

EAGER TEST SUBJECT



By Klrxo

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Part 1:

Benson didn't have the largest cock of the boys his age, but it was long enough that every deep stroke brought his base flush against a girl's slick labia, forcing the swollen crown right up against the firm, yielding meat of her cervix.

Each thrust pressed the head of his cock into that tender barrier, sending a thrill through him every time the girl's pussy swallowed him whole. There were bigger boys by far, but Benson's shaft was perfectly measured for that deep, delicious impact, just kissing her end with every stroke.

Benson had made it his mission—a true calling—to master every centimeter, every secret fold and velvet corrugation of a girl's pussy. He pored over sex manuals obsessively, tracing maps of feminine pleasure with the dedication of a starved cartographer.

He charted the ridgelines of a woman's inner walls, cataloging in minute detail each spongy ridge and slick valley. Pages worn thin from his research, Benson devoured clinical diagrams and explicit advice alike, eager to pinpoint the hot spots most likely to make a woman tremble.

He studied angle and depth, practiced the precise trajectory to drive his cock to the places it would count the most. He knew he wasn't packing a monster between his legs—but Benson learned how to wield what he had like a weapon fine-tuned for maximum effect.

A tool, perfectly adapted to unlock female pleasure, engineered to wring out the most intense orgasm a woman's body could give. Every thrust, every calculated movement: all part of his relentless pursuit to turn technique into ecstasy.

“What the fuck is all this?” Brandon asked, his eyes sweeping over the sprawl of anatomical diagrams and glossy sex manuals littering his friend Benson’s desk.

He jabbed a finger toward a large, laminated chart taped to the wall—a cross-section of female anatomy, detailed and clinical. “And what is *that* supposed to be?”

“That’s a woman's clitoral complex,” Benson said, tapping the branching illustration that looked more like a root system than anything sexual. “See how it extends? It’s not just that little nub—it’s all this, buried inside.”

He watched Brandon’s face scrunch with confusion, then amusement. The diagram showed the wishbone-shaped structure wrapping around the vaginal canal, bulbs of erectile tissue flanking the entrance, the whole network ten times larger than what most people pictured.

“So you’re telling me,” Brandon said, fighting a grin, “that the clit is basically just the tip of the iceberg?”

“Yep, it's ninety percent hidden,” Benson confirmed. He could feel the familiar surge of evangelism rising in him. “When you fuck a girl, you're not just pressing against random tissue. You’re stimulating the clitoral legs, the urethral sponge—all connected.”

Brandon let out a laugh, short and disbelieving. “Dude. You’ve gone full sex scientist, haven't you?”

“Well, if you wanna get good at something, you need knowledge and practice. Isn't that what coach always told us?”

Brandon flopped onto Benson’s bed, still chuckling. “Where’d you even find all this stuff?”

“Medical archives. Some urology papers from the eighties that nobody read.” Benson answered. “There’s research on female orgasm that just got buried. Too clinical for porn, too explicit for mainstream medicine.”

“Okay, so you’ve got the know-how part down. How exactly are you getting any practice?” Brandon asked, eyebrows up. “Haven't you only fucked like... one girl from school a few times?”

His friend shrugged, grinning in a sheepish, almost hopeful way. “Yeah, well... that’s the next step. Hopefully.”

Brandon snorted, folding his arms, his lips curling into a teasing smirk. “Good luck finding a girl eager to be your practice dummy. Most girls are into romance and all that gooey, sappy shit, not lining up to be some volunteer test subject for a horny kid’s science project.”

Benson knew his friend was right—finding someone to let him put his knowledge into practice would certainly be the most challenging part, but he had the perfect person in mind.

Wendy, Benson's mom, was a force—a statuesque brunette with colossal, natural tits that defied reason, proud and heavy, jostling with every step.

Wendy needed her orgasms like air. Release was crucial—not a luxury, but a throbbing demand that wracked her nerves several times a day. The need didn’t just simmer; it gnawed, clawed at her from deep in her core, even when she was on duty wrangling the baby, the house, everything.

She might have loved her husband, but she couldn’t count on his aging cock to deliver the knockout punch every time. That’s why she clung to her 8-inch vibrating dong, her secret weapon stashed away for whenever hunger bit too hard.

When the baby finally drifted off for a nap, Wendy vanished into the steam of her shower or sprawled out on her bed, heart pounding. The toy was always ready, hungry just like her, the thick shaft humming to life under her desperate fingers.

She pumped it deep inside her, stretching herself wide, until the vibrations sent shockwaves careening through her soaking pussy, until everything inside her went slick and shuddering.

Wet heat flooded out of her, a gushing tide she couldn't hold back. She bit her lip to muffle her squeals as her hips jerked—and still she chased after more, greedy for every giddy tremor that pulsed through her clenched thighs.

The pleasure ripped through her over and over, louder each time, until she collapsed, breathless and boneless in the aftermath, flushed and leaking onto the sheets or down her thighs as the last aftershocks wrung every drop from her body.

Only then did Wendy's need finally abate, at least for a little while. Enough to make her a better mom, a patient wife. But even as she cleaned up, as she tucked away her toy, she knew it wouldn't be long before the restless ache would demand her back, and she'd steal away again to the moist, rumbling haven where pleasure ruled and nothing else could reach her.

Wendy was surprised, honestly, by just how fascinated her son was with the intricacies of female anatomy, the way he absorbed techniques and tips for rousing a woman to orgasm. It was almost endearing—the intensity with which he studied, his curiosity burning far brighter than his father's ever had.

Oh, her husband was a good man, attentive, reliable, but she'd always quietly wished he brought the same hunger for precision and discovery that she saw in their son. That meticulous, almost scientific interest, the one that mapped every nerve and ripple, bent on unlocking pleasure with care—a quality she admired, though she'd never say it to her son aloud.

“Why can’t our husbands be this obsessed with figuring out female pleasure?” Wendy breathed, an awestruck flutter in her voice, as she lingered in Benson’s room with her friend Cathy amid piles of textbooks and half-open notebooks; labels and diagrams littered the desk like forbidden sweets, and she couldn’t stop staring.

Cathy snorted—a low, dismissive sound—as she shifted her newborn to her shoulder, massive tits settling like boulders beneath her dress. “They’re old. Boring. Stupid,” she declared. “They hardly even think about sex anymore. It’s all sports bullshit now.”

Wendy flushed pink, her fingers tracing the edge of an anatomy page, eyes snagging on unfamiliar words scattered around a diagram of the vagina.

“I don’t even understand half this,” she admitted, a nervous giggle escaping as she mouthed the technical terms, foreign and obscene.

Cathy eased her wide, plush ass onto Benson’s mattress, the bedsprings creaking beneath her weight; with a sly bounce or two, she seemed to test its mettle, as if picturing how it might hold up during a good, hard fuck.

“We’re moms, Wendy,” Cathy crooned, proud and a little wicked. “We’re sexperts, like, by instinct. Fucking and popping out babies—it’s just what we do. Our thing. We don’t need that stuff.”

“He’s got everything mapped out here,” Wendy murmured, almost reverently. “Pleasure spots, optimal thrust angles, every kind of orgasm a woman can have—it’s all laid out.”

“All well and good if you’re a kid desperate for repeat pussy,” Cathy replied, her tone dry as she scraped at a dried streak of cum on the sheet, flicking it into her mouth without a second thought. “Memorizing this shit is easy. But getting in there, dick actually wet, and putting theory to use is a whole other thing.”

Wendy nodded, eyes devouring the neat columns of information. “You’re right. But with this much guidance, the right-sized cock, and a girl who’s game, any boy could end up a real Casanova. A professional pussy-fucker, almost.”

Cathy giggled. “I’d cheat on hubby and go a few rounds with a buck like that,” she stated with a wink.

