

Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time (Cuckold Version)

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

Billy wanted to fuck his mother more after she had given birth to his baby sister than ever before.

There was something about her that seemed almost magical and alluring, a radiance that only enhanced her already perfect body. Her curves were like something out of a fantasy, especially the rounded, plump flesh of her buttocks and the oversized swell of her breasts. She could have been a character straight out of one of his favorite comic books, with exaggerated body features that were both captivating and impossible to resist.

The sunlight filtered into the kitchen, casting a soft glow on Carla as she entered, gracefully carrying her newborn in her arms. The brunette-haired mother's usually cheerful demeanor seemed clouded with sadness today.

"Is everything alright, mom?" Billy inquired, noticing the change in her mood. "You seem down."

"Oh, I'm just a little frustrated, honey. It's nothing for you to worry about," she replied with a tender smile.

Billy watched her hips sway as sauntered across the kitchen to the fridge, her denims fitting her plump, undulating booty-cheeks like a second skin.

"But you always tell me to talk about my problems, even if they don't involve you," Billy insisted.

Carla's smile widened at her son's maturity and handsome features. She'd be lying if she said she hadn't thought about him in a sexual way. Many times she fantasized about engaging her son in a hot, nasty fuck, while using her vibrator on her clit.

"Yes, I do tell you that, don't I?" she admitted.

"Well, if you don't mind me asking, what's bothering you? Has dad done something?" Billy prodded gently.

"Well, yes...sort of," she answered, slowly moving his direction. "It's actually what your father HASN'T done that has me upset."

"What didn't he do?" her son asked inquisitively.

"It's been three weeks since he's had sex with me and to be honest, I'm starting to get really frustrated," Carla admitted with a blush creeping onto her cheeks.

"By 'frustrated,' you mean horny?" Billy asked incredulously.

Carla smiled and nodded, relieved that her son was at the age that he could understand. "Yes, and it's frustrating because your father hasn't done anything about it. Not a damn thing."

"Why hasn't he had sex with you in three weeks?" Billy asked, surprised that his mother would confide in him about such a personal issue.

"Well...I was pregnant and then I gave birth. Your father didn't wanna risk any complications late in my pregnancy and now he says it's important for me to have time to heal," Carla explained, rolling her eyes.

"To heal?" Billy repeated, trying to wrap his head around the concept of post-pregnancy healing for intimacy.

"Well, honey...you see, after giving birth, a lot of women need time to heal and recover, but it's been two weeks since I gave birth to your sister and my vagina is completely back to normal now," she stated, then chuckled. "In fact it's as tight and ready for sex as ever."

Billy's cock tingled at her admission, imagining how that 'tight' pussy would feel around the tender flesh of his cock. "Yet dad still refuses to have sex with you?"

"Yes, and as someone who likes to fuck at least once a day, it's driving me crazy."

Billy's heart skipping upon hearing his usual wholesome mom use such a filthy word. "Well, I can sort of relate," he added.

"You can?"

"Yes. I like sex too, and I recently broke up with my girlfriend so it hasn't been easy to go without it," he confessed.

"Oh no, I didn't know you broke up with Michelle," Carla said in a sympathetic tone. "I'm sorry things didn't work out, honey."

"Thanks. So yeah, I've been feeling the same frustrations you have. It's been a week since I've had sex, and when I do get another girl, I'm gonna feel like I need to somehow make up for lost time."

Carla fed him a big smile and nodded. "That's exactly how I feel, but unfortunately for me your father doesn't have the libido he used to. That means I'm gonna have to settle with whatever I get."

Billy took a second look down at her colossal tits.

"Dad's such a chump," he thought. *"I can't imagine not wanting to fuck such a busty beauty for three fucking weeks."*

Billy had a solution, but he was nervous as hell to present it. Finally, he took a hard gulp, mustering up all the courage he could before proceeding.

"I have an idea, mom" he stated with a mischievous grin.

"An idea that could help us both."

Carla's luscious lips curled into a devilish smile and her nipples tingled beneath the fabric of her maternity bra as she realized what her son was about to suggest.

Later that afternoon, Kolby stepped through the front door, feeling the weight of a long day's work settle on his shoulders. As he made his way down the hallway towards the back of the house, he was greeted by an odd yet familiar sound - the sweet, melodic gasps and squeals of his wife in the throes of pleasure.

As he drew closer to their son's bedroom, the sounds became more distinct and explicit - the rhythmic squeaking of Billy's old bedframe, the wet slapping of flesh on flesh, and the guttural grunts and groans of a boy experiencing intense sexual pleasure.

Colby cautiously peered through his son's partially open doorway, expecting to see him studying or playing video games. Instead, he was met with a scene that made his stomach churn and heart ache.

His wife, Carla, was astride their son Billy on the bed, her body glistening with sweat as she rode him with wild abandon. The walls of the room were adorned with posters of scantily clad women and athletes, creating a surreal backdrop to the raw intimacy before him.

Carla's movements were like that of a skilled whore, her childbearing hips gyrating and grinding against Billy's cock as he lay beneath her, lost in pleasure. The air was thick with the scent of sex and cum, evidence that they had been at it for quite some time.

