

Keeping Resolutions with the Aid of Mom...and a Vacuum Cleaner

By Klrxo

“YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!”

Casandra's scream was muted by the sound of a vacuum cleaner. Her luscious legs were extended back in a wide V, and her son's plump, young balls beat against the fatty meat of her rounded buttocks. There was no shame in their union; only a passion that was natural in two people engaged in a feverish fuck.

“YES, BABY...FUCK ME HARDER! OH MY GOD, I'M GONNA CUM!”

ONE MONTH EARLIER

“Jeremy, your room's a filthy mess! You need to do some cleaning before our company arrives tonight!” Casandra hollered as she peeked in her son's room.

“Mom, they're just coming for a New Years Eve party. No one will even be in my room,” the teen replied, sprawled across his bed playing a game on his phone.

“That doesn't matter! If anyone happened to see the mess you have in here they'd be horrified.”

Jeremy glanced over at his pretty mom as she stepped into his room on bare feet. She wore a sexy gray, one-piece romper that fit her curvy body snugly. He admired the way the front was half-way unbuttoned, exposing a tremendous portion of his mom's bulging tit-cleavage. It had only been the past couple of years that he had appreciated just how ravishing and voluptuous his mother was. Her eyes were a brilliant green and her fiery red hair was long and luxurious, framing in her pretty face.

Casandra surveyed her son's untidy space. “There's dirty clothes all over your floor and wadded-up tissues everywhere! I probably don't even wanna know what you used them for, but my guess is it WASN'T for blowing your nose,” she stated with a half-playful glare. Little did the mother know that the dried cum-loads contained within the scattered Kleenex were a result of her boy's obsession with having mind-blinding sex with her. Jeremy had often imagined himself on top

of his mom, cradled in her warm thighs, beating the tender meat of his cock through the snug, juicy grip of her pussy.

"I'll do some cleaning as soon as I finish this level," Jeremy replied, trying to stay focused on his phone and not the crotch of his mom's romper hovering nearby. The thin cotton fabric hugged Casandra's pubis, creating a wonderful camel toe. It was just the spot that Jeremy wanted to squeeze his stiffening boner into. When Casandra turned, Jeremy was met with sight of her rounded bubble butt. The hem of the romper crept up her meaty buns, exposing plenty of succulent ass-flesh. The horny teen couldn't help but imagine her peach-shaped buttocks beating against his lean mid-section while he humped her mindlessly in a heated doggy-fuck.

The unimpressed mother peeked back over her shoulder, catching him ogling her ass. "Have you even started setting any New Years resolutions yet?" she asked.

"New Years resolutions?"

"Yes, you know...goals for the new year."

"Why would I need to do that?" Jeremy asked, rolling his eyes.

"So you can better yourself...maybe experience some things in the coming year that you never have before."

"I can do that without setting goals, mom."

Casandra plopped down on the edge of his bed, making her huge, fatty breasts jostle beneath her romper. She crossed her sexy legs, which had a silky sheen from being shaved and rubbed with lotion not long before arriving in her son's room. "Jeremy, you're not going out today until this room is spotless AND you have at least one goal written down on paper," she advised.

"Fine!" the teen sighed, glancing over at his mother's mammoth breasts. She had only given birth to his baby sister a few months ago, so her tits were tremendously milk-swollen. He knew she wasn't wearing a bra because he could see the fat nubs of her nipples protruding out stiffly beneath the fabric. He licked his lips, wishing he could latch his mouth around one, then press his face into the huge globular mass of his mom's tit, feeling all of it's soft, spongy flesh mask his face while he sucked.

Cassandra was no dummy. She knew her boy was mesmerized by her charms. Catching him gawking at her body was a regular occurrence, but she usually brushed it off to him just being young and curious. *"Fascination with me will fade the more he's exposed to girls his own age,"* Casandra thought.

"What about working on your soccer skills and getting on the varsity team this year...isn't that a goal you're working towards?" the mother asked.

"My friends decided not to try out for the team, so I changed my mind."

"Well, isn't there any other sports related goals you have?"

"Mom!" Jeremy blurted, seeming annoyed by her persistence. "I'll write something down, ok?!"