The next morning, Benson’s eyes drifted from his soggy cereal to the plump, heavy curve of his mom’s ass, her shorts clinging just enough to outline the full, round shape of each cheek as she bent slightly to pour her coffee. The fabric stretched taut across her hips, hinting at the lush flesh beneath.

“Hey mom,” he said, voice casual, almost clinical. “Did you know the female pelvis is wider than a man’s? Designed primarily to facilitate childbirth and accommodate sexual intercourse comfortably.”

Wendy’s tits swung heavily under her thin tank top as she turned, her fat nipples stiff against the cloth. “No, sweetie, I didn’t know that,” she murmured, her gaze dropping briefly to his lap. “Makes a lot of sense, though.”

Benson watched his mother settle into the chair across from him, the neck of her top revealing the deep cleft between her breasts, the skin there flushed and warm-looking.

She cradled her coffee cup in both hands, leaning forward with an intentness that made her tits press together, the thin fabric straining.

“Go on,” she said, her voice lower than before, almost throaty. “Tell me more.”

He felt the familiar surge of his evangelism rising, but different now—sharper, more electric. This was his mother, the woman who had raised him, and she was listening with a focus that made his cock stir beneath the table.

“The pelvic tilt matters,” he said, pushing his cereal bowl aside. “When a woman’s hips are angled upward, it changes the entire internal landscape. The anterior wall becomes more accessible.”

Wendy’s lips parted slightly, her tongue touching the corner of her mouth. “The anterior wall,” she repeated, as if tasting the words.

“That’s where the urethral sponge is. The G-spot, if you want the common term.” Benson kept his voice clinical, but he could hear the tension threading through it. “But it’s not really a spot. It’s a zone, wrapped around the urethra, connected to everything else. When you hit it right—”

He stopped, suddenly aware that his hand had moved beneath the table, squeezing the knob of his cock through his shorts.

“When you hit it right?” Wendy prompted, her eyes dropping to his hand, then lifting back to his face.

“The muscle contractions start from the inside,” he said, the words coming faster now. “Not just the surface. Deep, rhythmic pulses that spread through the whole pelvic floor. Some women can have multiple orgasms in sequence because the stimulation doesn’t have to stop—the clitoris gets too sensitive, but the internal structures can keep responding.”

Wendy’s thighs pressed together, slick heat gathering where her swollen clit pulsed against its hood, aching for friction. Her toes—nails painted a glossy coral—curled tight against the floor, the muscles in her calves tensing as a shiver ran through her.

“Multiple,” she breathed. “In sequence.”

“Yeah. The body keeps the arousal plateau if you don’t break contact,” Benson said. “Different positions maintain pressure on different structures. Doggy style, for instance—the angle pulls the labia, stimulates the clitoral legs from the outside while the penetration hits the anterior wall.”

“It’s amazing that you... know that,” the mother whispered in awe.

“The cervix comes into play with deeper penetration,” her son continued, “but that’s a different kind of sensation. More intense, almost overwhelming if you’re not ready for it.”

He watched his mother’s chest rise and fall, her nipples visibly rigid beneath the thin robe, the dark areolas spreading slightly against the fabric.

“And missionary?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Face to face allows for grinding,” Benson said, holding her gaze. “The pubic bone presses against the external clitoris, the shaft of the penis rubs the inner labia, the entrance. It’s slower buildup but more comprehensive. You can feel everything—the pulse, the heat, the exact moment she starts to contract around you.”

Wendy’s hand moved from her coffee cup to her throat, her fingers resting there as if checking her own racing pulse. The top gaped further, and he could see the inner curve of her right breast, the gigantic weight of it pulling the fabric aside.

“You’re very thorough,” she said, and he heard something in her tone that hadn’t been there before—not just fascination, but hunger. “All this research. All this... preparation.”

“I wanna be good at it,” he admitted. “I wanna know exactly how to make a woman feel it everywhere. Not just the obvious places. Everywhere. I guess I just need someone to practice my techniques on.”

“T-techniques?” The question hovered in the air, the mother’s eyebrow arching with interest.

“Yeah, like thrust-speed. How fast or slow I go. How deep, what angle I’m hitting”—a quick flicker of tongue over lips, as if sampling the possibilities, “depending on which vaginal zone I’m trying to work. And then it’s about endurance. Keeping myself right on that edge, fighting off release for an hour or two, whatever it takes to absolutely wreck a girl—in a good way.”

His words lingered, bold and a touch filthy, an explicit promise of stamina and sharpened skill.

“Did you, uh... have someone in mind... to help you practice?” Wendy asked, fingering the rim of her coffee cup.

“Well... sort of,” he answered, facing blushing as he looked away.

“Do I know this girl?” Wendy asked.

“Yeah, uh... you could say that.”

“You don’t have to tell me, honey,” Wendy smiled, “I know these types of things are personal.”

“I’ll tell you, but promise not to be made, ok?” he said nervously.

“Why would I—”

“It’s YOU I have in mind,” he admitted. “Would you... uh, be interested in helping me?” he nervously asked praying she wouldn’t freak out. “Dad wouldn’t have to know.”

A beat of silence settled between them as Wendy took in what he was suggesting.

“Well, I, uh... Honey, I’m not sure that would... um...”

Her voice came out choked and shaky, the flush of arousal painting her throat. But even as she stammered, hesitating at the precipice, she couldn't force out the word no.

How could she? She was insatiable—a mother starved for release, devouring orgasms like oxygen—and her boy was standing in front of her, a man now, so eager to learn how to wring climax after climax from her trembling body. Even if he was her son.

Her resolve melted away, pooling between her thighs like hot syrup.

“Please, mom,” he said, his voice dropping to that soft, hopeful register she hadn't heard since he was small. “Even if I did practice with a girl my age, she wouldn't be able to give me pointers like you could.”

“That's true. I suppose... as long as it's... just for educational purposes,” she relented, her gaze lowering to the thickening shape beneath his shorts.

She watched, transfixed, as the soft tissue of her son's cock began its engorgement, the slow and steady influx of blood gradually distending the dorsal veins and drawing the flaccid length into a firm, prominent ridge against the thin fabric.

The outline grew distinct—the pronounced coronal sulcus, the heavy swell of the glans—until it was unmistakably erect.

“Educational, that's it, mom,” the teen gasped, like he couldn't believe she actually agreed. “Can we, um... start right now?”

“Uh...” Wendy breathed, her mind briefly fluttering back to her familiar motherly responsibilities. But at that moment, nothing else mattered but the sensation of her son's thick teenage cock stretching her open, hot and insistent, kicking deep inside her cunt as it searched for her nerve endings.

“Of course we can start now, sweetie.”

She grabbed Benson's hand and hustled him down the hallway, moving with a restless urgency that left no room for second-guessing.

Her thoughts ticked off essentials, just to be on the safe side:

Husband at work. Check.

Baby, breast-fed and napping. Check.

Daughter, out of the house for the day. Check.

Front door, locked tight. Check.

Before they could arrive at his parent's bedroom, Benson's dick swelled to full hardness inside his gym shorts, the thick shaft bobbing stiffly against the thin fabric.

He watched his mom close the door behind them and twist the lock. Her tits swayed with the motion, heavy and ripe, nipples pressing against her shirt like they were begging to be sucked.

This was her marital nest, where she spread her legs for his father every night—but now it was Benson's turn to claim that dripping cunt as his own. Well, at least on loan for him to practice on.

"Well," she blushed, "we'll certainly get no 'practice' done with our clothes on."

He could hardly comprehend how swiftly his mom was peeling away her clothes, moving almost frantically, as if she were even more desperate than him to get down to business.