Despite the sickening feeling in his gut, Colby couldn't help but be drawn in by the intensity and beauty of their

lovemaking. It was clear that both his son and wife were in their sexual prime, their bodies flexing and contorting in perfect harmony. As much as it pained him to witness this betrayal, Colby couldn't deny the primal allure of watching a mother and son consumed by their physical desires.

At nearly 10-inches, Billy's manhood stood tall and proud, a symbol of virility and sexual prowess. From the depths of his loins rose a magnificent tower of erectile tissue, supported by strong muscles and ligaments, encased in a smooth, supple membrane of skin. Every inch was a testament to the power and pleasure that it held within.

His knob was smooth, bulbous and perfectly formed, like a bell topping a magnificent tower. At that moment, his glans were doing what they were made to do - carving through Carla's secreting, silken folds, relentlessly seeking the deepest parts of her sexual core.

The veins and ridges on his shaft were like the gnarled roots of an ancient tree, raking themselves against her pulsating sheath. They pulled and tugged at her moist, nerve-rich fuck-tunnel, eliciting gasps and moans with each thrust.

A female pussy could only take so much cock-plowing friction before it began to convulse and quiver. Carla's lips parted in delectation and her pretty green eyes rolled back in her head as Billy's large meat-sword continued its deep penetration assault on her inner sanctum.

The harder he thrust, the more her pussy clenched and released, swirling around his shaft like a wet, hungry mouth.

Billy grunted like some type of wild animal, his hips jerking up and down beneath his cock-fucking mother like a sexual athlete. Their crotches met in a frenzy of violent smacks, their fuck-thrusts growing stronger and faster.

After a half-dozen tit-jarring thrusts, Carla would plant her outer flanges firmly against Billy's cock-base, then pivot her wide hips up and back skillfully, stirring his throbbing dong in the pit of her pussy. This process repeated as she worked herself towards another mindblowing climax.

Colby's breath caught in his throat as he witnessed the intensity of his wife's orgasm. She howled with abandon, her body trembling and contorting in pleasure. Her massive breasts bounced and rippled like a bowl of gelatin, their motion mirroring the waves of pleasure coursing through her. In the height of her climax, her hips began to convulse and rock wildly, as if being electrified from within.

From his vantage point behind her quivering bubble butt, Colby could see her ejaculatory fluids gushing over Billy's balls and onto the already damp sheets below them. With each thrust of her hips, another wave of pleasure crashed over her and caused even more fluid to escape from her body.

"Ahh, shit, mom!" Billy grimaced, his voice hoarse as he gasped for air between each thrust. His gaze was locked on his mom's humongous boobs and engorged nipples, bouncing wildly as she convulsed on top of him.

Her eyes were closed, her face twisted in ecstasy, and sweat glistened across her skin - a testament to their fervent coupling.

Colby's mind raced with a thousand questions, but all the husband could do was watch as the slick, pulsing movements of his son's cock and Carla's pussy continued unabated. The sight, the smell, the sounds - they all seemed to be trapped in a primal, sensual symphony that he could not escape.

As the two of them continued to fuck with abandon, Colby felt a surge of jealousy and anger well up inside him. He knew he had to break free from this trance and confront what was happening.

"Carla. this nonsense has to stop," he stated after clearing his throat to get their attention.

His wife glared back at him, her hips still rocking rhythmically.

"Colby, I'd be more than happy to discuss this with you AFTER Billy ejaculates, now get out!" she shouted without offering any explanation whatsoever.

Colby, shocked by the dismissive tone of his wife, carefully stepped back from the doorway. He could hear Billy's breathing grow more rapid and shallow, the sound of their bodies slapping together becoming louder and more urgent. It was clear that nothing would stop this act until it was completed.

He retreated to the hallway, feeling a wave of nausea wash over. He knew he couldn't just keep walks away from a situation like this and pretend like nothing had happened. He needed to confront this head-on once they were finished.

Despite his father's attempts to intervene, Billy held onto his mother's hand with a firm grip and pulled her down against him. Her massive, plush breasts flopped around his face, their weight and softness pressing against him.

His hands reached around to grasp her bouncing buttocks, meeting her rhythmic thrusts with his own upward movements.

Even though Carla had given birth two weeks ago, she was already back in top form as she moved with wild abandon against her son's eager body.

Billy could feel her cervix, still soft and partially dilated from childbirth, gripping his penis with each thrust. The sensation sent shivers of pleasure through the teen's body as he pushed deeper inside of her.

The rhythm of their lovemaking intensified, both mother and son lost in their primal desires for one another. As they moved together in perfect synchrony, the ring of flesh that separated Carla's cervix from her vagina squeezed tightly around the neck of Billy's penis, adding to the intense sensations coursing through his body.

With each moan and groan, they reached new heights of ecstasy, oblivious to anyone or anything else around them.

Carla's breasts were heavy and swollen, filled with creamy milk that leaked out onto Billy's body as they writhed together on the bed. The sound of their moans mixed with the creaking of the old bed frame, which threatened to collapse under their passionate movements.

For Billy, there was nothing more satisfying than releasing his sticky seed inside his mother while simultaneously suckling from her full breast. It was something that he had already experienced twice that day.

