

## Going Off the Rails with Mom

By Klrxo

"Happy Birthday, mom!" Paul said, extending a card to her from across the table. "I bought you something special."

His mother, Violet, reached out and took the card, a smile spreading across her pretty face. "Oh honey, you didn't have to get me anything."

She carefully opened the envelope and pulled out the card. As she read the message inside, her eyes widened in surprise. "A cross-country train trip? Just the two of us? Paul, this is too much!"

"Nothing's too much for you, mom. You deserve a special vacation, and I wanna spend some quality time with you. We can see the country, relax, and just spend some time away from the rest of the family," Paul said, his eyes shining with anticipation.

His mother hesitated for a moment, then her smile returned. "Your father's been so busy with work here lately that he probably wouldn't even notice I was gone. And it would be lovely to have you all to myself for a while," she said, reaching across the table to squeeze his hand affectionately.

Paul felt a thrill run through him at her touch. This was going to be the perfect opportunity to finally act on the forbidden desires he'd harbored for so long.

Alone with his mother on the train, he would attempt to seduce her, make her his. The thought made his heart race.

"Then it's settled! We'll leave next week. I'll make all the arrangements," Paul said eagerly. "This is gonna be a birthday you'll never forget, mom. I promise."

His mother laughed, her eyes twinkling. "With you in charge, I'm sure it will be. Thank you, sweetheart. What a lovely surprise."

Paul grinned, barely able to contain his excitement, especially in his groin region. The wheels were in motion. Soon, he would have his heart's darkest wish. On the train, he would claim his mother as his lover at last.

Violet made arrangements for her two other children to stay with their Grandmother, packed her bags, and drove her and Paul to the train station the following week.

As they boarded the sleek silver train, Violet couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement in her chest. It had been years since she'd taken a proper vacation, and the prospect of spending uninterrupted time with her handsome son was surprisingly thrilling.

Paul helped her stow their luggage in the private sleeper car he had booked for them. As Violet took in the cozy accommodations - the plush seats that converted into beds, the elegant dining table, the large picture window - she felt a rush of gratitude towards her son.

"This is wonderful, Paul. Thank you again, sweetie. I'm really looking forward to our little adventure," she said, impulsively pulling him into a warm hug.

Paul held her close, savoring the feel of her humongous boobs against him, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume. "Me too, mom. We're gonna have an unforgettable time together, I just know it."

Violet was a real looker, with strawberry-blonde hair that fell well past her shoulders. Her body was voluptuous but toned, her curves hugged perfectly by the sundress she wore for the trip. Even in her early 40s, she could turn heads wherever she went.

Paul couldn't help but feel a surge of surprise and delight as he took in her chosen attire for their trip. Her short skirt, barely grazing her mid-thighs, showcased her smooth, lovely legs, while her feet were adorned with stylish 4-inch slip-on mules.

The top she wore hugged the curves of her body like a second skin, emphasizing the enormity of her breasts. The low neckline revealed more cleavage than he had ever seen her display before. It was a stark contrast to her usual modest dress at home, giving Paul hope that she had picked this outfit just for him.

As the train pulled out of the station and the city skyline gave way to rolling hills and farmland, they settled into their seats, sipping wine that his mother had brought and

reminiscing about Violet's fondest memories of Paul's childhood.

Paul listened attentively, laughing in all the right places, his eyes repeatedly drawn to the graceful lines of his mother's neck, the swell of her colossal breasts beneath her silk blouse and the way they swayed and trembled with every motion of the train.

The sun began to set, painting the sky in vivid oranges and pinks. Violet yawned, stretching languorously. "I think the motion of the train is making me sleepy. Would you be a dear and help me pull out the bed?"

"Of course, mom." Paul readily agreed, his pulse quickening at the thought of his mother settling down to sleep mere feet away from him. He pulled the bed out and helped her arrange the sheets and blankets.

"You get yourself settled in, honey," Violet said through another yawn. "I'm gonna step into the bathroom and put on my nightgown."

Paul nodded, his mouth suddenly dry as he imagined his mother slipping into a silky nightgown. One that she'd surely be naked beneath. He busied himself preparing the bed, his mind racing with tantalizing possibilities.

When Violet emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, Paul's breath caught in his throat. Her nightgown was even more revealing than he had dared to hope - a whisper-thin, nearly transparent silk slip that barely reached her

thighs. It clung to her every curve, highlighting the giant fullness of her tits, the indent of her waist, and the flare of her hips.

"Is this too much?" Violet asked, noticing her son's stare and giving a little twirl.

The slip flared out, offering Paul a tantalizing glimpse of her black lace panties underneath. "I bought it special for the trip, but now I'm wondering if it's a bit too risqué for a mother to wear around her son."

"N-no, not at all," Paul stammered, his eyes devouring her. "You look beautiful, mom. Really stunning."

Violet beamed at the compliment. "You're so sweet, honey. I just want our time together to be extra special, you know?"

She crossed to the bed and crawled beneath the covers, settling next to her son. The spicy-sweet scent of her perfume enveloped him, making him light-headed with desire.

Violet took his hand, interlacing their fingers. "I hope you know how much you mean to me, Paul," she said softly, her thumb tracing circles on his palm. "I don't tell you often enough, but I'm so proud of the man you've become. So caring, so thoughtful. You make me feel cherished."

"You ARE cherished, mom," Paul said hoarsely, emboldened by her words. "You're everything to me. Everything."

Their eyes met and held, the air between them charging with a sudden, unmistakable electricity. Slowly, giving her every chance to pull away, Paul leaned in and brushed his lips against hers in the faintest of kisses.

Violet gasped but didn't pull away. Her lips parted invitingly under his. Groaning, Paul deepened the kiss, his tongue delving into the honeyed recesses of her mouth.

She melted beneath him, her pillowy chest molding to his chiseled physique like she was made for him. "Paul..." she sighed between heated kisses, her nails raking down his back. "We shouldn't... it's wrong..."

"I know, but it feels right, doesn't it?" he asked, trying to set her at ease.

"No, honey, we're mother and son," she answered, gently pushing him away. "We can't kiss that way."

Paul pulled back, his heart hammering, disappointment and frustration warring within him. "I'm sorry, mom," he said hoarsely. "I just... I thought... with the nightgown and everything... maybe you wanted this too."

Violet sighed, reaching up to caress his cheek. "Oh honey, I'm flattered, truly. And I can't deny there's a certain... attraction between us. You're a handsome man and I love you dearly. But we can't act on these feelings. It wouldn't be right."

Paul swallowed hard, nodding. "I understand. I shouldn't have presumed. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you, sweetheart. Let's just chalk it up to a moment of confusion and move past it, okay?" Violet leaned in and placed a chaste, motherly kiss on his forehead.

Paul forced a smile. "Okay, mom. Whatever you want." But inside, he was seething. He had been so sure she wanted him too. The way she was dressed, the lingering touches, the intimate atmosphere... had he misread the signals that badly?

As they settled down to sleep, a careful distance between them now, Paul's mind raced. He couldn't just let this go. He had come too far, wanted her too much. He would just have to try a different approach, the one he had planned, to wear down her resistance bit by bit.

By the end of this trip, come hell or high water, his mother would be his. He would make sure of it.

The next morning, Violet acted like nothing had happened, chatting brightly about their itinerary over breakfast. Paul played along, but his eyes never left her, drinking in the oversized swell of her breasts, the pout of her lips, imagining how they would feel wrapped around his cock.

Jewel Anderson sat on the train, one leg crossed over the other in a mini-skirt that showed off her sexy legs. She was chatting on the phone to her husband, her fiery-red hair cascading down to her giant breasts that threatened to spill

out of her top. "I need to go, honey. I'll call you later," she exclaimed, eyeing Paul who sat nearby with his mother.

Jewell ended her call and sauntered over to where Paul and Violet were sitting, her hips swaying seductively. She leaned down, giving Paul an ample view of her tremendous tit-cleavage.

"Hi there, I'm Jewel," she purred, extending a perfectly manicured hand to Paul. "I couldn't help but notice you from across the car. Are you two traveling together?"

Paul took her hand, electricity jolting through him at the touch of her soft skin. "I'm Paul, and this is my mother, Violet. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Violet eyed the bombshell redhead warily, not missing the way her son's eyes were glued to Tanya's plunging neckline. A twinge of jealousy shot through her.

"What brings you on this trip, Jewel?" Violet asked, forcing a polite smile.

Jewel perched on the armrest next to Paul, crossing her legs so her skirt rode up even higher. "Oh, just a boring work conference. I thought I'd treat myself to a little luxury on the way there. But I have to say, the scenery in this car is much more appealing than I anticipated," she said with a wink at Paul.

Paul flushed, arousal simmering in his veins. Jewel was an absolute knockout, all dangerous curves and smoldering sensuality. The fact that she seemed to be flirting with him

so blatantly, right in front of his mother, only heightened his excitement.

Violet cleared her throat pointedly. "How nice for you. If you'll excuse us, my son and I were just having a private discussion."

Jewel pouted prettily. "Of course. I hope I'll be seeing more of you, Paul. Both around the train and...perhaps in private."

With a last heated look, she sashayed back to her seat, her perfect, rounded ass swaying hypnotically.

"The nerve of that woman!" Violet fumed under her breath. "Flirting with a man half her age, and in front of his mother no less!"

"She was just being friendly, mom," Paul said mildly, though his cock was straining painfully against his zipper.

Violet huffed. "Friendly? More like predatory. You need to be careful, honey. Women like that are nothing but trouble."

Paul bit back a smile at his mother's transparent jealousy. Maybe this was the key to breaking down her resistance - stoking her possessiveness, making her see him as a man with desires that other women wanted to fulfill.

The game had just gotten a lot more interesting. Between his mother's reluctant desire and Jewel's brazen advances, this was shaping up to be a very memorable trip indeed.

Later that evening, as the train rumbled through the night, Paul tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep. His mind

was awirl with thoughts of Jewel and her brazen flirtation. He ached to take her up on her unspoken offer, to bury himself in her lush, inviting body and lose himself in raw, animalistic pleasure.

But his true obsession, his ultimate goal, was his mother. Beautiful, forbidden Violet, sleeping just an arm's length away, her nightgown riding up to reveal the creamy expanse of her thighs.

Paul's cock throbbed insistently as he watched the rise and fall of her ample chest, longing to caress and suckle those magnificent breasts.

Unable to bear the temptation a moment longer, Paul reached out and delicately trailed his fingers along the silken skin of her thigh, marveling at its warmth and smoothness.

Violet stirred, her lips parting on a soft sigh, but she didn't wake.

Emboldened, Paul let his hand drift higher, slipping beneath the hem of her nightgown to cup the succulent curve of her ass.

He squeezed gently, savoring the feel of her pliant flesh filling his palm. His cock jerked urgently, a damp spot blooming on the front of his pajama pants.

"Paul..." Violet breathed, still lost in sleep. "Mmmm..."

Did she dream of him? Were her sleeping fantasies as dark and depraved as his waking ones? Paul had to know.

Slowly, carefully, he peeled back the covers and eased Violet's nightgown up over her hips, exposing the sheer lace of her panties. The silky fabric clung to the outline of her pubis, showcasing her plump outer lips and the furrow of her slit. The crotch was visibly damp, the musky scent of her arousal perfuming the air.

Paul licked his lips, fighting the primal urge to bury his face between his mother's thighs and lap at her sweet nectar until she screamed her pleasure. But he couldn't risk waking her, not yet. This forbidden exploration had to be done delicately.

With the utmost care, he hooked his fingers in the waistband of Violet's panties and began to tug them down over the lush swell of her hips.

Inch by excruciating inch, he exposed the thin, neatly-trimmed patch of pubic hair and the glistening pink folds of her sex.

Just then, three sharp knocks sounded at the door of their sleeper car, shattering the charged silence.

Paul jumped back like a scalded cat, hastily pulling his mother's nightgown back into place.

Violet blinked awake, looking adorably tousled and confused. "Paul? What's going on?"

Paul's heart hammered against his ribs as he scrambled for an excuse. "I...I think someone's knocking," he said lamely,

praying his mother wouldn't notice the raging hard-on tenting his pajama pants.

The knocking came again, more insistently this time. Violet sat up, frowning. "Who on earth could that be at this hour?"

She swung her legs out of bed and padded to the door on bare feet, heedless of her son's strangled protest. Paul held his breath, terrified of what she might see in his face if she looked too closely.

But Violet was focused on their mysterious nighttime visitor. She slid open the door, revealing Jewel standing in the dimly lit corridor, wearing a sheer red babydoll negligee that left very little to the imagination.

"J-Jewel?" Violet stammered, taking an involuntary step back. "What do you want?"

The redhead smiled, a slow, sensuous curve of her crimson lips. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything. I was just lying in my lonely little bed, thinking about the two of you. I found myself craving some...company."

Her emerald eyes drifted past Violet to lock with Paul's. "Especially you, handsome. I just can't seem to get you out of my head."

Paul swallowed hard, his cock pulsing urgently against the confines of his pants. Jewel looked like a wet dream come to life, all tumbling red curls, creamy expanses of skin, and

mouthwatering curves barely contained by wisps of scarlet lace.

Violet bristled, moving to block Jewel's view of her son. "I think you've made a mistake. My son and I are trying to sleep. We're not interested in whatever sordid thing you're suggesting."

Jewel laughed, a throaty, musical sound. "Sordid? I prefer to think of it as...mutually pleasurable. But I can see I've touched a nerve. Afraid of a little competition? Worried your son might prefer a real woman's touch to his... mommy's?"

"How dare you-" Violet began hotly, but Jewel cut her off with a dismissive wave.

"Don't get your panties in a twist. I didn't mean to upset you. I just thought Paul deserved to know his options. I mean, I'm sure he needs some release, just like any horny teenager would."

Violet gaped at her, speechless with outrage.

Jewel took advantage of her momentary paralysis to blow Paul a kiss over her shoulder. "I'm in cabin twelve if you're interested, Paul."

With a wink and a swish of her barely-covered ass, she sauntered off down the corridor.

Violet slammed the door shut, her face flushed with anger and something else Paul couldn't quite identify. She whirled to face him, her eyes blazing.

"The absolute gall of that woman! Propositioning a teenage boy, and right in front of his mother! It's disgusting!"

Paul held up his hands in a placating gesture, even as his heart raced with illicit excitement. "Mom, calm down. I'm sure she didn't mean any harm. She's just a flirt."

"A flirt?" Violet repeated incredulously. "More like a shameless hussy! Parading around in that scrap of lingerie, making lewd suggestions... What kind of woman does that?"

"The kind of woman who knows what she wants," Paul said quietly, holding his mother's gaze. "And isn't afraid to go after it."

Something flickered in Violet's eyes, a flash of heat quickly suppressed. "And is that what you want, Paul? That kind of woman?" Her voice trembled slightly.

Paul stood, crossing to his mother in two long strides. He gripped her shoulders, his thumbs grazing the sensitive skin of her collarbone. "What I want," he said hoarsely, "is right in front of me."

Violet shook her head in denial, but she made no move to pull away from his touch. "Paul, we can't. It's wrong. I'm your mother."

"You're also the most beautiful, desirable woman I've ever known," he admitted, gazing down at the swell of her unfettered tits jutting from beneath her pajama top. He was surprised by how hard her nipples were now, the swollen teats protruding out from beneath the fabric.

Violet felt flattered, but she also knew that he was a horny teenager who probably hadn't masturbated that entire day. Perhaps if he could, that would relieve his urges and these inappropriate desires would fade.

"Paul, honey, I understand you're feeling frustrated and have urges. It's perfectly normal for a young man your age. But acting on them with your own mother is not the answer," Violet said gently.

Her mind raced, trying to find a solution that would satisfy her son's needs without crossing that ultimate line. An idea occurred to her.

"I think what you need is some privacy to...take care of yourself. Why don't you use the bathroom? I promise I won't disturb you. You can fantasize about whatever you like in there."

Paul's eyes widened. "You want me to go jerk off? Seriously?"

Violet nodded, her cheeks flushing pink. "It might help clear your head. And it's certainly a more appropriate outlet than propositioning your mother or that brazen hussy down the hall."

Paul hesitated, torn between his aching need for release and his craving to push further with his mother.

Violet saw his indecision and made the choice for him. She placed her hands on his shoulders and gently steered him towards the small bathroom.

