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Moms, Boys and Sex Toys - The Series

The Custom Sleeve – Part 1

By Klrxo

“Cameron went out with the Anderson girl last night. He seemed so nervous to go on a date with her,” Brittany told her two girlfriends as they sat having their morning coffee.

“Do you think he fucked her?” Lauren asked curiously.

“Honesty...no I don't. He seems so shy about sex,” Brittany answered. “I'm pretty sure he still has a virgin cock.”

The other mothers licked their lips, their hot, snug birthing tubes clenching involuntarily and their plump clits throbbing beneath their fleshy hoods. All three mothers carried huge, heavy tit-melons and their form fitting tops shrouded their mammary-meat like a second skin. This caused their cleavage to bulge obscenely and deliciously from their V-cut necklines.

“I have a feeling Kyle's a virgin too,” Suzette added, speaking about her own son. “It makes me sick to think he hasn't had his boner sheathed in hot pussy yet. You don't think we've raised beta males do you?”

“Oh stop,” Lauren giggled. “Cameron and Kyle are not beta males. They're just getting off to a slow start.”

“Unlike your son, Brent, who's fucked every mom in the neighborhood by now,” Brittany teased, brushing her long platinum-blond hair off her face.

“Well, I certainly hope that's not true. That would mean he fucked YOU, since you only live two doors down from me.”

“We only fuck once or twice a week,” Brittany smiled, which resulted in an evil glare from her friend.

"I'm kidding!" Brittany giggled. "We made a pact last year not to fuck each other's sons. I've honored that agreement," Brittany assured her.

"Me too," Suzette added. "I sure would like to know what's taking the other two boys so long though. They should be burying their boners to the root inside pussy by now."

"Well...one of them would have, if a 'certain someone' had agreed to letting him beat his belly against hers last summer," Lauren teased.

"He had only just turned seventeen last summer," said Suzette defensively, knowing that her friend was referring to the time where Suzette's son, Kyle, propositioned her for sex. "Getting arrested for fucking someone underage was not on my agenda."

"Oh, otherwise you would have accommodated his request...is that what you're saying?"

"No, I WOULD NOT have fucked my son. I'm all about helping Kyle feel more comfortable with the idea of being sexual, but I don't need to break the law or my wedding vows in the process."

"You don't think they have small dicks do you?" Lauren wondered out loud. "Could that be why they're so shy about fucking girls?"

"No...I don't think that's it."

"How can you be certain? I mean...what if their dicks are shorter than average and they're feeling insecure about it?"

"There's nothing small about the boners Kyle is constantly trying to conceal around the house," Suzette replied with a smirk. "Sometimes I can see the outline of his cock-shaft through his briefs. It's definitely north of eight-inches."

"You really think he's that big?!" Brittany asked staring at her friend with interest. "I've tried to guess Cameron's dick-size just based on what I've see through his pants, but I certainly don't wanna get caught staring at his morning wood, especially by his father."

"The best time for boner-gazing is early in the morning, before your husband even gets up," Lauren suggested. "Sneak into your son's bedroom, being careful not to wake him, pull back the covers and you'll be able to look at his hard cock as long as you want."

"You're actually doing that?" Suzette giggled.

"What...it's just looking. Brent stares at my tits all the time...what's the difference? All I'm saying is if you want an indication of their size, it's a great time to take a peek."

"What IS even considered an 'average' dick these days?" Brittany asked. "From everything I've heard and read, boys are developing much bigger cocks than those a generation ago."

"From everything I've heard from other moms boys are averaging about eight inches now."

"Regardless, all three of us know that anything under six inches is considered small, as far as a woman's concerned," Suzette expressed. "Even if Kyle is well-equipped, I do think he might be concerned about how he'd perform sexually, if given the chance. Maybe that's what's keeping both our boys from getting their dicks wet."

"Well we can't just sit back and watch them pass up opportunities for pussy. They're both young and good looking. They should be fucking like bunnies at this age."

"Well, there's always sex toys," Lauren suggested.

"Sex toys?!" Brittany asked.

"Yes...we could buy them a custom made sex toy. Something that would empower them."

"Lauren, the point is to get them to fuck real pussy, not use silly sex toys to get off with," Suzette stated.

"You said you wanted to help Kyle feel more comfortable with sex," Lauren reminded her. "Maybe helping him use a sex toy is a step in that direction."

"Wait...are you suggesting that we not only buy these toys, but that we oversee them using them too?" Brittany asked.

"Well, it would allow us to see if there are any other factors at play here, like penis size or premature ejaculation issues. You know...things that could be real obstacles in the sex lives of our boys."

"Your son is getting more cunt than a porn actor. He doesn't need a toy to help him out," Suzette smiled.

"That doesn't mean he's not insufficient in one area or another," Lauren stated. "Yes, Brent is fucking a lot of girls at school and married moms, but maybe he's getting off too quickly or he doesn't know how to find the clit. I don't want him going through life a failure in those areas."