With each thrust, he could feel his hot cum building up in his balls, ready to explode. And as he latched onto one of Carla's swollen teats and drank deeply from it, he was rewarded with a burst of delicious tit-nectar. The warm fluid flowed from multiple milk-ducts around her nipple, coating his tongue and igniting his senses.

Billy's impressive 10-inch member stood tall and proud, resembling a sturdy pillar of granite. Every inch was engorged with blood, causing his normally soft flesh to stretch and swell like an overinflated balloon. The veins at its base had constricted in order to prevent any blood from escaping, resulting in a network of blue veins that bulged against the delicate pink skin.

As Billy thrust into Carla's quivering core, the intricate maze of veins rubbed against her sensitive walls, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body. Each of her orgasms seemed to blend seamlessly into the next as they continued their passionate fuck-dance together.

Working his strong hips, Billy fucked so hard that it wasn't long before he too was nearing a hot, body-trembling climax..

"Ahh, Goddamn I'm gonna cum...fuck!" Billy grunted, milk spewing from the sides of his tit-smothered mouth. "I'm cumming!!"

With a final, deep, thunderous thrust, Billy's body stiffened as his enormous cock-muscle exploded into Carla's womb, shooting jet after jet of scalding semen into her as her inner walls clenched and unclenched around his shaft like a vice.

Carla screamed in pleasure, her voice echoing off the walls and through her listening husband's ears as she felt the warmth of her son's seed filling her once more.

Her climax was so intense that tit-milk erupted from her nipples with every orgasmic pulse of her pussy.

Finally, as the last spurt of cum escaped Billy's pulsing member, he collapsed onto bed, his chest heaving and sweat glistening on his body. He lay there, trembling and panting, their bodies basking in the afterglow of their three-hour fuck-session.

"Colby, why would you just barge in on us like that?!" his wife asked with a stern glare as she emerged from their son's bedroom.

Shadows danced across her face, highlighting the anger and frustration in her eyes. "You know that you and I don't like

to be disturbed while we're fucking, unless it's the baby crying."

"Why would I barge in?!" Colby repeated, his face contorted with anger. "Because I'm your husband, Carla. Don't I have a right to stop you and Billy from having sex?"

Carla scoffed and rolled her eyes. "I went nearly three weeks without any physical intimacy before and after giving birth. Don't I deserve to make up for lost time?"

"Yes, but with our son?! With Billy?" Colby exclaimed.

"Well, you sure as hell couldn't keep up with me," Carla retorted, shrugging her shoulders with a smirk. "I wasn't getting nearly enough satisfaction from you, and then you stopped fucking me completely."

"Out of concern for you and the baby," he pointed out.

"The baby is here, and I'm fine now and still I get nothing from you."

"That's because I'm gone during the day...working."

"That's not my problem, Colby," she countered, shaking her head. "What...am I just suddenly supposed to stop craving sex just because you're working?"

"No, but I just—"

"Billy's home for the summer and he has the same insatiable desires as I do, which makes him perfect for me in this situation."

Colby couldn't believe what he was hearing. He stared at his wife, dumbfounded. "Carla, you're my wife. We've been married for years, and you're telling me you'd rather have sex with your own son than with me?"

Carla sighed heavily, crossing her arms over her fat, naked tit. "I didn't say that. I need intimacy and fulfillment, Colby. I needed it badly after giving birth. You're gone during the day, Billy is here and willing to provide."

"But that doesn't make it right!" Colby protested. "You have to understand how wrong this is!"

"It may seem wrong to you, but it feels right to us," Carla said firmly. "And I'm not gonna apologize for that. Billy broke up with his girlfriend recently and we both need lots of sex, and we are finding it in each other."

Colby could only look at the floor and shake his head, disbelief etched on his face. His wife's words hung in the air like a heavy fog, casting a shadow over their relationship.

"So, how long do the two of you plan to continue this?" he finally asked.

"I'm glad you asked that because I actually created a formula to figure out the answer to that very question," Carla replied with a hint of pride in her voice.

"A formula?" Colby repeated, feeling both intrigued and apprehensive.

"Yes, I went three weeks without sex around the time I had the baby, so I calculated how many times I would have wanted it during that time period."

"And...what was the result?" Colby asked cautiously.

"126 times," Carla said matter-of-factly, a small smile playing on her lips.

"126 times?!" Colby exclaimed, his eyes widening in shock. "Carla, we wouldn't have had sex that many times in three weeks."

"I never said we would have actually done it that many times," she clarified, still smiling. "That was just the number of times I craved it during those three weeks. I know you don't have the desire or physical stamina for that kind of frequency."

"Hardly...that's like..." Colby paused, trying to do the numbers in his head.

"Six times a day," his wife answered. "Six times a day for three weeks. That's how many times Billy and I will need to fuck in order for me to make up for lost time."

"Make up for lost time?!"

"That's what I said," his wife answered defiantly. "Billy and I are gonna fuck six times a day for the next three weeks."

"Carla, that's ridiculous. Six times a day? I don't think any man could keep up with that kind of pace," Colby argued.

"Well, Billy can. He's young and full of sexual energy," she defended herself.

"Yeah, but with the baby, how will you and Billy even find time to have sex that many times?"

"We've already worked out a schedule, and I may as well share it with you so you know never to bother us during those times."