"Go on, honey. Take all the time you need. I'll be out here if you want to talk after."

Paul allowed himself to be ushered into the bathroom, his mind reeling. He never imagined his prim, proper mother encouraging him to masturbate, much less all but ordering him to do it.

He shoved his pants down and took himself in hand. He was aching, throbbing, his swollen cock an angry purple.

As Paul began to stroke himself, his mind filled with a jumble of erotic images - his mother's magnificent breasts swaying beneath her thin nightgown, Jewel's blatant invitation, their two beautiful faces blurred together in his lust-addled imagination.

He pictured Violet coming into the bathroom, catching him in the act. Would she gasp in shock, or would her eyes glaze over with desire?

He imagined her sinking to her knees before him, taking his cock into her warm, willing mouth...

With a strangled groan, Paul erupted, his seed splattering the edge of the sink, dripping onto the floor as pleasure electrified his nerve endings. He sagged against the wall, spent and panting.

Out in the sleeper car, Violet sat on the edge of her bed, her thighs clenched tightly together as she listened to the unmistakable sounds of her son's climax. Moisture flooded her panties as forbidden heat unfurled deep in her core.

What was happening to her? She had always been a good mother, putting her children's needs above her own base desires. But something about this trip, the intimate setting, the way Paul looked at her... it was awakening urges that didn't even know she had.

Paul left the small, glistening puddle of his warm semen on the tiled bathroom floor, hoping to entice his mother to use the restroom for her own self-pleasure and discover it.

The thick, musky scent of ejaculate lingered in the air, filling the confined space with a primal teenage energy.

"Are you feeling better now?" Violet asked as her son emerged from the bathroom.

"Absolutely," he admitted, a mischievous glint in his eye.

"Why don't you take a turn now."

"A turn?" Violet's eyebrows raised in confusion.

"Yes, to use the bathroom. You know, for some release."

A hint of pink dusted her cheeks as she processed his suggestion. She hesitated, unsure of what to do.

"Oh, um...well, yes...I guess I could do that," she finally replied, trying to hide her arousal. "And then we'll both try and get some sleep, ok?"

Violet entered the small bathroom, feeding her son a shameful smirk as she closed the door behind her.

The room was filled with the sound of running water as she washed her hands before stepping back onto the cool tile floor.

Her bare foot suddenly slid on something slick and warm. With shock, she realized it was her son's semen that he had just ejaculated out of his cock onto the floor.

A wave of arousal rushed through her body as she looked down at the creamy puddle, her mind racing with forbidden thoughts and desires.

She knew she should be disgusted, but instead a thrill of dark excitement raced through her veins.

Almost in a trance, she sank to her knees, reaching out with trembling fingers to touch the viscous fluid. It was still warm. A shudder ran through her as she brought her coated fingers to her lips, her tongue darting out for a tentative taste.

The flavor exploded on her tongue - musky, salty, utterly forbidden. Violet's eyes fluttered closed as she sucked her fingers clean, savoring the intimate essence of her son.

What was wrong with her? What kind of mother got aroused by her own son's semen? But as wrong as it was, Violet couldn't deny the liquid heat pooling between her thighs, the aching emptiness in her core that begged to be filled.

Almost against her will, her hand crept beneath the hem of her nightgown, sliding into her soaked panties. She found

her clit and circled it slowly, gasping at the jolt of pleasure that shot through her.

Violet pictured Paul just minutes ago, his hand flying over the rigid pillar of his cock as he thought about her. The image made her dizzy with need.

She plunged two fingers into the weeping well of her pussy, pumping them in time to the fevered canting of her hips.

"Oh God...oh fuck..." she panted, not caring if her son could hear her through the thin door. Let him hear. Let him know what he did to her, how crazy he made her.

Violet's fingers moved faster, her thumb grinding into her clit as her climax approached with frightening speed. She thought of Paul's cock, so hard and ready, imagined it pulsating inside her as he filled her with his seed.

With a keening cry, Violet came, her pussy clenching greedily around her fingers as ecstasy ripped through her.

She collapsed forward, her cheek nearly landing in the cooling puddle of Paul's semen as the aftershocks wracked her body.

Violet emerged from the bathroom on shaky legs, her face flushed and her eyes glassy with the afterglow of her intense orgasm.

Paul's knowing smirk told her that her efforts to muffle her cries of passion had been in vain. He had heard every moan, every desperate pant as she fucked herself to climax.

Paul's voice was low beneath the rumble of the train. "Sounded like you needed that release as much as I needed mine."

Violet's cheeks burned with a mix of shame and illicit excitement. "I suppose I did, yes."

"Hey, mom, would you mind if we cuddled underneath the blanket, while we go to sleep?"

Violet hesitated, torn between propriety and her growing need to be close to her son. The bathroom incident had shaken her, forced her to confront the inappropriate desire that had been simmering inside her.

She knew the right thing to do was to maintain a proper distance, to reestablish the normal boundaries between mother and son. But God help her, all she wanted in that moment was to feel Paul's strong arms around her, his hard body pressed against hers.

"I suppose a little cuddling would be alright," she said slowly, her voice unsteady. "As long as we keep things...innocent."

Paul's smile was pure sin. "Of course, mom. Innocent as a choir boy, that's me."

He patted the bed beside him in invitation. Violet's pulse leapt as she crossed the small space between them and climbed in beside him.

Paul immediately pulled her into his embrace, spooning her from behind. Violet shivered as she felt the unmistakable bulk of his erection pressing insistently against her ass.

"Paul..." she began warningly, but her son just nuzzled into her neck, his breath hot on her sensitive skin.

"Goodnight, mom," he whispered, feigning innocence.

He pushed his boner against the crack of her ass even harder, hoping that she would realize just how big his cock was by feeling it nudge against her skin.

Violet tried to hide her growing arousal as her boy ground his straining erection shamelessly against the plush globes of her ass, his breath coming faster as forbidden pleasure surged through him.

"Mmm, you feel so good, mom," he murmured, dropping a line of hot, open-mouthed kisses along the column of her neck. "So soft and warm. I could stay like this forever."

Violet's breath hitched, her nipples pebbling into tight peaks as a shiver of illicit arousal raced down her spine.

She knew she should put a stop to this, push Paul away and reestablish proper boundaries. But his strong arms around her, his hard cock nestled against the ring of her asshole felt entirely too good.

"Paul, honey, we need to be careful," she managed, her voice breathy and unconvincing even to her own ears. "This is toeing a very dangerous line."

"Shh, it's okay, mom," Paul soothed, his hand drifting down to splay possessively across her lower belly, his pinky finger just grazing the lace edge of her panties. "We're just snuggling, like any loving mother and son. There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

As he spoke, Paul rocked his hips subtly, dragging the thick ridge of his cock along the seam of Violet's ass.

She bit back a moan, her core clenching with need. A damp spot bloomed on the crotch of her panties as her arousal spiked.

"N-no, I guess not," she stammered, arching instinctively into his touch. Her body was a livewire, every nerve ending crackling with awareness and desire. "As long as we don't go any further..."

Paul hid a smile against his mother's fragrant hair. He could feel her weakening, her resolve crumbling under the onslaught of sensation. It was only a matter of time before she succumbed completely.

"Hi Paul," Jewel said, catching the boy alone the next morning. "Did mommy finally let you out of her sight?"

Paul turned to see sauntering towards him, her gigantic tits barely contained by a tight sundress that showcased her long legs and plunging cleavage. He swallowed hard, his body reacting instantly to her brazen sensuality.

"Hi Jewel," he managed, trying to keep his voice steady.  
"Mom's just freshening up in our cabin. You're up early."

Jewel stepped closer, her perfume enveloping him in a cloud of exotic spice. "I had a feeling you might be out and about. I was hoping we could have a little chat, just the two of us."

She trailed a perfectly manicured finger down his chest, her emerald eyes smoldering with unmistakable intent. Paul's cock twitched eagerly in his pants.

"What did you want to chat about?" he asked, his mouth suddenly dry.

Jewel's ruby lips curved in a knowing smile. "Oh, I think you know, handsome. The sexual tension between us is thick enough to cut with a knife. And unless I'm very much mistaken, things with mommy dearest aren't progressing quite as quickly as you'd like, are they?"

Paul shifted uncomfortably, torn between the instinct to defend his mother and the undeniable truth in Jewel's words. "I don't know what you're talking about," he hedged.

Jewel laughed, a low, throaty sound that sent shivers down Paul's spine. "Don't play coy with me, baby. I've seen the way you look at her, like a starving boy eyeing a juicy steak. And I heard the two of you last night. It sounded like she left you high and dry."

Paul flushed, embarrassed and aroused at the thought of Jewel listening to his frustrated grunts and his mother's

muffled moans through the thin walls. "I'll survive," he said tightly.

"Sure you will," Jewel agreed, unperturbed. "But here's the thing - I don't like to see a handsome young man suffer. Especially not when I can do something about it."

She pressed her lithe body against his, her ballooning breasts crushing against his chest as she leaned in to whisper in his ear. "I can give you what you need, Paul. I can teach you things, show you pleasures you've only dreamed about. All you have to do is say the word."

Paul's head spun with lust, his resolve weakening by the second. He knew it was wrong, that he should push Jewel away and stay true to his ultimate goal of seducing his mother. But his cock was throbbing insistently, demanding satisfaction.

"I...I don't know," he wavered, his hands coming up to rest on Jewel's hip of their own volition. "I want to, but..."

Jewel sensed Paul's hesitation and pressed her advantage. Her hand drifted down to cup the bulge in his pants, squeezing gently.

Paul groaned, his hips jerking forward involuntarily.

"Don't overthink it, baby," Jewel purred, her tongue darting out to trace the shell of his ear. "I can feel how much you want this. Your cock is so hard for me already. Just imagine how good it will feel buried inside my tight, wet pussy..."

Paul shuddered, his resolve crumbling to dust. He wanted Jewel with a ferocity that frightened him. Maybe giving in to her, just this once, would clear his head, allow him to refocus on his true goal.

"Okay," he rasped, hardly recognizing his own voice. "Let's do it. But we have to be quick, before my mom comes looking for me."

Jewel's grin was triumphant. "Quick and dirty, just how I like it. Follow me."

She took Paul by the hand and led him down the corridor towards her private cabin. They oddly paused for a moment as if waiting to see if Violet would emerge from her and Paul's cabin.

As if on cue, Violet emerged and a surge of jealousy and anger flashed through her, hot and sharp as she saw them preparing to go into Jewel's cabin.

How dare this brazen harlot put her hands on Violet's baby boy?

"What exactly is going on here?" Violet demanded, her voice icy.

Jewel and Paul jumped apart guiltily.

Jewel recovered first, flashing Violet a smug smile. "Oh, nothing to worry about. I was just gonna show Paul here my cabin."

"No you're not," Violet snapped back. "Paul, honey, why don't you head up the the breakfast car. I need to have a word with Jewel in private."

Paul looked uncertainly between the two women, the air crackling with tension. "Mom, it's not what it looks like..."

"Now, Paul," Violet snapped, in a tone that brooked no argument.

Paul slunk off down the hall, throwing one last apologetic glance over his shoulder. As soon as he was out of earshot, Violet rounded on Jewel, her eyes flashing.

"I don't know what kind of game you think you're playing, but I want you to stay the hell away from my son," she hissed. "He's just a boy, far too young for whatever sick, twisted things you have in mind."

Jewel laughed, utterly unfazed by Violet's anger. "A boy? Oh honey, that's no boy. That's a man, with a man's needs and desires. Needs that clearly aren't being met."

She looked Violet up and down, her gaze dripping with disdain. "You can play the outraged mama bear all you want, but we both know what's really going on here. You want him for yourself. You're just too much of a coward to admit it."

Violet reeled back as if slapped, Jewel's words hitting far too close to home. "How dare you? I'm his mother! I would never..."

"But you would," Jewel cut her off, her voice softening with something almost like sympathy. "I see it in your eyes every time you look at him. That hunger, that jealous possessiveness. You can lie to yourself, but you can't lie to me."

She stepped closer, her perfume enveloping Violet in a heady cloud. "There's no shame in it. He's a beautiful boy, and so very eager to please. I can hardly blame you for wanting a taste."

Violet's heart raced, her core clenching traitorously at Jewel's wicked words.

"You're sick," she whispered, but it sounded weak even to her own ears.

Jewel just smiled, a slow, serpentine curve of her red lips. "You can't resist him forever, Violet. Sooner or later, that boy is going to end up in someone's bed. Wouldn't you rather it be yours than mine?"

With that parting shot, she turned on her stiletto heel and sauntered back to her cabin, leaving Violet trembling and conflicted in the corridor.

Violet made her way to the breakfast car in a daze, her mind whirling with Jewel's taunting words.

As much as she wanted to dismiss the woman's words as the ravings of a perverted mind, she couldn't deny the kernel of truth in them. Her feelings for Paul had shifted,

morphed into something dark and forbidden that she could barely let herself contemplate.

She found Paul slouched moodily over a plate of eggs, pushing them around with his fork. He looked up as she approached, his expression wary.

"Mom, about what you saw with Jewel... I can explain."

Violet held up a hand to silence him. "I don't wanna know the details. But Paul, honey, I'm worried about you. That woman is clearly a predator. I don't want you falling under her spell."

Paul's jaw tightened mutinously. "I'm not a child, mom. I can take care of myself. And besides, what's the big deal? I am old enough to have sex with someone."

"Is that where you two were going? To have sex?" Violet asked in a jealous tone.

"I thought you said you didn't want the details."

Violet swallowed hard, heat rising in her cheeks as she imagined Paul and Jewel together in the throes of passion. The image filled her with equal parts jealousy and dark, forbidden arousal.

"You're right, I don't. It's none of my business," she said tightly. "You're a grown man who can make his own choices. I just hope you're not making a mistake."

Paul's gaze sharpened, an almost predatory gleam entering his eyes. "A mistake? Is that what you think sex with Jewel would be?"

He leaned across the table, his voice dropping an octave. "Because from where I'm sitting, it seems like a pretty sweet deal. A gorgeous, experienced woman who actually wants me? Who's not afraid to go after what she wants? Yeah, that sounds like a huge mistake."

Violet's breath caught in her throat at the blatant challenge in her son's tone. He was goading her, pushing her to acknowledge the thing that hung heavy and unspoken between them.

"Paul..." she began, but he cut her off.

"I get it, mom. You're just trying to protect me. But maybe I don't need protection. Maybe what I need is a woman who isn't afraid to touch me, to show me all the ways she wants me."

"If you're implying that I should be that woman for you, the answer is no," said Violet. "Honey, we're mother and son, and I'm married to your father. He would be crushed if he found out that you and I had slept together."

"Fine, but will you at least meet me half-way and let me see you naked, and maybe we could like...masturbate together or something?"

"Paul, we can't..." Violet trailed off, her voice trembling.

She knew she should put a stop to this madness, shut down Paul's indecent suggestions and reestablish proper boundaries between them. But the way he was looking at her, his eyes dark with hunger and need, made her ache in places a mother should never ache for her son.

"It wouldn't be real sex," Paul pressed, sensing his mother's weakening resolve. "Just mutual masturbation. A safe way for us to explore this thing between us without crossing the final line."

He reached across the table and took her hand in his, his thumb stroking over her racing pulse. "I wanna see you, mom. All of you. And I want you to see me too. Watch me touch myself while I'm thinking about you."

Violet's core clenched, molten heat rushing through her veins at her son's erotic words.

She knew it was wrong, so very wrong, but she couldn't deny the dark thrill that went through her at the thought of being vulnerable and exposed before Paul's hungry gaze. Of watching his hand fly over his rigid cock as he drank in her naked body.

However, the proper side of her brain quickly drifted back to her husband and the love they had shared the past twenty years. "It's not that I wouldn't do it, honey, it's just that...I shouldn't."

"Fine, but I guess when I'm with Jewel, at least I can imagine that I'm doing those things with you," Paul said as he got up from the table.

Violet felt she was drowning in a sea of conflicting emotions and desires as Paul got up and walked away, disappointment and frustration radiating off him.

A war raged within her - the part that was a devoted wife and mother, appalled at the very idea of engaging in any sexual activity with her own son; and the darker, long-suppressed part of her that thrilled at Paul's bold suggestions, that yearned to give in to the illicit heat simmering between them.