"What if we do find that there's something lacking? What then?" Suzette asked.

"Well...then we do what all good mothers do and help our boys work through whatever the issues are, even if it's just shyness."

"I don't know, Lauren," Brittany expressed, shaking her head. "Your plan could have the three of us walking down a VERY dangerous path."

"Look, I'm not talking about fucking our sons," said Lauren. "I'm just suggesting we oversee the use of the toys we give them and offer practical advice where it's needed. There's certainly no harm in that, and if it helps them work through any issues they have, and teaches them a few things in the process, than we've succeeded."

Suzette shared a determined look with Brittany. "It does make sense. If we don't help them, who will?"

Brittany shrugged her shoulders, making her fatty breasts jostle on her chest. "Alright...I guess we're going shopping," she agreed.

ONE WEEK LATER...

Suzette stood in her son's doorway, her platinum-blond hair drifting past her shoulders. She wore a cream-colored, thigh-high cami-dress and her

fat tits looked like they could burst right through the fabric "Did you have a good birthday, honey?" she asked, smiling warmly at her son.

"Yeah, it was awesome. I got some great gifts, and the cake you made was amazing!" he replied, while sitting on his bed.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I have one more gift for you," said Suzette, holding up a small gift bag she was carrying. "Can I come in?"

"Oh...um, sure."

Suzette's stiletto heels clicked daintily on his floor. Her sexy feet, with red painted toenails, were beautifully displayed in her high heeled sandals. Her legs were tan, silky smooth and moved with alluring fluidity as she walked with a swaying ass toward her son. Kyle stared at the swell of his mom's oversized breasts as they trembled heavily beneath her dress, while she moved to his bedside and sat down. The amount of cleavage that was exposed for his ogling eyes was borderline obscene. "Why didn't you just give to me this present earlier, with my other gifts, at the party?" he asked.

"Well...those gifts were from both your dad and I. This one is just from me," she replied, handing him the bag. "In fact, it's um...something that we'll need to use together, you and I."

"Together?" Kyle uttered, while fishing the item from the bag. "What is it?"

"Open it and see," his mom anxiously smiled.

It was a relatively thin, rectangular box with bold white lettering that Kyle read out loud. "Custom Vaginal Sleeve?"

His mom looked him in the eyes and grinned, showing her flawless white teeth. "Do you remember last summer when you asked if I'd have sex with you?"

"Yeah, I remember," Kyle blushed. It was a day that his father was working and he was hanging out alone with his mom by the pool. The sight of her sexy legs and the fat, jutting tit-flesh bursting from her skimpy bikini-top had him so fucking horny that he could hardly conceal his erect cock- flesh. He decided to boldly pop the question that day, but was disappointedly shot down.

"I told you we couldn't," Suzette reminded him. "Number one...because you weren't old enough to screw a grown woman, and number two because I'm your mom, and moms and sons aren't suppose to have sex together."

"Yeah, I know...I remember," Kyle sulked. He was just thankful that she at least understood his obsession with her, and that she didn't tell his father that he had made such a obscene proposition to her.

"Now that your eighteen though, you've crossed one of those hurdles so I did something that I think you'll appreciate," Suzette expressed. "I had an artificial vagina custom made, just for you."

"Custom made?"

"Yes, and that's the part that I think you'll really appreciate," she answered. "Your custom sleeve has been fashioned after MY vagina, in every detail. So in a way, you'll be getting what you asked for last summer, just in a more appropriate way."



"I had a custom
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Kyle's heart began to beat excitedly. He could hardly believe his ears. "Wait though...how is that even possible...a custom vagina?" he asked.

"It's a service that the manufacturer offers. They sent me a kit, so I could make a mold of my vagina inside and out. I'll admit, it wasn't a very fun process, having all that cold liquid down inside my lady-hole, but the mold

came out perfectly, and this is the end result," she eagerly answered, motioning towards the box. "Shall we take a look?"

"Um...ok," Kyle awkwardly replied, then opened the box. Out came a thick, pink, squishy-soft cylinder. The boy's eyes widened at he stared at the 'business end' of the toy.

"Oh my Gosh..." the mother beamed, placing a hand on her son's shoulder, while staring at the front of the toy also. "It looks just like my vulva!"

Kyle studied the inner labial lips, which were unfurled and protruded from the puffy outer flanges. Crowning the top was the thick rounded flesh of the clitoral hood. It was so realistic-looking that the boy felt like he was staring at a real shaved pussy. "So I just, um...stick myself in there?" he asked.

"Yes, honey...let me show you," Suzette replied, taking the sleeve from her son. She pulled the lips of it open, making the inside gape. "See all the slippery bumps inside? Those are called vaginal rugae, and their purpose is to provide wonderful friction on man's penis and make him ejaculate."

"So...those are YOUR rugae?" Kyle asked, staring in awe, trying to process this incredible moment.