Her blouse was shed and tossed aside, falling with barely a whisper; her shorts joined it, pooling at her feet. She reached both hands behind her back, fingers fumbling for the clasp of her bra—but before she could pop it free, her son's voice broke through.

“Can I take your bra and panties off, mom?” the teen blurted, gaze fixed on the straining fabric containing her tits. “I’ve been reading about the best way to do that when you’re with a girl.”

She hesitated for a fraction of a second, surprise mingling with a flicker of pride. “Oh, um... sure, honey,” she answered, lips curving in a faint, appreciative smile. She was genuinely impressed that her boy wanted to actually learn, not just rush through the moment.

Benson edged closer, corralling his mother against the corner, then pressed himself flush to her, his chest enveloped by the yielding warmth of her tits, the surface sleekened by her silky, lavishly embroidered bra.

Their bodies found each other, hers shaping and cradling his in an instinctive, needy embrace. She let out a startled gasp and clutched him tightly, koala-like.

Benson boldly dipped his head and lashed his tongue along that exquisite spot on the side of her neck—the very one he’d read about in those secret female pleasure books.

“Ohhh,” she sighed, half-surprised, half-pleasure, and arched beautifully for him, back bowing away from the wall, the motion pushing her tits out.

Benson slid hands up behind her with practiced confidence. With three soft snaps, “click-click-click,” the bra hooks gave way, the straps drooping and the barrier separating.

The desperate way she writhed and clung to him only spurred him on, her body arching hungrily into every sure swipe of his tongue. He could feel the effect he was having on her—that sweet patch of her neck, quivering beneath his mouth, tied by raw biology to the frantic heat pulsing deep between her thighs.

“Oh my G-god,” his mom's voice quivered as he licked it obsessively, savoring her rising, helpless arousal.

He knew the vagus nerve ran beneath his tongue's path, connecting neck to pelvis, and as he lapped and suckled at her tender skin he could sense her whole body yielding, relaxing under his control.

Benson pried just enough space between them to yank the silky bra cups from between them, freeing her giant, bare udders to jiggle and flatten against his chest.

Her melons smushed against his skin, heavy and pliant, the fat, rubbery nipples grinding hungrily into his flesh. Each tip was still glistening wet from nursing his baby sister—a shameless, needy reminder that only seemed to spur him on.

“Wow, that was impressive, honey,” Wendy breathed, her voice trembling with genuine awe.

It was almost a magic trick—the way her son had made her massive bra vanish in a single fluid motion, freeing her heavy breasts to sway and settle, gloriously unrestrained.

Her enormous tits jiggled for him, the ripe orbs barely kept in check by the wide band and now gloriously unbound, her nipples flushed and prominent, the huge discs of areola pebbled with anticipation.

“Thanks,” said Benson, as his tongue lolled from his mouth, eager and hungry.

He hooked his thumbs into the delicate sides of his mother's panties. Inch by inch, he peeled the dainty thong off her, slowly gliding it over the generous curve of her birthing hips and down across her meaty, bouncing bubble butt.

The snug strip of fabric tugged free from between her cheeks, making her full ass quiver and ripple. The silken band slid along her thighs and legs, unveiling her motherly body with theatrical flair.

Wendy's shapely legs twisted out of the panties in a practiced rhythm, her heels and toes flexing as if she and her son had perfected this intimate,

forbidden dance. Each movement was perfectly synchronized, her bare feet finally slipping free, leaving her completely naked and exposed before her panting boy.

“My turn,” Wendy whispered, yanking Benson’s shorts down in one smooth move, her hands greedy and sure.

She shocked her teen by sealing her lips over his with a bruising kiss. No hesitation. Her tongue plunged forward, hot and thick, invading his mouth with experienced hunger—a writhing, slippery serpent wet with need.

She expected him to stammer back like a rookie. Instead, his tongue met hers in battle, confident and bold.

“Mmmnn,” she hummed in delight as their tongues tangled and writhed in his mouth—a hot, wet mess of pink, slippery muscle, two greedy snakes wrestling in a bath of spit, curling and flicking with every hungry twist.

She kept jerking his shorts down, pushing insistently past his thighs, and suddenly his cock sprang free—a flushed, raging beast jutting upward, hard and eager, impatient for hot pussy.

With their lips still sealed, Wendy practically sprang from the floor, driven wild for her teen’s cock, snaring him tight between silky thighs. Those shapely, maternal legs hooked up and around his frame, knees spreading in a hungry V, offering the perfect cradle for her boy to bury himself deep.

Their mouths tore apart with a gasp, Benson’s gaze dropping hungrily straight to her pussy. He’d memorized diagrams and pored over raw descriptions of female sex, but nothing—not even the dirtiest corner of the internet—could have braced him for seeing his own mom’s cunt, up close and real and glistening under him.

His mother’s mound was shorn smooth except for a slim, pristine landing strip, a runway neat above the main event. Below, her vulva bloomed: plump outer lips framing a lush, pink slit.

Her tender prepuce peeking from its folds, a perfect hood shielding her fat clit—the infamous pearl, his mother’s pleasure button, ripe for stimulation before he plunged in.

Benson wrapped his fist around the sturdy column of his erection, veins ridged and bold under taut skin, and pressed the broad head of his cock right to his mother’s hooded tip.

With nimble insistence, he worked the slick crown of his shaft against her foreskin, urging it back—not stopping until the fat, glistening bulb of her glans emerged, flushed deep as a ripe grape, a miniature echo of his own swollen head.

He remembered every trick he’d learned for electrifying that hidden nub, circling it in quick, greedy arcs with the velvet ridge of his glans. Each slippery pass of his pre-cum slicked the soft surface, amplifying every lightning-zap of sensation where nerves thronged thick as a honeycomb.

“Oh—shit,” his mom panted, not used to being stimulated this way. Her hips jerking upward as he tormented the exposed bud, knowing exactly how to keep her hovering just on the edge.

Benson could still hear it—the voice of the female narrator, every syllable etched into his memory after so many listens.

“Clitoral stimulation before penetration will prepare the woman’s vagina for the length and thickness of a man’s penis.”

The words throbbed in his mind, clinical but somehow intimate, dissecting the mechanics of arousal. “It does this by secreting lubricating fluid from her Skene’s glans, mixing with the male’s pre-ejaculate to provide ample lubrication for intense sexual intercourse.”

He pictured the process in vivid detail: the delicate tissues of his mom's clitoris responding, swelling, as nerve endings fired and blood pulsed through capillaries just beneath the surface.

Her Skene's glands activating, sweat-slick and glistening, their secretions blending seamlessly with fluid beading at the tip of his cock. Together, those liquids would create a silken sheath, wetting her entrance; a perfect preparation for what was to come.

Benson's eyes drifted up to her face and he studied her reaction with fascination. He'd seen her angry, sad, happy—but this? He'd never seen her like this, her pretty features melting into pure bliss, lips parted and eyes rolling, nearly crossing with pleasure as she shivered for him.

“Did you—learn this?” she managed, shudders working up her spine as if she were electrified.

“Uh-huh,” he grunted, pride making his chest puff even as his hands clung to the soft arc of her ass. His fingers pressed deep, kneading the yielding flesh.

He hauled her up, cradling her squirming body with all his skinny-teen muscle, her weight heavy and perfect in his arms. The way she wrapped herself around him made it easier, her limbs winding close, tits crushing him as if she couldn't bear to let go.

“I got you, mom,” he uttered, then dropped her onto the big, parental mattress in one clumsy swoop—a messy collision of hot, eager bodies.

They tumbled together atop the sheets, his frame pinning her as her milk-swollen tits mashed and sloshed between them.