"A schedule?" Colby asked with a scowl.

"Yes, a schedule," his wife answered. "At 7am, Billy and I will have our morning fuck before the baby wakes up. I'll last approximately an hour. Our mid-morning fuck will be around 10am, after the baby is fed. Your mother has already agreed to come watch her for a couple of hours while Billy and I get it on."

"My mother?! Colby exclaimed. "My mother knows that you and Billy are screwing?"

"Yes, and she's totally supportive of it. She knows that making up for lost time in a woman's sex life can only be accomplished with the help of a young, sexually hungry teenager like Billy."

Colby's jaw dropped in disbelief, his mind struggling to make sense of the words coming from his wife's mouth.

"Now, back to the sex schedule," Carla continued with a coy smile. Her voice was laced with excitement and anticipation as she went over their carefully planned day. "At 1pm, Billy

and I will have our lunchtime fuck for an hour, then we'll hit it hard again at 3pm for our 4th round of the day before you get home from work. In fact, we might still be at it when you get home, like we were today."

Colby's stomach churned at the thought of his wife and another man engaging in such intimate activities while he was away at work.

He glanced at his watch, trying to calculate how long they had been going at it. "You guys started at 3pm today?" he asked in disgust. "It's almost 5:30."

"Yep, and we'll be back in bed by 6:30, right after dinner is over. So I'll need you to watch the baby during that time," Carla said casually, as if discussing mundane household chores instead of scheduling sexual encounters with her boy.

"And what about number six?" Colby sighed dejectedly.

"Number six will happen at bedtime. In fact, there may be times when I sleep in Billy's room since nighttime sex sessions can tend to go a little longer," Carla replied with a mischievous glint in her eye.

The gravity of the situation finally hit Colby as he realized that this wasn't just a one-time fling or a momentary lapse in judgement from his wife. This was a carefully crafted plan, a routine they had established together, leaving him feeling like nothing more than an outsider in his own marriage.

"So, what you're telling me is that a good portion of your day will be spent having sex with our son?" Colby questioned.

Carla nodded, smirk playing on her lips. "Yes, but keep in mind, that doesn't include all the foreplay."

"Foreplay?!"

Colby exclaimed, his face turning a deep shade of red.

Carla couldn't help but chuckle at his obvious discomfort. "Well, honey, we can't just jump straight into the act every time now, can we? I mean, sex requires a certain amount of build-up. Things like kissing, blowjobs and dirty talk. Things that'll assure Billy's cock is as hard as it can be and that I'm adequately wet and ready for him. You know, the usual preparation before the big show."

Colby was speechless, his mind reeling from the absurdity of the situation. There was frustration and hurt etched on his face, but Carla seemed completely unfazed by his reaction.

"Carla, sex is bad enough, but blowjobs too?" Colby managed to stammer.

"Yes, something that you couldn't possibly go without, even though I was experiencing three weeks of sexual deprivation, remember?"

"Yes, but sucking on your own son?"

"Billy enjoys getting his dick sucked just as much as the next guy. And you know how much I love having a delicious cock

in my mouth. You should know though that our oral fun won't stop at just blowjobs," Carla continued. "He'll be going down on me as well, and I'll be using my tits to milk him quite often. He'll spend plenty of time sucking on them too."

Colby's mouth fell open anew, his face contorted with disbelief and anger. "You're gotta be kidding me. You're letting him suck on your tits? And you expect me to be okay with this?"

Carla just shrugged nonchalantly. "Well, they are producing an overabundance of milk after all. Not to mention, Billy has always had a thing for big tits. It seems like a win-win situation to me."

"So, what about me?" Colby asked. "What about MY pleasure?"

"I'm sorry, honey, but your sexually needs are gonna have to be put on the back-burner for the the next three weeks. I need to catch up on all the pleasure that I missed out on and I can only do that with someone with the stamina and sexual appetite of Billy."

She sighed, then continued. "I know this isn't fair to you, but I really need this. And besides, it's not like you're completely sexless, is it? There's always your hand."

Colby felt a mixture of disappointment, embarrassment, and rage boiling up inside of him. He couldn't believe his ears. His wife was talking about a detailed sex schedule, including

blowjobs, with their son! It wasn't fair. He wanted to fight back, to stand up for himself, but his words felt empty.

After dinner, Billy watched his mom nurse the baby. He licked his lips, anticipating the moment when he'd get to latch his mouth around her swollen teat and feel his face buried under all that warm, heavy tit-flesh.

While sitting in the rocker, Carla gazed across at her son teasingly, her naked, shimmering legs fully exposed beneath her skirt. She slowly uncrossed her legs, giving him a glimpse of her naked, shaved pussy beneath her skirt, then crossed them again, just like Sharon Stone had in the famous police interrogation scene in the movie *Fatal Attraction*.

"Looks like someone's ready to fuck his ass off again," Carla giggled, gesturing the tubular-shaped erection beneath her teenager's pants.

"Uh-huh," Billy gulped as a bead of sweat rolled down his forehead. "I'm gonna fuck you REALLY hard this time."

"You are huh?" Carla asked, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "But last time you ravaged my pussy so good. I'm not sure how you can top that, sweetheart. But I guess we'll have to wait and see."