"Well, in a way, yes. Your sleeve is fashioned after my vagina, inside and out, in every detail. Same ridges, same snugness. From what they told me, even the length of the vaginal tube is exactly the same as what I have inside me right now."

Kyle shook his head in disbelief. "That's the coolest thing ever!"

Suzette giggled at his excited remark. "Well...having actual sex with me would probably be the coolest thing ever," she added with a wink, "but since we can't do that...this'll be the next best thing, right?"

"For sure!"

"So, when would you like us to try it out?" Suzette asked.

"Wait...US try it out?"

"Well...yes, honey. As I mentioned before, a vaginal sleeve isn't something that you use by yourself. A woman is suppose to hold it and pump it on your boner, that way you can focus entirely on the sensations it's giving your penis," she explained. "My hand can compress on the outside of the sleeve in order to replicate the way my vaginal walls would squeeze around your erection if we were having real sex."

Kyle was in such shock at what his mom was proposing that he could hardly speak. He finally managed to spit some words out. "Can we try it now?"

She glanced at his doorway. "Not while your father's home. How about if we use it tomorrow, right after school?" the mother suggested.

"Sounds great," Kyle eagerly nodded, slightly disappointed by having to wait a day to use his new sleeve. He knew though that his mom helping him with it wasn't something his father would be too happy about discovering.

In addition to privacy, Suzette had a second reason for wanting her son to wait a day. Even though they knew it was morally wrong, the three married mothers had agreed that they would each expose their naked body to their boys before they used the sex toys for the first time. That would likely raise their arousal-levels to insure that they got fully-hard cocks the first time they used their toys. In Suzette's case, she wanted Kyle to see her shaved pussy and how his new vaginal sleeve matched its appearance exactly. The mother knew that with the image of her naked flesh in his mind, his ejaculations would be that much more powerful. *"If I can't have sex with him, then I can at least make his experience with the sleeve as realistic as possible,"* she thought.

The next morning, the busty mother stepped from the shower. She had the type of voluptuous body that was made for vigorous fucking. She toweled herself off at the foot of her marital bed, leaving her door wide open, since she knew her son would walk by on his way to the kitchen. Her heart raced

nervously as she heard footsteps in the hallway. *"Oh God, here he comes. I hope I don't shock him,"* she thought.

"Good grief, Suzette!" her husband exclaimed, stopping in the doorway. "Close the door while you're drying off. I could have been Kyle walking by."

Suzette threw the towel back around her nude frame, but could hardly shroud the enormity of her fatty breasts. "Of course, sorry...I don't know what I was thinking," she blushed, not expecting her husband, Chris, to come back upstairs.

Dressed in his business suit, Chris came over and gave his wife a kiss. "Speaking of Kyle...tell him I'm sorry, but I can't give him a lift to school today," the husband stated. "I have a early meeting so I have to bolt outta here right now."

"I'll let him know," Suzette answered, sharing a peck on the lips with her husband. "Have a good day." Chris was a good, caring husband so she couldn't help but feel some guilt at wanting to show off her body to their son. However, she WASN'T motivated by the desire to just be naughty. *"I'm doing this to help Kyle develop sexually. I could have had sex with him last summer, but I didn't. I stayed true to my wedding vows. Chris should be thankful,"* she told herself.

With her husband out the door earlier than usual, Suzette knew that she had time to change her plan from a quick 'accidental' flash to a full-on display of her naked body for Kyle. *"He's eighteen now. He can handle seeing his mother nude,"* she thought. *"Besides, I'll be seeing HIM naked later this afternoon. This'll help break the ice."*

She sashayed down the hallway in nothing but tits and ass.

"Your dad had to leave early for a meeting," Kyle heard his mom say as he prepared for school. "He won't be able to give you a ride."

"That's no problem...I can walk to sch—"

The teenager's jaw lowered as he saw his mom standing in his doorway, completely naked. She stood in a cute pose, with her hands on her hips. One of her freshly-shaved legs was cocked out at the knee, the foot of that

leg resting on the squatted toes of her arched bare foot. "You're naked," the boy pointed out in clear disbelief, his dick-shaft quickly hardening beneath his shorts.

"I am!" his mom smiled. "You don't have to be embarrassed. Lots of boys get to see their moms naked."

Kyle stared at his mom's gigantic tits. They ballooned from her chest, slightly sagging heavily. Her dusky-pink areolas were wide and dotted with tubercles. Thick, protuberant nipples jutted from their centers, causing the boy to involuntarily lick his lips. He could only imagine such tremendous melons of fatty flesh beating with squishy softness against his young, well-toned chest as she fucked him from the top. "None of the girls at my school have boobs THAT big," the teen pointed out. "I wish they did though."

"They're this big because I'm a mom, honey," she giggled. "Boobs get huge and full by the time a woman reaches my age."



"They're this big because I'm a mom, honey. Boobs get huge and full by the time a woman reaches my age."