Unbidden, her mind conjured vivid images of Paul and Jewel together - his strong, young body driving into her wet heat, her red nails raking down his back as she urged him on. Violet's stomach clenched with an ugly mix of jealousy and arousal.

Is this what she wanted? To sit meekly by while that brazen hussy initiated her precious boy into the world of carnal delights? The thought made her ill.

But the alternative...could she really do it? Could she bare herself to her son's hungry gaze, let him see the shameful extent of her own desire? Watch him pleasure himself to the sight of her naked body, knowing it was her he was fantasizing about?

The idea sent a bolt of liquid lightning straight to her core.

Violet took a deep, shuddering breath, her decision made. She couldn't let Paul go to Jewel, couldn't bear the thought of him finding satisfaction in another woman's arms. If he needed this, needed her, to ease the ache of his forbidden longing...then she would give it to him. Consequences be damned.

She caught up to Paul just outside the breakfast car, grabbing his arm and spinning him around to face her.

His eyes widened at the look on her face - a heady mix of fear, determination, and raw, undeniable hunger.

"Wait," she said, her voice low and intense. "You're right. We...we can meet each other halfway. Like you said."

Paul's breath left him in a rush, hardly daring to believe what he was hearing. "You mean...?"

"I mean, come back to the cabin," Violet said, licking her suddenly dry lips. "We can...do what you suggested. Watch each other. But nothing more, do you understand? We can't actually touch."

"I understand," Paul said quickly, dizzy with the headiness of his victory. "Whatever you say, mom."

He let her lead him back to their sleeper car, his heart pounding with anticipation of the forbidden delights to come. He still wanted more, so much more...but for now, this was enough.

This was a start.

He couldn't believe this was actually happening - that his beautiful, proper mother had actually agreed to engage in mutual masturbation with him. It was beyond his wildest fantasies.

As soon as the cabin door closed behind them, the air became thick with tension and illicit electricity.

Violet stood frozen, her eyes wide and her chest heaving as the reality of what they were about to do crashed over her.

Paul approached her slowly, drinking in the sight of her - the swell of her tit-melons beneath her blouse, the trembling of her full lips, the irresistible blend of fear and excitement in her eyes.

He ached to touch her, to peel away her clothes and map every inch of her lush body with hands and mouth. But he had promised to abide by her conditions - no touching, just looking.

"Are you sure about this, mom?" he asked hoarsely, giving her one last chance to back out. "We don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with."

Violet let out a shaky laugh, running a hand through her hair. "Comfortable? God, no, I'm not comfortable. This goes against everything I've ever believed about what's right and appropriate. But...I'll be damned if you gonna go to that whore's cabin and let her strip for you. Besides, I'm sure you'd much rather see me naked than her."

"Uh-huh," Paul nodded, then he stepped back and began to undress, his eyes locked with his mother's the whole time.

He peeled off his shirt first, revealing his toned chest and abs.

Violet made a soft sound as her eyes raked over him, her tongue darting out to wet her lips.

Emboldened, Paul shoved down his jeans and underwear in one go, kicking them away. He stood before his mother fully nude, his impressive erection jutting proudly from his well-trimmed crotch. The tip was already glistening with pre-cum, a testament to how badly he wanted her.

"Your turn," he said, his voice a low, seductive rumble.

"Show me everything, mom."

Violet hesitated for a moment longer, a war raging behind her eyes. Then, with a shuddery exhale, she began to slowly unbutton her blouse.

Paul watched, enraptured, as inch after tantalizing inch of creamy skin was revealed. When she shrugged the garment off and let it flutter to the floor, he nearly swallowed his tongue.

His mother's breasts were magnificent – obscenely-huge and full, topped with wide areolas and rosy nipples that begged for his mouth.

She was wearing a lacy white bra that cupped the heavy globes like an offering. Violet reached back and unhooked the bra, letting it slide down her arms.

Paul made a strangled sound as his mother's tits spilled free, even more glorious than he had imagined.

"Fuck," the boy uttered beneath his breath, his jaw lowering.

Violet's hands trembled slightly as she unzipped her skirt and let it pool at her feet, leaving her clad only in a pair of lacy white panties.

Paul's eyes were riveted to the juncture of her thighs, the sheer fabric doing little to conceal the shadowed delta of her sex.

"Panties too, mom," he rasped, his voice thick with need. "I wanna see all of you."

Violet hooked her thumbs in the waistband, then paused. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"I can't believe how fucking beautiful you are," Paul countered fervently. "Please, mom. Let me see you."

With a shaky exhale, Violet slid her panties down her shapely legs and stepped out of them. She straightened up, completely nude now before her son's devouring gaze.

Paul let his eyes roam greedily over every inch of his mother's stunning body, from the elegant lines of her shoulders to the womanly flare of her hips.

Her skin was smooth and creamy, almost glowing in the muted light of the cabin. At the apex of her thighs, her pussy was bare save for a thin, neatly trimmed strip of hair, the lips flushed and glistening with arousal.

"My God," Paul breathed reverently. "You're perfect. Absolutely perfect."

Violet flushed under his worshipful gaze, fighting the instinct to cover herself. She'd never felt so exposed, so vulnerable...and so exhilarated.

Knowing her son was drinking in her naked body, that he found her desirable, was headier than the finest wine.

"Touch yourself," Paul demanded, wrapping his hand around his aching cock. "I want to see you make yourself feel good, mom."

Violet swallowed hard, then trailed a hand down between her bobbling breasts, over her stomach, to the slick folds of her vulva.

She found her clit and circled it slowly, shuddering at the bolt of pleasure that shot through her.

Paul groaned at the erotic sight, pumping his shaft in time to his mother's movements.

"That's it, mom," he encouraged, his voice ragged. "Play with your pussy. Let me see you fuck your fingers like you want them to be my cock."

"Paul!" Violet cried out, shocked and aroused by her son's filthy words.

But she obeyed nonetheless, sliding two fingers deep into her aching core. She pumped them in and out, her hips undulating wantonly as she chased her pleasure.

The cabin filled with the wet sounds of their mutual masturbation and the mingled scents of their arousal.

Paul was transfixed by the sight of his mother's fingers plunging in and out of her drenched cunt, her heavy breasts swaying with every urgent thrust.

"God, mom, you're so fucking sexy," he groaned, his hand flying over his rigid cock. "I can't believe I finally get to see you like this. You have no idea how long I've wanted this, wanted you."

Violet moaned, leaning against the wall as she finger-fucked herself faster, harder. Her fat, juicy clit throbbed, begging for attention, and she rubbed it frantically with her other hand.

Violet's eyes were drawn irresistibly to her son's impressive cock as he stroked it with increasing urgency. It was long and thick, easily 8 inches and girthy enough that her fingers wouldn't be able to close around it.

The shaft was smooth and rigid, pulsing with heavy veins that ran along the sides and underside. The bulbous head was a deep, angry purple, leaking a steady stream of clear pre-cum that dribbled down to lubricate his pumping fist.

Paul's balls were heavy and full, drawn up tight to his body as his climax approached. They slapped against his pumping hand with obscene wet sounds, swinging back and forth like ripe fruit ready to burst.

Violet found herself imagining how they would feel against her lips, her tongue. How Paul's hot, salty seed would flood her mouth when she finally coaxed his load from him.

"I...I shouldn't want this," she panted, even as her body betrayed her true desires. "But seeing you stroking your big, hard cock...knowing it's because of me...fuck, it's making me so hot..."

"Are you gonna cum, mom?" Paul demanded, his balls tightening as his climax approached. "I wanna see you lose control. Wanna watch you fall apart while you think about me fucking this giant rod into your tight little pussy."

His crude words sent Violet over the edge. With a strangled cry, she convulsed around her fingers, gushing hot cream onto her hand as ecstasy ripped through her. Her huge tits bounced and quivered as she rode out the intense waves of her orgasm.

The sight of his mother coming undone was too much for Paul to take. With a hoarse shout, he erupted, thick ropes of semen shooting from his cock to paint his mother's writhing body. It seemed to go on forever, spurt after hot spurt marking her as his.

Finally spent, Paul collapsed back onto the bed, his chest heaving.

Violet withdrew her drenched fingers from her spasming cunt, staring in awe at the creamy evidence of her son's pleasure coating her skin.

Slowly, holding Paul's gaze, she brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean, savoring the musky tang of her own arousal mingled with his cum. Paul's cock twitched valiantly at the wanton display.

"Jesus Christ, mom," he rasped, shaking his head in wonder. "That was...I have no words."

Violet's lips curved in a tremulous smile, a blush staining her cheeks. "It was intense," she agreed softly. "I never knew anything could feel so...illicit. So wrong but so very, very right."

Paul reached for her, aching to gather her into his arms, but she shied away.

"No touching, remember?" she reminded him gently. "That was the deal."

Paul subsided with a frustrated groan. "I know. But after what we just shared...I need to hold you, mom. Need to feel your skin against mine."

Violet hesitated, torn between her craving for her son's touch and the knowledge that they had already crossed so

many forbidden lines. Seeing her indecision, Paul sat up on the bed.

"Please, mom," he whispered, his voice rough with emotion. "I promise I won't try anything more. I just...I need this closeness with you right now."

Violet's resistance crumbled at the raw vulnerability in Paul's gaze.

Slowly, she walked over lay down beside him and allowed him to gather her into his strong arms. They both shuddered at the electric slide of skin against skin as their naked bodies pressed together, Violet's ballooning tits melting against Paul's chest like soft, warm bread-dough.

Paul buried his face in his mother's fragrant hair, inhaling deeply. "I love you so much, mom," he murmured, his lips brushing her temple. "More than anything."

Tears pricked Violet's eyes at the tender words. "I love you too, honey. More than you could possibly know."

They lay like that for a long time, just holding each other, letting the enormity of what they had done settle over them.

Violet knew they had opened a door that could never be fully closed again. The illicit desire between them had been acknowledged, indulged. There was no going back to the way things were before.

But as she lay cradled in her son's loving embrace, their hearts beating in sync, Violet couldn't bring herself to regret

it. For the first time in longer than she could remember, she felt truly alive, cherished, adored. If that made her a terrible mother, a faithless wife...then so be it. She would bear that cross gladly for this blissful closeness with her beautiful boy.

Eventually, reluctantly, they separated and began to dress, an unspoken agreement that the outside world must not know what had transpired between them.

But as Violet slipped back into her clothes, Paul's seed drying on her skin like a brand, she knew she would crave his touch, his gaze, his love, every second they were apart.

As the day wore on, Violet found herself lounging in the cozy cabin, lost in a book as she gazed out the window at the changing scenery.

With a sigh, she eventually got up and decided to go look for her son on the train. She couldn't help but worry that he had sought out Jewel for some nefarious purpose after their earlier agreement to engage in mutual masturbation.

After wandering through several train cars, Violet finally spotted Paul engaged in a conversation with another boy around his age. The two teenagers quickly parted ways as soon as they noticed her approaching.

"Hey honey," she greeted Paul with a grin. "Wasn't that your friend from baseball?"

"Yeah, Cory," Paul replied with surprise. "He's actually travelling on the same train as us and I had no idea."

"Well, it's nice to see you were just chatting with a friend and not that Jewel woman," Violet said, unable to keep the note of relief from her voice.

The thought of Paul seeking out the brazen redhead after their intensely intimate encounter made her stomach churn with jealousy.

Paul's lips quirked in a knowing smirk. "Don't worry, mom. Jewel's got nothing on you. After what we shared, no other woman could possibly compare."

Violet's cheeks flushed at the blatant desire in her son's eyes, his words sending a thrill of illicit excitement down her spine. "Paul, hush! Someone might hear you!"

She glanced around furtively, but the narrow corridor was empty save for them.

Still, she couldn't shake the feeling of being watched, the skin on the back of her neck prickling with unease.

Paul stepped closer, crowding into her personal space until she was backed up against the wall of the gently swaying train car. "Let them hear," he murmured, his breath hot against her ear. "I'm not ashamed of wanting you, mom. Of loving you in every way a man can love a woman."

Violet shivered, her body responding instinctively to the heat and hardness of him, the intoxicating musk of his arousal. "Paul, we can't...not here..."

But even as she protested, she felt herself melting into him, her hands coming up to rest on the broad planes of his chest, her giant tits squashed nearly flat against his chest.

Through the thin fabric of his shirt, she could feel the thunder of his heartbeat, echoing the wild tattoo of her own.

Paul nuzzled into the crook of her neck, his lips grazing the sensitive skin there and making her gasp. "I need you, mom. I'm hard again just from being near you. Please, let me feel you..."

As he spoke, he rocked his hips into her, grinding the rigid evidence of his desire against her trembling belly. Violet mewled, her nails digging into his shoulders as liquid heat rushed to her core.

It was madness, utter madness to even contemplate doing anything more in such a public space. Anyone could walk by at any moment and catch them in a decidedly compromising position. The risk was astronomical.

But God help her, Violet wanted him, craved the feel of his strong young body moving against her, inside her. The taboo thrill of it, the danger of potential discovery, only heightened her desperate arousal.

Throwing caution to the wind, she fisted a hand in Paul's hair and dragged his mouth down to hers in a searing, open-mouthed kiss.

He groaned into the slick heat of her mouth, his tongue tangling with hers urgently as his hands flew to her hips, yanking her flush against him.

A dainty heel slipped off the mother's foot as she brought it from the floor, hooking a naked leg around her teen.

For nearly a minute they feasted on each other's faces.

"Fuck, mom," Paul panted when they finally broke apart for air. "That was the hottest kiss ever!"

"And one that should have never happened," she blushed, placing her foot back on the floor. "I'm sorry, baby...I don't know what came over me."

Paul shook his head vehemently, his eyes blazing with intensity. "Don't apologize, mom. Don't you dare take it back. That kiss was everything I've ever wanted."

"Yes, it was quite beautiful!" A female voice agreed from nearby.

Violet gasped and pushed Paul away from her as Jewel stepped into view, a wicked smile curving her crimson lips.

The redhead's emerald eyes glittered with malicious amusement as she took in their rumpled clothes and kiss-swollen mouths.

"Well, well, well," Jewel purred, sauntering closer. "Looks like Mama Bear isn't quite as wholesome as she pretends to be. Naughty, naughty, making out with your own cub where anyone could see."

Violet felt her face flame with a heady mix of shame and anger. "This isn't what it looks like..."

"Oh, I think it's exactly what it looks like," Jewel cut her off, smirking. "Seems like you just couldn't resist your boy's charms after all. Not that I blame you. He is quite the scrumptious morsel."

Her gaze raked over Paul's body hungrily, lingering on the prominent bulge tenting his jeans.

Paul shifted uncomfortably, torn between embarrassment and reluctant arousal at being so blatantly ogled.

"What do you want, Jewel?" Violet gritted out, straightening her blouse with trembling hands. "If you're trying to blackmail us..."

Jewel laughed, a throaty, mocking sound. "Blackmail? Oh honey, no. I'm not here to threaten you. I'm just here to take over what I know you won't finish."

"What do you mean by that?" Violet demanded, a sinking feeling in her stomach.

Jewel stepped closer, her voluptuous body brushing against Paul's side.

He inhaled sharply, his cock twitching traitorously at the contact.

"I mean, you'll only let this sexy young stud go so far, won't you, Violet?" Jewel murmured silkily. "A little over-the-clothes petting, maybe some heavy petting if you're feeling

really daring. But you'll never give him what he truly needs. What he deserves."

Her hand drifted down to cup Paul's straining erection through his jeans, squeezing pointedly. Paul bit back a moan, his hips bucking into her touch despite himself.

"But I will," Jewel continued, licking her lips. "I'll fuck your boy six ways from Sunday, teach him everything he's been dying to learn. I'll swallow his sweet cum and let him pound my ass until he can't see straight. All the dirty, depraved things you're too much of a coward to do."

Violet saw red, a volcano of possessive fury erupting in her chest. Without conscious thought, she lunged forward and wrenched Jewel's hand away from her son's crotch.

"You keep your filthy paws off him, you shameless hussy!" Violet snarled, shocking herself with her own vehemence. "Paul is MINE, do you understand? Mine and mine alone!"

Jewel's eyes widened at the uncharacteristic display of aggression from the normally demure woman. Then she smirked, slow and satisfied.