"Last time you were on top of me," Billy noted, brazenly squeezing the thickness of his rock-hard erection in front of her. "But this time I'm gonna be the one on top."

Carla's lips curved into a sly smile. "Yay! There are so many different variations of the 'man on top.' We could try hooking my legs over your shoulders or I could spread them in a wide V in the air and let you thrust your cock into my wet, tight pussy like a jackhammer."

"I like the sound of both those ways," Billy confessed, his breath quickening.

"There's also a variation of the missionary position called the 'launch pad' we could try," Carla suggested.

"What's that?" asked Billy, his curiosity piqued.

"I bend my knees back and rest both my feet against your chest," she explained. "You'll be on your knees thrusting deep inside me. God, there are so many variations of the missionary position I wanna try with you - the Octopus, the Anvil, the Criss Cross, the Deck Chair. I bet you would perform them all flawlessly with your huge, throbbing cock."

"How many different sex positions are there do you think?" Billy asked.

"Probably hundreds," Carla giggled.

"Since we're gonna fuck like a 126 times, we should try 126 different sex positions too," Billy suggested.

"I think that would be both challenging AND amazing!"

"Me too. Damn, I just wanna fuck right now," Billy exclaimed, his breath hot and heavy as he gazed down at his sexy mother.

Carla let out a playful giggle and stood up, carefully placing the sleeping baby in her crib. "Well, you're in luck. Your sister is fed and sound asleep so it's time for our nightly fuck-session," she said with a wicked grin.

She didn't bother covering up her exposed breasts, still swollen from breastfeeding, as she sat back down in the rocker.

Leaning back against the plush cushions, Carla drew her knees back and spread her legs wide open. Her creamy thighs glistened in the dim light of the room, inviting Billy to explore every inch of her. "We can engage in the 'launch pad' position right here and now, sweetheart," Carla purred, reaching down between her legs to spread the folds of her vulva open for his hungry eyes.

Billy felt his heart skip a beat as he stared hungrily at the sight before him. The soft pink flesh of Carla's pussy was like a delicate flower, begging to be plucked and devoured. The tip of her clitoris peeked out from its fleshy hood like a precious jewel waiting to be discovered. And beneath it all, her tight cunt hole glistened with wetness while the tiny ring of her asshole winked teasingly between her luscious buns pressed against the chair.

Billy undressed quickly, and his dick sprung out of his pants like king-cobra from its basket, venom drooling from the mouth positioned atop the shiny-skinned crown.

"The 'launch pad' is the perfect name for what we're about to do," Billy stated. "Because my dick is like a rocket, ready to be launched into the depths of your pussy, mom."

"Come explore my universe, baby," Carla purred, her breathy voice sending shivers down his spine. "Spread my legs wide and let your rocket touch down on my fertile lands."

Billy moved closer, his long, stiff cock bobbing stiffly, like a sturdy tree branch in the wind.

"Mmm, my sweet little 'pussy astronaut,' Carla cooed. "Your father knows that you're the only one who gets to explore the uncharted territories of my wet, warm depths for the next three weeks."

"I'm gonna love it," Billy gasped, his voice barely a whisper as he pressed the knob of his cock against his mom's grape-sized clit, smearing it with pre-cum.

Carla's eyes widened with excitement as she felt the tip of Billy's hot, throbbing cock against her sensitive clit. She closed her eyes, taking in the sensation of it pressing against her.

"Oh yes, toy my clit, son," Carla breathed. "Rub that beautiful cock-head of yours across my sensitive love-button."

Billy complied, rubbing the engorged head of his cock against Carla's clit in circular motions, eliciting a moan of

pleasure from his mother. He continued to stroke the sensitive flesh, his own desire growing with each second.

Carla felt her arousal begin to build, her pussy swelling and lubricating with her juices in anticipation. She reached down, grasping Billy's thick shaft, stroking it in time with his motions on her clit.

"Mmm, baby, your cock is so hard and hot," Carla whispered, her voice thick with desire. "I can't wait to feel it inside me."

Billy pulled away from Carla's clit, his gaze locked on the sight of his mother's pussy, swollen with arousal and slick with her juices. He positioned the head of his member at the entrance of her tight, wet hole, his heart pounding with excitement at the thought of being inside her.

"Are you ready, mom?" he asked, his voice shaky with anticipation.

Carla nodded, her eyes locked on his as he slowly began to push forward, the head of his erection slowly breaching the entrance to her pussy.

"Ugh yesss," she moaned, her voice a mixture of pleasure and pain as his cock stretched her open. "Fuck me, Billy. Make me yours."

With each slow thrust, Billy sank deeper inside his mother, her slick, corrugated walls tight around his cock, gripping him like a vice. He could feel her pussy pulsating, gripping

him tighter with each thrust, her juices coating his cock in a warm, slippery sheen.

"Oh fuck, mom," he moaned, his own arousal building with every powerful drive of his hips.

The base of his erection pulsed and expanded, revealing the full might of his penile root. Thick, sinewy muscles flexed in the bulb beneath the base of his penis, trapping the surging blood inside the chambers of his shaft and causing it to swell and stiffen to its maximum potential.