"You better!" Casandra stated, standing back up. "Once you collect all this laundry, bring it downstairs and I'll get it in the wash for you."

"Got it!" Jeremy answered, giving her a thumbs-up, while staring at the game on his phone screen. When his mom began sashaying towards his doorway his eyes shifted to her ass. The half-exposed globes of her rounded posterior made his cock fully harden by the way her buns swayed atop the luscious spires of her legs.

As promised, when he was through with his game, Jeremy tidied up his bedroom and collected his laundry. Before taking it downstairs, he jotted down a goal on a piece of paper and stuffed it in his pocket. He had no intention of showing THIS goal to his mom.

When he got to the laundry room his mother was folding some of her delicates that were fresh out of the dryer. The teen froze in the doorway when he saw her folding one of her big, embroidered bras. It was pale-pink, and the cups were sheer, allowing him to see his mom's face through them as Casandra held them up, folding one enormous cup over the other. She spotted her son in the doorway and smiled. "Just put your hamper down right there, honey," she requested.

Before he could turn to leave, she continued with a question. "Did you write down your New Year's resolution?"

"Yes, it's in my pocket," Jeremy answered.

"Suuure, it is!" his mom replied skeptically. "Let's see it!"

“Mom, I wrote one down!”

“Show me the paper then!”

Jeremy fished it from his pocket. “See!” he blurted, holding it up.

“What’s it say?” Casandra asked.

“Why do you need to know?” her son asked nervously. “It’s MY goal.”

“I know, but what’s wrong with sharing it?”

“It’s personal, that’s what,” Jeremy replied.

“Honey, you can share your resolution with people. I’ll tell you mine.”

“You don’t have to,” said the teen, wanting more than anything to change the subject.

“I don’t mind sharing my New Years resolution. I wanna work out more this year and lose a few pounds.”

“You don’t need to lose a few pounds, mom,” her son stated, loving her body just the way it was.

“Well, that’s sweet, but I do. Ever since I gave birth to your sister a few months ago I have yet to lose some of this extra flab.”

“What extra flab?” her boy asked, as his eyes drifted down her hourglass figure.

“In my butt and boobs mostly,” Casandra stated, looking down at her jutting tits. She was a triple d before her pregnancy, but now her tits had swelled to and H cup. Jeremy’s eyes widened at the way his mom’s heavy mammaries ballooned out beneath the romper. Her creamy cleavage spilt from the unbuttoned portion of the outfit, threatening to pull the other buttons apart. Her nipples were turgid and prominent, sticking out from underneath the fabric like two stiff marshmallows. “Now that I’ve told you about my goal for the coming year, you can help keep me motivated to accomplish it.”

“Sure!” the boy nodded.

“Good, now share yours with me, so I can do the same for you.”

“I’d rather not, mom.” Jeremy replied, putting it back in his pocket.

“Jeremy, stop! Just let me see what you wrote down!”

“Mom, come on, it’s embarrassing! Let me go to my room and write something else, then I’ll show you.”

“Write something else?! No, I wanna see what you wrote. That’s obviously the first goal that popped into your mind. That should be the one you focus on this year,” Casandra persisted.

“I’m not showing you!”

“JEREMY MATHEWS! Take that paper out of your pocket RIGHT NOW and hand it over!” his mom sternly hollered.

“Great! I’m about to be royally grounded!” the teen thought as he handed the paper over to his mother.

Casandra’s expression softened as she took it from him, then read it out loud.

“MY GOAL FOR THIS YEAR IS TO FUCK MOM.”

Jeremy lowered his head in shame as he heard a sharp gasp leave his mother’s mouth. “Now do you see why I didn’t want you to read it?” he muttered.

“Yes,” she whispered, unsure of what else to say.

After what seemed like an hour of awkward silence the teen spoke up. “Like I said, I’ll go back to my room and write down a different goal.”

“No,” his mom whispered, then handed the paper back to him, staring straight at him with her beautiful green eyes. “That’s your resolution. It’s obviously what you want more than anything this year. You should go after it!” she concluded, her pink, bee stung lips curling into a slight smile.