"Prove it then," she challenged silkily. "If you want him all to yourself, then stake your claim. Take him back to your cabin and fuck him like he needs to be fucked. Let him pound his teenage cock through that tight little mommy-hole until he can't remember his own name."

Violet gaped at her, appalled and inflamed by the lewd suggestion. But beneath her shock, a dark thrill unfurled at the thought of finally, fully claiming her beautiful boy.

Paul was panting now, his pupils blown wide with lust as he looked back and forth between the two women.

"I'm sure I could give him a lot better fuck than you could," said Violet.

Violet turned to her son, her eyes blazing with a possessive, almost feral intensity. "Come on, Paul. Let's go back to our cabin."

Paul swallowed hard, hardly daring to believe what he was hearing. Was his mother really implying what he thought she was?

"O-okay, mom," he stammered, letting her take his hand and lead him away.

Jewel watched them go, a self-satisfied smirk on her face. "Have fun, you two!" she called after them. "And Violet, remember - he's a growing boy. Make sure you drain those balls completely!"

Violet gritted her teeth, refusing to rise to the redhead's crude taunts. She had more important things to focus on.

As soon as they were back in the privacy of their sleeper car, Violet locked the door and shoved Paul against it, claiming his mouth in a searing kiss. He responded eagerly, groaning

into the slick heat of her mouth as his hands roamed greedily over her lush curves.

"Mom," he panted when they broke apart for air. "Are we really gonna...?"

"No, we're not! We may both want it, honey, but we can't. We can't have sex with each other."

Paul pulled back, his expression clouded with confusion and frustration. "But mom, the way you were kissing me just now... I thought you wanted to go all the way. Especially after what you said to Jewel..."

Violet sighed, cupping her son's face tenderly. "I know, baby. And believe me, a big part of me wants that too, more than anything. But we have to be strong. Actually having sex, your penis inside me...it's a line we can't uncross. The ultimate taboo."

"But everything we've already done - the masturbating together, the touching, the kissing. How is that any different?" Paul argued plaintively.

"It just is," Violet insisted, though her conviction was wavering. "Penetrative sex between a mother and son...it's an abomination, the worst sin imaginable."

"It's not a sin if we love each other!" Paul countered fiercely. "And I do love you, mom. So damn much. I want to show you how much, want to make you feel good."

As he spoke, his hand drifted down to cup her meaty breast through her blouse, his thumb grazing her pebbled nipple.

Violet shuddered, liquid heat pooling between her thighs at the electric touch.

"We can't..." she protested weakly, even as she arched into his palm wantonly.

"Let me taste you," Paul pleaded, nuzzling into the crook of her neck. "Let me lick that sweet pussy, make you cum on my tongue. That's not fucking, right? So it's okay."

Violet's head spun dizzily, her resolve crumbling to dust under the onslaught of her son's erotic words and touches. Her clit throbbed demandingly, begging for his mouth, his fingers, anything...

"Yes," she found herself breathing, almost before she'd made the conscious decision. "Yes, taste my pussy, Paul. Make me feel good."

With a groan of triumph, Paul dropped to his knees before her, shoving her skirt up around her waist. He nuzzled her damp, lace-covered mound, inhaling the heady musk of her arousal.

"Fuck, you smell so good," he rasped, hooking his fingers in her dainty panties and dragging them down her shaking legs. "I bet you taste even better."

Paul leaned in and swiped his tongue through the glistening pink folds of his mother's cunt, and Violet saw stars.

She threw her head back as her son began to devour her pussy, his tongue lashing over her aching clit with almost violent intensity. "Oh God, Paul, yes! Lick my cunt just like that!"

Paul moaned as her tangy-sweet flavor exploded across his tongue, even more delicious than he had fantasized.

He pointed his tongue and thrust it deep into her weeping channel, fucking her with it as he rubbed his nose against her swollen nub.

"Fuck, Mom, you taste incredible," he groaned, the vibrations making Violet's hips buck wildly against his face. "I could eat this perfect pussy forever."

He sealed his lips around her clit and sucked hard, making Violet keen with pleasure. At the same time, he thrust two fingers into her slick heat, curling them to stroke the spongy patch of flesh just behind her pubic bone.

"Yes, right there baby, don't stop!" Violet wailed, fisting her hands in her son's hair to grind her dripping snatch against his hungry mouth.

She could feel her climax building with frightening speed, her inner muscles starting to flutter and clench around Paul's plunging fingers.

Paul could sense his mother's impending orgasm and doubled his efforts, fucking his fingers into her harder and faster as he sucked and nibbled at the throbbing pearl of her

clit. He wanted to push her over the edge, make her cum harder than she ever had before.

"Let go, Mom," he urged between licks, his words muffled against her soaked flesh. "Cum all over my face. Drown me in your sweet cream and scream my name!"

That was all it took to send Violet hurtling into oblivion. Her pussy convulsed violently around Paul's fingers as she gushed her release, flooding his mouth and chin with her essence.

"PAULLLLL!" she screamed, not caring who might hear as ecstasy crashed through her in overwhelming waves. She bucked and thrashed against his face, overcome by the intensity of her climax.

Paul moaned in bliss as his mother's honey coated his tongue, lapping and suckling at her spasming cunt to prolong her pleasure. He kept fucking her with his fingers through the aftershocks, until she finally collapsed against the door, spent and panting.

"Oh my God," Violet rasped when she finally regained the power of speech. "That was...I've never...it's never been that intense before."

Paul grinned up at her from between her thighs, his face shiny with her juices. "I'm glad, Mom. I wanted to make you feel amazing."

He started to rise, but Violet stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. "Wait. Your turn now."

With shaking hands, Violet unbuckled Paul's belt and undid his fly, shoving his jeans and boxers down to mid-thigh.

His huge cock sprang free, slapping against his belly, flushed an angry purple and already weeping pre-cum.

"My God, you're so big," Violet breathed in awe, wrapping her fingers around his thick shaft. It was hot and heavy in her hand, the skin like silk stretched over steel.

Paul groaned as his mother began to stroke him slowly, just savoring the feel of his rigid flesh in her grip.

"All for you, Mom. It's been this hard since the moment I saw you naked. I've been dying for your touch."

Violet pumped him faster, twisting her wrist skillfully on the upstroke just the way he liked.

Her mouth watered as she watched his mushrooming shiny-skinned knob stretch out and a fat bead of pre-cum well from the tip and dribble down the veined shaft. She had to taste him.

Dropping to her knees, Violet leaned in and lapped at the shiny crown, moaning at the salty-bitter flavor of her son's arousal.

Paul gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily as his mother's tongue swirled around the flared head.

"Oh fuck, Mom, please..." he begged brokenly, his hands tangling in her hair.

Violet took mercy on him and wrapped her lips around his cock, sinking down until the fat tip nudged the back of her throat.

Paul cried out sharply, fighting the urge to thrust into the blissful wet heat of her mouth.

Violet began to bob her head, taking him deeper on every downstroke until her nose was buried in his musky pubes and his cock head was lodged in her throat.

She breathed through her nose and swallowed around him, her throat muscles rippling along his shaft.

"Holy shit, Mom, your mouth feels so fucking good," Paul babbled mindlessly, resisting the urge to fuck her face like he desperately wanted to. "You're going to make me cum so hard..."

Violet moaned around his thickness, the sound vibrating along his cock and making his balls tighten.

She pulled back to tongue the leaking slit before sinking back down, hollowing her cheeks to suck him even harder.

One hand came up to cup and roll his heavy balls while the other gripped the base of his shaft, jacking what wouldn't fit in her mouth. She set a relentless pace, determined to make her son cum down her throat.

It didn't take long before Paul was panting harshly, his abs clenching and quivering as his climax approached. "Fuck, I'm

gonna cum!" he warned, tugging at Violet's hair to pull her off.

But she just took him deeper, humming her encouragement. She wanted to taste him, to swallow every drop of his precious seed like the finest wine.

With a hoarse cry, Paul's cock jerked and erupted, flooding his mother's mouth with his hot, salty essence.

Violet moaned in bliss as spurt after thick spurt coated her tongue, working her throat to swallow it all down greedily.

Paul shuddered and bucked through his release, white-hot ecstasy sizzling along every nerve ending. Never in his life had he come so hard, so intensely. His mother's mouth was pure heaven, her eager swallowing prolonging his mind-blowing climax.

Finally, when she had milked him dry, Violet let Paul's softening cock slip from her lips.

She licked them clean of his lingering musk, savoring the taste of her son's pleasure. Paul sagged against the door, his chest heaving and his eyes glazed.

"Mom, that was..." he rasped, shaking his head in awe. "I have no words. It was beyond incredible."

Violet rose gracefully to her feet, pressing her lush body against her son's and claiming his mouth in a deep, dirty kiss.

Paul groaned as he tasted himself on her tongue, his spent cock twitching valiantly at the erotic flavor.

"I loved sucking your cock, baby," Violet murmured against his lips when they finally parted. "Feeling you cum in my mouth, swallowing your hot load... it was even better than I imagined."

Paul's hands roamed greedily over his mother's curves, still hardly daring to believe this was real, that he could touch her like this. "I want to do it again," he said fervently. "I want to spend hours worshipping your incredible body with my mouth, my hands..."

He hesitated, then forged ahead recklessly. "My cock. I want to fuck you, Mom. I want to be inside you, as deep as I can go."

Violet shivered at her son's passionate words, her pussy clenching around emptiness. God, how she wanted that too - to feel Paul's huge cock splitting her open, claiming her, branding her as his.

But the lingering tendrils of doubt and guilt still held her back. Giving and receiving oral pleasure was one thing, the ultimate taboo of actual penetration was another entirely. She wasn't sure she was ready to completely destroy that final barrier between them.

"Let's just enjoy what we have for now, honey," she demurred gently, stroking Paul's face. "What we've already done... it's so far beyond anything a mother and son should

ever experience together. Let's not push our luck, tempt fate any more than we already have."

Paul sighed in frustration but nodded, accepting her decision. He knew not to push her too far, too fast. They had already made incredible progress. He would take his victories where he could.

"Can we at least sleep without clothes tonight?" Paul pleaded, his voice heavy with desire.

His mother's lips curled into a sly smirk. "Can you promise to behave yourself?"

Paul's heart fluttered as he imagined their bodies pressed together, skin against skin. "I'll be on my best behavior," he promised, hoping she would agree to his request.

That night, as they snuggled naked beneath the blanket, listening to the rumble of the train beneath them, Paul held his mother tight, their bodies molded together intimately, her tits crushed against his chest.

His cock was hard again, nestled against her silky thigh, but he made no move to take things further, respecting Violet's wishes.

Violet savored the feel of her son's strong arms around her, his warm skin pressed to hers from head to toe.

After years of sleeping beside her husband's aging, paunchy body, Paul's firm muscles and youthful vigor were a

revelation. She felt cherished, desired, worshipped in a way she never had before.

"I love you so much, Mom," Paul whispered into her hair, his voice thick with emotion. "Today has been the best day of my life."

Violet's heart clenched at the raw sincerity in his words. She laced her fingers through his where they rested on the bed.

"I love you too, sweetheart. More than anything. And I don't regret a single moment of what we've shared."

It was true. Despite the lingering shame, the knowledge that they had transgressed the most fundamental of societal taboos, Violet couldn't bring herself to feel true remorse. How could something that felt so right, so perfect, be wrong?

Paul nuzzled into her neck, breathing in her familiar scent. "I wish this train ride could last forever. That we could stay in this little bubble, just the two of us, and never have to go back to reality."

Violet sighed wistfully. "Me too, honey. But you know that's not possible. We have lives, responsibilities waiting for us when this trip is over. We'll have to be strong, to lock away what's happened between us and never speak of it again."

Even as she said the words, Violet knew it was a futile hope. There was no closing the Pandora's box they had opened. The forbidden desire between them had been unleashed;

there would be no stuffing it back in, no matter how hard they tried.

But those were worries for another day. For now, cocooned in her son's loving embrace as the train carried them through the night, Violet let herself drift off to sleep, her dreams full of Paul's hands, his mouth, his body joining with hers in the ultimate act of love.

The next morning, a knock at the cabin door startled them awake. They scrambled apart guiltily, frantically pulling on clothes before Paul cracked open the door to reveal the porter with a breakfast tray.

"Good morning, sir!" the porter said cheerfully, seemingly oblivious to Paul's flushed face and Violet's mussed hair. "Compliments of a Mrs. Jewel in suite number 12."

Paul accepted the tray and carried it into the cabin, reading the note that came with it.

"What's that?" Violet asked, scrambling to her knees, her big, heavy boobies wobbling on her chest.

"A note she wrote me."

"Oh God, what does it say?" Violet asked, letting out a sigh and rolling her eyes.

Paul read the note aloud, his eyebrows raising as he took in Jewel's bold words.

"Paul, darling - I hope you and Mommy Dearest enjoyed your special bonding time last night. From the sounds that were coming through the wall, I'd say you two had QUITE the breakthrough.

I'm thrilled for you, truly. A strapping young man like you deserves to have his needs met, and it seems like Violet is finally stepping up to the plate, so to speak. I just hope she's woman enough to give you everything you crave.

But if not, if she leaves you hanging yet again... you know where to find me. My door (and my legs) are always open for you, handsome.

XOXO,

Jewel"

Violet felt rage and jealousy churn in her gut at the redhead's gloating, condescending words. How dare that meddling slut insinuate that Violet couldn't fully satisfy her own son?

"That woman has some nerve," Violet fumed, crossing her arms over her naked chest. "Acting like she knows what's best for you, like I'm some kind of prude who's gonna leave you high and dry."

Paul set the note aside, his expression thoughtful. "She's not entirely wrong though, is she? I mean, you've been amazing, Mom, don't get me wrong. What we did last night was incredible. But we still haven't gone all the way. And I want to, so fucking badly..."

He reached out, his hand cupping her heavy breast, his thumb grazing her nipple.

Violet shuddered, desire warring with guilt and hesitation.

"Paul, I told you, we can't..." she protested weakly, even as she arched into his touch.

"Why not?" Paul pressed, his free hand lifting her other tit. "We've already done so much, Mom. Is fucking really that much worse than me eating your pussy or you swallowing my cum?"

Violet moaned as Paul's fingers found her nipples, rubbing in gentle circles.

"It's the ultimate taboo," she gasped, her cunt tingling. "The one line I swore I wouldn't cross."

"But don't you want to?" Paul coaxed, pinching her rubbery teats. "Don't you wanna feel my cock inside you, stretching you, filling you up? Making you cum harder than you ever have before?"

"Paul, stop this!" she blurted, her voice shaking with frustration as she jumped up from the ruffled bed sheets. She stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

"I'm sorry, I just..." Paul's voice trailed off, sounding apologetic and unsure.

She turned on the water in the shower, letting it drown out his words.

"Are you ok?" Paul asked through the door.

"I'm taking a shower and going for a walk," she replied firmly.

"What about breakfast?"

"That bitch can take her fancy breakfast and shove it up her ass!" Violet replied.

After a hot shower, Violet put on some yoga pants and a sexy tank top, then went for a walk through the train to clear her head. The encounter with Paul this morning had shaken her, forced her to confront the intensity of her forbidden desire.

She knew she was being unfair, blowing hot and cold, giving her son a taste of everything he craved only to deny him at the last minute. But the thought of actually fucking him, of taking that final, irrevocable step, terrified her even as it thrilled her to her core.

Lost in thought, Violet wandered into the observation car at the back of the train. She was surprised to find it empty save for one person – Jewel, reclining in one of the plush seats like a lounging lioness.

"Well hello there, Violet," the redhead purred, her emerald eyes glinting with mischief. "Fancy meeting you here. I trust you got my little gift this morning?"

Violet bristled, her hands clenching into fists at her sides. "I didn't appreciate your note," she said tightly. "My relationship with my son is none of your business."

Jewel laughed, a throaty, mocking sound. "Oh, but I think it is my business, sweet thing. You see, if you're not woman enough to give that gorgeous boy what he needs, then I'm more than happy to step in."

She uncrossed her long legs, letting her short skirt ride up to reveal the lacy tops of her thigh-high stockings. "I bet he's in your cabin right now, that big beautiful cock of his hard and aching, just begging for sweet, hot pussy. Such a shame to leave him unsatisfied..."