With each thrust into Carla's tight, heated sheath, Billy's member was held by taut ligaments that encircled it like a protective sling. A network of bulging veins crisscrossed over the surface, pulsing with arousal and feeding into a delicate, sensitive membrane of his pink skin. This intricate structure exposed clusters of sensitive nerve endings, heightening both Billy's pleasure and hers as they moved together in a dance of intense desire.

They writhed together in the 'launch pad' position, Carla's sexy bare feet with brightly-painted toenail-polish planted firmly against his muscular chest, controlling his depth of penetration.

Billy grinned as he looked down and watched his long, muscled sex organ slide in and out of his mom's warm, tight, and wet pussy. He could hardly believe that this was actually happening, that he was having sex with his own gorgeous mother. But the feeling was simply too electric, too overwhelming, to deny.

He watched as his mother's pretty face twisted in pleasure, her eyes rolling back in her head, the pussy juice that he had already worked from her walls dripping from his cock. He looked over and saw that the baby was sleeping soundly, not knowing the raunchy act happening just a few feet away.

Billy thrust harder and faster, his hips snapping forward with a primal urgency. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the air as he drove into his mother's slick heat. He longed to feel every inch of himself buried inside her, and he could sense that he was getting closer with each deep thrust.

Carla moaned loudly, her body writhing beneath him as she surrendered to his animalistic desire. Her hands gripped the arms of the rocker tightly, her legs spread wide to accommodate him.

With each thrust, the rocker swayed gently, adding a rhythmic motion to their passionate coupling. The only other sound in the room was the soft slap of Billy's balls against the curve of Carla's fatty ass-cheeks.

"Oh fuck, I need all of you!" the mother suddenly cried out, throwing her legs open in a wide V so her arched feet hovered in the air.

She pulled Billy's body down onto hers. Their chests pressed together, her cushy, milk-packed tits jostling between them as they moved together in a frantically- accelerated fuck-rhythm.

Billy's massive, throbbing cock was exactly where Carla craved it to be - deep inside her inner sanctum. The head of his member sliced through the slightly dilated ring of her cervical-entrance, making her gasp and moan in pleasure.

Memories of her college days flooded back, when she had enjoyed her fair share of well-endowed lovers. But now, with her body changed after giving birth, none of them could compare to the sensation of her son's boner penetrating her cervix.

At first, there was some discomfort as Billy's girth stretched and filled Carla's tight passage. But as he continued to thrust, her body adjusted and accommodated his size.

It was a slow process, but eventually Billy's dickhead had passed through her cervical canal and was nestled snugly near her uterus. His entire shaft was buried deep within her warm, wet pussy, filling her completely with every powerful thrust.

"Oh God, Billy...you're gonna make me cum!" Carla cried out, her voice shaking with desire. "I can feel you so deep inside me. Keep fucking me like that!"

Billy's cock twitched with her words, the nerves at the base of his shaft pulsing with pleasure. He thrust harder, faster, his hips pistoning in a furious rhythm. The air was thick with the scent of their mingled arousal, and the sound of their naked bodies slapping together echoed in the small room.

Their eyes locked, and Carla watched as her son's lean muscles flexed with each powerful thrust. His abs tightened, his arms tensed, and she could see the veins in his neck throbbing with the effort of holding back his climax. She wanted to feel it, to experience the full intensity of his ball-quivering orgasm inside of her.

"Fuck me, baby," she moaned. "Cum with me!"

Carla's back rose from the chair, curving in a graceful arch as her face twisted ecstasy and her pretty white teeth clenched together. Her giant, naked boobies pressed against her son's well-toned chest, their weight causing ripples to run through the soft flesh.

Billy could feel the tit-juice erupting from the milk-glands surrounding her rubbery teats, soaking his skin with warm, sticky liquid. The warm milk shot out with every contracting squeeze of her cunt as Carla's orgasmic screams filled their entire home.

"Ahh, hot damn!" Billy gasped, feeling the tunnel of her claspng cunt turn to hot cream around his sinewy cock.

With one final thrust, he buried himself as deep as he could go, relishing in the sensation of his balls tightening close to his body. And with a primal grunt, he released a powerful stream of semen that raced up the length of his cock and into Carla's clenching cunt.

Their contractions seemed to be timed perfectly, as wave after wave of his hot, sticky seed poured into her womb.

Carla's muscles tightened around his throbbing member, smothering his erectile meat in a tight, motherly grip and milking every last drop from him.

As the intensity of their orgasms began to subside, they collapsed onto the rocking chair, still joined together, panting and sweaty. The rocker continued to sway gently back and forth, like a mother rocking her baby boy.

"Oh my God, Billy," Carla whispered, her voice hoarse from her screams of pleasure. "That was...incredible."

"It's not even bedtime yet, but I could definitely handle number six right now," Billy offered with a mischievous grin, his cock still as hard as a rock inside of her.

Carla's eyes sparkled with desire as she looked into Billy's lust-filled gaze. "I think we should retire to your bedroom early then," she responded, sliding her legs around him and hooking her ankles at the center of his back. "Carry me there, loverboy."

With ease, Billy lifted her up and groaned as her tight walls clamped down on his manhood, causing his swollen shaft to throb inside her cervix. Her slick tunnel enveloped him completely, creating an intense suction that made him gasp in pleasure.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned, his face buried between Carla's cushy breasts as he gripped her voluptuous buttocks tightly. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her round bubble butt, eliciting a shiver of delight from his equally horny mother.