Nothing was said about it for the remainder of the day, or for the entire week for that matter. After arriving home from school one day, Jeremy discovered his mom in the living room. She was on the floor doing some stretching exercises. “Hi, honey...how did school go?” she asked, peeking back over her shoulder.

It took Jeremy a moment to answer. His mom was wearing a pair of white scrunch butt yoga pants. They were made using a special sewing technique, tightening the ass-crack portion of the fabric, creating the illusion of a bare buttocks. Casandra was resting on the floor in a straddle split, with the painted toes of her bare feet

pointing towards opposite ends of the room. "School went, um...ok," he replied, astounded by how far his mom could spread her legs apart.

"Good. I'm just getting a workout in before the baby wakes up from her nap. As you can see I'm trying to work on my New Year's goal," she stated, then leaned her pelvis forward, squashing her huge tits against the floor as she shifted to a middle split. This showed the true musculature of her hips and made the plush, rounded cheeks of her ass jut out wonderfully.

Jeremy could hardly speak as he stood there watching his mom's derriere bob up and down in a stretching exercise. The fabric clung her crotch, molding to the outline of her tumescent outer folds. This created a clearly defined cuntal slit, the sight of which made the boy's cock harden beneath his pants. "*Damn..that's fucking hot!*" he thought, with his tongue nearly hanging out in lust.

Cassandra peeked back at him over her shoulder. The way her son was staring at her ass made her glance down at his crotch. She could see the tubular shape of his cock-muscle hardening as it filled with blood and pushed the knob outward beneath the fabric. "How's YOUR goal coming along?" she asked, looking back up at his blushing face.

"Very funny, mom!" Jeremy muttered, his face red with embarrassment.

"I wasn't joking, Jeremy. IT IS your resolution. Are you working on it?" she asked with a straight face.

Rather than answer, Jeremy had a question of his own. It was something he'd been worried about since their chat in the laundry room. "You didn't tell dad what I wrote down on that paper, did you?"

"You're still alive, aren't you?" she joked.

"Yeah, true. He probably would kill me if you told him about that?"

Cassandra gracefully sprung to her feet, making her giant tits jostle beneath her sports bra. It took a second for Jeremy to realize that her white matching top was just sheer enough that he could faintly see the wide, darkened rings of her areola through the fabric. "I still might tell him. I haven't decided yet," the mother stated. "I guess I'm waiting to see how much work you're willing to put into achieving the goal first."

“Oh...well, um...what good is working on it if it'll never happen?”

She fed him a strange smile. “If you think your goal can never be achieved than it's YOU telling yourself that, not me,” she stated.

Jeremy pondered what she was implying. *“It's true! She didn't tell me no. She just told me to go after it,”* he thought. However, as bad as he wanted to fuck her, he never in a million years thought she'd wanna fuck him too. In fact, he was still worried about how depraved she probably thought he was.

“I do...uh, realize what I was wanting...really wasn't appropriate,” he confessed.

Cassandra placed her hands on her wide hips, staring over at her son. The swell of her sports bra-stuffed tits were so massive it seemed like she should fall forward from being so Goddamn top-heavy. “There's no rules when it comes to setting New Years resolutions,” she stated encouragingly. “If you wanna be a motherfucker, honey, then work for it.”

Jeremy's heart was beating so fast in his chest that he was having a hard time breathing. He didn't know how he could ‘work’ at getting into his mom's panties, but he was certainly willing to show her he was trying. He did some brainstorming and a few days later he put his plan in action.

While his father was watching TV and after he knew his mom had fed the baby, Jeremy sought her out in the kitchen. “Hey, mom...I have a question?” he asked.

“Sure, honey, what's up?” she asked.

“I was wondering if you'd, um...let me give you a foot rub?”

Cassandra fed him a smile. She was beginning to wonder WHEN and IF her son had plans of trying to bury his boy-cock inside her pussy. This appeared to be a step in that direction. “Sure, honey...that sounds nice. Where do you want me?” she asked.

“My bedroom?” Jeremy boldly asked, thrilled by the way she had posed her question.

“Are you asking me, or telling me?” she giggled.

“Do you mind doing it in my bedroom?”

