

Introduction: A horny mom plays with her son and his teammates

Team Mother, Part 1

By Kinkybelle

A favorite fantasy that has kept me cumming over the years.

I listened outside the motel door with nervous excitement. This could either be the beginning of a very exciting trip, or a complete disaster. Knowing the hormonal appetites of teenaged boys, I was pretty sure I would get away with the various sexually depraved acts I was contemplating.

My son's high school varsity lacrosse team was playing in the state finals, which meant a three night road trip. As one of the 'Team Mothers,' I had volunteered to help chaperone the twenty-two boys on the team. Yes, that's right...twenty-two 17- and 18-year-old, athletic, horny boys. I had gotten myself off several times while conjuring up all manner of wild fantasies about this trip in the months leading up to it, and now I was actually about to attempt to make them real.

There was a chill in the night air, but I didn't even feel it as I waited and hoped no one would spot me. Especially coach McGowan. It was almost one o'clock in the morning and all the lights in the other rooms were out. My son had texted me about five minutes earlier to let me know the game was on.

"Go!" I heard from inside the room.

This was Evan's signal. I began counting down from twenty, thinking that I shouldn't be doing this with each count. 3...2...1...

I quietly unlocked the door and slipped in. When I saw Evan and his teammates standing there in that crummy motel room, illuminated only by the glow of the old television, doing what they were doing, I knew there was no turning back.

There were four of them, including my son, standing in a circle with their underwear around their ankles. They were each jerking off like mad, while at the same time laughing and taunting each other. They were so absorbed in what they were doing that I'd managed to enter unnoticed.

I flipped on the light and they all nearly jumped out of their skins.

"What the hell is going on in here?" I demanded in the sternest mother

voice I could muster.

They all spun and looked at me in stark terror, and my son played along as though he was as surprised as the rest of them. They all tried to cover their erections with their hands, but none was completely successful. One tried to pull his shorts up.

"Michael!" I barked. "Don't you dare move a muscle."

He froze, too afraid to even try to hide himself with his hands like the others. His cock was enticingly long, curving adorably to the left. I walked into the room, surveying the situation with a disapproving eye. The heavy stink of boys filled the air. The odor of sweat and dirty socks was seemingly overlaid with the thick scent of male hormones.

"Cory, just what exactly is going on here?" I repeated as I looked him up and down.

Cory was the only one who had no shirt on, so other than the boxer shorts puddled around his feet, he was completely naked. He was also the only one of the boys to boast a nice crop of hair on his sculpted chest and abs. I couldn't wait to see what he was barely managing to hide under his hands.

He looked desperately at the other guys hoping one of them would speak up.

"Look at me, Cory, and explain to me exactly what you are doing."

"Um...nothing, Mrs. Chase, just screwing around..."

I pulled his arms to either side. He didn't resist and his hard-on dropped free, pointing straight at me.

"Screwing around, indeed. I could hear you animals in the next room. Does your mother know you do this sort of thing, Brandon?"

"No, Mrs. Chase," Brandon answered in a shameful whisper. "It was just a stupid game we were playing."

"A game?" I pressed. I knew perfectly well what they were playing at, but the interrogation was all part of my own little game.

"It was Michael's idea," Brandon squealed, ratting out his friend.

"Shut up, Brandon," Michael hissed, but now my attention was on him.

"Michael?"

"It was just a dumb game we played at camp last year," he quickly explained.

"Camp? You mean church camp?" I pressed, acting as though I was scandalized by the mere thought of it.

"Evan played, too," Michael pointed at my son accusingly, as if this were justification.

"Is this true, Evan?" I asked, zeroing in on him. "Did you play some sort of nasty masturbation game at church camp?"

While my attention was seemingly focused on Evan, I could see the other boys checking me out from the corner of my eye. My honey-blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and I was in a pair of snug shorts with a tight yellow t-shirt. The boys wouldn't have been able to detect any panty or bra lines because I wasn't wearing either.

"Yes, Mom," he confessed doing his best to act embarrassed.

"And how is this filthy game played?"

"We stand in a circle and jerk off onto a saltine cracker. Whoever is the last one to cum has to eat the cracker."

I looked down and saw a bright orange Doritos chip lying on the floor between them.

"Is this right, Brandon, were you all trying to jerk off onto that little chip?"

Brandon was a lanky red-head. His face and chest blushed scarlet as I circled behind him, giving his well-muscled buttocks an appreciative inspection.

"Yes, Mrs. Chase," he managed to choke out.

"And if you lost, you were really going to eat that, all covered in your friends' sperm?"

"It...it's not gay or anything," Brandon insisted.

"No," Cory chimed in. "It's just like a dare, nothing queer."

"Please don't tell the coach," Michael pleaded, his cock still as hard as when I first walked in.

"I should report you," I said evenly and moved behind Michael. He was short and stocky, trim and strongly built. His butt was two smooth pale globes that stood out all the more because the rest of him was so darkly tanned. I barely managed to resist grabbing a hold of them and squeezing. "But I won't. I don't want Evan to get into trouble with the rest of you perverts and miss the finals."

"Thanks, Mrs. Chase," they all blurted with a sigh of relief.

"However, I am a team mother, and I can't let something like this go on un-chaperoned."

They looked at each other, not sure if they understood.

"Mom? What are you talking about?"

"You nasty boys obviously need to be supervised. For one thing, do you have any idea how dirty the rug in a motel is? And one of you was going to eat that chip off the floor? The team can't afford to have any of their star players getting sick from eating off this disgusting carpet."

I picked up the chip gingerly and tossed it aside. I went to the bag and fished out a new one.

"Plus, with the chip way down there, none of you are likely to have good enough aim to hit it at that distance."

Cory's mouth had fallen open. Michael and Brandon still looked confused, and Evan was struggling to contain a smirk.

I moved between Cory and Brandon, joining the circle, and knelt down. I held out my hand, palm up, and placed the fresh Doritos chip on it.

"Now everyone take off your shirts and squeeze in," I instructed. Evan was the first to do as he was told, and the rest followed. Four hard, young cocks dangled inches above my hand with the chip. "There, that's more sensible."

"Mrs. Chase?" Michael ventured. "You want us to, um, finish the game?"

"Of course, darling. It's not like I'm some kind of prude here to ruin your fun. I know how much boys your age like to play with your penises. I have a horny teenager of my own, you know." I gave Evan a wink. "I'm just trying to do my job and make sure you boys are safe."

"But what if..." Brandon said hesitantly. "What if some of

our...stuff...gets on you."

"A little cum never hurt anyone. I bet you get it on yourself all the time, Brandon." He turned a deeper shade of red. "Come on boys, I'm a grown woman, it's nothing I can't handle. Let's play."

They once more looked to Evan. He shrugged and started stroking himself. One by one the other boys joined him. I was suddenly in heaven.

My pussy was crying out for attention. I so badly wanted to shove my hand down my shorts and finger myself while these four boys jacked off right in front of my face.

"That's it fellas, who's going to be last? Who's going to be the one to eat that nice big gooey wad of sperm?"

They all started jacking faster. I'd seen my son's cock countless times, and had watched him jerk off in all sorts of ways, but it was nonetheless a huge turn on to be looking at him like this in front of his friends. I surveyed them each as they masturbated.

Like the boy himself, Brandon's cock was long and thin. A fiery patch of pubic hair was nestled at the base, and stray red hairs sprouted at random all over his tightly bunched scrotum. He stroked himself with just the top of his shaft pinched between his thumb and forefinger, using a fast snapping wrist action. Interesting.

Michael's cock was probably as long as Brandon's, but the curve made it appear just a bit shorter. He held his in a tight ring with his first two fingers and thumb. Michael put more shoulder action into his short, quick stroke, which made his loose-hanging balls sway delightfully.

Cory's body glistened with a light sheen of sweat. He had the best body of the group (though I still found Evan sexier). His crotch was as hairy as the rest of him, making him look more manly than the other boys. Cory's cock was shorter than the rest by about an inch, but it was thick. Very thick. His wide mushroom head looked like it would feel amazing slipping between my wet pussy lips.

"Let's go boys, make those cocks cum," I said to encourage them.

"Oh, yeah," Evan groaned. He thrust his cock forward and released a spurt of cum directly onto the chip. Three spurts followed, and more or less hit the target, some spilling over onto my hand. He continued to jerk himself and small droplets of jizz flicked about, hitting my wrist and a couple of the other cocks in the circle. No one flinched.

"One down," I announced gleefully. "Who's going to shoot his load next?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Chase," Michael gasped, then unleashed his orgasm. The first squirt fell across my fingers, with the tail end of it hitting the chip. His second flew wide and I felt at least some of it land on my chin. I pretended not to notice. He emptied the rest of his seed onto the orange triangle and stepped back.

"Two left! Who gets the prize?"

Cory worked his cock with his whole hand, using a long stroke with a twist. I loved how expertly he manipulated his cock. I imagined he spent a lot of time practicing.

"I'm ready, Mrs. Chase," Cory announced. "I'm going to cum."

He slowed his hand and carefully milked the biggest wad so far into my palm. It was a beautiful sight to behold. I wanted to clamp my lips around the head of his fat prick and take the rest of his load in my mouth. I watched hungrily as he squeezed every drop out, then relaxed.

"Now what?" I asked. "Does Brandon still have to cum, or does he just eat it like this?"

"No," Brandon whimpered, "we aren't really going to--"

"Yes, c'mon, chicken-shit," the other boys taunted him.

"He has to finish, then eat it all!" Michael ruled.

"You're going to make him eat his own cum?" I asked, trying to sound disgusted in order to hide how turned on I was by all of this.

"If he doesn't," Cory added, "he has to suck all of our dicks."

"Maybe that's what he wants," I teased poor Brandon as mercilessly as the rest of them. At that he resumed jerking himself.

"Fine," he grumbled. "You're all a bunch of faggots anyway."

The boys alternatively teased him and quietly cheered him on.

"Hurry up, honey, all this cum is getting heavy. Make that big cock cum for me."

That apparently did the trick, and in a few strokes he was splashing

cum all over my hand and arm. Some even landed on the chip.

"Woo hoo! We have a winner!" I called. "Now sit down on the chair and get ready for your prize."

Brandon sat, and the other boys, all still naked, held him down. I waved my goo-covered hand under his nose, and he winced.

"Can we just get this over with?" he grouched.

"He sounds hungry, doesn't he?" I couldn't help taunting him. It was almost too much for me to believe he was actually going to go through with it. The magic of peer pressure. "Open wide..."

I picked the chip up off my palm, leaving behind the better part of the cum the boys had deposited there, and held the chip over his open mouth. I tipped the cheesy triangle and let the semen ooze off in a long stream and dribble into his mouth.

Brandon began to gag and I quickly popped the chip into his mouth. He thrashed and grimaced as his teammates chanted "eat it!" Like a true team player, he chewed the cummy treat and swallowed hard. He opened up and stuck his tongue out to prove he'd done it.

"I think he kinda liked it," I said and wiped my cum-filled palm down his chest to his belly, leaving a long wet streak of sperm.

The boys released him and he ran to the bathroom. We laughed when we heard the water running and the sound of Brandon gargling.

"Mrs. Chase," Cory said getting my attention. "You got a little bit...right here." He pointed to his own chin.

I reached out with my tongue and licked at the cum that had splattered just below my bottom lip. I was rewarded with a bug-eyed expression of disbelief, even after what he'd just seen me do.

"Alright, which one of you nasty boys came on my face?" I scooped up the remainder off my chin and licked it from my finger. "Mmm, I think it was you, Michael."