"He's my son!"

"Mmm, but that just makes it that much sweeter," Jewel purred, licking her lips. "Mother and son incest isn't as uncommon as you may think. Our bodies are similar. Maybe I'll let him call me mommy when he fucks me."

Violet felt a wave of anger and revulsion wash over her at Jewel's lewd suggestions.

She marched over to the redhead, looming over her.

"Now you listen to me, you filthy whore," Violet snarled, her voice low and dangerous. "I don't know what kind of sick, twisted fantasies you're getting off on, but you stay the hell away from my son. He's not some toy for you to play with."

Jewel seemed unfazed by Violet's fury, smirking up at her insolently. "Please! You want him just as badly as I do, maybe even more. You're just too much of a coward to take what's being offered to you on a silver platter."

She stood abruptly, bringing her face inches from Violet's, her perfume cloying and oppressive. "Face it, honey - if you don't fuck that boy soon, someone else will. He's young, virile, and bursting with need. It's only a matter of time before he sticks that big dick in a warm, willing hole, mommy issues be damned."

Violet recoiled as if slapped, Tanya's crude words hitting far too close to home. The thought of Paul seeking satisfaction in the arms of this vile temptress, or God forbid some silly little virgin who wouldn't know how to please him... it made Violet physically ill.

"You're wrong," she whispered, but there was no conviction in her voice. "Paul would never—"

"Oh, he would," Jewel cut her off smugly. "In fact, I'd wager he's jerking that pretty cock right this minute, wishing it was buried in Mommy's tight cunt instead of his fist. But hey, maybe I'll swing by and offer him a real hole to fill. I'm sure he'd love to unleash all that pent-up desire in a woman who actually puts out."

With a last contemptuous look, Jewel shouldered past the stunned Violet and sauntered out of the observation car, her ample hips swaying tauntingly.

Violet stood frozen, her mind reeling and her body humming with a toxic cocktail of rage, jealousy, and undeniable lust. Tanya's words echoed in her head, each one like a nail in the coffin of her resistance.

Paul's frustrated words from earlier came back to her - "Don't you wanna feel my cock inside you, stretching you, filling you up? Making you cum harder than you ever have before?"

God help her, but she did. She wanted her son with a ferocity that terrified her, wanted to claim him in the most primal way imaginable before anyone else could sink their claws into him.

As Violet made her way back to the cabin she shared with Paul, she couldn't help but pause when she passed Cabin 13.

The sound of intense gasps and heavy panting emanated from within, and she knew it Jewel's room.

"He wouldn't dare," the mother whispered to herself as she moved closer to the door and pressed her ear against it.

Her heart rate quickened as she recognized the unmistakable sounds of two bodies engaged in passionate sexual intercourse.

Panic washed over her as she wondered if Tanya had returned and propositioned her son, and they were now in there indulging in carnal pleasure. The thought made her stomach churn and her hands tremble.

Against Violet's better judgment, she peeked open the door just enough to peer inside.

Relief washed over Violet as she realized it wasn't Paul in there screwing Jewel, but rather his friend Cory that she had seen him chatting with the other day.

Still, the sight of the two naked bodies writhing together sent a bolt of illicit heat straight to her core. "*I don't care who the bitch is fucking as long as it's not Paul,*" she thought.

For a moment, Violet stood there, mesmerized by the sight of Cory's young ass pounding between Jewel's splayed thighs on her cabin bed.

The boy's toned buttocks flexed as he drove into the wanton redhead over and over, her throaty moans of ecstasy filling the small space.

"Yes, yes, fuck me harder!" Jewel cried, her nails raking down Cory's sweat-slicked back. "Pound that big teenage cock into my hungry cunt!"

Cory grunted, pistoning his hips faster, the wet slap of flesh on flesh obscenely loud. "Take my fucking cock," he growled. "Milk me with that sloppy pussy. Gonna fill you with so much cum..."

Violet knew she should look away, that she was intruding on an intensely private moment. But she couldn't tear her eyes from the lewd spectacle, her own pussy clenching and dripping with arousal.

Is this what it would look like if she finally gave in to Paul? His strong young body driving into hers, his handsome face contorted in pleasure as he claimed her, marked her, made her his in the most elemental way? The thought made her dizzy with dark desire.

It struck Violet how beautifully their bodies moved together. Cory's lean muscles rippling as he thrust, Jewel's voluptuous curves undulating skillfully to meet him. There was a raw, primal grace to their coupling, a dance as old as time itself.

Unbidden, Violet imagined herself in Jewel's place - splayed out wantonly, being ravaged by a virile young stud. Except in her fantasy, it wasn't Cory between her thighs, but Paul. Her son's face hovering over hers, his eyes blazing with lust and love as he claimed her, filled her, made her his.

"Mom..." Fantasy Paul groaned as he hilted himself inside her. "You feel so good... so tight and hot and perfect..."

"Yes, baby," Fantasy Violet keened, wrapping her baby-smooth legs around his waist to pull him deeper. "Fuck Mommy, fuck me hard. I'm yours, only yours..."

Violet snapped out of her fevered imaginings, her heart pounding and her panties soaked through.

On the bed, Cory and Jewel were reaching their peaks, their movements growing frantic and erratic.

Jewel clung to the hard-humping teen, using her sexy legs as leverage to pull her naked ass from the mattress onto Cory's satisfying stiffness.

"Gonna cum, mom!" Cory bit out, his buttocks clenching as he jabbed into Jewel's rippling sheath.

"Mom?!" Violet said aloud, her eyes lighting up by what she'd just heard.

The humping couple could hardly acknowledge her, since they were on the verge of climax.

Violet watched in horrified fascination as Cory threw his head back and roared, his cock erupting inside Jewel's greedy cunt.

The redhead milked him through it, her pussy rippling along his pulsing shaft as he pumped her full of his seed.

Finally spent, Cory collapsed on top of Jewel, both of them panting harshly.

Violet knew she needed to leave, but she was frozen in place, transfixed by the erotic tableau, and her mind still question why the boy had called her mom.

Jewel's eyes fluttered open, hazy and sated...and locked directly with Violet's through the cracked door. A slow, wicked smile curved her kiss-swollen lips.

"Enjoy the show, Violet?" she drawled, running her nails possessively down Cory's sweaty back. "Just imagine how good your sweet boy would look balls deep in my cunt. Or better yet...in yours."

"Did you just hear him call you 'mom'?" Violet pointed out, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

Jewel and Cory exchanged a worried glance before Jewel responded. "Oh, did he say that? Maybe you misheard," she said with a forced smile.

Paul's ears perked up at the sound of his mother's voice coming from outside their cabin. He quickly rushed out to see what was going on, his curiosity piqued.

"Mom, what's happening out here?" he asked, looking at his mother with a puzzled expression.

As soon as he spotted Cory on top of Jewel, his face contorted into a look of pure panic.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed under his breath.

"Sorry man. Did we mess things up?" his friend Cory asked with a sheepish grin.

Violet's suspicions grew with each passing second. Something was definitely not right here.

Jewel nervously nibbled on her bottom lip, realizing that their carefully crafted plan had been exposed.

Paul stuttered, his voice filled with guilt and fear. "Mom, I...I have something to confess."

"I'm all ears," Violet replied, her tone cautious and concerned.

"Jewel isn't just some random lady on the train who was showing interest in me," Paul admitted. "She's my friend Cory's mom, and she agreed to help me try to seduce you."

Violet reeled back as if slapped, her mind whirling with the implications of Paul's confession. "What do you mean, seduce me? This was all some kind of twisted scheme?"

Paul stepped forward, his hands held out pleadingly. "Mom, please, let me explain. I've been in love with you for so long, but I didn't know how to tell you, how to make you see me as a man and not just your son. Jewel agreed to help make you jealous, to push you to admit your feelings for me..."

"By trying to fuck you herself?" Violet asked incredulously, glaring daggers at the redhead who was hastily pulling on a robe.

"I had no intention of fucking him, Violet, I swear," said Jewel, her huge, fat tits wobbling as she closed her robe. "Only to make you jealous so you'd want him all to yourself."

"And what about you, young man?" Violet demanded, rounding on Cory. "Were you in on this sick little plot too?"

Cory scrambled off the bed, holding a pillow over his crotch. "I'm sorry, Ms. Parker. Paul's my best friend, and when he told me how he felt about you... I just wanted to help him. My mom and I, we've been fucking for a while now, so I thought she could give him some tips..."

"Jesus Christ," Violet breathed, feeling like she had stumbled into some perverted alternate reality. Incestuous hijinks wherever she turned.

She focused back on her son, hurt and betrayal shining in her eyes. "How could you, Paul? How could you conspire

with this...this woman and her son to manipulate me? Did you really think that was the way to win my heart?"

"I didn't know what else to do," Paul answered, anguished. "I was so afraid of losing you, of you rejecting me. I thought if I could just make you jealous enough, make you see how much you wanted me..."

"Well congratulations, it worked," Violet snapped. "I've never felt so jealous, so possessive, so out of control with lust in my life. Are you happy now? You've officially turned your own mother into a incest-craving deviant."

Cory and his mother couldn't help but burst out laughing at Violet's honest confession.

Paul crossed to her in two strides, taking her face in his hands. "Mom, I'm so sorry," he said brokenly. "I never meant to hurt you, I swear. I was just...I'm so fucking in love with you, I can't think straight. I'd do anything, try anything, to make you mine."

"He's right," Cory agreed. "You're all he talks about."

Violet looked over at Jewel with a softened expression. "How does something like this even work? How do a mother and son express themselves in such a way without getting caught?"

Jewel stepped over and placed a comforting hand on Violet's shoulder. "I know it's overwhelming and confusing at first. Cory and I started fucking during a family vacation along Route 66," she confessed.

"With your husband around?"

"Yes. Believe me, I struggled with the same doubts and guilt when Cory and I first crossed that line. But I've come to realize that love is love, no matter the so-called taboo. When two people have a connection as deep and powerful as you clearly have with Paul, denying it only leads to pain."

She gave Violet an encouraging smile. "It's not easy, navigating a secret relationship like this. You have to be careful, discreet. Only let your guard down behind locked doors. But it's so worth it, Violet. The intimacy, the passion, the sheer rightness of joining with the one person who knows and treasures every part of you, body and soul... it's unparalleled."

Violet swallowed hard, her resistance crumbling in the face of Jewel's understanding words and Paul's desperate, loving gaze.

Her body ached for her son's touch, her heart strained toward his like a flower to the sun. Was she really strong enough to deny this primal connection between them? Or would she spend the rest of her life yearning for his love, regretting chances not taken?

"Mom," Paul whispered, his voice rough with emotion. "I love you so much it consumes me. And I know you feel it too. Please, give us a chance. Let me love you the way we both crave, even if it's only for this one stolen moment in time."

Violet looked around at the strange tableau before her - her handsome son gazing at her with naked adoration, the two virtual strangers who had become allies in this forbidden seduction - and felt something shift inside her, a fundamental realignment of her world view.

Everything she had thought she knew about love, about right and wrong, was being challenged, reshaped into a new truth. A truth where all that mattered was that she and Paul belonged to each other, in every possible way.

"Take me to bed," she told her son, her voice tremulous but certain. "Make love to me, Paul. Make me yours."

With a groan of profound relief and joy, Paul swept Violet up into his arms and carried her out of Tanya's cabin, back to their own private refuge.

As the door closed behind the new lovers, Tanya turned to her own son, Cory, with a wicked grin.

"I'd say our work here is done," she purred, pulling him towards the bed. "Now, I believe you were about to fill Mommy's cunt with another load of hot cum..."

In the Parker's cabin, Violet's confession unleashed a tidal wave of passion and long-suppressed desire.

Paul laid his mother gently on the bed, covering her body with his own as he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss. He'd been waiting for this moment since he hit early adolescence, fantasizing about making passionate love to the beautiful woman who had given him life.

Violet moaned into the kiss, surrendering completely to the forbidden desire that had tormented her for so long.

Her hands roamed greedily over the strong planes of her son's back, memorizing every flex of his muscles as he ground his straining erection against her aching core.

"Paul," she gasped as he trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses down the column of her throat. "My beautiful boy...I can't believe this is finally happening..."

"Believe it, Mom," Paul rasped, slipping a hand under her tank top to cup one heavy breast. "I'm going to worship every inch of this incredible body. Make you feel things you never even dreamed of."

He pushed the flimsy fabric up, exposing her gigantic, braless tits to his avid gaze. "God, you're so fucking perfect," he groaned, ducking his head to lave one pebbled nipple with his tongue.

Violet keened, fisting a hand in Paul's hair to hold him to her tit as he suckled and nipped at the sensitive peak. Electric pleasure zipped straight to her clit, making her hips undulate wantonly against the bulge in her son's jeans.

Paul lavished attention on both of her aching nipples before kissing his way down her quivering belly.

He hooked his fingers in the waistband of her yoga pants and dragged them slowly down her silky legs, taking her soaked panties with them.

Violet cried out as the cool air hit her dripping sex, her thighs falling open widely in shameless invitation.

Paul settled between them, his heated gaze drinking in the glistening pink folds of her most intimate flesh.

"I've dreamed of tasting this sweet pussy for so long," he confessed, his voice thick with lust. "I can't believe I finally get to eat my own mother's cunt a second time."

With a groan of profound need, Paul buried his face in Violet's weeping slit, his tongue delving deep to lap up her honeyed essence.

Violet nearly screamed at the electric contact, her back bowing off the bed, her jutting tits careening back and forth across her ribcage as her son began to devour her like a starving man at a feast.

He licked and sucked and nibbled at her throbbing clit, wringing broken cries of ecstasy from her lips. He fucked his tongue into her clenching channel, coaxing out a flood of sweet cream that he swallowed down greedily.

"Oh God, oh fuck, Paul, yes!" Violet babbled mindlessly, grinding her pussy against his face as the pressure built unbearably in her core. "Don't stop, baby, I'm so close."

Paul doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around his mother's grape-sized clit and sucking hard as he thrust two fingers deep into her quivering sheath.

He curled them just so, rubbing relentlessly against the spongy patch of flesh that made her keen and thrash beneath him.

"Cum for me, Mom," he commanded against her soaked flesh. "Cum all over my face, let me drink down every drop."

With a wordless scream, Violet's body convulsed, tits rippling. Her pussy clamping down rhythmically around Paul's plunging fingers as an earth-shattering orgasm ripped through her.

Scalding girl-juices flooded his mouth and he lapped them up eagerly, prolonging her pleasure with every swipe of his tongue.

Finally, she collapsed back against the mattress, boneless and gasping. Paul gentled his touch, licking softly at her twitching folds as she drifted down from her high.

When she finally mustered the strength to open her eyes, he was hovering over her, his face shiny with her essence and his eyes blazing with triumphant lust. "Was that as good as you imagined, Mom?" he asked cockily.

In answer, Violet grabbed him by the back of the neck and dragged him down into a filthy kiss, moaning as she tasted herself on his lips and tongue. Her long, experienced tongue whipped into the entrance to the boy's throat, nearly choking him.

Violet reached between their sweat-slicked bodies to palm the rigid length of him through his jeans.

"Get these off," she ordered breathlessly. "I need you inside me, now."

Paul scrambled to comply, nearly ripping his clothes in his haste to disrobe. Then he was blanketing her body with his own once more, the scorching heat of his skin searing her from head to toe.

Violet reached down to wrap her fingers around the thick, heavy weight of his erection, guiding it to notch at her entrance.

They both groaned at the electric contact, the fevered anticipation of the moment they had both craved for so long.

"Please, Paul," Violet whimpered, hiking her thighs high around his waist. "Make me yours. Claim me, ruin me for anyone else."

With a guttural groan, Paul surged forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in his mother's silken heat in one powerful thrust.

Violet cried out sharply, her nails raking down his back as her corrugated birthing tube stretched to accommodate the impressive girth of him.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so tight," Paul panted, fighting the urge to pound into her wildly.

He withdrew slowly, then pushed back in, starting a deep, measured rhythm. "You feel incredible, like you were made just for me..."

"I was," Violet gasped, meeting his every thrust with an upward roll of her hips. "I'm yours, baby. Now and forever. My body, my heart, my pussy - it all belongs to you."