Their bodies found their places instinctively, as if they'd rehearsed this a hundred times: Wendy's knees drawing back, thighs spreading, her hips canting up to cradle him perfectly, offering herself—a ready, hungry saddle, maternal and irresistible, begging him to work himself inside.

“Here we go,” Benson muttered, voice thick with anticipation, bracing himself like a fighter stepping into the ring, every muscle coiled for action.

His cock drove into her with relentless purpose, splitting her slick, clinging heat as her walls welcomed him, parting hungrily around his thrust. Her

juices smeared up his shaft, glistening over every vein, each inch deeper forcing her molten grip to yield.

“Ohhh, wowzers!” the teen whimpered, a raw gasp tumbling from his lips as the spongy ring of his mom’s cervix pressed against the aching tip of his cock.

The moment hit him just as her glossy, flushed inner labia wrapped around the base, suctioning tight to his root and refusing to let go—a perfect, needy seal as they locked together, flesh to flesh.

“Oh fuck, Benson,” the mother’s voice quivered. “Your cock is so thick and hot.”

Wendy’s womb had only just finished giving birth a month ago, and her cervix still bore the traces of that ordeal—a plush, softened ring, gently cushioning her son’s glans as the head of his cock pressed right against it.

His pre-nut mingled with the slick, heavy secretions that continued to weep from Wendy’s depths, the merged fluids coating the bulging head as it probed against her most private barrier.

Benson stared down between their joined bodies, his breath coming sharp and ragged. The sight transfixed him—his own rigid shaft disappearing into the wet, clinging heat of his mother’s cunt, her flesh stretched glossy and pink around his intrusion.

“I can see your inner labia, mom,” he said reverently, “how they wrap around my base. They’re engorged—full of blood, full of nerves. I can feel them pulsing.”

He slid his thumb down to the juncture where their bodies pressed together, gently parting her, exposing her glistening, delicate folds. With studied care, he drew back her hood, unveiling her clit, fat and glistening like a juicy grape at the height of ripeness.

“Wow, the precious pearl of your womanhood, mom,” he breathed, marveling openly. “It looks way bigger than average, probably has twice as many nerve endings...”

His eyes drank in the sight—the prominent nub flushed, eager, proudly exposed for him. The sight made his cock jerk inside her, and he felt the answering clench of her muscles—those corrugated ridges he’d studied, the ones that ran along her vaginal walls, now contracting in rippling waves he could actually feel.

“Your rugae,” he breathed. “Those ridges—they’re gripping me. I read about them, but feeling them...” He shuddered, pressing deeper, grinding against that yielding anterior swell. “They’re like soft, wet corrugated texture, pulling at my shaft.”

Wendy’s head thrashed on the pillow, but Benson kept his focus between her legs, enraptured by the anatomy lesson come alive. He pulled almost completely free, watching her entrance gape slightly, glistening and hungry, before driving back through that clinging tunnel.

The sensation of her introitus—the muscular ring of her opening—squeezing past his coronal ridge made him gasp.

“God, that first inch,” he choked out, “your vaginal barrel tightens here, then relaxes deeper. I can feel it—like a soft glove that gets warmer, wetter, the farther I go.”

He bottomed out again, and there it was—that unmistakable plush resistance, the cervix he’d been chasing since his first clumsy fumbblings with girls. But this was different. This was his mother’s cervix, softened from recent childbirth, that tender os kissing his glans with every deep stroke.

“Your cervix,” he whispered, awe thick in his throat. “I can feel it. It’s—it’s yielding, but firm. Like pressing against a ripe fruit. Every time I hit it, I feel

this... this suction, this pull, like your whole body's trying to draw me deeper."

He rocked against that barrier, experimentally, and felt the feedback loop of sensation—the pressure against his sensitive crown, the way her walls rippled in response, the wet sounds of their joining filling the room.

His mother's hips canted higher, presenting that deep spot more fully, and Benson understood with sudden clarity what his books had described: the fornices, those pockets around the cervix, now pillowing his glans on every thrust.

"If I grind here," he murmured, shifting his angle, "I can feel your lateral walls. The pubococcygeus muscle—you're clenching it now, I can feel it. That's what makes you feel so tight around my base, even when you're so wet."

The words spilled from him, clinical and filthy, his mother's body the perfect specimen for his accumulated knowledge. He could feel the heat radiating from her, the way her arousal changed the texture of her depths—silkier now, more yielding, as her glands pumped fresh lubrication around his plunging shaft.

"Your Skene's glands, mom," he gasped, feeling the extra slickness pooling where his cockhead battered her anterior wall. "That's what I'm feeling—this extra wetness when I hit that spot. You're secreting, preparing yourself for more. For harder thrusting."

He began to give it harder, the slap of their bodies sharp and wet, and felt the proof of his studies in the way her muscles seized and fluttered. The deep, rhythmic contractions he'd read about—those weren't theoretical anymore. He could feel them building, the fluttering grip of her pelvic floor synchronizing with the rolling waves of her approaching orgasm.

“Shit, watching the way your breasts roll like that,” he groaned, eyes locked on the oversized udders as they bounced wildly up and down her ribcage, moving in time with their pounding fuck-rhythm.

The slosh of milk inside made them wobble even more with every thrust, creamy fullness jostling from tip to base in a lewd, hypnotic wave.

“You’re gonna come,” he blurted, not asking, knowing. “I can feel it—the way your rugae are rippling, the way your cervix is pulling back, making room. Your whole pelvic floor is—”

“FFFUCK!” she screamed out, cutting him off as she clamped down, hard, the muscular grip of her orgasm squeezing his shaft in undulating bands he could map with his nerves alone.

He felt every pulse, every wave, the anterior wall bulging against him as her glands released in rhythmic spurts, the extra flood of fluid hot and sudden around his buried cock.

“Holy—you’re squirting,” he announced, feeling her honey splatter around his swinging scrotum. She was still coming, her body convulsing in deep, rhythmic spasms that transmitted through every inch of his embedded flesh.

Benson’s mind fixed on a clear target: the infamous “G-spot.” That was the zone—the bit of sensitive ridge that everyone brought up when they talked about what women liked, the place he needed to master if he wanted to make his mom come apart again for him.

He locked onto it, determined, thinking through how best to aim his next push. The head of his cock bowed against the promised pleasure point, spreading her secret, slick warmth as he moved.

The inner nerves of her sheath grew taut around his meat, but he pressed on, surging deeper. Wendy’s softened cervix cradled him on every pass, a plush landing just inside, making each plunge smoother, more intense.

The head of his cock dragged along the upper wall of her tunnel on every inward stroke, the firm ridge of his glans catching and pressing against a ridged, spongy swell of tissue just beyond the pubic bone.

He could feel it—could *map* it with his dick like a blind man reading braille—the way that particular patch of her inner flesh gave differently under pressure, softer and more yielding than the surrounding muscle, yet somehow electric with responsiveness.

“Oh yeah, there you are,” he said as he adjusted his angle, tilting his hips so the upward curve of his shaft bore down on that spot with mechanical precision. The textbooks had been specific: anterior wall, two to three inches in, rougher texture where the urethral sponge engorged with blood.

Wendy jolted beneath him, her spine arching off the mattress, and Benson *knew* he’d found it.

“Right there,” she gasped, nails scoring his shoulders. “Right there, honey—don’t stop—”

He didn’t. He couldn’t. He set a rhythm that kept the swollen crown of his cock grinding against that sensitive patch on every thrust, short deliberate strokes that never let him slip past it, never let the sensation fade.

Her Skene’s glands were responding—he could feel the extra slickness welling around his shaft, different somehow from her regular arousal, thicker and more copious, slicking his glide until each push made wet sounds that filled his parent's bedroom.

Her G-spot swelled under the assault, the tissue puffing and tightening until he could feel it distinctly even through the grip of her surrounding walls—a firm, resilient pad that his glans compressed and released with every stroke.