"I'm, ah, sorry, Mrs. Chase," he stammered adorably. "I didn't mean to."

"That's okay, darling. It's one of the risks you have to accept when you're a team mother." I sniffed at the drying remnants in my palm for all of them to see.

The boys shuffled self-consciously, not sure what to do next. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and noticed my nipples were pressing up prominently beneath my t-shirt. A detail that hadn't escaped them. Brandon came out of the bathroom wiping his chest with a towel.

"I'm going to puke," he grumbled.

"Oh, stop being such a baby," I told him. "I swallowed twice as much cum back in college on spring break and I was fine." I went over and gave him a comforting hug, that finished with a lingering pat on his butt. I ruffled his hair as he stood there stunned, then went and sat on one of the beds.

"Wow, Mrs. Chase," Cory spoke up, "you've got to be about the coolest mom ever."

"Yeah," Michael confirmed. "My mom wouldn't do something like that in a million years."

"No lie, Evan, I always thought your mom was hot, but now I'm in love."

"Shut the fuck up, homo," Evan shot back.

"Now, Evan, you be nice," I scolded him.

"Sorry, Mom. It's just a little weird, that's all."

"I understand, sweetheart, but try not to think of me as your mom for the next few nights. We're on a road trip, after all, normal rules don't apply. Right, boys?"

"Right!" the other three agreed instantly.

"I know it's getting late, but I'm not the least bit tired," I said and took another obvious sniff of my cum-soiled hand. "Do you boys know any other games?"

Team Mother, Part 2
By Kinkybelle

Introduction: Horny chaperone plays nasty games with her son and his teammates

I sat on the edge of a sagging mattress, in a dingy motel room, and let my gaze play over the enticing cocks of the four naked high school

seniors standing in front of me. Brandon was the only one yet to turn eighteen, but with his birthday coming next month he was close enough that I didn't give his age any thought.

Each of the boys was sporting a potent hard-on, despite all having just jacked off into my hand only minutes before. With the ice broken, they were no longer taking furtive peeks at my middle-aged, but respectably trim, body, and were instead openly gawking at my mature form, which was barely clothed in little more than a skin tight t-shirt and even tighter shorts. I let my legs drift apart just enough for them to see the growing wet spot there if they were so inclined to look.

"Well?" I said, drawing their attention away from the points of my nipples pushing up from beneath my shirt. "Shall we play another game, or would you fellas rather get some rest?"

"I'm up for it," Cory spoke up first. "Right guys? Evan? We good?" I could see why he was a team captain. Initiative and leadership.

All eyes went to my son. He and I had been conspiring together for weeks on this nasty plan, but his teammates had no idea that their good friend Evan had been fucking his horny, ol' mom for the past year. Under the expectant glare of his buddies, Evan feigned conflicted discomfort. What a ham.

"Alright, guys, one more game," Evan conceded. "But that's it, okay?"

"Aren't you boys happy I taught my baby boy to share?" I teased.

"What's the game, Mrs. Chase?" Michael asked eagerly.

"How about another jerk off competition?" I suggested.

"I'm not eating any more spunk tonight," Brandon declared with a sour look on his face.

"No problem, Brandon," I favored him with a wink, "you can save that for another night."

His friends found that hysterical, and I felt bad for giving him such a hard time.

"So gay," he mumbled at no one in particular.

"How about instead of punishing the last one to cum, there can be a prize for the first one to get off this time?"

"Sounds good," Cory said. "What's the prize?"

"Hmm...let's see..." I noticed Michael's attention was fixed on my chest once again. "Michael, what are you looking at?"

"Oh, um, sorry," he fumbled. "I was, you know...aw, hell, I'm just going to say it. You've got a great rack, Mrs. Chase."

The others shouted him down for being rude.

"Now, now," I intervened. "At my age, I'll take that compliment any day of the week. Thank you, Michael." I looked down and considered my chest. "How about we make my rack the prize?"

"Like how?" Michael wondered. "I mean, like..."

"You'll just have to win the contest and find out." I couldn't resist giving my boobs a little squeeze to accentuate my point. "Evan, you came awfully fast last game. I think I should give you a handicap this round. You'll have to use your left hand."

He nodded and gripped his cock with his left hand, the others were all righties and took a hold of themselves accordingly. They were so damned cute all standing there with their pricks in their fists.

"Should we just jizz on the carpet?" Brandon asked.

"It's either there or in your mouth," Cory zinged back.

"Good point, Brandon, we don't want to leave a sticky mess for the maid to clean up." I kicked off my rubber flip-flops. "The first one to cum on my feet wins first prize."

I don't know what possessed me to say that, but as they all knelt at my feet, cocks at the ready, I felt like a decadent Roman empress with four naked centurions at my command.

"Ready," I said slowly. "On your marks...get set...GO!"

The four boys began masturbating themselves like crazy. I pressed my feet together, pointing my pedicured toes out so they had a nice target to shoot for. I felt warm and flush all over. This was about the most indecent thing I'd done since my college days.

"Let's go, gentlemen," I prodded. "Jerk those big cocks. Who can cum first?"

They were all breathing heavy and working their stiff tools with

single-minded intensity. Each of them was concentrating on my feet, but then I noticed Michael glancing up at my chest. He was using his head. To reward his strategy, I ran my hand over my breast and pinched my nipple through my t-shirt. His eyes flicked up to my face, and I gave my lips a seductive lick. His expression became slack and his eyes lost focus.

With a suppressed grunt, Michael gave one last pull and spewed his jizz all over my bare feet.

"We have a wiener!" I called out. The other boys groaned and stopped stroking. "But who's going to come in second?"

They all lit up with renewed hope and resumed jacking off for me.

Michael rested on his haunches and watched the contest. I was getting even more turned on watching him looking at his friends masturbating. He noticed my attention was on him and blushed. I got the sense that he was as intrigued by their cockplay as I was.

"What's the matter, Evan," I cajoled my son, "can't get it off with your left hand?" I lifted my foot up and jiggled his balls, leaving behind a smear of Michael's cum.

"I got it," Brandon suddenly announced. "I got it, here I go, here I go..." He was beating his cock so hard I thought for a second he might yank it clean off. Instead he pushed his hips forward and blew his load on my feet, adding to the gooey mess already there.

"Brandon takes second!" I announced. "Who's getting third?"

Evan and Cory leaned in, vying for the bronze. Evan's strokes were awkward lefty, and Cory was pounding himself steadily toward completion. Evan could see he was about to be beaten.

"Someone's at the door!" Evan shouted. Everyone stopped dead and looked toward the door in terror. Everyone except Evan, who kept jacking fiercely. It only took Cory a few seconds to realize he'd been tricked, but it was enough to give Evan the advantage.

Cory started jerking himself again as the other two boys laughed at him. It was only a matter of seconds before my son was spilling his seed all over my wiggling toes. Mmm, so warm and wet.

"Let's go Cory," I said. "You have to cross the finish line to get fourth prize."

Cory resolutely continued working his rod as he stared down at my

sperm-covered feet. It took almost another minute, but he deposited another nice big wad of cock cream up high on one of my ankles.

I felt like I was buzzed as I looked down at the mess they'd made on me. It was so utterly nasty I could barely believe I was actually doing this. And I certainly couldn't believe what I was about to do next.

"Okay, fourth prize. Cory was last, but definitely not least, so for his prize he gets to see my tits." I took the bottom edge of my shirt and began to lift it.

"Whoa, hey, Mom..." Evan protested.

"What?" I asked innocently. "Is something wrong, honey?"

"I don't want to see my own mom's boobs," he fibbed.

"Oh, don't be such a party pooper. Remember? Road trip? No rules?"

"It's just weird, don't you think, guys?"

"If my mom wanted to show me her tits, I'd take a look," Cory confessed.

"Yeah, Ev," Michael chimed in, "a boob's a boob."

"Don't be a pussy, dude. Man up and look at your mom's tits," Brandon added.

Evan sighed and gave a shrug. "Okay, whatever."

I smiled and teased my shirt up slowly, revealing the undersides of my attractively above-average sized breasts. All eyes were on me, and Michael was playing with himself a little. I lifted a bit more, exposing the dark, lower arcs of my areolas. Then, with a quick yank, I whipped my top up the rest of the way and my bare tits bounced free.

As soon as the girls were on full display there was a satisfying chorus of sighs, gasps and moans from my appreciative audience.

"Awesome, Mrs. Chase," Cory said reverently.

I let them have a nice long look. "Evan won third prize, but since he's being a baby, how about I double your allowance for next week as your prize?"

"Fine," Evan agreed, and his friends shook their heads, disappointed with him.

"That brings us to Brandon and second prize." I gave him a sultry look and he perked up. "Second prize is licking my feet clean."

Everyone got a good laugh out of that, except Brandon, of course.

"Fuck you guys!" He pushed Cory, and punched Evan in the arm. "No, really, Mrs. Chase, that's not the prize, is it?"

"I'm just teasing, Brandon, settle down." What was it about this kid that made me want to torment him? "Second prize is that you can touch my tits, if you want."

"Oh, I want!" he confirmed immediately. "Sorry, Evan, but no way I'm not feeling up your mom's boobs."

He stepped up and I thrust my chest out toward him. Brandon rubbed his hands together, as if warming them up. "Both of them?"

"If you think you can handle it, big boy."

With a gleam in his eye, he lowered his hands onto my tits. He gave them a soft, almost timid, squeeze. "Guys, this is freakin' amazing."

"Brandon's never touched a girl's boob before," Evan clued me in.

"Have so," Brandon shot back.

"Oh, right, he did feel up Resusci-Annie in health class while giving her CPR."

Brandon didn't waste any effort arguing, and instead remained intent on massaging my breasts. His hands were warm and damp on my flesh. He wasn't handling me in a way that was very arousing, but the fact that I was getting felt up in front of everyone more than made up for it.

"Time's up, Brandon." I patted him on the thigh and he got in one last squeeze. "Okay, now for first prize."

Michael stepped forward and I couldn't resist tweaking my nipples as I looked his naked body up and down.

"Michael, darling, how would you like to suck on my titties for your prize?"

"Hell, yeah!"

He practically lunged for my chest. Michael first took a moment to

give them each a feel, then he wrapped his lips around my left nipple and began sucking. It didn't seem to matter to him that his friend had just had his sweaty palms all over them. Michael pulled his mouth away with a loud sucking noise, and went at the other. He licked and sucked at my right breast, as his hand fondled my left.

"Go for it, tiger," I giggled. "It's good to be the winner, isn't it?"

Between Michael's enthusiastic molesting and the sensation of all that cum drying on my feet, I was about ready to have a hands-free orgasm. I let him have his way with my chest a little longer, then reluctantly pulled his face away.

"Whew, that was fun," I told them honestly. I slipped my sticky feet back into my flip-flops and stood up from the bed. I didn't bother pulling my shirt back into place just yet. "I'm pretty sure I can trust you boys, but I want to be sure that what happened tonight never leaves this room. No one, and I mean absolutely no one, can know about this."

They all nodded adamantly in agreement.

"Pinky swear." I held out my pinky finger. "This is our little secret, forever."

They all readily stepped up and hooked their pinkies with mine, binding us in the most sacred of oaths.

"Evan?" I stepped nearer to him. "Everything okay with us?"

"Yeah, I guess it's not so weird if I don't think about it." His hand darted out and he gave one of my exposed nipples a quick pinch. I gave him a playful smack on the arm right back.

"All right, men, everyone into bed. Lights out." I ordered. They whined and moaned like a bunch of spoiled kids. Michael reached for his boxers. "Oh no, I want you all to sleep naked tonight."

