed, the same high, brainless shriek that used to rip from her throat when a gang of boys had her pinned in some sticky-floored basement, their mouths and hands all over her, licking her tits, sucking her clit, chewing on her nipples until she was nothing but a sobbing, cum-drenched fuck-doll for them to use.

Kurt locked his arms around the meat of her thighs, fingers digging into the soft give of her flesh as he stared up the slick, hairless plane of her mound.

His mouth never stopped working her clit, sucking hard, and his eyes tracked the violent, fucked-out thrashing of her body—the way her tits heaved and slapped against each other, swollen nipples straining against the flimsy mesh of her dress, threatening to tear their way free.

The vacuum pressure popped her clit free of its hood and slammed it against his tongue, sending a flashbang of sensation shooting through Daisy's pelvis.

She howled—a ragged, bestial shriek—and arched so hard her thighs actually lifted his knees off the floor. Her pussy convulsed around his tongue, fountaining nectar in thick, rutting gushes that splattered and ran down his throat.

Kurt licked, sucked, and tongued her with a frantic, practiced intensity, never pausing, never letting up.

Daisy's jaw dropped, mouth sagging open with a dumb, sappy grin, and her eyes glazed over completely, the pupils blown wide and glassy.

Her hands clamped onto her own monstrous tits, kneading them for dear life, the fabric of her dress stretched sheer by the violent pounding of her fists.

And then the mother broke. Her hips thrashed, legs locking around Kurt's head like a clamp, and her entire body coiled in a full-body orgasm that left her boneless and twitching on the couch.

She shrieked—a sound so loud and high it went hypersonic, nothing but pure, animal surrender. The gush of cum was obscene, a flooding surge of sweet, thick cream bursting from her gaping hole and pouring straight into his mouth.

Kurt drank her, face buried in the molten seam of cunt, gulping down wave after wave of nectar as her pussy milked him with relentless spasms.

His tongue rammed inside, twisting and plunging, scooping up every last drop. Her clit throbbed in his lips,

so swollen and sensitive that even the smallest touch sent a ripple of aftershocks through her skull.

Her feet hammered the couch, toes curling with each aftershock. He held her there, locked to his mouth, until her hips finally slumped and she went utterly, totally limp, a puddle of post-orgasmic stupidity spread wide and drooling across the cushions.

“Fuck,” Kurt gasped, his chin still dripping with fem-cum. The air was humid, thick with the smell of Daisy: ripe, creamed pussy and sweat, a syrupy miasma that left the room humming with obscene energy.

Daisy gazed at her boy with dumb, worshipful wonder, her smile lopsided and wet. Her legs stayed splayed, the ruined mess of her cunt on full, twitching display, juices running in glossy streams down the slopes of her ass and thighs.

She tried to say something, but only a giggle came out; she sounded completely hammered, her brain mashed to paste by the force of her orgasm.

"My eyes keep rolling back and my mouth is open but nothing smart comes out—just drool!" Daisy giggled.

Kurt licked his lips, savoring the flavor, then wiped his chin on the back of his hand, feeling the sticky residue of her lingering there like a badge of victory.

He drank in the sight of her: massive tits leaking sweat through the mesh of her dress, body limp but still breathing hard, pussy gaping and drooling in the hot, wet air.

“See, Mom? You’re absolutely glowing now,” he purred, his voice a deep, taut purr of satisfaction.

Daisy’s only reply was a soft, helpless sigh and another cartoonish, sappy smile—the true face of a bimbo whose entire reason for existence had just been sucked out of her and swallowed down her son’s throat.

“Where are you, Dais?” Candace called out as she sauntered in the front door the next morning.

Candace was a clone of Daisy from their high school glory years: tall and tanned and pneumatic, her hair an electric, frosted blonde.

She was poured into a velour tracksuit the color of strawberry frosting, her colossal, torpedo-shaped tits barely lashed in by a pink crop-zip, her ass so plumped and juicy it bounced like a basketball with every step she took.

Her cotton candy perfume hit the air, a sugary cloud that couldn’t mask the scent of fresh fuck still clinging to her. Her platform heels showed off feet with glossy, shell-pink toenails—toes that spent most of their day curled back toward some headboard while her married pussy got ruthlessly stretched and filled by a young stud’s cock.

She floated straight into the kitchen and she crashed down onto the stool beside Daisy.

“Babyyyyy,” she drawled, her lips already smeared glossy, “buckle your bra, we have some serious business this morning.”

Daisy's heart did a stupid, hiccupy skip. She loved this part—the first sips of coffee, the hot, slutty pulse of girl-talk, Candace's huge tits practically toppling the creamer as she leaned in with a sly, manic whisper.

She didn't even wait for Daisy to ask. Candace whipped her phone out of her cleavage like a magician and jabbed the screen with a pink claw.

“Look what the neighbor kid sent me! Fifth pic this week. I told Ryker he should be, like, a dick model or something, but he said it's just for my eyes, which is super sweet? Like, he's super respectful even when he's hard.”

Daisy barely even looked at the screen before she started drooling. The photo was a close-up of a hard teenage cock, jutting out of a mess of tan, oiled skin and two fat, vein-laced balls that looked hand-pumped for maximum load.

The cock was so thick around the middle that Daisy's brain short-circuited for a moment, rebooting only after she'd let out an awed, moronic squeal.

“Oh-em-gee, Candi, that's, like... a coochie-pounder. You'd have to, like, stretch out your jaw all the way just to get the tip in!”

Candace shrieked and licked her lips, thrusting the phone closer so both their faces pressed in above the screen, eyes buggy with delight.

“Isn't it beautiful? Look how the veins, like, go all zig-zaggy down the sides, like one of those monster energy drinks? And the helmet part—the head, or whatever—it's, like, super angry and swollen!”

Daisy, properly transfixed, squinted at the image like she was inspecting a rare artifact. “No, Candi, for real—look how big and heavy his balls are. They’re all, um... low-hangy and tight, like, you know how boys get when they need to dump their goo inside something?”

Candace grabbed the phone back for a second, zooming in on the tight band of the frenulum with her horny mom fingers.

“Wait, I’m gonna get us the close-up. Okay, see that stretched bit there? That’s the line thingy, um...” She frowned, tongue poking from her lips, then shrugged. “I dunno what it’s called, but it stays tight, and you can totally trace it with your tongue, and it drives guys, like, crazy.”

Daisy giggled, her cheeks flushing hot with caffeine and bimbo curiosity. “Omg, the way the whole thing is shaped... like a real rocket, all thick in the middle and then it, um... mushroom-tips at the end. You just know that would, like, drill all the way up and hit your womb if you rode it.”

“And the color is super pink!” Candace added. “Which means, uhhh, something about... stamina? Or maybe he’s just super young and gets, like, mega-horny!”

The two mother’s burst out laughing, tits jiggling obscenely.

Candace’s hand fluttered to her own cleavage, absently hiking the pink tracksuit zipper deeper between the glossy, round domes of tit-flesh. “Ryker said he can cum,

like, three times in a row, and it just keeps spurting and spurting.”

“And you know he’s gotta have, like, marathon mode,” Daisy blurted, her eyes wide and unfocused. “Like, just hammers away for hours—two, three, whatever—until his nuts are totally drained and he just... *splooges* everywhere.”

“If I asked my husband if he could do that, he’d just, like... grunt and go back to ESPN. Old balls, old loads, whatever,” said Candace. “Gimme young and dumb and chock-full of spunk, that’s what I say.”

“Oh my god, it totally reminds me of all the big, juicy dicks I used to ride before I got, like, married and stuff,” Daisy blurted out, her eyes going a little glazed as she pictured herself at twenty—just a dumb, giggly blonde with a permanently wet pussy, basically a walking glory-hole for any guy with a hard-on and five minutes to spare.

“Sometimes I think maybe our brains were just made for cock,” Candace stated. “Like, not the science or the school-type stuff, but just... knowing which dicks are the best? And exactly how to fuck them and suck them off. It’s, like, our superpower!”

“Ok, so... um... I should tell you something,” Daisy said, her cheek turning pink.

“I’m listening.”

“I let Kurt eat me out yesterday,” Daisy blurted, her cheeks going hot and stupid. “Like, full-on tongue-fucking my pussy. That’s not really cheating though, right? ‘Cause

he was just trying to, like, get me all glowy for when his father called?”

“Babe! Oh my god, that is the cutest, sweetest thing I ever heard!” Candace squealed, her long, bubblegum nails flailing as she tried to grab Daisy’s wrist and squish their hands together like giddy middle-schoolers. “That’s not even cheating, not even a little! ‘Cause, like... duh, it’s what good boys do for their moms—they wanna make you look all pretty for hubby, right?”

Daisy beamed, her IQ dropping another ten points as the pure, airhead logic zipped right into her empty-pink skull. “Yeah! It just made sense? Like, why bother with all that make-up when you can just... cum really hard and feel all sparky?”

“Girl, when a man’s out working 9 to 5, he wants his wife to be, like, totally fuckable when he gets back. Let the kid lick you ‘til you’re STUPID, then glow all over for your man. That’s just being a good wife!”

The logic looped around, spiraling and tangling, mixing with the humidity of pussy scent and perfume like a cloud of helium.

Daisy’s mouth parted in a dumb, involuntary moan as she pictured it again: her son’s face mashed up into her cunt, his tongue working so hard, her whole body jerking and shuddering until every last thought just melted into glitter goo and vanished.

“And he was soooooo sweet about it,” she slurred, eyes going soft-focus. “He just said, ‘let me take care of this,’

and then, like, kissed my coochie til my brain got totally wiped out.”

“Adorable!” Candace cackled. “That’s male instinct, babe. Like, if a guy sees his woman all stressed or sad or whatever, he just wants to fuck it out of her. Boys know that the best fix for anything is a nice, deep tongue session. Especially mother-son... that’s, like, extra-special, ‘cause you TRUST him, and he understands your body perfectly.”

For a second, they just sat there, eyes glazed over and mouths hanging open like a couple of brainless sluts. A little drool slipped down Daisy’s chin as her thighs squirmed under the table, remembering the hot, wet shove of Kurt’s tongue deep in her cunt.