Paul's heart soared at his mother's fervent declaration, even as his hips picked up speed, pistoning into her welcoming depths with increasing urgency. "Mine," he growled, punctuating each word with a powerful, womb-crushing thrust. "My beautiful, perfect mom. I'll never let you go."

Violet keened, wrapping her arms and legs around her son as if trying to merge their bodies into one.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh and their mingled cries of passion filled the small cabin, the rhythmic rocking of the train only adding to the erotic tempo of their lovemaking.

"Harder, Paul, fuck me harder!" Violet demanded, drunk on pleasure and the heady thrill of the ultimate taboo. "I wanna feel you in my throat!"

Paul complied with a roar, hammering into his mother's soaked cunt with all the pent-up lust and longing he'd harbored for years.

The headboard slammed against the wall with every brutal stroke, no doubt announcing their illicit coupling to anyone passing by. But they were too lost in each other to care, their world narrowed down to the electric slide of their joined bodies and the searing ecstasy building between them.

Violet could feel another climax approaching, even more intense than the first. Her son's relentless pounding was hitting her G-spot with unerring accuracy, sending sparks of rapture shooting through her nerve endings.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she wailed, her nails digging into Paul's flexing ass as she urged him on. "Don't stop, baby, I'm so close, I'm right there..."

"Do it, Mom," Paul commanded hoarsely, feeling his own orgasm barreling down on him like a freight train. "Cum on my cock, milk me dry. I want to feel you squeezing me as I pump you full."

With a high, keening cry, Violet shattered, her pussy spasming wildly around Paul's pistoning cock as wave after wave of mind-melting bliss crashed over her.

Her clenching walls triggered Paul's own release, and with a guttural shout, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted, flooding his mother's rippling channel with what felt like endless pulses of scalding seed.

They clung to each other desperately as the aftershocks rolled through them, their sweat-slicked bodies heaving in unison.

Paul gentled his thrusts, working them both through the last throes of their shared rapture until they collapsed together in a tangle of sated limbs.

"I love you, Mom," Paul rasped once he'd caught his breath, pressing reverent kisses to Violet's damp brow, her fluttering

eyelids, the tip of her nose. "That was...God, it was beyond anything I ever imagined."

"It was perfect," Violet agreed dreamily, caressing her son's hair.

Paul and Violet didn't emerge from their cabin for the rest of the day. Instead they engaged in a marathon of ravenous fucking, exploring each other's bodies with lips, hands and tongues, learning all the secret ways to drive each other wild with pleasure.

They coupled in every position they could think of - Violet riding Paul's thick cock with abandon, his strong hands gripping her undulating hips as her heavy breasts swinging wildly above him.

Paul taking her from behind, molding his chest to her back as he thrust into her welcoming heat, growling filthy praise and dark promises in her ear.

Spooning languidly on their sides, Paul's hand cupping Violet's mound possessively as he rocked into her with long, deep, rolling strokes that made her toes curl with bliss.

In between bouts of feverish rutting, they talked, really talked, sharing secrets and dreams and hopes for the future they now knew they would build together, consequences be damned.

Paul confessed how long he had yearned for Violet, how he had always seen her as the ideal woman, the only one who could ever truly understand and complete him.

Violet admitted how lost and alone she had felt in her marriage, how Paul's budding desire had reawakened a sensual side of herself she thought long dead.

They made love with tears in their eyes, overwhelmed by the depth of emotion between them. They climaxed in each other's arms again and again, Paul filling his mother with his seed so many times it dripped out of her well-used pussy to puddle on the tangled sheets.

As night fell and the rocking of the train lulled them towards sated slumber, Paul held Violet close, their naked cum-sticky bodies entwined as intimately as their hearts.

"I don't ever want this trip to end," he murmured into her fragrant hair. "I wish we could stay in this perfect bubble forever, just you and me."

"I know, baby," Violet whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "But no matter what happens when we get back to the real world, I'll never regret a single moment of what we've shared. You've shown me what it means to be truly, deeply loved. That's a gift I'll treasure all my days."

"Good morning," Jewel smiled as her and her son Cory joined Violet and Paul in the luxurious breakfast car, sitting across from them.

The delicious smell of freshly brewed coffee filled their noses as they took their seats at the elegant table.

After a night of fucking like animals, the two couples were still buzzing with desire and excitement. The low hum of pleasure in the air was almost palpable as they eagerly awaited their breakfast, feeling alive and invigorated from their wild escapades just hours before.

"I don't suppose you two got much sleep last night either," said Violet, smiling across at them blushing.

Jewel chuckled throatily, her emerald eyes sparkling with mischief. "Not a wink. But who needs sleep when you have a virile young stud to keep you up all night?" She reached over and squeezed Cory's thigh possessively under the table, making him grin.

Violet blushed, but she couldn't help the answering smile that tugged at her lips. She knew exactly what Jewel meant. Her own body was deliciously sore in all the right places from Paul's passionate attentions.

"I know we got off to a rocky start," Jewel said, her expression turning serious. "But I hope you know that my only intention was to help your son."

Violet met Jewel's gaze, seeing the sincerity shining there. "I do know that now," she said softly. "And I'm grateful, truly. You helped me find the courage to embrace what I really wanted, even if your methods were a bit...unconventional."

Jewel laughed. "Well, matters of the heart rarely follow a straight path. Especially when that heart belongs to your own flesh and blood."

"Mmm, speaking of flesh and blood," Violet cooed, squeezing Paul's cock-bulge teasingly under the table, making him inhale sharply.

He shot her a heated look, his blue eyes darkening with rekindled lust. "Careful, Mom," he murmured, his voice pitched low so only she could hear. "Keep that up and I might just have to bend you over this table and fuck you right here in front of everyone."

Violet shivered, her pussy clenching at the erotic threat. She was shocked by how much the idea of such a public claiming thrilled her, when just days ago she would have been horrified by the mere suggestion. Paul had awakened a wanton side of her she never knew existed.

"Is that a promise?" she purred, giving him a coy look from beneath her lashes.

Jewel's hand slid down her son's body, his boner growing steadily in her grasp. She could feel the wetness pooling between her legs as she teased and stroked him.

"So, what are your plans after breakfast?" she asked Violet, a mischievous glint in her eye.

Violet's own hand was busy between her son's legs, working him to full attention. "Probably the same plans you two have...screwing our asses off," she answered with a smirk, causing all four of them to giggle with anticipation.

"Why don't you join us in our cabin?" Jewel suggested, raising an eyebrow suggestively. "We can ride these dreamy

cocks all day and see how many times our boys can make us cum."

Paul and Cory exchanged eager grins at their mothers' salacious conversation, their young cocks straining against the confines of their jeans.

The promise of an all-day fuck-fest with these insatiable, experienced moms had their balls tightening with anticipation.

"I think that's an excellent idea!" Paul said huskily, his hand sliding up his mother's thigh beneath the table.

Violet shivered as her son's fingers brushed the damp lace of her panties. The taboo thrill of engaging in such brazen foreplay right there in the dining car, where anyone could notice their sordid activities, only stoked the flames of her desire higher.

"Mmm, I like the way you think, baby," she purred, parting her thighs wantonly to give him better access.

Jewel licked her lips, her hand moving faster on Cory's straining bulge. "I couldn't agree more. There's just something about mother-son incest that's the ultimate forbidden fruit. Knowing you're giving your baby boy pleasure like no other woman can...it's darkly addictive."

Cory groaned as his mother's nimble fingers freed his aching erection from his jeans and began to stroke him beneath the table, using his slippery pre-cum for lubrication.

"Well, what are we waiting for then?" Cory asked. "Let's finish up breakfast and get this party started. I can't wait to sink my dick in some tight MILF snatch."

The two families scarfed down the rest of their food in record time, the sexual tension between them rising to a fever pitch.

As soon as the last bite was swallowed, they practically sprinted back to Jewel and Cory's cabin, laughing with the carefree joy of co-conspirators.

The moment the door closed behind them, clothes began flying in every direction, the newly minted lovers eager to be skin to skin.

In seconds, the two mothers and their sons were naked, giant tits wobbling, stiff cocks wagging eagerly. Their bodies were already glistening with sweat and arousal.

"Holy fuck, would you look at those racks!" Paul breathed reverently, his gaze ping ponging between Violet and Jewel's spectacular tits. "Our moms have the biggest, softest tits ever!"

"Damn straight," Cory agreed, licking his lips as he ogled the two gorgeous, naked women. "And we get to suck on them. It's like a fucking wet dream come true."

Violet and Jewel exchanged heated looks, their hands roaming possessively over their sons' hard young bodies as they backed them to the bed.

"Why don't you boys lie back and let your moms take care of those big, throbbing cocks?" Violet purred, pushing Paul down onto the bed.

Jewel followed suit with Cory, the two women crawling sensuously over their sons' prone forms, dangling tits jostling back and forth, until they were poised above the impressive erections jutting towards their faces.

"Mmm, look at all this young, virile meat," Jewel cooed, wrapping her fingers around Cory's thick shaft and pumping slowly. "However will we fit these monster cocks in our tight, little pussies?"

"We'll make them fit," Violet said with a wicked grin, leaning down to lap at the pearly drop of pre-cum beading on the tip of Paul's dick. "A good mommy always finds a way to take care of her baby boy."

Paul and Cory groaned in unison as the two mothers began to worship their cocks with lips and tongues, licking and sucking them from root to tip like the most decadent lollipops.

Violet and Jewel moaned wantonly around the thick, pulsing flesh filling their mouths, getting off on the debauched act of pleasuring their own sons.

"Fuck yeah, suck that dick, Mom," Cory panted, tangling his fingers in Jewel's fiery tresses to urge her on. "No one blows me like you do. Your mouth is fucking magic."

"You taste so good, baby," Violet murmured, laving the sensitive underside of Paul's cock-shaft with the flat of her tongue. "I could suck this beautiful penis all day long and never get tired of the flavor."

The wet, obscene sounds of the dual blow jobs filled the cabin, punctuated by masculine grunts and gargled feminine moans of enjoyment.

After several minutes of avid sucking, Violet and Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, their lips shiny with spit and pre-cum.

"I need this fat cock in my cunt right now," Jewel declared, swinging a leg over her son's hips to straddle him.

Violet moved to do the same with Paul, the two heavy-titted mothers positioning themselves above their son's straining erections.

"Holy wow!" Paul blurted, glancing back and forth from Jewel's huge, dangling tits to his mother's. "I can't believe we get to fuck both of you sexy moms at the same time. Is this really happening?"

"Oh it's happening, stud," Jewel purred as she reached between her thighs to grasp Cory's thick shaft, notching the swollen head at her dripping entrance. "Watch closely and learn how a real woman rides a cock."

With that, she sank down slowly, taking her son inch by delicious inch into her tight, clasp heat.

Cory whimpered sharply, his hands flying to his mother's undulating hips as she began to bounce on his lap with wanton abandon.

Not to be outdone, Violet positioned Paul's impressive erection at her own weeping slit, rubbing the broad crown through her slick folds and the remnants of her hymen. "Mom's gonna take such good care of you, baby," she cooed, holding his lust-blown gaze. "Gonna ride this big boy cock until you forget your own name."

She slammed her hips down, sheathing Paul to the hilt in one swift motion.

They both groaned rapturously at the exquisite union, so much deeper and more intense than the night before with Paul's glans wedged within the tight, puffy ring of her cervical head.

Violet set a galloping rhythm, her heavy milkers jiggling enticingly as she fucked herself on her son's throbbing shaft.

The room filled with a symphony of erotic sounds - the primal slap of naked flesh on flesh, the lewd squelch of dripping wet cunts being split open over and over, the animalistic grunts and keening moans of four lovers lost to unrestrained carnality.

"Fuck, Mom, your pussy feels incredible!" Paul panted, his fingers digging into the plush globes of Violet's ass as he thrust up to meet her downward strokes. "So fucking tight and hot and perfect. Like you were made just for me."

"I was made for you, baby," Violet gasped, grinding her clit against Paul's pubic bone on every pass. "This body belongs to you now. My cunt, my mouth, my ass - it's all yours to use however you want."

Beside them, Jewel was riding Cory's cock like a woman possessed, her back arched, her giant tits jumping, and her nails raking down his sweat-slicked chest.

"That's it, fuck me harder!" she demanded, her cunt clenching greedily around his pistoning length. "Pound Mommy's hungry snatch with that big, fat dick!"

Cory hammered up into his mother's spasming sheath, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her jiggling ass with every brutal thrust.

"Gonna fuck you raw," he growled, baring his teeth in a feral snarl. "Ruin this cunt for anyone but me."

Cory and Jewel had done the nasty hundreds of times, each fuck better than the last. The redhead, who was naturally a blonde, had already had a baby with her son. A girl they named Crystal, who was now a year old and home with her clueless husband.

The two best friends smiled over at one another as their mothers rode them with wild abandon, the most erotic sight either young man had ever witnessed.

Watching the other's mom bounce wantonly on their cock, huge tits heaving and hips undulating skillfully, was almost enough to make them cum on the spot.

"Dude, your mom is a fucking sex goddess," Paul panted to Cory, his eyes glued to Jewel's spectacular body as she impaled herself on her son's thick shaft over and over.

"Yours too, man," Cory groaned, equally transfixed by the sight of Violet's plush, curvaceous form writhing atop Paul in ecstasy. "Fuck, the way she takes that dick... insane."

"And those fucking tits..." Paul added, gazing up at their bouncing, rippling juggernauts.

As if reading their minds, Jewel and Violet exchanged a heated, knowing look.

Without slowing their passionate riding, they leaned in towards each other until their lips met in a searing, open-mouthed kiss.

The boys cried out in shock and arousal as they watched their mothers make out feverishly above them, their long, thick tongues tangling and exploring slick, hungry mouths. It was the single most erotic thing either of them had ever witnessed.

"Holy shit that's so hot!" Paul babbled, his hips jackhammering up into his mother's rippling sheath as the taboo sight pushed him closer to the edge. "You two are so fucking sexy together."

"Mmm, you like seeing mom kiss another woman, baby?" Violet purred against Jewel's lips, bringing one hand up to squeeze and massage the redhead's bouncing tits.

"God yes!"

"I bet you'd rather have my tongue in your mouth though, wouldn't you?" Violet winked.

Paul's eyes widened and he nodded eagerly. "Fuck yes, Mom, kiss me! I wanna taste you so bad."

Violet grinned wickedly and leaned down to capture her son's lips in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss, her vivacious tongue delving deep to tangle wetly with his.

Paul groaned into the forbidden liplock, drunk on the erotic taste of his mother mingled with Tanya's essence.

Beside them, Jewel had pulled Cory into a similarly passionate embrace, her humongous, rippling tits squashed out between them as they devoured each other's mouths with sloppy intensity. Their lower bodies continued to piston together urgently.

The women worked their wide hips like only experienced mothers could, their thick, rounded bubble butts jiggling and rippling as they pummeled tirelessly up and down on their sons' throbbing cocks with skillful undulations.

The wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and the lewd squelches of soaked, gripping cunts being split open again and again filled the cabin.

Jewel and Violet were moaning and panting into their sons' mouths as they rode them hard, their voluptuous bodies

sheened in sweat, heavy breasts rippling, sandwiched between them.

The molten ecstasy was building to a fever pitch in both couples, the mind-blowing pleasure of the forbidden coupling pushing them rapidly towards the edge.

Paul's huge, pulsing cock was stretching and filling Violet's tight, claspng pussy so exquisitely as she rode him, the thick veiny shaft dragging deliciously along her fluttering inner walls with each pump of her hips.

Her slick, swollen pussy lips clung to his pistoning length as it withdrew, only to be split open again by his fat mushroom head slamming back inside her, over and over.

Paul's cock was hitting Violet's G-spot exquisitely with each deep thrust, the spongy bundle of nerves sparking jolts of electric bliss through her writhing body.

Her weeping cunt squelched obscenely around the invading thickness, gushing arousal to ease the way for the relentless, frenzied fucking.

The molten walls rippled and clenched rhythmically, gripping Paul as if trying to milk the cum from his balls with each plunge into Violet's deepest recesses.

Violet could feel every throbbing inch of her son's teenage cock pounding into her, searing her innermost places with the delicious heat and hardness of his engorged flesh.

Her cervix tingled and ached, craving his potent seed, begging to be bathed in the virile overflow of taboo passion.