"Seriously?" Michael asked.

"That's right." I gave my tits a rub and a squeeze. "And after I go, I want you all to jack off on more time while you think of these. Got it?"

"Sure thing, Mrs. Chase," Brandon spoke up for the group. "Any chance you can stop by again tomorrow night?"

"Hmmm." I pretended I was thinking it over. "I'll make a deal with you. If you win your game tomorrow, I'll come by and we can find some

new games to play. I'll try to think up some new prizes." As I said this I let my hand brush across the front of my shorts suggestively. "But if you lose tomorrow's game, you'll be back to your all-boy circle jerk."

"We'll win," Cory insisted. "You can count on it, Mrs. C."

I tucked each of them into bed with a motherly peck on the cheek, and left them to perform their assignment. I hurried back to my room and had my hand down my shorts the second the door was closed behind me.

My pussy was absolutely drenched, and I got myself off in a matter of seconds standing just inside the door. As soon as the waves of my orgasm subsided, I stripped off my clothes, lay on the bed and fingered myself to another mind-blowing cum as I thought about the four of them over there right now masturbating those hot cocks and thinking about my tits. My third orgasm was the even more intense as I used my left hand to work my cunt, while I licked at the dried remnants of semen off my right hand and arm. The whole time I was doing that, I was rubbing my now sticky feet together.

God, I hoped they managed to win tomorrow.

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I slept naked and awoke to the sweet, ripe smell of dried boy cum. What a great way to start the day.

After a shower, and dressing in my conservative 'soccer-mom' clothes, I went to make sure the boys were up and getting ready. No one said anything about our dirty games the previous night, but they all gave me leering smiles any time they caught my eye. It was so exciting to have this secret between us all, with no one any the wiser.

The team went for breakfast, and I sat with the other team mothers. They complained about the lumpy beds, and the cramped bathrooms. I didn't have any complaints about my stay so far. My filthy mind wandered and I couldn't help wondering what they would do if I invited them to my room for an all-girl orgy. A couple of them looked like they hadn't had an orgasm in years.

The bus took us to the fields, where the boys warmed up and practiced. I kept myself from getting bored by picturing my guys running around out there naked, their cocks flopping freely in the breeze.

During a break, Evan came over to talk to me.

"Hey, Mom, are we having fun yet?"

"The fun is just getting started." I winked. "Did you guys jerk off one more time after I left?"

"More like two or three! Everybody was comparing notes and talking about how hot you are." He checked to make sure no one had come close enough to overhear us. "Brandon was beating off again this morning when we all woke up."

"You have no idea how wet that's making me right now," I growled.

"I think I have a pretty good idea." He took a swig of his water. "It was unbelievable how you were able to restrain yourself. I mean four guys jerking off right in front of you and you just watched us cum on the chip. That's not like you, Mom."

"There's something to be said for taking things slow. Delaying gratification increases the ultimate pleasure. This is like a fine meal that I want to savor, not gobble up in a few greedy bites. If I've taught you anything, it's that it can be much more satisfying to take your time, young man."

"Yeah, I guess I'm a little distracted, that's all. I'm just worried that the guys might have a different attitude about all this when we're all back home and not 'on the road' where the rules don't apply. If this gets out, I'll never be able to show my face in public."

"Oh, stop being such a loopy loo loo." I hated when he got like this. "If we over think what we're doing here, and worry too much about the 'real world,' it's only going to spoil the fun. This is all about everyone just relaxing and having a good time, without analyzing and fretting over every silly little detail. Just pretend like we're living out a wild fantasy, as if we're characters in a raunchy story who don't need to get all worked up over the consequences of what we're doing."

The coach blew the whistle and the players jogged toward the center of the field.

"Don't think too much, relax, and live the dream."

"Now you're making sense, sweetheart."

He turned and headed off to join the team. His ass looked so cute in those shorts.

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After the game, and a chaotic visit to McDonalds, we were all finally back at the motel. I had a quick shower and put on a fresh pair of shorts and a loose-fitting polo, then headed out to help the other mothers manage the mayhem at the swimming pool.

When I left my room I got a dreadful shock. The coach had my four boys pulled aside near the vending machines and was talking to them. It looked serious. Had someone said something? Did word get out about what we were doing last night? My stomach twisted into a tight knot and I headed over to see if I could overhear what was being said.

I tried to appear casual as I approached.

"I can't believe what you guys did," Coach McGowan said. "I've never seen you play that hard all season." The knot melted away. "I want to see some more of that kind of teamwork out there tomorrow, got it? Whatever it is that put the fire in your bellies, don't lose it. Now go have some fun."

The boys, all smiles and high-fives, ran off to the pool.

"Oh, hey there, Mrs. Chase," the coach said when he noticed me. "They giving you a hard time at all?"

"You know boys, they're always hard to handle. But I think I've got them well in hand."

"Good, good." Despite his best efforts, the coach couldn't help attempting to sneak a few quick peeks at my chest as we talked. "Well, whatever you're doing keep it up."

"Sure thing, coach."

I made my way to the pool breathing a big sigh of relief.

* * * * *

It wasn't until after midnight that the motel had quieted down enough for me to slip into the boys' room unnoticed. As soon as I walked I their faces lit up like it was Christmas morning.

"Looks like you fellas earned yourselves some playtime with that big win today."

"We fucking owned that field today, Mrs. C," Cory bragged. The rest of the boys hooted, and pumped their fists in the air.

"Let the games begin!" I announced, feeling their enthusiasm. "First

things first, how about you boys start by getting naked."

They quickly shucked out of their shorts and t-shirts. Brandon must have gotten hard the minute I stepped through the door. The others were sporting respectable chubbies.

"Now let's see what we can do about getting those cocks good and hard."

I pulled my shirt off, unveiling my bare breasts. I gave them a squeeze and a jiggle.

"Ah, that feels better." I was flattered by how quickly their pricks all stood at full attention once my nipples made their first appearance.

"I've been thinking about this all day, Mrs. Chase," Brandon blurted out, his hand already gripping his erection. "You frickin' rule!"

"Thanks, Brandon, but watch where you point that thing--if it goes off, you're liable to put your eye out."

"So what game are we gonna play?" Michael asked without bothering to look up from my tits.

"Well, while I was lying in bed last night touching myself," I patted my hand nonchalantly over the front of my shorts, "and I had an idea." I strolled over to Cory and ran my fingers through that luxurious chest hair of his. "How about a contest to see who can produce the biggest load of cum." As I spoke I stepped behind Brandon, and grabbed a handful of one of his muscular buns. "Sound like fun?"

They all instantly agreed, and I could almost hear their heart rates kicking up a gear.

"But how are you going to measure it?" Evan asked helpfully. I moved in front of Michael and rubbed my hand on his belly. He sucked in his gut, but there was still a little pudge of tanned baby fat that I couldn't help but pinch.

"Good point. We don't have any scales," I mused as I went to stand in front of my son. I reached down and let my fingertip trace the curve of his upturned erection. "How can I measure which one of you boys is able to squeeze the most cum out of his big, hard cock?"

"Maybe if we jizz into a cup or something..." Brandon offered.

"How about we jizz in your mouth, dipshit," Cory taunted and got a round of laughs from the other boys.

"I think you might be on to something with that idea, Cory," I interrupted. Brandon looked stricken, but I took his hand and led him to the center of the room. "You first, big boy. Let's see how much cum you've got left in those balls after beating off all night. Start jerking."

He swallowed hard and started stroking himself. The other boys waited and watched, not sure what I was up to.

"That's it, Brandon, masturbate that big cock for me," I said in a sultry whisper. I slowly circled around behind him, leaned forward and touched my nipples to his back. "Can you do that for me, Brandon? Make your cock cum?"

"Y...yes, Mrs. Chase," he breathed.

I came around in front of him and knelt down, his thrashing cock was only inches from my face. "Tell me when you're ready to shoot your load, baby."

He looked down and saw me pinching and pulling at my nipples and that sent him over the edge.

"I'm ready! I'm going to cum!"

"Cum right in here," I opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out. He didn't have time to react other than pointing his cock just as the first spurt shot out. It landed on my tongue, quickly followed by another. He gripped his shaft hard and milked a few more drops into my mouth.

"Holy shit," he cursed under his breath. "Un-fucking-real."

I closed my mouth and sat back on my heels. I shut my eyes and swished Brandon's load of cum around in my mouth. I acted like I was evaluating its volume, but I was simply savoring the sharp flavor of his young seed. I swallowed it with an exaggerated motion."

"Ahhh! Mmm, thank you, Brandon. I honestly don't know why you made such a fuss over eating that chip last night. Michael, you're next."

Brandon just shook his head in amazement and stepped back with a goofy expression of contentment plastered on his face. Michael was fast to take his place.

"I think Brandon's tanks were running pretty low, you should be able to do better than that. You think you can fill my mouth up with a nice

big load of cum, Michael?"

Michael nodded, unable to speak, and began jacking himself.

"That's good, stroke your stiff rod nice and fast." I stood and unsnapped the button of my shorts. I very slowly pulled the zipper down. I held them up for a moment, then let my shorts drop to my ankles, revealing my fire-engine red satin thong. I turned around and gave them a good look at my ass as I bent down to pick up my shorts.

"I love you, Mrs. Chase," Michael declared. "That is the nicest ass I've ever seen."

I was expecting one of the boys to fire at him with a one-liner, like 'it's the only ass you've ever seen,' but they were all silent as they stared at my nearly naked body.

"Oh, Michael, stop that. You're going to make me blush," I giggled. "Now how about giving me some of that hot cum of yours."

I drew my fingernails down the fronts of his thighs. There was a light sheen of sweat building on his skin, and I could smell the heavy scent of chlorine clinging to him from the pool. I can't explain why, but that got me even more turned on for some reason.

"Here it is," he cried and I opened my mouth beneath the bouncing head of his cock. "I'm going to cum right in your mouth, oh God!" Michael blasted several jets deep into my mouth and it was all I could do to keep it from going straight down my throat. He kept jerking wildly, and some splattered on my nose and chin.

"You might lose a few points for poor aim, silly boy." I gathered up as much as I could from my face and added it to the wad already in my mouth. I went through my routine, swirling and evaluating, but the only thing on my mind was that faint hint of sweetness beneath the salty notes of his fresh sperm.

I was so fucking horny. I didn't know if I would be able to control myself much longer. This experience was exceeding my most vivid fantasy. I could feel my wetness soaking through the thin material of my thong, and wondered if the boys could smell the hormone-laden tang of my heated pussy yet.

"That was a good effort, now let's see if Cory can do any better." Based on what I'd seen last night, Cory would easily win this contest. And, I have to admit, that was exactly what I wanted.

"No lie, Mrs. C," Cory said as he set himself in front of me, "I'm

going to remember this for the rest of my life."

"Shut up and start jacking, you nasty boy," I commanded in my best dominatrix tone. He just smiled and started working his cock. I once again admired his full-fist with a twist stroking style. I also noticed how he wasn't whacking away like a sex-crazed little bunny. He knew this contest wasn't about speed, and so he was going to take his time and enjoy every second of it. God, did that ever make me hot.

I watched Cory massage his shaft, taking special pleasure in the sight of the droplets of pre-cum gathering at the slit of his cock. There was a magnetic draw that seemed to be pulling my mouth toward the fat head of that thick penis of his. I rose up on my knees to keep myself from succumbing to the temptation.