Kyle pried his eyes from her tits, letting them drift down her tapered torso to her shaved pubis. Suzette's outer labra were thick and smooth, meeting in the middle to form a deep cleft. It was the most perfect, succulent mound of Venus that Kyle had ever laid eyes on. "You'll be closing your eyes this afternoon, while I'm using your new sleeve on you," Suzette reminded him. "I wanted to give you something to think about."

"I'll be thinking about it alright."

Suzette giggled, making her juicy knockers quiver. "Would you like to see how closely my vagina resembles your new sleeve?" the mother asked.

"Sure," her son answered with an excited gulp. He watched his mom's humongous tits bobble deliciously against her rib cage as she sashayed to his bed and sprawled down onto it.

"Get your new toy, honey. Let's compare them," the mother suggested. She wanted to prove to her teen that she didn't just buy a stock pocket-pussy for his enjoyment, but one that was custom-fashioned, in every detail, to her own cunt.

Kyle fetched the sleeve from his closet, then eagerly returned to his bed.

Suzette propped herself back on her elbows. She couldn't fuck her son, but she still wanted to demonstrate how her legs would be spread if they did screw. The shameless mother drew her knees way back, nearly to her shoulders, bowing her smooth thighs open at the same time. This lewdly displayed her tremendous spread, the sight of which took her son's breath away.

"Whoa!" Kyle uttered, wishing he could sink down into her inviting sex-saddle and bury his erect cock to its root.

His mom's cunt was now slightly splayed, perfectly resembling the artificial vagina he held in his hand. He looked back and forth between the two, studying the fleshy lips and the budding prepuce. "I can't even tell the difference," he stated.

"See...I told you," his mom smiled, "they're exactly the same."

"Even the clit looks identical," Kyle stated, pointing at the clitoral shroud on his fake pussy.



"That's only the hood of my clitoris, honey. It's like the foreskin on your penis that protects your glans," Suzette explained, then used two fingers to retract her fleshy prepuce, exposing her grape-sized clit. "See...my clit is hidden underneath."

The boy's tongue nearly hung out in lust. "Oh...cool."

"A woman's nubbin is her most sensitive erogenous zone with thousands of nerve endings, just like the tip of your penis. When I insert your boner into your new sleeve this afternoon, your skin will peel back, just like mine just did, exposing your head," the mother explained. "The inside of the pussy-sleeve will feel amazing on your glans. It's important not to cum too soon though. No girl wants a quick shot."

"A quick shot?"

"Yes...a lover who ejaculates too quickly."

"Oh...um, how quickly is too quick?" Kyle asked, knowing he hadn't had enough experience to master his staying power quite yet.

"Well, that question is subjective, but in my opinion, any guy that can't last more than ten minutes is a premature ejaculator."

"Oh..."

Suzette sensed by her son's response that he may not have much experience or stamina to last that long. "Don't worry about that today though. Focus just on enjoying the experience. I can help you develop your staying power after you've gotten used to your new sleeve."

Kyle continued to study her pussy-folds. He loved how her meaty buns spread against his mattress, clearly displaying the elastic ring of her asshole. The split of her twats looked so moist and delicious. "Can I smell you?" he brazenly asked.

"Well, I don't suppose there's any harm in that," the mother softly replied. She knew the smell of her pussy would only add to the experience of having the vaginal sleeve worked around the shaft of his cock later.

The thrill-seeking teen leaned down, getting as close to his mom's vulva as he could get without actually touching it. He inhaled deeply, capturing her feminine scent. The aroma of his Suzette's pussy was sweet, warm and intoxicating. Her son could feel the heat emanating from her cunt slit, warming his lips. He wanted so bad to drag his lusty licker from the ring of her asshole, across her perineum, through her juicy flanges and across her

engorged love-nubbin. However, he felt lucky enough to have gotten this far and didn't wanna press his luck.

"You should, um...probably be heading off to school now, honey," Suzette urged, closing her legs back up.

"Can't I just stay home today?"

The mother smiled at his eagerness. "I know you're excited about using your new gift, but your grades have been slacking here lately. You really can't afford to miss any school."

"Fine," the boy uttered in a disappointed tone.

"I'll get your lunch ready," Suzette stated as she sprung from the bed and strode out his door. Kyle rushed to his doorway and peeked out, watching his mom's naked, apple bottomed buttocks undulate atop her sexy legs as she sashayed up the hallway. The boy reached down and squeezed the engorged knob of his cock through his pants, while staring at the jigging meat of her ass.

Suzette peeked back and giggled, glancing down at her boy's crotch, while he was holding his throbbing peter-tip. "Grab your backpack, honey. I'll meet you downstairs."

By the time Kyle got downstairs his mom had his bag lunch in her hand and was waiting in the foyer, still completely naked. "Here you go," she whispered, passing it off to him.

"Do I still get to hug you like I usually do before leaving?" he asked.

"Of course you do, honey. Why wouldn't you?"

"Because you're still naked."