He didn’t just lick her—he fucked her face-first with his mouth until she came so hard her thoughts turned to static. All that was left was a dumb, wet smile and her eyes rolled back in her skull.

“I dunno if I ever, like, squirted so much in my life,” she finally managed to burble. “Is that normal? Or do sons just, um... eat harder?”

“Oh, baby, that’s totally normal. Young guys have so much energy, and they’re hungry for pussy in a way that, like, old dudes NEVER are. Plus, I bet you taste extra yummy to him, since you, you know, MADE him! It’s like, primal or whatever.”

“Well, it certainly worked,” Daisy stated. “When Owen called me on the phone he couldn’t believe how radiant I looked.”

When Kurt got home from school, he dragged his pack across the hall and let it thump to the floor, every step heavy with melodrama.

He slumped against the doorframe of the kitchen, all slow-rolling misery and defeat, his broad shoulders drooping enough to make his mom's airhead heart practically throb with motherly concern.

Daisy looked up from her phone, lips still shiny and pink from her third coat of gloss, and instantly her whole face crumpled into a cartoon mask of empathy.

"Oh, honey... what's wrong?" Her voice was pure bimbo warmth, all sticky-sweet with worry. "Did someone say something mean at school?"

He gave a masterclass in helpless, put-upon son.

"It's just... I do everything for everyone, Mom. I fix their computers, I help them with their homework, I even carry books for the girls... and nobody ever does anything for me. Nobody even says thank you. I just feel, like... used."

He let the word trail off, letting his voice crack just enough to trigger her panic. She actually dropped her phone, the pink shell clattering to the counter as she teetered over in her stilettos to throw herself at him.

Her arms wound around his neck, burying his face in a suffocating avalanche of warm, vanilla-scented cleavage.

“Oh, honey! Don’t feel like that. You’re such a good boy—you always take care of everyone, and especially your poor, helpless mom.”

“I know, like yesterday, right?” he said, secretly pleased that the conversation was going just as he planned.

Daisy blinked, feeling suddenly embarrassed that she was one of those people her son was talking about—all take and no gratitude.

“I can... I can make you some cookies, or a hot chocolate, or, like, literally anything. You deserve a treat! A big treat, even!”

Kurt let the hug linger, letting the soft, pillowy crush of her melons immobilize him. He nuzzled his face in the deep, humid valley of her cleavage, inhaling the dizzying blend of perfume and fuck-musk still clinging to her skin.

“I don’t want food, Mom. I just wanna feel... appreciated. You know? Like I’m actually worth something. Like I matter.”

“Oh, honey... you do matter, and I do appreciate what you did for me yesterday. What could I do to show my thanks?” Daisy asked.

He let his gaze drop, not to the floor, but to the obscene, liquid bounce of her chest.

“There is one thing you could do for me,” he answered, “not just to show thanks, but to relieve all this stress.”

“What is it?” she whispered, lips pursed in a wet, hopeful pout.

“Well... us guys get stress relief the same way you moms get that special glow. From orgasm,” he stated. “So maybe you could help me out the same way I helped you... with your mouth.”

Her vacant blue eyes went wide, and then glassy with pure, animal longing. The suggestion was like a code word unlocking every dormant circuit in her empty skull.

“Oh, um...” she moaned, her voice syrupy and slow. “You mean... you want me to... to suck you? Like, just slobber all over it and make you feel really, really special?”

He nodded, and Daisy nearly melted on the spot. The logic looped into her bimbo synapses: good boys deserved treats, treats meant sucking cock, and when it came to giving a perfect, brain-melting blowjob, she was a gold medalist.

“It could just stay between us,” Kurt said, “just like what happened yesterday.”

“Yes, um... that would be best,” Daisy said as she knelt, moving with a robotic, practiced devotion that would have been comical if it weren’t so shockingly obscene.

Daisy undid his fly and had his jeans peeled down and boxed around his ankles in seconds, his cock bursting free with a hefty, shameless bounce; the moment she saw it, Daisy’s eyes crossed, pupils blowing wide in mindless awe.

His cock was monstrous—thick and ruddy, the shaft knotted with angry ridges of vein and muscle. It jutted straight out at an upward angle, proud and eager, an obscene slab of flesh crowned with a blushing, helmet-

smooth head that already drooled clear pre-cum from the slit.

The sheer size of it made her dumb brain fizzle and spin; she let out a brainless, happenstance giggle, licking her lips with slapdash excitement as her hands encircled the shaft – and barely managed to meet around the swollen girth.

"It smells so warm and yummy," Daisy purred. "I think my thoughts are turning into pink bubbles and popping!"

Her lips parted, and her tongue lolled out—a thick, glistening ribbon of pink, slathered in spit and shining in the kitchen light. She angled her head and pressed her tongue flat to the underside of his shaft, running it with a cartoonishly long, slobbering stroke all the way from the root to the tip.

As she reached the bulbous head, she flicked her tongue over the tender, glossy corona, lapping at the gooey coat of pre-cum that wept out with every excited throb.

"My favorite flavor is the one that's leaking out of your cock right now—yummy!" Daisy cooed.

Kurt's breath rushed out in a strangled grunt. His mother just moaned in response, dipping her head and bathing the tip in suckling kisses, her lips pillowy and lush.

With every pulse of his cock, she nuzzled closer, letting the swollen head smear saliva and pre-cum across her painted lips. She zeroed her mouth over his cockhead and plunged straight down, swallowing the fat, meaty tip with a brutal, airtight seal.

His cock vanished between her lips up to the hilt, the plum-sized glans ramming directly along the soft arch of her palate—and Daisy just let it happen, her throat bulging out in a visible, cartoon curve as she snaked every inch down in a single, mindless swallow.

The first slobbery suck sent a glug-glug-glug up her neck, like she was chugging a milkshake made of teenage dick. Her airways clamped tight around the shaft, massaging and squeezing the tender meat in fleshy spasms.

Each time she bottomed out, her nose squashed against his pubes. He bee-stung lips pressed to his root like a glossy suction cup, mouth flooding with hot spit.

“Guhhh... fuck, Mom,” Kurt snarled, his thighs clenching tight as the eruption of pleasure rocketed up his spine.

Daisy barely reacted except to redouble her grip on his hips, nails digging into his ass as she drove her face forward, force-feeding herself the full length of cock.

She was an animal, a purebred cock-slut with zero gag reflex, her throat a tight, gloved channel milking every inch.

Her nose smushed deeper into his crotch, sucking in the sweat and scent of pure, teenage lust; her eyes flooded with tears, mascara slicking down her cheeks, but she just blinked and kept devouring, working harder with each violent bob of her skull.

She didn't just suck him, she feasted. Her vacuum seal was so absolute the shaft emerged shiny-wet and glimmering, veined and slick as she piston-pumped her lips up and down.

Every crest, every vein, every angry seam of tissue on his cock was pressed flat by the hydraulic pressure of her mouth. She swirled her tongue underneath, letting it carve along the cum-tube, milking the underside of his cock until his whole body started to shake.

“Damn,” her son gasped. “The girls at school sure can't suck like that.”

“You can slam in balls-deep and hold me there until I twitch and shake,” Daisy said between sucks. “My face is made for staying stuffed full, honey.”

Daisy upped the ante. Her hands left his hips, one drifting down to cradle his balls with obscene, greedy adoration. She cupped the heavy, turgid sack, the balls sloshing in her palm, and rolled them expertly, tugging and kneading as if her job was to drain every drop of sperm out of his body.

The sensation sent lightning through Kurt's groin; his cock started to pulse with thick, hungry contractions, his glans swelling fat and purple between the plump suction of her lips.

Daisy purred—a bubbly, absurdly slutty moan that vibrated through the rippling tunnel of her throat and right up the shaft. The hum made his cock buzz, the tip leaking even more, slicking up her lips until every gulp sounded wet, nasty, and hopelessly depraved.

She didn't stop there. Once his balls were oiled in her spit and bouncing in her palm, she slid her grip further back, cupping the root of his sack and massaging all the way down to the base, her fingers curling behind to tease the soft, plush skin of his taint.

She painted it with her tongue while pressing her chin into it as she deep-throated, letting the blunt tip of his dick piston in and out of her gullet while the base of his shaft mashed into her face.

“Mmmph—*gluck*—use my throat like a cum-dump, sweetie,” Daisy gasped. “Fill it up whenever you want!”

Each time she bottomed out, her whole body flexed, cheeks dimpling, nostrils flaring for air. The spit pooled out of her mouth with every piston stroke, so that ropes and sheets of drool ran down her chin, splattering messily over his balls and thighs.

She drooled on him, sucked him, tongued his frenulum in wild, fluttering bursts, and then slammed herself down again, eagerly choking herself on the next full-length thrust.

The sound was pure filth. Gagging, slurping, the frantic wet pop every time her lips let go with an airtight “plop”—it was a sensory stampede that crashed right into Kurt’s brain and wiped it clean.

Her hands never went still, one rolling his glistening nuts, the other glued to the back of his thigh, nails digging into the muscle as she milked him for more.

And in the middle of it, she lifted off his boner and shifted her angle, bringing her mouth lower along the shaft, dragging her lips and tongue down the full length to worship his balls.

She sucked one, then the other, slathering them in attention, then pressed the tip of her tongue to the

sensitive seam behind—the ribbed divide of his taint, swollen and electric.

Daisy worked it like a therapist; she massaged, licked, and even nuzzled the plush skin, her mouth never far from the dripping head above.

"*Slurp*—I'll keep these nuts shiny and dripping until you decide it's time to stuff my throat again," she purred, "Just say the word. Honey."

She kept going, merciless, devouring him like a bitch crazed by the scent of his cum-swollen nuts. Then she buried her nose under his sack, her tongue tracing a slick, greedy line down to his asshole, lashing it in quick passes, then digging deep to tease the hot pink pucker.

The moment the pointed tip of her tongue stabbed at his rim, Kurt almost blacked out. His knees buckled; his cock jerked, slapping fat drops of pre-cum across the bridge of her nose.