This put my tits at about the same level as his cock. I took a hold of my boobs, lifting them and squeezing them. My nipples were thrust out, seemingly reaching toward him. I inched one slowly forward until it just brushed the tip of his cock before pulling it away. There was a sharp intake of breath, and his hand began to move faster. One point for me. I repeated this seductive torture with my other nipple, and was rewarded with Cory taking it up another notch.

"Work that hard cock, baby," I encouraged him. "I want your cum on my tongue." I reached up from below and lightly tickled his hairy scrotum. "Empty these big fat balls into my mouth, Cory. Let me taste you."

"Open up, Mrs. C," he groaned, "I'm going to give it to you."

I opened my mouth, stuck out my tongue, and got up as close as I could to the end of his cock without actually taking it between my lips. I was momentarily startled when his hand slid around the back of my neck, but he simply held me with a gentle firmness. This boy was only eighteen and he already knew exactly how to take possession of a woman. I began to wonder who he'd had for a teacher, but was soon too distracted to care.

Cory didn't spurt like the other guys. He gripped himself tight and slowed his motions as he approached orgasm. A moan escaped through gritted teeth, and his thick goo began oozing from his hole. He continued steadily pumping his shaft, and the stuff continued to flow. Gob after gob of slimy fluid fell onto my tongue and seeped into my mouth.

There was no contest. Cory filled my mouth with easily twice as much cum as the first two boys combined. I let it play around over my tongue and teeth. It coated the insides of my cheeks and the roof of my mouth.

It tasted the strongest so far, and it gave me a strange tingly sensation--like I could almost feel those millions of little sperms wiggling around in there. It was divine.

I had to actually take two swallows to get it all down, but I didn't let a drop go to waste.

"Ho boy," I finally managed in a hoarse voice, "that's going to be hard to beat."

Cory looked down at me, and for a second I thought he was about to kiss me. But, instead, he just smiled and backed away, making room for my son Evan.

"I don't know if I can do this, Mom," he improvised.

"All the other boys did it, sweetie, it's okay," I assured him.

"It's all good, Evan," Cory added. "Just do it."

"Yeah," Brandon piped up, "we won't call you a freak for jacking off in your mom's mouth or nothing." Somehow that didn't seem to help the situation.

"Let's compromise," I offered. "How about you just cum in my hand like last night?"

Evan feigned as if he was thinking it over. "Yeah, I guess that's fine."

He began pumping his hard-on. He bent his knees slightly and let his loose balls dangle freely. They made a satisfying slapping noise against his fist with each stroke. It was a familiar sight for me to see my boy jerking off like this, but the swirl of excitement that came with doing it in front of an audience made it more erotic than I could have imagined.

"There's a good boy, masturbate your penis for me. Get all that nasty cum out."

I leaned back and slipped a hand down into the front of my thong. An electric thrill shot through me when my finger grazed the stiff nub of my straining clit. I was on the verge of that point of no return. If I started seriously fingering myself, I wouldn't be able to stop. I noticed Brandon had given up all restraint and was beating off again as he watched my hand moving beneath the soaked fabric of my underwear.

I forced myself to pull my hand out from between my legs and cupped

it instead beneath the head of Evan's cock.

"Are you ready to cum in my hand, baby?"

"Yes, almost there."

I leaned forward and looked over at the other boys. I gave them a devilish smile and a wink.

"Here, let me help you, sweetheart."

With that I pounced on Evan's cock with my mouth. I grabbed his hips and drove my head forward, forcing his cock deep into my throat. The guys hollered and cheered as I held tight and began sucking my son off. Evan acted like he was trying to resist, but it was all for show. He finally relaxed and let me have my way with him as his friends looked on. I could just imagine how much he was getting off on this.

I sucked him hard and fast, moaning and drooling the whole time. I put on my best porn star act, and really went for it. I heard Brandon grunt in the background as he beat out his second orgasm of the evening, this time onto the carpet.

"Suck it!" Evan yelled. "Suck it, Mom! Suck my cock!"

He blew his load and it went straight down my throat. He had a few more spasms, and a little more jizz dribbled out onto my tongue, but the better part of his contest entry was already in my tummy.

I pulled his cock out of my mouth with a slow, sucking draw, then pretended I was measuring his wad. I fake-swallowed then patted him on the leg.

"That was good, honey, but I'm sorry to tell you that you came in fourth place." He actually was more like second place, but what's the point of being a judge unless you can rig the results to get what you want.

"What's the prize, Mrs. Chase?" Michael asked, barely able to contain himself.

"I did have something special in mind," I said with a hedging tone and let my hand drift back down to the small patch of silky fabric concealing my crotch. "But I'm a little concerned that I've let things go too far already."

"No, Mrs. C, we're totally cool with whatever you want to do," Cory insisted. "Whatever happens, none of us will ever tell anyone. Ever." Michael and Brandon nodded in wholehearted agreement.

"I was thinking that tonight's prize would be my pussy, but you young boys might not be so interested in a middle-aged lady's coochie."

"I'm interested," Brandon chirped up. "Please, Mrs. Chase."

"It would be a dream come true," Michael said.

"You know we all want this more than anything, Mrs. C." The way Cory was looking at me I could tell he was on to me.

"Does that include you, Evan?" I turned to my son and slipped my fingers along my wet thong.

"I know how fucked up it is," he gave his teammates a sheepish look, "but even though you're my mother, I wouldn't mind seeing...everything."

"So it's really okay with you if I take this thong off and let everyone see my pussy?"

"We've come this far, why stop now?"

The boys all looked at me with breathless anticipation. I stood up and hooked my thumbs under the strings at my hips and pretended I was having second thoughts. Then, with a big grin, I slid my thong down to my feet, stepped out of it and tossed it aside.

"Woo!" I squealed with genuine elation. "I can't believe I'm totally naked with you boys! This is so wrong!" I danced a little turn, giving them a look at me from all sides. I went and sat at the foot of one of the beds with my legs primly pressed together.

"Here you go, Evan, fourth prize." I put my hands on my knees and slowly eased them apart. My legs opened and the boys gathered in a tight bunch directly in front of me to get the best view.

I had shaved only a few hours earlier, so my outer lips were bare and perfectly smooth. I had trimmed the area above into a neat landing strip that was wider at the top and narrowed as it approached my slit. I was so excited that my pussy was already swollen and glistening with sex juices.

"Come over and get a good look, baby."

Evan knelt between my feet and I spread my pussy lips open for him. The other boys tried to see around their friend, but they would just have to wait their turn.

"It's beautiful," my son whispered, and even though he'd see it a hundred times before, I knew he was sincere. "Thanks, Mom. For everything."

"Brandon, you get third. Step on up."

Evan and Brandon swapped places. He gaped at my shameless display.

"Have you ever smelled a woman's pussy before, Brandon?"

He just shook his head.

"Alright then, here's your chance, darlin'."

Brandon leaned forward a bit, closed his eyes, and inhaled deeply about six inches away from my sex. A serene smile came to his lips.

"Come on, Brandon," I purred, "get right in there and take a good whiff."

He inched forward, stopping only finger's breadth away from the source of my intoxicating musk. He breathed me in as the other boys looked on with fascinated arousal.

I moved my hips forward a tiny bit, letting the edge of my engorged inner lips caress the tip of his nose.

"Do you like the way my pussy smells?" I asked. "Nod your head if you do."

Brandon nodded, causing his nose to rub up and down along my pink lips.

"Have you ever smelled anything better than my dripping wet vagina?"

He shook his head no, letting his nose brush back and forth against the protruding extents of my increasingly stimulated pussy.

I patted him on the head and he backed away with a hint of a pout. I didn't want him to go away sad, so I ran a finger around my opening, then touched that finger to Brandon's upper lip, smearing a generous daub of my juices there for him to enjoy later. He rejoined his pals with a big grin.

"Michael, have you ever touched a girl's pussy?"

"No, never."

"Would you like to touch mine?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chase, very much."

Michael settled down between my legs and looked me over. He seemed unsure of where to start. My instinct was to give him some friendly instruction, but I decided to stay quiet and see what he came up with on his own.

As I guessed, he went straight for my hole. He slipped his index finger inside me and slowly pushed it as far as it would go. Again, not quite the most pleasurable sensation overall, but it was nonetheless incredibly erotic to be sitting naked with my legs spread wide as this inexperienced young man fingered me with his three buddies looking on.

Michael's finger glided in and out of my sopping wet vagina, and it started feeling good. Really good. I began to turn my hips slightly to match his movements and increase the goodness.

"Am I doing this okay?"

"You're doing it very okay, Michael. Are you having fun finger fucking my pussy?"

"Yes," he gulped. "It feels real nice, Mrs. Chase."

"I bet it would feel better if you put two fingers inside me."

Michael took my suggestion and added another finger. A lovely shiver ran through me. I released my pussy lips and brought my hands up to my chest where I began fondling my tits. I tweaked and twisted my nipples as his strong fingers explored within me. I could easily see myself getting off on this, but I wanted to hold off a little longer. I clenched my inner muscles around his fingers and felt that insistent ache in my clit begging for attention. Just a few more seconds, then I'll have him stop.

He was moving his fingers in and out a little faster now. With two fingers in he was hitting my sweet spot more often. God I wanted to cum, just a few more seconds. I heard a soft moan escape my throat and realized I had started to hump Michael's fingers with purpose. I had to stop now or I would lose control.

"Okay, big boy," I panted. "That's enough for now."

Michael slowly pulled his fingers out of my pussy.

"Thanks, Mrs. Chase, that was awesome."

"And for first prize, Cory," I could barely form the words I was so excited, "I was thinking I might let you give it a lick."

He stepped forward and looked down at me hungrily. "You want me to lick your pussy, Mrs. Chase?"

"If you want to." I opened my legs wider.

"I do." He knelt and placed his hands lightly on the insides of my thighs. "But do you want me to?"

He was playing with me. Cory could see how turned on I was and how close I was to cumming myself. He was able to see through my act that I was doing this for them.

"Yes," I breathed, unable to maintain any kind of cool façade. "I want you to suck my pussy, Cory. Please."

With a triumphant smile he lowered his face to my crotch and went to it.

He lapped his tongue up along one side of my outer lips, then down the other. Next, my clit received several teasing flicks. Small snaps of electric pleasure were firing off all over my body as I writhed in anticipation of what it was going to feel like to have Cory's mouth fully at work on my swollen puss.

Just when I thought I couldn't take it any longer, he opened his mouth wide, covering as much of my vulva as he could, and began sucking me. Oh God, it was glorious. The pulsing suction drew the sensitive flesh of my pussy in and out of his mouth. It was almost too much to fully take in--the sensations were nearly overwhelming. Then, with one big sucking pull, he release his oral grip on me and went to it with just his tongue.

Cory worked his deft tongue along the depths of my intimate folds and creases, leaving no hidden recess unexplored. Upon reaching my eager clit, he gave it a few suckling kisses, but didn't linger there. It was maddeningly provocative.

"That's it, suck my pussy," I heard myself saying. I was losing it in front of my audience, but I was too far gone to care. "Suck me, you horny fucker."

His tongue swabbed over my hole, causing it to convulse with the desire to be filled.

"Fuck me with your tongue. Yeah, just like that...stick it in my hole."

As Cory jammed his stiffened tongue inside me, I looked to the other boys. They were all watching and playing with their hard cocks. I wanted them all.

"Michael, come over here and suck on my titty for me. You, too, Brandon."

I slid back on the bed so I could lie flat. Cory's mouth never left my pussy during this maneuver. Michael positioned himself on my right and began licking my nipple. Brandon settled in on my left and took control of my breast on that side. My mind reeled with the multiplicity of sensations now flooding it. I was drunk with ecstasy.