The friction built heat there, blood rushing to cluster in capillaries he couldn’t see but could sense through feedback, through the way her cunt began to flutter and clutch at him in rhythmic spasms that started deep and spread outward.

“Oh god, oh god—” she was chanting, her head thrashing, those massive tits sloshing side to side with every impact.

He watched her pretty face, memorized it, the way her features slackened and sharpened in alternating waves as he kept his cockhead pinned to that magic spot. “There you go, mom... let it take you away.”

He felt it before she screamed—the internal swelling, the way her anterior wall seemed to lift and balloon against his thrusting glans, the tissue growing rigid and hot.

Then she was coming, her whole body seizing, and he could feel the orgasm rip through her from that single point of contact outward in concentric rings of contraction.

Her vaginal walls spasmed around his shaft in wet, rhythmic pulses, but deeper—*deeper*—he felt the muscular expulsion from those glands he’d read about, a sudden gush of fluid that slicked his working cock and ran down his balls, soaking the parental sheets beneath them.

Wendy wailed, wordless and raw, her cunt gripping and releasing in waves that started at that anterior trigger point and rolled through her entire pelvic floor.

“There you go, mom... gush on me,” Benson said as he kept his angle perfect, kept stroking through it, his purple crown dragging across hypersensitive tissue now, each pass making her jolt and cry out as if the pleasure bordered on pain.

The G-spot stayed engorged, responsive, and he worked it relentlessly—short, grinding thrusts that maintained pressure on that swollen node even as her orgasm peaked and began its slow, shuddering descent.

“Too much,” she finally gasped, pushing at his chest, her cunt fluttering around him in aftershocks that made his own balls tighten with need. “Too sensitive—oh god, honey, you actually—you really—”

He slowed, let her breathe, but didn't pull out. He could still feel that spot, softer now, pulsing gently where his cockhead rested against it. He'd done it. He'd actually made his mother come apart on his dick using nothing but technique and focus, the exact measurements of his cock pressing exactly where they needed to press.

"Again?" he asked, already shifting his weight, ready to rebuild the rhythm.

Wendy's laugh was breathless, disbelieving, her eyes glassy and bright as she looked up at him—her son, her boy, who'd just played her body like an instrument he'd only ever read about in books.

"Yes," she panted, her thighs were already tightening around his waist, pulling him deeper. "Yes, please."

Benson's next target was the A-Spot (Anterior Fornix Erogenous Zone) located deeper along the front wall, near the cervix. He knew that deep, gentle stimulation here could produce toe-curling pleasure.

Benson shifted his weight, sinking against the warm cushion of her tits, pressing deeper until he felt the swollen crown of his cock nudge against that plush, yielding ring of his mother's softened cervix.

The sensation was distinct now—he could map the terrain inside her by touch alone, the way the tissue changed texture, temperature, tightness. The G-spot had been anterior, shallow enough to reach with the ridge of his glans on every stroke. But the A-spot—that deeper zone where the vagina curved upward behind her cervix—required something else entirely.

He remembered the diagrams with perfect clarity. The anterior fornix, that little pocket of tissue where the front vaginal wall met the cervix, tucked just above and behind where he was pressing now. The textbooks had been emphatic: indirect stimulation, not direct pressure. Gentle, rhythmic strokes that allowed the surrounding tissues to transmit sensation to the nerve cluster hidden in that vaulted space.

Benson withdrew slightly, letting his shaft slide back through her gripping heat until only the flared head remained inside her entrance. The iron pipe of his stalk glistened with her honeyed release, accentuating every fat blue vein in his cock.

Then he drove forward again, slower this time, angling his hips so the upward curve of his cock traced the upper wall of her tunnel. He kept the trajectory shallow at first, sliding past the now-hypersensitive G-spot without lingering, continuing deeper until he felt that distinctive change—the cervix meeting his glans like a soft, fleshy stopper.

“Fuck,” he snarled, but he didn’t stop. He pressed on, gentle and insistent, letting the flexible tissue of her cervical os yield to his pressure.

The angle mattered here. He tilted his pelvis, dropping his hips slightly so the shaft angled upward against that front-facing surface, and suddenly he was there—his cockhead nestled into the shallow fornix, that pocket of responsive tissue cradling him on three sides.

“Oh,” Wendy breathed, the sound punched out of her, different from before—higher, more surprised. “Oh, that’s—”

Benson didn’t answer. He was concentrating on the feedback through his cock, the way her baby-tunnel gripped and released around him in this new depth.

The textbooks had described it as a “deep, spreading warmth,” and he could feel why now—the pressure was distributed, not focused like the G-spot, radiating through surrounding tissues that transmitted sensation to the pelvic nerves in slower, building waves.

He set a rhythm designed for this specific anatomy. Long, slow strokes that never fully withdrew, keeping the head of his cock in constant contact with that anterior fornix zone.

The speed was crucial—faster than idle stirring, but nowhere near the rapid piston of G-spot friction. Each thrust pushed him into that vaulted pocket, let

him linger there for a moment of sustained pressure, then drew back just enough to create anticipation before filling her again.

The angle remained constant, that upward tilt that kept his shaft pressing against the front wall even at this depth. He could feel the difference in her responses—where the G-spot had made her jolt and thrash, this deeper stimulation drew out slower, deeper sounds from her throat, her body undulating beneath him in rolling waves rather than sharp spasms.

His fat, cum-heavy nuts swung forward with every thrust, slapping wetly against the tight pucker of her asshole. Wendy's thighs locked around his ribs like a vise, her strong mother-legs squeezing him deeper, her toes curling so hard they nearly cramped from the overload of sensation.

“Don't—don't change anything,” she gasped, her hands finding his hips, fingers digging in to hold him steady. “Exactly like that, honey, exactly—”

Her vaginal walls were gripping him differently here, tighter near the entrance but softer, more accommodating around his buried length. The tissue of the fornix itself felt distinct against his glans—thin, responsive, transmitting every subtle shift of pressure into the nerves clustered in that recessed zone.

He could feel her pulse through it, the rhythmic throb of increased blood flow, and he timed his strokes to match that internal tempo, amplifying what her body was already building toward.

Benson adjusted his depth minutely, searching for the optimal position. Too shallow and he lost the fornix, slipping back toward the G-spot. Too deep and he pressed uncomfortably against the firm core of her cervix, breaking the spell.

But there—a sweet spot where the surrounding tissue cupped him perfectly, where each forward press distributed pressure through that sensitive pocket in exactly the way the texts had described.

“Steady now... make her come apart,” he told himself as he maintained the speed they’d found, that moderate, unhurried rhythm.

On each thrust, he added a subtle variation: on each inward stroke, he pressed slightly deeper and held for a heartbeat, letting the sustained contact build sensation in those deep nerve endings. Then withdrew just enough to create anticipation, to let her body feel the absence before he filled her again.

“Oh god, it’s so deep,” she moaned, her head thrown back, throat exposed and flushed. “I can feel you everywhere, I can’t—”

Her words dissolved as he kept working that zone, the pressure accumulating in slow, inexorable waves. He could sense the difference in her arousal now—not the sharp, electric climb of clitoral or G-spot stimulation, but something slower, more total, spreading through her pelvis like warmth from a buried ember.

The tissue around his cock was changing, he noticed—growing hotter, somehow more present, the fornix itself seeming to swell and soften to accommodate his rhythm.

Her Skene’s glands were active again, but the secretions flowed differently here, welling from deeper, coating his buried shaft in slick heat that made each long stroke whisper against her inner walls.

Her tits felt hot beneath him, the meat rippling against his torso, her nipples smearing sticky nectar on his skin.