Daisy just mewled in delight, inhaling the scent, then stuffed her tongue deeper, swirling around and flicking the muscle until it clenched under her touch.

All the while, her hand never left his cock. She stroked him hard, milking up and down with two tight fists, twisting at the top to polish the head and spread the river of pre like butter over his cock-tip.

It was a perfect feedback loop: jerk, suck, tongue his balls, dig at his taint and hole, then back up for another suffocating deep-throat, mashing her lips to his pubes and swallowing with puppy-dog hunger.

Her face was wrecked, coated in saliva and boy-juice, mouth bruised pink from the violence of her own oral attack. She was the perfect cocksucker, engineered for excess, a slut-lunged champion who didn't know how to quit.

"*Gag*—deeper, honey, deeper... I want your balls resting on my chin while my throat squeezes you!" Daisy gasped as she let every instinct take over: her jaw unhinged, slamming the shaft so far back her tongue actually dimpled the skin right at his base; her neck bulged, the airway flexing as his cock sawed in and out; her hands wrung his balls, then the fat vein on the lower side, then the rim of his ass, flicking a painted nail around the pucker and milking him until his vision went white.

"Fuhhh... fuck... yes, keep going, Mom," Kurt hissed, his voice taut and raw, hands gripping the countertop to keep from collapsing.

Daisy barked a happy, spluttering moan with the shaft still buried to her tonsils. She pumped her head faster, mouth gushing spit in frantic, slurping jets.

Each time she pulled up, her lips dragged the skin so tight that the surface gleamed; each time she went down, her chin mashed into his balls, and the blunt tip of his cock rammed straight down her throat like she wanted to choke to death on son-cock.

Kurt was close—how could he not be? The pressure in his nuts was like a hand grenade with the pin pulled, the tension coiling up his spine and exploding at the base of his shaft.

Daisy felt it and pounced, mouth locking down in a vise, cheeks hollowed to generate raw suction. Her hand stroked the shaft in furious, wet pumps, while her other squeezed and cradled his balls, rolling them with gentle, rhythmic tugs.

The world narrowed down to the obscene, gurgling noise of her throat milking his cock, the tidal wave of pleasure cresting in his brain.

Kurt threw his head back, mouth open in a silent scream, as the first jet of cum exploded down his mom's gullet. She didn't miss a beat. Her muscles squeezing, locking her lips at the base as his cock painted the inside of her throat with white, molten blasts.

She swallowed, and swallowed again, gulping down every gushing ribbon of son-cum with ravenous delight.

Kurt kept cumming. The orgasm was savage, endless, driving torrent after torrent into her mouth and throat, even moving his hips so that he could fuck her mouth more like a pussy than an oral sleeve.

Daisy moaned, unused to the sheer volume; some of it overflowed the seal of her lips, drooling out in white, sticky streams to coat her chin, then saturate his balls and run down onto the kitchen tiles.

She never once pulled off, not even to gasp for air. She just rode the wave, drinking down every drop, spit and boy-milk blending into a glossy, pearlescent mess that dripped from her face.

Eventually, when Kurt finally slumped against the counter, still jerking with aftershocks, Daisy drew back in

slow motion, her lips parting around the battered, glossy head of his cock with a nasty, bubbling “pop.”

A strand of spit and cum snapped, hanging in a heavy, glistening string from her lower lip. Her mouth gaped open, tongue out, showing the gooey wash of his cream slathered across her palate and teeth. She beamed at him, dumb and victorious before taking the final gulp.

“Oh, baby,” she gasped, barely able to speak, “you taste SO good... it’s, like, my favorite thing in the whole world now.”

She nuzzled at his sack, licking up the overflow, sucking the last pearl of cum from the slit like a professional. She wasn’t satisfied until his cock was limp and glassy and every drop was siphoned off his skin.

Kurt stared down at her, still pulsing with afterglow, and saw the way her massive tits strained against the micro-mesh of her top with each tremor of excitement; how her thighs twitched, knees spread on the tile, skirt hiked to her hips so her pussy was leaking inside her panties.

She looked like a wild animal tamed only by cock—a dumb, happy slut, flushed with pride for making her boy feel appreciated and stress-free.

“*Burp*—tee-hee, your cum is making little bubbles in my tummy,” Daisy snickered. “That means I swallowed it all like a good mom.”

Kurt arrived home from school the next day with a plan to take things to the next level.

“So, Mom, kind of weird, but... I saw some stuff on Dad’s computer. Like videos, you know. Barely hidden.”

He watched her face, how instantly the pretty-pink flush bloomed up her cheeks, lips parted in an automatic ‘O’ as her brain tried and failed to process the new data.

“What? Like, bad stuff?”

“Not really bad,” Kurt murmured, “just... pretty wild. Hot chicks, you know, shaking their asses, dancing in sexy outfits, all drippy with oil and sweat. But more than that—they were, like, onstage, giving lap dances to guys. Some of the guys weren’t even their boyfriends, just random dudes at clubs. Dad watched hours of it. I think it must really turn him on.”

The effect was devastating. Daisy’s jaw dropped, face sagging into a mask of dumbstruck panic. “Lap dances?” she bleated. “Like... like the ones they give at strippy clubs?”

“Exactly.”

“But I don’t even know how to dance like that. Omg, what if... what if he gets all obsessed with those girls and doesn’t want me anymore, and then he’s, like, going to lap-dance places instead of coming home to me?”

“Which is exactly why I thought you should know, mom,” Kurt said, “so you can learn to give dad what he clearly wants. Those girls... they barely do anything but shake their tits and bounce on the guys’ laps. They’re not

smarter or prettier than you, trust me. You have the perfect body for it. Your tits and ass are, like, literally made for this kind of show. If Dad had the tiniest clue you could move like those chicks, he'd lose his mind."

"But what if I do it wrong?" she whispered. "What if I mess up and he just, um, laughs at me... or leaves me for some fake, brain-dead whore who only wants his money?"

"If you want, I can show you. I'll help you practice. Like... right now. So you're perfect by the time he gets back. And if you get really good, Dad won't look at anyone else. He'll be obsessed with you."

"Wait, for real? You'd actually help me practice that?" she blurted, her voice thick and dumb as her tits bounced with every eager hop. "Like... show me how to dance for your dad?"

"Heck yeah, I will," Kurt said, his eyes already locked on the frantic jiggle under her shirt. "But first, you should go put on something that doesn't hide anything. Those bitches he watches are basically naked."

"Oh, yes—good idea," Daisy slurred, her voice thick and stupid with excitement. Her fat ass wobbled with every frantic step, the cheeks clapping together under the cheap fabric of her mom-skirt as her six-inch stilettos stabbed the floor in a desperate, clicking sprint toward the bedroom.

When she returned in ten minutes, Daisy's body was poured into the tiniest scraps of purple-glitter lingerie; the choked strappy bra was nothing but strings and a tight

triangle that barely covered the dense, puffy cones of her nipples.

Glossy strips crisscrossed her chest, tethering the meaty domes of her breasts together, so every quiver and bounce threatened to bare them completely. Her areolas, wide and pale pink, peeked from the cramped confines of the cups, the fabric at war with the sheer volume of tit-flesh behind it.

Her pussy was concealed only by a shred of skirt-like cloth, the panel so narrow it barely cast a shadow across her swollen mound.

Two banded straps hugged her hips at impossible angles, slicing into the caramel sheen of her skin, and framing the overripe, bulging lips of her cunt beneath.

Below, a set of pale-pink fishnet stockings shone like candy, gripping her thighs and calves in a mesh that accentuated the riotous, creamy expanse of Daisy's thighs.

At the base, the stilettos were a fever-dream: six-inch pink heels, delicate and predatory, tilting her hips until the massive shelf of her ass stood out like a window display in a whorehouse.

She posed just inside the threshold, a thick, vacant smile plastered across her lips, her eyes glassy and worshipful as she waited for his approval.

“Does this... is it, um... good enough, honey?” Her voice slid out in a syrupy whimper, her tonality pure bimbo—a little hope, a little fear, but mostly just the gut-deep, animal hunger to be told she was perfect. “I tried to pick, like, the

trashiest thing in my closet... but I wasn't sure if the straps looked dumb, or if my butt, like, jiggled too much."

Kurt couldn't speak for a moment. His cock was instantly rock-hard, stretching at his pants, throbbing so violently he was half-tempted to just whip it out and rut her right there in the entryway.

"You look incredible, Mom. Like... exactly what Dad would lose his mind over. That's the point of these outfits, right? Make your tits and ass so insane that none of those bimbo dancers could even compare."

She beamed, all pride and dumb glee. The compliment hit her like a cattle prod to the clit. "Oh my god, really? You really think I could, like, out-hot those club girls? They look so... so confident. I always thought I was kinda chunky, but if you say I'm good enough... I trust you, honey. Just show me what to do, okay?"

Kurt stalked closer, eyes never leaving the swaying, hypnotic weight of her chest. "Okay, let's start with the basics. Turn around and put your hands on the wall. Bend over just a little. Like you're... getting ready to shake your ass for tips."

Daisy didn't hesitate. She stumbled forward in her ridiculous heels, palms slapping the wall as she bent over like a bitch in heat.

Her back arched hard, forcing her fat, glitter-smeared ass high in the air. The skirt rode up, useless, bunching around her waist and putting every dimple and ripple of her cheeks on full display.

Her panties were swallowed by the split of her ass, stretched so thin and tight between those meaty mounds that her pussy was peeled wide open—slick, swollen, and completely exposed.

“Now bounce your hips, Mom. Not crazy, just... let your booty shake a little.” Kurt bit out the words with a hard edge, fully in command.

Daisy’s dumb blue eyes glazed over with focus. She started working her hips, a slow, hesitant wobble that built into a full-on ass-quake. Every shake sent shockwaves through her cheeks, the flesh slapping and jiggling in obscene waves, the pathetic skirt flapping up to show off the soaked-through crotch of her panties.