"Well...I guess it'll just make this morning's hug extra special," she stated, stepping forward to embrace him.

"Wait!" Kyle stopped her. "Can I take my shirt off first?"

His mom burst out laughing. "Kyle, you're gonna be late," she amusingly warned.

"Just real fast, mom."

"Go ahead then," she grinned.

The teen quickly shed his t-shirt. "Ok...now I'm ready for that hug," he eagerly stated.

Suzette stepped forward and gave her handsome teen a big tit-squashing embrace. Her mammary-meat bulged out at the sides, sandwiched between them. Kyle sighed in delight from the feel of having his lean bare chest smothered in spongy tit-meat. "Can I PLEASE just be late, mom?" he whimpered, his cock throbbing so hard he could barely stand it.

"Oh, honey...you're really aching, aren't you?" she cooed, rubbing his shoulders tenderly.

"Yes."

The mother held him tightly for a moment, feeling his young body shudder with arousal against hers. *"I can't just send him to school like this. That would just be cruel,"* she thought.

"Did you even masturbate this morning before you got up?" Suzette asked.

"No."

"No?! Kyle, honey...you should really make sure you're getting some release before you head off to school everyday."

"I usually do, but I thought maybe if I didn't masturbate this morning, I'd last longer when you use the sleeve on me this afternoon."

Suzette began giggled. "Oh, sweetheart, that's not how it works. In fact, your penis will react the opposite way. Without masturbating for that many hours you'll definitely have a quick-shot ejaculation," she explained.

"Dang! I didn't realize...and I really wanted to impress you."

Suzette continued to embrace him as she spoke. "Oh, Kyle...you don't have to impress me. I'm your mom, and I know you haven't had a lot of experience with these types of things. How about this... If you promise

you'll bring home any missed assignments, I'll let you go in late, after we've taken care of you."

"Really?!" Kyle excitedly asked.

"Yes, but I'm serious. Make sure your work is all caught up or no more exceptions."

"Got it!"

"Alright then," said Suzette, "let's go upstairs and we can use your new sleeve."

The mother led her boy by the hand to the upstairs hallway. "Bring it to my room. I have some lubricating oil in my nightstand that we'll need to coat your erection with, so we'll just do this in my bedroom."

"Be right there," Kyle blurted, rushing to his room and fetching his new sex toy.

When he returned, his mom was sitting on her bed waiting for him. Her huge tits were jutting obscenely as she brushed her blonde hair back with her fingers. "Ok, mister..." she said teasingly, "we can't rock out unless you have your cock out, so get those shorts off!"

Kyle quickly shed his shorts and briefs. His erect cock sprung from his underwear and bobbed stiffly on his crotch, protruding out at a perfect upward angle.

Suzette's eyes widened as she stared at her boy's impressive appendage. His stalk was long, thick and had a maze of bulging, purple veins embedded just beneath the skin. His pinkish-purple knob looked fat and angry. "Wow, honey," Suzette exclaimed, "have you been pouring Miracle Grow instead of milk in your cereal every morning?"

"Why do you say that?" Kyle asked, even though he had a pretty good idea why.

"Because you're just...well, um...you're a lot bigger than I thought you'd be. Let's just put it that way."

"You're just saying that to be nice."

"Well, yeah...that too, but your mom knows a thing or two about dicks, honey. What you have sticking out from your crotch is what we women refer to as a 'womb-crusher.'"

Kyle laughed, making his sturdy cock bob up and down on his loins. "That doesn't sound like such a good thing," he commented.

"It's a VERY good thing...trust me. You're build like a thoroughbred, honey. You have just the type of penis that we moms dream about, while we masturbate."

"Moms masturbate?" Kyle asked.

"Of course we do. Moms get horny for sexual release just like boys do, honey."

"Yeah, but you have dad."

"Yes, that's true, but your dad can't always be there when I need him to be. Sometimes I have to take matters into my own hands...literally."

"How often do you, um...have to do that?"

"Oh, so you wanna have a little sexual Q&A with mom, huh?" she asked with a flirty smile. "Does that mean I get to ask YOU anything too?"

"Sure," Kyle answered.

"In answer to your question then...your mom is what they call 'hypersexual.' Do you know what that means?"

Kyle shook his head.

"It means that I think about sex...A LOT, which results in me needing to masturbate myself to orgasm several times a day."

"Whoa," the boy uttered, picturing his sexy mom here on her marital bed, during the day, while he was at school. He envisioned her with her luscious tan legs scissored back and her dainty bare feet pointed at the headboard; her painted toes clenched in ecstasy. With no one else at home at that time, he imagined that her beautiful orgasmic cries would reverberate

throughout the house, while she reached down and frantically stroked her engorged love-nubbin.

"Now for MY question," said Suzette, snapping her boy from his wicked thoughts. "Last summer you wanted to have sex with me. Is that still what you think about, while you get yourself off?"

"Yeah, all the time," her teen confessed.