I reached to either side, searching between the two boys' legs at the same time until I found what I wanted. I cradled Michael's and Brandon's balls in my fingers and lightly massaged them as they each sucked on my tits.

Cory was now using his tongue to take long, broad strokes along the entire length of my throbbing slit. His hands were pressed to the undersides of my thighs, holding my legs up in the air and keeping me spread wide.

"That's right, boys, suck me all over," I groaned. "Suck me while I play with your big, sweaty balls."

I felt movement on the bed above my head. Evan gently pushed my head back, then mounted my face. He lowered his balls onto my lips, and I opened up, willingly taking them into my mouth. I was now officially in full sensory overload.

Cory, with perfect timing, locked his lips around my hard clit. He sucked and licked it in alternating turns. He wasn't quite as good as my son, but he certainly knew what he was doing down there. I could feel my orgasm approaching fast.

Brandon held my breast in both hands, squeezing it and sucking hard at my nipple as I fondled his sack. Michael had one hand resting on my belly while he used the other to continue jacking himself. I tugged firmly on the loose skin of his scrotum, occasionally giving his nuts a vigorous jiggle. Meanwhile, my tongue bathed my son's testicles as a steady stream of involuntary moans flowed from my throat.

I began fucking myself against Cory's face. Within seconds, the initial waves of my orgasm tore through me like a tsunami. I had to

quickly turn my head to the side to keep from biting down on Evan's balls. I cried out as Cory maintained his relentless assault on my clit, detonating pulse after pulse of raw pleasure that blasted up through me with breathtaking rapidity.

That threshold where pleasure became pain suddenly came upon me and I had to squeeze my legs together and force Cory away from my burning clitty. Evan's wet balls rested pleasantly on my cheek. I waited for the shudders of my orgasm to finally go quiet.

"Cum on me," I whispered.

"Mrs. Chase?" Cory's voice sounded so far away. "Did you say something?"

"I want you boys to cum on me," I repeated with more conviction. "Masturbate your cocks for me. I want everyone to cum all over me."

I took Evan's balls back into my mouth and he immediately began jacking off. I felt the bed move as the others repositioned themselves. I ran my hands over my naked body, feeling my saliva-slicked breasts, and sweaty flesh. My fingers soon sought out my pussy, still trembling with the aftereffects of orgasm.

It started as a quick touch, then another, and without consciously intending to I began masturbating. And it fucking felt amazing. To be lying there, with my legs spread wide, completely exposed, fingering myself as four young men jacked off over me. A fantasy come true.

Evan shifted back, as if he could read my mind. I lifted my head and took in this magnificent sight. Brandon and Michael were kneeling at my sides, both whacking away. Cory was standing at the foot of the bed, jerking his fat cock as he watched me finger myself.

"Oh my God," I gasped. "Your cocks are so big, and so hard. Make them cum on me! Shoot your hot cum all over me!"

My son was the first to release. He raised himself up and fired several thick spurts of semen onto my face from above.

"Shit, Evan," Michael moaned, "you just jizzed all over your mom's face." He jerked himself faster. "That is totally fucking awesome."

With a tight little grunt, Michael brought himself off. He squirted all over my tits. As each emission of warm sperm landed on my bare skin, it sent a delicious tingle crawling down my spine. When he had given up all he had to give, Michael leaned down and pressed the cummy

head of his cock to my nipple. What a thrill that gave me. He was still rubbing his dick on my jizz-coated tit when Brandon climaxed.

"I'm going to cum, Mrs. Chase," he announced. "I'm going to cum right on you!"

"Do it, Brandon," I said as I continued pleasuring myself. "Give it to me!"

"Oh Jesus, yes!" he cried while he fisted himself to yet another orgasm. He swiveled his hips from side to side and drops of cum spattered my chest and tummy. At least one flew far enough to land on Michael's arm.

"Mmm hmm," Cory quietly intoned. I looked down and could tell he was about ready to cum as well. "Mmm hmm..."

"Cum on me, Cory." I spread my pussy wide for him. "Cum right on my cunt for me. Cover me with your hot cum."

With a loud yawp he did just that. Cory moved in close and let loose with a healthy stream of white goo that landed directly on my protruding clit. I immediately spread it around and used his load to further lubricate my already soaking wet cunt.

Things became somewhat jumbled for me then. Evan scooped the remnants of his sperm from my face and let me lick the delicious treat from his fingers. Brandon went back to sucking my breast, without being the least bit deterred by the fact that it had both his and Michael's cum on it. Cory snuck a couple fingers into my vagina and fucked me in rhythm with my own quickening strokes.

It was an insane kaleidoscope of delights, any one of which would have been enough to satisfy me, but in combination had me on the verge of delirium.

My cum-soaked fingers strummed my clit with an increasingly vigorous motion. My orgasm welled up quickly and burst over me with a sudden force. It lifted my ass up off the bed and drove a shriek of animal passion from my lungs.

I'd often read about people passing out as the result of a particularly intense orgasm. I never believed it actually happened, but the way my head was spinning it seemed I had been at the near edge of doing just that.

I plopped my butt back down onto the bed and went still. The only sounds were that of us all breathing heavy, and Brandon sucking at my breast.

He seemed to finally notice that the action had subsided, and released my nipple.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

I wanted to tell him it was okay, but all I could manage was a reassuring pat on his thigh.

The tickly sensation of all that cum slowly dribbling along the curves of my naked flesh was exquisitely gratifying.

"I have to thank you boys," I finally managed to say. "I haven't cum that hard in ages. You were all perfectly wonderful."

"We should be the ones thanking you," Brandon insisted.

"This was beyond incredible," Michael chimed in. "Thanks, Mrs. Chase."

"And," Cory eased his fingers out of my pussy, "also, thanks for trusting us. We know how messing around with us is risky enough, but for you to let Evan in on it, too, well...you know..." He looked across my naked body at my son as his words faltered. Cory was afraid to say too much more on this subject.

"I admit it was all very weird at first," Evan said, "but this has been pretty great for me, too. I realize now just how lucky I am to have you for a mom." With that he leaned down and gave me a nice, soft kiss on the lips.

"Okay," I choked out, "let's not get all mushy now." I fought to keep my own emotions in check and not let it show how touched I really was. "It's a road trip, remember, and this is nothing more than all of us having a bit of fun and getting our rocks off together. Got it?"

The boys all nodded and smiled in agreement, despite my not very convincing speech.

"Now somebody get a towel and clean all this nasty cum off of me!"

The boys happily wiped me down with warm washcloths, then patted my body dry with exacting thoroughness. I reluctantly dressed and tucked them in. This time, in addition to a peck on the cheek, I also gave them each a little smooch on the tip of their chubby peckers.

"Alright, fellas," I said just before leaving. "I'll make you the same deal as before. If you win the championship tomorrow, I'll come by for one last game night with you boys before we head home."

"What's the prize going to be?" Brandon predictably asked.

"Let's just say that if you win, Brandon, you won't be going home a virgin."

As his jaw dropped, I gave him a wink, flipped off the light, and slipped out the door without another word.

I almost felt sorry for the other team. They didn't stand a chance tomorrow.

Team Mother, Part 3
By Kinkybelle

Introduction: One last game to play for a chaperone and her boys

The other team mothers and I did our best to control the chaos, but it was a losing battle. Twenty-two 17- and 18-year-old testosterone fueled athletes fresh off a championship win were a force of nature not to be reckoned with.

There was horseplay at the pool, an unsanctioned football game ranging though the parking lot, and someone had managed to score a six-pack of beer. At one point the boys settled down long enough to gather together for a tribute to their coach. Cameron, one of the captains, made a nice speech, thanking Coach McGowan for all his hard work and for leading them to victory. Then they all turned and mooned their esteemed coach in unison. It spoiled an otherwise heartfelt moment, but I have to admit it was a lovely sight to behold.

After that touching testimonial, they went wild again. It wasn't long after dark before the motel manager had received enough complaints that he began threatening to toss us out. We managed to corral the boys into their respective rooms, and things generally calmed down. The coach and the mothers took turns patrolling the grounds, watching for anyone sneaking out of their room with havoc on their mind.

It was after 1:00 a.m. before all was quiet and I was able to return to my room. I was exhausted. Up late last night, screaming and cheering through the whole game today, then wrangling that mob for hours on end--I didn't know if these old bones of mine were up for another round with my horny guys.

Whether I was or not, I needed a shower either way.

The hot water reinvigorated my tired muscles, and my thoughts filled with images of the filthy and depraved things I'd done with the boys over the past two nights as my hands roamed over my wet body. I squeezed my tits and pictured the look on Michael's face whenever he stared at my chest. When my hand rubbed over my pussy I remembered Cory's tongue on my clit. I slipped a finger into my soap-slicked asshole and fantasized that it was Brandon's long cock.

Needless to say, by the time I was finished with my shower I was more than ready to sneak into the boys' room and resume our naughty games. I slipped into the special items I'd brought along, then pulled on a pair of sweat pants and a t-shirt over top of my outfit, and headed next door.

As I unlocked the door to their room I could hear music inside. I ducked in and found them still celebrating.

Michael was dancing around in nothing but a jock strap that snugged his chubby buns oh so deliciously. Brandon was naked except for a pair of complimentary motel shower caps: one on his head, and the other on his penis. Cory was wearing a captivatingly tight pair of boxer-briefs, along with his shoulder pads and helmet. But I have to say, my son took the cake. He had on a t-shirt and the thong I'd left in their room last night. Boys will be boys.

They all cheered when they saw me come in. I just shushed them and went straight into the bathroom, closing the door behind me. While I was in there shedding my sweats, I heard the music being turned down and the distinctive sound of several high fives being exchanged.

I stepped out and dramatically struck my sexiest pose. The boys stood and gaped. I had on a pair of sleek black high heels, black thigh-high stockings, and a lacy black panty and bra set. The panties were crotchless, and the bra was a little peek-a-boo number that conspicuously displayed my already hard nipples.

Even Evan was gawking--and he'd seen me all sorts of skimpy lingerie. I did a slinky turn so they could get the full effect.

"What do you think, fellas? You up for one more award ceremony?"

"Holy mother," Michael whispered. "Mrs. Chase, you look..."

"Fucking awesome!" Brandon finished.

"No lie, Mrs. C," Cory spoke up as he pulled off his helmet to get an unobstructed view. "You're looking like something out of Playboy."

Better, actually."

"Shit, Mom, it doesn't get any hotter than you right now."

"Aw, shucks, guys." I covered my dark nipples with my hands, feigning shyness. "You're all just saying that to make an old lady feel good."

"No, really, honest, super hot," they all assured me at the same time, enthusiastically talking over one another. I noticed Brandon's shower cap rising noticeably, and I went from hiding my nipples to pinching them. I couldn't wait to get those young cocks inside of me.

"Are we really going to fuck?" Brandon blurted out. As before, the other guys yelled at him and smacked him around for being disrespectfully crude. I actually thought it was kind of cute.

"Well, this is our third date," I said coyly. "And I always give it up on the third date. So, if you boys want to fuck, my pussy is wet and willing."

For a second I thought Brandon was going to pass out. The temperature in the room jumped several degrees and they all exchanged "can you believe this shit is really happening?" looks with each other.

Their excitement was contagious and I could feel the butterflies flittering in my tummy.

"Raise your hand if you want to do me right now," I prompted them. Everyone's hand shot up except for Evan's. Michael grabbed Evan's wrist and raised his hand for him. Evan didn't resist. "Alright, then, the only thing that's left to sort out is who gets to go first."

"We could draw straws," Brandon offered.