Kurt prowled around her, devouring the view from every angle. The deep dip of her spine as it vanished into the crack of her ass; the tight flex of her calves against the candy-pink fishnets; the way her huge tits crushed together and sloshed around with every grind. She was born for this shit. pressing

“You’re a natural,” he whispered. “It’s all about the tease, mom. Your job is to make Dad forget any girl he ever saw on a screen.”

“Are you sure my ass doesn't look to dumb bouncing around like that?”

“It looks amazing, Mom. No guy could ever ignore this,” Kurt said as he watched, letting the view tell the story.

His mother was a living advertisement for all the forbidden, primal wants a man could dream up: dumb, hot, hungry for cock, and too stupid to say no.

“Next is the lap part,” he managed, plopping down on the couch. “Crawl onto my lap, facing me. Like you’re at a club, and the whole point is to grind your body right up against the guy who paid for a dance.”

Daisy obeyed, teetering over to the couch and dropping her ass into his lap without an ounce of hesitation. Her huge, jiggling cheeks landed with a meaty slap, pinning Kurt’s cock under the plush, sweat-damp weight of her body.

She wriggled, adjusting her position, her enormous tits rippling above his face like the pendulums of some obscene grandfather clock.

“Now lean in,” he hissed, “and just bounce your hips. Use my lap like it’s your stage. The more you move, the more he’ll go crazy. Let him feel every single part of your body.”

Kurt’s playlist was connected to the living room speakers, and with a flick of his finger the music hit—a primal, pulsing beat that throbbed through the subfloor, drowning the living room in a thick, raw coil of animal lust.

Daisy’s body reacted instantly, every pulse of the bass sent an electric shudder through her hips, the motion turned weaponized: ass-cheeks slapping and jiggling in hypnotic, rippling waves, the feathery mesh of her skirt fluttering uselessly as her cunt mashed directly onto her son’s cock through the useless barriers of lace, denim, and thin underwear.

There was no hiding the effect—the shaft rose up instantly, a slab of throbbing, teenage fuck-muscle punching hard against the seam of her panties.

Each time she rolled forward, his cockhead bullied into the plush, drooling lips of her cunt, separated by pathetic wisps of fabric that did nothing to mask the heat and wetness pouring out of her.

Daisy didn't just dance—for her, the act was instinct. Her bimbo body was a system wired for exhibition, every twitch and wobble engineered to torture and thrill the man pinned beneath her.

"*Slap-slap*—my ass cheeks keep clapping every time I bounce... does that mean I'm a good lap-dancing mommy?" Daisy panted gleefully.

She slithered her ass up, then smashed it down, dragging the seam of her glistening slit over the length of his cock, grinding with obscene, circular motions that left the front of his jeans sodden with cunt-juice.

"Oh God," Kurt snarled, "that's... that's perfect mom."

The teen was immobilized. Every time she bottomed out, the twin domes of her ass crushed down on his lap, burying him in the pillowy, sweat-sheened meat of maternal flesh.

The sheer heat radiating from her pussy was nuclear—it soaked through his boxers and straight into his skin, until his cock felt broiled and tenderized and BEGGING to be unleashed inside her.

The force of her grinding made the muscles of his thighs clench; the sweet, humid perfume of her cunt rolled up over him, thick and overpowering, pummeling his senses until his head swam.

“I'm doing ok then?” she asked as she twisted her hips again, the motion sending her tits into turmoil—a wet, heavy ripple that launched her overfilled boobs into a bouncing, seismic dance.

The micro-straps of her bra fought a hopeless battle, barely corralling the tit-flesh jouncing wild above his face. Her nipples, rock-hard and swollen, gouged pink dents in the mesh, so ripe and desperate for attention it was a miracle the straps didn't just snap and spill her udder-flesh right in his mouth.

“Uh-huh,” Kurt sighed as he stared up in awe. “Dad's gonna love it.”

Daisy's face was gone, melted to a blank, open-mouthed moan, her tongue lolling wet and wild past her glossy lips.

She rode his lap like a machine; every bounce crushed his cock between the steaming heat of her cunt and the flexing wall of her ass. With each grind, the tip of his cock slid up the length of her spreading lips, pushing the sopping panties deep into her crack until the head was locked tight against her clit.

Every shift of her hips snapped her overripe pussy down around his bulge, the lips parting and sucking at the sinewy shaft with a hunger that was pure instinct.

She arched her spine and let the weight of her tits slosh forward, burying his face in the fragrant, humid canyon of her cleavage.

Her hands clung to his shoulders, kneading his muscle through the fabric, her nails digging into his skin as she fought for control over the rhythm.

Beneath her, his cock flexed and jerked, the trapped head smearing pre-cum into the sticky web of her ruined panties. Her body milked at him with every shift, her cunt lips framing and swallowing at the hardness, wetness soaking through every barrier.

Daisy was gone, so deep in the rhythm the rest of the world stopped existing. She bounced, ground, and churned her hips with a single, dumb-minded intent: to maximize the torture, to wring every groan and pulse of need from Kurt's body, to show him in every possible way what it meant to be a cock-worshipping whore built for showmanship and pleasure.

She twisted, reversed, and rolled her hips in figure-eights, each time letting the lips of her cunt catch and drag along the throbbing shaft, yanking at the root and then ramming herself down so hard her ass flattened against his lap with a thunderous, flesh-slapping crash.

A satisfied smile curled her lips as she listened to her son grunt, his head sandwiched between two jiggling clouds of tit-flesh. There was no finesse, no shame, no hesitation: just a relentless, animal rhythm, a constant slam and grind.

"I hope I'm doing it like those girls in the videos your father's been watching," she stated.

“Y-yesss,” Kurt hissed, his nose buried in the sweaty darkness of her cleavage, gasping in lungfuls of perfume, and the tang of pure, dripping pussy.

Her cunt cooked his cock through two pointless layers of fabric; the friction turned everything hot and slick, pre-cum and cunt-nectar blending together until the whole front of his pants gleamed with slick, pearly ooze.

Daisy laughed—a dumb, high, helium giggle—and ground her hips even harder, pressing the top of her mound DOWN and FORWARD to maximize the pressure and let the fat, overripe head of his cock gouge right up into the mouth of her sopping slit.

She dropped her chest harder onto his face, smothering him in a cave of cleavage, her hips never, ever stopping. Every time his cock twitched and kicked, her hungry, drooling folds caught on it, milking it through the weave of panties and jeans in a way that bordered on animal sadism.

And Kurt just lost himself in it. Lost in the smell, and the slap, and the grinding steamroller of maternal flesh on his body. He throbbed, the shaft jutting up from his groin in an impossible curve, his balls mushy and crushed beneath the true weight of those ass-cheeks each time she mashed herself down.

The pleasure went toxic. It radiated through his nervous system, molten and itching, as every ridge and vein of his cock got massaged, pounded, and soaked by the slippery, gaping heat just on the other side of those ruined panties.

Daisy's pussy was an organism unto itself. Every time the tip of his cock rolled up, the engorged lips parted and bulged, leaking more nectar onto the shaft, making her entire crotch a glossy, lube-slicked pit of heat.

Her blonde bombshell body just wanted to be bred, to be fucked, to ride and grind and juice the man beneath her until he couldn't think or breathe, until he was just a slab of cumming meat.

She ground herself like a whore, like she KNEW her only value was in the raw, junkyard power of her bouncing tits, clapping ass, and a cunt that could milk a cock to ruin.

"Keep going, mom," Kurt managed. "Practice makes perfect."

The dance built to a fever pitch: her bouncing grew louder, relentless, her cheeks hammering out a brutal, wet percussion against his thighs. Sweat and cunt-juice smeared across his lap; her tits battered his face with each bounce, covering him in glossy, vanilla-scented warmth, her nipples so hard they stabbed at his cheeks with every splat of tit against skin.

He felt the world tunnel down to that one hot point where her pussy mated to his cock through nothing but a film of sticky, sodden mesh and the final shield of denim.

The lips of her cunt opened to engulf the crown of his shaft, so wet and sticky that it painted his entire groin in a shimmering mask of Daisy's lust.

Her thighs clamped and flexed, muscles straining, her ass smashing down with violence each time she worked the rhythm, never satisfied, always wanting more.

“I can feel how much your liking this, honey,” the mother panted. “Like you’re gonna, um... burst in your pants if I keep doing this.”

“Then let me use the sleeve of your pussy to cum in,” Kurt murmured. “It’ll save us making a mess, and you’ll have a chance to practice how to please Dad right after you’ve gotten him good and worked up.”

“You mean...like, I should just pretend your cock is your father’s?” she stammered, the gears in her dull mind grinding as she struggled to wrap herself around the audacious suggestion.

“That’s right,” Kurt breathed, his eyes unblinking and bright. “You know Dad’s gonna wanna fuck after you turn him on like that. Why not get your technique polished on me first?”

She hung on the precipice of indecision for a moment, thoughts tumbling in slow motion, but the angle of his logic wedged in clean, sharp.

“Yeah...I guess that makes sense,” she said finally, voice uneven but surrendering to the idea. “You always have such creative ideas.”

Daisy attacked her son's jeans with the same, animal urgency she'd once used in the sticky basements and backseats of her slutty youth.

Her nails raked the denim, snagging the button and tearing at the zipper until the whole front panel just exploded apart.

Her eyes never left his crotch; if anything, the sight of the caged, rock-hard shaft fighting for air just made her drool harder, a string of saliva breaking loose to paint the trembling head that throbbed up from the boxers beneath.

Daisy's fingers worked at fury speed, both hands clutching the waistband and yanking the jeans and underwear straight down, peeling them in one hard, fluid motion that rammed seam and fabric deep into the meat of Kurt's thighs.

His cock sprang free, a 10-inch slab of angry, swollen flesh jutting up from his groin, veins bulging along the shaft, the head flushed and sticky-wet with thick, clear pre-cum.

The moment it erupted into view, Daisy's vision tunneled; her eyes crossed with instinctive hunger, her brain short-circuiting to a single, pulsing message: fuck this big dick, now, like it's the only thing I was born to do.