"I think that's what's gonna make your new toy so special," she smiled, then patted the spot on the mattress next to her. "Come lay down."



Kyle's heart raced as he sprawled out next to his mom on the bed. She had the bottle of lubricant in her hand. "OK, point your boner up for me so we can get it lubricated," she advised, then watched her boy comply so his steely cock stuck straight up, jutting nearly ten inches from tip to base.

Suzette felt her cunt tube clench up; its collapsed walls hot and slippery with her own natural lubrication. There was little doubt that Kyle had a cock that was bigger than her husband's. "*Much bigger!*" she thought, while squirting lube on the tip and watching it trickle down his muscled shaft.

"Alright, honey...rub that in. Coat the tip and the shaft really good," she instructed, setting the bottle aside. "During real sex you won't have to use lubrication. When women become aroused, they secrete natural lube inside their vaginas, and your dick will also leak slippery pre-cum, which will help keep the process enjoyable for both of you."

"Here's the sleeve," said Kyle, handing it to his mother. With his other hand, he slowly stroked his boner so it glistened with fuck-lube.

"Ok, good. It looks like you've coated your dick pretty well," she stated, then looked down into his eyes lovingly. "Are you ready for pussy?"

"Uh-uh."

"I'm gonna nuzzle up here next to you and cradle your head with my arm and hand, ok? Keep holding you boner and pointing it up for me until the sleeve is around you."

"Sure."

For a second, Kyle thought he'd died and gone to heaven as his naked mother snuggled up against him, laying her huge, fat boobs across his chest. She cradled his head with one arm, so he could gaze across the expanse of her upper tit-slops and watch her lower the sleeve to his cock.

"Before you penetrate a girl's pussy, there's a couple preliminary things you can do that'll really get her juices flowing," Suzette explained.

"Like what?"

She lowered the vulva to his tip and began rubbing his slippery knob through its lifelike lips. "You can tease her clit and pussy-lips with the knob of your prick by gently plowing it back and forth, like this. Women love that."

"It feels really good to me too."

"It should, honey. Your penis has over four-thousand nerve endings on the glans alone, which makes it the most sensitive part of your body. Your sleeve doesn't show my clit very well, since it's shrouded beneath the hood, but a woman's clitoris contains over ten thousand nerve fibers. It's the female equivalent of a penis."

Suzette squeezed her boy's spongy crown up against where her clit would be on the fake vulva. "That's why it's important to rub your pleasure-bulbs together, when they're bulging with blood and at their most sensitive. It'll really get the two of you ready for some nasty sex."

Kyle could hardly believe he was this close to his mother's tits. Her squishy side-boob was gently nuzzling his lips and quivered with her every movement.

Suzette maneuvered the socket of the fake vagina against the fat head of her son's penis, then pushed down so that he could penetrate it. However, she was met with resistance as the sheer girth of Kyle's tip made for an extremely tight entry.

"Ahhhh!" the boy gasped, feeling the fake sheath begin to stretch around his glans.

While continuing to push down for a gradual penetration the mother gasped as she stared at her boy's sturdy cock-shaft. The three blood-engorged cylinders that comprised her son's boner flexed powerfully beneath the pink skin, making his cock-veins pop out obscenely. Her heart fluttered as she watched the muscle and sinews bulge at his hairless base, sustaining the force of his cuntal penetration. "*My God!*" her brain screamed. "*Would he even fit inside me?!*"

Determined to get her boy's prick inside the sleeve, Suzette pulled the artificial pussy away, making his knob pop from the rubbery socket like a

cork from a bottle. "We're gonna need more lube," the mother stated, then squirted more slippery wetness on her teen's throbbing rod.

"Dang, mom...you said this was fashioned after your vagina. Are you really that tight?"

"Not tight to someone like your father maybe, but you have a lot of meat on YOUR penis, honey, so, as you can see, I'd definitely be tight for you," she answered. "You'll be prying your way inside every pussy that you get to fuck."

She brought the sleeve back to his pecker to try again. This time, with a lot of effort, his rigid dick sunk inside. "Ahhhh!" the teen hissed, shuddering from the feel of the spongy ridges slipping snugly around his tubular shaft. His bell-shaped knob mushroomed as it sunk into the depths of the sleeve.

"There we go, sweetie," Suzette cooed. "Now you're getting some pussy."

"You feel amazing!" Kyle gasped, then realized how that sounded. "I'm mean...not you, but the sleeve that was fashioned after you, uh...down there."

"I know what you mean, honey," his mother giggled. "It's true though...that tightness...all those wonderful ridges; that's exactly how I'd feel if we were having sex right now."

Suzette began to pump the sleeve on his cock, making his boner sink further and further inside until it finally hit bottom. She could see the form of his fat knob pushing against the inside of the tail end of the tube, making it bulge out as if it were about to burst through. "Oh my goodness," she mewled, her cervix tingling involuntarily as she realized that right now his cock would be boring forcefully against it if it were inside her.