His mom stepped up to him, so her sweater-meat just barely grazed his chest. She reached out and rubbed his arm tenderly. "Honey, when a woman asks you where you want her...TELL HER where you want her," she advised.

"I want you in my bedroom," the boy responded, much more sure of himself this time.

"Let me get changed and I'll be up."

Jeremy went upstairs and prepped his bed for a foot massage. He had purchased a wonderful massage oil, which he knew his mom would love. He had it neatly sat on a towel at the edge of his bed when she arrived. He wasn't expecting his red headed mother to be in something quite so sexy. Her giant unfettered breast bobbed heavily beneath a black kimono robe. "Do you want the door closed?" she asked, stopping in his doorway.

"You can close it if you want," her son replied.

She fed him a testy glare. "Jeremy...do YOU want the door closed?" she asked again as if testing his resolve.

"Yeah, close it...and um, lock it too please," he directed.

After doing so, Casandra stepped over to her son's bed. "Do you want me on your mattress?" his mom asked and they both grinned at each other from the obvious sexual connotation of such a question.

"Yeah, so, um...I was thinking you could sit on the edge of the bed, and I'll sit in my desk chair and massage your feet that way," Jeremy replied.

"You're the masseuse," Casandra uttered, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"However you wanna work me over, honey."

Jeremy plopped down in his desk chair and rolled over in front of his sexy mom. He couldn't believe how smooth and luscious her legs looked. The robe was only thigh-length when she stood, and now it had crept so far up when she sat that there wasn't an inch of her sleek, naked legs that weren't on display. "How about your right foot first," he requested, draping the towel across his lap. He knew this would both keep oil from getting on his pants and hide his erect cock, which was already stiffening.

Casandra brought her dainty right foot up on her son's lap and watched him squirt some oil onto it. "Is that strawberry oil?" she asked with a smile.

"It is!" Jeremy replied as he began to massage some into his mom's foot. "I wanted to use your favorite scent...so I went out and bought some."

She looked across and gazed him deeply in the eyes. "Impressive," she muttered.

"I did some research on YouTube on how to give a proper foot massage," Jeremy added.

"Sounds like someone's been hard at work."

"Yep."

"Mmm, this feels REALLY good!" Casandra sighed, leaning back, so she was resting on extended arms that were propped back on her son's bed. This caused her big breasts to balloon outward and the slit of the robe to peel open across her monster cleavage.

Jeremy marveled at the way his mom arched her neck, so her big silky mane of red hair hung down towards his mattress. While she wasn't watching him, he took the opportunity to let his eyes drift down to her exposed tit-cleavage. The amount of creamy flesh that bulged out of the robe was truly obscene. It looked as though his mom had a pair of full-sized watermelons, of equal size, slightly drooping off the sides of her chest. If the robe opened any further, he'd be staring at her enormous tit-caps and the fat, rubbery teets protruding from their centers. "I'm, um...glad you're enjoying it," he uttered.

His mom straightened her neck and stared across at him again. "It's nice to see you working towards your goal," she shared. "The great thing about sharing your New Years resolution with others is that they can not only support you, but provide tips on how to achieve your goal."

"Oh, well...do you have any tips for me?" her son asked.

"A few," his mom smiled mischievously.

"What are they?"

"First, lose the shirt. You have a lean, handsome physique, honey. Showing it off certainly won't hurt your cause any," advised his mother.

Jeremy peeled off his t-shirt, exposing his well-toned upper-half. He had done this a few weeks ago, in front of some girls his own age, on the soccer field. His mom had the same dreamy-eyed expression that those girls had, which made his heart swell with pride. “What other tips do you have?” he asked, eager to hear more.

“Take the towel off your lap,” she replied, glancing down at it.

“I um...didn't wanna get oil on my pants.”

“Is that the real reason, or is it because you’re trying to hide something?” Casandra asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“Both I guess.”

“If you wanna slap bellies with a girl, don't be afraid to show off your penis... especially when it's hard,” Casandra noted. “Let her see how incredibly stiff she makes it. Make it flex and throb in front of her. That'll REALLY get her juices flowing.”

Jeremy peeled away the towel, revealing the tubular-shaped bulge beneath his pants. He watched his mom stare over at it as he continued massaging her foot. “Is that better?” he asked.