She fumbled with her panties with shaky, desperate fingers, tearing them down her stocking-encased legs until they spattered wetly onto the carpet.

Her pussy was overripe and gaping, the outer lips thick and fatty, flushed a blistered pink and already peeled open by a tidal surge of internal pressure.

Her clit jutted out, swollen beyond reason, the hood peeled back to bare the glossy, berry-colored bulb begging to be battered.

Daisy clambered into his lap at once, her legs braced hard on either side of his, hoisting her hips to maximum altitude. Her fat ass hovered overhead, cheeks flexed and glossy.

Kurt's pulsing shaft stood vertical, the crown already drooling with need, and in one blind, dumber-than-dumb movement Daisy grabbed the shaft and lined it up perfectly with the gaping mouth of her cunt.

She didn't tease. She didn't grind, didn't play at all. Daisy just DROPPED, smashing down full-speed, her entire, heat-soaked weight coming down atop the length of her son's cock with the ferocity of a livestock breeder slamming a stud into a prize sow.

The head of his cock punched into her instantly; there was a split-second resistance, an electric arch of friction as her puffy labia stretched wide to accommodate the monster girth, then the knob battered through and drove straight up her sex, parting the walls of her breeding tube in a tidal rush of hot, throbbing meat.

"Shit—fuck!" Kurt gasped. The feeling was cataclysmic. His shaft bulldozed through the folds of her cunt, the friction so violent it felt like a belt-sander lined in velvet, every ridge and vein and contour scraping mercilessly against the nerve-dense tissue inside her.

She bottomed out in a single, seismic THUD, the tip of his cock ramming into the back wall of her vagina so hard the tip dimpled her cervix, like a battering ram taking down a castle gate.

Daisy's entire body convulsed; the impact set off fireworks, raw uterine heat swirling up her spine and melting the last, feeble shards of thought in her slut-wired skull.

She started to ride. No warm-up, no lead-in, just a relentless, piston-powered bounce. Her thick ass SMACKED down onto his thighs in a metronome of wet, jiggling impacts, each downward drive burying Kurt's cock to the hilt.

Her internal muscles gripped the shaft with freakish force, squeezing and milking, her pussy so greedy and stupid for cock that it tried to yank every drop of sperm out of the flesh invading it.

The suction was unreal; every bounce squelched, her cunt juicing and drooling onto his root with every motion, the heat and slickness turning the hammer-blow pumping into a hydraulic pressure chamber of pleasure.

“That's it, mom... bounce on me,” Kurt panted as he gripped her waist, fingers digging so hard into the plump sides of Daisy's hips that he left deep, red grooves.

He pumped up into her, matching her frantic rhythm stroke for stroke, his entire lower body bucking with a wild, feral energy.

His cock was no longer just hard—it was impossibly, savagely engorged, the shaft bending with each paroxysm of pleasure as the glossy, rubbery dome at the tip battered again and again into the rigid boundary of her cervix.

Daisy howled, the sound emerging as a hoarse, brainless shriek. She rotated her hips with every bounce, letting the thick, knobby crown of his cock drag along the ribbed walls of her pussy, then twist up and SLAM full-force into her clitoral root from the inside.

The motion sent her tits into riot—the massive, cartoon globes battered each other in tidal waves, the strappy, microscopic lingerie compressing her flesh so hard her nipples nearly punched through the fabric.

Sweat pooled in the crease of her cleavage, the scent of her perfume and the raw, sticky syrup of her pussy filling the room and saturating every sense.

“My tongue is hanging out again... *bleh...*” Daisy panted. “I can’t close my mouth when your dick is rearranging my womb.”

The more she fucked, the harder her body responded. The lips of her cunt peeled wider, making a glossy, inside-out O around the slick shaft every time it pulled out; when the shaft jammed back in, the air pressure in her pussy created a wet, popping sound, a suction that made her entire pelvic floor spasm and clutch at the meat splitting it open.

Her ass bounced like a pair of cannonballs, the cheeks slapping down on his thighs with a percussive, rhythmic crash, each bounce sending shockwaves through her body and into her heat-crazed clitoris.

“*Slosh-slosh...* my pussy is so full of your pre-cum it’s making gross squelching noises,” Daisy exclaimed. “Listen how wet and nasty it sounds!”

Flashbacks pounded through her mind: of years ago, when she was her son's age, and her cunt had been pounded raw by a parade of wild, swollen dicks, each of them fighting to see who could cram more into her and make her break first.

But this was different. THIS cock was monstrous, thicker than any of those party-boy dicks, harder than anything her husband had ever managed.

Kurt's shaft throbbed like a piston inside her, the pressure so savage she could feel the outline through the skin of her lower belly every time he slammed home.

Every stroke set her brain on fire; there was no technique left, just the raw, brain-melting drive to keep moving, to keep smashing her pussy down onto that column of flesh until it finally broke her.

"Fuck... fuck... baby, you're so much bigger, so much HARDER than anyone I ever bounced on," she babbled, her voice shrill and incoherent.

Her hands flew up to her tits, pawing and mauling the overripe domes, wrenching and yanking at the pebbled nipples until they whitened with the pressure.

She slammed down on his lap again and again, the friction singing through her in a looped, escalating spiral of pleasure.

Kurt snarled in pleasure, his mind spiraling in a vortex of incestuous, animal lust. The feel of his cock inside his own mother's cunt drove him beyond reason.

It wasn't just the heat, or the wetness, or the endless, relentless suction of her internal walls—it was the total, utter depravity of it, the shame and filthiness that made every jolt of friction spark twice as strong, twice as sweet.

He hammered upward with every bounce, driving his shaft as deep as it could go, until the thick tip mashed her

cervix and the balls at the base slapped up against the glossy, split of her cunt.

They were a machine, a closed feedback loop. Her body milked him with every cycle, every roll and bounce, the furrow of her slit opening and swallowing his cock in a piranha grip.

The fluid inside her went wild; every thrust pushed more clear, gooey arousal out of her, the juices foaming and leaking around his cock until they splattered his balls and pooled on the base of the couch.

Her hole stretched, then clamped, then contracted in a frenzy of spasms that made his cock jerk and throb with savage, desperate energy.

Her ass hit his thighs with wet, cannon-shot impacts; her cunt whistled and popped as it took the full length of him, the internal walls rippling and milking at every vein, every rod of muscle inside.

She fucked him, using all her experience, all her wanton history, riding it out like this was her only craft, her one true art.

Her thighs burned, calves trembling from the force of every wild, animalistic squat, pounding up and down with zero self-preservation, zero hesitation—instead, she worked herself harder and harder, her own orgasm gathering like a storm cloud behind her navel.

The sound was thunderous: the shlap-shlap of her ass, the wet squelch of her pussy being plowed, the high, defeated whimpers as Kurt slammed her hips down and bounced

her on his cock like she was nothing but a hollow, fuckable toy.

The harder he pumped, the more desperate her noises became—a chorus of “yes, yes, yes, fuck me, fuck my pussy!

Daisy was close—a heartbeat from the cliff. Her cunt went nuclear, locked down on his cock with a stranglehold so tight it bulged the shaft everywhere, the internal ripple growing more frantic, more demanding.

Her ass dropped with volcanic force, smashing the swollen lips and clit onto his cock-root with every stroke, until at last the sensation detonated her.

The orgasm hit Daisy like a bullet train. Her entire pelvic floor rippling, clamping down on the shaft as if to seal it inside her forever.

The walls of her pussy convulsed in a crazed, rhythmic ripple—a milking action that battered at the purple flare of his glans and forced it to bend and flex with every electric jolt.

She screamed, her voice ragged and shattered; the weight of her cum burst out of her in a hot, syrup-thick gush, a torrent of maternal squirt that coated Kurt’s cock and balls in a pooling mess of creamy, chemical-sweet juice.

“Fuck—CUMMING!!” Kurt choked as his cock responded instantly, the hot, sticky explosion of her orgasm triggering his own like a domino falling.

The shaft flexed as a superheated surge gathered behind the tip. The first jet of cum detonated inside, splattering

straight up into the mouth of her bare, gaping cunt, outgassing like a firehose until the molten, white-hot load soaked her walls and flooded every last millimeter of her breeding tube.

He didn't just cum; he erupted, shooting bolt after bolt of thick, sticky sperm straight into her clutching, depths, until the pressure was so great it started to ooze back and leak down around the base, glazing her slit and inner thighs in a pearly, viscous mask.

Daisy bellowed, uncaring, animalistic, as her womb and pussy got painted, blasted by a son's load that had been engineered in her own DNA to breed her stupid and empty and satisfied.

The wet, deflating collapse of her juice followed, her hole gaping and milking at the final pulses as Kurt's cock slowly lost pressure—but not before she'd wrung every last, drop of boiling-hot cream out of him, sucking it into her with a velvet, clinical efficiency that left him dazed and drooling and on the brink of blackout.

The moment her stepped over the threshold, Daisy trilled, “Welcome home, honey!” Her voice was pure sugar, thick with anticipation. “I’ve got quite the surprise for you tonight.”

She was radiant—a blonde bombshell meticulously assembled, each detail in her dress and hair calibrated for maximum effect. Kurt saw her before his father did, peeking from around the corner, unable to resist the spectacle his mom made of herself.

"I can't tonight, dear," Daisy's husband said, voice flat, words already packed with the fatigue of unfinished work. "I still have a ton to finish up on tonight."

He barely slowed as he climbed the stairs toward his office, the weight of paperwork pulling him forward, away from whatever Daisy had so carefully orchestrated.

"Wow," Kurt said, stepping up next to his mother. "He just got home and he's right back to work already."

She nodded, her big blue eyes blinking slowly. "Mmm-hmm. He's got that big project... always working so hard."

Kurt turned to face her, his eyes dropping to her cleavage before meeting her gaze. "You know, Mom, I've been thinking. Dad works so much that when he finally wants you, you might be... rusty. Out of practice."

She blinked at him, her blue eyes confused. "Rusty? What do you mean?"