"That doesn't sound very sexy." I bit my lip, as if trying to think up another method. I had, of course, been dreaming and fantasizing about this moment for weeks, and knew exactly what I wanted to do.

"Another kind of contest?" Michael proposed.

"Yes. Oh! I got it!" I crossed my arms and leveled a stern look at them all standing there in a row. "Mommy says, stand up straight."

They all looked somewhat confused.

"You must only do what Mommy says or you're out. Mommy says, stand up straight."

Each of them snapped to attention, suddenly realizing that this was my version of Simon Says. They awaited my next command.

"Let me see your cock." Brandon flinched, but not enough to disqualify him this early. "Mommy says, let me see your cocks."

The boys stripped out of whatever they had on and four beautiful young cocks sprang into view. They stood firm and proud, pointing straight at me. I could feel my wetness building as I paced in front of them.

"Mommy says, stroke your penis." Everyone followed my command. "Very nice. Now play with your balls." My son's hand went to his nut sack. "Evan, you're out! Go sit on that bed." I pointed to the spot where I wanted him.

The rest of the boys were still stroking their shafts.

"Mommy says, play with your balls." I watched them fondle themselves for several moments, enjoying the sight before continuing. "Mommy says, turn around."

Once they were all facing away, I looked over at Evan and flashed him a big smile. He just shook his head at my irrepressible perversity and gave me a thumbs up.

"Bend over and spread your cheeks." No one moved. "Mommy says, bend over and spread your cheeks." I suddenly had my own, more graphic, recreation of the mooning the coach had received earlier. They looked adorable like that, and I could feel the power going to my head. I rubbed my soaking pussy as I admired this unique presentation before me.

"Mommy says, stand up straight. Turn around." Nothing. "Mommy says, turn around." My mind raced with the possibilities. "Mommy says, Cory come over here and lick my nipple." I grabbed my right tit and presented it for him.

Cory quickly approached me and licked my long, stiff nipple. A tingle shot through me.

"Don't stop," I breathed, forgetting about the game for a second. "Mommy says, don't stop licking my nipple." His warm tongue ran circles around my excited nub. "Mommy says, suck it." I reached down and took his thick cock in my hand, feeling its eager vitality. "Mommy says, suck me harder." He quickly complied as I massaged his penis. His suckling became more passionate. I waited for the right moment. "That feels so good. Now do the other one."

Cory went for my other nipple and instantly realized his mistake.

"Cory is out!" I gave his cock a consolation squeeze and sent him to sit on the bed next to Evan. "We're quickly down to two. Who's going to be the first one to slide his cock into my nice, soft pussy?"

Brandon swallowed hard. I could see how hard he was concentrating. I sent them both through a quick series of commands, having them do things like touch their nose, act like a chicken, or comically waggle their hard-ons back and forth. We were all having a good laugh at their antics, but neither one of them messed up.

I forced myself to adopt a more serious demeanor, and moved up to Brandon's side. I got real close and whispered in his ear.

"Mommy says, touch my pussy." Brandon put his hand between my legs. I could feel him shaking. "Mommy says, put your finger inside me." I felt a pleasant shiver ripple through me as he clumsily located my hole and pushed his middle finger up in me. "Wouldn't it be nice to put your cock in there?" He didn't respond, not wanting to risk anything. I ran my hand down his back to his ass and kneaded one of his strong buttocks. "Mommy says, taste your finger."

Brandon slowly drew his finger out of me and put it into his mouth. His eyes drifted closed and I could hear a moan deep in his throat. I kissed him on the cheek and moved around to Michael. I patted his smooth, round belly and then pinched one of his nipples.

"Mommy says, Michael kneel down." He complied, and I turned around with my back to him. "Kiss my ass...Mommy, says kiss my ass." I felt his lips on my backside. "Mommy says, lick my butt crack." Michael's tongue started at the middle and glided up to the top of my cleft. "Mommy says, lick my whole crack." This time he started lower and licked the entire length. It was shamefully divine.

I bent over and put my hands on my knees. "Mommy says, lick my asshole." Everything was quiet, and I didn't feel anything. Had I pushed the game too far? I suddenly felt a bit embarrassed, and was about to give a different command when Michael's hands parted my cheeks.

His warm breath caressed my sensitive pucker, quickly followed by his tongue. Michael enthusiastically ravaged my asshole with his lips and tongue. I had goosebumps all over. I looked up and could see Cory and Evan sitting side by side on the bed with their cocks in their hands, stroking away.

"Don't get carried away over there you two," I warned them as Michael's tongue poked into my anus. "Your cum is mine tonight, and I don't want

you wasting any of it."

They both slowed down.

"Oh God, that's so good, Michael. You suck my ass so good!" My knuckles brushed his chin as I slipped two fingers into my pussy and began to fuck myself. "I love it! You're driving me wild!" He was really going at it, and I was sure he wasn't thinking straight at all by that point.

"Yes, Michael! I can't take it anymore, I need your cock. Put it in me! Fuck my ass, Michael. Please, fuck my ass!"

He quickly stood up and was trying to get the head of his cock zeroed in on my asshole.

"I didn't say 'Mommy says, fuck me in the ass.'"

Michael blinked, trying to make sense of my taunting words, then he suddenly remembered the game. He instantly deflated and took his seat with the other losers.

"Looks like Brandon is number one!" I watched with giddy amusement as he cheered, pumped his fists in the air, and did a naked victory lap around the room all at the same time. "Alright, settle down, stud, and get on the bed."

Brandon flopped onto the empty bed. I adjusted the lights in the room so it wasn't so bright, but so that everyone could still see everything, then joined Brandon on the bed. I crawled up and snuggled in next to him. I traced my fingernails over his hairless stomach and chest, looking over him at the three naked boys sitting on the opposite bed watching my every move.

"This is going to be your first time, right?" I asked and gave him a little kiss on the lips.

"Yes, Mrs. Chase."

"And you don't mind having an audience?"

"Hell, no!" he answered immediately. "They're my boys! Plus, I need witnesses who can tell me that this really happened. I don't think I even believe it myself!"

"Oh, don't worry, darling, I'll make a believer out of you." I kissed him again and gripped his cock. It was long and hard and ready for action. "How do you want it?"

"I don't know...regular I guess would be fine."

"Regular it is." I rolled onto my back. "Climb aboard, lover."

Brandon, full of nervous energy, positioned himself over me. I opened my legs and his hips settled in between my stocking-sheathed thighs. I reached down between us, parted the fabric of my crotchless panties, then parted the meaty lips of my pussy. I held his shaft and guided the tip of his cock to my opening.

"You feel that, Brandon? Right there?"

"Y-yes, Mrs. Chase," he croaked.

"I want you to very slowly push your cock inside there," I gently instructed.

He tentatively pressed forward. The head of his cock penetrated me and I felt a cold electricity race across my skin. It had been a while since I'd taken anyone's virginity.

"All the way in, Brandon," I fed the rest of his length into my pussy. "I want your cock deep inside me." He pushed himself in as far as he could go. Then I grabbed his ass with both hands and pulled him into me even more. "How's that?"

"It's so soft and wet...and warm." He was holding himself up and looking down between us. He wanted to see it all for himself. I could sense him wanting to pull back and start fucking me, but I held him tight.

"Not yet," I told him. "Stay still and really feel it." I didn't want this to be over for him before it started.

I flexed my inner muscles and squeezed his cock with my pussy. He let out a shuddering breath. I pulled him firmly into me and gave my hips a small turn. This got a long low groan of pleasure out of him.

"Can you lick my nipple for me?" I needed to distract him a little before he exploded. Brandon hunched down over me and took my nipple between his lips. I carefully shifted my body rhythmically beneath him so his cock moved around deep inside of me without stimulating him too much.

"This feels so good," he gasped. "Thank you, Mrs. Chase. Oh God...thank you..."

He was in his own world of delight, probably oblivious to his three

buddies sitting only a few feet away watching him having sex for the first time. I was doing everything I could to be sure this would be a good memory for him when he looked back on it years from now. I wrapped my legs around him and dragged my nails up his back.

"If feels good for me, too, Brandon," I said in a hushed voice. "Are you ready to really start fucking me now?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chase...I'm so ready."

"Okay, then, let's start nice and slow."

He drew himself back and I felt the delicious sensation of his long shaft gliding out, followed by the welcomed push to refill the brief void it had left. His whole body was vibrating and I knew he wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer. Brandon gave me a few more full thrusts, each accompanied by an aching moan.

"That's it, you're doing perfect." I set my feet on the bed and began humping myself up to meet his movements. "Faster...fuck me faster, baby."

Like a wild thing unleashed, Brandon immediately increased his pace and was pounding his hard cock into me so quickly that my whole was bouncing up and down on he mattress. It was exhilarating! I held on for the ride and let him bang away.

"Oh yeah, oh fuck, my cock is in a pussy, I'm really fucking a pussy for real!"

"That's right, Brandon, you're fucking my pussy! Fuck me faster!"

"I'm going to cum!"

He moved to pull out, but I clamped onto him. "Cum inside me. Cum in my pussy, Brandon!"

"Oh shit! Ahhhh!" His face went a shade paler, and a full-body spasm jolted him as he filled my insides with spurt after spurt of fresh young semen.

"Breathe, baby," I pulled him down on top of me and patted him on the back. "That's it, nice big breaths. My goodness, that was a good fuck."

"I don't know if I did everything right..."

"You did it just right."

"Am I supposed to make you have an orgasm now, or something?"

"We've got plenty of time for that later, but how about we let someone else get a turn?"

He blinked then looked over at the other bed as if just realizing we weren't alone. The others were grinning back at him like a trio of Cheshire cats with raging hard-ons.

"Hey, guys! I'm not a virgin anymore!"

They all cheered for him. Cory leaned over and gave him a high five.

"Okay, big boy, get your cock out of there and make room for Michael."

Brandon regretfully pulled out and flopped onto the other bed with a huge sigh of satisfaction. Michael climbed onto the bed with me, looking excited and nervous at the same time.

"How about you, Michael?" I asked as I removed my bra. "Are you a virgin, too?"

"I did it once, sort of. It was with a girl I met at a party over the summer, but it wasn't that good."

"Aww, poor baby."

"Tell her what happened," Evan snickered.

Michael gave Evan the finger. "Well...we were making out and everything was going good. She got on top, opened my pants, and sat on my dick. But then, after she fucked it like three times, she puked all over me, then bolted."

Even though I'm sure the boys had heard this story before, they were all roaring with laughter at Michael's misfortune. I guess that's what friends are for.

"You didn't even get a chance to finish?"

"Nah, for some reason I wasn't in the mood after that." He had to laugh himself.

"I promise I won't throw up on you, Michael."

"Cool." He looked down between my legs. "Do you want me to get you a towel or something?"

"What ever for?" I asked in my most innocent tone.

"To, y'know, clean up, or something..."

"Michael," I said seriously, "there's a reason it's called sloppy seconds."

He considered his options for about half a second, then shrugged and climbed on top of me. The softness of his rounded edges was a nice contrast to Brandon's hard angles. Michael used both hands to massage my naked breasts. I could feel the tip of his cock brushing against my lower lips while he built up the nerve to make his move.

"You're so beautiful, Mrs. Chase," he said with sincere appreciation.

"Thanks, Michael, but you don't have to butter me up. You're getting laid at this point whether you want it or not." I pulled him down onto me. His stiff cock effortlessly found its way into my cum-soaked cunny hole.

"Whoa, Jesus," was all he could manage as his penis became engulfed in warm flesh and a nasty mixture of slick bodily fluids.