Benson felt the build in her before she did—the way her internal muscles began to grip in longer, slower contractions, the rhythmic pulsing starting deep in her pelvis and radiating outward.

He maintained exactly what he’d found: that depth, that angle, that unhurried pace that let sensation accumulate in those deep nerve clusters.

“Something’s—something’s happening,” she panted, her eyes wide and unfocused, looking at nothing. “It’s building so slow, I can’t—”

He didn't answer. He just kept stroking into that anterior pocket, each thrust a promise sustained, the pressure in that vaulted zone mounting with every repetition.

The texts had mentioned "full-body involvement," and he could see it now—the way her legs trembled not just around him but along their entire length, the flush spreading from her chest up her throat to her cheeks, her fingers clawing at the sheets beside her hips as if anchoring herself against what was coming.

"Here it comes," he whispered with a cocky grin.

The orgasm was unlike the first two. Where the G-spot had made her seize and scream, this deeper climax rolled through her in devastating waves, her entire body arching in a long, sustained bow as her cunt gripped him in contractions that started deep and spread outward in slow, powerful surges.

He could feel each one through his buried cock—the way her fornix seemed to flutter and pulse around his glans, the deeper muscles of her pelvic floor rippling along his shaft in rhythmic undulations that seemed to draw him further in.

"Oh god oh god oh god—" she chanted, the words barely coherent, her body shaking beneath him in continuous tremors that peaked and receded and peaked again.

"Whoa, now that's an orgasm," he thought, watching her shatter beneath him.

The sensation was prolonged, the deep nerves firing in sustained sequence rather than rapid bursts, and he kept stroking through it, maintaining that gentle pressure against her anterior fornix even as she writhed, letting the aftershocks compound rather than interrupt.

He felt wetness spreading beneath them, more copious than before, the combined secretions of their prolonged union soaking the parental bed in shameless evidence of what they'd done.

Her cunt kept gripping him in those slow, rolling spasms, each one seeming to originate from that deep zone where his cockhead remained pressed, transmitted through her entire sheath in waves that made her toes curl and her fingers spasm against his shoulders.

“Stop,” she finally gasped, pushing weakly at his chest, though her legs remained locked around his waist. “Stop, I can’t—I can’t feel my legs, I can’t—”

Benson stilled, letting her breathe, but stayed buried in that depth where her fornix still fluttered around him in occasional aftershocks. He could feel her heartbeat through the thin tissue, rapid and strong, the pulse of her exertion transmitted directly to his glans where it rested in that most intimate pocket.

“You found it,” she whispered, her voice wrecked, her eyes glazed as she looked up at him. “You actually found it. I didn’t think—I didn’t think anyone could actually—”

He felt pride swell in his chest, hot and fierce, but suppressed it to maintain his focus. There was more to learn, more to master. The posterior fornix, the opposite pocket on the back wall. The cervix itself, and how to stimulate it without causing discomfort. The intricate interplay between zones, how to move between them to build compound orgasms that layered sensation upon sensation.

“Can we try the other side?” he asked, already shifting his angle, preparing to explore the terrain he’d only read about until now. “The books say the posterior fornix responds to different pressure. I want to see if—”

Wendy’s laugh was breathless, disbelieving, but her thighs were already tightening around him, pulling him deeper, refusing to let him withdraw.

“Holy fuck,” she murmured, but her hips were canting, adjusting to offer him new access, new terrain to conquer. “When did my boy become such a sex God?”

Benson shifted his angle, withdrawing from that plush anterior pocket and letting his cock slide back through her gripping heat. He felt the change immediately—the way her walls gripped differently as he moved, the texture shifting from the soft, cupped embrace of the fornix to the tighter, more uniform pressure of her mid-vaginal sheath.

He didn't withdraw fully; he kept the flared head nestled just inside her entrance, poised and ready, while he repositioned his weight above her.

The posterior fornix. He'd studied the diagrams obsessively—that deep, recessed pocket located behind the cervix, along the back wall of the vaginal canal where it curved upward toward the sacrum.

The texts described it as more difficult to reach, requiring specific positioning and often deeper penetration than the anterior variant. But Benson had measured himself; he knew his length was sufficient, perfectly calibrated for exactly this kind of exploration.

“Lift your hips, mom,” he instructed, his voice coming out rougher than he intended, breathless with concentration. “Higher—yeah, like that.”

Wendy complied, her body pliant and responsive, her pelvis tilting upward to change the angle of her vaginal canal. He had turned her into an obedient cock-slave, willing to do anything as long as he kept bringing the pleasure.

Benson felt her adjust beneath him, the subtle shift in her internal geometry as her hips canted, creating a more direct path toward that rearward recess.

Her hands found his shoulders, fingers digging in with anticipation, her eyes glassy and bright as she watched him calculate his approach.

The teen drove forward again, but this time he deliberately dropped his hips, angling his shaft downward rather than up. The trajectory felt strange, counterintuitive after the anterior focus, but he trusted the diagrams.

He felt his glans slide past the now-familiar terrain of her G-spot without lingering, continue deeper past where the anterior fornix had cradled him, until he reached that soft, fleshy resistance of her cervix once more.

But instead of pressing against the front-facing surface, he continued past it, letting the flexible tissue yield and guide him. He felt the moment of transition—the way her cervical os seemed to part slightly, allowing him to slip beyond into uncharted depth. Then he was there, his cockhead settling into a different kind of pocket entirely.

“The posterior fornix!” he told himself. He knew it immediately, could feel the distinct architecture of that recessed zone.

Where the anterior fornix had felt cupped and cradling, this deeper, rearward pocket felt more expansive, more open—the vaginal wall here thinner, more responsive to pressure, with less muscular resistance.

He could feel his own pulse through his buried glans, transmitted back to him through the delicate tissue that surrounded him on all sides in that vaulted depth.

“Oh my god,” Wendy breathed, the sound punched out of her, her spine arching in a different kind of response—deeper, more visceral. “That’s—oh, that’s so deep, I can feel you—”

Benson didn’t answer. He was cataloging sensations, comparing them to his research. The posterior fornix nerve cluster, the texts had explained, connected to different pathways than the anterior—more associated with full-body sensation, with that elusive “deep spot” orgasm that radiated through the pelvis and beyond.

He could feel why now; the pressure here distributed differently, seeming to resonate through her entire lower torso rather than focusing in one electric point.

He began to move, but slowly—experimental strokes that tested the limits of this new depth. The angle required constant attention; too high and he’d slip

back toward the cervix itself, too low and he'd lose the pocket entirely, sliding along the perineal wall without engaging the fornix.

He found the sweet spot through feedback, through the way her breathing hitched and her internal muscles gripped him when he pressed just right against that rearward vault.

"Wait," Wendy gasped, her hands suddenly pushing at his chest—not to stop him, but to create space. "My tits—honey, they're aching—"

Benson understood immediately. The texts had mentioned auxiliary stimulation, how full-body arousal could amplify deep vaginal response.

He shifted his weight, supporting himself on one elbow while his free hand found her nearest tit—heavy, swollen, impossibly full, the skin stretched tight and hot beneath his palm.

He'd felt them crushed against his chest, had seen them sway and jostle with every movement, but holding one now—really holding it—he understood their scale anew.

His fingers couldn't fully encompass the mass, the weight substantial and dense, the tissue firm with milk pressure beneath the soft give of skin. He could feel the internal structure, the network of ducts and reservoirs swollen with production, the nipple itself thickened and distended, still glistening with leaked nectar.

"Please," she whimpered, and he didn't need clarification.

Benson lowered his head, bringing his mouth to that waiting peak. The nipple was larger than he'd expected—thick as his thumb, rubbery and prominent, the huge areola pebbled and flushed dark with vascular engorgement.