"Like a boxer who doesn't spar before a fight," Kurt explained, stepping closer. "You gotta keep those skills sharp. Practice makes perfect, right?"

"I... guess so..." she said slowly, twirling a strand of blonde hair around her finger.

"So while Dad's busy upstairs, you should come to my room and use me as your practice partner," Kurt said matter-of-factly. "That way you stay ready for him. When he's finally done working and wants to fuck, you'll be at the top of your game."

She shifted on her feet, thighs pressing together. "You really think I need the practice?"

"I think you're too hot to let those talents go to waste,"

"Okay, I suppose that makes sense," she breathed, already following him toward the basement stairs. "Just... just to stay sharp for your father."

After closing and locking his bedroom door, Kurt sprawled on the edge of his mattress, His glare was clinical, almost predatory, the way a scientist studies the last subjugated sample before dissecting it for parts.

"So... what did you have in mind, honey?" Daisy asked, standing there looking as dumb and pretty as always.

"How about you strip for me," he stated. "One item at a time, just like you planned to do for dad. And every time you take something off, I want you to tell me what that part of your body is *actually* good for."

The fabric around Daisy's hips was so thin that a single twist snapped it open, and the microscopic skirt flapped to the floor, instantly exposing her bare pussy, the lips splayed and drooling, clit jutting out like a glossy, flushed tongue.

Kurt's eyes widened. "Wow... no panties. Nice touch, mom. Now tell me about that part of you."

"My... my pussy," Daisy breathed, her nails tracing the contours of her swollen, glistening labia. "It's for cock. For getting stuffed, stretched, and filled up until... until the cum, like, leaks out everywhere..." Her words tangled, getting dumber and wetter with every syllable.

She spread her legs, wide enough to let her fingers squelch into the folds, instantly painting them in a fresh coat of slick, maternal nectar. She looked directly at her son, eyes glassy, lips trembling.

“I keep it smooth and ready all the time... ‘cause that’s what this hole is for... milking cock, making babies, and just... getting totally fucked.”

“Let’s have a closer look,” Kurt said as he gripped her hips and pulled her closer.

He bent forward, his face level with the heat-soaked V of her sex; the scent hit him like a wall, syrupy and tangy and thick enough to taste on the air.

Her slit was a swollen, dripping gash, glossy with fresh runoff, the lips parted and raw, flushed nearly red. Her clit jutted above the opening—a fat, slick berry, swollen and pulsing with animal need.

“This is what dad will wanna do eventually, so we might as well practice it,” Kurt said as he dove in, mouth open and greedy, tongue lapping straight up the pulsing seam of maternal flesh.

He dragged the flat of his licker from the lowest rim of her split, scooping up the salty-sweet overflow, all the way up through the ridged, convulsing folds, to the bulging cap of her clit.

Every motion was frantic-animal, no teasing, just pure appetite. Each swipe of his tongue left the skin gleaming, juices stringing out in clear, sticky ropes that clung to his lips and cheeks.

He tongued every inch: up, then down again, splitting her with his jaw until the swelling pressure made the entire mound flare and twitch. His tongue lashed the inner labia, shoving in between the puffy outer lips to scoop fresh nectar from the tight, muscular channel inside.

He sucked, slurped, feasted, burying his nose right up into the crease and inhaling hard, greedy breaths that made his head blur with lust.

The taste was unreal. Her pussy was soaked, the flavor hitting him as thick honey laced with salt and a meaty, forbidden savor that was pure Daisy, pure mother, pure breeding animal.

He wanted to get lost in it. He pressed harder, gripping her thighs tight enough to dimple the flesh, holding her splayed and helpless as he made out with her hole like a beast starved for weeks.

“Men do love to eat pussy, don't they?” Daisy stated as her thighs trembled and quivered, the muscles trying to snap shut around his face, but he forced her wider, opening her up so he could tongue her even deeper.

He jabbed the tip inside, lashing at the rippling inner walls, then dragged it back up to the clit. The moment his lips sealed over the glossy bulb, Daisy shrieked—a high, stupid sound that echoed through his bedroom.

He worked the clit with frantic, tight suction, locking his lips around the knob and pulling hard, tongue swirling in wild, circular flutters, the way you'd tongue the mouth of a bottle to drain every drop of syrup inside.

The texture of her clit was obscene: so thick, so rubbery, the dome so oversensitive that every flick sent a wild shudder up through her gut. He tamed it, pinning it between lips and teeth and milking the bulb until the nerves shattered and thrashed beneath his tongue.

“Oh... I wish... I wish your father liked doing that as much as you do,” Daisy purred as her juices poured down his jaw, slicking his mouth and chin in a hot, clear glaze. “All hot-n-sloppy.”

Kurt licked faster, tongue going a mile a minute, now flickering right underneath the clit-hood, tracing along the pulsing, glossy curve, sucking the whole tip of it into his mouth like a pearl being hoovered by a vacuum.

With every slurp, more of her honey oozed out, painting his lips and nose until he could barely breathe for the waterfall of raw pussy scent clogging his sinuses.

“Uhhhhnnnn... hnnnnn... ohmygod, ohmygod, I'm feeling really, really good!” Daisy’s squealed. Her hands clawed at his hair, shoving his face deeper, mashing his nose into the hot, drooling seam of her cunt.

The clit was a living pulse: he could feel it beating, twitching, hardening with every hungry suck. He toyed with it, rolling the bulb between his tongue and upper lip, then smashing the whole zone between his teeth and the clenched roof of his mouth, letting the engorged tissue flare and spasm under his attack.

The harder he went, the more brutal the suction, the louder and less human Daisy’s voice became.

Kurt tunneled lower, letting his tongue stab ruthlessly into the sucking heat of her canal, shoving inside her with a full-body lunge, opening his jaw wide to fuck her with every inch of his tongue.

The vaginal canal was molten, the walls ribbed and elastic, flexing and rippling to milk at the intruding tongue. He fucked it in and out, hard and fast.

The flavor spiked: pure, freshly-tapped bimbo juice, tart and tangy and thick enough to string between his lips and her gaping slit. He tongued everywhere: around the entrance, inside, then peeling out to trace the raw, puffy seam that led all the way up to her clit.

When the tongue topped out, he went straight back to the knob, sucking it between his lips with even more force, letting the vacuum snap the whole thing up in a dizzying, starburst pulse of sensation that made Daisy's toes curl and her heels gouge at the carpet.

It was a feeding frenzy. He snarled like a dog as ate her, sucked her, licked up every drop, refusing to stop or slow down.

The scent filled his lungs, the taste brainwashed him, everything in him tuned to a single goal: eat his mom's pussy until there was nothing left but an empty, jelly-legged mess flopped across the bed.

He worked the knot of her clit, timing his suction and tongue-flicks until he could feel the muscle start to vibrate under his mouth, throbbing with the oncoming wave of orgasm.

The channel of her slit gaped and clenched, milked him for tongue and spit and the wild, obscene pressure of his jaw. His nose and lips mashed the mound flat, drinking the flavor straight from the source.

Daisy went rigid, a quivering whimper escaping her mouth as she came undone, her legs quivering. The lock of her thighs nearly crushing his skull before he stopped.

“Take something else off now,” he breathlessly requested, the juices of her release dripping from his chin. “How about your blouse and bra next.”

Daisy shed her top, then her hands drifted up, grabbing at the crisscrossed bands of her bra, fighting to free the mammoth, struggling domes of flesh. The elastic gave a wet, desperate snap, then the cups and straps peeled away, loosening the obscene, cartoon weight of her tits.

The moment they came free, they dropped like boulders, the movement violent and hypnotic. Her nipples were fully erect, areolas wide and blushing, the pale pink buttons nearly obscene in their size and density. Sweat glistened between the jiggling slopes, gathering in the canyon-deep valley of her cleavage.

“Tell me what they’re for, mom,” Kurt reminded her, nearly salivating at the sight of her jumbo udders.

Again, she spoke without thinking, instinct driving every word. “My boobs... they’re for sucking. For... for feeding babies first, but mostly for men to grab and squeeze and, um... fuck between.”

She looked down, cupping the colossal mounds with both hands, sliding her fingers beneath the drench-slick under-

curve until every obscene ripple and dimple was jiggling and alive.

“They want to mash their faces in here... lick my nipples, bite them until I scream, twist and pull until my whole brain just goes empty.”

She pinched the nipples with both hands, rolling the thick, rubbery tips against each other, mouth open in a nearly idiotic O.

“Sometimes... if you really play with them hard... I can cum just from that. Like, my coochie gets all tingly and I just squirt everywhere.”

She gasped, hope and pride blending into a single, vacant stare. “I guess they’re just made for cock. Or mouths. Or, um... whatever you wanna do to them.”

“Let me show you what dad will wanna do,” Kurt said as he yanked his mom down on top of him, her plush, overripe tits slapping down across his face with a weight and heat that nearly suffocated him.

The mass of her breasts was staggering, two heavy, pendulous domes of blushing, sweat-slicked flesh so enormous they spilled across his cheeks and brow, burying him in a swamp of vanilla perfume, salt, and woman.

The nipples jutted out like swollen, rubbery caps, each one the size of a thumb, fever-hot and flushed pink, the areolas stretched wide and bumpy from arousal.

He pressed his mouth straight into the seam of her cleavage, tongue lashing wild across the humid canyon,

licking up the beads of sweat that ran between those huge, quaking pillows.

“Fucking perfect,” Kurt uttered as he motorboated her, burying his nose and lips deep in the trembling gulf, inhaling the pure, obscene essence of Daisy’s maternal flesh.

Each shake sent the tit-flesh rippling, softness yielding to bone-deep density, the bounce so heavy it actually slapped his cheeks and chin with each buck of her hips.

He couldn’t get enough—the more he nuzzled and licked, the more those mammoth milkers surrounded him, clinging wetly to his skin, the chasm between them a glossy, sweet-scented slip-n-slide pulling him deeper.

He dragged his tongue down, licking in hot, greedy swaths along the soft, under-curves, the weight of her tit rolling over his jaw, thick and dense and impossible to resist.