While he didn't reach as deep as Brandon, I could definitely feel the difference in girth. And his natural curve gave the sensation a pleasant twist. Michael adjusted so as not to put too much weight on me, then began working his cock in and out.

"Your cock feels wonderful, Michael." And I wasn't just saying that to butter him up. Brandon's was nice, but I was too preoccupied with how it felt for him that I wasn't able to focus on my own experience. It seemed like Michael was going to hold out a little longer, so I was able to relax and enjoy the sensual treatment my pussy was receiving.

"This is amazing," he groaned. "I want to do this every single day for the rest of my life."

"You'll have to check with my husband first," I teased. The reminder that he was fucking a married woman seemed to spur him on.

I glanced over at my son to see how he was taking all this. He'd only ever seen me making love to his father before now, and I was worried that seeing me fuck his friends might be more than he could handle. Based on the steely hard-on, the dribble of pre-cum leaking down his shaft, and the big grin on his face, I assumed he was doing just fine.

I blew him a kiss and returned my attention to the boy ramming his

cock into me.

"Do you like my pussy, Michael?"

"Yes..."

"Do you like fucking my pussy, Michael?"

"Yes..."

"Do you want to cum in my pussy?"

"Yes...yes...yes!" he yelled this out along with a series of long, hard thrusts, then he pressed himself into me as far as he was able and unleashed his orgasm. His whole body when stiff, and his face was locked in a grimace of sublime torture.

I caressed his sweat-moistened skin and waited while he absorbed every last sensation this experience had to offer. Muscle by muscle he relaxed and finally opened his eyes, looking down on me with grateful admiration. I drew him down to me and gave him a soft, lingering kiss. Even though we had three other horny naked teenagers watching us, it was a sweet moment.

"Alrighty, big boy," I gave him a slap on the ass, "ride's over. Cory, hop on!"

Michael gave one of my nipples a quick suck before climbing off. Cory rubbed his hands together as he waited for Michael to get out of the way, then took his place.

"Looks like I'm getting sloppy thirds," Cory observed with a wry smile. He didn't seem the least bit bothered by the idea of putting his cock in my pussy along with the gooey loads of his two good friends.

"Lucky you," I said with a flirty giggle. I'd been thinking about this moment all day. I was looking forward to taking on Cory's fat cock more than anything, and I noticed the butterflies were at it again.

"I don't think we'll be needing these." He pulled my panties down. With my legs together, I lifted my feet straight up into the air so he could get my increasingly wet lingerie all the way off.

I was left in just my stockings and black high heels. I felt like a true porn star. I held that pose, giving Cory a chance to admire the view. He ran his hand down the back of my thigh, over both my cheeks, and gave my asshole a friendly tickle.

Cory moved in, took me by the ankles and opened my legs, then rubbed his cock along my juicy slit.

"You enjoying yourself so far, Mrs. C?"

"Mmm, yes I am." I tweaked both my nipples as he kissed one of my calves without taking his eyes off me.

"You like fucking, don't you, Mrs. Chase?" He shifted his hips so the head of his cock pressed at the opening of my well-used vagina.

"I love it." Damn, this boy was getting me even hotter than I already was.

"You want me to fuck you now?"

"Yes, Cory, I want you inside me."

He pressed forward by the barest margin. The very tip of his cock nudged into my hole, hinting at the pleasures about to come.

"You want my cock, Mrs. Chase?"

"Oh God, yes. Put your cock in my pussy, Cory. I need it. I need you to fuck my cunt with that fat cock. Please..."

Cory flashed a sinful smile upon hearing my increasingly lustful pleas. I hadn't expected to have the dominant roles reversed like this, but I wasn't thinking about any of that. All I wanted was that cock of his.

He rested my legs over his shoulders, leaned forward, and entered me. My breath left in a rushing gasp. Cory penetrated my pussy, slow and deliberate, delving deeper one exquisite inch at a time. There was a satisfying tightness. A delicious burn that came as my opening stretched to accommodate his thickness--something I hadn't felt in many years. It was all so mind-numbingly glorious.

"All the way in, Cory...Ooo, just like that..."

He pushed until I could feel his pelvic bone crushing against my hard clit. With my feet in the air, and my legs pinned up over his shoulders, he was in complete control of me. I was reduced to nothing more than his compliant fuck-thing, and willingly so.

Cory pulled back, just as slowly as he had pushed his way in. There was a loud squelching noise and I felt a trickle of cum seep down over my asshole. He paused there, letting the anticipation of his re-entry

build.

I could smell his body, strong and sharp. He hadn't showered since the game, and the stink of his sweat mingled with the pungent tang of the hot mess brewing deep inside my pussy. The maid would certainly have a no problem figuring out what had gone on in this room as soon as she got her first sniff of this aroma tomorrow afternoon.

With perfectly timed suddenness, Cory plunged his cock into me. The speed and force jolted my body and it felt like a surge of adrenaline was shooting through me.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" I cried.

With a determined set to his jaw, he began fucking me using firm, measured thrusts. His wide cock worked in and out of me and my high-heeled feet bounced above his head. I had felt an inkling of an orgasm in the near distance while Michael was doing me, but now it was undoubtedly on its way.

Cory bore down atop me, bringing my knees almost to my shoulders, and increased his pace. This slight change of angle completely altered the sensation he was giving me with his driving penis. Someone certainly taught this boy how to fuck a woman--and how to fuck her good.

Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead and running in wet trails down his neck. His eyes were locked on mine, and the intensity would have frightened me if he wasn't making me feel so good at the same time. A drop of his sweat fell from his brow and landed on my lip. I licked it up greedily, hungering to taste his manly flavor.

"I'm going to make you cum, Mrs. Chase." It wasn't a boast, but a blunt statement of fact.

"Yes you are," I panted. "I'm going to cum all over your cock, Cory. Fuck me harder. Please fuck my cunt harder, Cory."

The beat of loud, wet smacking noises from between my legs came faster and faster. The volume was nearly matched by the sound of three boys jacking off wildly within arm's reach to my right.

"I'm going to make your pussy cum," Cory repeated between clenched teeth. I could tell he was struggling not to orgasm too soon. He was trying to time it to match me.

"Almost there, don't stop, keep fucking me...fuck me! Right there...I'm going to cum. You're going to make me cum!"

AAAAHHHnnnnngggg!"

I lost the ability to form words as my orgasm burst to life and sent me reeling. My cries mixed with Cory's grunts, and I could almost feel his massive load being pumped into me in one powerful spurt after another. My body shuddered as a long series of lessening orgasms pulsed through my pussy over the next several seconds.

"Holy shit," Cory muttered breathlessly. "I don't think I've ever cum that hard in my life. I think I pulled one of my balls."

"Maybe later I'll kiss it and make it better," I said in a motherly coo. "How does that sound, baby?"

Instead of answering he leaned down and kissed me, flexing his cock inside me as he did and adding the last of his sperm to the deposits of the other two. He eased off of me, and took a seat on one of the cots. I lay flat on the bed, floating comfortably in a euphoric haze.

I looked over at the other boys. Brandon had traces of fresh jizz shining wetly on his knuckles. Michael and Evan had restrained themselves, and were just lightly rubbing their erections.

"And what about our fourth place finisher?" I asked, looking at my son.

"I think the live show was enough for me," Evan hedged.

"Everyone else got to have a nice fuck, honey. You should get a prize, too."

"Like what?"

"Well, you can have what the rest of the boys got...if you want."

The silence following my suggestion was so complete you could hear a pubic hair drop.

"I don't think so, Mom. That's taking this a little too far, don't you think?"

I knew he was only play acting for the sake of appearances, but I really wanted to fuck him right in front of all his friends.

"I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want to do, sweetie." I traced my fingers lazily from my nipple, down across my belly, to the sweat-matted tuft of hair between my legs.

Brandon was the first to speak up. "C'mon, Evan, why not?"

"I realize we've done a lot of stuff on this trip," Evan said, "but she's still my mom, dude."

"If it makes any difference," Brandon said quietly, then cleared his throat as if unsure that he wanted to go on. "I want to have sex with my mom." He paused, almost as if expecting the guys to jump in and tell him he was a sick bastard, or something. When they didn't, he continued. "After my dad left, my mom lost some weight, and started doing more stuff to keep herself looking good, y'know. I mean, she's not as hot as you, Mrs. Chase, but I guess she's pretty sexy. I think about what it would be like to do stuff with her. She goes out on dates once in a while, but I'm pretty sure she hasn't had sex since my dad left. She's been acting kind of funny around me lately, sort of flirty and touchy, and now I'm wondering if she might maybe do something with me. If she wanted, I'd definitely have sex with my mother." He swallowed hard and looked around at his friends. "I know it's incest, or whatever, but I'm just saying...I wouldn't pass up a chance like this if it was me."

I was speechless. I never expected this in a million years.

"I got my first blowjob last Christmas from one of my cousins," Michael confessed.

"What was his name?" Brandon joked nervously.

"Her name is Lisa. It was weird that we were related, but it made it better in a way." He looked down at his erection held in his hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "I also spy on my older sister when she takes a shower sometimes. I think she knows that I do it, and lets me watch anyway. I jerk off to her just about every day."

"Me, too," Evan added with a friendly smile.

Next, all eyes turned to Cory, and he squirmed a bit under the pressure.

"Yeah, alright, what the fuck," he sighed with resignation. "You know how I told you Mandy was a college girl that I was fucking last summer? Well, that's not her real name, and she graduated college, like, ten years ago. She's actually...um, she's my aunt."

"So that's where you learned your tricks," I deduced.

"Yep. My dad's little sister. No one knows...except you guys, now. My dad would kill me if he ever found out."

Everyone's attention shifted to my son.

"So, there you have it, Ev." Cory spread his hands. "I guess deep down, we're all a bunch of freaks. None of us can say anything against you if you take a turn."

"Go for it, Evan," Michael chimed in. "You'd be an idiot to pass this up. Your mom is an awesome fuck."

"The best I ever had," Brandon added emphatically, making me laugh. "Seriously, dude, you'll regret it for the rest of your life if you don't."

Evan looked over at me, acting as though he wasn't quite convinced.

"Come over here and fuck your mother, sweet heart," I said and motioned him to me.

"Oh, what the hell," he finally conceded, and there was a round of applause, whistles, and cat calls.

He joined me on the bed, and I had him lie on his back.

"Fourth place means there's an added bonus," I said with a wink. "Brandon, hand me the Doritos."

He gave me the nearly empty bag and I fished out a chip. I placed it on Evan's chest and gave him a kiss on the cheek. The other boys had no idea yet what I had in mind.

I stood up on the bed, stepping over my son with one foot so I was astride him. I was unsteady in my heels on the mattress, but I managed not to tumble over. I squatted down over him, my pussy hovering over his bare chest. Then I flexed.

Within seconds a torrent of spent semen spilled from my pussy, landing directly on the Doritos chip. I squeezed my inner muscles again, and more white goo flowed out of me and drizzled in a stream down onto my son's chest. I strained, and several more dollops of jism plopped out and added to the pearly pool of ejaculate.

"I can't believe you boys squirted all that cum inside my pussy," I said as I stood up.

"Aw, no way!" Brandon blurted out. The other two couldn't believe what they just witnessed me do and showed it.

I shuffled back a bit and squatted over Evan's cock.

"Since you're not sure about fucking your mommy, how about if mommy fucks you?"

I sat down on his hard-on and finally had my own son inside me. It felt like home.

Once he was buried all the way, I leaned down and took in the scent of the spreading mess I'd deposited on his chest. I reached out with my tongue and gave it a taste. It was salty, and warm, and unlike any other flavor one could imagine. It was delectable.