"What's wrong?" her son gasped.

"I've never seen a dick big enough to do this."

"Do what?"

"Bottom out inside me and stretch my cervix like your boner is doing now," she stated in awestruck adoration.

"Oh...well all I know is it feel incredible!"

Kyle began to thrust his hips from the mattress, meeting the strokes of the fake vagina that his mom was providing. His fat teenage dick slipped wetly through the snug tube, and the boy basked in the toe-clenching friction it was causing around his tender peter-meat. "Ohhh, yeah!" he sighed, his young body shuddering in pleasure.

Suzette's heart was racing in her chest and her breathing became heavier. She hadn't expected this to get her so sexually worked up. Her wide eyes stared at the way her son's hips bobbed on the bed like a skilled fuck-hound. His glistening pole was thick and hard, making a lewd creamy sound as it fucked in and out the fake vagina. Her breath quivered at the sight of the rubbery outer flanges being stretched open obscenely by the fat, hunky base of her boy's erection.

"Women my age have strong pussy muscles," said Suzette, looking over at her boy's pleasure-grimaced face. "I'll squeeze my hand around the outside of the sleeve and try to replicate them the best I can."

"Alright," Kyle gasped, unsure if he could handle anything more divine-feeling than this.

Suzette squeezed, applying pressure outside the sleeve that replicated her strong vaginal grip. "Ahhhh, wow, mom!" her boy voice quivered as he bucked beneath the pumping pressure of her fist.

"There you go, honey...fuck up into the pussy!" her sweet, excited voice encouraged, jacking the unyielding length of his young cock up and down.

Suzette was impressed by his stamina. She'd been milking him with the sleeve for nearly ten minutes and thought for sure he'd be blasting hot boy-goo out his piss-slit by now. "Wow, you're doing so incredible! You're not a quick shot at all, honey," she shared.

"I'm trying not to cum. It feels so good though!" he whimpered, pushing the knob of his cock against the rounded ring deep inside the sleeve. He

knew that this would be the head of his mother's cervix so he kept his throbbing cock-tip digging against it, smearing his slippery pre-nut all over its soft, spongy surface.

"You're fucking your new sleeve so good, honey. If it were my real pussy...you'd be making me cum like crazy by now," Suzette shared.

"Really?!"

"Yes, really. That young, bull dick of yours would be soaked in girl-cum by now. You'd have it dripping off your balls."

Since his mom was being so bold and nasty, Kyle decided to press his luck.

"Can I put my face between your breasts, mom?"

"Oh, honey...I don't know. We shouldn't—"

"I won't suck on them or anything. I'd just like to be smothered between them when I shoot off, and that won't be long at all, I promise," Kyle assured her.

Suzette thought about it for a moment. *"I already have my boobs resting on his chest. What's the harm in just smothering his head between them?"*

"Because your husband would be horrified if he caught you doing that!" her conscience responded back.

"Oh yeah, like he'd be any less horrified if he saw me stroking our son's huge cock right now with a sleeve that's fashioned after his wife's tight pussy."

"Your right...that's wrong too! He'd probably divorce you!" Suzette's conscience replied.

"Oh, just shut the fuck up, you prude bitch!" the horny part of her mind snapped back.

"Can I?" Kyle asked, waiting for his mom to answer.

"Yes, just this once, honey," she replied. Without missing a beat with her pumping hand, she lifted her heavy breasts from his chest, slightly turned and lowered them down around his eager face.

Kyle shuddered with excitement as his head was swallowed up between his mother's squishy, mammoth tits. His face lowered all the way to her breastbone and her fatty tit-flesh compressed in around his cheeks. *"Holy shit...this is awesome!"* the boy's horny brain screamed. He felt his mom tighten her hand again, compressing the artificial pussy around the meat of his cock as she tirelessly stroked it up and down his oversized prick.

Suzette couldn't keep her eyes off the action. The sight of her boy's strong, glistening love-muscle pummeling through the sleeve, stretching its interior, was mesmerizing. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't help but wonder what such a large, steely-hard hunk of cock flesh would feel like slamming through her overheated cunt. The only thing larger than this that ever squeezed through her pussy-passage was Kyle's body when she gave birth to him eighteen years ago. *"Good grief...I would cum like crazy!"* she wickedly thought.

"Stay focused!" her conscious chided her. *"This isn't about you. This is about helping your son work through his issues, by providing him simulated sex."*

Kyle, meanwhile, was on cloud nine. His mom's giant milkers were quivering around his head with every stroke she made. He kissed his way around inside her spongy cleavage, imagining that his hot, busty mom was riding his cock like a sex-hungry slut. This caused his big nuts to tighten, threatening to release a huge load of spunk.

Snug, spine-tingling friction around his glans and shaft was sending signals to his nervous system that had him squirming in ecstasy. "Ahhh, shit!" he moaned, his voice muffled by pounds of doughy-soft melon-meat. "I'm cumming!!"