His hands groped and pawed at the sides, pushing together even more mass, forcing her cleavage so tight he could barely breathe, let alone think.

“Oh... you uh, you do love big boobs, don't you, honey?” Daisy moaned, the sound a deep, guttural rumble vibrating right through her breasts, her glassy blue eyes rolled back.

She ground her hips down on his lap, desperate to squish every last millimeter of that fleshy abundance against her boy’s face, while her hands clamped and squished her own swaying domes for him.

Her nipples jabbed at his cheeks and lips, stiff and electric, the fat, blushing nubs almost comical in how thick and swollen they appeared.

Kurt wormed his face up the sweaty gulf, one cheek mashed to the side by the weight of her tit, the other dragged along the soft, humid underbelly, until his mouth puckered directly under the tip of her nipple.

He opened wide and latched, lips sealing hungry and tight around the rubbery bud. He suckled without an ounce of restraint—inhaling, sucking, and tugging at the nipple with the greedy vacuity of a newborn savant.

The tip dimpled and flexed against his tongue, and he played it like an instrument, flicking the bumpy surface, then rolling it against the roof of his mouth, then letting his teeth rake lightly around the base, pulling electric, shuddering tension through Daisy's entire body.

She squealed, her voice high and raw, her back arching as the tit-flesh flattened across his mouth and nose. Her hands never stopped squeezing, pinching her other nipple with two fingers, twisting and rolling until the sharp, animal pleasure made her pelvis buck and squirt additional juices down her thighs.

The sensation radiated straight from her breasts down to her pussy, clenching and convulsing with every savage suck from Kurt's mouth.

Her tits belonged to him now, they were trophies, fuck cushions, feeding pillows, the purest distillation of Daisy's purpose: to satisfy and nurse the animal hunger in a man, especially her son.

She ground down on him shamelessly, her drooling pussy mashing hot and sticky against the rod of his cock, the soft, desperate bounce of her hips mirrored in the frantic, lewd tremor of her tits.

With every suck and twist, her nipples went wilder and harder, the areolas puffing up and wrinkling with pure, fuck-crazed arousal. He let spit run down the tips in glossy rivers, then licked it off, savoring the ripe, saline taste of her skin and the subtle, milky tang of her pores.

His hands clutched and mashed the tit-flesh, spreading the mounds, lifting them, then squeezing them together in obscene, suffocating heaps to see how far her anatomy would go, how deep he could drown in the bottomless, maternal sea of Daisy's chest.

He went savage, slapping one tit onto the other, shaking the mass of flesh until it quaked like gelatin, then locking on with his jaw again and milking the bud until his mom was huffing and drooling from the rush of sensation.

His tongue drilled the tip, then lashed the circumference, then stretched the areola tight against the suction force until the whole globe of tit was taut and alive.

He wanted to leave her marked, wrecked, nipples glossy and inflamed and obviously worked over, because that's what these tits were for—for men to fuck, to torment, to suck dry.

“Stand up now,” he finally gasped as the nipple popped from his lips. “Tell me what your legs are for, mom.”

Completely naked now, Daisy did as her son asked, her tits wobbling as she rose back to her feet.

“These... my legs... they’re for spreading, I guess,” Daisy slurred. “To prop up my ass, or to hold a guy in place while he, um, humps me. They look, like, best when I’m bent over, with my cooch sticking up and my butt out for spanking or, um, ramming.”

The confession came out breathy and raw as she continued. “They’re just handles, like... grip here and fuck harder.”

“Awesome job. Now turn around and bend over,” Kurt said. “Tell me what your ass is designed for.”

She obeyed instantly, her bimbo brain shorted so deep she only wanted to perform, display, be used. With her back to him, she bent double, palms braced on her own knees, and her massive ass exploded into view, cheeks bouncing and rippling with each shallow breath.

“My ass,” Daisy moaned, “It’s for spanking. Biting. For, um, smashing your cock into from behind. The crack is to be... spread open. Or tongued. Or even...” her voice trailed off, dumb with possibility. “...even fucked, if you want it. Just open the cheeks and put it wherever, ‘cause that’s what butts are for. For fucking. For guys to slap and use.”

Her hands framed the soft, jiggling domes, spreading them to bare the glossy, heat-wet slit of her pussy and the tight, pink pucker of her asshole.

The musky, soaked smell of her arousal filled the room, a humid, chemical perfume that wrapped around them like a blanket. She held the pose, bent and split, every cell of her body tuned for one thing only: to be filled, used, pounded.

“Well, I did volunteer to be your practice partner, mom,” Kurt said, already on his feet and moving toward her. “So let’s practice.”

He let his shorts drop to the floor with a careless flick of the wrist, the heavy, swollen column of his cock springing outward as if desperate to get loose.

The shaft was a throbbing, violent mass of meat just shy of impossible—a monument to everything his mother’s cunt craved, crowned by a bulbous, ruddy tip already weeping syrupy pre-cum that trickled down the hungry seam.

The veins were monstrous, rope-thick and pulsing in mad, agitated rivers up the underside, accentuating every millimeter of flesh engineered to destroy any shred of maternal restraint Daisy had left.

She looked over her shoulder, gaping in dumbstruck awe. Her ass was split wide, cheeks wobbling obscenely with every little tremor of her stiletto-perched legs.

At the epicenter, her pussy gaped, the outer lips glossy and fat, peeled apart to expose the raw, puckered lining of her hungry fuck-hole. The clit, still swollen and angry from his tongue, jutted forward—a bright, wet berry, glossy and flushed and twitching in anticipation.

“*Giggle...* the head is so fat and shiny,” Daisy purred, “it’s leaking that sticky stuff already. Come make mommy’s coochie slurp it right up.”

Kurt lunged, all pretense gone, his hands latching onto the heavy, dimpled globes of her ass so tight his fingers left instant divots in the trembling flesh.

He yanked her back, pinning her against his hips, mashing the glossy, juice-soaked lips of her pussy to the bludgeoning tip of his cock. Daisy's legs nearly buckled, her knees splaying wider just to accommodate the insane, throbbing stalk pressing against her entrance.

There was no finesse. No gentle tease. Kurt lined up the head of his cock, the tip slathered in a cocktail of his own pre-cum and her bimbo honey, and jammed it directly into the oozing mouth of his mother's cunt.

The resistance was immediate—a ferocious squeeze, the labia stretching comically wide as the fat dome of his glans battered at her slit and then, with a wet, obscene squelch, forced its way inside her with animal force.

Both of them howled at the impact. The shaft plowed through her canal, gouging the soft pink lining, hauling her pussy open wider and wider until the whole mass of internal muscle was clamped like a vice around the invading column.

The friction was white-hot, every rib and vein of his shaft scraping at the desperate, suctioning walls of maternal heat. The stretch left Daisy's brain on fire; Kurt could see her entire body shudder, toes curling on the carpet, the muscles of her thighs flexing and twitching as the impossible length of him buried deeper and deeper with each savage thrust.

“Dad's crazy for passing this up,” Kurt panted as he drilled her from behind, cock shearing through the velvet, ribbed channel of cunt with every monstrous pump of his hips.

The collision at the end of each stroke hammered the squishy dome of her cervix, battering at the mouth of her womb. Sweat instantly pooled along the cleft of her back, dripping down between the quivering shelves of her ass, turning her entire body wet and glossy as she flexed to take it like an animal bred for this alone.

Daisy choked out a brainless litany of sounds. No words, just raw vowels and helpless, bimbo-milked whimpers that vibrated up through the meat of her body every time he bottomed out inside her.

“You're a natural, mom,” Kurt grunted, watching her big, meaty ass ripple each time it slapped his midsection. “Taking dick is your true purpose.”

“Yes, honey,” she purred, “my only job is to be a cock-sleeve.”

Every time he pulled out, the lips of her pussy clung and stretched, a ring of glistening flesh refusing to release the shaft. And when he slammed home, the balls at the base of his cock smashed up against her clit and the juiced-out, drooling mess at the bottom of her sex.

It was a closed system of filth and hunger: his cock rammed in, her cunt milked it, then tried to seal around him and suck the next drop of cum out before retreating for another attack.

Kurt leaned over her, collapsing his chest to her back, hands gripping her hips while his mouth latched onto the side of her neck with a possessive, growling bite.

“Eeeee!” Daisy squealed, her cunt squeezing down like a greedy fist on the fat purple head of his cock, bathing it in a fresh gush of her hot, sloppy juices.

Kurt snarled as the tip of his tongue lashed her nape, tasting the salt, breathing the frantic perfume of a mother being split open by the cock of her own son.

“Uhhnnn, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Daisy stammered, head lolling, face twisted into a dizzy, slack-jawed rictus. “It’s... it’s so fucking thick, it’s splitting me, I love it, oh god, fuck me, shove it deeper, pound my pussy, break it, BREAK my fucking cunt!”

He snarled, words choked with the strain of holding back the orgasm. “You want it? You wanna get bred like a sow, wanna get pumped full of cum until your head goes empty, you can’t even fucking talk?”

“YES, YES, YES, YES, YES—SPLIT MOMMY OPEN WITH YOUR COCK, MAKE ME CUM, MAKE ME GUSH, MAKE MY BRAIN JUST LEAK OUT!”

He fucked her harder. The tempo was animal, frantic and uncoordinated, a series of punishing impacts that bounced her ass off his lap and left the center of her slit battered and drooling with excess wet.

Then Kurt wrenched her upright, shifting positions with a predatory ease that left Daisy flapping and gasping. He threw her forward, mashing her face into his bedding, her ass and cunt still peeled open and jerking at the air, and then he jammed back inside her with such force the whole bed frame creaked and slid on the floor.

He mounted her in prone-bone, cock hammering up to bash the wet-stretched tunnel directly into the axis of her g-spot and internal clit.

The move sent her into instant spasms, her limbs flapping at the sheets, the full length of her torso bucking with every savage, jackhammer thrust. He never paused; every jolt bottomed out, the air pressure in her pussy making her actually balloon and gape around the piston as he pounded home.