He sealed his lips around it, not tentatively but with purpose, creating suction the way the manuals had described for auxiliary stimulation during penetration.

The first taste hit his tongue—sweet, thin, unmistakably milk, not the thick cream of late-stage lactation but the watery fore-milk that preceded it. He sucked harder, and felt the response immediately in his mouth: the let-down reflex triggered, her breast releasing in rhythmic pulses that filled his mouth with warm, sweet fluid even as his cock remained buried in that deep posterior pocket.

“Oh god, oh god—” Wendy was chanting, her body responding to the dual stimulation in ways he could feel through every point of contact.

Her cunt gripped him in new rhythms, the deep fornix fluttering around his glans in sympathetic pulses that matched the milk ejecting into his mouth.

The nerve pathways were connected, he remembered—the same oxytocin surge that triggered let-down also amplified vaginal response, creating feedback loops of intensifying sensation.

He kept sucking, face sinking against her tit's meat, working her nipple with lips and tongue, drawing out the milk in rhythmic pulls that seemed to synchronize with the strokes he began below.

He found he could coordinate them—sucking as he withdrew slightly from that deep pocket, releasing as he pressed back into it, creating waves of sensation that traveled through her body in converging spirals.

The taste of her milk filled his mouth, surprisingly sweet, almost floral, coating his tongue with each pull. He switched boobs, moving to the other heavy orb, finding it equally full, equally responsive, the nipple already leaking in anticipation before he even sealed his lips around it.

He nursed from her like that, his mother's milk flowing across his tongue even as his cock probed her deepest recess, and the combination seemed to unravel her.

“Don't stop—please don't stop—” she was begging, her hands clutching his head to her breast, her hips grinding upward to meet his deep strokes. “It's building—it's building everywhere—”

Benson felt it through his buried shaft—the changes in her tissue that signaled approaching climax. The posterior fornix itself seemed to swell and pulse around his glans, the thin wall there growing hotter, more responsive, transmitting every subtle shift of pressure into the nerve cluster that would trigger her release.

He could feel the blood rushing to the area, the engorgement that made each stroke more friction, more sensation, more feedback.

His steely boner flexed on its root as he increased the depth slightly, pressing fully into that rearward pocket on each thrust, letting his pelvic bone grind against her perineum with each forward press while his mouth worked her tit-nipple in insistent rhythm.

The coordination required focus, demanded his full attention—sucking, stroking, angling, adjusting—but the results were immediate and devastating.

Wendy's body began to shake. Not the sharp spasms of her G-spot orgasm, not the rolling waves of her anterior fornix climax, but something more total, more systemic.

Her sexy mommy-legs trembled along their entire length, her abdomen fluttering with visible muscle spasms, her breath coming in ragged gasps that seemed unable to fully fill her lungs.

Benson could feel her heartbeat through his buried cock, rapid and wild, the pulse of her exertion transmitted through the thin tissue of that deep fornix.

“Oh god I'm—I'm going to—” she tried to warn, but the words dissolved into a sound that wasn't quite a scream—deeper, more guttural, tearing from somewhere low in her throat.

The orgasm seized her like a convulsion, her entire body arching in a sustained bow that lifted them both from the mattress. Her cunt gripped him in contractions that started deep in that posterior pocket and rippled outward in slow, powerful waves—he could feel them distinctly, the way her fornix seemed to clutch and release around his glans, the deeper pelvic floor

muscles undulating along his buried shaft in rhythmic sequences that seemed to draw him further in rather than push him out.

She was gushing. He felt it through his balls, against his thighs—the sudden flood of fluid that wasn't urine, wasn't regular arousal, but that specific ejaculate associated with deep spot stimulation, the fluid from glands he couldn't name but had read about, expelled in rhythmic pulses that soaked them both and spread across the parental sheets in shameless evidence of her release.

“Focus,” he told himself, keeping himself anchored to her bucking body.
“Fuck her through it.”

Benson felt the tell-tale tightening in his perineum, the rhythmic pulsing at the base of his shaft that signaled his own climax building. He ground his teeth together, forcing his attention outward—away from the velvet grip of her posterior fornix, away from the warm flood of milk still coating his tongue.

He thought about the physics of leverage, calculated the angle of his thrust vector, anything to dampen the sympathetic arousal threatening to trigger his ejaculation.

He employed the technique he'd read about in the advanced manuals: the pelvic floor lock. Bearing down with his abdominal muscles while simultaneously relaxing his glutes, he created a physical barrier that interrupted the ejaculatory reflex.

The pressure redirected, diffusing through his lower torso instead of concentrating at his cockhead. It burned—literally burned, a hot ache in his prostate—but it worked. The imminent spurting receded, his balls drawing back from their tight clutch against his body, settling lower as he bought himself more time.

Wendy still snarled and convulsed beneath him, her cunt working his buried shaft in rhythmic undulations that felt designed specifically to extract his

seed. He couldn't let that happen. Not yet. Not when there was still so much anatomy to explore.

He withdrew slowly, feeling the slick friction of her walls gripping him in protest, the way her posterior fornix seemed to suction at his glans as if reluctant to release him.

Her milk was still flowing; he could feel it wet against his chin, cooling where it had spilled. He needed to reposition.

"Your legs," he managed, his voice sounding thick and distant to his own ears. "Put them—put them up here."

He guided her legs, hooking his arm beneath her knees and lifting, folding her thigh back toward her shoulder. The position required flexibility, which mother had for this purpose. Her feet ended up near his collarbones, her heels digging into the muscle of his shoulder, angling her pelvis into a steep tilt that changed everything.

The alteration in geometry was immediate and profound. Where before he had been navigating the natural curve of her vaginal canal, now he had straight-line access.

The cervix—which had been a soft stopper at the end of his reach—now presented itself directly, the os aligned with his thrusting trajectory like a target.

Benson could see it too. From this vantage, folded in half as she was, her vulva gaped slightly, the inner labia flushed and slick, framing the entrance where his meaty shaft disappeared into her body.

He could see the place where his veiny cock entered her, the stretched rim of her vaginal opening gripping his girth, could see the way her abdominal muscles fluttered and jumped beneath her skin as aftershocks continued to ripple through her.

“Damn, that's so cool,” he said aloud, making his dick flex so he could see the veins bulge beneath his pink cock-skin.

His mother would normally laugh at such a comment, but she was still too lost in a haze of post-orgasm to comment.

Benson drove forward again, maintaining his hard-won control through sheer force of will. The angle was perfect now—straight in, no deflection. He felt his glans press directly against her cervical os, not the yielding surface of the fornix around it, but the firm, resilient tissue of the cervix itself.

“Oh fuck, that feels good,” he sighed.

The sensation was different from anything prior. The cervix felt distinct under pressure—not soft like the surrounding vault, but dense, with a texture he could only describe as similar to the tip of a nose, though hotter, more giving.

He pressed against it with the flat of his glans, not trying to penetrate—the texts had warned against force—but applying steady, rhythmic pressure.

Wendy's response was violent. Her back arched off the mattress, her shoulders digging into the sheets, her head thrown back so far her throat looked impossibly long and taut.

The scream that tore from her wasn't loud at first—it started as a ragged hiss, building in her chest until it burst forth in a sound that seemed to rattle the windows.

“FUUUUCK—BENSON—”

The acoustics of the room carried it, bouncing off the walls, filtering through the door he'd locked. Anyone in the house would hear. Thank God there was only his baby sister, fast asleep in her nursery.

He maintained the rhythm the studies recommended for cervical stimulation: deep, grinding strokes that maintained contact rather than withdrawing. He didn't pull back far—just enough to create motion, then pressing forward

again, letting his pubic bone grind against her fat clitoris with each forward press while his cockhead maintained that steady pressure against her cervix.