“Perfect! Good job, honey. Those are just the types of things that help you inch closer to achieving a New Year’s resolution.”

“Why don't we switch to your other foot,” Jeremy request.

“Roll up here a little closer to me first,” his mom whispered.

Jeremy wheeled the chair to the edge of the mattress, just in front of her. His mom switched feet, but rather than drop the one her son had just massaged to the floor, she rested it on the arm of his desk chair and bowed her bended leg open slightly. The teen gasped as he gazed down at her exposed crotch. His mom wasn't wearing any panties and he found himself staring at her shaved pussy for the first time. It was every bit as wonderful as he imagined, with thick fleshy lips and a budding clitoral hood.

“Are you ok, honey?” Casandra asked, smiling at him knowingly.

“Yeah, I'm good,” her boy replied.

While Jeremy massaged one of her feet, Casandra drug her other one up his chiseled chest and along the side of his neck. She gazed dreamily into his eyes. "Tell me how you'd fuck me, Jeremy," she whispered.

Her comment had caught him off-guard and he fumbled to answer. "Oh, uh...I, um..."

"Would it be slow and intimate, kind of like if we were making love, or would you ravage me, like some sort of gorgeous teenage pussy-bandit?" she asked in a playful tone.

"Whichever would give YOU the most pleasure," her son answered, hoping that would score him more points.

"That's admirable, honey, but this isn't about me. This is YOUR New Years goal. Tell me how you envision it going."

"Honestly, I'd probably wanna ravage you!"

"Probably?" his mom asked.

"Ok, I WOULD wanna ravage you! I'd wanna ravage you for as long as you'd let me."

"Well, if we did fuck, how long you hammered my pussy would be completely up to you. I guess it would depend on how long you could go before you tired out."

"You mean before I um...have an orgasm?" Jeremy asked.

"No, having an orgasm and tiring out are two separate things, especially at your age. Teenage boys have short refractory periods, so you'd be able to stay hard and fuck again soon after cumming," Casandra explained. "Depending on your stamina, you'd most likely pump load after load of sticky sperm inside me, before you tired out."

"Or YOU tired out!"

The mother giggled. "Not likely. Moms love to fuck, honey, and we'll take all we can get, trust me."

"Really?! So moms could fuck all day?"

"All day and all night!"

Jeremy was so fucking horny and ready it was killing him. "Can we fuck now?" he boldly blurted.

His mom burst out laughing. "Aww, is somebody horny?" she cooed. "Is somebody ready to beat their throbbing peter into mommy?"

"Yes!"

"Well, honey, if you'd have said you wanted to go slow and sensual we MAYBE could have pulled it off right now, even with other people in the house."

"Damn!" Jeremy sighed, then watched in wide-eyed wonder as his mom drew her knees back and spread her wonderful thighs as wide as they could go, making her bare feet hover in the air. Her robe had crept open so far that the embroidered trim caught on to tips of her nipples, preventing it from opening all the way.

She drug her tongue across her top lip lustfully, staring down at her teen. "If you had answered 'slow and intimate' we could have rolled and rocked and made love all over your mattress, for several hours. But NOOOO...my boy wants to go WILDMAN on his mom's pussy, don't you, honey? He wants to get REALLY fucking nasty and pound his headboard into the wall, while he ravages mommy's cunt-hole. You wanna make me scream and shake and claw at your body, while we spray hot cum all over your bedroom together, don't you, baby?" Casandra mewled.

"Damn, mom...you've got me so turned on right now I can hardly stand it!"

"Yeah? Does it make you wanna fuck some hot pussy right now, baby?"

"It sure does!"

"Yeah? You wanna beat you big cum-filled balls against mommy's asshole?"

"Do I ever!" Jeremy excitedly replied.

"Well, if you wanna pound it through mommy hard and fast we may have to wait until everyone else is out of the house, honey. We don't need your father catching you balls-deep inside me, now do we?"

"Could I just penetrate you for tonight, just to see how it feels?"

“Okay, honey...we'll play some squirmy wormy for tonight, but we'll save that ball-busty thrusty for when no one else is at home.”

“So, I can stick it in?” Jeremy eagerly asked.