The walls of his epididymis began to contract to create peristaltic waves that pushed a torrent of sperm into his vas deferens. His prostate began to powerfully contract, along with strong muscles surrounding his urethra, propelling his hot wad up his rigid prick and out his piss-slit.

"Auuagh!" the teen grunted, bucking beneath his cock-stroking mother as he ejaculated into his new pussy with incredible force. Suzette could

actually feel his fat prick pulsing through the sleeve each time she pumped out a creamy jet of cum.

"There you go, honey...push it all out," she cooed, stroking and squeezing his cum-spewing prick with her clone vagina. For several minutes she milked him, until every drop of teenage spunk had been expunged from his love-organ.

Kyle smiled deliriously, while gasping for breath as he watched his mom's dangling mammaries lift off his face. Suzette gazed down at him with a beaming smile of her own. "How was that, honey? Did that get you off good?"

"Did it ever!" he answered.

Suzette lifted the sleeve off his hot, swollen prick, trying not to allow too much of his ejaculate to come pouring out with it. "It's important to keep your new toy clean. I'll go wash it out for you, then I'll be back with a washcloth to wipe you off," she offered.

"Thanks," uttered the teen. His prick twitched with post-orgasmic delight as he watched his mom crawl from the bed and head for the doorway. She walked with an alluring sway, causing her naked buttocks to wag deliciously. "*Look at that sexy jiggling ass-meat,*" the boy told himself. His eyes drifted up and he could see the huge, sloping contours of Suzette's heavy tits bobbling on her rib cage as she walked. She peeked back and smiled at him teasingly before disappearing into the hallway.

When she returned a few minutes later, she was wearing a robe, but Kyle could still see her tits jostling around deliciously beneath the fabric as she moved. She climbed onto her knees beside him and tenderly cleaned his still-erect dick. "That was sure some load of cum, kiddo. I didn't think it was ever gonna stop pouring out of that sleeve while I cleaned it," she commented.

"It looks like you got some on you," he replied, pointing to a trickle of pearly-white cock cream on her chin.

"Oh...shoot," she blushed. "It must have, um...splashed onto me while I was cleaning it."

"Thanks for smothering me between your boobs. That was awesome!"

"Your welcome, and um...please remember, this stays between us, ok?"

"Sure, mom."

"Good, now get up and get your butt to school, young man, and remember your promise. Bring home any assignments you missed this morning."

"Got it. One more hug?" he smilingly asked.

"Yes...one more," his mom giggled, then lowered down onto him. Her fleshy boobs didn't feel quite as good through the silk fabric of her robe as they did when they were naked, but he wasn't complaining. Kyle suddenly flipped his mother over onto her back like a ragdoll, making Suzette scream playfully.

"Hey, mister!" she squealed.

"What...I'm just hugging you," he replied, squirming his way on top of her, between her parted legs.

"I can see that."

Since the robe had bunched up, Kyle's rigid boy-meat made contact with his mother's shaved vulva, pressing hotly against it. Suzette's silky tan mommy-legs instinctively circled high around his back, interlocking her ankles behind him. She gasped as her horny son kissed her neck, then made his way up to her lips. "Honey...we..." she whispered between sweet kisses, unable to finish her sentence.

The lusty mother's nails began to claw down his back. "We can't..." she sighed, continuing to share smooches with him. Kyle dug the shaft of his cock along the slit of her cunt, feeling the slippery secretions that had seeped from her vagina smear against his erectile tissue.

They began to writhe like two animals in heat, their lips parting so their tongues could begin to duel. Kyle's body shuddered delightfully as his mom's long tongue flickered skillfully inside his mouth like that of a snake. Suzette's eyes rolled back as she felt her boy's dreamy dick saw through her cunt-slit, scraping deliciously against her engorged clit. Kyle's teenage

sex organ felt so big and powerful pushing and prodding her overheated pudenda. She knew if she didn't get control of herself that he'd be buried to his ball-sack only seconds from now. "Honey, you have to get to school," she gasped, making a weak attempt to push him off.

"Just one more kiss?" he sighed pleadingly.

"One more, then you need to get dressed."

Their lips locked in open ovals as they engaged in the most passionate French kiss that either one of them had ever experienced. Their lickers whipped together wildly inside Kyle's mouth, like a knot of wet, squirming, twisting pink flesh. Suzette ended it before every bit of willpower she had was dissolved by the passionate need to be savagely fucked. "Alright, honey...get up and get your cute butt to school!" she sternly told him.

This time Kyle knew she was all business so he lifted off her. "Can we do this again later?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know about the kissing part. That's probably not something we should do again, honey. I'll definitely use your new sleeve on you again though, if you feel like you need release after school."

"Thanks, mom...you're the best!"

"I try!" she proudly smiled.

"I noticed," said, moving his lips towards hers again.

She gave him only a quick peck this time, while staring at his rigid cock. "GET!" she playfully blurted, then gave him a smack on the ass as he turned to get dressed.