"Are you doing okay, baby?" she asked, running her fingers through his hair. "Are you gonna make it to the bedroom or would you rather pound more juice out of my pussy right here?"

"I can make it," Billy answered.

As Colby emerged from the bedroom, his eyes fell upon his son carrying his wife in a provocative manner. A sickening feeling churned in his stomach as he watched Carla cling to Billy, her arms wrapped around his neck and her long, mature legs wrapped around his body.

In their twenty years of marriage, he had never seen her carried like that before and a twinge of envy stabbed at his heart, especially when he noticed how Billy's member was buried deep inside her.

"Coming through, dad," Billy announced shamelessly, carrying Carla down the hallway.

"Bad timing, honey," Carla told her husband with a sly grin as they passed by him.

"Billy and I are heading to bed for our sixth round of sex," she added with an eager look on her face.

With disbelief written all over his face, Colby watched as his wife was carried towards the bed in Billy's room. Without hesitation, his son dove onto the soft mattress, landing right on top of Carla, which caused her to squeal with delight.

All Colby could do was stand in the doorway and watch as Billy began to ravage his wife with virile, energetic fuck-thrusts.

His huge, muscular cock dipped in and out of her wet, engorged pussy, sending sparks of ecstasy coursing through Carla's body. Her nipples remained rock-hard, as her giant-sized breasts jiggled between them.

She moaned loudly, her hips lifting to meet each thrust, her pussy clenching and unclenching around his cock. "Yes, fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked before, baby...please!" Carla's voice cried out.

Billy's gaze never left his mother's as he pounded her, his eyes burning with a raw, animalistic hunger. Her soft moans were like music to his ears, a sweet symphony of pleasure and desire fueling his every move.

Colby, still standing in the doorway, watched in stunned silence as his wife's body arched and convulsed with each powerful thrust. His son's cock was clearly much bigger than his so he wasn't surprised to see his wife cumming this quickly and intensely.

His wife's face was flushed and her eyes were wide with pleasure, a stark contrast to the bored, disinterested look she often gave him.

Carla savored the sensation of her body entwined with Billy's, limbs twisting and tangling in a frenzy of passion.

Their skin glistened with sweat as they moved in perfect sync, their bodies united in a primal dance of pleasure.

Every muscle strained as they rocked together, hips grinding in a fierce and frenzied rhythm. In that moment, there was nothing but the two of them, lost in the abandon of raw desire.

Carla's chest rose and fell rapidly as she gazed over at her husband, frustration evident in her expression. His watchful eye made her skin prickle with irritation. "Colby," she panted, "close the door. I'm gonna be cumming numerous times tonight and I don't want our little one to wake up." Her voice was breathless and strained with desire, but also tinged with a hint of urgency.

Colby hesitated for a moment, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment and anger. But he swallowed hard and did as she asked, closing the door quietly behind him.

As he retreated down the hall, he could still hear the sounds of their lovemaking, the wet slapping of skin on skin, the sharp intake of breaths, and the cries of pleasure.

"It sucks to be dad right now," Billy giggled, kissing his way up his mother's soft, jiggling cleavage."

"Well, yes, just like it sucked for me going without sex for three weeks," Carla added. "That was his choice and now he's paying the price."

Billy rose up on extended arms while he fucked so he could watch his mom's tits put on a show.

Her jugs bounced and swayed as he thrust inside her, their weight causing ripples to run through the soft flesh. Her areolas capped her pillowy mounds like dusky pink saucers, and her nipples stood proud, hard and erect.

"Oh fuck... Oh fuck, baby, I'm gonna cum!" Carla cried out, her voice hoarse from all her moans and screams of pleasure.

Billy watched her pretty face, her sparkling eyes wide, her cheeks flushed, and her lips parted in a silent scream as waves of pure ecstasy washed over her.

"Fuck yes, mom!" Billy panted, his dick pounding her pussy like a jackhammer, each thrust sending a shockwave of bliss through her. He wanted to really lay into her and make his beautiful mom cum harder than she ever had before.

"Ah! Ahh! Ahhhhh!" she screamed, her voice echoing through the room.

Billy's hips thrust forward with a primal force, his engorged member plunging deeper and deeper into the clenching tunnel of quivering flesh.

The recent release of his orgasm gave him renewed stamina, fueling the desire to keep fucking for as long as he could.

A moan escaped his lips as Carla's skilled pussy-muscles tightened around him, her chest rising and falling rapidly from the intensity of her climax.

Her mammoth titties trembled against his chest as her body convulsed with pleasure, sending ejaculatory juices splattering over his balls and onto the bed beneath them.

As Carla slowly came back down to earth, Billy sat up eagerly, his cock still buried inside her. He couldn't resist the urge to continue pumping, desperate to prolong this incredible sensation.

"Can we try one of those other positions you were talking about?" he gasped in-between thrusts

Fuck yes we can!" Carla answered through heavy breaths. "Which one are you interested in trying, baby?"

"How about that Octopus one," he suggested with excitement. "That sounds like it could be a lot of fun."