The slick, velvety friction was stoking the flames higher and higher, coiling the pressure tighter and tighter in Violet's core as she hurtled towards a bone-melting orgasm.

Her greedy cunt was fluttering wildly, clasping desperately at Paul's cock, on the verge of shattering in rapture.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum soon if you keep milking my cock like that," Paul gasped, breaking the kiss to bury his face between his mother's heaving tits, motorboating the soft, fragrant flesh.

"Me too!" Cory gritted out, his fingers digging into the plush globes of Jewel's bucking ass hard enough to leave marks. "This pussy is just too fucking good."

Jewel's slick, scalding pussy was clenching and rippling around Cory's pistoning cock like a silken vice as she rode him wildly, grinding her engorged clit against his pubic bone with each downward slam of her hips.

Her puffy, glistening labia were stretched taut around his girth, clinging to the veiny shaft as it plundered her depths over and over.

Cory's steely hardness was pummeling his mom's G-spot on every stroke, making sparks dance behind her eyelids and desperate moans spill from her lips.

Viscous secretions coated his thrusting cock, easing the way for the relentless pounding of mother by son. Each frenzied collision of their straining bodies made a wet, filthy sound as Jewel's saturated cunt welcomed Cory's engorged meat again and again into her hungry core.

The scorching, ultra-sensitive walls of Violet's pussy hugged Paul's invading cock like a second skin, as if trying to mold themselves to every ridge and vein.

He could feel every quiver and flutter of her flawless sheath as she rocketed towards a mind-bending climax, her greedy hole milking his shaft for all she was worth.

Jolts of electric ecstasy radiated from where they were intimately joined, suffusing the mother's writhing body with pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. She could feel Paul in her womb, the broad head of his cock kissing the entrance to her pulsing cervix with each balls-deep plunge.

Her empty uterus ached to be flooded with her son's molten seed, to suck down every drop of his taboo essence.

Jewel's pussy was gushing and squelching obscenely now, drenching Cory's cock and balls with her fragrant juices, the erotic overflow of her fathomless need for him.

Her whole body was tensing, coiling, every cell poised on the knife's edge of rapture as their coupling grew more ferocious, more urgent.

"Fuck, baby, you're gonna make me cum so hard!" Jewel keened, her hips a blur as she frantically impaled herself on

Cory's steel-hard shaft. "Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop! I need it, I need your cum..."

"Here it comes, Mom!" Cory roared, feeling his balls draw up tight to his body. "I'm gonna flood this pussy, fill you up so good."

"Yes, yes, YES!" Jewel wailed, her cunt strangling Cory's cock as she flew apart in ecstasy. "Cum in me, baby! Paint Mommy's fucking cervix!"

"Cumming!" Paul roared, burying himself to the hilt in his Violet's rippling sheath as the first intense spurt of his release jetted from his cock.

"Fuck, me too!" Cory shouted, his balls drawing up tight as he began to erupt deep in his mom's claspng cunt.

Violet and Jewel screamed in ecstasy as they felt their son's cocks swell and jerk inside them, pumping them full of hot, virile cream.

Their own orgasms crashed over them like tidal waves, their pussies clenching rhythmically to milk every drop of seed from the pulsing shafts splitting them open.

Paul and Cory's cocks throbbed and pulsed violently as they exploded deep inside their mothers' clenching cunts, searing jets of thick, potent semen flooding the claspng channels.

The two convulsing mothers could feel every intense spurt painting their cervixes and coating their fluttering walls, the sheer volume of cum making their stomachs bulge slightly.

The sons' swollen balls drew up tight, pumping rope after hot, sticky rope into the welcoming wombs so desperate to be bred.

The spurting cockheads flared and jerked, unleashing what felt like endless geysers of jism in the clenching, rippling cores, as if trying to impregnate the writhing mothers.

Violet and Jewel's pussies gushed and squirted in response, ejaculating their own release in a show of ecstatic acceptance of their sons' liquid love.

Clear fem-spunk gushed out around the pistoning cocks, soaking the boys' crotches and adding to the huge wet spot growing beneath their undulating bodies.

The mothers' vaginal muscles worked in overdrive, rippling along the pulsing shafts in a milking rhythm, coaxing out every drop of the precious seed.

Their cervixes fluttered and winked, eager to suck down the massive loads and usher them to the aching depths of their empty uteruses.

The sensation of being so thoroughly marked and claimed by their sons' ejaculating cocks sent Violet and Jewel flying over the edge again, their clits throbbing almost painfully as aftershocks tore through their convulsing bodies.

Their cunts clamped down rhythmically, wringing the last pearls of cum from the emptying balls pressed so deliciously against their jiggling ass cheeks.

Paul and Cory groaned in blissed out agony as their balls were drained to the last drop, their mothers' exquisite pussies not letting up until they had wrung them completely dry.

They could feel the viscous mix of male and female cum seeping out around their shafts, the erotic overflow of their mind-melting coupling soaking into the sheets.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of ecstasy, the orgasms subsided to gentle aftershocks. The mothers collapsed onto their sons' heaving chests, the four lovers panting harshly as they drifted down from the intense high.

Paul and Cory's cocks twitched inside Violet and Tanya's thoroughly bred cunts, still semi-hard despite being so utterly spent.

"Holy fuck," Paul rasped, his voice hoarse from shouting his pleasure. "That was the most incredible thing I've ever felt. I came so damn hard."

"Mmm, me too baby," Violet purred, clenching her pussy around her son's softening shaft. "I've never been filled up so intensely."

"Mmm, would you boys like to suck our big titties for awhile?" Jewel asked.

"Would we ever!" her son answered.

Cory eagerly latched onto his mother's huge, heaving breasts, his lips sealing around one thick, dusky nipple.

He suckled ardently, groaning at the taste of her on his tongue, his face sinking up into the flesh of her warm, soft tit-orb.

Jewel gasped and arched into her son's hungry mouth, tangling her fingers in his hair to hold him to her aching flesh.

Since she had only give birth a year ago and was still lactating, liquid nectar burst from her nipple, her pussy fluttering as Cory nursed from her like a starving boy.

"That's it, baby, suck Mommy's big titties," she cooed breathlessly, undulating her hips to grind her sensitized clit against Paul's semi-hard cock still buried inside her. "Drain my milk jugs dry while your hot cum leaks out of my pussy."

Cory moaned around the stiff peak, doubling his efforts. He suckled and slurped at the engorged nipple, nibbling it gently with his teeth before bathing it with his tongue.

His hands kneaded the heavy globes, relishing the weight and softness of the massive mammaries.

He switched to the other breast, giving it the same reverent treatment.

Next to him, Paul buried his face in Violet's deep, cavernous cleavage, motorboating the pillowy flesh and inhaling her intoxicating scent.

The puckered nipples scraped deliciously against his stubbled cheeks as he shook his head back and forth.

"Fuck, Mom, your tits are out of this world," Paul mumbled into the jiggling mounds, his voice muffled. "I could worship these fabulous jugs for days and never get enough."

Violet preened at the passionate praise, pushing her chest out further. "They're all yours now, sweetheart. Mom's big breasts belong to you, for you to suck and squeeze and fuck whenever you want."

Paul shuddered, his cock twitching and chubbing up again at the erotic promise.

He captured a fat nipple between his lips and sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks with the force of it.

Violet keened, her pussy clenching reflexively around her son's shaft, making it engorge with blood.

Beside the incestuous couple, Cory was still lavishing the same oral worship on his mother's magnificent rack.

Jewel's bigger-than-big, wobbling jugs were shiny with spit and tit-milk as her son suckled greedily at the thick, rosy nipples.

"Yes, just like when you were a baby, Cory," Jewel panted, undulating her hips. "Nurse from Mommy, drink down my sweet milk. Suck out all the cream you made me store up."

The lactation talk made the boys groan around their mouthfuls of titflesh, and their cocks swell back to full hardness inside the hot, slick tunnels still gripping them so tightly.

"Mmm, looks like suckling Mom's big tits got someone all excited again," Violet purred, clenching her pussy around Paul's rejuvenated erection.

She rolled them over smoothly until she was on her back with Paul nestled between her splayed thighs, never breaking their intimate connection.

"Fuck me, baby," she urged breathlessly, hooking her ankles behind his thighs to pull him deeper. "Pound my hungry cunt with that big, hard cock until you pump another load in my womb."

Paul groaned harshly, catching her nipple between his teeth and biting down just shy of pain.

Violet wailed in approval, her nails raking down his flexing back as he began to thrust into her, hard and deep.

"Gonna breed this pussy, Mom," he grunted savagely between bites and sucks to her rolling breasts. "Fuck a baby into you, make your tits swell with milk for real."

The nasty talk made Violet gush around her son's pounding cock, the forbidden fantasy of being impregnated by him making her dizzy with lust.

"Yes, do it!" she cried wildly. "Put a baby in my belly! Make me a mommy again with your seed!"

Beside them, Jewel and Cory had assumed a similar missionary-style position, the voluptuous redhead pinned beneath her powerfully thrusting son, her strong, sleek legs

wrapped high around his back as he mauled her massive jugs and split her open on his thick meat over and over.

"Such a sexy woman you are," Cory grunted, driving into his mother's rippling heat with piston-like strokes. "Gonna keep you pregnant and full of my cum, fuck you through the delivery and knock you up again immediately, make those fat udders overflow. "

Jewel sobbed in ecstasy, her hips churning to meet every violent pump of her son's cock. "Ruin me!" she begged. "Wreck my cunt and swell my tits and keep me bred forever! Fuck another baby into me!"

The cabin was filled with the erotic symphony of flesh slapping flesh, the filthy squelch of over-lubricated cunts being pounded, and the wanton wails and grunts of two mothers being mated ferociously by their own offspring. The mingled musk of sex fluids and sweat hung heavy in the air.

Paul and Cory pinned their mothers beneath them, nestled in the cradle of their splayed thighs as they ravaged their hot, slick cunts with deep, powerful thrusts.

The mothers clung to their sons desperately, legs wrapped high around flexing backs, nails scoring sweat-slicked skin as they were pounded into the mattress.

"Fuck, baby, just like that!" Violet sobbed, her huge tits jiggling wildly as Paul hammered into her. "Split Mommy open on that big, fat cock! Stir up all the cum you pumped in me!"

Paul grunted savagely, pistoning his hips faster, his engorged shaft plunging in and out of his mother's clasping sheath at a blistering pace.

The lewd, wet sound of his balls slapping against her upturned ass filled the room, mingling with Violet's wanton cries.

He dipped his head to capture one bouncing nipple between his teeth, biting down just shy of pain before suckling hard.

Violet wailed in approval, her pussy clenching vice-like around Paul's driving cock.

"Gonna breed this cunt," Paul growled around his mouthful of tit-flesh. "Pump you so full of my seed, make your belly swell with my baby."

The nasty impregnation talk made Violet gush, her ejaculate sluicing out around Paul's pistoning cock to soak his crotch.

"Yes, do it!" she urged frantically. "Put a baby in me, make me a mommy again! I want it so bad!"

Beside the mother-son pair, Jewel and Cory were fucking with equal intensity, the smack of their straining bodies colliding drowned out by their animalistic grunts and moans.

Cory mauled his mother's massive jugs as he split her open on his thick meat over and over, the puffy lips of her cunt clinging to his shaft on every withdrawal.

Paul and Cory hammered into their mothers' dripping cunts with frenzied abandon, their hips blurring as they strove to drive the women over the edge into ecstasy.

The sound of wet flesh slapping together obscenely filled the cabin, punctuated by the mothers' escalating cries of pleasure.

"Fuck yes, right there baby, don't stop!" Violet wailed, her nails digging into Paul's flexing ass as he pounded against her spongy, rough-textured G-spot with unerring accuracy. "Harder, faster! Make me cum on that big cock!"

Paul snarled, redoubling his efforts, the thick veiny shaft of his erection pummeling Violet's clutching sheath with brutal intensity.

He could feel her growing wetter, hotter and tighter around him, her silky walls fluttering and rippling as she rocketed towards climax.

"Gonna cum in this pussy!" he grunted, sweat dripping down his contorted face. "Flood you with my seed, breed you so fucking deep..."

Beside them, Jewel was sobbing and thrashing beneath Cory's relentless assault, her cunt clenching rhythmically around his huge, teenage fuck-muscle.

"Baby please, I'm so close," she keened desperately. "Fuck a baby into me, fill me up, I need it so bad!"

Cory bared his teeth, hammering into his mother's spasming slit with everything he had, his heavy balls drawing up tight to his body.

"Here it comes, Mom! Gonna pump you full, make that belly swell with my kid."

"Now boys, make us cum now!" Violet commanded breathlessly, feeling her own orgasm barreling down on her like a freight train. "Breed your mommies!"

As if choreographed, Paul and Cory slammed into their mothers to the hilt one last time and ground their pelvises against the women's throbbing clits as they began to erupt.

Scalding jets of cum exploded from their cocks, searing the convulsing walls of the claspings cunts milking them voraciously.

"FUUUUUUCK!!!" Violet and Jewel screamed in unison as they flew apart, their pussies clamping down around their sons' erupting shafts, trying to suck every drop of seed into their ravenous wombs.

Their bodies seized and shook violently, wracked with the most intense pleasure imaginable as the boys filled them to overflowing with their potent essence.

They could feel the hot spurts of jism painting their cervixes, the virile overflow being sucked greedily into their quivering uteruses.

Paul and Cory groaned in blissful agony as the rhythmic milking of their mothers' orgasming cunts wrung them dry, their balls emptying in long, endless pulses.

They ground and rolled their hips, stirring the massive loads around the rippling walls, making sure every inch was coated in their seed.

Violet and Jewel whimpered and mewled, shivering through the aftershocks as their wombs fluttered and clenched, eagerly sucking up every drop of their sons' precious semen.

They could feel the creamy overflow seeping out around the softening cocks still plugging them, the lewd squelch of copious fluids obscenely loud in the sudden quiet.

"Fuck, that was intense," Paul panted, his sweaty brow pressed to his mother's heaving chest. "I came so hard, I think my balls are permanently empty."

"Mmm, you filled me up so good, baby," Violet cooed, clenching her pussy around her son's spent cock, savoring the feel of his release sloshing inside her. "Mommy's cunt is so full of your cum. You bred me so deep."

Jewel carded her fingers through Cory's damp hair as he panted against her neck, equally spent. "Such a virile young stud," she praised breathlessly. "Pumping Mommy so full of potent cream. You're gonna look so sexy rubbing my pregnant belly, knowing it's your second baby growing inside me."

The boy shuddered, his overworked cock twitching valiantly at the erotic image.

"Fuck Mom, you're going to make me hard again," Cory groaned, nipping at his mother's sweaty skin.

Violet and Jewel shared a wicked look over their sons' heads, their eyes sparkling with mischief and insatiable lust.

"Well then, we better take care of that," Violet purred silkily. "Wouldn't want our virile boys going unsatisfied, now would we?"

"Nope," Jewel giggled.

With surprising strength, the mothers rolled their sons onto their backs, the movement causing the semi-hard cocks to slip wetly from their cum-sloppy cunts.

Mingled fluids gushed out to puddle obscenely on the sheets below.

Violet and Jewel shifted to straddle their sons' thighs, their massive tits swaying hypnotically above the prone boy's faces.

They reached between their legs to grasp the sticky, chubbing shafts, stroking them back to full hardness with practiced twists of their wrists.

"Mom's gonna drain these big balls again and again," Violet cooed, leaning down to take Paul's cock into her hot, wet mouth.

"That's right," Jewel added, swiping her tongue up the underside of Cory's semi-hard cock. "Gonna suck and fuck the cum right out of you until you're dry as a bone."

Over the next hour, Violet and Jewel worshipped their sons' cocks with their mouths, determined to drain every last drop of cum from the young studs' balls.

They deep-throating the thick lengths until their noses were buried in wiry pubic hair and the fat heads were lodged in their gullets.

"Fuuuck, Mom, your mouth feels so good," Paul groaned, fisting a hand in Violet's hair as she bobbed up and down on his straining erection.

Her plush lips were stretched obscenely around his girth, spit shining on her chin as she slurped and suckled noisily.

Violet moaned around her mouthful, loving the salty-sweet taste of her son's flesh mixed with the musky remnants of their previous coupling.