Her giant tits squashed under her own body, tit-flesh flattening against the pillows and spilling out left and right. Her hands flailed for purchase, grabbing at the sheets. In this position, her pussy was totally at his mercy, a sleeve of molten, ridged velvet getting battered into surrender.

Kurt's balls slapped her with every savage forward drive, painting her ass with a mess of spit, cunt-juice, and the first thick tears of pre-cum that leaked from the brutal fuck.

The sight of her wrecked, bent-over form sent him wild; he braced a palm between her shoulder-blades and actually pinned her flat so that every slam perfectly aligned the shaft with the length of her g-spot and the tight, heat-humming knot of her cervix.

Daisy detonated, ass bucking off the bed, the grip of her pussy going so tight it nearly bent his cock in half. The channel milked him, rippled along the entire length, trying to suction every drop from his balls in a fluttering cascade of raw, animal orgasm.

When she squirted, the eruption drenched his shaft with fresh, clear cream; it ran down from her cunt in ropes, splattering his thighs, the sheets below. He just kept hammering, riding out the clenching aftershocks for as long as he could, every thrust threatening to breach the walls of her womb.

The flavor in the air was pure sex, a haze of perfume and body heat, the thick, salty smell of spent cock and maternal squirt fusing with her bimbo perfume.

The mattress was drenched, the bedding twisted up beneath her from the steady, hydraulic rhythm of Kurt's hips driving her harder, faster, meaner.

He pulled out, dragging the slick shaft all the way free, the glossy dome flaring purple-red from the stranglehold of her cunt. A string of juice and thick, pearly-white pre-cum stretched between the tip and her gaping hole, quivering as she squirmed helplessly on the sheets.

"On your back now," Kurt ordered as he flipped her over with a single, ragdoll motion, hoisting his mother onto her back, her limbs splayed wide, hair matted to her cheeks, mouth open in a trembling, "o" of raw, punch-drunk delight.

"Fuck me, honey," she squealed, her voice a dumb, breathy mess. "Yeah, shove that big dick in. Wreck my pussy."

He aimed his cock at her exposed hole, watching the way her cunt drooled and clenched, as if starving for the next hammering. Then he jammed himself right back in, splitting her open from the top—the missionary thrust was so sharp it actually hoisted her lower back off the

mattress, her ass hovering airborne as the shaft bottomed out to the root.

The position bent her legs up and apart, knees shoved wide so he could see the full gaping disaster of her maternal slit accepting every inch, every vein, every twitching throb from her son's animal fuck.

Daisy squealed, again and again, voice higher each time, lapping in a pitch-perfect feedback with the violence of the fuck. Kurt gripped her thighs, dug his fingers in, and started pounding her with a brutal, piston-stroke efficiency that left her brainless, jaw slack, drool running in glossy drips down her chin.

Kurt watched her pussy go inside-out with every hard pull. The lips peeled apart, the inner ring gripping and swallowing at the shaft until the whole mass looked like it was being sucked into a bottomless, hungry maw.

The clit never lost pressure, mashed by the ridge of his cock, every thrust gouging the swollen, hyper-sensitive knob as her orgasm built and built.

“Don't forget your kissing skills, mom,” Kurt said as he leaned forward, draping his chest across the terrain of her tits, and pressed his mouth directly to hers. “Those need practice too.”

Daisy moaned, lips parting, instantly yielding to his tongue as it ravaged her mouth, licking and biting with the same ferocity he used to fuck her. Their faces smeared together in spit and sweat, the kiss a wet, animal merger of hungry, incestuous need.

She sucked his tongue like a cock, moaning and snarling into his mouth, hands locked behind his head, nails raking at his scalp. Beneath him, her hole never stopped milking, each grind ratcheting the fuck to a new, obscene pitch—they were a feedback loop of rutting, insatiable hunger.

His cock never softened, the relentless pressure in his nuts so savage he could feel the cum already boiling in the base, aching to unleash.

Her fleshy thighs clamped around his hips, her plush arms locked behind his neck, and the suffocating weight of her massive tits crushed against his chest—she held him in a full-body vise.

With every savage thrust, his balls slapped wetly against the lewd, pink pucker of her asshole, the impact echoing the brutal rhythm of their fucking.

The bedframe hammered against the wall, the legs actually lifting from the floor with each drive forward, threatening to splinter under the violence of their motion.

The orgasm hit them like a detonated bomb—a wild, full-body eruption that tore through their systems, obliterating any trace of restraint or shame. At the instant their bodies collided, fused chest to chest and mouth to mouth, Kurt felt the molten surge building at the base of his shaft, a volcanic pressure primed to explode.

Inside his mother, the thick, throbbing head of his cock swelled even larger, stretching her cunt until the lips inverted and bulged in a desperate, failing struggle to contain him.

The clench in her tunnel was savage, muscle bands and spongy corrugations locking down on his invading flesh and milking at it in raw, rippling waves.

Daisy's entire figure went rigid, spine bowing off the soaked bedding, her obscene tits heaving and rippling against his chest as every single nerve ending fired at once.

She screamed into his mouth; the sound was animal, not even human, just a white-noise siren that vibrated straight through their fused tongues.

Her thighs snapped tighter around Kurt's hips, her heels gouging into his ass, forcing every last millimeter of his length to hilt inside her. As she gripped him, her cunt went spastic, the inner lining wringing and piston-pounding around the shaft like an industrial milker, collapsing the ridge-veined cock in a relentless, suctioning vise.

Kurt growled back, teeth bared in pure, feral rut, and slammed himself deeper. He felt his cock flex powerfully at the root, the whole shaft boiling with impending release.

The wet, battered dome of his glans punched at the mouth of her cervix, mashing it flat with every frantic buck. The moment the tip aligned with the gaping entrance to her womb, the first torrent of cum detonated free, a superheated jet of white lightning rocketing straight into her core.

The effect was cataclysmic. Rope after rope of thick, creamy sperm blasted up into the clutching vacuum of

Daisy's pussy. The pressure was so insane that it overflowed instantly.

Fertile, white-hot ejaculate came pouring back around the shaft, splattering against her gaping lips, gushing out to coat her thighs, ass, and the trembling mound of her slit.

Daisy's own orgasm was equally violent—a tidal surge that sent her juices fountaining outward, the squirt erupting in a thick gush of bimbo nectar that painted Kurt's cock and balls, pooled under her ass, and spattered across both their tensed, grinding bodies.

Inside the tunnel of her sex, the two fluids collided in a sticky, churning mess. The spunk boiled and mixed with her clear, viscous squirt, until the entire twitching length of Kurt's cock was glazed in a sticky, ultra-slick emulsion.

Every thrust churned more of it to the surface, thick gobs of white seed and raw honey drenching the purple veins of his shaft, then drooling in obscene, wet rivers out of her battered hole.

He couldn't stop, wouldn't stop—the primal urge to fuck and breed this blonde bombshell far outweighed the need for oxygen or sanity.

His mouth sealed to his mother's, tongues tangling, their faces smeared in spit and sweat and the blowsy, medicinal stink of get-fucked-now pheromones.

He rammed his cock again and again, each new explosion of cum driving her hips off the bed and forcing more juice to spurt from her clenching, vacuum-sleeved canal.

The sound was insane: wet, brutal slapping; the squelch of fluid under pressure; the breathless, panicked whimpers as both of them lost every last trace of thought in the feedback loop of incest and animal heat.

Daisy's tits sloshed between their bodies, smashed and sandwiched until the flesh dimpled and reflowered around his ribs, MILF nipples prodding at young flesh.

Her hands clawed for purchase, nails raking Kurt's back, desperate to anchor herself as he battered her swollen hole with punishing, piston-driven efficiency.

The more he fucked, the more her own body betrayed her; her pussy gaped, the lips sucking at his cock and threatening to yank him out of the world and straight into the suffocating, velvet sleeve of maternal need.

The final few ropes was an extinction-level event: Kurt's cock jerked and convulsed, spraying another jet of white-hot cum directly into her freshly-milked womb.

Daisy's tunnel clamped down, milking him harder than anything he ever imagined, the internal walls rippling and twitching in a never-ending series of clutching aftershocks.

The collision forced more and more slick to the surface, the seed erupting around his shaft and running down the crack of her ass to soak the already-drowned sheets below.

Kurt stayed buried to hilt, just letting her inner walls knead his cock, feeling her body twitch and milk him like it didn't want to ever let go. The wet, messy overflow continued, thick globs of spent cum leaking around the

still-pulsing shaft, drooling down Daisy's thighs, matting her pubes and painting her perineum in a beaded gloss.

If it weren't for the endless ripples of post-orgasmic aftershock, time might have stopped. Daisy gurgled, her pretty lips splitting into a lopsided, totally vacant smile as she stared up at the ceiling.

“Ohmygod, honey... that was sooooo good... I can feel it, it's leaking EVERYWHERE. I bet my pussy looks, like... extra pretty right now? I know it's messy, but... it got good practice, right?”

“Uh-uh... perfect practice,” Kurt gasping when she collapsed onto him, her body a suffocating, slick weight of fucked-out mother.

Daisy rolled him onto his back with a grunt, her massive tits slamming against his chest like warm, slick pillows of flesh, their weight crushing the air from his lungs as they jiggled and settled against him.

Her mouth found his neck—not with tenderness, but with a wet, slobbering hunger, teeth scraping skin as she sucked and licked a path toward his jaw, leaving a glistening trail of spit in her wake.

“Honey, you were right...” the mother said between kisses. “Oh god, you were so right. I never wanna lose my edge... never ever wanna be the dumb wife who gets lazy for her man.”

Each flex of her hips mashed her gaping, drenched pussy against the drooling tip of Kurt's cock, their sweat and juices gluing their bodies together in a glistening, molten mess.

“I just... think we should practice like this every day together,” Daisy babbled, her voice liquefied by the rush of maternal devotion and sex hunger. “‘Cause practicing on you... makes me, um, perfect for your father.”

A grin split Kurt’s face, raw and victorious. Beneath her weight, his cock stirred again, thick and impatient, already hardening back to full attention against her thigh—ready to wreck her all over again.