"Oh yes, I love me a good Octopus-style fuck," she smiled. "You'll need to sit down on the mattress and lean backwards slightly, using your hands placed behind your back to support yourself."

With a quick movement, Billy pulled his wet boner out of Carla's pussy and positioned himself as she had described. "Like this?" he asked, his voice tinged with excitement.

"Exactly," replied Carla, standing up and hovering over him. It gave her son an excellent view that he wished he could enjoy forever.

Eager to feel his cock back inside her, Carla placed her feet on either side of her son's waist, her body radiating confidence and desire.

"Now, bend your legs slightly," she instructed, "and I'm gonna squat onto your cock."

As Billy slid inside her warm, wet pussy, Carla sat on his lap and slowly leaned backwards. Her hands found support behind her back on the mattress, causing her oversized tit-melons to jut outward and slightly droop off the sides of her chest.

With a sensual grace, she lifted her right leg and placed it on his left shoulder, then did the same with her left leg on his right shoulder.

"Now, let's fuck like an octopus," she said eagerly, rocking her hips and pumping her cunt on the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

Billy's heart raced as he looked down and watched her swollen, glistening pussy lips eagerly welcome his mammoth rod. With each powerful thrust, Carla's tight sheath enveloped his length completely, caressing every inch with its velvet walls.

Their bodies pressed together in a fiery embrace, her shaved crotch grinding against his own as her enflamed clit mashed against his pubic bone.

"Oh damn...this feels incredible," Billy sighed, his eyes traveling up her tapered torso and taking in the sight of her

mountainous breasts bouncing rhythmically with each movement.

Carla's boobs swayed away from each other then back across her chest, creating a mesmerizing dance that caused her milk-filled mammarys to ripple beautifully. The sensation of their bodies joining together sent electric shocks through their veins, building towards an explosive climax.

"Fuck me faster, baby," Carla pleaded, the speed of her own thrusts increasing, her sexy feet hooking around his neck.

"Ahh damn," Billy gasped, as he met her intensified thrusts. "I love the way your octopussy feels," he joked, making his mother giggle through her gasps of pleasure.

"Would you like to wrap our tentacles up even tighter, baby?" Carla suggested, her eyes shining with lust.

Billy grinned, a wicked glint in his eyes. "Absolutely!" he agreed, reaching over to wrap a strong arm around his mother's waist, pulling her closer to him. As he did so, she clamped her legs around his neck, gripping him tightly as if afraid he might escape her clutches.

As their bodies intertwined, Billy's thrusts grew more powerful and urgent, perfectly synchronized with Carla's own movements.

She leaned in for a deep, passionate kiss, their mouths melding together as their tongues danced in a fierce duel inside Billy's mouth.

Carla's fingers found their way into his hair, pulling him closer as they sought to connect not just physically, but emotionally as well.

Billy couldn't resist reaching up to grasp onto Carla's giant jugs, which bouncing between them with each thrust. He could feel the weight of her breasts in his hands as they swayed back and forth, almost able to hear the milk sloshing around inside them.

His fingers dug into the soft flesh, gently pinching her nipples and causing them to erupt, spraying sticky tit-milk that splattered and ran down his chest like warm rain.

With a sharp gasp, Billy's body collided with his mom's in a frenzy of naked flesh. Her arms and legs coiled tightly around him, squeezing him in a vice grip. He felt helpless against her strength and dominance, like a young buck being overpowered by a fierce female octopus, its tentacles ensnaring and overwhelming him.

The raw, animalistic energy between them was palpable, their bodies thrashing together in a primal dance of desire.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck, I'm gonna cum, mom!" Billy announced, his voice strained with pleasure.

"Yes, yes, cum with me baby," she urged, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

Billy's hips bucked wildly, his throbbing member pulsating with each thrust as it filled her up, jets of hot, sticky cum hosing out into her eager cervix. The sensation of his spunk

splattering against her inner walls and being smeared by his relentless pounding only heightened Carla's arousal.

She moaned in tandem with Billy's loud cries, their bodies shaking from the intense pleasure surging through them. As they reached the peak of their shared climax, she could feel the warm, sperm-rich liquid filling her up, coating their joined genitals in a slippery mess.

Carla's own orgasm peaked as well, causing her body to shudder and shake as she gripped a handful of Billy's hair tighter, pulling him closer to her.

Their combined ejaculate created a warm, frothy marinade around Billy's enormous shaft, seeping out and running over his pulsating balls like thick soap suds.

When they finally came down from their orgasmic high, Billy collapsed back onto his bed, spent and satisfied. Carla followed suit, laying on top of him and resting her head on his chest, the warmth and softness of her breasts enveloping him in a cocoon of blissful afterglow.

"That was incredible," Billy breathed.

"Yes it was, and just think, baby...tomorrow we get to do it all over again," she reminded him. "And then the next day and the next day for the next twenty-one days."

"I never dreamed I'd get to fuck a hot girl like you that much," Billy admitted, an eager smile spreading across his face.

"Well, I never dreamed I'd get to fuck a hot, young stud like you that much either, " Carla replied, a slight chuckle escaping her lips. "But here we are, making our sexual dreams come true."

She planted her lips against his for a tender kiss, anxious for all the adventurous sex positions they would soon try together, and the continued pleasure his cock would give her.