“I'll let you push you erection in, all the way to your nutsack and hold it there, but NO THRUSTING, Jeremy, I mean it,” his mother warned.

The teen stepped up to the edge of the bed, gazing down between his mom's splayed thighs. Her pussy looked like an exotic pink flower in full bloom. It's thick inner flanges were unfurled, ready for penile penetration. Casandra's clitoral hood had retracted some and Jeremy could see the bulb of her engorged clit. “Go ahead, honey...put it in,” the mother gently urged.

Jeremy squeezed his puffy crown through the layers of labial flesh. He gasped when he felt it enter the pit of his mom's pussy-hole. A layer of slippery fuck-oil had secreted from Casandra's Skene Glands, smearing on her boy's pink dick as it squeezed inside her.

“DAMN!” the teen uttered, feeling his tender cock meat sink along his mom's hot corrugated walls. He struck her cervical head with still an inch to go, so he pushed forward. Jeremy's firm knob sunk into the spongy ring of Casandra's external os, until his cock-root was pushed snug against her crotch. He let out another gasp as he felt the wonderful suction-seal around his cunt-sheathed cock.

“Mmm, look at that, honey. You're half-way to achieving your goal,” Casandra smiled.

“So this is only partly considered sex?”

“Yes. Only after you've fucked my ass off and left a load in there would you have officially met your New Years resolution.”

“I sure wish I could do it now,” Jeremy expressed.

“Do you really want your dad to hear our genitals beating together in here?”

“No, I don't suppose he'd be too happy about that.”

“He sure wouldn't, but I did tell you we could do some squirmy wormy on your mattress.”

“What's that?” Jeremy asked.

“Why don't you come down here on top of me and find out.”

Without pulling his cock out, Jeremy lowered down on top of his busty mom. Together, they squirmed around on the mattress, fully joined at the genitals. By now, Casandra's large breasts had slipped completely out of the robe, crushing against her boy's chest and bulging out between their horny bodies. Jeremy kept his meaty peter fully buried inside his mom's clutching cunt. He could feel her powerful pelvic floor muscles flex beneath her pink walls, squeezing and sucking at his tender love-organ. “No thrusting, baby! We can't let ourselves get out of control. Not tonight,” his mom whispered.

It was all he could do to keep himself from thrusting. He wanted to fuck her so bad it was killing him, but the fact that she was allowing him to go this far was something he never expected. Casandra could tell her son was struggling not to thrusts his hips and she decided to roll him over and take the top, so she could dictate their fuck motions. Once she had him on his back, the huge-titted mother began to subtly swivel her hips, grinding their pissers together in full penetration.

“Oh my God, he feels good!” the mother's brained gasped as she felt the puffy knob of her son's cock plow at the deepest regions of her vagina. Jeremy wasn't the only one who wanted to engage in a torrid fuck. The hyper-sexual mother resisted the urge to ride him like a whore, knowing her son's bed would creak like crazy and they'd risk being caught with everyone else at home. She wasn't against reaching a body-trembling mutual climax together, but they'd have to do it while being as quiet as possible.

“Yes, that's it, baby! Let mommy just work you around in there as deep as you'll go!”

When Casandra sat up slightly, her giant knockers dangled above her boy's ogling eyes. “Can I suck your tits, mom?” Jeremy asked, knowing that sucking her breasts would make hardly any noise at all.

“Go ahead, honey,” Casandra answered, lowering a tit to her boy's mouth.

The squirming teen latched on to her nipple, sealing his lips around the fringe of her areola. While he gorged himself of the rose-colored cap, the rest of his mom's

meaty breast rolled out against his face like soft bread dough, masking him in squishy tit-flesh. Casandra had only given birth a few months ago, so her lactating boob sent trickles of nectar into her son's suctioning mouth and down his throat.

"Mmm, that's it, baby...drink it all down. Nurse on mommy's breasts," she mewled as her oldest boy pulled at her puffy nipple, causing it to elongate inside his mouth.