The position with her legs over his shoulder allowed him to adjust the vector of his thrust minutely. He experimented: pressing slightly upward, then slightly downward, watching her face for the tell-tale signs of optimal stimulation.

When he angled slightly toward her abdomen, her eyes rolled back completely, the whites showing, and her hands clawed at the bedding with sufficient force he heard fabric tear.

“There,” she gasped. “Right there—don’t you dare fucking move—”

But he did move. He had to. He pummeled with mechanical precision, each thrust calculated to maintain that specific contact. The cervical orgasm built differently—he could feel it through his shaft as a kind of internal inflation, the tissue around his buried head seeming to balloon and pulse with increased blood flow.

Her cervix itself appeared to descend slightly, meeting his thrusts more fully, as if her body was adjusting to maximize the contact.

He fought his own release by focusing on the technical details. He catalogued the temperature gradient inside her—the way the cervical tissue felt fractionally cooler than the surrounding vault, the way his own friction was heating it.

He counted his heartbeats, trying to slow them, matching his breathing to hers where their chests pressed together, though her breathing was so ragged it barely qualified as respiration—more a series of hitching sobs and gasps.

The next orgasm hit her while the first was still fading. He felt the transition—the way the deep, rolling contractions of the posterior fornix release shifted into something sharper, more staccato.

“F-fuck,” he gasped, sweat dripping off his forehead. Her cervical tissue seemed to flutter against his glans, pulsing in rapid, irregular spasms that transmitted directly into his shaft.

The surrounding vaginal walls clamped down in a grip so tight it forced his own pre-ejaculate to weep from him in a continuous trickle, adding to the lubrication that made each thrust sound obscenely wet.

“OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD—”

Her screams were continuous now, not peaking and fading but sustaining at a pitch that made his eardrums ache. She was completely undone—face flushed purple, veins standing out in her neck, tits heaving and bouncing with such force that milk sprayed in fine arcs with each convulsion, pattering against his chest, his chin, the sheets around them.

“*Get it!*” he told himself as he kept stroking. “*Chase it!*”

The violence of her release didn’t deter him; the manuals had mentioned that cervical stimulation could induce such intensity. He maintained his depth, his angle, refusing to be dislodged by the crushing grip of her cunt.

He felt like he was fucking a heartbeat—the rhythm was that distinct, that biological, her core pulsing around him in waves that seemed to synchronize with her actual cardiac rhythm.

His own orgasm was a looming threat, a pressure building at the base of his spine that he held back through sheer force of concentration. He thought about the muscular anatomy of the pelvic floor, the pubococcygeus muscle and its role in ejaculation, trying to consciously relax those fibers even as they screamed for release. It was like trying to hold back a sneeze while tickling his nose—possible, but agonizing.

Wendy’s body seized in a final, catastrophic contraction. Her back arched so severely he heard vertebrae pop, her leg clamping down on his shoulder with enough force to bruise.

Her cervix seemed to kiss his glans directly, the os pulsing open and closed around him in a fluttering kiss that felt almost like a mouth sucking at his tip. The sensation was too much—he felt the lock he’d maintained shatter, his pelvic floor quivering uncontrollably as his own climax finally broke through the dam he’d built.

The pressure that had been building at the base of his spine suddenly surged upward, a molten wave rising through his vas deferens with irresistible force. Benson felt the first contraction grip his prostate, the muscular expulsion beginning deep in his pelvis and traveling the length of his shaft in rapid sequence.

His glans swelled against her fluttering cervix, the tissue expanding as semen flooded his urethra, distending the tube in pulsing increments that he could trace from root to tip.

He snarled like an animal as the first jet erupted from his slit with such pressure it felt like tearing, a burning stretch of his meatus as the fluid forced through in thick, rhythmic spurts.

He felt it collide with her cervical os, the hot splash of each pulse meeting the suctioning kiss of her cervix in wet percussion. The sensation was devastating—her cunt gripping him in rolling spasms that seemed to milk his shaft in sympathetic rhythm, each internal flutter of her walls coinciding with the involuntary clench of his own pelvic floor as it pumped seed into her in measured, biological cadence.

“Oh god—” he managed, the words guttural, barely human, as more ropes surged and released. He could feel the volume, the sheer hydraulic pressure of each ejaculation forcing through his compressed urethra, the fluid hot even to his own overheated nerves.

His balls drew tight, the cremasteric muscles contracting to lift them against his body, maximizing the force of each expulsive contraction.

Wendy's cunt wouldn't stop moving around him. Through the haze of his own climax, he felt her continuing to orgasm, the cervical contractions he'd triggered now feeding back into his system, her body's response prolonging his own.

Her sheath gripped and released in waves that seemed to travel from her cervix downward, the muscular rings of her vagina rippling along his still-spurting shaft as if actively drawing out his essence.

He lost count of the pulses. Eight, nine, ten—the pressure seemed endless, his prostate working in sustained contraction that squeezed every available drop through his system.

Each spurt felt slightly less forceful than the last, but the volume remained, his semen mixing with her copious secretions until he could feel the liquid heat spreading between them, soaking his pubic hair, running down his thighs where they pressed against her.

His hips kept moving without conscious direction, short, jerking thrusts that maintained his depth even as his orgasm peaked and began its slow, shuddering decline.

The friction of his glans against her cervix—now hypersensitive, almost painfully so—kept him hard enough to continue, his shaft still rigid despite the draining expenditure, still probing that deep pocket where his seed pooled and mixed with her own fluids.

Wendy's legs slipped from his shoulder, her thighs sliding down his sides to drape across his hips, but he didn't withdraw. He couldn't. The aftershocks were too intense, her cunt still fluttering around him in irregular spasms that matched the fading pulses of his own release.

He felt every twitch, every residual contraction of her pelvic floor, the way her tissue seemed to pulse around his buried head as if savoring the contact, reluctant to let him go.

For several more minutes, they moved together mindlessly, his thrusts slowing to a crawl, then to simple pressure, then to stillness with him buried to the root. But even then, their bodies wouldn't quite settle.

Her hips rolled beneath him, seeking; he responded with minute shifts of angle, his glans dragging through the flooded chamber of her cunt in wet, slippery arcs that reignited sensitive nerves already raw from overstimulation.

The milk had dried on his chest, tacky now, but her tits still moved against him with each labored breath, the heavy mass sliding across his sternum in hypnotic rhythm.

He could smell them—sweet, faintly sour, the complex chemistry of lactation mingling with sweat and sex until the room seemed saturated with their mutual scent.

Minutes passed. He didn't know how many. His cock finally began to soften, the turgidity draining in slow increments that he could feel as a gradual loosening of her grip around his shaft.

Each subtle shift of position allowed more of their combined fluids to escape, trickling from where they joined in warm rivulets that pooled beneath her, soaked into the parental mattress in spreading stains they would have to explain somehow.

When he finally withdrew, the sensation was almost painful—the sudden cool air meeting his oversensitive glans, the friction of her swollen tissues dragging against him one final time before he slipped free.

He felt hollow, emptied, his cock resting against his thigh in heavy exhaustion while his eyes tracked the sight of her gaping cunt, pink and flushed and leaking their mingled release in obscene profusion.

Wendy's hand found his shoulder, fingers digging in with weak pressure. "Benson," she breathed, the syllables wrecked, unrecognizable as speech. "Benson, I can't—that was—"

He understood. He felt the same—the numbness spreading through his lower body, the tremor in his thighs that wasn't quite fatigue, wasn't quite shock, but something in between.

He collapsed beside her, the mattress absorbing his weight with a weary creak, and felt her turn into him, her body curling against his side with the desperate closeness of someone seeking warmth after exposure.