She took him to the root with every bob of her head, gagging slightly as his cock head bumped the back of her throat, but never slowing her worship.

Beside her, Jewel was paying equally devoted attention to Cory's impressive member, her fiery head moving rapidly in his lap as she deep-throated him over and over.

Obscene slurping sounds filled the room as the mothers greedily serviced their sons. Their fat, dangling tits wobbled

with the rhythm of every cock-suck, coaxing copious amounts of pre-cum from the weeping slits.

"Shit, Mom, you're going to make me cum already," Cory panted, his abs flexing as he fought the urge to fuck up into his mother's hot, sucking mouth. "You suck cock better than any other woman."

Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to Cory's throbbing glans. "Mmm, that's because Mommy knows exactly what her baby boy likes," she purred, jacking his spit-slick shaft with quick, twisting strokes.

"Mommy's gonna suck out every drop of cum in these big, full balls. You just lay back and let me drain you dry."

With that, she dived back in, swallowing Cory to the root and massaging his shaft with her expertly undulating throat muscles.

Cory groaned hoarsely, his cock pulsing wildly against his mother's fluttering gullet as she deep-throated him relentlessly.

Violet followed suit, sucking Paul's cock with sloppy abandon, drool running down her chin and coating his heavy sack.

She rolled his balls in her palm, feeling how they drew up tight to his body.

The cock-hungry mother popped her mouth off Paul's throbbing boner and dipped lower, drawing one of his heavy balls past her stretched lips.

She suckled the wrinkled skin, rolling the oval shaped testis on her tongue before releasing it with a wet pop and moving to its twin.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Paul cried out sharply, his hips bucking off the bed as Violet took turns suckling each of his cum-bloated nuts, lavishing them with devoted attention.

Violet hummed in delight around her mouthful, relishing the musky, masculine taste of her son's most intimate places.

She licked a broad stripe up his taint to his tight sack, the coarse hair tickling her nose as she mouthed and nuzzled his cum-filled balls.

"So full and heavy," she purred, gazing up at Paul with lust-glazed eyes as she lapped at his scrotum. "Mommy's going to empty these big balls, drain out every last drop of cum until they're shriveled up."

She crammed a testicle back into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue as she reached up to jack her boy's spit-slick cock with quick, urgent strokes.

Paul groaned gutturally, the dual stimulation making his cockhead flare and swell, signaling his impending release.

His wet, distended nut popped from Violet's mouth and she engulfed his cock, until her lips were plastered against its base.

"Gonna cum, Mom!" Paul gritted out, fisting both hands in her hair to hold her in place. "Swallow it all down, don't waste a single fucking drop!"

Violet moaned eagerly, fucking him with her mouth harder and faster. She could feel his balls drawing up impossibly tight against his body, his cock throbbing and twitching mouth and throat.

With a whimper, Paul's hips snapped up as he began to erupt, hot jets of cum rocketing from his piss-slit, straight down his mother's throat.

Violet gulped and swallowed greedily, massaging his shaft and balls as spurt after thick spurt of jism pulsed over her tongue and slid into her belly.

She kept sucking and stroking as Paul bucked and shuddered through his release, wringing out every last drop until he collapsed back against the mattress, spent and panting.

Only then did she let his softening cock slip from her lips, licking them clean of his musky essence.

"Mmm, such a good boy, feeding Mommy so much yummy cum," she purred, pressing a reverent kiss to the tip of his cock before crawling up his body to capture his lips in a searing kiss, sharing his salty-sweet flavor.

Meanwhile, Jewel nuzzled her face into Cory's heavy, cum-filled balls, inhaling the musky scent of her son's most intimate area.

She mouthed at the wrinkled skin, feeling the oval shape of his testicles against her tongue. With a moan of pure lust, she parted her lips and sucked one into the wet heat of her mouth.

Cory cried out sharply at the intense sensation, his hips lifting off the bed as his mother began to worship his balls with single-minded focus.

Jewel suckled and slurped at the sensitive flesh, rolling first one, then the other testicle around on her talented tongue.

"Oh God, Mom, that feels incredible," Cory panted, tangling his fingers in Jewel's fiery tresses to hold her in place. "No one's ever sucked on my balls like you can."

Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to Cory's spit-slick sack. "That's because only Mommy knows how to properly worship her baby boy's cum factories," she purred, nuzzling his heavy balls. "I'm gonna drain these big, swollen nuts until they're completely empty."

With that promise, she dived back in, drawing one of Cory's testicles past her stretched lips to suckle it greedily. She massaged the wrinkled skin with her tongue, feeling the weight and heft of it in her mouth.

Cory groaned harshly, fisting his hands in the sheets as his mother attended to his balls, pulling on his spermatic cord.

She switched back and forth to lavish each one with devoted attention. She took them into her mouth one at a time, suckling hard on the meat of gonads, massaging them with her tongue and lips.

"Fuck, Mom, you're gonna make me cum just from having my balls sucked," Cory babbled mindlessly, his cock throbbing and leaking against his abs as Jewel worked him over.

Jewel hummed in delight around her mouthful, sending electric vibrations shooting through Cory's groin.

She released his sack with a wet plop and licked a broad stripe up his taint, fluttering her long tongue against the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls.

"Mmm, you taste so good baby," she purred, breathing hotly over his saliva-slick sack.

"I can't wait to feel these big balls drawing up tight and emptying all their cum down Mommy's throat."

She wrapped her lips around his rod, right down to the base of his shaft and sucked hard, pressing the flat of her tongue against his thick vein as she bobbed up and down.

Her hand flew over his spit-slick length, jacking him in time with the hungry suction of her mouth.

Cory's abs clenched and quivered, his cock pulsing wildly against his mother's tongue as he hurtled towards a mind-bending orgasm.

Jewel could feel his balls drawing up impossibly tight, signaling his impending release.

She sucked him harder, faster, determined to wring out every last drop of cum.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Cory shouted, his voice strained and desperate. "Swallow it all, don't waste a single drop of my cum!"

The mother moaned eagerly around her son's throbbing shaft, sealing her lips tightly around the stalk as she sucked and jacked him at a furious pace.

She massaged his balls with her free hand, coaxing the scalding seed up from his heavy sack.

With an animalistic roar, Cory's hips snapped up as he exploded down his mother's throat, jets of hot, salty cum pumping directly into her belly.

Jewel gulped and swallowed convulsively, greedy for every last drop of her son's precious essence.

She milked his erupting cock with her mouth and hand, wringing out spurt after thick spurt until Cory collapsed back against the bed, boneless and spent.

Only then did she release him from her oral embrace, letting his softening shaft slip from her lips.

"Mmm, such a good boy, pumping your mom so full of yummy spunk," Jewel purred, licking a stray bead of cum from the corner of her mouth.

She crawled up Cory's body to share a deep, sloppy kiss, letting him taste himself on her tongue.

Beside them, Violet was snuggled against Paul's side, idly tracing patterns on his sweat-sheened chest. "I think our boys are all fucked out for now," she chuckled indulgently, knowing they'd been at it for a couple hours and the teens had both ejaculate several times.

"Mmm, for now," Jewel agreed with a wicked grin. "But something tells me it won't be long before these young, virile studs are ready to go again."

Over the next hour, the two incestuous couples cuddled and made out tenderly, basking in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking as beautiful terrain drifted by out the train window.

Paul and Cory lay on their backs while Violet and Tanya stretched out half on top of their sons, legs intertwined intimately.

The mothers lazily explored the hard planes of the boys' youthful bodies, trailing fingers over glistening pecs and ridged abs, teasing sensitive nipples with flicks of their nails and tongues.

The young men caressed their mothers' lush curves in return, kneading the abundant flesh of their asses and tits, and tracing the dips of their spines.

Violet captured Paul's lips in a slow, sensual kiss, licking into his mouth with languid strokes of her tongue.

Paul tangled his fingers in her hair and angled his head to deepen the kiss, savoring the sweet taste of his mother mixed with the salty remnants of his own cum.

Lost in each other, their kisses grew more heated, more urgent, going on and on for what seemed like a dreamy eternity.

Violet rolled fully on top of Paul, rubbing her heavy, spongy breasts against his chest as she writhed sinuously against him.

Paul grabbed handfuls of her plush ass, grinding his reawakening erection against her slick mound.

Beside them, Jewel and Cory were similarly entwined, hands roaming and mouths fused passionately.

Jewel straddled her son's thigh and rocked herself against him, smearing her arousal on his skin. She nipped and sucked at Cory's bottom lip, drawing an animalistic growl from him.

Their kisses grew sloppy and filthy, all tangling tongues and clashing teeth as their desire built rapidly once more.

The wet sounds of their passionate making out mingled with breathy moans and the rustle of sweaty skin sliding against skin.

Violet tore her mouth away from Paul's to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses down the column of his throat.

She laved the hollow at the base with her tongue before sucking a dark mark into the skin, claiming him as hers.

"You're mine," she panted against his flesh, echoing her earlier words. "My perfect boy, my forbidden love. I'll never let you go."

"I'm yours forever, Mom," Paul vowed breathlessly, his heart swelling with emotion. "I'll love you and worship this body for the rest of our lives."

Jewel and Cory exchanged similar words of eternal love and devotion between drugging kisses and intimate caresses.

The depth of feeling, the unbreakable bond between the mothers and sons, was almost a tangible thing, surrounding them like a warm cocoon.

The temperature in the cabin rose along with their passion, the bed a blanket of twisting, writhing flesh. Sweat beading on flushed skin as they kissed and moaned, moving together as one.

Violet shifted to align her weeping entrance with the head of Paul's cock, rubbing herself along his length teasingly.

"Mmm, is this what you want, baby?" she purred, circling her hips to coat him in her slickness. "You wanna be back inside mom's tight, hot cunt?"

"God yes," Paul groaned, flexing his hips to nudge against her opening. "I need to feel you wrapped around me again. Please Mom, let me in, let me fuck you."

With her hand around the bulky base of his prick, she positioned his swollen glans at the ready. With a wanton moan, Violet sank down in one smooth motion, taking Paul to the hilt.

They both cried out sharply at the exquisite pleasure of the sudden joining, so much more intense than before.

Violet began to move, undulating her hips in sinuous figure eights as she rode her son's throbbing cock.

"Yes, oh fuck yes, just like that," Paul babbled, gripping his mother's waist as she swiveled on his fully-sheathed cock just right. "Grind on my dick, Mom. Work it deep in that perfect pussy."

Beside them, Jewel had also mounted her son, Cory's thick shaft disappearing between her sodden folds as she impaled herself over and over.

The lewd slap of her meaty bubble-booty on his upper thighs and the obscene squelch of copiously lubricated fucking filled the room once more.

The mothers rode their sons hard and fast, huge tits bouncing hypnotically, guttural moans and filthy praise spilling from their lips.

The young men pistoned their hips to meet every downstroke, their hands roaming greedily over acres of succulent, sweat-slicked skin.

"That's it, Mom, ride me just like that," Cory grunted, twisting Jewel's nipples roughly and making her keen. "Milk my cock with that hungry cunt. Gonna fill you up again, pump you full of my seed."

"Yes, baby, breed me," Jewel sobbed, grinding her clit against Cory's pubic bone. "I want it, I need it! Knock me up, give me another baby!"

Paul squeezed handfuls of Violet's jiggling ass as she slammed herself onto his cock over and over, the force of her fucking pushing him towards the edge embarrassingly fast. "Shit, Mom, you're gonna make me cum already!" he panted desperately. "Your pussy feels too fucking good!"

"Do it! Cum in me, baby boy!" Violet demanded, clenching her inner muscles around him like a velvet vice. "I wanna feel you explode in my unprotected womb again!"

The boys cried out in unison as the taboo talk shoved them over the precipice into cum-erupting ecstasy.

Their cocks throbbed and pulsed, flooding their mothers' spasming channels with yet another massive load of potent teenage seed.

After a short break full of kisses and licks, Violet and Jewel scrambled to their hands and knees, presenting their round asses and glistening, well-fucked pussies to their sons. Their massive, heavy tits swayed and jiggled, nearly brushing the rumpled sheets.

"Come on boys, mount your moms from behind like the bitches in heat we are," Violet purred over her shoulder, wiggling her hips invitingly. Thick rivulets of cum dripped down her inner thighs from her freshly bred cunt.

"Fuck yes, give us those virile cocks again," Jewel added breathlessly, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her pink, puckered hole. "Claim our every hole, make us your women completely."

Paul and Cory surged forward, their impressive young erections bobbing obscenely, like stiff tree branches in the wind.

They took position behind their mothers, lining up their weeping cockheads with the slick, swollen entrances.

With mutual groans of rapture, the sons hilted themselves in the welcoming heat of the mothers' cunts, setting a deep, driving rhythm right from the start. The sound of flesh slapping wetly against flesh and the filthy squelch of overflowing juices filled the room once more.

"Oh God, oh fuck, so deep!" Violet wailed, clawing at the sheets as Paul hammered into her slick channel.

The new angle had him hitting her G-spot on every thrust, sending sparks of ecstasy shooting up her spine.

Jewel keened in delight as Cory pistoned into her from behind, his heavy balls smacking obscenely against her blood-engorged clit. "Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder!" she urged gutturally. "Ruin my pussy, make it yours!"

The boys set a punishing pace, their lean hips smacking against the perfect globes of their mothers' asses as they railed into their tight, claspng cunts.

Violet and Jewel thrust their asses back to meet every powerful stroke, the fat and muscle beneath the skin of the buns rippling upon impact.

Their huge, ripe tits swung heavily beneath them and the boys couldn't resist reaching down and kneading the squishy, swaying flesh.

"Take it, Mom, take this fucking cock," Paul growled, wrapping Violet's hair around his fist and yanking her head back sharply.

The sudden jolt of pain mixed deliciously with the intense pleasure, making her pussy spasm around his driving shaft.

Cory slapped his mom's bouncing ass, the sharp crack mingling with her ecstatic yelp. A bright red handprint bloomed on the pale flesh of her jiggling ass-cheek.

"This ass and cunt belong to me," he snarled possessively. "I'm fuck my claim into you, breed you over and over."

The relentless pounding, the verbal teasing, and the erotic pain had Violet and Jewel hurtling towards another explosive climax in record time.

Their bodies tensed and quivered, every nerve ending electrified with pleasure as their sons fucked them with animalistic abandon.

"Oh God, I'm cumming!" Violet screamed, her cunt clenching rhythmically around Paul's pistoning cock. "Fill me up baby, give me another load!"

"Me too, fuck, breed me again Cory!" Jewel wailed, her juices sluicing out around her son's plunging cock-shaft.

Paul and Cory hammered into their mothers' spasming pussies, grunting with effort as the milking walls tried to suck the cum right out of their balls.

With matching roars of completion, they buried themselves to the hilt one last time and erupted, painting the convulsing channels with what felt like endless ropes of thick seed.

The two mothers shook and shuddered through their intense orgasms, wave after wave of ecstasy crashing over them as they were pumped full of their sons' hot release once more.

They could feel the virile spunk sloshing in their wombs, the lewd excess seeping out around the softening cocks still plugging them.

Finally spent, the boys collapsed on top of their mothers, their sweat-slicked bodies heaving as they gasped for air.

Violet and Jewel could barely support the weight of their sons on their trembling limbs, their asses still high in the air and their cum-sloppy cunts clenching sporadically.

"Fuck, that was incredible," Paul panted against Violet's neck, pressing reverent kisses to her damp skin. "I can't believe how insatiable you are, Mom. How much you want me."

"I'll always want you, baby," Violet replied breathlessly, turning her head to capture Paul's lips in a sweet, sated kiss.

"You've ruined me for anyone else. I'm yours now, in every way."

Jewel and Cory exchanged similar words of love and devotion, sealing their forbidden bond with languid kisses and gentle caresses.

The two families basked in the afterglow, knowing that their lives had been irrevocably changed, their destinies entwined.

As the train chugged on through the countryside, carrying them back to the real world and all its complications, the lovers clung to each other, determined to savor every last second of their illicit escape.

No matter what challenges lay ahead, Paul and Cory knew they would face them with their beautiful, wanton mothers by their sides - their soulmates, their partners in the most unconventional yet profound sense.

The power of their forbidden love would be their guiding light, their secret strength. Society may condemn them, but they had found heaven in each other's arms.

THE END