Over the next ten minutes, the tit-sucking teen moved from one breast to the other, sucking to his heart's content. His young baby-maker flexed and leaked out lots of pre-cum inside his mom's cuntal grip. The feel of her squishy tits rubbing all over his face, while Casandra gave his tender, pink dong loving vaginal squeezes had him more on than he'd ever been. It was all they could do to keep from fucking like crazy, they were both so incredibly horny. They squirming around on Jeremy's mattress, their fully joined genitalia hot and engorged. *"I can't fucking stand this anymore! I need to find a way for him to fuck me, at least long enough for us both to cum!"* she thought.

Then, the mother remembered something her and her husband had done when they were younger and dating. It was a way they could do a quickie in his bedroom, without his parents hearing them. "Honey, I think I know a way that you can meet that New Year's resolution RIGHT NOW!" she shared.

"Without dad hearing us?" Jeremy asked. "How?"

"I'll be right back!"

The bare naked mother cracked her son's door open, then peeked down the hallway to make sure the coast was clear. Her heavy tits bobbed as she rushed across to the hall closet, grabbed the vacuum cleaner, then hurried back to her son's room.

As Casandra's husband watched the game downstairs, he heard the vacuum cleaner start up in Jeremy's bedroom upstairs. *"Wow, he vacuuming his room! That's a first,"* he thought. Little did he know what was REALLY going on up there.

"YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!"

Cassandra's scream was muted by the sound of the vacuum cleaner. Her luscious legs were extended back in a wide V, and her son's plump, young balls beat against the fatty meat of her rounded buttocks.

"OH YES, MOM...DAMN!" Jeremy whimpered as he beat his steely-hard cock through her birthing tube. Even though he set it as a New Year's goal, this was actually something he desired for years. Now, it was finally coming true. He could feel his mom's milk-engorged breasts sloshing wildly between them as he fucked her feverishly.

Cassandra panted and moaned, enjoying her boy's young penile meat as it flexed and jabbed through her. She did feel a little guilty cheating on her husband, but the pleasure that was washing through her body soon freed her mind completely of such thoughts. Also, knowing she had proved to her boy that, with a little effort, he could achieve even the most insurmountable goal of fucking his mom was extremely gratifying.

Jeremy's bedframe creaked from their frantic fuck-rhythm, but that, along with their gasps and groans of pleasure were all but drowned out by the sound of the vacuum cleaner. Cassandra brought her legs down from their wide spread and wrapped them around the frame of her humping boy. She felt his body shudder from the feel of having her strong, fleshly shaved legs clutch him like a fuck-harness.

Cassandra's husband was decent in the sack, but he certainly couldn't fuck like Jeremy could. She could feel the power of her son's youthful energy with every womb-jarring thrust. That, paired with the fact that his cock was longer and thicker and harder than her hubby's soon had her pussy on the verge of gushing.

"YES, BABY...FUCK ME HARDER! OH MY GOD, I'M GONNA CUM!"

Jeremy's cock and balls tingled in delight. His mother's pussy was squelching out hot girl-cum around his pummeling meat. The way her muscles contracted caused her pleated inner lining to chew at the stiff, tender meat of his cock. With a guttural grunt, ropes of cum began spurting from his cunt-smothered piss slit. Jeremy growled in delight, pounding into his mother's beautiful body with savage thrusts, giving her a second mind-blowing climax.

For five glorious minutes they trembled and writhed, spurting and mixing their genital juices together on Jeremy's mattress. "I'm proud of you, baby!" his mother sighed as they caught their breath. "You didn't give up on your goal and you got EXACTLY what you wanted...mom's pussy."

"I only wish I would have wrote down more. You know, added to my goal," he expressed.

"Yeah? What would you have added to it, honey?"

"I would wrote that I wanna fuck you up the ass too!" he confessed.

"Well, since it is still January, and you have a mom who LOVES getting anal sex, I don't think it's too late to add on an addendum ."

"Really? So I can put it in your ass?"

(Giggle) "No! I'm not just giving it to you, honey. If you want your cock shoved up my asshole, you're gonna have to work for it, just like you did my pussy."

"Ohhh, all right!" Jeremy sighed.

"Don't worry though, baby. Momma will milk you off so hard with her rectum, it'll make all that hard work worthwhile. Now, let's get all this cum cleaned off of us before your father comes upstairs looking for us."