I began licking around the edges of the pool, cutting off any escaping trickles of spunk. I scooped up a big gob onto my tongue and took it into my mouth.

"Un-fucking-real!" Michael hooted.

"I just wanted to show Brandon how it's done," I said, then sucked up another wad of semen.

I began humping my son's cock and slurping up the mixed puddle of cum from his chest by the mouthful. The slimy blend of the boys' cum and my pussy juice coated my lips, and oozed over my tongue, and went sliding down my throat. This had to be the absolute nastiest thing I'd ever done in my life, and I was loving every second of it!

"Eat it up, Mrs. Chase!" Cory cheered from somewhere behind me. I bet he was getting a good view from back there as I rode my son's cock.

I had swallowed the bulk of the thick cream and switched from sucking to licking. I drew my tongue across Evan's sticky chest, making sure I didn't leave any trace of my nasty treat behind. Once I was sure I'd gotten it all, I picked up the soggy chip in my teeth. I turned toward Brandon, and made sure he watched me eat it.

"Mmm...delicious," I pronounced with a satisfied sigh.

"Wow, Mrs. Chase," Brandon said still holding his prick tight, "you make it look so hot I almost want to try that again myself."

"I'm sure it could be arranged," I threatened. "But in the meantime, does anyone have any lube?"

The boys all looked at each other, shrugging and shaking their heads.

"I have some hair gel," Michael offered.

"In that case, Brandon, go into the bathroom, get your dick wet, and soap it up. Okay, sweetie?"

"Um, yeah, okay..." He looked like he had questions, but he wisely decided to simply follow my instructions and hurried off to the bathroom.

"How you doing down there, darling?"

"So far, so great," Evan responded.

"Let me know when you're about to cum." I began riding him with some added hip action, just the way I knew he liked it. I lowered my chest so he could suck my nipples as he fucked me. The look in his eyes told me how much this was blowing his mind. He never would have imagined that he would one day be doing something so forbidden in front of his buddies. I still couldn't believe it myself.

"Your pussy feels so good, Mom," Evan growled. "I can't believe how wet you are right now."

"Fuck Mommy's pussy with that big cock, baby." The headboard was whacking against the wall as I bounced my whole body up and down on his hard-on. It only took about ten seconds at that level of intensity before he was ready.

"I'm going to cum, Mom!"

As soon as I heard those words I hopped off, turned around and took his cock in my mouth. I caught it just in time. As soon as my lips slipped around his shaft, his balls clenched, and my son sprayed his load against the back of my throat. I sucked him until I had all he could give.

I looked up and had to stifle a laugh when I saw Brandon with a suds-covered dick emerging from the bathroom. We were ready for the grand finale.

"Cory, get up here and lie next to Evan," I ordered.

He quickly did as I told him. I gave his cock a few sucks to make sure it was good and stiff then mounted him. It wasn't as tight as earlier, but it still filled me to perfection.

"Michael, come around here to the other side of the bed."

"What are we doing now?" Brandon asked in merry bewilderment.

"Well, Brandon," I said looking over my shoulder at him. "It seems we have four cocks here, and I have three holes that need to be filled." I spread my ass cheeks and licked my lips. "Are you in, or are you out?"

"I am fucking in!"

"Then get over here and put your cock in my ass." I turned my head and found Michael's cock bobbing directly in front of my face. I gave the head a quick suckle. "Evan, sit up facing this way so I can see you jerking off as you watch mommy take on all three of your friends at the same time."

I stopped humping Cory and positioned myself to take Brandon's cock. It took a few seconds for the boys to work out the logistics, but finally I felt a soapy prick poking at my asshole. I relaxed, and Brandon's long, thin cock was sliding into my ass.

"Oh, sweet heaven," I blurted out as the full impact of having a cock in my pussy and ass at the same time hit me. "I need to stay fairly still now, guys," I informed them, "so you two are going to have to do all the fucking. For this to go right, it's going to take teamwork, got it?"

I took Michael into my mouth while Cory and Brandon sorted out how they were going to coordinate their movements. I could see my son out of the corner of my eye taking it all in and stroking his cock, which was still wet from my pussy.

It was only a matter of moments before things began to fall into a comfortable rhythm. The four of us were functioning like a well-oiled fucking and sucking machine. Brandon pushed into my asshole, while Cory drew back from my pussy, then they reversed. Michael's hands rested lightly on my head as he slid his stiff penis in and out of my mouth, tasting the tang of sex on it from earlier. I needed just one more source of stimulation.

I arched my back a little more, lowering my dangling breasts until my erect nipples brushed Cory's hairy chest. As the two of them jammed their cocks into my asshole and cunt, it caused my tits to sway. The sensation of my excited nipples sweeping back and forth over his muscular chest completed my depraved symphony of sexual delights to perfection.

I felt Brandon shudder behind me and grunt loudly.

Michael's cock popped out of my mouth. "Don't pull out Brandon," I

quickly instructed. "Keep your cock in my ass until I cum."

"No problem, Mrs. Chase!"

"And Evan, when you're ready, I want it on my face. Got it?"

"Sure, Mom."

"You're doing great down there, Cory. Fill my cunt with another one of those big loads of yours, okay?"

"Sure thing!"

I resumed sucking off Michael, and even managed to balance myself so I could reach up and fondle his balls as I did. Apparently, he was pretty near the edge already, and this put him over. His cock jumped and I was suddenly receiving another mouthful of warm semen. I swallowed it down, adding it to what I could already feel sloshing around in my stomach.

I looked over at my son. He was beating away at his penis like mad. He looked so cute when he masturbated. Evan stood and got close. I turned my face up, ready to receive his gift. With a few final strokes, he pointed himself at my face, his piss hole gaped open, and out spewed a fresh stream of cum. The first spurt landed on my cheek. I shifted so the next fell across my forehead, and the last bit flowed out over my nose and lips. God, I love the feeling of cum on my face. It feels so...dirty.

Watching me get a facial from my own son up close was enough to get Cory off. He broke from the coordinated cadence and pounded up into me hard and fast. Within seconds his face was contorted and his cock was unloading more sperm deep inside me.

I grabbed my son's cock and rubbed it on my cum-covered face as I pushed myself down onto Cory's fat cock.

"Get as far in my ass as you can, Brandon!" He repositioned for better leverage, and pressed himself into my asshole as much as he could.

The world melted away for me during the next few moments. The boy's ceased to exist. They became nothing more than disembodied cocks to me just then. I felt them each in a kind of exaggerated reality. All my senses collided in slow motion. There was a moment of immaculate, silent peace where anticipation transformed into certainty.

And I came.

It was spectacular. I was keenly aware of Brandon filling my ass, the point of his hip pressing into my cheek, the tickle of his pubic hair against my crack, and his balls resting on the small expanse between my asshole and pussy hole. Cory's thickness was penetrating me to its full extent, pulling my hole wide and surrounded by the soupy mix of his semen and my flowing juices. Michaels' balls rested in my palm, loose and soft, his shaft slick with my saliva, and a bead of clear fluid poised at the tip. Evan, my dear son, had his engorged manhood laid against my face, his scrotum at my chin, the length of it along the side of my nose, the head at my brow.

I was able to grasp this myriad of individual pleasures in a split second, and combine them into a singular rapture of sensation and fulfillment.

And I came again.

It was as if my body had been seized in some kind of feedback loop of unadulterated ecstasy. Continuous signals of pure bliss radiated from my every orifice directly to my brain. My clit buzzed with unquenchable excitement.

And I came yet again.

With an almost frightening suddenness, the world came crashing in around me, and there wasn't an ounce of energy left in my body. I collapsed in a delirious heap atop Cory, unable to do anything except gasp for air.

I was vaguely aware of Brandon's cock sliding out of my ass. Next, Cory's beautiful penis left my pussy. I was gently rolled over by several pairs of hands, and I was certain I'd never felt more relaxed before in my entire life.

"I...I'm going to take a little nap," I heard myself saying. "If any of you boys still want to fuck...just go ahead and fuck me...if you want..." Then everything faded away.

I woke up and the room was dark. I could feel that my legs and feet were now bare. I was completely naked. I was lying on my tummy and someone was fucking me from behind.

He was being slow and gentle, taking his time and enjoying every stroke. I was pretty sure it wasn't Cory, but it felt so nice I didn't bother trying too hard to figure out who it was. I fucked him back and it was nearly five minutes before he emptied whatever was left in his balls in to me. I drifted away again before he pulled out.

When I was awoken sometime later, I was on my back. One of the boys was down between my legs sucking my pussy. It felt good. I could tell by his clumsy motions that it wasn't Evan. I'd taught my son better than that. Whoever it was poked his tongue into my hole and probed around. I moved my hand down and fingered my hard clit. I masturbated myself to quick little orgasm while he worked his mouth around down there.

He climbed up on top of me and I knew then that it was Brandon. His cock glided easily into me. His breath smelled of pussy and semen.

"Did you suck all the cum out of my cunt?" I whispered into his ear.

There was a slight hesitation. "Yes."

"So you like the taste of boy cum now, don't you?"

"I got so turned on watching you lick all our cum off Evan's chest. Please don't say anything to the rest of the guys."

"I'll never tell."

I floated in and out of a serene half-sleep. Brandon fucked me for some time, then pulled out and sprinkled droplets of cum all over my swollen pussy. He then crept down there and licked me clean. I don't exactly remember falling back to sleep.

Someone was sucking on my nipple. I put my hand on his head and instantly knew it was my son.

"It's almost morning, Mom," he said quietly. "We need to get you back to your room."

A tiny part of my brain knew he was right, but I just wanted to lie there and sleep--and maybe get fucked one more time. I opened my bleary eyes and could see naked bodies sprawled all around me. My crotch was sticky and sore--but it was a good kind of sore.

Evan helped me gather my things and get into my sweats. He led me to my room, ran a hot shower, stripped me back down, and got me under the steamy water. He joined me in the shower, washing me all over, paying special attention to making sure that my clit was squeaky clean. My stupor slowly lifted.

I let him dry me off, and then I watched admiringly as he toweled himself. He guided me to my undisturbed bed, pulled the covers back, and I climbed in.

"You can sleep for another forty-five minutes or so," Evan said, "then we all have to get ready for the buses."

"I don't want to sleep," I pouted.

"What do you want to do?"

"I want you to make love to me."

"Seriously?" he chuckled, somewhat incredulous. "After everything you did last night?"

"What do you expect? Walking around my room all naked and hard like that..." I held my arms out for him. "Just you and me this time."

He shook his head, once again amazed at my insatiable appetites. He slipped into the cool, fresh sheets and made tender love to me for the next forty-five minutes, easily bringing me to orgasm several times before releasing within me once more. The way he kissed me after, while still inside me, was the perfect finish to a perfect trip.

I wanted to talk to the boys the morning after, but during the hectic rush to pack and get on the road someone else always seemed to be around, and there wasn't an opportunity. Even so, I sensed a difference in the way they looked at me. It wasn't just a dirty secret we all shared any longer, but something much deeper. What started as a naughty game had turned into something more.

We had all crossed a threshold together, and each of the boys learned something about themselves as a result. And there was something different about them this morning. I wasn't able to put my finger on right away, but when they passed by me as we herded all the boys onto the bus, I realized that they were the only four who carried themselves like men.

But maybe I'm building the whole thing up into more than it was. Putting all that sentimental stuff aside, one thing I know for sure is that for the next three months every time I masturbated the only thing I thought of was that trip, and my boys.